

RADIOLAND

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1934
March



1934



MARCH 1934

**RUDY
VALLEE,
RADIO'S
LONELIEST
STAR**

Ethel Shutta

NINA WILCOX PUTNAM
Says "I'd Like to
Give them the Air!"

BURNS AND ALLEN
THE GOLDBERGS
HELEN MORGAN
MILLS BROTHERS

"I made my first Greyhound trip because of the saving. Now I'm convinced it's the most pleasant way, too."

"It's fun! Mother sent me home all the way from Boston by myself, and the drivers were awfully good to me."

"Greyhound for me! I cover my whole sales territory faster and at less cost than I ever could before."

"All our lives we've wanted to travel. Now we can do it at so little cost . . . and really see this great country."

"I like those comfortable chairs that tilt 'way back! And Tropic-Aire heat is mighty pleasant these cold days."

"Father said, 'No college this year' . . . but he changed his mind when he saw how much I'd save by Greyhound."



... SO I CHANGED TO GREYHOUND !

Principal Greyhound Information Offices:

GREYHOUND TRAVEL BUREAU
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THE GREYHOUND LINES
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CANADIAN GREYHOUND
1004 Security Bldg., Windsor, Ont.

PACIFIC GREYHOUND
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SOUTHWESTERN GREYHOUND
8th & Commerce Sts., Ft. Worth, Tex.
ATLANTIC GREYHOUND
601 Virginia St., Charleston, W. Va.
NORTHLAND GREYHOUND
509-6 Ave., N., Minneapolis, Minn.
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Striking Advantages of Greyhound Service

Direct service to all parts of America . . . frequent departure hours . . . convenient downtown terminals . . . careful handling and checking of baggage . . . drivers nationally known for safety and courtesy . . . individual reclining chairs . . . controlled Tropic-Aire heat . . . liberal stopover and return privileges.

SIX PEOPLE from widely different walks of life offer their views on Greyhound bus service . . . six out of 30 million who traveled this way last year!

If you were to question every one of these millions you'd receive similar answers. All would say, "It costs less" . . . but they would also mention many other advantages. There would be kind words for courteous drivers, prompt departures and arrivals, convenient downtown terminals . . . almost as many good reasons as there are Greyhound passengers.

So many millions are changing to this popular, comfortable and economical transportation . . . isn't it worth your while to try Greyhound, next trip? We invite you, cordially.

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You have a definite trip in mind for this spring or summer. Just mail this coupon to nearest information office (listed on left), and we will send you pictorial folders and full information. Jot down the place you wish to visit right here.

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Address _____

PWC-3

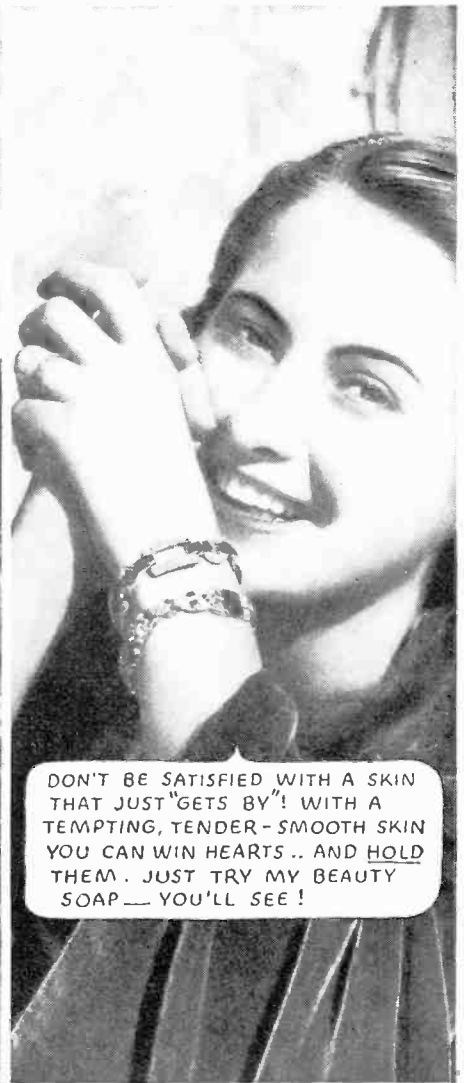
"I can help you win hearts — and hold them," says *BARBARA STANWYCK*



GIRLS, HERE'S A SECRET I LEARNED MY VERY FIRST YEAR IN THE CHORUS. THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THE CHARM OF REALLY EXQUISITE SKIN MEN JUST CAN'T RESIST . . .



I HAVE THE SENSITIVE SKIN THAT GOES WITH RED HAIR, YET FOR YEARS MY SIMPLE BEAUTY CARE — LUX TOILET SOAP — HAS KEPT IT ALWAYS SOFT AND SMOOTH !



DON'T BE SATISFIED WITH A SKIN THAT JUST "GETS BY"! WITH A TEMPTING, TENDER-SMOOTH SKIN YOU CAN WIN HEARTS .. AND HOLD THEM. JUST TRY MY BEAUTY SOAP — YOU'LL SEE !

LOVELY WARNER BROS. STAR

Men can't resist alluring skin —you can have this charm . . .

Barbara Stanwyck tells you Hollywood's secret of loveliness . . . how to have a skin that wins instant adoration.

You see her as she looks in her own boudoir. Notice how smooth *her* skin is. Surely you'll want to follow her advice — make *yours* as lovely!

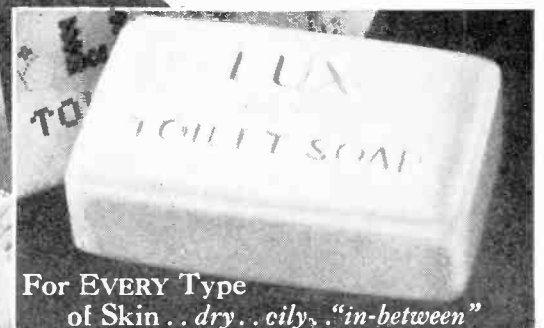
All over the country girls are turning to Hollywood's complexion care.

Actually 9 out of 10 Hollywood stars use fragrant, white Lux Toilet Soap. Get some today. Begin at once to win new loveliness!



Precious Elements in this Soap—Scientists Explain

"Skin grows old-looking through the gradual loss of certain elements Nature puts in skin to keep it youthful. Gentle Lux Toilet Soap, so readily soluble, *actually contains* such precious elements—checks their loss from the skin."



For EVERY Type
of Skin . . . dry . . . oily . . . "in-between"

RADIOLAND



MARCH, 1934
VOL. II NO. 1



ROSCOE FAWCETT, *Editor*

DONALD G. COOLEY, *Executive Editor*

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NEXT MONTH—Nina Wilcox Putnam's New Serial, "RADIO ROMEO"

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

REDUCE
YOUR WAIST AND HIPS
3 INCHES
IN **10** DAYS
OR
... it won't cost you one penny!

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

Reduce Quickly, Easily, and Safely!

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

Ventilated . . . to Permit the Skin to Breathe!

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

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

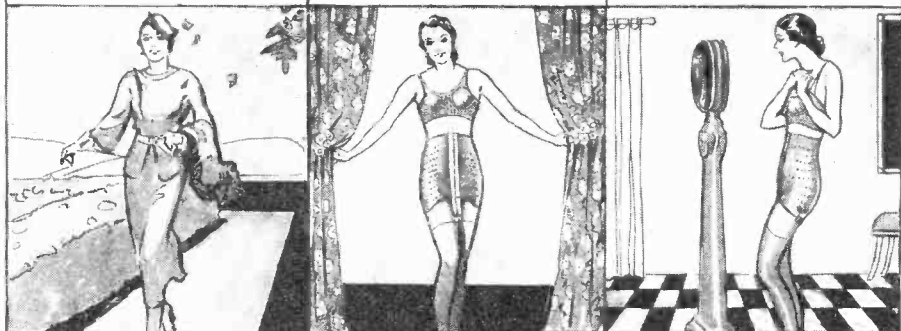
● You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely whether or not this very efficient girdle will reduce you. You do not need to risk one penny . . . try it for 10 days . . . then send it back if you are not completely astonished at the wonderful results.



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

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

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



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

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

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



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



SEND FOR TEN-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.
41 EAST 42nd ST., Dept. 223, New York, N.Y.
Without obligation on my part, please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Reducing Girdle, also sample of perforated Rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER.

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

THE RADIO PARADE

RADIOLAND cannot be responsible for unexpected changes in schedule. All time given is Eastern Standard Time. Add one hour for Central Standard Time, two hours for Mountain Time, three hours for Pacific Time

VARIETY PROGRAMS

MAJOR BOWES' CAPITAL FAMILY—NBC-WEAF, Sun. at 11:15 a. m.

BOND PROGRAM—Frank Crumit and Julia Sanderson. CBS, Sun. at 5:30 p. m.

AMERICAN REVUE—Ethel Waters, George Beatty, Jack Denny's swell music. CBS, Sun. at 7:00 p. m.

THE BAKER'S BROADCAST—Joe Penner, Ozzie Nelson and Harriet Hilliard. NBC-WEAF, Sun. at 7:30 p. m.

CHASE AND SANBORN HOUR—Cantor and Rubinoff. NBC-WEAF, Sun. at 8:00 p. m.

AN EVENING IN PARIS—Claire Majette, Katharine Carrington and Milton Watson. CBS, Sun. at 8:00 p. m.

SEVEN STAR REVUE—Nino Martini, Jane Froman, Julius Tannen, comedian, Ted Husing and Erno Rappee's orchestra. CBS, Sun. at 9:00 p. m.

GULF HEADLINERS—Frank Parker, the Revelers and Al Goodman's orchestra. NBC-WJZ, Sun. at 9:00 p. m.

MANHATTAN MERRY-GO-ROUND—Tamara, David Percy, The Men About Town and Gene Rodemich's orchestra. NBC-WEAF, Sun. at 9:00 p. m.

THE CHEVROLET PROGRAM—Jack Benny, Mary Livingstone and Frank Parker. Music by Frank Black. NBC-WEAF, Sun. at 10:00 p. m.

HALL OF FAME—A guest star with John Erskine. Nat Shilkret's orchestra. NBC-WEAF, Sun. at 10:30 p. m.

FRED WARING'S PENNSYLVANIANS—The Lane Sisters, Babs Ryan and Poley McClintock. CBS, Sun. at 8:30 p. m.

SONGS MY MOTHER USED TO SING—Muriel Wilson and Raques Renard's orchestra. CBS, Sun. at 6:00 p. m.

BILL AND GINGER—Lyn Murray and Virginia Baker. CBS, Mon., Wed. and Fri. at 10:15 a. m.

WILL OSBORNE AND HIS ORCHESTRA WITH PEDRO DE CORDOBA—CBS, Mon., Wed., and Fri. at 10:45 a. m.

MUSIC ON THE AIR—Robert Ambruster's orchestra. CBS, Mon., Wed. and Fri. at 7:30 p. m.

SEALED POWER SIDE SHOW OF THE AIR—Cliff Soubier, the King's Jesters and Harold Stoke's orchestra. NBC-WJZ, Mon. at 8:00 p. m.

HAPPY BAKERS—Phil Duey, Frank Luther, Jack Parker and Vivian Ruth. CBS, Mon., Wed. and Fri. at 8:00 p. m.

DEL MONTE SHIP OF JOY—Captain Dobsie. NBC-WEAF, Mon. at 9:00 p. m.

A & P GYPSIES—Directed by Harry Horlick. NBC-WEAF, Mon. at 9:00 p. m.

SINCLAIR GREATER MINSTRELS—Harry Kogen directs with Gene Arnold and a male quartet. NBC-WJZ, Mon. at 9:00 p. m.

THE BIG SHOW—Gertrude Niesen, Isham Jones and Paul Douglas. CBS, Mon. at 9:30 p. m.

JACK FROST MELODY MOMENTS—Josef Pasternack directs. NBC-WJZ, Mon. at 9:30 p. m.

BUICK PRESENTS—Andre Kostelanetz and his orchestra, Howard March and Robert Benchley. CBS, Mon. and Thurs. at 9:15 p. m.

THE MOLLE SHOW—Shirley Howard, the Jesters Trio and Tony Callucci, guitarist. NBC-WEAF, Mon., Wed. and Fri. at 7:00 p. m.

SILVER DUST SERENADE—CBS, Tues., Thurs. and Sat. at 7:30 p. m.

BLUE RIBBON PROGRAM—Ben Bernie. NBC-WEAF, Tues. at 9:00 p. m.

TEXACO FIRE CHIEF PROGRAM—Ed Wynn and Don Voorhees' band. NBC-WEAF, Tues. at 9:30 p. m.

CALIFORNIA MELODIES—Hollywood's famous. Music by Raymond Paige. CBS, Tues. at 9:30 p. m.

GLEN GRAY AND HIS CASA LOMA ORCHESTRA—Do Re Mi and Irene Taylor. CBS, Tues. and Thurs. at 10:00 p. m.

ROYAL GELATIN—Jack Pearl, George Olsen and his orchestra. NBC-WEAF, Wed. at 8:00 p. m.

COLONEL STOOPNAGLE AND BUDD—Vera Van and Jacques Renard's orchestra. CBS, Wed. and Sat. at 9:15 p. m.

WHITE OWL PROGRAM—Guy Lombardo and his orchestra and Burns and Allen. CBS, Wed. at 9:30 p. m.

OLD GOLD PROGRAM—Fred Waring and his Pennsylvanians. CBS, Wed. at 10:00 p. m.

PRESENTING MARK WARNOW—Gertrude Niesen and the Four Clubmen. CBS, Wed. at 10:45 p. m.

FRED ALLEN'S SAL HEPATICA REVUE—Fred Allen, Jack Smart, Mary McCoy and Ferde Grofe's music. NBC-WEAF, Wed. at 9:30 p. m. and again at 12:30 a. m. for NBC-Pacific Coast listeners.

FLEISCHMANN HOUR—Rudy Vallée and guest stars. NBC-WEAF, Thurs. at 8:00 p. m.

CAPTAIN HENRY'S MAXWELL HOUSE SHOWBOAT—Lanny Ross, Annette Hanshaw, Molasses 'N' January, and Gus Haenchen's orchestra. NBC-WEAF, Thurs. at 9:00 p. m.

VOICE OF AMERICA—William Lyon Phelps and Nat Shilkret. CBS, Thurs. at 8:30 p. m.

ANDRE KOSTELANETZ PRESENTS—With Evelyn McGregor and Evan Evans. CBS, Thurs. at 9:30 p. m.

KRAFT-PHENIX PROGRAM—Paul Whiteman and Deems Taylor. NBC-WEAF, Thurs. at 10:00 p. m.

ZOEL PARENTEAU'S ORCHESTRA—Carl Van Amburgh as soloist. CBS, Fri. at 6:45 p. m.

THE NESTLE CHOCOLATEERS—Walter O'Keefe, Ethel Shutta and Don Bestor's orchestra. NBC-WJZ, Fri. at 8:00 p. m.

LET'S LISTEN TO HARRIS—Phil Harris and Leah Ray. NBC-WJZ, Fri. at 9:00 p. m.

POND'S PROGRAM—Lee Wiley and Victor Young's orchestra. NBC-WEAF, Fri. at 9:30 p. m.

THE ARMOUR PROGRAM—Phil Baker, the Neil Sisters, Roy Shields' orchestra. NBC-WJZ, Fri. at 9:30 p. m.

SWIFT REVUE—Olsen and Johnson, and Harry Sosnick. CBS, Fri. at 10:00 p. m.

BROADCAST FROM BYRD EXPEDITION—The entertainers are Maria Silveira, Gordon Graham and William Daly's orchestra. CBS, Sat. at 10:00 p. m.

CAREFREE CARNIVAL—Meredith Wilson's orchestra. NBC-WEAF, Sat. at 11:00 p. m.

HOLLYWOOD ON THE AIR—James Fidler presents some of the important picture people. NBC-WEAF, Sat. at 11:30 p. m.

CHILDREN'S PROGRAMS

THE LADY NEXT DOOR—Madge Tucker. NBC-WEAF, Mon. to Fri. at 4:45 p. m.

SKIPPY—Animation of the cartoon—Skippy. CBS, Mon. to Fri. at 5:00 p. m.

JACK ARMSTRONG—All American Boy. CBS, Mon. to Sat. at 5:30 p. m.

THE WIZARD OF OZ—NBC-WEAF, Mon., Wed. and Fri. at 5:45 p. m.

ADVENTURES OF TOM MIX—NBC-WEAF, Mon., Wed. and Fri. at 5:30 p. m.

H-BAR-O-RANGERS—Bobby Benson's western adventures. CBS, Mon. to Fri. at 6:15 p. m.

BILLY BACHELOR—NBC-WEAF, Mon. to Fri. at 7:15 p. m.

THE TATTERED MAN—Featuring Gertrude Hardeman. NBC-WEAF, Tues. at 4:45 p. m.

ADVENTURES OF DR. DOLITTLE—NBC-WEAF, Tues. and Thurs. at 5:30 p. m.

WINNIE THE POOH—From A. A. Milne's stories. NBC-WEAF, Thurs. at 4:45 p. m.

STAMP ADVENTURERS' CLUB—The romance of stamps. CBS, Thurs. at 5:45 p. m.

ADVENTURES OF HELEN AND MARY—CBS, Sat. at 10:30 a. m.

DANCE MUSIC

WAYNE KING and his orchestra. NBC-WEAF, Sun. at 3:00 p. m., Tues. at 8:30 p. m. and Wed. at 8:30 p. m. CBS, Mon. at 10:00 p. m.

GUY LOMBARDO and his Royal Canadians. CBS, Sun. at 10:00 p. m.

PAUL WHITEMAN—NBC-WJZ, Sun. at 11:30 p. m. NBC-WEAF, Tues. at 11:30 p. m.

MISCHA RAGINSKY and his Hotel Edison Ensemble. CBS, Mon. at 1:30 p. m., Wed. at 1:30 p. m. and Sat. at 4:30 p. m.

DON BESTOR and his Hotel Biltmore orchestra. NBC-WJZ, Mon. at 12 midnight. NBC-WEAF, wed. at 11:30 p. m.

LEON BELASCO and his orchestra. CBS, Mon. at 12 midnight and Fri. at 12:30 a. m.

LEO REISMAN and his orchestra. NBC-WEAF, Tues. at 8:00 p. m.

PHIL HARRIS and his Hotel St. Regis orchestra. NBC-WEAF, Tues. at 11:00 p. m. and Wed. at 12 midnight.

ISHAM JONES' ORCHESTRA. CBS, Tues. Thurs. and Fri. at 11:30 p. m.

[Continued on page 8]



Miss Una Merkel, star of forthcoming M-G-M feature, "The Comeback," celebrates redecorating of her studio dressing rooms. Left to right: Franc Dillon, Muriel Evans, Irene Hervey, Toastmaster Hospitality Tray, and Miss Merkel

"THE TOAST OF HOLLYWOOD . . ." WRITES THE PHOTOGRAPHER

Thank you Mr. Cameraman. And thank you, Miss Merkel. Something new is always popping up out in Hollywood, and we're glad that now it's the Toastmaster.

But, then, good-looking, smart, versatile things usually capture favor, in Hollywood or elsewhere. In case you don't get into Hollywood dressing rooms, you'll probably meet this new Hospitality Tray soon at some nice friend's—or at any store where high-quality electrical appliances are sold.

Here's the idea: a large, handsome chromium tray; in the center a Toastmaster; at one side six crystal-clear glass dishes heaped with tasty spreads, relishes, and the like. Toastmaster pops up hot, golden toast, that is divided and trimmed on a clever block and knife on the tray. The guests get the idea right away; no coaching or coaxing; formality departs, and appetites perk up.

An ordinary toaster can't be put to this tray service—but Toastmaster

"You can call this The Toast of Hollywood," wrote the cameraman who sent us this picture. "This shows Miss Una Merkel, who has just completed 'The Comeback' for M-G-M. To show appreciation of her work, they redecorated her studio dressing rooms. She gave a little impromptu party that I was fortunate enough to catch. See your tray?"

can be, because it works perfectly, every time, for any guest—even a child.

So many times, this Toastmaster Hospitality Tray is just the thing. With cocktails. Or after bridge. Small luncheons. Sunday night suppers. Children's parties. You ought to see how many ideas are given in the booklet we offer free. Write for your copy of "Here's Hospitality."

Now, one thing more: the

same Toastmaster does breakfast duty every day. And only Toastmaster gives you its exclusive features—the Flexible Clock that regulates every slice, and automatically turns off current and pops out the toast. No bother, no trouble, no waste. The kind of toaster you'll be happy and proud to own. The only toaster, as a matter of fact, we should like to see you buy. Waters-Genter Company (a division of McGraw Electric Company), Department R-3, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

"HERE'S HOSPITALITY WITH THE TOASTMASTER" . . . ideas . . . and recipes . . . (good ones . . . no old chest-nuts) . . . having to do with informal entertaining. If you would like to receive a copy FREE . . . please write: Waters-Genter Co., Dept. R-3 Minneapolis.



The Toastmaster Hospitality Tray . . . The new Toastmaster with the Flexible Clock on a handsome chromium tray, with six glass dishes for spreads and relishes, and a clever cutting block and knife for trimming toast. The Hospitality Tray complete with two-slice Toastmaster—\$19.75, with one-slice Toastmaster—\$15.25. The Hospitality Tray alone—\$7.50. Toastmaster sold separately: one-slice \$11.50; two-slice \$16.00.

A PRODUCT OF MCGRAW ELECTRIC COMPANY



TATTOO YOUR LIPS



..and select your proper color by actual test on your own skin

TATTOO . . . is the new, entirely pasteless lip color that keeps lips evenly and excitingly red, invitingly smooth and seductively soft from dinner at eight 'till morn. And you can buy it by actual test, instead of by guess! In fact, the better cosmetic counters everywhere feature the TATTOO COLOR SELECTOR, illustrated above, and invite you to try all four shades of TATTOO on your own skin. Just apply it to your wrist as you would to your lips. Put it on . . . let it set . . . rub it off . . . only the COLOR stays! \$1 everywhere.



TATTOO, CHICAGO

- No. 1 is an exciting orangish pink cast. Rather light. Ravishing on blondes and titian blondes. It is called "CORAL."
- No. 2 is an exotic, new shade, brilliant, yet transparent. Somehow we just cannot find the right words to describe it. It is called "EXOTIC."
- No. 3 is a medium shade. A true, rich, blood color that will be an asset to any brunette. It is called "NATURAL."
- No. 4 is of the type that changes color when applied to the lips. Gives an unusually transparent richness and a depth of warm, color that is truly amazing. It is called "PASTEL."



TATTOO FOR LIPS AND CHEEKS comes in the same four smart shades as TATTOO lip color . . . to give TATTOO users the advantage of perfect color harmony between cheeks and lips. You'll love the smoothness of this new, more interesting cream rouge, too. The price is 75c.

TATTOO

THE NEW *Transparent* COLOR FOR SHAPELY LIPS

The Radio Parade

[Continued from page 6]

VINCENT LOPEZ' ORCHESTRA. CBS, Tues. at 12 midnight.

EDDIE DUCHIN and Central Park Casino Orchestra. NBC-WJZ, Thurs. and Sat. at 7:30 p. m.

OZZIE NELSON'S ORCHESTRA. CBS, Wed. at 11:30 p. m. and Thurs. at 12 midnight.

ENRIC MADRIGUERA and his Waldorf-Astoria orchestra. NBC-WJZ, Wed. at 11:30 p. m. NBC-WEAF, Thurs. at 11:30 p. m.

LITTLE JACK LITTLE and his orchestra. CBS, Wed. and Sat. at 12 midnight.

CAB CALLOWAY. NBC-WEAF, Thurs. at 12 midnight. NBC-WJZ, Fri. at 12 midnight.

GUS ARNHEIM and his orchestra. CBS, Sat. at 12:30 a. m.

MORE SERIOUS MUSIC

SALT LAKE CITY TABERNACLE CHOIR—CBS, Sun. at 11:30 a. m.

RADIO CITY CONCERT—Radio City Symphony Orchestra conducted by Erno Rapee. NBC-WJZ, Sun. at 12:30 p. m.

THE NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Arturo Toscanini directs. CBS, Sun. at 3:00 p. m.

AMERICAN ALBUM OF FAMILIAR MUSIC—Frank Munn, Virginia Rea, Ohman and Arden, Bertrand Hirsch and Haenschen's Orchestra. NBC-WEAF, Sun. at 9:30 p. m.

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA—Leopold Stokowski and Sylvan Levin at the baton. CBS, every day except Sun. at 9:00 p. m.

HOWARD BARLOW AND NEW WORLD SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA. CBS, Mon. at 4:30 p. m. and Wed. at 4:00 p. m.

ROCHESTER CIVIC ORCHESTRA—Excellent renditions. NBC-WJZ, Tues. at 3:00 p. m.

CASTORIA presents Albert Spalding and Conrad Thibault, baritone. Music by Don Voorhees' orchestra. CBS, Wed. at 8:30 p. m.

NBC MUSIC APPRECIATION HOUR—Dr. Walter Damrosch. NBC-WEAF-WJZ, Fri. at 11:00 a. m.

CITIES SERVICE CONCERT—Jessica Drag-onette and the Cavaliers. NBC-WEAF, Fri. at 8:00 p. m.

METROPOLITAN OPERA COMPANY—NBC-WEAF-WJZ, Sat. at about 2:00 p. m.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—NBC-WJZ, Sat. at 8:30 p. m.

CARBORUNDUM BAND—Edward d'Anna directs. Francis Bowman is narrator and m. c. CBS, Sat. at 9:30 p. m.

COMEDY SKETCHES

CLARA, LU 'N' EM—Louise Starky, Isabelle Carothers and Helen King. NBC-WJZ, every morning except Sat. and Sun. at 10:15 a. m.

AMOS 'N' ANDY—NBC-WJZ, every evening except Sat. and Sun. at 7:00 p. m. and at 11:00 p. m. for those west of Chicago.

LUM AND ABNER—NBC-WEAF, Mon. to Thurs. at 7:30 p. m. and an old time sociable on Fri. at 10:30 p. m.

THE GOLDBERGS—NBC-WEAF, every evening except Sat. and Sun. at 7:45 p. m.

POTASH AND PERLMUTTER—NBC-WJZ, Mon., Wed. and Fri. at 7:30 p. m.

FEATURED STARS

LAZY DAN, THE MINSTREL MAN—Good entertainment. CBS, Sun. at 1:30 p. m.

HELEN MORGAN—vocals to Jerry Freeman's music. CBS, Sun. at 2:00 p. m.

ABE LYMAN—Hollywood's popular maestro. CBS, Sun. at 2:30 p. m.

VOICE OF FIRESTONE—Lawrence Tibbett and Richard Crooks, alternate irregularly. NBC-WEAF, Mon. at 8:30 p. m.

BING CROSBY—Music by Lennie Hayton's orchestra. CBS, Mon. at 8:30 p. m.

THE BOSWELL SISTERS—CBS, Mon. and Fri. at 11:15 p. m.

ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT—CBS, Tues. and Fri. at 9:15 p. m.

MEET THE ARTIST—Bob Taplinger interviews your favorite radio star. CBS, Sat. at 6:00 p. m.

MILDRED BAILEY—The "Rockin' Chair Lady." CBS, Sat. at 6:15 p. m.

TITO GUIZAR—Serenades by a Mexican tenor. CBS, Sat. at 6:45 p. m.

GEORGE JESSEL—With Vera Van, the Eton Boys Quartet and Freddie Rich's orchestra. CBS, Sat. at 8:30 p. m.

DRAMATIC PROGRAMS

BAR X DAYS AND NIGHTS—Carson Robison and his Buckaroos. NBC-WJZ, Sun. at 2:00 p. m.

PRINCESS PAT PAGEANT—Interesting sketches. NBC-WJZ, Sun. at 4:30 p. m.

ROSES AND DRUMS—Epochs of American history. CBS, Sun. at 5:00 p. m.

TALKIE PICTURE TIME—Sketches with June Meredith. NBC-WEAF, Sun. at 5:30 p. m.

COLUMBIA DRAMATIC GUILD—Starring Stephen Fox. CBS, Sun. at 8:30 p. m.

PATRI'S DRAMAS OF CHILDHOOD—Stirring true-life dramas. CBS, Sun. at 10:00 p. m.

BUCK ROGERS IN THE 25th CENTURY—CBS, Mon., Tues., Wed. and Thurs. at 6:00 p. m.

MYRT AND MARGE—CBS, every day except Sat. and Sun. at 7:00 p. m.

SOCONYLAND SKETCHES—Arthur Allen and Parker Fennelly. NBC-WEAF, Mon. at 8:00 p. m.

RED DAVIS—NBC-WJZ, Mon., Wed. and Fri. at 8:45 p. m.

EASY ACES—Jane and Goodman Ace. CBS, Tues., Wed., Thurs. and Fri. at 1:30 p. m.

ENO CRIME CLUES—Mystery thrillers. NBC-WJZ, Tues. and Wed. at 8:00 p. m.

THE CRUISE OF THE SETH PARKER—NBC-WEAF, Tues. at 10:00 p. m.

DANGEROUS PARADISE—With Elsie Hitz and Nick Dawson. NBC-WJZ, Wed. at 8:30 p. m.

CIRCUS DAYS—By Courtney Riley Cooper. NBC-WEAF, Fri. and Sat. at 7:30 p. m.

MARCH OF TIME—Dramatic presentations of the week's events. CBS, Fri. at 8:30 p. m.

FIRST NIGHTER DRAMAS—Real theatre environment. NBC-WEAF, Fri. at 10:00 p. m.

SPECIALTY PROGRAMS

CHURCH OF THE AIR—CBS, Sun. at 10:00 a. m. and 1:00 p. m.

[Continued on page 59]

RADIOLAND

WHY PAIN MAKES YOU LOOK OLD

PAIN—scientists now say—is attended by congestion of the tiny blood vessels and their feeders, called capillaries. These supply nourishing blood to the nerve endings and tiny muscles of your inner skin, preventing wrinkling and shriveling of your outer skin.

This is what happens every time your head aches: Tiny muscles contract like a clenched fist, retarding the flow of blood and causing pressure on the nearly 80,000 nerve ends which control pain in your face and head.

Physicians commonly use the term "headache face" in describing the patient whose beauty is marred by needless pain. Thus it is dangerous to your beauty to merely "grin and bear it". Each headache you neglect etches wrinkles in your face deeper and deeper until they become indelible lines of age.

HOW TO FEEL AND LOOK YOUNG

Now there is no excuse for neglecting pain—no excuse for letting it rob you of your charm—no excuse for missing exciting parties on account of it.

Modern doctors know that



Modern Druggists Prefer HEXIN
Buy a box of HEXIN today. If your druggist should not have it on hand, insist that he order it. You can buy HEXIN in convenient tins containing 12 tablets and in economical bottles of 50 and 100 tablets. Don't let your druggist give you anything but HEXIN. Nothing else is "just as good".

Science discovers that pain actually ages and permanently disfigures—"Grin and bear it," the worst advice ever given, to women who value their beauty—no creams or cosmetics can conceal the pain wrinkles which become indelible lines of age. New relief combats this danger.

HEXIN—an amazing new scientific formula—relieves pain quickly, safely and naturally by relaxing tense muscles and releasing fresh blood to your irritated nerve ends. With lightning speed, HEXIN gently removes the direct cause of your pain.*

Don't confuse HEXIN with old-fashioned tablets which simply drug your nerves and encourage acidosis. HEXIN relieves pain safely by RELAXATION. Its alkaline formula will not injure the heart nor upset the stomach. Don't take a chance with old-fashioned tablets. Modern science has long since discarded them in favor of HEXIN.

AIDS SOUND SLEEP

Sound sleep is important to you in building up your energy. Don't let cigarettes, coffee, nervousness or worry, interfere with your rest.

The next time sleep won't come easily take 2 HEXIN tablets with water. Let HEXIN relax your tired nerves and gently soothe you to sleep. HEXIN is not a hypnotic nor a narcotic causing artificial drowsiness. Why ruin your health and lower your efficiency by lying awake?

*HEXIN is remarkably effective in relieving women's periodic pains.

HEXIN will help you to sleep naturally and soundly.

HEXIN COMBATS COLDS

Doctors may differ as to the cause of colds, but all agree that the resultant distress is directly due to congestion. HEXIN relieves congestion safely by relaxing taut tissues and reestablishing the normal flow of blood. HEXIN is alkaline (non-acid). It relieves the direct cause of cold-distress safely—by RELAXATION. Most people find that 1 HEXIN tablet with water every hour until a total of 6 or 7 have been taken keeps a cold from starting, or greatly relieves one that has started.

MAKE THIS TEST

The only test of any pain-reliever that means anything is how it acts with you. Make this test yourself. Take 2 HEXIN tablets with a glass of water. At once tense nerves start to relax. At once HEXIN starts to combat your pain or distress. You'll never know what quick relief is until you try HEXIN. Insist on HEXIN today at any modern drug store. Nothing else is "just as good". Or make your personal test FREE by mailing the coupon now.



Originally Developed for Children

Give us a formula—mothers asked—that our children can take with safety. Give us a relief for pain and fever that is milder and better adapted to the delicate systems of children than ordinary tablets so strong and so acid.

HEXIN—an alkaline formula—was, therefore, developed for children originally. Its action had to be gentle and safe. What's mild enough for your child is better for you. But don't be misled about the effectiveness of HEXIN for adult use. The action of HEXIN is immediate for children or adults.

HEXIN, Inc.

8 SOUTH MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

HEXIN, INC., 8 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago RO-6334

Please mail me a generous FREE sample of HEXIN.

Name

Address

City State

WHO ELSE

wants to get into

BROADCASTING?



Let **FLOYD GIBBONS**, famous Radio Star, train you for a Broadcasting career. \$3,000 to \$15,000 a year and more paid to trained talent.

DO YOU want to get into the most fascinating, fastest-growing industry in the world today—Broadcasting? Do you want to perform for thousands and even millions over the air? Do you want to earn from \$3,000 to \$15,000 and more a year? If you have natural talent—if you have a good speaking voice or can sing, act, write, direct, read or sell—*Broadcasting needs you* and you can now easily secure the important training that qualifies you for a big pay job.

For now, thanks to Floyd Gibbons, famous "Headline Hunter of the Air," a remarkable new Course in Broadcasting Technique prepares you for the position you want—right in your own home. No matter how much natural ability you possess, Broadcasting is different from any other medium and your own talents must be adapted to fit its special requirements. The Floyd Gibbons School of Broadcasting offers you a complete training in every phase of actual Broadcasting. It gives you the benefit of Floyd Gibbons' years of experience in Broadcasting. Under his guidance you can acquire, right at home in your spare time, the technique that makes highly paid Broadcasting Stars.

Biggest Opportunities in Broadcasting

No other industry today offers you as many opportunities for quick success and high pay as Broadcasting. For no other industry is growing at such an amazing rate of speed. Thousands of men and women of talent and training are needed—and are highly paid according to their ability and popularity.

Last year advertisers alone spent more than \$35,000,000 over the air. Broadcasting companies spent many more millions for talent. This year it is predicted that the amount spent for Broadcasting will be even more than this staggering total. Many more men and women will be employed.

Think of what this means to you! Think of the chance this gives you to get into this thrilling young industry. Think of the opportunities it offers you to get your share of these millions.



FLOYD GIBBONS
Famous Radio Broadcaster

Positions like these, often paying from \$3,000 to \$15,000 a year, are open to talented men and women who have mastered the technique of radio presentation:

- | | |
|------------------|-------------|
| Announcer | Advertising |
| Singer | Publicity |
| Actor | Dramatist |
| Reader | Musician |
| Writer | Director |
| Musical Director | |
| Script Writer | |
| Program Manager | |
| Sales Manager | |

Read how you, too, can prepare yourself for your share in Broadcasting.

New Talent Needed

This year hundreds more talented men and women will make their bow over the "mike." New personalities will be heard—new stars will rise to the heights and s w a y millions—new fortunes will be made for those who are fortunate enough to be trained in Broadcasting technique.

You may be one of these—if you have talent and the necessary training. If your speaking or singing voice shows promise, if you can act, if you are good at thinking up ideas, if you have any hidden talent at all—then let the Floyd Gibbons Course show you how to train successfully for Broadcasting fame and fortune.

Remember—talent alone is not enough. No matter how talented you are, that does not mean you will be successful in Broadcasting—unless you have a thorough knowledge of the technique of Broadcasting. Many a famous stage star or playwright has failed when brought face to face with the limitations of the microphone—while others, totally unheard of before, have sprung to fame almost overnight, because they grasped the technique.

Until recently it was difficult for the average person to get this necessary training for Broadcasting success. The Floyd Gibbons School of

Broadcasting has changed all that. It was founded to bring to every talented man or woman the type of training that has made fortunes for the Graham MacNamees, Amos and Andys, Olive Palmers and Floyd Gibbonses.

Now, through this new, fascinating home-study Course you get a complete and thorough training in the technique of all branches of Broadcasting. In your spare time—right in your own home—without giving up your present job or making a single sacrifice of any kind—through this remarkable Course you can train for the big-paying Broadcasting position you have dreamed of.

FLOYD GIBBONS Complete Course in Broadcasting Technique

The new, easy Floyd Gibbons Course trains you thoroughly in every phase of Broadcasting technique. It prepares you to step right into the studio and qualify for a place among the highly paid Broadcasters. A few of the subjects covered are: The Station and Studio, Microphone Technique, How to Control the Voice, How to Make the Voice Expressive, How to Train a Singing Voice for Broadcasting, the Knack of Describing, How to write Radio Plays, Radio Dialogue, Dramatic Broadcasts, Making the Audience Laugh, How to Arrange Daily Programs, Money Making Opportunities Inside and Outside the Studio, and dozens of other subjects.

Send for FREE Booklet

An interesting free booklet entitled "How to Find Your Place in Broadcasting" tells you the whole fascinating story of the Floyd Gibbons School of Broadcasting and describes fully the training offered by our Home Study Course. Here is your chance to enter a life-long richly paid profession—to qualify for an important role in one of the most glamorous, powerful industries in the world. Send today for your free copy of "How to Find Your Place in Broadcasting." See for yourself how complete and practical the Floyd Gibbons Course in Broadcasting is. No obligation on your part. Act now—send coupon today. Floyd Gibbons School of Broadcasting, Dept. 4C46, U. S. Savings Bank Building, 2000 14th Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

**Floyd Gibbons School of Broadcasting,
Dept. 4C-46, U. S. Savings Bank Bldg.,
2000 14th St., N. W., Washington, D. C.**

Without obligation send me your free booklet, "How to Find Your Place in Broadcasting," and full particulars of your home study course.

NameAge
(Please print or write plainly)

Address

CityState

RADIOLAND

MARCH, 1934

The Editor's Opinion

Fame, Taxis, And Father Coughlin



IN THIS cab you can hear Father Coughlin and get where you're going at the same time." That's the legend enterprising taxi drivers in Newark, N. J., have placarded on their cabs as a lure to customers. For in Newark—and in a good many other communities, we suspect—people stop whatever they are doing to hear the radio priest talk on the nation's economy. It is a strange fact that religion as such plays very little part in his radio addresses; the fact that he is a Catholic priest is incidental to the causes of which he is the spokesman. He has become to millions of radio listeners the nation's outstanding liberal. He has met and slain Al Smith on the forensic battlefield; there is no telling who will be next to feel his steel.

Newspapers do not print a great deal about Father Coughlin. He has said some cutting things about the press. RADIOLAND sent a special investigator to Detroit and to Father Coughlin's boyhood home at Hamilton, Ontario, to give our readers the first complete story of his amazing leap to fame, which is an unparalleled American phenomenon. We are proud to begin the story in this issue.

* * * *

Seth Parker Loses A Title

FATE is kind to Seth Parker (Phillips Lord) who is on a yacht trip around the world and is blissfully unaware of the fuss he has been stirring up in the state of Maine. It all revolves around the efforts of Governor Louis J. Brann to name Lord as an aide on his official staff with the title of Lieutenant Commander. Rucy Vallée already has been so honored.

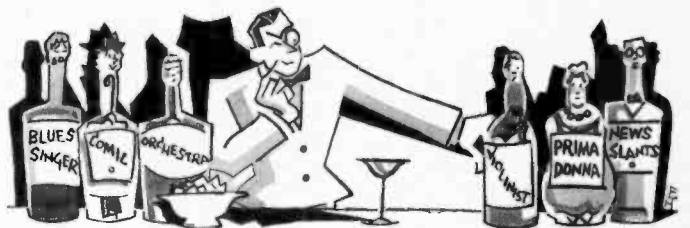
A bill was passed by Maine legislators to enable the governor to appoint another aide, but apparently they didn't

cotton to the Seth Parker type of program the same way they took to Rudy's crooning. Anyhow, they inserted a joker in the bill which barred Lord from eligibility as not being a resident of the state, so the governor, in a huff, declined to appoint anybody at all. One of the legislators, with dry Maine humor, suggested that the governor make Lord an Admiral so he would rank above Lieutenant Commander Vallée, since he personally believed Lord was a "better man." Wonder why they didn't think of appropriating Amos and Andy's Lord High Exalted Kingfish title?

This title business inspires an interesting train of speculation. Why not inject a little color into radio—make the commonplace announcer Grand High Steward of the Microphone, ballyhoo the blues singer as Exalted Muse of Cerulean Song, and flatter the Whitemans and Rubin-offs of the air with some such fetching designation as Lord High Chamberlain of the Baton?

* * * *

Wanted: A New Radio Formula



THE brewmasters who control the alcoholic content of our radio fare could take a tip from the amateur drink-mixers who are experimenting, with post-repeal enthusiasm, to see what happens when grenadine, bitters, whisky sour, vermouth, and other concoctions are stirred together in a tall glass. It's too sadly obvious that radio programs are easily classifiable. What the ether waves need is an entirely new formula or two.

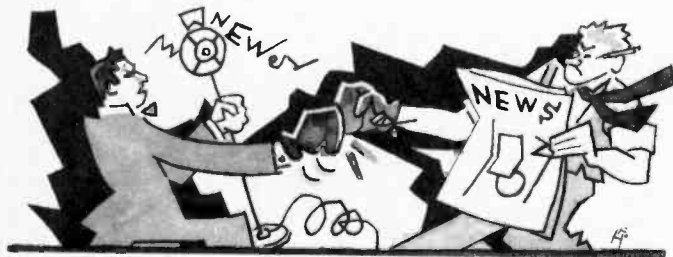
You can name the present formulae for yourself. One of them goes like this: To two parts of orchestra add a dash of blues singing, two jiggers of gag comedian, and flavor to suit with soprano or tenor. A pretty problem in radio chemistry is involved here. The best formulae some-

The Editor's Opinion

how seem to contain a secret ingredient which makes it impossible for the imitative bartender to duplicate them. Imagine Burns and Allen without a dash of Gracie, or Stoopnagle and Budd without their elusive flavoring of diverting nonsense. The bottle which is used too sparingly in the mediocre radio formula is labeled Personality.

* * * *

No More Newscasting?



ROUND one in the Radio vs. Newspaper battle seems to have ended in a draw. Not long ago the high moguls of the Fourth Estate met with their Radio conferees in New York, and out of the huddle came the decision to abandon the news gathering activities of Columbia Broadcasting System, in return for permission from the press to use "background" news from the daily prints in ether broadcasts. In some quarters this is looked upon as heralding the demise of the Boake Carter and Lowell Thomas school of newscasting. There is a feeling on the part of some high radio executives that the news commentator has seen his best days, anyhow.

But the whole situation is still as packed with dynamite as when Columbia precipitated the fuss by demanding entrance for its correspondents to the press galleries of Congress. When the Associated Press meets next spring you can look for some startling new development, unpredictable at the moment. Acting in concert, newspapers can eliminate listing of radio programs in their pages except as paid advertising, which would add a good many hundreds of thousands of dollars to broadcast budgets. That is why radio executives tread on eggs in discussing the matter.

But the radio boys, according to an "inside" rumor, have a mechanical gadget up their sleeves which would really give the newspapers something to worry about if released for general use.

To the poor befuddled radio listener the whole tempest seems to be raging in an extremely tiny teapot. The anxiety of newspapers who apparently fear that radio may put them out of business reaches a new high in absurdity. In our dispassionate judgment the radio actually creates sales for newspapers, since in the nature of things, news broadcasts can do little more than whet the appetite for full details in the evening paper.

Viva, Mexico!

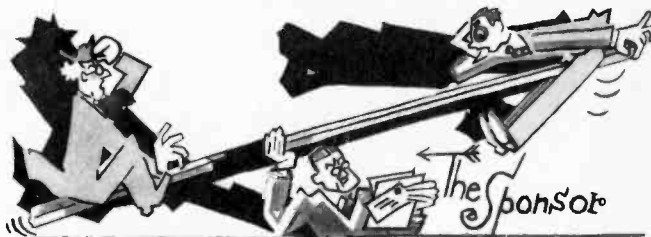
EFFORTS of the Federal Radio Commission to keep the industry lily white have met with pretty uniform success in recent years except for that old thorn in the side, Mexico. It used to be that when some station which the commission adjudged to be conducting itself unethically was denied a license, it moved across the Rio Grande where the authorities were more liberal-minded in the money-making schemes they permitted stations to foster. Politics played a big part in this situation, for our Mexican neighbors rather resented Uncle Sam's aloofness back in the early days of radio when Mexico didn't seem worth bothering with in the way of cooperation. Now, however, the country down south, noted for sudden action when it takes an idea by the bit (see what it can do to movie actors!) is inaugurating a cleanup campaign aimed to keep American dollars from flowing into outlawed air channels. We found the inside story on this international situation, written by a man who has for years been associated with many of the stations in question, a particularly fascinating one. It is presented in this issue and we heartily recommend it to you.

* * * *

Is Ed Wynn slipping? Rumors to this effect have been circulating along Radio Row, but what chance has a rumor in the face of a renewed contract? Like any air comedian, he suffers from having to feed the same audience new material every week. . . . Cantor appears to be Number One radio favorite today. . . . But the way things happen in radio we aren't betting a pre-inflation dollar on who will be tomorrow's ace entertainer.

* * * *

How Can They Tell When They're Up?



SO JACK PEARL, released by his original sponsor, when his contract expired, slips into a new ether spot! When last month's RADIOLAND went to press, the Baron was on the way out; now he's back again with the topnotchers. All of which leads us to pose the question: How can a radio star know when he is a radio star? Sitting right at the center of origin of network programs, this writer shares the general confusion of the observer who wonders how radio popularity is gauged anyhow, and how the sponsor arrives at his decision as to when to tilt the teeter-totter which carries his program artists up or down.

FROM THE GHETTO TO THE PRESIDENT

A ragged street urchin with big eyes, mismatched shoes, scuttling around corners with pals from the crowded tenement streets of New York's Ghetto . . . A poised, well-dressed man with big eyes who consults with the President of the United States on matters affecting the third largest industry in the world.

Between these contrasts lies a real-life story which could have happened only in America—a story so bewilderingly like those of Horatio Alger that Alger himself never would have dared to write it. The most amazing thing about the facts presented in these pages is that every one of them is true!

Broadcast of a Life

The Story of EDDIE CANTOR



Eddie Cantor regards with proper respect the microphone which has made him a national favorite. In oval, Ida Tobias (now Mrs. Cantor) is the girl on the right, in a humorous pose dating back to Eddie's courtship days

By B. F. WILSON

HORATIO ALGER wrote the story first. Your father read it behind his big geography at school. You probably read it yourself in those romantic years when you were verging on the teens. It's the old Alger formula of the bootblack, the street urchin, the gamin newsboy who through his own efforts and an almost superhuman regard for copybook maxims reaches what, in Algeresque diction, is the very pinnacle of success.

But Eddie Cantor has gone Alger one better. Horatio might conceivably have had his hero rising out of the Ghetto to become the radio favorite of fifty million people, if Alger had known of such miracles as radio. By no stretch of the imagination, however, would Horatio have had his hero advising and consulting with the President of the United States. Goodness, no—Horatio knew his verisimilitude much, much better than that, and would he have risked the scoffing guffaws of his readers by writing such stuff and nonsense? He would not!

Perhaps that is what makes Eddie Cantor's life story such a fascinating one. For Eddie, who began life in New York's lower East Side, has consulted with the President. I talked with him just after he had visited Franklin D. Roosevelt down at Warm Spring, Georgia, as representative of the actor's guild of the movies to discuss the code which would regulate this third largest industry in the world under the NRA.

A rare photo of Eddie Cantor in his early days as a blackface comedian, when Adolph Zukor, Marcus Loew, and the Schenck brothers were dubious that he was worth twenty dollars a week

"The only man who has made full use of radio is President Roosevelt," said Eddie enthusiastically. "Radio was made as a medium by which the greatest number of people could be reached in the shortest possible time. President Roosevelt has taken advantage of this real meaning of radio, and today he is

Three Guesses to Identify Cantor!



Three urchins from the East Side—Eddie Cantor's most treasured snapshot. Eddie is the boy at the right. Those missing front teeth speak eloquently of Eddie's hand-to-mouth battle for existence in his early rough-and-tumble days

by far the leading attraction on the air. No other President in history has ever come into as close contact with the people of his country. He has entered the homes of millions. He has established a personal relationship with the man in the city, the lonely farmer out in the isolated hills, which has made him an actual member of the household.

"Roosevelt is the finest speaker the microphone has had!" Eddie warmed up to his subject. "Look at his fan mail! He gets about eight thousand letters a day! Can you imagine the panic among the sponsors if any paid radio performer could pull 'em in like that?" asked Eddie with a roll of his famous "banjo-eyes." "And these letters," he continued seriously, "reveal to the President the hearts and minds of his people in a way which has never been shown before to any executive in the White House. Through them he keeps his hand on the pulse of the United States.

"And another thing," continued Eddie with a grin, "he is not only the biggest radio celebrity we have, but the wisest. He refuses to overdo it. He speaks just often enough to keep us all excited and eager for his next broadcast. I wish I could feel that I had the same effect on my audience every Sunday night," he smiled, "but then I'm only an actor—not a President."

Eddie returned to the air after a seven months absence on November nineteenth. In [Continued on page 48]

RADIOLAND

Recognize Eddie in a Vince Callahan caricature? The Cantor doll was made from paper, stood against a stage drop setting and photographed. Cantor has made the description "banjo-eyed" practically his private property. Unlike many stage favorites who dislike to be reminded of their humble origins, Eddie has never forgotten his childhood days in the Ghetto

Meet *the* STOOGEE!

You don't know what a stooage is? They make your favorite radio programs go 'round!

By L. N. JAMES

"A STOOGE is an alibi for his employer's lack of ability," declares Eddie Cantor.

"A Stooage is a straight man—that is, a man who acts in a natural capacity to heighten the eccentricities of the character actor," say the officials of radio companies with becoming dignity.

"A Stooage is a foil for my genius," declares more than one well-known broadcaster.

So take your choice. We prefer the grain of truth in Eddie's definition, although the others are correct as far as they go. Be that as it may, while the stooage was for a long time familiar to both vaudeville and stage audiences, his appearance over the air has been more or less a recent thing.

During the past two years he has become a most important personality and in many instances contributes largely to the success of the celebrities with whom he works. Radio fans may not realize to what extent the hearty laugh of Graham McNamee encourages the humor of Ed Wynn; the staccato, clear-cut diction of James Wallington promotes the sure-fire results of Eddie Cantor's gags, or the spontaneous interpretation of Jack Pearl's dialect by "Vas you dere, Sharlee," Cliff Hall, brings out the laughs for the Baron. Can you imagine Gracie Allen being "fed," as they say in the vernacular, by any other person than George Burns?

The comedian-stooage type of en-



—Ray Lee Jackson

Probably you have been thinking all these years that Graham McNamee is an announcer—but when he "feeds" Ed Wynn he becomes what the trade calls a stooage



Famous stooages, top to bottom: Charlie Hall (with Jack Pearl); Jimmy Wallington, Eddie Cantor's stooage; and George Burns, stooaging for Gracie Allen

tainment was introduced over the air first by Joe Cook in 1929. He did a series of broadcasts for Victor, and John S. Young was his foil. The idea did not meet with any great success, and for two years it practically disappeared from the minds of radio program makers while the monologist and dialectician ruled the comedy of the air.

Two years ago Eddie Cantor started a series of hour broadcasts over National networks on Sunday nights. He got the idea of using Rubinoff and his famous violin as a foil for a good many of his wisecracks. But Rubinoff refused to talk back, so Eddie had to find another stooage who would be one in every sense of the word. James Wallington, one of the leading announcers for NBC, was assigned to the job. Almost over night Wallington became famous and was in constant demand for other sponsored programs. But it was with Eddie that Wallington enjoyed his biggest success, and it is because of his excellent and intelligent handling of Eddie's comedy that Wallington continues this same success.

WALLINGTON is the latest winner of the American Academy of Arts and Letters gold medal for good diction. He is only twenty-six years old, and is handsome enough to be a matinee idol. He watches every successive expression on Eddie's face as he speaks, [Continued on page 66]

Back Home *with* GEORGE

In which a Few Secrets are revealed by the Girl on our Cover

Ethel Shutta

Husband George Olsen is "the Big Swede" to Ethel Shutta—and maybe the way she feeds him explains how he gets that way. They have proved that careers and marriage can mix successfully



NO, THE Olsens haven't thought of pftting! But George is on the Chase and Sanborn Tea Program and I'm on the Nestle Program so when we went on the air again together for the Mad-hattan Room of the Hotel Pennsylvania I loved it. Not that I don't have loads of fun with Walter O'Keefe and the Nestle Chocolateers and not just because George is my husband and started me on radio—(you should see the benign expression on his face at this minute—he's trying out a brand new golf club on his perfectly good office rug). But the reason I'm so happy is that it's like Old Home Week to be back with the boys again. By "the boys" I mean Hotcha Gardner, Jack Gifford, Bob Borger, Bob Rice and all the others who make up our happy family.

Bob Rice is the clever lad who writes the burlesques of

the songs I do. He writes them for me and no one else may sing them. I know I owe a lot of my popularity to these lads and believe me, I'm grateful. The parody he did on *The Talk of the Town* I used for four weeks when I played with the Mae West picture at the New York Paramount Theater. Bob gave it his best West manner and in case you didn't see us, I rendered it a la West in a sweeping gown, a large hat with feathers and what-have-you, mostly the last.

BUT being an old sentimentalist at heart I suppose I'd better break down and tell you the principal reason I like being back with George at the Pennsylvania is that we did most of our courting right in the same room seven years ago. Of course the place wasn't decorated by Bel Geddes in the ultra-modern manner then and it was known as the Pennsylvania grill, but our hand-holding was just as effective and a lot of players who have since become "names" in radio used to make it their "hang-out" and cheered us on—not that we needed it! Among them were Bert Lahr, Clifton Webb and Marilyn Miller.

I guess everyone knows by now we've got two husky sons aged four and six. But what is news—even to me—is that I've got to put them on a diet and watch their bread, potatoes and starches, for they're overweight. They take after George—the big Swede! Well it's something else to keep me busy. I've always disliked the thought of children becoming so attached to a governess that they don't care whether they see their parents or not and so in spite of rehearsals and five broadcasts a week, I manage to have a play hour with them every day.

And are they fans of mine! Whenever they hear someone else on the radio singing the songs I sing, Charles the eldest, says "Turn 'em off quick, mummy," and he rushes to suit the action to the word, while George, Jr., who always copies his big brother, [Continued on page 54]

Ethel and the two youngsters, Charles and George, Jr. She is worrying about their being overweight and is watching their bread, potatoes and starches. They are her most loyal radio fans



Off the Piano onto the ETHER



Helen Morgan
couldn't carry
her piano-sit-
ting trade-mark
to the air

THE SCENE: A smart and exclusive night club. The time: Early dawn. The stuffed shirts are wilted; the smartly groomed ladies-about-town are even too weary to repaint their drooping lips. Smoke clouds fill the stuffy room decorated in the most severe and modern manner. It is zero hour. Some are bored, some adored. Then suddenly the little band stops playing, the sleek master of ceremonies steps forward to announce a name that is known from Park Avenue to Broadway, a name that commands and receives the whole-hearted attention of even this jaded audience. It is Helen Morgan, torch-singer and toast of the town. The glamour girl of Mazda Lane.

Perched atop a piano, an attitude that has already become a tradition, she sings her plaintive melodies. The small, airless room becomes suddenly quiet. Its inhabitants, be they tough West Side gangsters or suave East Side playboys, stop drinking and talking for the moment, to concentrate on the small throbbing voice that they know so well. It's a voice that does things to them, hard and blasé as they may be.

And when the song is over, silence still reigns. Then slowly they snap out of their reveries, and burst into applause. La Morgan comes down from her perch and leaves, but not before she has [Continued on page 64]



By
Lester
Gottlieb

*From Cracker-Packer to Piano Sitter
to Radio Singer—the Glamorous Story
of Helen Morgan, Whom Radio
Brought out of the Night Clubs*

I'D LIKE to GIVE

*America's Most Famous Woman
Humorist Raises a Little Radio
Static*

By
NINA WILCOX PUTNAM



NINA WILCOX PUTNAM

To millions of magazine, book, and newspaper readers throughout the country the name of Nina Wilcox Putnam has long been a familiar one, for her pungently humorous style is peculiarly her own and the number of her followers is legion. This recent picture was taken in her Hollywood home, where she has just finished a fascinating serial with a radio background which **RADIOLAND** is proud to announce for its April issue.



Illustrated by
Everett Shinn

"**G**IVING a person the air" used to be a term of deadly insult. But that was B. R. (Before Radio), and now when I tell you that there are a number of artists to any one of whom I'd be happy to give the air, you know that I'm offering those folks the sweetest sort of compliment. My radio favorites can have the entire air with best wishes for many happy returns of the day and I hereby grant them full permission to perform on it as often as they like. I'll even go so far as to suggest they go ahead and hog it. What their sponsors can afford is, I suppose, another matter.

While as for the performers whom I just can't stand, well, thank heavens I still have sufficient strength left to turn that little knob and get my room to myself again, whenever they crash my radio. And by the way, wouldn't it be swell if we could shut off all unwelcome social intercourse in the same handy manner? Think how nice it would be to turn a knob on a bill collector, or your mother-

in-law, or your pet social pest and leave them out in the lonesome ether until you were ready to tune in on 'em again! Let 'em raise all the static they want, you wouldn't hear 'em!

But to get back to my favorites of the air before the editor of **RADIOLAND** starts picking on me for running over my fifteen minutes—let's put some names in a hat and choose the first one with eyes shut. Because first-named doesn't mean first choice with me. I like so many radio stars equally well that to put down any one as my prime favorite would be terribly difficult. In the matter of radio artists, as in every other phase of art, I'm more interested in perfection of type than in the type itself.

I'd rather hear a good wise-cracker than a mediocre violinist. Also, I'd rather listen in on a first-class fiddler than tolerate a passably good quartette of Hill Billies. In other words, give me nothing but the best, it's none too good for me and it's what I'm used to! And thank the

THEM *the* AIR



The jungle explorer who looks a temperamental tiger in the eye is a mere piker alongside the radio artist who has to subdue a microphone, says Nina Wilcox Putnam

good Lord it's just as cheap to tune in on grand opera as on Ike Goofenpatter's Clothing Sale Review of 1926 phonograph records!

OUT of the hat, then, comes first of all the name of Rudy Vallée. I think it's quite a compliment to Rudy that in spite of all the more or less insidious propaganda against him, I like the man and I am glad that no matter what they print about him, nothing they publish seems to hurt his voice. Rudy talks too much and sings too little on his programs, but that's about the only fault I have to find with him.

He has a romantic background replete with a certain glamour which is inseparably associated with the sound of his voice, and which makes him interesting to any woman—even a female-dentist, or a lady-politician. We girls all want to fold the dear, good-looking thing in our arms and protect him—from I'm not sure exactly what. Other women, probably. But the essence of his popularity with me is the combination of good-looks, sensuous voice, and the reputation of being slightly misunderstood. No real gal could withstand that combined appeal.

It's hardly fair to the other humorists of the air to give Eddie Cantor a boost. But I can't help myself. I've bitten my fingernails, hung on to the arms of my chair, stuffed a handkerchief into my mouth and [Continued on page 55]

Those Boswell

BOTH radio stars and readers are enthusiastic about RADIOLAND's new Question and Answer game, inaugurated in last month's issue when Rudy Vallée took the witness stand and gave his revealing answers to all the things the magazine's readers wanted to know about him. On these pages the internationally famous harmonizing trio of Vet, Connie and Martha Boswell "tell all," and Burns and Allen are next on the list. If you've been saving up some pet questions you'd like to ask Gracie and George, use the coupon below and RADIOLAND's inquisitors will corner the funny pair and make them answer. No question is barred, and the more the merrier! Now let's see what the Boswells have to say for themselves:

Is Boswell your real name? If not, where did you get it?

Yes, it is our real name. Believe it or not, we got it from our parents who are still living in New Orleans.

Is Vet's name a whole name in itself or is it a nickname or abbreviation?

Vet's real name is Helvetia. That was too much of a mouthful for us. We couldn't abbreviate it to the first syllable very well, so we abbreviated it to the second.

Are there any other brothers or sisters in the family beyond the Boswell trio?

No; that's all there is, there isn't any more.

What color are your eyes and hair? All of us have dark brown eyes and dark brown hair.

Who is the oldest?

Martha is the oldest, then comes Connie. Vet is the baby of the family.

Who is the tallest?

Vet is the tallest. She is five

feet four. Martha is five feet three and Connie is five feet.

Did you ever study voice?

In the words of the popular success story, we never took a lesson. But we did study instrumental music. In fact we were an instrumental trio before we were a vocal trio, playing at concerts and benefits. We started singing as part of our stage performance.

What instruments do you play?

All of us can play about any instrument. But Martha plays our accompaniment over the air.

Who makes your musical arrangements?

We make our own arrangements, and good or bad we have to stand or fall on them, take the credit or the blame.

Do you have a preference for any particular type of music?

No, we like all types.

Why do you sing more jazz numbers than classics?



The Boswells returning from their European tour. In Holland they gave what they consider their best performance



Left to right, Vet, Martha, and Connie. Martha is the eldest, Vet the baby of the family



The Boswells find one radio listener who doesn't like their harmonizing

Sisters TALK

and Answer the Barrage of Questions hurled at them by RADIOLAND Readers

We used to sing about an equal number of each. But the popular selections like *Stormy Weather* brought such a great response from our fans that we decided we ought to give them what they wanted.

Do you have any particular favorites?

Yes, so many it would be hard to list them all. *Blue Heaven*, *Sleepy Time Gal* and *Chloe* are just a few of them that come to mind offhand.

Do you really read your own fan mail?

When you ask that, *smile* stranger! As far as humanly possible, we read every letter that comes in to us. It is our favorite hobby. We have a secretary who files and classifies the letters we get. But we answer them ourselves. We are very proud of our fan following and like to keep personal contact with those who write in to us.

Does it make it easier for you to work together being sisters?

Yes. There is something deep underneath that

Their Great Dane weighs 140 pounds. He's too big for the house, so they visit him in his kennel

holds us together. Besides, the Boswells have always been very clannish. We don't have a chance to go out much, working so hard all the time, so it is a good thing we are congenial.

Do you always agree?

No indeed. We have different ideas about our work. But we never have serious quarrels, because none of us is selfish or pig-headed. Then we have different ideas about what constitutes a good time, too. Martha would rather dance than do anything, Vet prefers to cook while Connie is simply crazy about football.

Do you girls always dress alike?

No. We only do that for our numbers on the stage.

Do you wear each other's clothes?

Do we! What we wear for the day just depends on who gets to the clothes first.

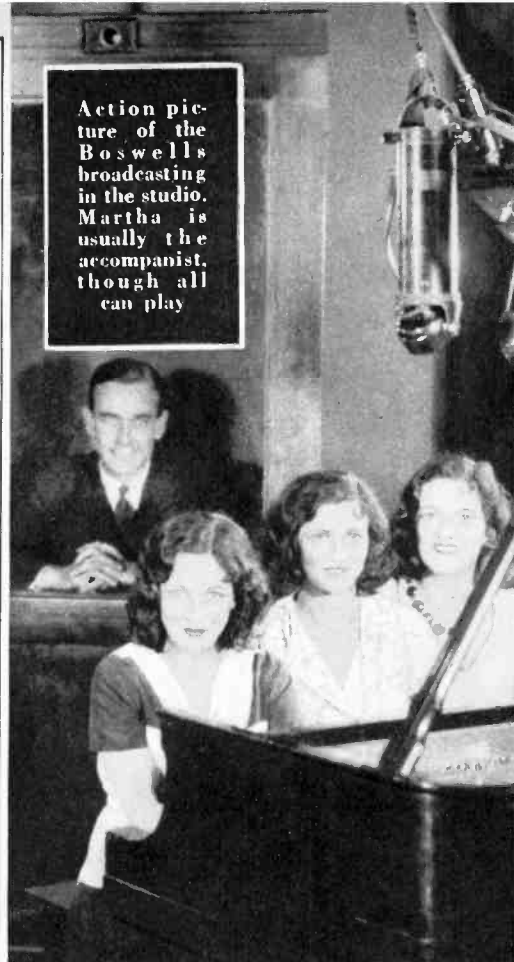
Do you like the same things to eat?

M-m-m! Fried chicken. Only Connie, being the littlest, always eats more than the rest of us.

What are your hobbies?

Connie and Vet like to paint. Martha prefers to cook.

[Continued on page 73]



Help Cross-examine Burns and Allen

RADIOLAND,
52 Vanderbilt Avenue
New York, N. Y.

Please ask Burns and Allen to answer the following questions:

My Name _____

Address _____

(Mail coupon before February 20)

The Amazing Rise



Father Coughlin today, in his study at the Shrine of the Little Flower, with his Great Dane pet



Father Coughlin at the age of four, with curls, dress, and button shoes

Father Charles E. Coughlin has a radio following probably second only to that of the President himself. RADIO-LAND sent its special investigator to Detroit to unearth the facts for this authentic story of how Father Coughlin has become the crusading leader of the nation's liberals

By EDWARD R. SAMMIS

“JUST what do you think of this Father Coughlin anyway?”

Since the demise of prohibition, that question is perhaps the one most often heard in smoking cars, in country stores, in suburban homes, wherever people foregather.

Through his fearless and stinging criticisms of those in high places, his championing of the under dog and his sensational revelations of wrong-doing and corruption, the radio priest of the Shrine of the Little Flower has made himself one of the most talked of men in America today.

No two persons seem to be in agreement concerning him. This man will tell you he is an inflammatory demagogue who ought to be muzzled. That man will declare he is an apostle of justice.

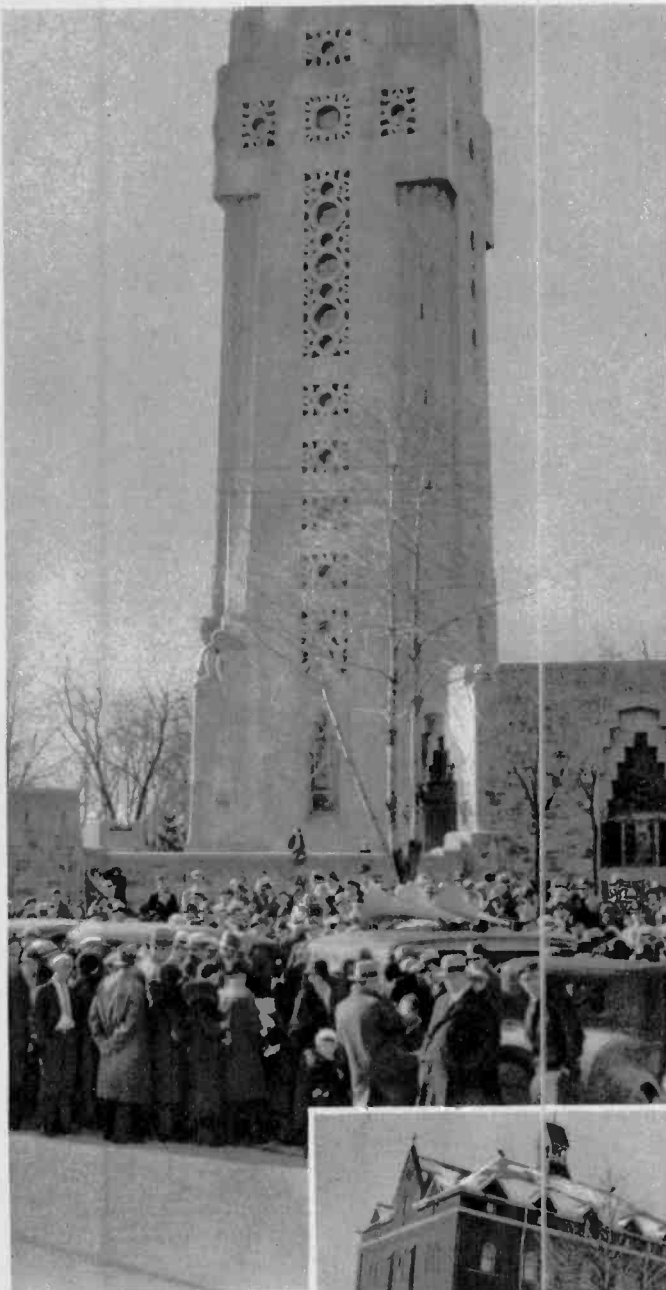
His utterances make headlines. They bring about controversy within the church and outside of it and cause more than a passing stir in high government and financial circles. Yet Father Coughlin, thriving on turmoil, goes serenely on, speaking the truth as he sees it.

His success is something unique in radio. Starting with a single outlet, his Sunday afternoon broadcasts, subsidized, not by any outside agency, but by voluntary contributions from listeners who want to hear what he has to



From this altar in the Shrine of the Little Flower, Father Coughlin's country-wide network broadcasts go forth. His radio work is maintained solely by voluntary contributions

of Father Coughlin



Whenever Father Coughlin broadcasts from the Shrine of the Little Flower, thousands of listeners cluster around outside the church while millions more receive his message over their home sets

say, now go out over a chain of twenty-six stations. It is estimated that he speaks regularly to more than ten million people. When he goes on the air at four o'clock, diversion stops. In homes, in restaurants, even in taxicabs, his huge audience of all creeds and walks of life, whether in agreement with him or not, hangs attentively upon his words.

Many of those who know him only as a voice, richly and sonorously eloquent, beguilingly tinged with a brogue, may envision behind the air personality of Father Coughlin a man of crusading spirit, burning with a sense of injustice, an exhaustive student and a tireless investigator.

BUT few are aware of the long years of struggle and self-denial which made his present eminence possible, of the curious circumstance of his rise from obscure parish priest to national leader, of his growth through battles that would have broken a lesser man to a position of unparalleled power. It is an extraordinary human story and in the unfolding of it may be found clues to the true nature of the man who is the subject of so much discussion today.

Fortunately for his later vicissitudes, Father Charles Edward Coughlin was born of rugged stock in a rugged country. He entered this world on October 25, 1891 in the town of Hamilton, Ontario, some forty miles from Toronto. His parents were both of pure Irish descent, people in moderate circumstances. From his father, Thomas J. Coughlin, a former St. Lawrence River boatman who had turned factory foreman when he married and settled down ashore, the boy inherited the more aggressive side of his nature, a hardy physique and physical stamina which was to make it possible for him to bear up under exhausting hours of study and research, and a joyous welcome of conflict and adversity.

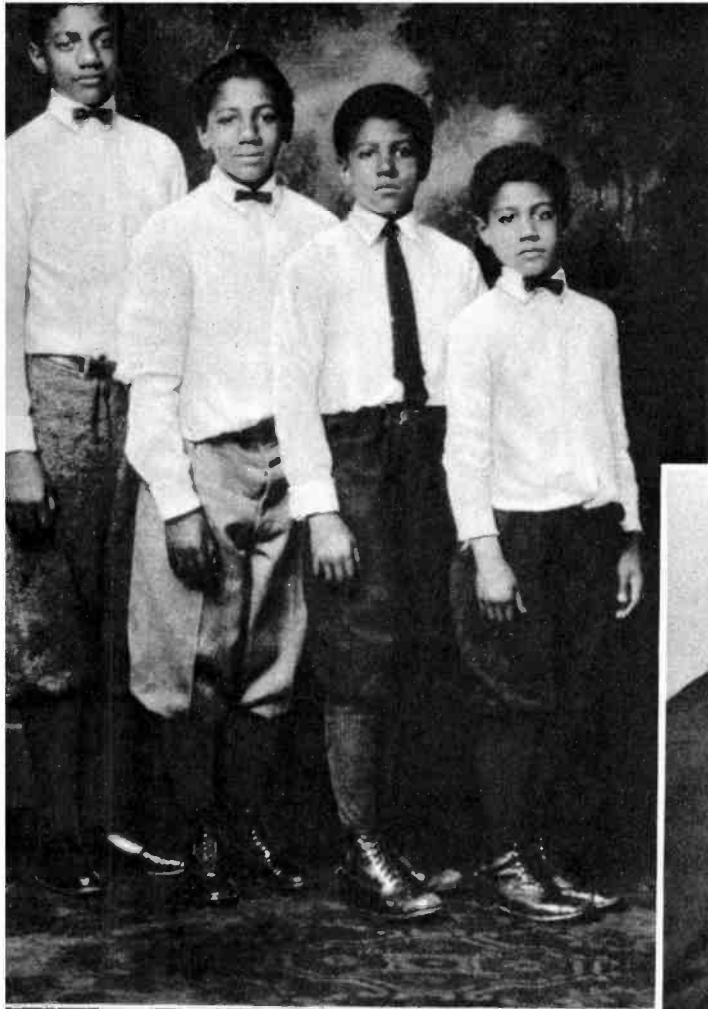
From his mother he inherited his passion for the church. She had been all her life an ardent religionist. Several members of her family wore the cloth. It was she who abetted his interest in study [Continued on page 62]



St. Basil's Novitiate at Toronto, where Father Coughlin preached his first sermon



St. Mary's Cathedral at Hamilton, Ontario, where Father Coughlin served as altar boy



An old-time picture of the Four Mills Brothers—ages, nine, ten, eleven and twelve

Radio's M. R. A.

(Mills Recovery Act)



Harry, Donald, John and Herbert Mills—the radio boys who reproduce all musical sounds, from trombone to tuba, by their voices alone

WHAT would you do if you were suddenly lifted from an obscure barber shop back in Ohio, became overnight one of the radio's biggest stars, and then were cruelly tossed back to where you started?

Would you believe it all a horrible nightmare, and spend the rest of your days giving farmers their monthly hair-cuts?

Or would you turn around grimly and confidently, to prove that fifty million fans weren't wrong when they hailed The Mills Brothers as the most unique novelty since Rudy Vallée discovered that a megaphone could be used for something besides cheering into?

This was the dilemma that confronted Donald, Harry, Herbert and John Mills last Spring when the latter was deathly sick and all their radio and stage contracts had to be canceled.

Executives in the radio field are difficult men to please. So many overrated performers peter out after their auditions, that these harrassed men soon lose faith in everything but the public's opinion.

So when the Mills Brothers returned last Fall, refreshed after two months in the Maine woods, where John re-

gained his strength, is it little wonder that they were dubious about the boys' chances of regaining their popularity?

They had to go out and play anywhere and for any salary, until they could prove that they were still inimitable. The Loew circuit who had an option on their stage appearances, was willing to gamble with them. They would test their chances with a tryout in Providence. Ordinarily it would have netted them a straight salary of \$3,500 a week for this engagement. But business being what it was and the management dubious as to whether the boys could still dish out their muted syncopation, a straight percentage basis was agreed to, with the theatre and the boys splitting on the profits, if any.

After the last show on the last day of their engagement, The Mills Brothers left the managerial office with \$7,000 in their pockets. Rhode Island hadn't forgotten.

Another successful week in New York, and a few trial broadcasts showed that they were still fit. The boys are now broadcasting each Monday night with Bing Crosby on the Woodbury Hour from the West Coast, where they are making several pictures.

Those weird African rhythms [Continued on page 51]

THE MILLS BROTHERS Stage Radio Comeback

Radioland Portraits



Vera Van

Singer in cellophane! Vera Van has made such amazing strides forward in radio popularity that now, like most good packages, she comes wrapped in cellophane

They'd RATHER Not

BERT LAHR'S IMITATED PERSONALITY—JOE PENNER'S ROMANCE



That favorite radio comedian, Bert Lahr, is making a new series of movies for RKO, but it burns him up to remember that he was accused of imitating another actor when, he says, the actor was actually imitating him!

IF A person talks about what he wants to talk about, it usually isn't news. But if he talks about what he'd rather not talk about—ah, there's a story.

Joe Penner now, that "wanna buy a duck," "nawsty man" comedian. That genial, stocky young man with reddish brown hair, brown eyes, humorous mouth, shy manner. Joe didn't want to talk about the extraordinary way he and Mrs. Penner fell head over heels in love with each other. I say extraordinary, for that's what it was.

"I'd rather not talk about it," Joe wriggled uncomfortably. An interviewer, however, can't take no for an answer, so eventually Joe did talk.

"It was back in 1927," he said. "I was engaged for the road show company of the *Greenwich Village Follies*. In that company were sixteen dancing girls known as the *St. Louis Girls*. One of these girls was Eleanor May Vogt."

Eleanor, if you'll pardon this parenthetical intrusion, is a slender, piquant brunette whose small head sits pertly atop a slender neck.

"Somehow or other," Joe continued, "Eleanor and I didn't seem to hit it off. I think it must have been love. No two people could have hated each other the way we did at first, or be as sarcastic to each other as we were, without being in love. Why, we went out of our way to be insulting.

"Eleanor used to call me 'Big Shorty' and that burned me sky high. I used to stand in the wings at the theatre when she was dancing and get even for that crack with cracks of my own. That went along for weeks—a lot of weeks. Finally, the day before Christmas, the show arrived in St. Louis. Eleanor's folks lived there—at the same hotel where the company was to stop. As we got off the train, I suddenly felt awfully alone and sort of gone-like.



WANNA BUY A DUCK?

—Ray Lee Jackson

Here is Joe E. Penner with the duck he's been so patiently trying to dispose of over the radio. He finds business terrible

I don't know what possessed me, but I went up to Eleanor and said something about it must be nice to be with your family Christmas. She said it was, and after talking for a little I asked her to call me up sometime and we'd make a date.

"But she didn't."

JOE grinned ingratiatingly at this exhibition of the future Mrs. Penner's independence. "A couple of days later, I was in the hotel drug store with some people I knew and Eleanor came in. I called to her, sarcastic-like: 'I care for the way you phoned me.' 'Do you?' she came right back.

"I waited another day but she still didn't call me, so I called her. Her brother answered the phone and I dated Eleanor up through him. When I showed up, she was that surprised. She thought the date had been made with somebody else.

RADIOLAND

Talk, BUT—

Untold Stories of the Stars as Revealed to
DOROTHY HERZOG

JACK BENNY'S NEAR TRAGEDY—TAMARA'S DISILLUSIONMENT



NO SALE!

Penner again, somewhat disconsolate. He doesn't like to talk about his romance, but *RADIOLAND's* interviewer was persistent

"Well, he had a swell evening and it started us being more friendly toward each other. We pretty much stopped our razzing after that and soon we stopped it altogether. It wasn't for some time, though, that I got up the courage to ask her to marry me."

"Did she say yes then and there?" I put in.

Joe shook his head. "She said NO. Turned me down cold. She did that four more times. You see, I wanted her to give up the stage after we were married, and she didn't want to make any promises."

"Why not?" I asked.

"Oh, well, she wanted to feel that if she did want to work she could. If she'd promised never to work again she'd have kept her promise. Anyway, I began to see her way of looking at it and I finally said she could work when she wanted to. So we got married." He sighed

MARCH, 1934

happily. "That was six years ago," as an after-thought.

"And does Mrs. Penner work often?" I queried.

"Just now and then. It isn't much fun for her if I'm booked for one of these movie theatre circuits. When that happens, Mrs. Penner is in the company too, as a dancer. But now that I'm mostly doing radio, it's a little different. We don't have to live in trunks and hop from one town to another every week. We've got a real home and time to enjoy it."

"But it wasn't easy to persuade Mrs. Penner to say yes," I summarized.

Joe laughed. "No, it wasn't easy."

But he'd rather not talk about that!

JACK BENNY had an entirely different sort of memory that he'd rather not talk about. It happened about twenty years ago when Jack was a lad of twelve playing in vaudeville. In those days, Jack was a precocious violinist who went out on the stage and fiddled his way to applause. The incident Jack finally talked about here occurred in Galesburg, Illinois. Had the fates not been mighty kind to him, he wouldn't be headlining over the air today.

Even in recalling the unhappy episode, Jack's eyes clouded, his jovial face became grave. "That little affair," he recollected, turning an unlighted cigar around and around in restive fingers, "was almost the cruellest thing that ever happened to me. There was a chap on the same bill with me whom we will call John Fleisch. Fleisch had a magic act, so-called. He worked on a dimly lighted stage against a black backdrop and black sidedrops. He wore a white suit. Various objects were on the stage, painted white. Fleisch had several assistants who were dressed in black—even their hands [Continued on page 52]



—Ray Lee Jackson

The memory burning in the back of Jack Benny's mind dates back to the fellow performer who nearly killed him



—Ray Lee Jackson

Tamara, blues singer supreme, doesn't like to talk about the disagreeable personalities she has encountered in theatrical booking offices and among certain fellow actors on the stage

WHAT QUALITIES *of* TEMPERAMENT HAVE MADE



Frances Langford is a protege of Rudy's with whom he had a misunderstanding

DO YOU know why Rudy Vallée is always in hot water? Do you know why he has so many quarrels with other people?

You may have heard that Rudy ordered Rubinoff to leave his dressing room and told him not to come back; various stories have been floating around about Fay Webb's objection to Rudy's managing Frances Langford; we have heard of Rudy's arguments with his former secretary, with men in his band; of how Rudy gets up and says what he wants, regardless of whom he says it to.

Rudy is, I think, the loneliest and most unhappy man in radio. A man who honestly tries to be fair and open, and who is constantly being disillusioned. An extremely intelligent human being, who expects the same intelligence from everyone with whom he deals. He has no patience with stupidity, or with the slightest deviation from what he considers the truth.

He is the most generous of friends, willing to go out of his way to help someone in trouble. Once he feels you have violated his trust, he is the bitterest of enemies.

It is because of these traits I feel he is the most misunderstood man on the air. This is the inside story of his quarrels and his mistakes; his generousities, his willingness to extend a helping hand to the unfortunate. Perhaps it will help you understand Rudy better.

FOR quite awhile I had heard that Vallée was on the outs with newspaper men and writers. When I tried to see him, it was like chasing an elusive firefly; his office

By MARY JACOBS

Rudy Vallee-



Rudy's pet Boston Bull is one friend who never misunderstands. For him, the king can do no wrong!

Tabloid Biography of Hubert Prior Vallee

Born in Westbrook, Maine, son of village druggist . . . adopted name of "Rudy" in admiration of Rudy Wiedoeft, famous saxophonist . . . boyhood ambition to become world's greatest saxophone player . . . entered Yale in 1924 . . . there formed nucleus of his great band, the Connecticut Yankees . . . took band to London's Savoy Hotel in 1926 . . . returned to Yale, graduating in 1928 . . . nearly enrolled in law school . . . still tutoring in law and may turn to bar when he quits radio . . . went to New York in 1928 . . . after many rebuffs, booked his band with Heigh Ho Club, where local station broadcast them . . . Rudy's unusual voice made hit and NBC put him on network . . . became national favorite . . . married Fay Webb when working in Hollywood movie . . . medium height, brown wavy hair, retiring in disposition . . . and a millionaire!

RUDY VALLEE *the* MOST MISUNDERSTOOD MAN *in* RADIO?

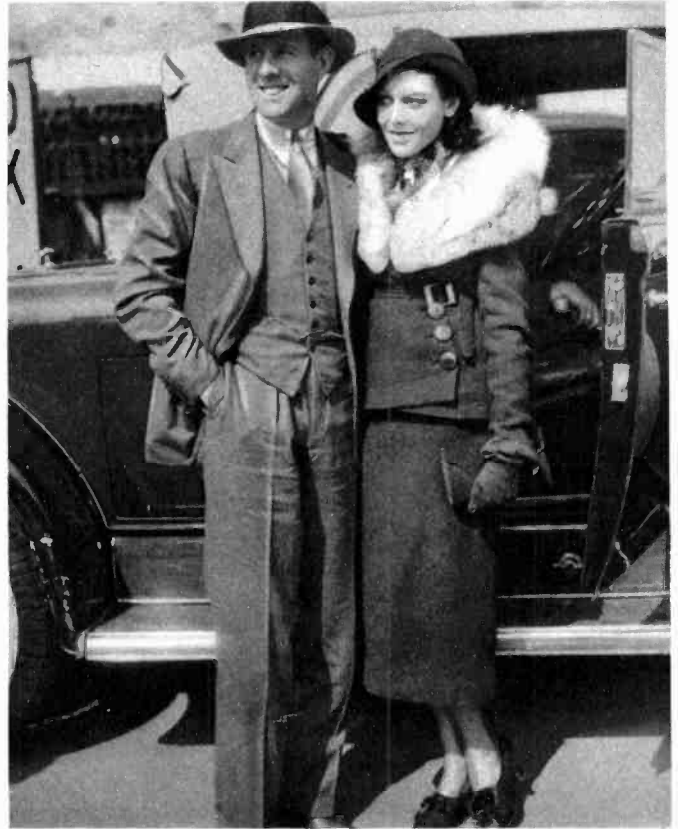
said he was busy (which he was), he was on tour, he was inaccessible. This gave me the impression that Rudy was high-hat, that once he had achieved fame, he felt he no longer needed the press. I was entirely wrong. When I finally did see him, I found him to be the most natural person imaginable.

"I have been misquoted so often, and so many things have been said about me that got me into jams, that my office tries to keep you reporters from me. I have no quarrels with newspapers as such, but I do resent reporters who manufacture stories," he explained.

"Here is an example. Recently when I was touring Maine. Miss Faye, my featured singer, had a bad cold. She was a pretty sick girl but insisted upon struggling along with her songs, as a real trouper would. A reporter wanted me to pose holding her hand, wanted me to say she was my sweetheart, wanted to weave a beautiful picture of a budding romance between us.

"I refused simply because there is no sentimental attachment between Alice and me. I told the reporter I admired Alice tremendously as an artist and a fine girl; she was a real trouper, but there was nothing but friendship between us. Of course I wouldn't pose for any silly, untrue pictures. Did that stop the reporter? No!

"The next day another reporter walked into my dressing room. He showed me the story the Maine reporter had published. I was quoted as saying Miss Faye was my ideal woman, a perfect girl, that I was madly in love with her. According to it, I had given [Continued on page 50]



The matrimonial troubles of Rudy and Fay Webb, from whom he is estranged, make constant first page copy for the newspapers

Radio's Loneliest STAR



Illuminating action photos of Rudy at work rehearsing his program. His orchestra players frequently feel the sting of his rebukes, for Rudy minces no words in speaking his mind. He is always quick to apologize if proved in the wrong



Ruth Etting, radio favorite who is doing well in the movies, rehearses with that incorrigible pair, Wheeler and Woolsev



Back of the Scenes at

ON THE theory there is no feud like an old feud, a lot of perfectly good space is being consumed by reports of vindictive strifes between broadcasters. Eddie Cantor and George Jessel, life-long friends, are depicted at swords' points. And the supposed bitterness of the battling baritones, Bing Crosby and Russ Columbo, once first page news, still continues in the gossip columns.

Nobody loves a story of hostilities between personalities better than newspaper columnists, so they indulge in them themselves. Witness the jousts of Walter Winchell and Ben Bernie. Words were their only weapons, however, and it wasn't until Al Jolson went on the warpath and walloped Winchell in Hollywood that physical violence was done. Up to that time the feudists wreaked their vengeance by the adroit use of adjectives.

Fans shouldn't take these vendettas too seriously. The principals themselves don't, so why should you? The rancor is synthetic and exists chiefly for publicity purposes. If you check off these frequently recurring items under the general classification of entertainment and amusement you won't go wrong.

* * * * *

IN THE same manner you should dismiss those caustic comments about your favorite entertainers. The authors type them with tongue in cheek inspired not by malice or honest conviction but by an earnest desire to be entertaining.

That isn't to say that radio commenta-



Too touching for words! Radio stars stage a fat man's ballet in the dearest costumes! Top, Nat Brusiloff, Stoopnagle and Budd; bottom, Jacques Renard, Jack Smart, Ted Bergman

tors, particularly in New York City, aren't men of strong likes and dislikes. Indeed, they are just as quick to express their bad impressions as their good. And some of them seem to enjoy harping on pet peeves but there is no real viciousness in them, even though they sound so.

Not so long ago Al Jolson was their pet aversion.

Before Jolson it was Rudy Vallee, who was the subject of much abuse. Rudy, taking the belittling comments at their face value, went serenely about the business of establishing himself as radio's outstanding showman.

* * * * *

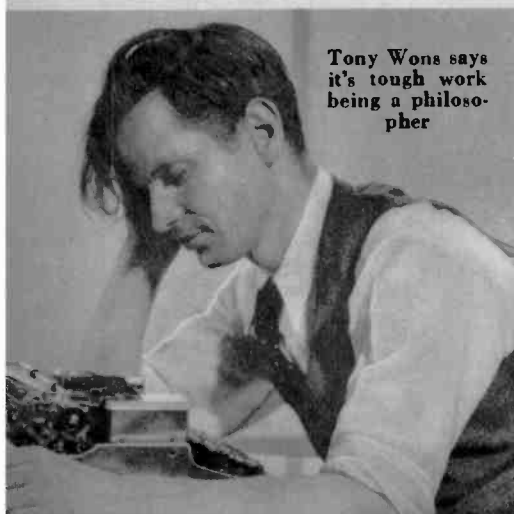
THE only feud between the press and a radio entertainer that developed really bad blood was that of the New York air columnists and Eddie Cantor a couple of years ago. Cantor incurred their displeasure by telling them they were petty chiselers and racketeers. He pictured them as a coterie of wilful men occupied in boosting themselves and their cronies to the detriment of those who didn't belong to the gang. "You

toady to me and I'll toady to you," was their creed, as Cantor saw it.

Of course they didn't like that, and the radio departments of the Gotham gazettes bristled with raps for Cantor. The provoked penmen wore out their thesauruses locating disagreeable things to say, all trying to prove what a terrible flop the banjo-eyed comedian was on the kilocycles.

It really was a ridiculous situation. The fans were singing "We want Cantor" and the scribes were shouting "We want Cantor's scalp." How completely off key were the latter was shown by tests made of listeners' preferences. Every survey revealed Cantor miles in the lead, so finally the writers were obliged to lay off him.

Miscellany: By the time this *Radioland* reaches you the chances are John B. Kennedy will have been named a vice president of the National Broadcasting Company. Mr. Kennedy resigned as associate editor of "Collier's Weekly" to devote all his time to the program department of the big networks. He's a



Tony Wons says it's tough work being a philosopher

SAYS-



the Broadcast Studios

Eddie Duchin, Alice Faye, Lenore Ulric and Rudy Vallée relax during Rudy's closing week at New York's Hollywood restaurant



In this studio gathering of radio stars a keen eye can pick out Eddie Duchin, Ozzie Nelson, Charles Carlile, Kate Smith, Ann Leaf, the Funnyboners, Nat Shilkret, Tommy McLaughlin, and Phil Regan

among them the comedian, one of the few who write their own material, finds inspiration for many a quip he pulls on the air.

From years of experience and research the entertainer is pretty well convinced that there is no such thing as an absolutely brand new joke.

For example, Allen once used the line: "It was so hot I took off my skin and sat around in my bones."

Next day brought a protest by wire from a listener that he had stolen that whimsicality from Mark Twain.

Allen delved deep into his anthologies of anecdotes and found its origin in Lady Holland's Memoirs, written by Sydney Smith, the English essayist, in the 18th Century. As this antedates Clemens' time by a century or so, Allen contends that Twain must have lifted it, too.

* * * * *

ON A flying visit to Radio Row this Winter—he came and went by airplane—was Don Dean. "the Rudy Vallée of South America," a title he doesn't fancy, by the way. But Don is the idol of Latin feminine hearts and the phrase sticks regardless of his preferences in the matter. He's been that ever since he started in Buenos Aires three years ago with a 14-piece band.

Dean, a personable youth of 25, is a native of Oklahoma. He was singing at the Embassy Club, Hollywood, when he got the chance to go to Station LR5 in the Argentine. He immediately caught on and was given the Lucky Strike program.

New Dealer with a brand new deck . . . It isn't hard to call up Dick Himber, the bandman, if you live in New York and have a dial telephone. You don't even have to remember the number. All you do is spell out "R. Himber" on the dial and the letters equal his signal . . . There's a Jane Froman frock and an Annette Hanshaw hat. Recently, too, an Eddie Cantor cigar was put on the market. Any day now you can expect a Sister of the Skillet brassiere.

* * * * *

THE other night a man bearing two heavy parcels knocked at the door of the New York apartment of Fred Allen, one of the better radio comics.

"I've come to give up my gold," he announced.

Mr. Allen cordially bade him enter. Tenderly placing his bulky bundles on his host's library table, the caller proceeded to remove the brown paper coverings. Revealed were two tomes approximately four feet by three feet and several inches thick.

"Here, Mr. Allen," volunteered the visitor, reverently tapping one of the volumes with his forefinger, "are my gold hoardings of 25 years."

"Indeed," exclaimed the actor, surveying the objects with respect, "and in just what form is your gold—gold leaf?"

"No, sir," answered the man with dignity. "My gold is in gags—jokes clipped from newspapers and magazines. Here is my accumulation of a quarter of a century. It's priceless but it's yours. Take it with my compliments."

Examination disclosed that Allen had, indeed, come into a treasure trove of golden gags. In the enormous scrapbooks were nearly one hundred thousand separate items which had appeared as jests in the periodicals of their origin. The donor, it developed, had collected jokes like other folks do stamps and coins.

* * * * *

THE scrapbooks were added to Allen's library of humor, already numbering some six hundred volumes. Browsing



Leah Ray is another reason why we're for television

Mike



—Wide World

Gertrude Niesen, left, poses for a "kiss portrait" by James Montgomery Flagg, while Neysa McMein makes one of Betty Kip. The portrait is built around a "kiss" impression of the lips imprinted with lipstick on drawing paper

Don, who sings from the magnificent ten-million dollar Hotel Palace Algier, has just completed his own South American revolution. Until Dean changed the custom, the Argentine went to bed at 10 o'clock every night. Girls without chaperones after dark were unknown. But now Buenos Aires belles flock to the Palace Algier sans maiden aunts or other encumbrances and linger until all hours while Don does his stuff.

More miscellany: Little Jack Little's wife and manager is Tea Little—that's her name and no foolin'. And she's just as little as Little Jack Little is little. Stand one Little on top of the other Little and they would still be too little

to peek through one of Walter Winchell's key holes . . . The three wealthiest bandmen on the air are Meyer Davis, Rudy Vallée and Isham Jones. Each is a millionaire . . . Allen Prescott, The Wife Saver, used to be a newspaperman once himself. That's how he became a broadcaster several years ago while on the staff of the New York *Daily Mirror*. Prescott was the newscaster for the paper . . . They call Al and Lee Reiser, the piano team, the early Reisers in the studios. They have to get up to catch a 6:11 ayem train to make their early morning broadcasts. These boys, by the way, aren't brothers but cousins.

* * * * *

THE networks this Winter have been doing a lot of experimenting with the drama. When NBC opened its magnificent new studios in Radio City, noted stage stars engaged for the inaugural week ceremonies walked away with most of the honors. They made some of the entertainers of strictly radio origin look like novitiates. That convinced the studio authorities they were neglecting a great source of talent—the legitimate stage, which hasn't been doing so well lately and where not only players but plays are available.

To adapt class comedies and dramas to the microphone with the limitations that telling a story by sound alone imposes is not the only problem confronting the program makers. They must consider, too, the handicap of the actors working in the studios without benefit of an audience to inspire and guide them. For in plays of the subtle sort the performers depend almost as much on the reaction of the audience as they do on the lines of the author. The attack and tempo of their performance is regulated by the responsiveness of the spectators.

This is especially true in polite comedies when the players keep one ear carefully cocked towards the far side of the footlights. If the spectators begin to stir in their seats, cough and rustle

programs, the actors heed the danger signals of rapidly-advancing ennui. There is an immediate, if imperceptible, speeding up of the scene and a quicker approach to a line or situation previously established as a sure laugh-getter or attention-arresting. This spot once reached, the tension is relieved and boredom forestalled.

Meanwhile the mechanical facilities for projecting plays are progressing splendidly. NBC has its "ribbon velocity" mike and Columbia has its "crystal" condensers. Both are vast improvements in reproducing the human voice. They pick up sounds from all angles and render unnecessary broadcasters stationing themselves within a few inches of the mike. Actors are thus permitted to act without worrying about how the dialogue is being picked up.

* * * * *

Still more miscellany: Vaughn de Leath, the original radio crooner who had to sing soft and low to the mike in the crystal set days or blow the innards out of the new fangled contrivance, is vacationing in South America . . . George Givot, the Greek ambassador of good will and crossword puzzle addict, insists on calling it the Gnu Deal . . . Jack Arthur, the baritone and radio-actor who used to appear on a dozen different New York stations under a dozen names, will retire in another year to go to Italy to study for grand opera . . . Katherine Parsons, billed as "The Girl of Yesterday" because she sings old melodies so beautifully, is really very much a girl of today. Strikingly attractive and always smartly gowned, she is the wife of George Clark, city editor of the New York *Daily Mirror*.

* * * * *

THE late Milton Aborn, the light opera impresario, had a delightful sense of humor. The day he arrived at the Columbia studios for the first rehearsal of the Five Star Theatre, John Carlile, CBS's production chief, introduced himself.

"I've met you before," remarked the manager.

"Yes, indeed," replied Carlile, recalling that Aborn wasn't famous for his big salaries to artists. "I once sang in one of your operas for \$18 a week."

"Now I remember," said Aborn with a disarming smile. "I paid you six dollars too much!"

Much the same situation arose many years ago when the lamented Percy G. Williams was a factor in vaudeville. He, on the contrary, was noted for his liberality in salaries. Jack Norworth and Nora Bayes, husband and wife and co-stars, were his headliners getting \$1,000 a week, a princely sum in those days. Norworth went to Williams and asked their salary be boosted to \$1,500.

"Well, Jack," answered Williams, after an impressive pause as though weighing Norworth's arguments, "I honestly don't believe Nora is worth \$1,475 a week."



Albert Spalding, in shirt sleeves, packs up his famous violin after a radio broadcast

Says:

LONG before Uncle Sam recognized Russia, radio recognized Russian maestros. For years the air has been cluttered up with them. Lately they have organized themselves into a social club and make their headquarters at the Kretchma, a resort on 14th Street, New York. Leon Belasco, claiming the distinction of being the only peasant among them, is really of Muscovite aristocracy. (Belasco, incidentally, declares himself in favor of the Five Year Plan, having bought two cars and a frigidaire on it.) The others, with the exception of Dave Rubinoff, son of a poor but honest cobbler, are all former Grand Dukes—to hear their press agents tell it.

* * * * *

WHEREVER aerial artists foregather talk invariably turns to the control room engineers. They are the real wizards of the wireless who sit in glass cages off the studios proper and by expert manipulation of the dials regulate the electrical flow of the programs.

They are to broadcasters what cameramen are to movie actresses. Just as the photographer can make the most beautiful of the Hollywood darlings appear ugly on the film, so can a control room man by twisting his gadgets make the most melodious voice come through the loudspeaker like the wailing of a departed spirit.

Even such stars as John McCormack, famous Irish tenor, and Richard Crooks, tenor of the Metropolitan Opera Company, admit their dependence on the control operator.

To quote Mr. Crooks:

"The control engineer can make a singer's voice sound on the radio as he bids. He can make a voice of little volume ring with the boom of a Caruso or he can muffle the voice of tremendous proportions. I have seen the man at the controls put the soft pedals on Martinnelli to such an extent that he sounded like a lyric tenor."

Perchance the reader of this has radio aspirations. If so, he will do well to remember this tip of the tenor's:

"Any one who would achieve success on the air must place himself religiously in the hands of the engineer and have intrinsic faith in his judgment. It is truly surprising what musicianly ears and appreciation of crescendo are possessed by these men."

* * * * *

Cliff Soubier—sour beer his name means in German—versatile actor appearing on many programs originating in the Chicago NBC studios, played Little Eva in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" when he was five years old . . . Joe Haymes, the band man, at seven became the owner of a general store in Marshfield, Mo., when his parents died. Joe personally disposed of the candy stock and sold the rest with the good will and the bad debts to the highest bidder . . . Ed



A trio of stars who draw three of radio's biggest salaries are flanked by Joe E. Brown on left and Admiral David E. Sellers on right. You'll recognize Will Rogers, Rubinoff, and Cantor in the middle

Small, the singer, was one of the Revelers way back in the early days when Station WJZ was located in Newark, N. J. The Revelers were then called the Shannon Four and Frank Black was starting to make them famous with his unique arrangements . . . Robert Simmons, the handsome tenor, was once known as William Simmons, the name he was christened by his Methodist preacher father. He changed the Bill to Bob to avoid confusion with William Simmons, the baritone.

* * * * *

WITH the mechanical side of radio this department isn't primarily interested. But when Science goes slumming in the studios and emerges with a momentous discovery we can't exactly ignore it either. All of which is provoked by the receipt of a bulletin explaining why women speakers usually sound so terrible on the air.

It is because—explains Miss Edith Parsons, veteran elocution teacher and member of the faculty of the College of Fine Arts at Syracuse University—women depend on head resonance to project their voices. Men, on the other hand, according to this authority, have the advantage of both head and chest resonance, a combination better suited to the requirements of the mike.

This being so, it would be interesting to hear Miss Parsons' explanation of the beautiful radio voices of Rosaline Greene, Elsie Hitz, Elizabeth Love, Charlotte Walker, Julia Sanderson, Peggy Allenby, June Meredith, Lee Patrick, Ethelyn Holt, Betty Winkler and a host of other non-vocalists who weave spells over listeners.

* * * * *

For relaxation Frank Luther, the tenor, plays an ocarina, sometimes known as a "sweet potato." Perhaps you have never seen this device. It is a small instrument, usually of terra-cotta, with a mouthpiece and finger holes. It yields soft, sonorous notes but has little compass. Luther, very dexterous in their

use, has ocarinas in several sizes and is thus able to achieve variety in tones.

* * * * *

WHY radio editors go mad department: When they receive such items as this:

"Ethel Waters, the great sepia singer, is probably the most honest solitaire player in the country. She calms her nerves before a broadcast by playing, keeps accurate check of how much money she wins or loses. Her losses are added to her contributions to charity."

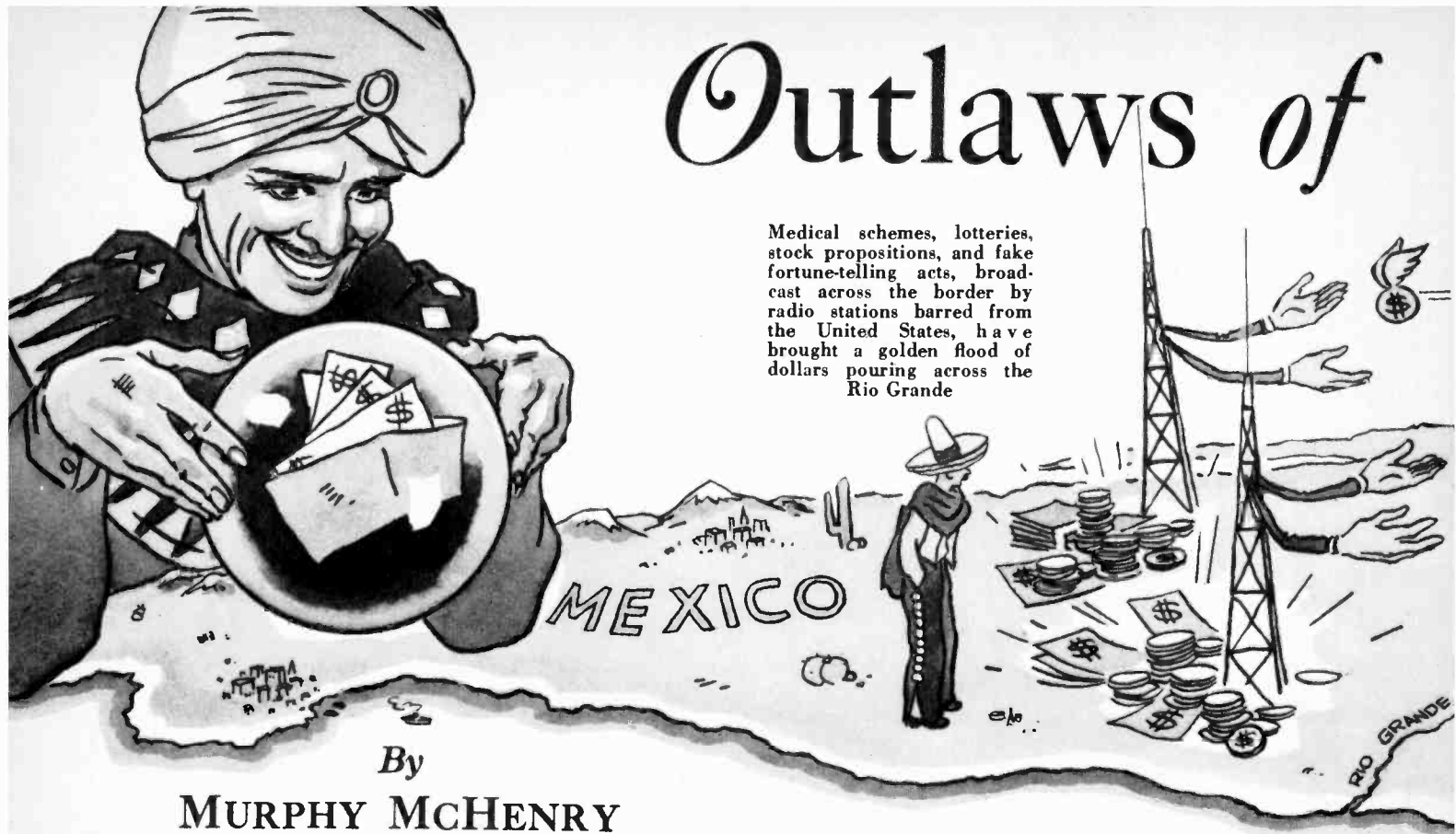
And her winnings, if any, might properly be devoted to the cost of a mental examination of the perpetrator of this paragraph.



That rollicking pair of lunatics, Olsen and Johnson, sponsor the new deal in fishing

Outlaws of

Medical schemes, lotteries, stock propositions, and fake fortune-telling acts, broadcast across the border by radio stations barred from the United States, have brought a golden flood of dollars pouring across the Rio Grande



By

MURPHY MCHENRY

“*ESTACION radio difusora.*”

That's what they call a radio station in Mexico and that's what you hear the announcer say when he gives the call letters of your favorite station from down by the Rio Grande.

But it is entirely likely that within a very short time, unless you have a powerful radio set that will draw in the ether waves from Mexico City itself, you will have to do without your nightly diet of Mexican music.

In short, blunt words, unembellished by the customary Latin politeness, the Mexican government is “moving in” on the big so-called border stations. Most of these were built by enterprising Americans who saw a chance to blanket the United States and Canada with all kinds of programs without deference to the likes and dislikes of the somewhat particular United States radio commission.

For almost three years the scheme has worked out to perfection. More money has flowed into the leading border stations than has ever been dreamed of by the most optimistic operators in the United States. But it seems as though the spirit of the new deal has moved across the international boundary line and that the usually liberal Mexican government is becoming imbued with moral aspirations of an unusually high character.

“Thou Shalt Not” is a new expression in stations dotted here and there along the south bank of the romantic old Rio Grande. These stations have for the most part made their money from medical schemes, lotteries, stock propositions, fortune telling acts and a score of other business propositions referred to by station intimates as “rackets.”

But the end of this radio bonanza seems in sight. The Mexican radio department has issued orders to all radio stations along the border to close their remote control studios in the United States. This means that only

those who can secure passports can cross into Mexico to broadcast. And to make this even more troublesome, there is talk of making it mandatory for persons granted working passports to live, with their families, in Mexico itself.

Many persons will find it difficult, if not impossible, to secure passports. It is held in some circles that this order to abolish remote control lines out of Mexico is aimed directly at Dr. John R. Brinkley, now of Del Rio, Texas, and formerly of Milford, Kansas. Dr. Brinkley, long in bitter battle with organized medical and radio interests in the United States, owns XER at Villa Acuna, Mexico, opposite Del Rio. After he built the world's largest commercial radio station at Villa Acuna, the good doctor was denied a passport and so he installed a remote control line between his home town of Milford and Villa Acuna. Until he abandoned this a few weeks ago and moved his hospital and drug store to Del Rio, it cost him approximately \$10,000 a month in tolls to the telephone company which constructed and owned the line.

AT THE present time Dr. Brinkley is broadcasting by remote control from Del Rio, although specific orders have been issued by the Mexican radio department to cease all broadcasting activities not originating within Mexico itself.

To make certain of its apparent drive to close up the border stations, the Mexican government, which will by its own action lose huge monthly tax revenues, has promulgated official orders designed to make it impossible to carry on a profitable business through foreign invasion of American ether lanes. A few of these orders are:

1. Closing of remote control studios, giving control, through Mexican immigration officials, of all who cross the border to broadcast.

MEXICO Takes ACTION Against BORDER STATIONS

the Air to Broadcast at Sea



The world's most powerful radio station may be floated in international waters to broadcast outlawed ether programs which caused their sponsors to be ejected from the United States and Mexico



Dr. John R. Brinkley has long been in bitter conflict with American medical and radio interests. If the Mexican government puts his station, XER, out of business, he plans to broadcast from a ship in international waters, or from a 500,000 watt Central American station.

2. Prohibition of advertising of any medical product which is not approved by Salubridad, the Mexican department of public health.

3. Prohibition of mentalist acts, question and answer hours and the like, except by special permission from the Mexican radio department.

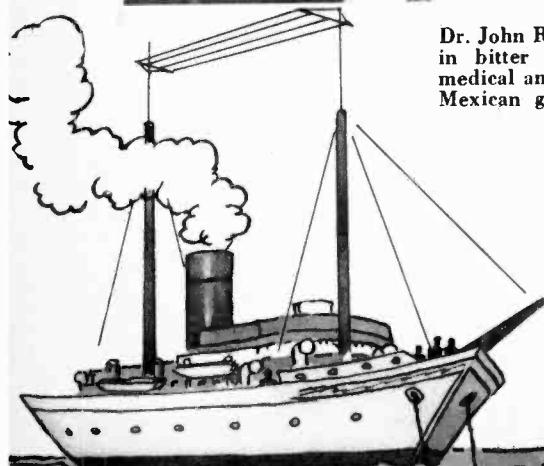
4. Designation of the Spanish language as the official language in which all broadcasts must be made, except in cases where special permission is obtained for broadcasts in another language, such as English.

Some of the Mexican stations have already closed their remote control studios in the United States but others, notably Dr. Brinkley's XER, have started to fight through the courts in Mexico City. As to medical advertising, it is generally inferred that there will be very few approvals. This, likewise is the case with the mentalist acts, which right today are bringing in a revenue of thousands of dollars daily to the various stations along the Rio Grande. On XER, for instance, it is a known fact that the mentalist—the man who answers three questions for a dollar—has brought in as high as \$3,000 a day.

The greatest measure of control comes in the designation of the Spanish language as the only language which can be used except through special permission. It is stipulated, however, that anything first broadcast in Spanish may be repeated in any other language, but this is wholly impractical because it would involve so much "lost" time and because American audiences would not listen through a half hour or quarter hour of Spanish in order to hear a mentalist or lecturer of some kind.

BACK of these new orders, which in all probability will mean an end of the great Mexican radio invasion of the United States, is the story of a long fight. The first of these stations appeared about three years ago and today there are six stations of 5,000 or more watts dotted along the border. XER, now broadcasting with 150,000 watts power and contemplating 500,000 watts in the immediate future, is the most powerful commercial station in the world.

There is no radio treaty between the United States and Mexico, for the obvious reason that when radio first came into importance, the United States disregarded Mexico and until recently the southern [Continued on page 54]



GEORGE'S

She's the most untheatrical theatrical woman you could imagine, and one of the world's most successful wives—all of which indicates that Gracie Allen isn't so dumb as she would have her radio audience believe

By HILDA COLE

"Smell the chrysanthemum, Georgie." Gracie calls the rose a chrysanthemum because she can't spell rose

GRACIE ALLEN isn't really dumb. Her photographs don't do her justice. So most people can't imagine how lovely she looks all curled up in a chair dressed in green brocade lounging pajamas, staring with obvious adoration at a nice man across the room with a cigar in his flexible, humorous mouth.

"What did you do to your hair, Googie?" he says, squinting his discriminating grey eyes. "It looks cute."

"I parted it in the middle," she answers triumphantly pleased. "and curled the ends the other way!"

The nice man, of course, is George. That Gracie is continually experimenting with her wavy black hair (and each new style seems heavenly to her husband) is proof that with more than a dozen years of married life to their credit, no slight detail has become humdrum or matter-of-fact. George notices *everything* about Gracie with eternal interest, curiosity, and affection. He's never been able to count on any of her habits as inevitable—except, of course, the habit of loving George. For Gracie is one of those rarely vital, refreshing individuals, around whom life could not possibly seem boring.

If she ever tires of being one of the world's most infectious comédiennes, I think she should conduct a syndicate column on "How to be Happy Though Married." Because she is also one of the world's most successful wives.

Her life on stage and radio, and her life as "Nat's" wife, are completely paradoxical. Her silly giggle and irrelevant remarks over the air never fail to exasperate her professional partner, George—to the immense delight of American households. In fact, the more Gracie gets herself twisted up, and the more George groans with con-

fusion—the more hysterical and abandoned is the quality of their audience's laughter.

However, if that same audience could see them in real life, they would probably stop laughing, and catch their breath with the realization that Gracie and George are an unusual phenomena—a husband and wife genuinely—(not patiently, but spontaneously)—in love.

From Ye Olde



Gracie Allen

Family Album



George Burns

WIFE— Gracie Allen to You!



Radio listeners have been yearning to crown Gracie for years, and here George does it for them

Off-stage and behind-the-mike George is the life-of-the-party. Believe it or not, Gracie prefers to curl up in a nearby chair, and giggle at his antics. She is, as George brags, the most untheatrical theatrical girl he has ever met. Which is just one of the reasons why he fell in love with her.

She never exploits her "gags" at home. However—though she can intelligently and solemnly discuss anything from disarmament to the gold standard—Gracie, being an unconsciously "quaint" person, occasionally makes perfectly innocent, whimsical remarks which bring down the house.

Witness the day Gracie and George were setting forth for a week's vacation at Lake Placid. She was all dressed up in a treed travel suit (her hair combed another way, very simply) waiting to leave for the station.

"I'm not going to put any polish on my nails," she explained to some friends who had come to see them off, "because I want to give everything a complete rest."

On another occasion, when Gracie was in New York for a lengthy stay, her cook asked her to buy a rolling

pin. Consequently, Gracie, who doesn't mind shopping for anything, gaily waved good-bye to George and went to a department store.

When the package was delivered it wasn't a rolling pin—it was a kitchen table. George was flabbergasted.

"What's this?" he gasped, clapping one hand to his forehead.

"Listen, Nat," Gracie passed one hand distractedly over her hair, "they all recognized me down at the store. If I had bought a rolling pin, they would have thought it was silly—a gag—so I got all rattled and bought the table. What on earth will we do with it?"

GRACIE actually has so much common sense packed away in her cranium that she usually keeps it to herself—for emergencies! However, she strikes husband George (and for that matter, many of their friends) as being an adorably helpless little girl who should be cuddled and tucked into bed.

Even with telephones ringing, dogs barking, and scripts arriving, Gracie maintains a charming and serene equanimity. [Continued on page 60]

EPISODES in the Private Life of GRACIE ALLEN

*Which she wouldn't want
you to take too seriously*



Rising at eleven, Gracie uses her coat of arms for exercising



"Bring pork chops for dinner. I just adore Three Little Pigs"



Now you know the secret of how Gracie prepares for the day's work



Gracie's workday is spent trying to get gags out of the dictaphone



Every home should have its private padded cell, Gracie believes

The Mother



Mollie Goldberg—in real life, Mrs. Lewis W. Berg, wife, mother, homemaker, author, actress and artist



The mother of the Goldbergs out-of-costume. Mrs. Berg writes all the Goldberg scripts

Sammy Goldberg, son of the family, whose escapades add to the program's liveliness

A PETITE, black-haired, black-eyed woman sits at a Sheraton desk, her back to a high, silk-draped window. She is in a charming little room set aside as a study in her New York apartment. The walls are cheerfully panelled in natural maple. A vigorous oil sketch of old Brooklyn Bridge usurps one of the panels. Bookshelves, also of maple, range the room—low shelves crowded with the best that has been said between covers about life's arts and ironies. The retreat of a highbrow? Yes, assuredly, but also the workshop of a very busy comedienne, for here are brought into reality from a silver inkwell an ever-enlarging cast of personages in that curtainless drama of the air which, under the title *The Rise of the Goldbergs*, has captured the heart of a listening nation.

The young woman at the desk looks up from her long-hand writing. She is speaking. Her voice is startlingly familiar. Yes, it is she who is responsible for the famous Goldbergs and their daily doings:

"How many characters have I created? About seventy. I think, since the Goldbergs first went on the air. Of course, I'm delighted that so many people everywhere follow with such keen interest the ups and downs of my group. They told me when I started out to sell my broadcasting idea that it hadn't the ghost of a chance with the public. By 'they' I mean the radio studio big-wigs. Objection was made that many people would refuse to tune in on anything that had to do with Yiddish life and character, that too few listeners, outside New York and Chicago would understand my broken English, much less see fun in it. These were only a few of the criticisms I had to override before I could get a hearing for the Goldbergs. Finally, I was given an official audition for my 'act.'

"Those who sit in judgment on radio programs are hard-boiled and cynical. Disgruntled authors and actors have dubbed these studio critics 'the death-watch.' At long last I was ordered to perfect my cast and timing and be ready for the air. 'The death-watch' had signified a tryout for me and my little troupe. One stormy November night, when the demons of static filled all space, my first frail drama was launched on the ether. That was four years ago. Listener response was immediate. Illness kept me off the air for several days. The studio was deluged with inquiries—'Where is Mollie Goldberg? Where is Jake, where the Goldberg children?'

TODAY it is estimated that between *two-and-a-half and three million persons face their loud-speakers, five nights in the week, to follow the fortunes of the Goldbergs.* I've tried to cast them in the mould of truth—make them human, real. They represent a typical Jewish-American family. I think to many thousands of listeners they are lovable."

"By sheer artistry you've overcome the prejudice of millions," I commented. "That was something bigger than a showman's job."

"Not artistry," objected the dark-haired lady, "just

of the **G**OLDBERGS



Rosie Goldberg, Sammy's sister. The children's natural speech is a foil to the elder Goldbergs' accent

Jacob Goldberg, father of the family (James Waters). His handling of English is always fascinating

She is Gertrude Berg, who writes those radio sketches on the adventures of the famous Goldberg family—and what a family it proves to be, as interestingly revealed

By
PERRITON MAXWELL

—Photos by Ray Lee Jackson

understanding and a desire to interpret with sympathy the everyday life of one family—any family, of any creed, any race. The Goldbergs are simply a bit of the big mosaic of American life—perhaps more picturesque, more amusing than the average because of their Oriental strain. But the deeds and emotions of the Goldbergs are, I hope, universal."

There can be no doubt about it this woman is philosopher as well as playwright. It is her flair for homely philosophy that lifts her nightly dramas so far above the run of radio performances. The millions know her as Mollie Goldberg; the few, in private life, as Gertrude Berg—Mrs. Lewis W. Berg—wife, mother, homemaker, author, actress, artist. Mr. Berg is a sugar technologist in the manufacture of refined and raw sugars, a busy man in his own profession. Mrs. Berg writes every line of the Goldberg radio plays, creates all the characters, engages all the players, rehearses every broadcast, acts the principal rôle. Her hobby is painting. Her two children—Harriet, age six, Cherney, ten, a handsome, robust pair, naturally occupy a great deal of her time.

I shot a question across the Sheraton desk: "Mrs. Berg, where did you find the suggestion for your character of Mollie Goldberg?"

"Right in my own family," returned the author. "Mollie's trick of twisting the English language into strange patterns of speech, her unselfishness, her sensitiveness to the pain of others, her devotion to husband and children—they were all traits of my grandmother. She was a Russian immigrant. She lived on the East Side of New York, in the heart of the Ghetto."

"Those other popular figures in your cast?" I pursued, "what of them—Jake Goldberg, Rosie, Sammy, Mrs. Bloom?"

Before she could reply there was a hurried knock at the study door. On invitation a trim maid entered. She seemed flustered.

[Continued on page 53]



Father Goldberg in character. James Waters has played the part since its earliest days, but many other character-actors in the series have come and gone



All Around

A few of the programs which strike the Radio Rambler as being especially worth tuning in on are: The new Lucky Strike broadcast of an entire Metropolitan Opera; the new Cadillac Sunday evening concerts; Jack Pearl in his new spot (will he change his program style?); any one of the chain news commentators, to see how radio reacts to news embargo from the press; Father Coughlin, whose silver standard predictions about the Administration came true, and who will have new bombshells to drop. The Byrd Expedition is landing on the ice, and their broadcasts should improve; Robert Benchley is worth listening to on the Buick Hour, if you like your humor fairly subtle. And of course those talks from Washington which President Roosevelt broadcasts every now and then

THE ARMOUR PROGRAM

Phil Baker is a wizard on the accordion and his music alone is well worth tuning in on unless you're prejudiced against the instrument. The program is getting a touch of the variety it badly needed when it first started. Personally I've never gone for that offstage Beetle business which seems a little *deus ex radio*, if I'm not tripped up on my Latin. Above average radio fare.



MARCH OF TIME

Still unique in spite of many would-be imitators. Derives its chief interest from pace and speed, staccato writing and acting, and the effective musical setting provided by Howard Barlow and his orchestra. Harry von Zell, CBS announcer, who is the impersonal Voice of Time, does much to set the mood with his reminder: "Time marches on!" Recommended method of keeping abreast of events.



CAMEL PROGRAM

Has that Casa Loma band got rhythm! They make you want to roll up the rugs and dance. You shouldn't miss the vocalizing of Pee Wee Hunt (in picture) and Kenny Sargeant. Sargeant in particular is an outstanding air crooner who is in a fair way to make a name for himself. Do Re Mi trio is a pleasing harmony combination. Irene Taylor's solos are average.



MYRT AND MARGE

Myrt and Marge are still in hot water—and plenty of it—with their endless adventures which a benign radio Fate allots them. The complications which beset them are full of headaches for everybody but the radio listeners, who hang on agog for the next thrill. Nothing subtle about this thriller, but it carries the old serial hokum very well, and is packed with mystery and heartthrobs.



TEXACO FIRE CHIEF

Ed Wynn is one of those things you can't argue about. You either like him or you don't. He is the most inveterate gagster of them all, believing in giving the listeners a straight diet of Wynn humor. Indulges in the worst possible puns without wincing, in the conviction that it isn't what he says but how he says it. He touches his peak with his fantastic operetta series.



BEN BERNIE

Yowzuh! It's the old maestro. Ben Bernie doesn't have much to say that's startling, but his personality dominates his quipping as it does his music and puts both across with a bang. It's the air of intimacy that gives the program its appeal. Bernie has the trick of making you feel that he's talking straight at you, and to you alone. He might not like to have you know that he and Winchell are pals.



the DIAL

Random Reviews of Popular Programs

by The Radio Rounder



CHESTERFIELD PROGRAM

A real innovation in radio, this series of six fifteen-minute programs of symphonic music per week. Leopold Stokowski in bringing his Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra to the air, hasn't bent an inch in popularizing his presentations for the radio audience. Stokowski's own talks are brief, well-chosen and to the point, but the commercial announcements are a shade breezy for this type of program.



AMOS AND ANDY

When a radio program becomes a household institution, as Amos and Andy have, it is almost an unfit subject for critical comment, something like the sub-treasury. The boys know how to hold their audience because they keep their material so human. Nevertheless, the Rounder wishes they'd work their yarns up to the pitch of interest surrounding Madame Queen's breach of promise suit which was the high-spot of their careers.



PONTIAC PROGRAM

Those bewildering maniacs, Col. Stoopnagle and Budd, are with us once more. Anyone hearing them for the first time asks "What is this all about?" Then he tunes in again and again and never finds out. He becomes a confirmed Stoopnocrat and there's no hope for him. Matter-of-fact minds had better tune the pair out. The Rounder, being a partisan and violent Stoopnocrat, says they're swell.



SHOWBOAT HOUR

Showboating for a year and still going strong, this program has much in the way of diversity and story continuity to recommend it. In Lanny Ross they have a tenor who was once a track star at Yale, and whom the movies have snatched for picture work. Mellow southern atmosphere is deftly blended with the background of the advertised product. The female voices set a pleasing standard and the comic relief is quite palatable.



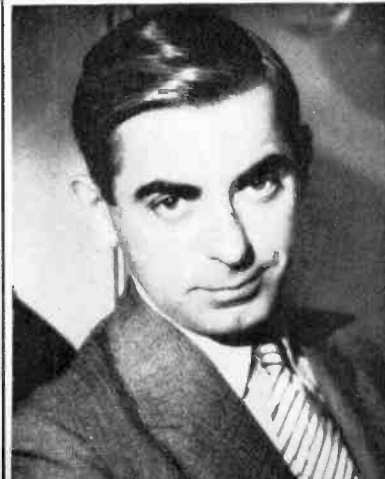
KRAFT PROGRAM

Paul Whiteman's music, with its own peculiar style of arrangement which has made him famous, is the chief attraction of this program. Al Jolson is another big name on this card, but the repetition of his old songs and old gags grows tiring unless you are an inveterate Mammy enthusiast. Rapidly growing in radio esteem is Deems Taylor, author and composer who officiates as master of ceremonies and does a slick job of it, too.



EDDIE CANTOR

Eddie Cantor's humor and sentiment may not appeal to the sophisticated, but there's something in every show of his for the whole family, including the kids. Probably Number One entertainment in all around air appeal. Rubinoff's music has plenty of lift and swing. The new courtroom series gives well-sustained continuity. Just now Eddie is trying to correct a program tendency to play too much to the studio audience.





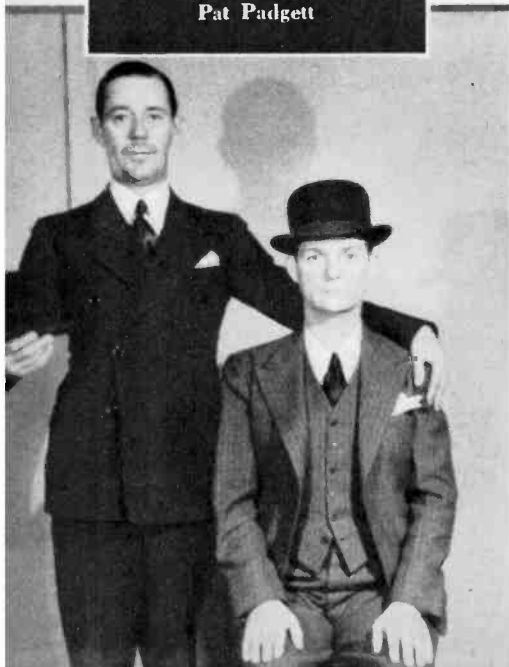
At left, Conrad Thibault, Showboat baritone. At right, Maria (Irene Hubbard) who chaperones Mary Lou



Teatime *on the* Showboat



Both these pictures are of Molasses 'n' January, in real life Pick Malone and Pat Padgett



MAYBE you never suspected that members of that always popular radio Showboat troupe take time off for teatime relaxation. Maybe, if you did suspect it, you would imagine that their teacups aren't filled with orange pekoe at all, but coffee. Maybe you are right in that suspicion. Anyhow, RADIOLAND's photographer was in the studios the other day and we here present pictorial evidence that the Showboaters were drinking something out of cups, and if Maxwell House can prove it's coffee, let them make the most of it.

Conrad Thibault is the baritone "discovered" by Calvin Coolidge, who complicates the deep Showboat plot by falling in love with Mary Lou. She is the story sweetheart of Lanny Ross, the tenor who used to be a crack quarter-miler at Yale and who is so good-looking that Hollywood has signed him up for the movies. Mary Lou is chaperoned by Maria (Irene Hubbard) who is the sister of Cap'n Henry of the Showboat.

Cap'n Henry (Charles Winninger) spent a lot of time on a real Showboat, the famous *Cotton Blossom*. As for Molasses 'n' January, those comedians find neither tea nor coffee sufficiently stimulating to relieve them from contemplation of the fact that life is just one dolor after another.

But they're doing nicely, thank you, in converting dolors into dollars.



Above, that handsome tenor, Lanny Ross. Below, Charles Winninger, better known as Cap'n Henry



BEAUTY is More than SKIN DEEP

By
WYNNE
MCKAY

IF PEOPLE could only be taught that the skin is not simply an external casing or envelope for the body, but a real organ like the heart, liver or lungs, they would not attempt to use only external measures in curing skin diseases. Because of the fact that the skin is an organ producing oil, sweat, hair and nails, throwing off waste and helping to regulate body temperature, its well-being is bound up with the health of the entire body.

This is especially so in the case of that dreaded and all-too-common skin disease, *acne vulgaris*. And yet, most people afflicted with acne pay little attention to diet, but spend their time and effort experimenting with cure-all salves and lotions. As a beauty editor, I would be the last person in the world to say that external aids are worthless, but I must insist that the correction of internal disorders contributing to the skin condition is of *primary* importance.

For anyone suffering from acne—or from its fore-runners, oily skin and blackheads—a diet that includes a great deal of fresh vegetables and fruit is paramount. The consumption of rich meats, greasy gravies, heavy pastries and other such foods always taxes the digestive powers and lowers their tone.

The health regime that should be followed by all acne sufferers is not at all rigid nor unpleasant. The diet should include fresh fruits and vegetables, plenty of milk, butter and eggs and a small amount of lean broiled meat. To be specific, these fruits are permitted: Melon, grapefruit, apricots, oranges, lemons, apples and peaches; and such vegetables as tomatoes, green beans, lettuce, shredded cabbage, carrots and celery. To bring about a cure, it is absolutely necessary to get outdoor exercise, at all times of the year. The exercise need not be strenuous, but it should be taken regularly for at least an hour each day.

SO MUCH for internal measures! We must now consider the external means of ridding the skin of chronic pimples. . . . Scrupulous cleanliness of the skin is equal in

importance, I believe, to proper diet and elimination. Many people realize the importance of keeping the *affected* areas clean, but neglect the rest of the skin surface. This is definitely harmful. A daily bath in warm, soapy water is an absolute essential to curing acne.

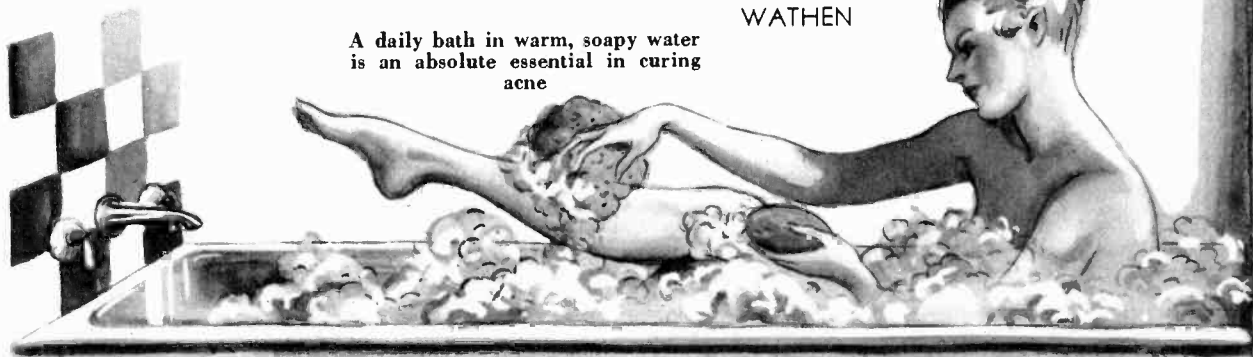
Thorough soap and water cleansings are of inestimable value in treating acne. Do not fail to wash your skin at night with quite warm water and soap. In the morning, if your skin is oily, wash it again with warm water and soap, but if it is dry and flaky, use only clear cool water. Because skin infected with acne is usually extremely sensitive, it is often irritated by the frequent soap and water cleansings necessary.

This is due to the fact that too harsh a soap is used. There is a new lanolin soap on the market that is ideal for cleansing sensitive skin. It is made of a fine toilet soap base containing a high percentage of lanolin or refined wool-fat, which is an ingredient in many kinds of facial creams, medicated salves and ointments because of its soothing and healing qualities. The skin can be cleansed as often as three times a day with this soap, without being irritated in the least. Pleasantly perfumed and attractively packaged, this soap costs only fifteen cents a bar. If you like, I shall give you the trade name.

Instead of using a great many greasy creams and ointments on the skin at night, it is well to go to bed with the skin freshly washed and dried. For some reason, eruptions show a greater tendency to heal when they are kept rather dry. If the skin is very dry and scaly, it can be softened and [Continued on page 61]

Illustration
by
JANICE
WATHEN

A daily bath in warm, soapy water
is an absolute essential in curing
acne



Woman and Her Problems

By

Ida Bailey Allen

BOOKS—Your Home and YOU

SOME people live in homes stocked with books from floor to ceiling; some have book cases, neatly locked; others tuck away their books in nooks and drawers, and some, strange to say, have no books at all.

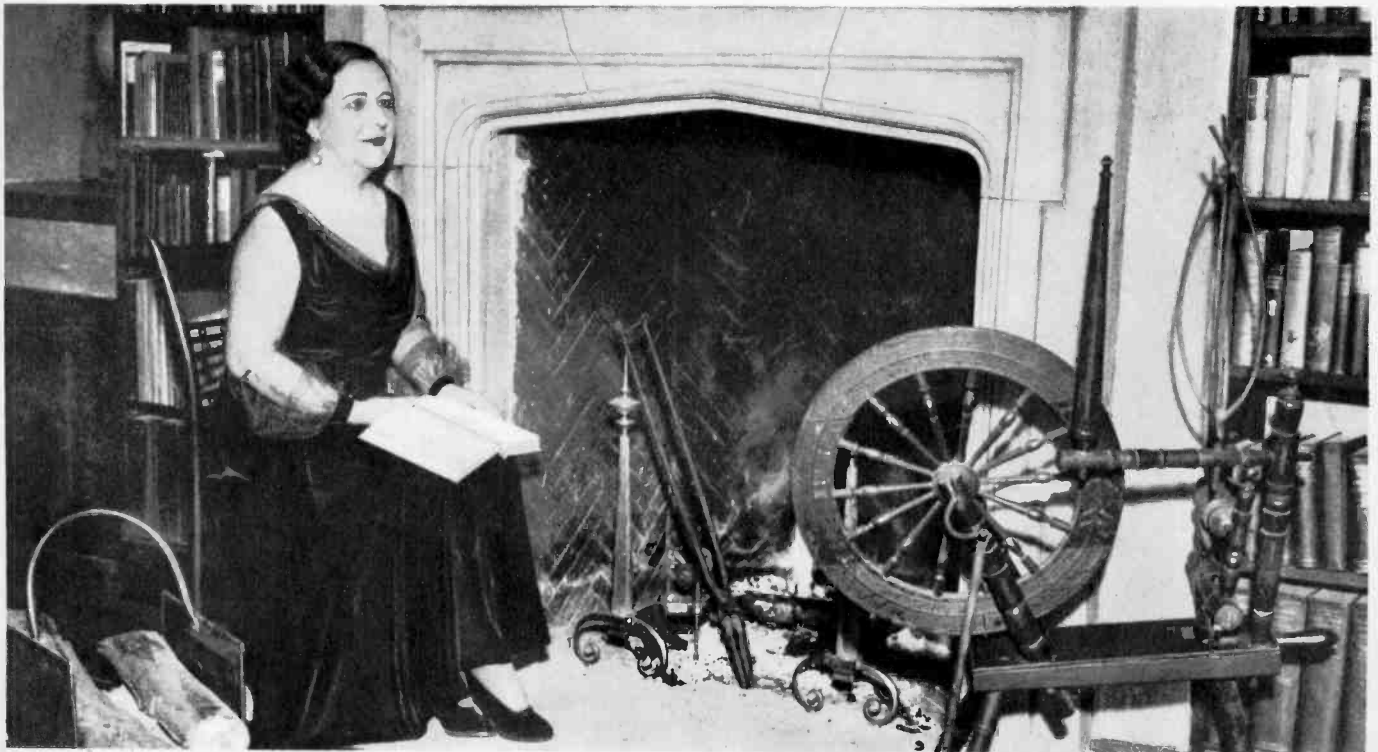
A famous American editor has said: "Books are the handiest things around the house. They give us inspiration, information and entertainment; they are 'a very present help in time of trouble'—and last, but not least, they are a never-failing subject for conversation."

Not long ago I was invited to inspect a new home which the proud owner assured me was completely equipped from attic to cellar. "There's everything from an electric heater for the baby's milk to a grand piano," he boasted. "But where are your books?" I asked.

In this day and age it is almost impossible to conceive

a home without some books. In response to a series of radio talks on books that I presented over a nation-wide network, we found that the average listener owned from fifty to two hundred books. However, we discovered something even more important—that they would like to own more books but did not know which ones to buy, and they did not know how to arrange space for a growing library.

To help those planning a library, a suggested list which will form a fine nucleus is given. [Continued on page 56]



—Wide World Photo

Mrs. Ida Bailey Allen, seated before her fireplace which features bookshelves on either side filled with volumes, mentioned in this article, which impart a substantial atmosphere of hominess and good taste

1934 Wine Cooking

Mrs. Allen gives a few pointers on the use of wines in cooking

ON THE evening of December 5, 1933, a new era in cooking opened in this country—the era of wine cookery. You may say that in 1918 wine cookery was used in this country. It was, but only by hotels, some restaurants and in the minority of homes. Today, however, we are in the position of a child from whom something has been withheld for a long time, and now that we have it, are anxious to exploit its every resource.

There are three reasons why wines and spirits may be used in cooking—to accentuate the natural flavor of a food, to add flavor or to improve texture.

Perhaps the first of these reasons is the most important for in *no case* should wine be used to *cover* natural flavor. When it is used as a flavoring agent, enough should be put in to give a marked taste; it is used in this way only to flavor dishes that have little natural taste, as pudding sauces. When used to improve texture, it is added directly to meat to make it more tender or it is combined with meat or fish in the form of a sauce, which makes a



Ethel Shutta, radio star, is an expert cook—and like most housewives, enjoys experimenting with wines to add a different savor to kitchen dishes



The proper use of wines to add flavor to cooking is an art revived by the repeal of prohibition

pleasant contribution toward the seasoning ensemble.

It is quite evident that in introducing wine cookery we must be careful not to overdo it. Our taste must be given time to develop. Let us try out one dish at a time.

There seems to be a widespread idea that the wines, cordials, brandy, rum or what-not used in cookery can be of an inferior quality and still contribute the right flavor. This is not true, for when cooked, the alcoholic content is largely if not entirely dispersed, and the actual flavor alone remains.

There are several simple, commonsense rules that underlie the use of wines in cookery and the introduction of wine-flavored dishes into the menu.

Use *white wines* in cooking white meats or fish; *red wines* may be used only in sauces to serve with them when a contrasting color is desired.

Use *red wines* in cooking dark meats and fish, and in making sauces to serve with them.

As vinegar and sweet jellies or conserves do not harmonize with the flavor of wine, they should not be served in the same course.

When serving a salad in the same meal with wine, use wine vinegar to avoid too great a flavor-shock, and pass cheese with the salad. No wine is served with the salad course.

In preparing soups, savory sauces, vegetables, meat, egg and fish dishes, use dry (unsweetened) wines, such as sherry, sauterne, Madeira, vin-ordinaire (white or red), burgundy or champagne. Brandy is used in making a "flambé" (blazing dish).

In preparing desserts, fruit cocktails and sweet sauces, sweet wines are used, such as claret, tokay, sweet burgundy, yquem and port. Cordials, brandy, sherry and rum are also used in making certain sauces.

Wines and spirits cannot be interchanged in recipes. The liquor specified must be used.

[Continued on page 68]

Broadcast of a Life

[Continued from page 14]



Eddie Cantor changes costume for each episode of his broadcasts—if outfits like this can be considered costumes

all his experience he had never been so frightened, wondering if his radio audience had forgotten him, if it would welcome him back, if he had his old-time "stuff." That his concern was unwarranted was amply demonstrated by the flood of fan mail that began pouring in the next day.

When he and the President sat chatting comfortably in the warm southern sunshine—strange visions passed before Eddie's eyes.

"Mr. President," said Eddie.

"Eddie," said the President.

The ghost of a little old woman, shrivelled with age, wearing a threadbare shawl over her *Sheitel*, the traditional wig of piety her race had worn for immemorial years, stood before him. She was bent nearly double beneath the heavy weight of a peasant's trunk, and as she toiled up the weary stairs, Eddie could see her gnarled old hands tremble with fatigue. If only Grandma Esther could have lived to see her kin sitting in familiar conversation with the greatest man in the country!

GRANDMA ESTHER—the most important figure in Eddie Cantor's youth. With her ideals of integrity, of selflessness. Of pride and beauty in hard, honest labor. Of the peace and blessing in religion. Of her steadfast adherence to the laws of right and wrong. All these, she had worked and labored over to instill in her grandson's heart. And when she died, Eddie felt that no success in the world could ever repay him for arriving too late to benefit the last days of the only "mother" he had ever really known.

He saw another ghost—a ragged, dirty street urchin, sneaking around corners,

hiding from the eye of the law as he broke windows with a kid's careless enjoyment of risk. A thin, goggle-eyed boy going for days without food; dining, when prosperity had entered the tiny flat of his grandmother, and she had managed to make a dollar by placing a new immigrant fellow-country girl as servant, on a bologna sandwich or a pickled herring.

As a boy of ten, Eddie made his first acquaintance with fresh air.

His astonishment in discovering the ozone of the country at Surprise Lake Camp was so great that it led to the discovery of his future profession. To the hollow-chested, big-eyed kid from the worst slums in the city, nothing became as important as prolonging the two weeks allotted by the charity organization to each child. He determined to stay, somehow, at all costs. He received the nick-name of "Happy Hooligan" because he tied a little can to his head and became the chief entertainer at the camp. Once he remained for as long as seven weeks, and his happiness in the glory of the place, the cleanliness of the water in which he bathed, the out-door activities of the boys, remained so deeply imbedded in his memory that the chance visit turned into one of the most important interests in his life.

WHEN he was ten, he and twenty-nine of the boys visiting the camp organized a club. They solemnly resolved that when the time came for them to reach manhood and they could earn the money, they would give other half-starved city kids the same glorious opportunity to revel in country life. That club exists to this day, and although it now bears the name of "The Eddie Cantor Camp," and boasts a hundred modern bungalows instead of the two or three old tents it had when Eddie first joined, it remains the chief charitable offering of his life.

At thirteen he fell madly, wildly desperately in love with the belle of Henry Street, Ida Tobias. But family opposition in the nature of a stern male parent, who forbade her to have anything to do with "that loafer," Eddie Cantor, made their courtship a continual source of misery. Ida returned his affection, but what could she do? The boys who came to call at the respectable house of her parents all had jobs. They wore white collars, and they worked in tailor shops, or stores, or as a crowning glory to all industry—in the Post Office.

Eddie tried desperately to get a job in that hall of renown, but to no avail. In desperation, he joined up with a boy by the name of Dan Lipsky, and the two became a popular amateur team who played at private affairs, weddings, club socials, and local theatricals.

AS HE stepped for the first time onto a regular stage in 1908, his face was pinched and green with fright, and his eyes fairly popped out of his head with fear of what his audience was going to do to him. Amateur night at Miner's in the early days! The audience thought his looks were perfectly natural, and funny. He won the coveted five-dollar reward given for the best act, and

nothing bigger has ever happened to him in his whole life.

In Carey Walsh's saloon over in Coney Island, Eddie learned to stretch his repertoire of a few songs like so much rubber in his duties as a singing waiter. He got fifty cents a night for his work, but on Fridays, Saturdays and Sundays the tips amounted to almost twice as much as he earned all week. All this time, his courtship with Ida Tobias was going on in spasmodic bursts. Still forbidden the house, the two youngsters would discuss ways and means of getting married with a burning optimism on the part of the suitor and a hopelessness in the heart of his beloved.

Eddie went into vaudeville. The People's Vaudeville House, a modest chain of four third-rate theatres, next offered him work. The amusement circuit was owned by a former furrier named Adolph Zukor, another furrier known as Marcus Loew, and two ex-drug clerks, Joseph Schenck and his brother Nicholas. Eddie received twenty dollars a week for his act—and the four owners of the vaudeville house where he played kicked at the high price, stipulating that he was to be engaged only if his first performance in Hoboken met with instant success.

IN 1912 Gus Edwards had a vaudeville act which became famous all over the country, known as the "Kid Kabaret." The cast included Georgie Jessel, Eddie Buzzell, George Price, Lila Lee, Gregory Kelly and Eddie Cantor. Eddie was the oldest of the lot. At nineteen, he was the most sophisticated member of the troupe. Lila Lee was then six years old. Jessel played the part of a dashing dandy at twelve. All the kids were quite willing to give up the stage, if they could have done so, and only Eddie received any of the thrill that is supposed to come to a successful performer.

With his first miserly savings of twenty-five hundred dollars, Eddie married his boyhood sweetheart, Ida Tobias, and with seven hundred lopped off for honeymoon expenses, the two set out on their first trip to Europe. It was in June, 1914, and Eddie had reached the age of twenty-one. To Eddie, the simple little gray-haired woman who shares his home and who refuses to be disturbed by either great affluence or sudden deprivation, is still the most wonderful girl he has ever known.

She is not brilliant—she is far from being a siren in either looks or charm. She refuses to be impressed by the international celebrity her husband has attained. It is far more important to her that Eddie has a slight cold in the chest than that he has a new contract giving him such fantastic sums of money for his work that almost before she knew it, Eddie worke her up one fine morning to tell her that he was well on the way to being a millionaire. "What, again?", she murmured, and turned over to go back to sleep!

NEXT MONTH

How Cantor Lost His Million and Made It Back Again.

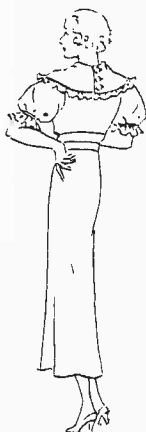
RADIOLAND

RADIOLAND'S PATTERN SERVICE

Vera Van's Charming Frocks are Easy to Make



A flattering collar with detachable cowl, and appealingly quaint sleeves, are features of Pattern L319



VERA VAN'S voice is one of the most striking on the radio—and Vera Van's "clothes sense" is just as distinctive as her radio personality, as those fortunate enough to see her broadcasting are well aware. She has graciously permitted RADIOLAND to offer its readers patterns of two of her favorite dresses which will be found easy to duplicate in attractive style.

Vera Van's charming afternoon frock, Pattern L-319, is fashioned of silk crêpe—the shade is Schiaparelli's new blue. It is as lovely as the model herself, and really delightfully easy to make for your Spring wardrobe. The flattering collar with its high cowl is detachable, and the sleeves are appealingly quaint. Printed silk, one of the delectable mossy crêpes, or a new cotton would be excellent fabric mediums. Pattern L-319 is designed for sizes 12 to 20 and 30 to 40. Size 16 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards 39-inch fabric.

Miss Van's choice for street wear is Pattern L-320. It boasts a smart contrasting yoke, with drop shoulders to which are joined moderately full sleeves—creating a new and becoming line! The close-to-the-neck collar is of the same fabric as the frock. You might combine a print with monotone, or use twin prints—and Paris is stressing them this season—or fashion the frock entirely of one color. The back view shows the short flared sleeve, also included with the pattern. Pattern L-320 is designed for sizes 14 to 20 and 32 to 40. Size 16 requires $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards 39-inch fabric and $\frac{3}{8}$ yard contrasting.



Suitable for street wear is Pattern L320, at right. Note the contrasting yoke, with moderately full sleeves joined to drop shoulders to create a new and becoming line

RADIOLAND Pattern Dept.,
529 South Seventh Street,
Minneapolis, Minn.

For the enclosed.....send me Pattern No. L319. Size.....
Pattern No. L320. Size..... and the Fall edition of the Pattern Book
(check if wanted).....
Name
Street
City State

Each Pattern 15c — Fashion Book 15c
One Pattern and Book 25c

Rudy Vallee—Radio's Loneliest Star

[Continued from page 31]

\$150,000 to my wife as a settlement, presumably so I could woo Miss Faye. I protested the story was fiction. Did it stop the second reporter? It did not. His paper printed it just the same. A Chicago paper which copied it had me on my honeymoon with Miss Faye! Which made me a bigamist!"

RUDY claims that when he is in the wrong he is always willing to admit it. "I somehow can't comprehend that quality of human nature which causes a person in the wrong to become arrogant and offensive, instead of admitting his fault. I know when I do something wrong or stupid I ask the injured person's pardon. I don't mind at all eating humble pie," he says.

Rudy is perfectly honest in this statement. Quite often, when he has discovered he was in the wrong, he has hastened to apologize.

"I believe in taking to task people who by carelessness or stupidity have caused undue annoyance," Rudy told me. "I don't believe in laughing these things off. Some people consider my frankness, my way of speaking my mind, my worst fault. Yet I am proud I am a fighter, an individualist. It seems to me that most men who really accomplish things are fighters by nature."

Rudy rarely fires anyone who works for him. He merely speaks his mind, and tells the person who has erred exactly what he thinks of his carelessness.

This frankness of Rudy Vallee's, together with his quick temper, explains how he gets into so much hot water. Rudy believes that because he himself

welcomes frankness and has no grudge against people who speak their minds, that others will accept the same sort of plain talk from him. Human nature doesn't work that way. Rudy refuses to recognize that most people prefer a sugar coating to the truth.

If you are a friend of Rudy's, you are fortunate indeed. He will move heaven and earth to help you. If he believes you have not been a true friend, neither heaven nor earth will help you. He is your enemy.

Rudy has frequently gone out of his way to help other people—friends, even comparative strangers have found him sympathetic, understanding, eager to assist with both time and money. Rudy is kind-hearted, generous to a fault. You will never hear of these things from Rudy; though he talks freely enough on any other subject. It is only through outsiders that I heard of what he is doing for Manny Lowy, his ex-violinist.

Three years ago, while in Rudy's band, Manny contracted consumption. Vallee immediately sent him to an expensive sanitarium in North Carolina, and paid for the best of treatment for Manny. He is still paying for Manny's care, and will continue to do so until Lowy is better. He would be horrified at the thought of stopping his assistance.

BECAUSE he has gone out of his way to help others, it is like a slap in the face when those he has aided show ingratitude or inconsideration, in one form or another. When Rudy believes someone has been ungrateful, he speaks up. When he speaks up, one doesn't forget it quickly. There is always an

explosion, real fireworks. That was the case in his disagreement with Rubinoff, and to some extent, with Frances Langford.

"The story of Rubinoff has never been correctly told," he says. "Dave has been honest and truthful enough about my part in shaping his career. 'Rudy got me on the air,' he has said time and again. It was I who secured his audition with Chase and Sanborn, who introduced him at his first broadcasts, who gave him several tips I had picked up in my broadcasting experience.

"Later, when he planned a tour through the country, he called me up when I was in Florida to ask my advice on a manager.

"Why don't you get Mr. X who books my dance tours?" I asked. "He's the best I know of." Rubinoff was delighted.

"The next thing I read in the radio columns that Rubinoff had picked another man to manage his tour. I heard nothing from him. No word of explanation; he did not consider me important enough to show me the courtesy of a phone call, to tell me why he changed his mind about who should manage his tour. Had he explained that he felt his best interests demanded he engage someone other than Mr. X, we would have remained the best of friends. As it was, when he walked into my dressing room several months later, I told him to get out and stay out."

ACCORDING to Rudy, much the same thing happened in the case of Frances Langford, whom he brought from obscurity to fame. When he left town to go on tour, he left her in the hands of a friend, for whom he had secured a position at the National Broadcasting Company. Under this friend's guidance, things went along beautifully for Frances.

The next thing Rudy heard was that she had changed to a new manager, without consulting him. Frances, too, appeared to have forgotten all about Rudy. To this day she has not come near him.

This is Rudy's story, which he actually believes to be the whole truth. He is mistaken, as a little investigation would have proved to him. Frances is still under the management of the man in whose care Rudy left her. It happens that this gentleman has become associated with the man whom Rudy considers her new manager. The latter, however, has nothing to do with Miss Langford's bookings.

Here is a case where hasty judgment spoiled a friendship.

I really feel that Rudy is a "swell guy." He certainly possesses the courage of his convictions. His bluntness and lack of diplomacy spring from his feeling that right is might, and that it is hypocritical to disguise the truth. But there is one thing he must learn, if he is to be other than the most misunderstood and loneliest tenant of Radio Row. And that is that there are always not one, or even two—but three sides to every question: your side, the other fellow's side, and the truth, which lies somewhere in between.



"Well! At last we've found the studio cat!"

Radio's M. R. A.

[Continued from page 24]

could never be duplicated by anyone else. Oddly enough, it was through sheer necessity that John first learned that his mouth could produce such strange and harmonious sounds.

After their day's work in their father's tonsorial parlor was over, they would gather in the backyard and rehearse their quartette which John organized to sing at church each Sunday. Their big chance came when the Piqua American Legion Post put on a carnival. The boys were engaged with some other local talent. Distrusting the town band they brought along a "kazzoo" to accompany themselves. Imagine John's embarrassment, when as they were about to go on, he reached in his back pocket for the tinny toy instrument only to discover that it wasn't there. He did the next best thing. He tried to imitate its sound. So effectively did he do this, that they were the hit of the evening.

Back home John taught his brothers the trick, and shortly afterwards each boy had mastered it.

Some enterprising band leader from Cincinnati, happened to hear the boys while he was getting a shampoo and manicure, and decided to add them to his orchestra, which was then having auditions for a radio program.

After the tryout, the sponsor said to the studio manager:

"I'll take these four kids, but never mind the orchestra."

Later on, William Paley, President of the Columbia Broadcasting System, was in the midwest and by chance heard their little program. When he was finally convinced that the boys were using no instruments and that all those sounds actually came from their mouths, he brought them back to New York.

The trumpet is deftly imitated by Brother Harry, aged nineteen, by cupping his hands around his mouth and nose. When the air comes out with the sound it is in a much higher pitch than it ordinarily would be. The saxophone is mouthed by his older brother, Herbert, producing that effect by the use of his lips. And John, senior member of the family, who is only twenty-one, is the human tuba and pivot of the foursome. He manages this by forming the largest possible room in his mouth and puckering his lips so that when the oompah is ready to come out it has the tone and volume of a real tuba.

So important is the radio to their vocal efforts that without it, their harmony would be like any other standard quartette.

One night while they were playing at one of the larger vaudeville houses, the mike suddenly went dead. Frantically the electricians set to work to fix it. Meanwhile the boys were on the stage, in the middle of their song. Courageously they attempted to sing without the amplifier. The audience bent forward, intent upon catching every note. Taking the house manager's word for it, you could hear a pin drop.

When you hear them again this Spring on their forthcoming commercial program with Proctor and Gamble, singing better than ever, we'll wager you will rise, sword in arm, ready to slit the throat of dat old debbul, discourager who always moans:

They Never Come Back!

MARCH, 1934

How Beauty and Romance Came to Nancy



WHAT YEAST FOAM TABLETS did for Nancy's skin, they should do for yours. A muddy, blotchy, unattractive complexion is usually caused by faulty elimination or a nervous, run-down condition. Your trouble is internal and requires internal treatment. That is just what **YEAST FOAM TABLETS** provide.

YEAST FOAM TABLETS contain rich stores of vitamins B and G which strengthen your digestive and intestinal organs, which give tone and vigor to your nervous system. With the true causes of your trouble corrected, eruptions and blemishes vanish. Your skin becomes clear and smooth. Indigestion, constipation, lack of pep and nervousness all go. You enjoy new health, and new beauty.

Don't confuse **YEAST FOAM TABLETS** with ordinary

raw yeast. **YEAST FOAM TABLETS** have a rich, appetizing, nut-like flavor. And they cannot cause fermentation in the body because they are scientifically pasteurized. Many leading American universities and various laboratories of the United States government use this new-type yeast in their vitamin research.

Any druggist will supply you with **YEAST FOAM TABLETS**. The 10-day bottle costs 50c—only a few cents a day. Get a bottle today.

YEAST FOAM TABLETS

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO. FG3
1750 North Ashland Avenue, Chicago, Ill.
Please send free sample of **YEAST FOAM TABLETS** and descriptive circular.

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





• Well-known dance team (Tom and Betty Wonder) are favorites with American vaudeville audiences

Imagine doing that last number with a **BAD CORN!**



• Dancers, like this spirited pair, have no use for foot ailments. They say, "Whenever a corn appears, we use Blue-Jay." • Blue-Jay—the scientific, safe corn remover! Whatever your job in life, you cannot afford to tolerate painful, unsightly corns—when you can remove them so quickly, so safely with Blue-Jay. The pain stops the minute you apply Blue-Jay. You go about your business with barefoot comfort—and in three days your corn is gone. • Invented by a famous scientist, Blue-Jay is made by Bauer & Black, surgical dressing house. Don't risk cutting or paring—don't risk unscientific remedies. Use Blue-Jay.

25c at druggists. Special sizes for bunions and calluses.



- 1 Soak foot ten minutes in hot water, wipe dry.
- 2 Apply Blue-Jay, centering pad directly over corn.
- 3 After three days the corn is gone. Remove plaster, soak foot ten minutes in hot water, lift out the corn.

HOW BLUE-JAY WORKS

- a is the B&B medication that gently undermines the corn.
- b is the felt pad that relieves the pressure, stops pain at once.
- c is strip that holds the pad in place, prevents slipping.

BLUE-JAY
BAUER & BLACK'S SCIENTIFIC
CORN REMOVER

FREE BOOKLET—"For Better Feet"—Contains helpful information for foot sufferers. Also valuable foot exercises. Address Bauer & Black, 2500 S. Dearborn Street, Chicago.

Name.....BB
Street.....
City.....

© The Kendall Company

They'd Rather Not Talk, But—

[Continued from page 29]

and faces covered with black. They blended perfectly into the black drops.

"With much hocus-pocusing, Fleisch would play to the audience, calling for this object, then that object, to come to him. As he mentioned the object, an assistant—unseen, of course, by the audience—would bring it to him, waving it in the air. For all the audience knew, the object called for wafted itself through the air to Fleisch's outstretched hand.

"I followed this fellow on the bill. For a reason all his own, Fleisch, who was an overbearing, disagreeable man, had issued an ultimatum that no performer was to stand in the wings while he worked. This was ridiculous. We all knew how he did his act.

"ON THIS particular day, I came up from my dressing-room, which was one long flight of stairs below the stage, before Fleisch had quite finished his act. I didn't want to walk down and up those stairs, again, so I waited just at the head of them, my violin under my arm.

"Fleisch finished his act. The stage lights went up. He took his bows and walked from the wings to where I was standing. I moved to get past him and go on for my performance. Fleisch reached out and grabbed me by the neck. The whole thing happened so swiftly and so unexpectedly that I was too dumbfounded to defend myself. Fleisch jerked me to him and in an insane fury yelled:

"Didn't I tell you to keep out of the wings while I was working!"

"With that, he pushed me backwards violently and I went crashing down that long flight of stairs."

I shivered. "Were you badly hurt?"

Benny rubbed his neck reminiscently. "I was banged up; so much so that I had to miss that performance, but I recovered enough to go on for the next one."

"And your violin," I asked, "was that smashed?"

"Funny about that." Benny lit a match and applied it to his cigar. "The violin wasn't even scratched. Why it wasn't bashed to smithereens or why I wasn't seriously injured I'll never know. I've still got the violin. When I do play, these days, that's the one I use."

It was pretty lucky for Jack Benny that he had tumbled down that staircase in Galesburg like a rubber ball. Otherwise, he might have sustained an injury, or injuries, that could have crippled him for life. No wonder that is one shuddering incident Benny would rather not talk about.

THE one subject Bert Lahr would rather not talk about is a subject that many people have talked about for him. It started with a vengeance when another popular comedian scored a hit in the talkies. Bert says the man "copped" his style—his mannerisms, his facial expressions, his method of delivering lines and throwing himself around. When Lahr starred in the M-G-M talkie version of his stage hit, *Flying High*, he received hundreds of letters from movie fans reprimanding him for imitating the other actor.

"Were you burned up?" I asked needlessly.

Bert favored me with a scowl. "Sure I was burned up."

"But you didn't let that keep you out of pictures, did you?"

He laughed shortly. "I've just finished six two-reel comedies for RKO release and later on I may do a feature talkie."

"Tell me," I wanted to know, "if an actor adopts your style of comedy, is there no way you can stop him from imitating you to his own advantage and possibly your disadvantage?"

Lahr scowled again. "There's no redress when and if that happens. You can copyright plays and books and inventions, but you can't copyright your personality. So if anybody decides to imitate you and gets away with it, whether to your disadvantage or not, you just have to take it."

But Bert Lahr is still plenty burned up over the letters he received from so many movie fans who accused him of imitating Joe E. Brown, and he'd rather not talk about that!

TAMARA, youthful singing star, has a pet topic she'd rather not talk about. That has to do with a few stage producers who once mistook her youth and demureness for dumbness. Tamara is young and she is demure. She's attractive, too, with her dusky complexion, dark brown eyes, black hair parted in the middle and looped over her ears to knot at the nape of her neck. But she is not dumb.

"What happened to me," Tamara said, "is what happens to many girls who want theatrical jobs and go looking for them. There's more than one Broadway office I've walked out of without being invited to walk out of it."

That not all theatrical offices are alike is apparent by Tamara's success on the Broadway stage and her featured rôle in the current musical comedy success, *Roberti*.

"Some actors are just as unpleasant," Tamara grimaced. "In one of the first shows I was in, I had to sing a duet with an actor who was quite well known in the theatre. It was a love song and he had to have his arms around me while we sang.

"Opening night, he held me so tight I didn't have enough breath left to really sing. I thought he'd held me tightly because of nervousness, so I said nothing to him. It happened again the next night. I knew then he was doing it maliciously."

"You mean," I said, "that he didn't want you to be able to sing?"

She nodded. "Exactly. I spoke to him about it, but he didn't stop. He held me tight every performance and nothing I could do or say altered the situation. Oh, he was despicable," she flamed.

Little wonder that Tamara doesn't want to talk about her disillusioning experiences in the theatre. She won her recognition, however, despite disillusionments and heartbreaks and today, at the age of twenty-four, this girl, who only nine years ago fled revolutionary Russia with her parents, is a stellar stage and radio personality.

It is interesting—isn't it?—to learn what people don't want to talk about.

RADIOLAND

The Goldbergs

[Continued from page 41]

"Yes, Minnie, what is it?" inquired the radio lady.

"There's a lot of people downstairs in the lobby, ma'am, an' they all want to come right up and see you," was the worried explanation.

"What do you mean, a lot of people?" demanded the mistress. "Who are they? What do they want?"

"I don't know, Mrs. Berg," quavered the maid. "Bill, the doorman, telephoned up that a crowd of men, women and children came together in flivvers and taxis and they're asking for you—say they are friends of your'n and you'd be glad to see 'em."

The author turned to me with a puzzled countenance. "Now, what in the world do you make of that?" she inquired.

Mrs. Berg turned to the maid. "All right, Minnie, tell Bill to send them up."

ALMOST immediately there was a clatter of feet and the buzz of voices in the entrance to the apartment. The radio lady led me from her study into a large, restful living-room. The maid threw open the door to the foyer. The hubbub suddenly ceased. "Come in," cried the radio lady, "come right in, please."

A strange assortment of humans moved forward into the room, men, women, boys, girls. In the lead was a black-haired, black-eyed young woman. With a nervous little laugh the visitor asked, "You are Mrs. Gertrude Berg, yes?"

"I am," acknowledged the involuntary hostess.

Said the other, "So, please, you will not be aggravated by me for pushing mine vay in like dis vid all mine neighbors? Maybe I should make foist an introduction of mineself, ha?"

"Kindly do so," urged the radio lady, "I am Mollie Goldberg—Mrs. Jacob Goldberg," announced the latter.

I glanced at the radio lady. She had gone quite pale. "Yes! Yes! You are Mollie Goldberg, my Mollie Goldberg. But my dear, why in the name of sanity haven't we met before? Why haven't you come to see me or telephoned me? You know how much I owe to you, how much I love you."

Blushing with embarrassment Mollie said, "I know you are such a busy voooman, Mrs. Berg, I would be ashamed of mineself should I protrude in your affairs."

"Intrude, ma," whispered a boyish voice at her side.

"So let be like you say," returned Mollie. Then realizing where she was, "Oh, excuse me, please. Dis is mine son, Sammyly."

"I'M VERY glad to meet you," said Sammy, a note of embarrassment in his tone. "All the fellows in my crowd think you put on a swell show. So do I."

A childish voice piped up. "And all the girls in my class at school think you are wonderful."

"Oh, dis is mine Rosiely," introduced Mollie. Rosy did a curtsy, her eyes aflame with the excitement of meeting the woman who meant so much in all their lives.

"I would recognize either of you any—"

[Continued on page 70]

MARCH, 1934



WHY BE SKINNY WHEN NEW WAY PUTS ON POUNDS *—double quick!*



*Gains of 5 to 15 lbs. in a few weeks
with new double tonic. Richest im-
ported brewers' ale yeast concentrated
7 times and combined with iron*

THOUSANDS who but a short time ago were "skinny", sickly and weak, no longer have to be ashamed of their scrawny figures and are making plenty of new friends. They have simply taken this new easy treatment that is giving hosts of thin people good solid flesh and attractive curves—in just a few weeks!

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

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

Concentrated 7 times

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

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

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

Results guaranteed

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

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

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body", by a well-known authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Dept. 283, Atlanta, Ga.

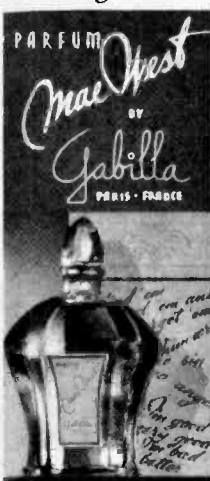


MAE WEST says:
 "I like a man what
 takes his time . . .
 but there's a limit
 to everything!"



"When a man takes three years to pop the question, it's time for action . . . and action is one thing at which I'm an expert. I find that once a member of the male sex gets a whiff of that scent Gabilla blended for me—he begins to forget his ten reasons for remaining a bachelor."

Now you, too, can use PARFUM MAE WEST by Gabilla of Paris. You can enjoy that strange fascination which is Mae West's. PARFUM MAE WEST is loaded with lure . . . dripping with sex appeal. A few drops behind your ears—and it's all over but the wedding march!



PARFUM MAE WEST is now available at your favorite drug or department store—priced from 65c to \$2.50 per bottle. Better not lose any time. Some one else might start working on him with PARFUM MAE WEST.

If your favorite store cannot supply you, order from us direct, using the convenient coupon and enclosing 65c in stamps for 1 dram size—\$1.00 for 1/2 oz. size.

As a special introductory offer we are sending you six intimate photographs of Mae West with your order.

PARFUMS WESMAY, Inc.
 19 West 18th Street, N.Y.C.

Enclosed find () 65c. \$1.00

Name F-1

Address

City State

NOTE: This is not merely an endorsement—this is the personal perfume of Mae West.

Radio Outlaws to Broadcast at Sea

[Continued from page 37]

republic has returned this snub by declining to participate in any parley which would hamper operations there. Mexico followed the theory that it got along without cooperating with the United States when the latter country was not worried about Mexican rights and that it could continue to do so.

However, heavy diplomatic representations have been made upon Mexico in recent months. The last North American radio conference was held in Mexico City a few months ago and despite the fact that this ended in disagreement, Mexico did promise to issue orders which would end what American broadcasters termed the annoyance of border stations.

To this end the new orders have been issued in Mexico City and have caused no end of trouble for the border broadcasters. Some have elected to follow the orders, but they are learning that compliance sounds the death knell of revenue. Others, notably Dr. Brinkley, are prepared to fight it out in the Mexican courts.

Dr. Brinkley is not unprepared. If Mexico joins with his enemies in the United States and forcibly removed him from the air a second time, he has still further plans. He will either install his 150,000 watt station on a big boat and broadcast from beyond the 12-mile limit or he will install a 500,000 watt station in some Central American country which will appreciate the international advertising and the taxation revenue which such an enterprise would produce. The doctor has been assured by radio experts that a 500,000 watt station in a favorable Central American location could be heard with excellent volume throughout the entire United States and Canada.

Whatever the situation, you can be sure that John R. Brinkley, M. D., will

be prepared with money and enterprise to meet it.

SEVERAL fortunes have been made through the Mexican border stations. All of the mentalists have made thousands of dollars. Dr. Brinkley has made millions through his prostate gland operations and his drug store sales. Will Horowitz, wealthy Houston, Texas, theatre operator, ran a lottery through XED at Reynosa and for months at a time daily took in sums ranging from \$1,000 to \$2,500. He is now nearing completion of a term in Leavenworth federal penitentiary for use of the mails in connection with his Mexican lottery scheme. Major Kord, piano instructor, has sold more than 30,000 courses at one dollar each.

Only recently, after XEAW had closed its remote control studio on orders of the Mexican government and the broadcasting personnel had started nightly treks across the river to Reynosa, the international bridge collapsed as an aftermath of recent floods. Now the artists and executives have to row across the swiftly moving Rio Grande each evening.

Another instance of trouble fell to XEPN, located at Pierdas Negras, opposite Eagle Pass, Texas. Engineers were not satisfied with the results being obtained from their antenna and purchased a balloon, to which they attached the transmitting wire. The experiment had only started when a sudden gust of wind swept up from the plains of Coahuila and tore loose the big inflated bag.

That night XEPN had a most peculiar request to make of its audience.

"If anybody sees our balloon, we would like to be notified," the announcer said in his best English, "it was last reported headed for El Paso."

Back Home With George

[Continued from page 16]

chimes in with a lusty "Me too." I want two more years of a career and then I'll be perfectly content to bask in George's glory and take care of my youngsters who'll be older and need me more then. But before that I hope to go into pictures again too.

I'D LIKE to go back for a while. Paramount officials from the coast ordered what they call "an exhaustive screen test" taken of me. I sang and played drama and comedy. I always turned down "shorts," but this was for feature-length productions. If something comes of it I'll make two pictures a year and probably play character comedy rôles, but it may all come to nothing.

If I get the contract, I'd like to take the children with me to the coast but if George has to stay here I bet he won't like my taking the kids. Very likely it will cause a major row in the Olsen family, but I'm not worrying yet for it may never happen, and anyway George has a sweet disposition.

In any case, if I went I wouldn't give up radio but I'd broadcast from the

coast. It's funny, but after being on the stage since I was three, radio has come to be my first love in the career field.

BETWEEN stage, radio and night club as well as rehearsals for all—and my family—I'm working hard now but I don't seem to mind it. I think it's because when I was on the stage I had a teacher who made me lie down every afternoon for an hour and relax by deep breathing. He said "Breathe hard and pretend when you're exhaling that your breath is coming out of your fingertips."

It sounds silly but try it. It has been wonderfully effective in my case for I never feel tired and I don't have to worry about circles under my eyes. Besides nothing seems like hard work as it does when one's tired—it's just a lot of fun.

But as I said, give Shutta two or three years more and then she'll be content to sit back, shut up and let George be the Big Noise!

RADIOLAND

I'd Like to Give Them the Air

[Continued from page 19]

made all other reasonable efforts to control myself, but I just can't help saying I think Eddie is miles ahead of any other review star on the humorous air.

You see, Eddie's jokes are not only funny, they are also sensible. Behind all his humor is a genuine philosophy. You not only laugh at what he says, but under your breath you instinctively comment, "By gosh, that's true!" added to which you can hear every word he says. Which makes him one-hundred-per cent so far as I'm concerned. As for Eddie's alleged rival, Mr. Firechief Wynn, phooey for him! After I've heard him pull three of the jokes I used in 1912, (having myself stolen them from Joe Cook the year before) I turn off the radio and take a cold shower, because am I burned up!

And while on the subject of comics of the air, I must just mention in passing that Amos and Andy constitute the only daily comic-strip our entire family agrees in liking. But then, Amos and Andy are scarcely an air-program, they are a household habit. We turn them on as regularly and as much as a matter of course as we open bedroom windows at night. We don't think about it, we just do it. I didn't say we always listen to them. I said we always tune in on 'em.

WHEN it comes to tenors, which I suppose it must eventually, I really have a favorite. I'd rather listen to Donald Novis than to an offer from the movies. I don't even eat onions when I'm going to hear him on the radio, and that's what I call romantic devotion. No foolin', this young man holds something. If you doubt me, listen to him hold high C or whatever letter of the alphabet that top-note of his represents. He holds it all right—never drops it, never dodges it and lets it get past him out into right field.

Reading from top to bottom, we will now pass along to Phil Harris, another California discovery, who sings from the bottom of his heart, his shoes, the scale, and makes the last left-hand note on your piano keyboard sound like an interior-decorator boy asking for a yard of baby blue silk. Yes, yes, let's dig up Phil to see-level!

By now, restive reader, you are probably beginning to suspect that I don't like women on the radio:—that I'm a little boy-crazy, perhaps. My, my, but you're clever! I do prefer the men, except when . . . but we'll get around to that before the lunch whistle blows.

Now ladies, just in case you're starting to get mad at me for what I said above, I'll go right ahead and make you madder. As a matter of honest fact, I do not think us women's voices sound as well on the mike as the men's do. For yelling after the kids, for asking "Is that you, dear," over the bed-lamp at two a. m., we are fine. When the words "gimmie" and "I will" are to be pronounced, it takes a lady's voice to do them justice. Nobody can pull out "And don't forget to bring chops, dear" the way a woman can. But on the radio. . . .!

Of course, let me add hastily, there

[Continued on page 57]

MARCH, 1934



draw me!

COMPETE FOR AN ART SCHOLARSHIP

Copy this girl and send us your drawing—perhaps you'll win a **COMPLETE FEDERAL COURSE FREE!** This contest is for amateurs, so if you like to draw do not hesitate to enter.

Prizes for Five Best Drawings—FIVE COMPLETE ART COURSES FREE, including drawing outfit. (Value of each course \$185.00.)

FREE! Each contestant whose drawing shows sufficient merit will receive a grading and also expert advice as to his or her chance of success in the art field.

Nowadays design and color play an important part in the sale of almost everything. Therefore the artist, who designs merchandise or illustrates advertising has become a real factor in modern industry. Machines can never displace him. Many Federal students, both men and girls who are now commercial designers or illustrators capable of earning from \$2000 to \$5000 yearly have been trained by the Federal Course. Here's a splendid opportunity to test your talent. Read the rules and send your drawing to the address below.

RULES FOR CONTESTANTS

This contest open only to amateurs, 16 years old or more. Professional commercial artists and Federal students are not eligible.

1. Make drawing of head 5 inches high, on paper 6 inches square. Draw only the girl, not the lettering or border.
2. Use only pencil or pen.
3. No drawings will be returned.
4. Write your name, address, age and occupation on back of drawing.
5. All drawings must be received in Minneapolis by February 26th, 1934. Prizes will be awarded for drawings best in proportion and neatness by Federal Schools Faculty.

• FEDERAL SCHOOLS, INC. •

359-D Federal Schools Building, Minneapolis, Minnesota

WAS
25¢

now

18¢

(2 for 35¢)

KLEENEX

disposable tissues

for Colds
for Removing
Face Cream
for Scores
of Uses

MILLIONS of women say they wouldn't do without Kleenex at any price. Once you enjoy the convenience of Kleenex nothing else will do.

What a blessing Kleenex is when someone has a cold. These marvelously soft tissues befriend tender noses that harsh, wet handkerchiefs once rubbed raw and red. You use each tissue once, then throw it away. No more messy handkerchiefs to wash.

Kleenex checks colds from spreading through a family—helps keep germs from fingers—does away with the "cold-laden" handkerchief that scatters germs every time you use it.

Kleenex has a world of uses—for removing face cream—smoothing on make-up—dusting on powder. Have it always on your dressing table for guests and yourself.

Now Kleenex costs less than ever before—18c for a full-size package. Get Kleenex at drug, dry goods and department stores.

(25c in Canada)



Books—Your Home and You

(Continued from page 46)

Planning A Library

THE trouble with most home libraries is that they are allowed to grow, haphazardly like Topsy, with neither direction nor plan. I know of few homes where a monthly definite percentage of the educational and recreational part of the budget is set aside for the purchasing of books—yet books are the greatest of all educational media, permanent and at hand when needed; and they furnish more hours of worth-while recreation than a similar amount of money, spent in any other way.

The needs of those who build home libraries vary; but every household should own the basic books of literature. From that point on, the tastes and needs of the various members of the family dictate the choice. Many requests have come to me from radio listeners for a list of books that can be used to found a home library. Here is a suggested list of fifty books.

Under philosophy we have:

"STORY OF PHILOSOPHY" by Will Durant

For religion, there are:

"MODERN READERS' BIBLE" edited by Richard Moulton

"PILGRIM'S PROGRESS" edited by John Bunyan

Under economics and sociology we have:

Karl Marx' "CAPITAL: A CRITIQUE OF POLITICAL ECONOMY"

John Stuart Mill's "PRINCIPLES OF POLITICAL ECONOMY"

Political science is represented by:

"THE AMERICAN COMMON-WEALTH"—2 vols. by James Bryce

Folklore by:

"MYTHOLOGY" by Thomas Bulfinch

Education by:

"MEANING OF A LIBERAL EDUCATION" by Everett Dean Martin

"ADVANCEMENT OF LEARNING" by Francis Bacon

The Children's Books include:

"ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND" by Lewis Carroll

"HUCKLEBERRY FINN" by S. L. Clemens (Mark Twain)

"JUNGLE BOOKS" by Rudyard Kipling

Art is represented by:

Thomas Craven's "MEN OF ART"

Nature by:

"WALDEN: OR LIFE IN THE WOODS" by Henry D. Thoreau

Science by:

"SCIENCE OF LIFE" by H. G. Wells, Julian S. Huxley, & G. P. Wells

"CREATIVE CHEMISTRY" by E. E. Slosson

The historical books include:

"OUTLINE OF HISTORY"—2 vols. by H. G. Wells

"EUROPE SINCE 1815"—2 vols. by Charles Downer Hazen

"FRENCH REVOLUTION"—2 vols. by Thomas Carlyle

"RISE OF AMERICAN CIVILIZATION"—2 vols. by C. A. Beard and Mary Bitter Beard

"SHORT HISTORY OF ENGLISH PEOPLE" by John Richard Green

Biography is covered by:

"PLUTARCH'S LIVES"
Benjamin Franklin's "AUTOBIOGRAPHY"

"LIFE AND LETTERS OF JOHN HAY" by Wm. Roscoe Thayer

"LIFE AND LETTERS OF WALTER H. PAGE" by Burton J. Hendrick

"EVERYBODY'S BOSWELL" edited by F. V. Morley

Ralph Waldo Emerson's "ESSAYS" represent that field.

Satire and Humor finds a place in:

"THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST TABLE" by Oliver Wendell Holmes

A comprehensive segment of poetry is:

Homer's "ODYSSEY"

"THE HOME BOOK OF VERSE" compiled by Burton Egbert Stevenson

"THE LITTLE BOOK OF MODERN VERSE" compiled by Jessie B. Rittenhouse

For the drama we have:

"THE COMPLETE WORKS OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE"

"PLAYS: PLEASANT AND UNPLEASANT" by George Bernard Shaw

"CYRANO DE BERGERAC" by E. Rostand

"STRANGE INTERLUDE" by Eugene O'Neil

"FAUST" by Goethe

The fiction shelf includes:

"THE SCARLET LETTER" by N. Hawthorne

"THE FOUR MILLION" by O. Henry

"ARROWSMITH" by Sinclair Lewis

"JANE EYRE" by Charlotte Bronte

"IVANHOE" by Sir Walter Scott

"ADVENTURES OF DON QUIXOTE"

by Cervantes

"DAVID COPPERFIELD" by Charles Dickens

"LES MISERABLES" by Victor Hugo

"KIM" by Rudyard Kipling

"THE RETURN OF THE NATIVE" by Thomas Hardy

"THE THREE MUSKETEERS" by Alexandre Dumas

"WAR AND PEACE" by Count Liou Tolstoi

Besides these there should, of course, be certain source books, such as a good dictionary, the Bible, a good cook book, an atlas, a good garden book, a book of quotations, a book of synonyms and antonyms, an encyclopedia, a book of interior decoration, a layman's hand book of medicine, a good physiology, a book for prospective mothers, books on child study where there are children; and a reading guide to books such as "One Thousand Best Books" by Asa Don Dickinson.

Placing Books

Books are so intimate, so personal in their relationship to our lives, that I believe they should be assembled in the rooms in which they are read most—children's books in children's rooms; much-loved volumes read just before going to sleep, in the various bedrooms; and the main library in the living room or an adjacent reception room or hall, if it is not large enough to merit a room for itself. Above all, books must be arranged so they are *at hand*.

Nothing is more decorative than open shelves of books if they are well-placed. And it is surprising how much room can be found for them. There is the space under the window-seat, space on either side of the fireplace, space between windows and in corners where the books can be placed within easy reach and easy eye range.

Book shelves should match the woodwork. However, if this is painted, the shelves may be painted one color on the outside and lined with another color inside; or they may have stripes on the tops or sides.

RADIOLAND

I'd Like to Give Them the Air

[Continued from page 55]

are exceptions. I suppose many people like Lily Pons, Kate Smith and many a Jane Dokes whose name is unknown to me because, at the first lyric note of her popular voice, I decided it was time to wash my hair.

Now, lady-trios are different. Somehow I can stand women's voices better when they come in threes, except at a bridge table. And on days when I wake up feeling like singing in the bathtub, I certainly enjoy the Pickens Sisters thoroughly. I like, in fact, to sing with them and it's just a darn shame they can't realize what lovely chords I sometimes make up with them. I just know they'd be crazy about my version of Mood Indigo. Crazy is right!

But a woman singing alone is a different matter. In order to get away with that, she must have aplomb, a good voice and be able to convey "stage presence" without being seen. At least she must before getting my okey and darn few women are eligible. Julia Sanderson has all the requirements, but then she also has Frank Crummit.

Now my favorite form of radio entertainment, *as entertainment*, is the musical review; the more original, nonsensical and musical; the better, and of course women are indispensable on these programs. They make the best stooges, their more varied voices can be used to enhance the vital element of surprise, and an occasional song from them is not only welcome but necessary.

RARELY—very rarely, a serious-minded lady with a performance of genuine artistic merit emerges from the limbo of unborn stars, and when she does, she deserves a paragraph all to herself. And if you folks back East haven't heard as yet about Kay Van Riper and her "English Coronets" it's high time you began asking for her.

And in passing the meager ranks of truly great women radio artists, let me salute Ann Leaf, the organist. Thanks, Ann, for your midnight magic which has many a time soothed away the bitterness of one day for me, and sent me into restful sleep with courage to face the next. None but a truly great musician could convey without words the deep understanding and fragile beauty which is your message to the world.

So now, ladies, hoping that you feel better, I'll just run back to the men if you'll excuse me! No discussion of Radio favorites could be complete without a cheer for orchestras. I suppose that I, along with the vast majority of Radio fans, tune in on dance-music more often than on any other type of program. Paul Whiteman, what a kick! Guy Lombardo—Ben Bernie—Fred Waring. And so forth. Boys whose names on a program is like a hallmark on silver.

With the exception of Paul, they are not very distinct personalities to me, these super-band-leaders. Even after seeing them in the movies I have a hard time telling one from another. But once their music is flooding the quiet drawing-room of my peaceful and sometimes lonely country house, I want them to go on playing forever.

And so on and on and on until it seems

[Continued on page 59]

MARCH, 1934

MILLIONS END UGLY SKIN FAULTS

with this famous "miracle cream"

•
LARGE PORES
BLACKHEADS
PIMPLES
OILY SKIN
RED ROUGH HANDS
•

YOU can be smartly dressed—you can have the most appealing personality—but if your complexion is blemished, coarse-textured, oily—or if your hands are red, rough and chapped, then much of your charm is lost!

That's why *over one million* of the smartest women in America today use Noxzema Cream regularly—on their faces and on their hands. For Noxzema is a "skin medicine" in cream form—designed especially to correct skin troubles and to restore the skin to normal, healthy beauty.



When you suffer from pimples, oiliness, large pores or blemishes, the trouble usually can be traced to *poisoned pores*. Ordinary creams cannot help this condition. A *medicated cream* is needed to purge the pores of clogging, feasting impurities—to soothe tender, irritated skin—to refine and soften rough skin. That's where Noxzema alone helps.

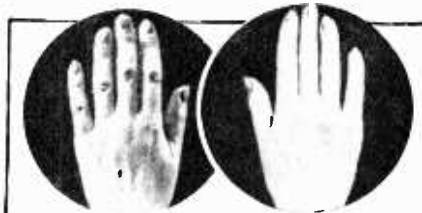
A Corrective Cream

Noxzema Skin Cream was originally prescribed by doctors as a greaseless, stainless remedy for skin irritations like sunburn, chapping, itching, etc. Nurses discovered how wonderful it was as a *corrective beauty cream* and for badly chapped hands. Today *10,000,000 jars* of Noxzema are used!

HOW TO USE: Apply Noxzema every night before retiring after all make-up has been removed. Wash off in the morning with warm water—then apply cold water or ice. Apply a little more Noxzema when you powder as a protective powder base. For hands—see directions at left. If hands are very chapped apply Noxzema several times, as much as skin will absorb. With this scientific treatment every day—in *10 days* you'll note a big improvement—and soon you'll glory in a skin faultlessly clear and lovely—hands delicately smooth and white.

Special trial offer

See for yourself how quickly Noxzema can clear, soften and refine your skin. You can get one of the new larger 50c jars—or a generous 10c trial jar at any drug or department store. Get a jar today.



**WONDERFUL FOR
CHAPPED HANDS, TOO**

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



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



Learn to Make \$40, \$60, \$75 a Week - I'll Train You at Home in Spare Time



\$500 a Year in Spare Time
 "Although doing spare-time Radio work only, I have averaged about \$800 a year extra in addition to my regular income. Full-time Radio work would net me many times that amount."
 Edward H. Fawcett, Sloughs Rd., Ladner, B. C., Canada.



Made \$6000 in 2 Years
 "Soon after the depression started, I found myself without a job, but I was well protected with N. R. I. training. I swung right to full-time Radio servicing and I have made over \$6,000 in a little over 2 years."
 I. M. Spertivent, Sparty Radio Service, 98 Broadway, Newark, N. J.



\$50 to \$75 a Week
 "The National Radio Institute put me in a position to make more money than I ever made in good times. I am in the Radio service business for myself, where it is possible for me to make from \$50 to \$75 a week. Service work has increased because people, who in normal times would buy a new Radio now are contented to have the old one 'pepped up!'"
 Bernard Costa, 160 Franklin St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Get my FREE book of information on the opportunities in Radio. Mail the coupon now. Get the facts about this field with a future. N. R. I. training fits you for jobs making, selling, servicing sets, to have your own business; to operate on board ships. In a broadcasting or commercial land station; for television, aircraft Radio and many other branches. My FREE book gives full information on Radio's many opportunities and how you quickly learn at home in spare time. Stop struggling along in a dull job with low pay and no future. Start training now for the live-wire Radio field. I have doubled and tripled salaries of many.

Many Makes \$5, \$10, \$15 a Week Extra Almost at Once
 Hold your job. I'll not only train you in a few hours of your spare time a week, but the day you enroll I'll send you instructions which you should master quickly for doing 28 Radio jobs common in most every neighborhood. I give you Radio Equipment for conducting experiments and making tests that teach you to build and service practically every type of receiving set made. Fred J. Duhaque, 19 Church St., Oswego, N. Y., wrote: "I have made about \$1200 in a little over two years' spare-time Radio work."

ACT NOW
Get my Book—FREE
 My book has shown hundreds of fellows how to make more money and win success. It's FREE to any ambitious fellow over 15 years of age. Investigate. Find out what Radio offers; about my Course; what others who have taken it are doing and making; about my Money-Back Agreement, and the many other N. R. I. features. Mail the coupon RIGHT NOW.

J. E. SMITH, Pres.
National Radio Institute
 Dept. 4CB8
 Washington, D. C.

MAIL NOW for FREE PROOF

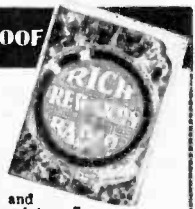
J. E. SMITH, President
 National Radio Institute
 Dept. 4CB8,
 Washington, D. C.

Dear Mr. Smith:
 Without obligating me, send free book about spare-time and full-time Radio opportunities and how I can train for them at home. (Please print plainly.)

Name Age

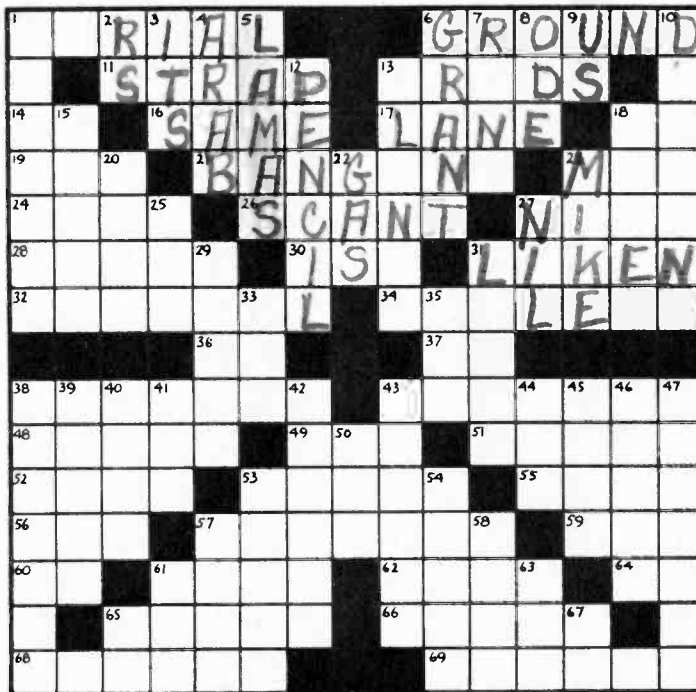
Address

City State



Radioland's Crossword Puzzle

F. GREGORY HARTSWICK, known as the country's most famous crossword puzzle expert, contributes another brain-teaser to this issue of RADIOLAND. The better you know your radio, the easier you will find it to follow out the clues in the puzzle.



ACROSS

- 1 Device for picking radio programs out of the air
- 6 Part of a set, usually attached to the cold-water pipe
- 11 Strip of leather
- 13 Important parts of vacuum tubes
- 14 Initials of feature on WEAF, 10:15 A. M. Tuesdays
- 16 Exactly like
- 17 Narrow road
- 18 Initials of Mrs. Frank Crunit
- 19 Highest note of Guido's scale
- 21 Making a sound like some radiator-pipes
- 23 'Witty saying
- 24 Juba played the rumba down in Cuba on this
- 26 Not much
- 27 Gipsy _____, heard on WABC at 12:15
- 28 Change for the better
- 30 One who holds a specific belief
- 31 Compare
- 32 Die again, as a motor
- 34 Oldest and driest
- 36 French "the"
- 37 Prefix meaning "good"
- 38 Heavenly
- 43 Man with large financial interests
- 48 She was a lady
- 49 Wing, or the armpit
- 51 Pert, to the hour
- 52 Chinese coin
- 53 Large monkey
- 55 Her first name is Gladys and she's a soprano
- 56 Sea-eagle
- 57 Heavy hammers on large sleds
- 59 Poorly-lighted
- 60 Canadian Province (Abbr.)
- 61 Baby _____ Marie
- 62 Son of Seth
- 64 Tellurium (Chem.)
- 65 Her name is Morgan and she sits on pianos
- 66 Sacred object
- 68 Radio vacuum tube
- 69 Composition for six voices

DOWN

- 18 He works with Hare
- 20 Belonging to the conductor of Lyman's orchestra
- 22 Motor fuel
- 23 The microphone itself
- 25 Busy insect
- 27 Nothing
- 29 To toy with
- 31 What you do at a good comic program
- 33 Hawaiian wreath
- 35 Afternoon beverage
- 38 Another name for No. 1 across
- 39 Comes close
- 40 Orchestra conductor heard on WABC at 10:00 Tuesdays
- 41 Cloth measure
- 42 To tilt, as a ship
- 43 Holder for fodder
- 44 Neither
- 45 Dry
- 46 Unspoken
- 47 Grid, plate or filament of a vacuum-tube
- 50 Boy
- 53 Comedian, partner of Johnson
- 54 Belonging to Mr. Arnold, the orchestra-leader
- 57 Song for single voice
- 58 Flat fish
- 61 Portuguese coin
- 63 Half a dozen
- 65 Initials of singer on WOR at 10:00 P. M. Saturdays
- 67 New England State (Abbr.)

Solution to February Puzzle



I'd Like to Give Them the Air

[Continued from page 57]

as if I really did not know where to get off! Still, after all these last words I must add one more last word—a brief tribute to the magnificent courage of those who perform before the mike. The heroism of the explorer in the jungle who stands fearlessly looking a loose and temperamental tiger in the eye is, in my humble but not too humble opinion, a mere piker alongside of the artist who not only looks a microphone in the eye, but ignores the brute and forgetting about it, gives a swell performance just as if there was nothing in the room but an admiring audience.

The Radio Parade

[Continued from page 8]

FATHER COUGHLIN—WOR, Sun. at 4:00 p. m.

CHEERIO—Inspirational talks and music. NBC-WEAF, every day except Sun. at 8:30 a. m.

THE VOICE OF EXPERIENCE—CBS, every day except Sat. and Sun. at 12:00 noon, and Tues. at 8:30 p. m.

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF THE AIR—CBS, every school day at 2:30 p. m.

KITCHEN CLOSE-UPS—With Mary Ellis Ames, CBS, Mon., Wed. and Fri. at 11:00 a. m.

THE MYSTERY CHEF—CBS, Tues. and Thurs. at 9:45 a. m. NBC-WEAF, Wed. and Fri. at 10:00 a. m.

FRANCES LEE BARTON—NBC-WEAF, Tues. and Thurs. at 11:15 a. m.

TONY WONS—Poetry and friendly philosophy. CBS, Tues. and Thurs. at 11:30 a. m.

MADAME SYLVIA OF HOLLYWOOD—Your face and figure. NBC-WEAF, Tues. at 10:30 p. m.

IDA BAILEY ALLEN—Mrs. Allen is one of the foremost authorities on subjects relating to the home. CBS, Thurs. at 10:15 a. m.

LEADERS IN ACTION—Prominent figures in the government sketched by H. V. Kaltenborn. CBS, Sat. at 10:45 p. m.

NEWS COMMENTATORS

JOHN B. KENNEDY—NBC-WEAF, Sun. at 2:30 p. m., Tues. at 11:00 p. m. and Thurs. at 6:30 p. m.

H. V. KALTENBORN—A leading newspaperman, comments on the important news. CBS, Sun. at 6:45 p. m. and Fri. at 6:00 p. m.

WALTER WINCHELL—Reveals the secrets of the illustrious. NBC, WJZ, Sun. at 9:30 p. m.

LOWELL THOMAS—NBC-WJZ, every day except Sat. and Sun. at 6:45 p. m.

BOAKE CARTER—CBS, every day except Sat. and Sun. at 7:45 p. m.

EDWIN C. HILL—The "human side of the news." CBS, every day except Sat. and Sun. at 8:15 p. m.

FREDERIC WILLIAM WILE—Gathers his material around the White House. CBS, Sat. at 7:00 p. m.

MARCH, 1934

RUBINOFF gives a Tip— that brings new joy to radio listeners

1 HOW DID YOU ENJOY MY PROGRAM LAST SUNDAY?

FRANKLY, MR. RUBINOFF, THERE WAS SO MUCH NOISE IN MY SET I COULD HARDLY HEAR YOUR VIOLIN

2 HMMM, NOTHING SEEMS TO COME THRU VERY WELL

IT OUGHT TO WORK, IT'S ONLY A YEAR OLD

3 HAVE YOU THOUGHT OF NEW TUBES?

THAT MAY BE JUST THE THING. I'LL CALL A SERVICE MAN RIGHT AWAY!

4 LATER

THESE NEW RCA TUBES GIVE YOU 5 AMAZING IMPROVEMENTS —YET THEY COST NO MORE

I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO HEAR IT WITH ALL NEW TUBES!

5 NEXT WEEK

O-H, MR. RUBINOFF, I HEARD YOUR PROGRAM PERFECTLY...IT WAS MARVELOUS!

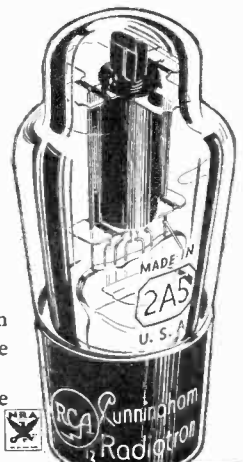
I'M SO GLAD MY TIP HELPED YOU

New Radio Tubes

Improved 5 ways by
RCA

Have your dealer test your tubes today. Insist on the only tubes guaranteed by RCA Radiotron Co., Inc., to have these improvements:

- 1 Quicker start
- 2 Quieter operation
- 3 Uniform volume
- 4 Uniform performance
- 5 Every tube is matched



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

What a DIFFERENCE!

What a truly amazing difference
Maybelline DOES make



Do you carefully powder and rouge, and then allow scraggly brows and pale, scanty lashes to mar what should be your most expressive feature, your eyes? You would be amazed at the added loveliness that could be so easily yours with Maybelline. Simply darken your lashes into long-appearing, luxuriant fringe with the famous Maybelline Eyelash Darkener, and see how your eyes instantly appear larger and more expressive. This smooth, easily applied mascara is absolutely harmless, non-smarting, tear-proof, and keeps the lashes soft and silky. You'll be delighted with the results. Yes, thrilled! Black for brunettes, Brown for blondes. 75c at any toilet goods counter.

MAYBELLINE CO.,
CHICAGO

Maybelline

EYELASH DARKENER

The perfect



Mascara

George's Wife—Gracie Allen to You

(Continued from page 39)

Long before she met George, she was dancing with her four sisters in Los Angeles. Even now, she blushes when she remembers the day that they followed a group of acrobats who used talcum powder in their act. The Allen Sisters slipped and fell—in the very middle of a dance. The audience roared at their discomfort. That evening the sisters carefully rubbed resin on their shoes to avoid tumbling, but the manager told them that if they cut the slapstick stuff out of their dance—they'd be fired!

Gracie never lost her sense of humor. Though her very sense of humor sometimes made her cry. Invariably, when life looked unbearably complicated, what with small salaries, railroad fare, food and hotel expenses to be reckoned with at once—Gracie would get some small personal affair of her own even more complicated—and George's worries would be diverted by the immediate necessity of untangling Gracie.

WHEN George first met Gracie, she took him by surprise! Probably, one secret of their happy marriage is that she is still surprising him. They met, as everybody knows, in Union Hill, N. J., where both were stranded without partners for their separate acts. George wanted a girl. Gracie wanted a boy.

So a mutual professional acquaintance said, to each of them, "I have just the person for you!"

George, as he admitted later, expected to meet a "good scout" girl, outspoken and pal-sy, a real trouper. All the girl bachelors George had hobnobbed with were that type, happy-go-lucky, and perfectly able to care for themselves.

Miss Allen, however, terrified him at once. She had an independent-helpless manner which puzzled George. Gracie was, apparently, one of those miracles in the show business—an utterly "nice" girl. At first, George wondered whether she wasn't too nice to "put across" lines as he liked them delivered! He thought that until he heard her piping, funny voice—catching in a little giggle.

"A real stooge," thought George, with satisfaction. She would do, he decided, to ask the questions in his act. However, their first performance together was the shock of George's thoroughly conceited young life.

The audience laughed more when

Gracie asked the questions than when George answered with customary Burns wit.

George was not the type to give in. Yet he gave in to Gracie! In fact, he gave in so completely to the charm of his partner that he was somewhat disgruntled to discover she had another sweetheart.

George decided, with typical guardian angel motives, to discover whether this Other Guy was all right for little Gracie. He concluded, after investigation, that the current Lothario wasn't worth his partner's utter devotion. It was the old story about distance lending enchantment, for Gracie didn't see much of her sweetheart. He was another professional, and they were constantly separated for months at a time.

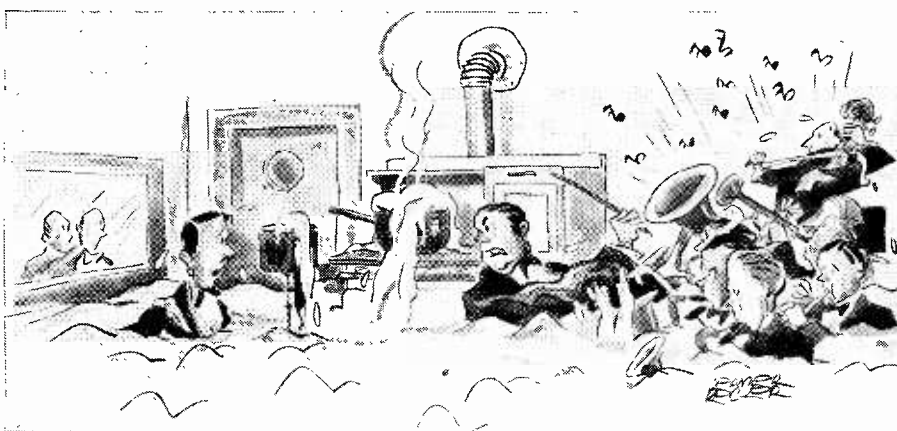
HOWEVER, winning Gracie Allen over to the George Burns viewpoint was a heart-breaking battle. It took an appendicitis operation in Los Angeles before dawn began to break. Gracie's sweetheart sent a sympathetic telegram. But who was at her bedside night and day—and who spent his last dime on flowers? None other than the one-time independent cock-of-the-walk—George Burns, who had left girls alone for six months at a time!

But the tenseness of the struggle made Gracie's ultimate surrender a major happiness. Burns and Allen were married on a week-end between vaudeville engagements, and Monday morning found them facing two careers—marriage—and the footlights.

When vaudeville began to decline, they thought they might be forced to retire and raise chickens. But they were offered a one-time commercial radio program appearance—and that piping voice of George's wife was a hit on the air!

After that, they were buried in the well-known landslide of success. Though Burns and Allen are in the money, old friends know that they are as friendly and informal in their luxurious apartment over Central Park in New York as they were in dingy hotel rooms during their old vaudeville days.

No matter what will happen in the unpredictable future, I know this much is true. They can always count on one thing—their whole-hearted devotion to each other.



"And that, ladies and gentlemen, is how you prepare Flaker's Oats—only you don't use so much oats"

Beauty Is More Than Skin Deep

[Continued from page 45]

soothed by the use of a light cold cream or lotion during the day. If you want any further advice on how to rid the skin of acne, write me a personal letter, describing your case, and I shall be glad to tell you what preparations to use and what routine to follow.

Because there has been so much comment on the danger of using "eye beautifiers," I think my readers will appreciate a word of advice and guidance in this matter.

While it is true that the aniline dyes have been harmful in some instances, there is not the slightest foundation for such a statement regarding standard brands of mascara.

If you still feel a bit apprehensive about using a lash beautifier, write to me and I can give you the name of one or two that are completely harmless.

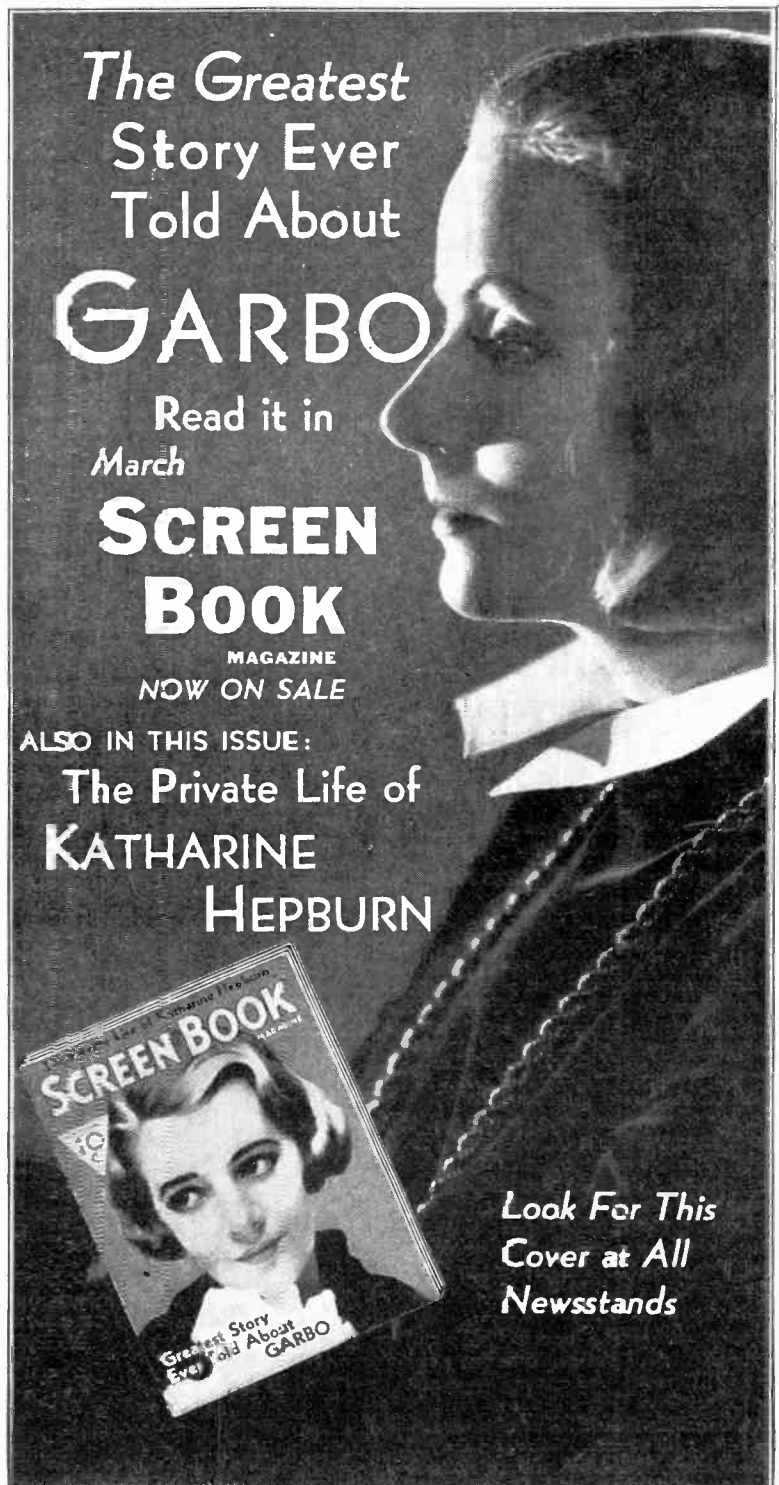
A NEW line of toiletries is being offered to the feminine public. Swankily packaged in black and gold, these preparations are all made from formulas that belong to a chemistry professor in one of our large universities. There is an extra-rich nourishing cream containing 80 per cent lanolin that spells death to lines and wrinkles, a very fine astringent for correcting large pores and a nice liquid powder base.

A dollar lipstick just introduced combines several excellent qualities that are ordinarily found only singly. It stays on without requiring retouching for six hours. Instead of being sticky and greasy, it is of the smoothest consistency possible, making your lips look like satin. This property makes it possible for you to apply the lipstick in just the right amount without wiping part of it off on tissues or fingertips.

When the short, simple bob was in vogue, it did not look *too* badly when a lock or two strayed out of place, but if the elaborate ringlet-end bob in vogue today is not kept perfectly neat and tidy it looks actually frowzy. . . . So it behooves the well-groomed woman to use dependable bob pins to anchor her sculpture curls and ringlets. The ordinary pins of this type are too heavy and much too large, but a well known manufacturer has designed a new midget pin that is of just the right size for this purpose. These pins, which are an inch and a half long, have a strong snap, grip tightly and are quite invisible.

BEAUTY SERVICE FOR READERS

Wynne McKay, RADIOLAND'S beauty editor, will be glad to give readers the names of the various preparations mentioned in her monthly department, or to answer other questions. Address Wynne McKay, RADIOLAND Magazine, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York, N. Y.—and be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope!



The Greatest Story Ever Told About


GARBO

Read it in
March

SCREEN BOOK

MAGAZINE
NOW ON SALE

ALSO IN THIS ISSUE:
The Private Life of
KATHARINE
HEPBURN



Look For This Cover at All Newsstands



LET'S EAT

Butterfinger

SUGAR-PEANUT BUTTER-CHOCOLATE-MILK

Generous 1¢ - 2 for 5¢ and 5¢ Sizes

Help Your Kidneys



WIN BACK YOUR PEP

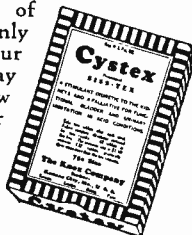
Good Kidney Action Purifies Your Blood—Often Removes the Real Cause of Getting Up Nights, Neuralgia and Rheumatic Pains—Quiets Jumpy Nerves and Makes You Feel 10 Years Younger.

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

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

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

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



The Amazing Rise of Father Coughlin

(Continued from page 23)

and the arts. He resembled her most also in physical appearance, with the same gentle inquiring blue eyes, humorous mouth and comeliness of feature.

Young Charlie grew up as an only child. There was a baby sister, but she lived only a short time. He and his mother were always devoted and he might have been a mamma's boy had it not been for the hardness of inheritance and environment.

Looking at the picture of himself as a child wearing long dresses and curls, which is reproduced in these pages, he said afterwards:

"It's a good thing I went away to school. I might still be dressed in those clothes if I hadn't."

THERE was never any question but that Charlie would be a priest.

He announced his intention himself along about the age most boys have their eyes on the more glamorous occupations of policeman, fire chief, or streetcar motorman.

There was nothing particularly outstanding in his childhood. At St. Mary's School in Hamilton where he attended until he was eleven he was an average student, popular with his classmates. At St. Mary's Cathedral, where he served as altar boy, he got into the usual amount of mischief, no more.

He did, however, evince an early interest in sports which was to stay with him for life.

When Charlie was eleven, on the advice of the fathers at Hamilton, he was sent to Toronto to enter the seminary of St. Michael's College, affiliated with the University of Toronto, as a candidate for the priesthood in the Basilian Order.

At St. Michael's he was to spend the rest of his student days. It is a grim, gray rambling stone structure. Within its bare walls little attention is paid to physical comforts. But there is much emphasis on spiritual discipline and study. There Father Coughlin was to receive the first tangible seeds of his later activity.

Four years later he entered St. Michael's College. He was just emerging into manhood. What was he like at that time?

THIS is what Father E. J. McCorkell, now a Superior at St. Basil's, a classmate of Father Coughlin's who graduated with him in 1911 and served with him as a deacon, told RADIOLAND's correspondent:

"I know what you reporters want—something sensational. There was nothing at all sensational about him at college. He was never first or even second in any of his classes. And he wasn't a leader. He didn't rate first, second or third in a class of seven or eight.

"I think one important factor in his success was his wonderful energy. He'd just go right after a thing. Why, he'd work twenty hours at a stretch. And his courage! He'd say things, what he thought, that the rest of us wouldn't think of saying.

"He was very good at writing. He was best at orating. Often in class he'd recite extemporaneously on a subject he hadn't prepared better than most of the rest of the class.

"Yes, I'd say courage was his outstanding characteristic. That and working hours at a time lickety-belt."

This is what the Year Book had to say about him:

"Throwing in his lot with the class, he began to grapple with the philosophical problems of ancient Greece. True to his motto (*Mens sana in corpore sano*, a sound mind in a sound body) he apportioned time both to work and play. During his sojourn in college he always took an active part in the Literary and Dramatic Societies and the season's sports. He has the unique distinction of being a member of three championship teams, viz: the handball team, Junior City Rugby Champions and the Junior Canadian Champions. Whatever be his vocation, if his past be any criterion his future is assured."

The last sentence may be taken as prophetic, or merely as one of those stock complimentary phrases so common in college annuals.

Rugby displaced baseball as his first love at college. It is the Canadian equivalent of American football, similar in many respects, but a much rougher game. As center on the Rugby team "Chuck" Coughlin learned to take many hard knocks.

BY FAR the most important thing that happened to him at St. Michael's, however, was his introduction to the writings of Pope Leo XIII. Right then was the spiritual beginning of the Father Coughlin we hear today.

Many have wondered how Father Coughlin can so freely attack social and economic problems, even problems bordering on the political, and remain a priest of the cloth, with full approval of his bishop. The answer is that he finds his sanction in the writings of the great Ecclesiastic.

Born of aristocratic lineage, Pope Leo espoused the cause of the working man. His famous Encyclical to Labor was sent out the year of Father Coughlin's birth. In it, with prophetic clairvoyance, he envisioned the problems that were to beset the world some forty years hence.

His writings became Father Coughlin's inspiration and driving force. He has set forth many of the Pope's ideas in his own peculiarly human and forceful language.

Two years after he graduated from St. Michael's, one year of which was spent in an academic course at the University of Toronto. Father Coughlin preached his first sermon as a deacon at St. Basil's Church in Toronto. It has its significance, for it was the first time Father Coughlin attracted real attention to himself.

"It had the whole parish talking about him," Father McCorkell recalls. "It gave him a remarkable start. Ordinarily a deacon never delivers an oration until he is ordained."

Father Coughlin was ordained to the priesthood at St. Basil's June 29, 1916, at the age of twenty-four. He had already taught for a few months at Waco College in Texas. In the fall of that year he became a teacher of English, Greek and history at Assumption College, Sandwich, Ontario. He remained there for seven years, sending for his

parents to come and live with him. While at Sandwich he continued his studies and researches, continued his work with dramatics by putting on plays and occasionally spoke before gatherings of business men in the nearby cities.

In May, 1923, Father Coughlin was assigned by Bishop Michael James Gallagher of the Diocese of Detroit to the factory town of Kalamazoo. Although he had worked as Sunday assistant at the church of St. Agnes in Detroit, it was the beginning of his full time association with Bishop Gallagher, which was to be in many respects one of the most important influences of his career.

IT IS worth while to point out at this time that he had become a Diocesan or secular priest. A Diocesan priest is responsible directly to his Bishop while if he remains a priest of the order he is responsible to that order.

Much credit is due Bishop Gallagher for Father Coughlin's success. Father Coughlin has never made an utterance contrary to his Bishop's sanction. He submits his sermons for approval. Bishop Gallagher has not always agreed with Father Coughlin's assertions, but he has stood by him in many an encounter defending him from outside attacks, contending that he has a right to the expression of his opinions, saying:

"No heresy has been preached. Father Coughlin in his addresses is advocating the principles set down by Leo XIII and Pius XI."

Although he could scarcely have known it at the time, Bishop Gallagher was preparing Father Coughlin for his future work by assigning him to the factory town where he saw for himself the disjointed operation of the social scheme and renewed his interest in economics.

He returned to serve as assistant pastor at St. Leo's in Detroit and was sent for a time to the small country town of North Branch in the northern part of the state.

Late in 1925 Bishop Gallagher had his hardest assignment for Father Coughlin.

Some thirteen miles to the northward of Detroit was the bleak unpromising subdivision of Royal Oak. It was a hot-bed of activity of the Ku Klux Klan.

A small group of Catholic families out there wanted a church. They had no place of worship, let alone a pastor. Bishop Gallagher instructed Father Coughlin to go to Royal Oak.

MOST of the money for the first Shrine of the Little Flower had to be supplied by Bishop Gallagher. And once it was built in the summer of 1926 under Father Coughlin's supervision, the struggle had just begun.

It was an unpretentious affair, one story high, gabled with an exterior of stained shingles. But the struggling community had a hard time supporting it. Even then Father Coughlin refused to solicit funds and voluntary contributions came in, but only with a trickle.

Father Coughlin stayed with parishioners since there was no parish house, and sometimes slept in the vestry. He worked and worried.

There, too, he had his first experience with intimidation. There was hostility toward his invasion on the part of the Klan. One night a flaming cross burned beside his church. But Father Coughlin,

[Continued on page 65]

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Don't shut your eyes to the fact that blonde hair requires special care. Its texture is so delicate that ordinary shampoo methods may cause it to fade, streak or darken.

Yet now it's easy to keep blonde hair always lovely. For there is a wonderful shampoo, called Blondex, especially made for blonde hair only, that will bring out all its rich, golden beauty. Helps keep light hair from darkening. Brings back the true golden sparkle to dull, dark, faded and streaked blonde hair. Not a dye. No harmful chemicals. Leaves hair soft, fluffy, silky. Used by millions of blondes.

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Off the Piano onto the Ether

[Continued from page 17]

given her encore, which is inevitably *Bill*, the song that has made her famous.

Jolson had *Mammy*, Cantor, *Whoopie*, Crosby, *Please*, and Helen Morgan has *Bill*.

STRANGE that this girl with the funny hair-cut, the expressive white hands and worldly eyes, was born far from the Great White Way, in Danville, Illinois. Strange that those fingers which look now as if they had never done a day's labor, once packed crackers for a biscuit company, sewed buttons in a large dress mill, rolled taffy and sorted tea leaves. But it is true.

It's been a long road from that mid-western town to New York, but Helen Morgan made it, despite various detours via Montreal, Minneapolis, and Muskegon.

As a child, Helen never had a chance to make friends or grow up in the usual way. Her mother was the sole support of the little family. Sometimes when the going was particularly hard, they left one city to try their luck in another. Their itinerary was certainly far-flung. Although Helen's education was brief she managed, as a result of their wanderings, to attend twenty-six different schools. She was in the eighth grade when she finally dropped out to help her mother.

From then on, she tried her hand at everything, from a manicurist's assistant to a child's nurse-maid.

Then came an opportunity to sing in a cheap night club in Chicago. After that this gangling kid, who looked older than she was, took to the road again with her tired mother.

In Montreal she entered a beauty contest and came out with the first prize of \$1,500. Then on to New York these inseparables went, imbued with renewed ambition and confidence, which was quickly smashed by one disappointment after another. Undaunted, she finally managed to battle her way into the sacred sanctum of Florenz Ziegfeld, the man who had passed judgment on a thousand girls with similar aspirations. No, Mr. Ziegfeld said, she wouldn't do. Oddly enough, years later, the Great Glorifier pursued her and pleaded with her to appear in his last *Ziegfeld Follies*.

Finally, with all their money gone, she landed a job in the chorus of *Sally*.

Through that came small parts in cabarets and musical shows. Then George White made her an understudy to the high-salaried prima donna in his *Scandals*. One night the star fell ill, as prima donnas are prone to do, and the girl with the velvet skin and soft black hair got her big chance.

The rest was easy. A leading rôle in *Americana* followed in which she made an overnight hit, and soon the name of Helen Morgan came to mean something in the high places on Broadway.

After these early successes, things began to happen thick and fast. She met many men, and loved but two. About six months ago she married one of them. He had known her when she was a kid.

MEETING her after her broadcast, we asked if she liked her radio work.

"I love it," she said, "but I'm awfully afraid of it. There's no audience, and I have to go home and wait there for the applause, which comes by mail, if ever.

"I guess without sitting atop a baby grand you'd be like Damon without Pythias, or Amos without Andy?"

"Not at all," she answered, smiling. "That originated purely out of necessity. In the supper clubs the room is so crowded and so small that the only way to command attention is to sit on top of the piano."

Helen Morgan likes to lend a helping hand and she's continually giving money to destitute chorus girls, unemployed actors, and the like. Money is of small value to her. The all important thing is that she's happy and can sing. Even when she worked in a large candy factory many years ago, this same Good Samaritan feeling prevailed, and ultimately cost her the job. She was employed to insert souvenirs into the boxes of crackerjacks. No more than sixteen at the time, she knew that other boys and girls whom she had seldom met or played with, would be tickled pink if they discovered, upon opening their box, that there were two prizes instead of one. So she used to double up on the prizes. The foreman soon found out, and once again Helen was pacing the pavement.

Our conversation drifted to *Bill*.

"*Bill*," she said proudly and possessively, "is my song. It will always be mine. I think it has made more couples marry than any other song. Bill might be most anyone. He isn't much on looks, hasn't any money, but he's my Bill. And I think that's how most of us girls feel. You dream of some romantic Don Juan who will ride away with you in the night, but when you awake it's Bill you marry."

"Is that why you married your husband?"

"Partly. Buddy is a hard-working young lawyer who has just put out his shingle. I've known him for years; always used to think of him as the kid next door. And now, he's grown up and he's my husband."

Some say that Helen will shortly retire, giving up her career to settle down to a quiet domestic life. Others say that she is heading for the operatic stage. In any case, we doubt if she'll stay out of the picture for long. She'll go on singing *Bill* forever.



“. . . This is the Evo Crime Club . . .”

The Amazing Rise of Father Coughlin

[Continued from page 63]

as he widened his activities, was to grow used to that sort of thing.

He seemed to be making but little progress in the new community. Debts mounted faster than the income.

Then out of this very adversity was born the idea that was to extend the sphere of his parish to half the country.

Through a mutual friend, Father Coughlin met Leo Fitzpatrick, manager of the little independent radio station, WJR. He was telling about his troubles, and Fitzpatrick suggested that he go on the air just as a trial, since up to that time there had been no Catholic priest on radio and he thought there might be a place for one.

Father Coughlin was enthusiastic about the idea and obtained the approval of Bishop Gallagher.

A line was "piped" from the studio out to the Shrine of the Little Flower and October 17, 1926, speaking directly from the altar, Father Coughlin went on the air for the first time.

Citing conditions in his own community, he started off with an attack on religious bigotry. His response was five letters, which pleased him immensely.

LOOKING backward, it seems in the light of more recent broadcasts that Father Coughlin proceeded cautiously in the beginning. Perhaps he was feeling his way with the new medium.

But his talks on religion delivered in his appealing voice with natural eloquence struck a response. Voluntary contributions began to come in. Motorists found the highways leading to Royal Oak.

Up to January, 1930, he had not touched on controversial issues to any degree. But at that time he began a series of denunciations of the cure-alls and "isms"—socialism and communism.

Even these subjects seem tame now in comparison with his later embroilments. But right then Father Coughlin began to demonstrate another side of his genius—his genius for making enemies as well as friends with his outspoken straight-from-the-shoulder pronouncements.

In one series of virulent attacks on socialism—still in line with the attitudes of Pope Leo—Father Coughlin brought down upon him the anger of Norman Thomas, Socialist candidate for President. Thomas was not one to take the attack lying down.

He rallied to the counter attack, wrote to Senator Couzens, carried the battle to the press of Detroit, and Father Coughlin, for the first time in his career, became a real storm center. With his name in blaring headlines, Father Coughlin created notoriety on a political rather than a religious subject.

What was the outcome of the Thomas feud? Did the church and the radio station stand by him? Read the outcome of this battle in the next thrilling installment of Father Coughlin's struggles in the next issue of RADIOLAND.

MARCH, 1934



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New Way to Slenderize an Oversize Bust

IS YOUR figure marred by a heavy, sagging bust? Does that embarrassing chest-line bulge make you self-conscious and ill at ease?

Now you can reduce an oversize bust. Send today and see how easy my method is, and how effective. Just simple, sensible directions for taking off flabby fat, for lifting the sag and remoulding the form. A large container of my FORMULA-X is included for use with my special massage technique. If you want a trim, shapely bust, with smart, arching contours, then take advantage of the liberal offer below. Your satisfaction guaranteed—or money back.

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WHAT SHE WANTED



KATHARINE HEPBURN

knows whereof she speaks in her story:

"It Pays to be Independent"

She knew what she wanted and made life give it to her. Read this inspiring article and the many others in the

MARCH ISSUE

ScreenPlay

NOW ON ALL NEWSSTANDS

Meet the Stooge!

[Continued from page 15]

and his questions and answers are so perfectly timed, that the listeners all over the country get the effect of perfectly natural conversation between the two men.

He started out to be a minister and attended school for that purpose in Rochester, New York, where he was born. But in two months he discovered that his real talent lay in medicine, and so he went to medical college. In a short time, he decided that geology offered a most attractive future, so he took that up only to switch to music—and after graduating from school, he became a member of the Rochester Opera Company.

After his operatic career was over, he joined Ned Wayburn's Revue, and then for a very long time when this closed, Jimmy discovered the meaning of depression. He sold furniture for a while, but soon discovered that as a salesman he would make a much better radio mechanic, and inasmuch as he had to pass the General Electric plant almost every day of his life, he walked in one fine day and asked for a job. He got the job, but when he went to work, he found himself on the payroll as an announcer.

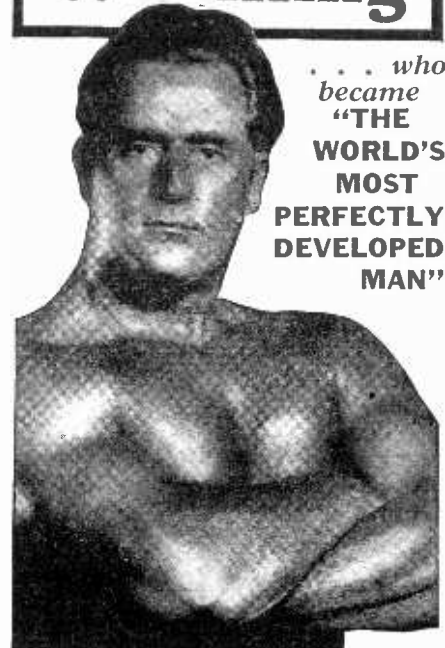
In 1930 he was transferred to the National Broadcasting Company headquarters in New York where he has been ever since, and in addition to announcing broadcasts of special events of national importance, he has acted as stooge for a great many of the leading comedians of the air including Eddie Cantor, Maurice Chevalier, Georgie Jessel, Harry Richman, Jack Benny, Milton Berle and Georgie Price.

When you or I listen in on the air to the Ed Wynn hour, and hear Graham McNamee trying to sell the "Chief" a horse, we little realize that Graham's interest in horses goes a long way back. His first job upon reaching manhood was that of a salesman for the Armour Packing Company, and he had to drive around to his prospects with a horse and buggy outfit through rain, snow, hail, or sunshine. On his first trip—his horse ran away, and his job almost did the same. But he managed to convince his employer that it really was the horse's fault, so Graham was kept on. At the end of a year's trial, Graham packed his carpet-bag and left for New York determined to rock the world with his voice. Instead of the powerful notes he hoped would land him on the Metropolitan stage, he found that the best he could do was sing loud enough for concert work—and what he received in monetary return for this wasn't enough to buy his shoe-leather.

One day he happened to pass the American Telephone and Telegraph building. He looked up and saw a brass plate which said "Station WEA.F." He came out of the building one hour later, an announcer.

A year later, Graham McNamee broadcast the Harry Greb-Johnny Wilson prizefight. His description of what went on, his allusions to various personalities present—his comments on the exhibition in and around the ring was such an event so colorful, so vivid, and so unusual that the next day the station which employed him awakened to the fact they had a new world-wide

**The 97-lb.
Weakling**



... who
became
**"THE
WORLD'S
MOST
PERFECTLY
DEVELOPED
MAN"**

By **CHARLES ATLAS**

Holder of the title: "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man," won in open competition in the only National and International contests held during the past 15 years.

THEY used to think there wasn't much hope for me. I weighed only 97 pounds. I was a sickly scare-crow. Then I discovered *Dynamic Tension*. It gave me the body that twice won the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man." Now I make you this amazing offer: *At my own risk I'll give you PROOF in just 7 days that my same method can make you over into a NEW MAN of giant power and energy!*

No "ifs"—"ands"—or "maybes." Just tell me where you want handsome, steel-like muscles. Are you fat and flabby? Or skinny and gawky? Are you short-winded, peless? Do you hold back and let others walk off with the prettiest girls, the best jobs. *Give me just 7 days!* I'll PROVE that *Dynamic Tension*—without any weights or pulleys that may strain your heart or other vital organs, pills, or unnatural dieting—can make you a healthy, confident, powerful HE-MAN! In just a few minutes a day!

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Mail coupon or a postal card NOW for my illustrated book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." Tells all about *Dynamic Tension*. Shows actual photos. It's a valuable book! And it's FREE. Send for your copy *today*. Address me personally. Charles Atlas, Dept. 94-C, 133 East 23rd Street, New York City.



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Try this sure way to a lovely, glowing skin—mail this advertisement with your name and address to Kränk, Beauty Park, St. Paul, Minnesota, and receive FREE a generous size trial jar.

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LEMON CREAM**

celebrity. Thousands of letters poured into the office—and from then on his success was assured.

His enthusiasm is just as apparent in real life as it is over the air. He never walks—he runs. He is always in a hurry, excited, interested in anything and everything he happens to be doing.

A DIFFERENT type of stooge is offered in the work of George Burns, who follows—or tries to follow—the insane mind revolutions of Gracie Allen. His job is one of the hardest on the air. He has to keep his own mental balance, and at the same time closely pursue the insanities she utters so that his listeners may get the full benefit of their act. For about two years these two have made the whole United States laugh, and Gracie and George are as well known as any other celebrities on the air.

The famous "Sharlie" who acts as foil for the notorious Baron Munchausen has been training for this job a long, long time. Cliff Hall was born in Brooklyn. At sixteen he ran away from Culver Military Academy and joined the navy. After two years his family got him out. Then he went on the stage. He trod the buskined board for about two years more, and then, war having broken out, he went back to the navy. After this little affair was finished, he returned to the stage, and nine years ago he joined up with Jack Pearl.

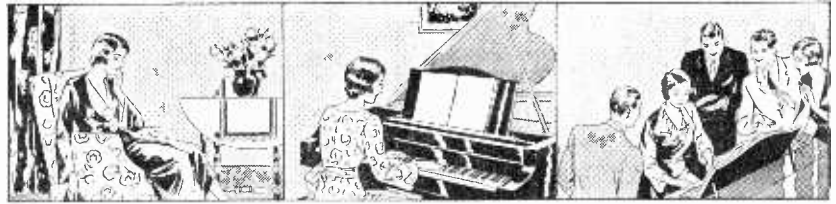
Contrary to general studio practice, programs in which the stooge figures are given little or no rehearsal. This must be done in order to insure the spontaneous effect that one gets over the air. Every comedy act has an audience so that they can judge the immediate effect of their gags and wisecracks. This results in a genuine appreciation and reception, and the laughter you hear coming from the orchestra members as well as the stooge, is just the same that the crowd sitting out in front of the rostrum gives forth.

In addition to the audience being necessary, a number of the leading comedians also insist upon wearing costumes appropriate to their parts. One night the "Baron" appeared in the studio attired in a trick Arctic costume as Admiral Byrd, and not only Cliff Hall but the audience as well was so broken up it was some time before the mike could be turned on.

"IF YOU think a stooge isn't important," said Eddie Cantor in discussing the matter, "you are very much mistaken. I have heard actors—the best of them—go completely haywire because the stooge they had was off the mark. If their timing is too slow—then God help the comedian!

"A stooge is actually a partner to the comedian with whom he works," he continued. "We try to get the effect of a kid knocking off the high silk hat worn by a man—the same kind of results. When I work with my stooges I often give them lines that take the place of the snowball with which the hat is knocked off. And it makes me laugh to hear the comments of some of the radio editors—'did you hear how that stooge showed so and so up in his broadcast last night?' they say. They don't know that the laughs have been given purposely to build up the program."

MARCH, 1934



I was so lonely and friendless, a new-comer to town. Neighbors called once—but never came again.

I read how a woman became popular by learning to play through the U. S. School Course. I enrolled.

Soon I was able to play real tunes. Now I'm invited everywhere. They call me "the life of the party".

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... so easy to learn this short-cut way

NO longer need you envy people who play—who are always the center of attraction at parties—who make friends immediately wherever they go. Now this newly perfected short-cut home-study method can make YOU an accomplished musician. It can bring you the good times you've always longed for.

More than 600,000 men, women, boys and girls have successfully learned to play their favorite instrument without a teacher the famous U. S. School way. And the cost averages only a few cents a day!

Easy As A-B-C

This new "print-and-picture" method is literally as easy as A-B-C. The U. S. School simplified instructions, written by expert teachers, first tell you what to do. Then a picture shows you what to do. Then you do it yourself and hear it.

And you learn so much more quickly by

LEARN TO PLAY BY NOTE

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	Tenor Banjo
	Hawaiian Guitar
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1934 Wine Cooking

[Continued from page 47]

Wine-flavored foods should be sparingly introduced at luncheon. They belong to the gayer hours.

At most dinners and many luncheons today, the first course is passed in the drawing-room. It may consist of plain whiskey and soda, an aperitif, highballs, a dry wine, or sometimes cocktails, though these with the advent of better liquor, are becoming more and more de-classé! Tiny appetizers in the form of interesting canapes are passed. If the first course is not of this type, it is sometimes a fruit cocktail enlivened with a sweet wine; tomato cocktail with a dash of sherry; or a delicious soup served with crisp wafers. From one to two tablespoonfuls of wine to soup for six persons is sufficient.

All Measurements Are Level
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Chicken Bouillon

- 1 quart highly seasoned clear chicken stock (home-made or canned)
 - 1 bouillon cube
 - From 1 1/2 to 2 tablespoons sherry
- Heat the chicken stock; add the bouillon cube dissolved in a tablespoonful of hot water, and just before serving, stir in the sherry.

Flounder Au Vin Blanc

- 6 fillets of flounder
- 3/4 tablespoon lemon juice
- 1/2 cup hot water
- 1 tablespoon butter
- 1/2 tablespoon minced parsley
- Few drops onion juice
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1/4 teaspoon paprika
- Few grains nutmeg
- 1 cup dry white wine

Place the fish fillets in a small baking pan; pour in the lemon juice and hot water; cover and bake ten minutes at 400 degrees F. Then make a sauce of the remaining ingredients, pour over the fish and continue baking, uncovered, at 375 degrees F. until the fish is tender and a golden brown—about twenty minutes longer. To make the sauce, melt the butter, stir in the flour, add the parsley, onion juice, seasonings and gradually the wine, stirring until the sauce is smooth.

Pork Chops With Vin Ordinaire

- 6 well-trimmed loin pork chops
- 2 cored and peeled apples
- 1/2 tablespoon butter
- 1/2 teaspoon sugar
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1/2 teaspoon pepper
- 1/2 cup vin-ordinaire
- 1/2 cup hot water

Dust the pork chops with salt and pepper and place in a small baking pan into which they fit snugly. Cover with thin slices of apple; dust with the sugar, a little more salt, and dot with the butter. Place in a hot oven and bake, covered, until the apples begin to soften and the chops begin to brown. Then pour in the wine and water mixed and continue cooking for thirty minutes longer, basting occasionally with the liquid in the pan. When done, the apples will be slightly brown and tender. Serve with Franconia sweet potatoes and a

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simple contrasting vegetable, such as shredded string beans or Brussels-sprouts. Simple as it is, this is a dish for an epicure.

Turkey Or Duck With A Champagne Flavor

Prepare turkey or duck for roasting using oyster, mushroom or celery stuffing. Roast by the usual method, basting two or three times the last ten minutes with two tablespoons of butter cut into bits, mixed with one-fourth teaspoon salt, a dash of pepper, a cup of hot water and one-fourth cup of champagne or white wine.

Madeira Sauce

(For ham, veal, tongue or any salt meat, or to serve with game or beef)

- 2 tablespoons butter
- 3 tablespoons flour
- 1½ cups well seasoned brown soup stock
- ¼ teaspoon paprika
- 2 tablespoons minced celery
- ¼ cup Madeira wine

Melt the butter and slightly brown it. Stir in the flour to make a paste and cook until slightly brown, stirring frequently. Gradually stir in the soup stock; add the celery, and simmer over a very low heat for fifteen minutes. Just before serving, stir in the Madeira.

Mint Sherbet

- ¾ cup lemon juice
- 1 quart water
- 2 cups sugar
- Grated rind of ½ lemon
- Few grains salt
- ½ cup crème de menthe cordial
- Crème de menthe cherries

Combine the sugar, water and lemon rind. Boil five minutes to make a syrup. Chill; add the lemon juice and strain. Transfer to the can of an ice-cream freezer. (If desired, the ice can be made pale green by tinting with vegetable coloring). Put on the cover, pack in three parts of crushed ice to one of rock salt and freeze until almost firm, then stir in the cordial and finish freezing. If desired, the cordial can be stirred in after the ice is frozen. Serve with a garnish of crème de menthe cherries.

Radioland Sherbet

- ½ the recipe for lemon ice, or 1 pint lemon ice
- 3 tablespoons brandy
- 3 tablespoons sherry

Prepare or purchase lemon ice. Mix together the brandy and sherry. To serve, fill sherbet glasses with the lemon ice and pour a scant tablespoonful of the brandy and sherry mixed over each serving. If desired, a tart orange ice may be used.

Hard Sauce

(Serve with any kind of steamed pudding)

- ½ cup butter or nut margarine
- 1 egg yolk
- 2 cups sifted confectioner's sugar
- Sherry or brandy to taste

Stir the butter until creamy; work in the egg yolk and a cup of the sugar. Then add a little of the liquor, allowing a tablespoon and a half of sherry and a little less of brandy; stir in alternately with the remaining sugar. Chill before using.

MARCH, 1934

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The Goldbergs

[Continued from page 53]

where," smiled the radio lady. She held out a friendly hand to each of them.

Someone stirred among the assembled visitors. A short, stocky man with a determined jaw, a sturdy Hebraic nose and curly black hair pushed his way forward to where Mollie and the radio lady stood.

"So, as per customary, I ain't nobody whatsoever?" he spluttered. "Nu, being just a farder and de head of a business ain't nodding to speak about? U'lleright, I'm perfectly designed to dat. But as your husband, Mollie, if it ain't too consumption on my part and don't make too much inconvenience for you, maybe you will be so very kind as to introduce me to our hostage."

Jacob Goldberg, after his painful fashion, had worked himself into a red faced passion. Mollie, calm as always, met her spouse's parade of his inferiority complex with mixed rebuke and pity.

"What do you mean, Jake, inconvenience? Why de aggravation, why? I vas coming already to get you to meet Mrs. Berg in only vone more minnit."

"Eh, Mollie, Mollie!" groaned Jake under his breath, "you are always on de werge of somethink vidout vunce going over de top."

"Nu, so tell me, Jake, vitch top is it dis time?" Mollie gave him no chance to reply. "Please, I should like werry much you would make de acquaintanceship of mine husband, Mr. Jacob Goldberg."

His self-esteem restored, Jake, grinning broadly, bobbed his head at the author of his being. "I am more delightful," he said, "dan I have voids wid which to express my commotion."

The others had drawn closer to where the Goldbergs and their creator stood. The scene had the appearance of a reception at a royal court with the queen of the realm graciously receiving the homage of her subjects. It was inevitable that Mollie should continue her enforced rôle of mistress of ceremonies. "Dis lady," she announced, elbowing Jake aside and drawing forward by the arm a buxom, apple-cheeked woman of about her own age, "dis lady is mine dearest friend, Mrs. Bloom."

"Yoo, hoo! Mrs. Bloom!" yodeled the author in exact imitation of Mollie Goldberg's nightly greeting across the airshaft of their Bronx apartment house—and across the North American continent.

In turn Mollie introduced to the author Joe Mendel, Jake's partner, and Mrs. Mendel; David Romain, the kindly retired watchmaker who is Jake's oldest friend and who lives on the first floor of the house which shelters so many of the people in *The Rise of the Goldbergs*; Mr. and Mrs. Gross (Gustave and Elsa) the amiable Germans who run the grocery store down the street; Patrick and Kate Kerrigan, formerly of the janitor's basement quarters, now on the top floor; Margaret Bolton, once famous on the stage who six months ago was starving in proud obscurity but who now, thanks to Mollie's machinations, has come into her own again, this time as a screen celebrity; Abe Hoenig, jilted by Florence Romain who married Eugene Cronin; Mr. and Mrs. Morton, their son Kenneth and their daughter Violet, aristocratic figures humbled by

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the financial debacle but saved from the Slough of Despond by Mollie; the aforementioned Eugene Cronin, motion picture author and director; finally, Mikey Bloom, Sammy Goldberg's chum.

A QUIZZICAL smile played around the lips of the woman who surveyed the company whose presence was due entirely to her ingenuity. Their conversation subsided when she held up her hand and began to speak: "My dear friends," she said, "if you will make yourselves at home, I will try to entertain you as my guests for the rest of the evening. I want you all to remain for dinner. I'll do the best I can to make this impromptu affair a real party. So now if you'll excuse me for a while—" She beamed upon them and hurried through a narrow doorway.

I began to move about the room hoping to catch some expression that would give me an inkling of what these self-invited guests really thought of their hostess. I heard Mollie say to her husband.

"Well, Jake, how do you like her, tell me?"

In his gravely judicial manner Jake declared, "Mollie, she is what I would call vidout de slightest hesitation a first-class, A-number-vun, svell."

Above the murmur of conversation rose the strains of music. Sammy Goldberg had brought along his violin and was playing *The Blue Danube* to Rosie's tense accompaniment. Mollie chanted her "vun an' two, an' t'ree, an' four, an' vun an' two," to guide the tempo. Mikey Bloom followed with admiring eyes Rosie's small fingers flash up and down the keyboard. Violet Morton studied Sammy's face as he frowned in fierce concentration above the strings of his fiddle. David Romain nodded happily in a big wing chair. The radio lady returned unnoticed. Her eyes were shining, her breath accelerated as if from some recent exertion. The music came to an end. Spying the author Mollie went to her. "Nu, you see, ve made just like ve vas in our own homes already."

"I'm so glad," smiled the other. "I knew you would understand, Mollie." She stepped forward. "I hope you'll all forgive me for remaining away so long. I didn't mean to be impolite but— Well, if you'll come into the dining-room you will see the reason." They flocked after her laughing, chatting, presently to be confronted by a table aglow with flowers, lighted candles and spread with porcelain, silver, crystal upon snow-white damask. When all were seated there broke through the hum of talk a prolonged chuckle. "Heh, he!" It came from the presence of Eva Victorious Washington, colored maid who came to help out in the Goldbergs' home two or three times a week.

"Who would believe it, who?" cried Jake. "Eva herself vidout being a motion picture! Hello, Eva!"

"Howdy, Mr. Goldenberger!" Eva was one for putting a flourisher on everything. "Howdy, people, friends, howdy all?" She began to place the soup plates from her tray, talking to each of the guests as she came alongside. Two active colored boys in smart white jackets served the soup. In proper order came an *entree*, fish, a roast, two kinds of fowl—a kosher one for the orthodox—and

[Continued on page 72]

MARCH, 1934

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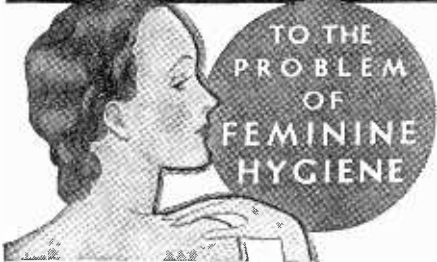
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SUBTLE, fascinating, alluring. Sells regularly for \$12.00 an ounce. Made from the essence of flowers:—
A single drop lasts a week! Send only **30¢**
Three odors:
(1) Romanza
(2) Lily of the Valley
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To quickly introduce these new perfumes I'll send you with my compliments trial bottles of all three for only 30c (silver or stamps) to pay for postage and handling. Only one set to each new customer.
PAUL RIEGER
198 First St. San Francisco, Calif.

The Goldbergs

[Continued from page 71]

topping the feast an ice cream creation in the form of a miniature microphone for each diner. Candies, nuts, coffee, cigars, cigarettes were passed.

Timidly, from his place near the foot of the table, David Romain stood up, his napkin grasped in nervous fingers. "If it was all right for me to do so, I would like to say vun little void, please!" He was urged to go on. "I am an old man, older dan I look by de face. A lot of trouble I have saw here in dis country and over dere behind de ocean. Fine peoples I have also met, kind peoples. Only yet do I never know anybody so good as Mollie Goldberg. I would like to make a prosit, vot you call it—a toast. To Mollie Goldberg, vun of de best modders, best wives, an' best friends vot iss!"

EVERYONE reached for a glass. "To Mollie!" cried the radio lady, "best of mothers, best of wives, best of friends!" Almost in silence they drank Mrs. Goldberg's health. Then amid cries of "speech! speech!" the radio lady, almost by main force, lifted Mollie to her feet. Nervously smiling, blushing, she stammered: "Mine head is empty of voids like a barrel is empty. What can I say, what, when David makes such a talk? I feel werry complimentary by what he says but I don't deserve it. Such a vunderful modder I ain't always been. Such a good wife I would only like to be. Vas I a electrocutioner like Margaret Bolton here, I would t'ink of all de most beautiful t'ings in de world to say in de most beautiful voids about friendship. Such a vunderful business—friendship. But only being a friend ain't nothink vidout ve don't do somethink odder dan talk about it. Vidout mine friends I would be just a Robinson Caruso on a destitute island. Vidout mine werry best friend, Mrs. Berg, I wouldn't be even what I am already. I t'ank her, I t'ank all of you, mine dear, dear friends."

The radio lady glanced anxiously at her wrist-watch and rose. "Friends," she said, "I'm afraid I shall have to run away from you again. It's nearly time for me to be in the broadcasting studio. Who would like to come to the studio with me tonight?"

"I would! I! I! I!" came the quick response.

Down in the street, Mrs. Berg turned her roomy limousine over to some of those who had come too expensively by taxicab. She squeezed herself into the Goldbergs' little car. Twenty minutes later, and we find most of them in the broadcasting studio. At seven forty-five an imperative buzzer cautions silence. There is a short wait as an organ rolls and an announcer in Chicago prattles his commercial piece. Four persons, scripts in hand, stand at tense attention in front of two microphones—Mollie and Jake, Sammy and Rosie. Utter, enveloping stillness. Suddenly a signal light flashes over their heads. A woman's voice is raised. "Yoo, hoo! Mrs. Bloom! Oh, Mrs. Bloom!" yodels Mollie. The Goldbergs are on the air, from coast to coast, from Canada to Texas. The nation's ear is again attuned to the conversation of the best known family in America.

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U.S., FISK and OTHERS 19-24-40-71

defy anyone to excel our quality. Every standard brand tire reconstructed by our superior, modern method in positively guaranteed to give full 12 months' service under severest road conditions. This guarantee is backed by the entire financial resources of an old reliable company. Member N.R.A. Today's lowest prices.

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BALLOON TIRES				REG. CORD TIRES			
Size	Rim	Tires	Tubes	Size	Tires	Tubes	Tubes
29x4.40-21	\$2.15	\$0.85		28x3 1/2	\$2.25	\$0.55	
29x4.50-20	2.15	.85		28x3 1/2	2.35	.75	
29x4.60-21	2.40	.85		28x4	2.95	.85	
29x4.75-19	2.45	.95		28x4	2.95	.85	
29x4.75-20	2.50	.95		28x4 1/2	2.95	.85	
29x5.00-19	2.85	1.05		28x4 1/2	3.25	.85	
29x5.00-20	2.85	1.05		28x4 1/2	3.25	.85	
29x5.25-18	2.95	1.05		28x4 1/2	3.45	1.15	
29x5.25-19	2.95	1.15		28x4 1/2	3.45	1.15	
29x5.25-20	2.95	1.15		28x5	3.65	1.05	
29x5.25-21	3.25	1.15		28x5	3.75	1.45	
29x5.50-18	3.25	1.15		28x5	3.95	1.55	
29x5.50-19	3.25	1.15					
30x6.00-18	3.40	1.15					
31x6.00-19	3.40	1.15					
32x6.00-20	3.45	1.25					
33x6.00-21	3.65	1.25					
32x6.50-20	3.75	1.35					

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Used the world over for many generations to kill rats, mice and noxious animals. A sure way to do away with dangerous pests. Safe to handle. Sold by general stores and druggists. 25c, 50c a box. Manufactured by E. S. WELLS, Chemist.

What do you want to know about the stars of radio? They will answer your questions through the pages of

RADIOLAND

See page 21 of this issue

Those Boswell Sisters Talk

[Continued from page 21]

Who is boss?

Well, that's hard to say. Connie isn't exactly boss, but she just has a habit of getting her own way. As Connie says: "I guess it's because I'm the most talkative. I just talk and talk until the others get tired of hearing the sound of my voice. Then they give in."

Do you have any superstitions?

Only one important one. That's about toy elephants. And we have our reasons. When we were out in California just trying to get a start we had this big plaster of Paris elephant that everyone had autographed for us. We had a run of hard luck. Three big things fell through. Then one day we saw this elephant standing there leering at us. So we broke it into pieces and threw it out in the ash can. Our luck changed right away and within a week we were working at several jobs at once. We don't think that throwing the elephant out actually changed our luck. Only it just sort of helped to clear up our minds.

Do you have any pets?

Yes, a cute Great Dane. He only weighs 140 pounds. He's so big we can't let him in the house. We have to go out to the kennel to visit him.

What in your career has given you the biggest thrill?

The time we were made Ambassadors of Harmony from Louisiana by the Governor.

What do you consider your most successful performance?

The time we held an audience for a two hour concert in Holland on our European tour last fall.

What is your nationality?

We are English on our father's side, French on our mother's. It is from our mother that we get our brown hair and brown eyes.

Were either of your parents talented musically?

Yes, everybody in our family is musical. But we are the first ones who have taken it up professionally.

Did you ever have any parental objection to your careers?

Well, at first our father didn't like the idea of our turning from classical instrumental music to harmony singing. But now he's so proud of us, he's forgotten all about that.

Was there any turning point in your careers?

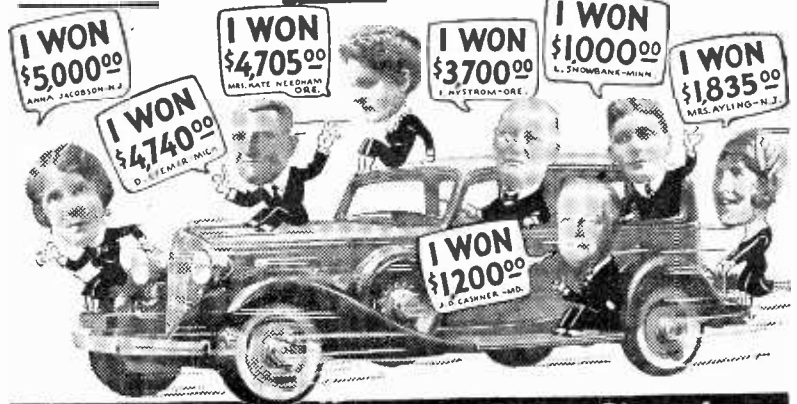
Yes, when we met Harry Leedy, our present manager, who took us from Hollywood on to New York where we met with our greatest success.

Are any of you married?

No! No! No!

MARCH, 1934

Hundreds Have Already Won Big Cash Rewards



Now-100 MORE Cash Prizes Being Given Away

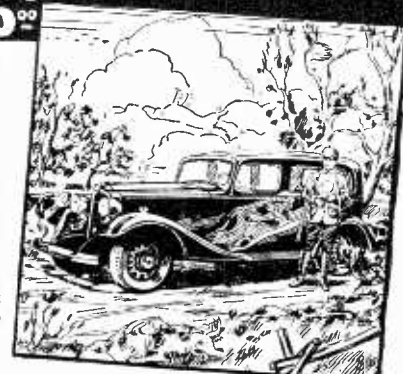
Would YOU TOO Like to

WIN \$2,500.00

or Buick & \$1,000.00

\$5,000.00 in Cash Prizes

Do you want money? — a small fortune? — \$2,500.00 in real cash? Here's your opportunity! And not one cent of your money is required now or ever to win. This is our sensational new way to advertise. We want people everywhere talking about our company quick. So we are actually giving away thousands of dollars — real fortunes — 100 cash prizes totaling over \$5,000.00 — besides thousands of dollars in EXTRA cash rewards. Everybody may share in these big cash rewards. Why not you? Wouldn't you, too, like to win a Buick and \$1,000.00, (or \$2,500.00 all Cash)?



Can YOU Find 4 Dogs in Picture at Right?

Some are upside down. Some sideways. Can you find 4 dogs? Mark the dogs you find, clip picture and mail quick — or write on penny postcard how many dogs you find. Many have already won thousands of dollars in other advertising campaigns conducted by men in this big company. Above are pictures of a few. Now comes your chance. Maybe this great opportunity sounds like a dream to you — but I'll be happy to send you \$2,500.00 all cash or Buick Sedan and \$1,000.00 the minute you win it. Rush your reply.

Not One Penny of Your Money Needed

All these thousands of dollars in prizes are being given outright to winners. You don't need to put in a penny of your money now or ever to buy anything. This is not a lottery — no luck or skill needed — nothing to write. Imagine the joy of receiving a letter from me with \$2,500.00 in it! Oh, boy, what a thrill! Hurry — get started quick by finding 4 dogs.

\$10,000.00 REWARD

We will pay \$10,000.00 cash forfeit to any worthy charity if anyone can prove that we do not really give away all these thousands of dollars in cash prizes — or that all the money to pay these prizes is not now deposited in the bank waiting for the happy winners — or that we do not fulfill every guarantee we make.

You Are SURE to Win a Cash Reward If You Do As I Ask

I don't care how many people are rewarded. The more the merrier! You are GUARANTEED to win a cash reward if you take an active part. But I want quick advertising — quick action. First active, first rewarded! So hurry. Think of all the happiness \$2,500.00 can bring you! A new start in life. Pay bills. Marriage. Education. Travel. New clothes. New furniture and other things you long for.

All Prize Money Now In Bank

All the thousands of dollars to pay every single prize winner is now deposited in a big, strong bank in Des Moines. We are a big, reliable firm. I invite you to look us up through any credit agency, any bank in Des Moines, any business house, railroad, express company, magazine, newspaper. We are well known national advertisers.

\$1,000.00 EXTRA for Promptness

Promptness pays! So hurry! I will pay \$1,000.00 EXTRA to First Prize winner just for being prompt — a Buick and \$1,000.00 (or \$2,500.00 if all cash is preferred). Do you want it? Act NOW! Not only one person, but hundreds will win cash rewards. In case of ties duplicate prizes will be given.

RUSH COUPON

Many who won prizes in other campaigns like this thought they didn't have a chance. Imagine their surprise when they won! Mark dogs you find, clip picture and mail quick with coupon below — or write on a penny postcard how many dogs you find. Don't send a cent. For replying I will tell you how you may also share in thousands of dollars in EXTRA cash rewards and win \$2,500.00 too. Nothing for you to lose — everything to gain. Answer NOW! Tell me which you desire to win — \$2,500.00 all cash or Buick Sedan and \$1,000.00.

MERROLD JOHNSON, Prize Mgr.
Dept. 3522, Des Moines, Iowa

MAIL THIS NOW

MERROLD JOHNSON, Prize Manager,
Dept. 3522, Des Moines, Iowa.

I have found 4 hunting dogs in picture which I am enclosing, and I am anxious to win.

Name

Address

City

State

(Mark which you would prefer to win)

Buick & \$1,000.00 or \$2,500.00 Cash

QUESTIONS and Answers

Who presents the Betty & Bob sketch? Are they husband and wife? How old are they and what are their nationalities?—*J. DeBari, Cromwell, Conn.*

Ans.—The Betty & Bob sketch is sponsored by General Mills (Bisquick). Betty is English and Bob, Spanish and they are not married to each other. They are both in their twenties.

Would you please let me know the real age of Lanny Ross, his height, weight, birthplace, residence and whether he is married?—*G. Wilkes, New Orleans, La.*

Ans.—Lanny is twenty-seven, weighs 150 pounds, is six feet tall and is unmarried. He was born in Seattle, Washington, lives in New York but is in Hollywood at present to make a movie.

How old is Conrad Thibault, how tall is he and how much does he weigh?—*Marjorie, Lewiston, Maine.*

Ans.—Conrad Thibault is twenty-eight years old, weighs 155 pounds and is five feet, ten inches tall.

What type of saxophone does Guy, Carmen and Victor Lombardo use?—*Gene Hall, Ambridge, Penn.*

Ans.—Guy Lombardo does not play the saxophone at all. Carmen and Victor use the tenor, alto and C sax, interchangeably.

Would you kindly tell me if Guy and Carmen Lombardo are married and, if so, to whom? How long have they been married and have they any children?—*Constance Hayes, Valley Stream, Long Island.*

Ans.—Guy and Carmen Lombardo have both been married for about five years but neither of them have any children. Their wives are non-professionals.

What color eyes has Kate Smith? What is her religion? How old is Bing Crosby and what is his religion?—*A great love of Kate Smith, Jersey City, N. J.*

Ans.—Kate Smith has blue-grey eyes. She feels that her religion is a very personal matter and doesn't care to discuss it. Bing Crosby is twenty-nine. He feels the same way Kate does about his religion.

Who is the announcer on the Marine Band program? How old is Al Goodman?—*W. R. Neil, Texas City, Texas.*

Ans.—Bob Trout does the announcing for the Marine Band. Al Goodman is in his early forties.

What day, year and where was Lanny Ross born? Irish? How tall is he and what color eyes and hair?—*K. N., Akron, Ohio.*

Ans.—Lanny was born January 19, 1906, in Seattle, Washington. He has brown hair and blue eyes and is six feet tall. He is of English Welsh parentage.

In what year and where was Frank Munn born?—*Dorothy Dean, Seattle, Wash.*

Ans.—Frank Munn made his first appearance in New York City. The eventful day was February 27, 1896.

How old is Dick Tecla? Is Barry Wells married and if so to whom?—*Grace Hintze, Woodhaven, N. Y.*

Ans.—Dick is in his early twenties. Barry Wells has not taken the step.

Will you be kind enough to answer the following question: Who was the lady singing with Frank Munn on the American Album of Familiar Music prior to Virginia Rea?

Ans.—Elizabeth Lennox was the feminine vocalist on this program before Virginia Rea.

To settle a wager will you kindly answer the following question: What nationality is George M. Cohan? Where was he born and what date?—*M. H. Gerrett, Quebec City, Canada.*

Ans.—George M. Cohan is an American and was born on July 4, 1878, in Providence, R. I. I hope you win.

We extend an invitation to you.

Starting with this issue of RADIOLAND this concluding page of the magazine will be devoted to readers' letters of inquiry. If there is anything you want to know about your favorite entertainer, announcer or commentator, just drop a line to the Questions and Answers Dept., Radioland Magazine, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York City. Answers will be printed in this department as soon after receipt as possible.

Can you please tell me what day and year Dixie Lee and Bing Crosby were married?—*Lenore Friedman.*

Ans.—Dixie and Bing were married in 1930. The day is their secret.

When was Bing Crosby born and where? What is his favorite piece of music?—*Interested, Ridgwood, N. Y.*

Ans.—Bing Crosby was born in Tacoma, Washington, on May 2, 1904. His favorite song is "I Surrender, Dear."

Could you please tell us something about Lanny Ross, the Showboat tenor? How old is he? On what other hours does Mr. Ross appear on?—*Corinne Hammond, Kansas City.*

Ans.—Lanny is twenty-seven and you will find descriptive material about him in some of our answers above. He is a handsome young man as you will probably see for yourself, soon, in the movies. Lanny is very fond of athletics and was on the track team when at Yale. The Maxwell House Showboat is the only program on which he sings.

How old is Russ Columbo? What is his nationality? Please answer.—*M. O.*

Ans.—Russ Columbo made his debut on January 14, 1908, in San Francisco, California.

Please tell me how old Eddie Stone of Isham Jones' orchestra is, if he's a southerner? Does he answer fan mail? Please answer my questions soon.—*E. S. Karlatt, N. Y. C.*

Ans.—Eddie Stone is in his twenties and was born in Indiana. Fan mail should be sent to the Columbia Broadcasting System, 485 Madison Ave., New York City.

Would you please answer the following questions in your next issue of RADIOLAND. Is Ruth Etting married? How old is Kate Smith? How long has Gracie Allen been married?—*Mary K. Honsey, Hecla, S. Dakota.*

Ans.—Ruth Etting has been married for a number of years. Kate Smith is twenty-four. Gracie Allen has been married to George Burns for about ten years.

I would like you to answer these questions in RADIOLAND. What stations, programs does Bing Crosby broadcast over and day and time.

Ans.—Bing Crosby "croons" with Lennie Hayton's orchestra on Mondays at 8:30 p. m. E. S. T. over the Columbia system.

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MARVELOUS DISCOVERY
Stimulates Nature's own skin softening action

*Softens entirely without sticky after-effect—
Dries in 15 seconds!*



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Posed especially for Talia, Inc.

HOLLYWOOD is now acclaiming an utterly new way to soften skin. A way that protects against harmful effects of air, sun, water, and cold. Thus permitting the natural oils to soften the skin—nature's way. Over 100 prominent movie stars started using this as soon as it was announced.

Women everywhere are now adopting it. Will you accept a generous bottle free to try?

The name of this great discovery is Talia. A noted scientist spent years in bringing it to perfection. Talia does not soften the skin by greasing it. Instead, it covers it with an invisible film that protects the skin from the harsh or drying effect of air, sun, and water. This protection allows the natural oil of the face and hands to bring back the skin to baby-like softness. Hence hands and face soften themselves.

Even hands chapped to bleeding roughness respond instantly to the healing unguents in Talia. And Talia is aided in healing as well as softening by the natural oils of the skin. The reddest roughest hands are thus quickly restored to natural white loveliness.

The instant you apply Talia, notice this: In 15 seconds you cannot see it. In 30 seconds you cannot feel it on your hands or face. Yet it gives hours of protection to the oil ducts of your skin. Enabling them to reclaim the smooth skin of babyhood.

Blended with this marvelous discovery is a perfume of exotic charm. Now you may have this new miracle of beauty science. A lotion that does what none has done before. There is only one drawback. The supply is limited. We can supply dealers in only a few communities. We will, however, send free to all who apply at once a trial bottle containing enough Talia for thirty applications. Send 10 cents to cover packing and postage. See coupon below.

Accept this offer and this marvelous discovery at once. Clip the coupon now before you forget.

MAKE MONEY SELLING TALIA

We want to give employment to one hundred people. There are limited territories available for those who want to make money. Send name today—get the facts free.



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For a regular-sized bottle, fill in coupon, mail with 50c (coin, stamps, or money order) to Talia, Inc. 820 N. Michigan Ave., Building, Chicago, Ill.

Lotion of Loveliness

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Enclosed find 10c (stamps or coin) to cover packing and postage for free trial supply of Talia Lotion.

Check here and enclose 50c for beautiful full size bottle in lovely boudoir container.

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