

RAZZBERRIES

15¢



XMAS
NUMBER

DEC · 1933 ·

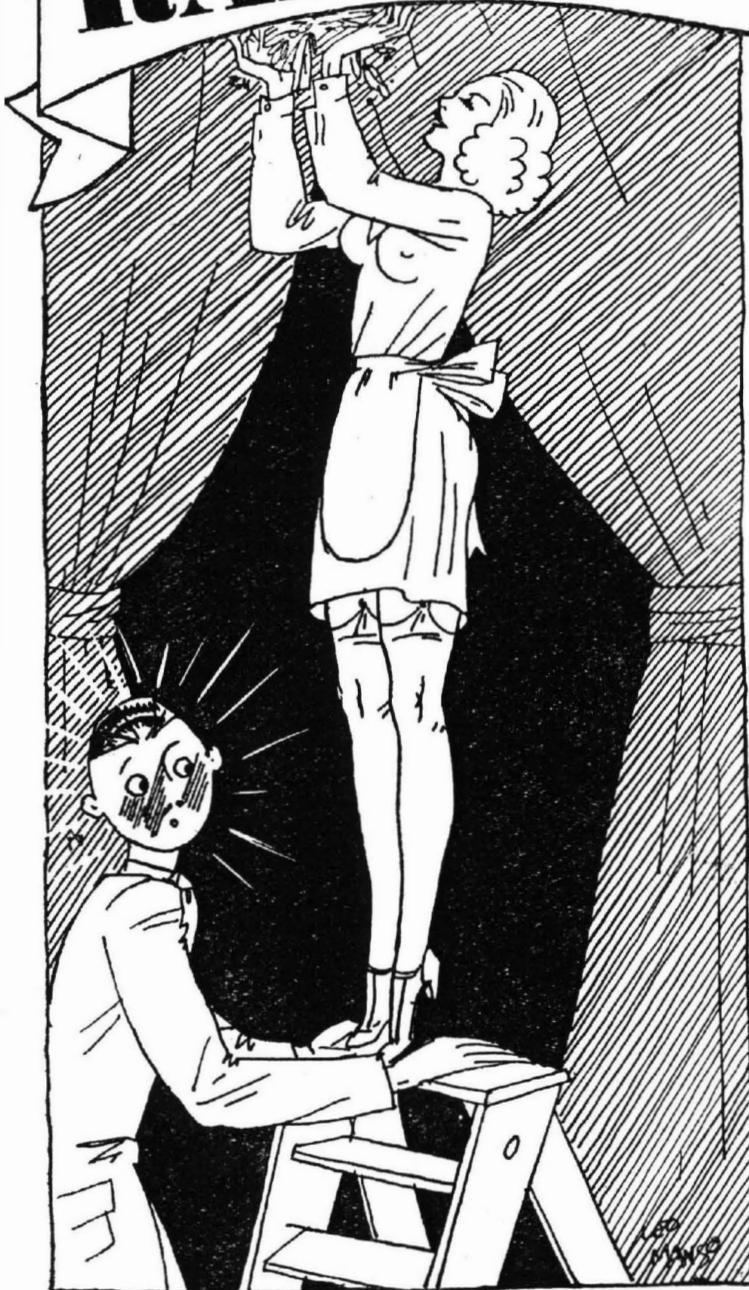
IN THIS ISSUE . . . RADIO RAZZBERRIES



Just Another Rein-Deer

RAZZ-BERRIES

DEC · 1933



MUCH talk is in the wind of the spirit of Xmas. And yet, those of us who wish a Merry Christmas, can we say just what makes it so?

And so exploring for a truly happy man at Y ulti me, I found such a one. I reached out to touch him and he was gone—and on the spot where he stood, I felt the trunk of a mighty tree, and looking up, I saw it was a wayside shrine. . . . Perhaps last night I tarried too long with Bacchus.

Another finished his prayer and when done, he rose to ask me if there were a saint by that name.

I gave him copies of RAZZ-BERRIES and then greased him well with the knowledge that the business of RAZZ-BERRIES is to sit back and watch the folks in high places slip and fall when they find themselves stripped by Time and Fate.

Razzberrians love the wind, the rain, the trees and women well—one at a time—to have a soul able to get the kick of good wine out of all things beautiful; and greatest of all, to look forward with a smile to that time when he shall go peacefully to sleep forever.

Then the bells tolled—Xmas!

RAZZBERRIES, December, 1933. Published in the heart of Greenwich Village, at 185 Bleeker St., N. Y. C., by Joe Burten. Wayne Sabbath, Editor. Copyright, 1933. All rights reserved. Published by the First Publisher to Enter the World War—and Years later to Join the N.E.A.

Keep Your Eye *on the* Ball

Razzberries' Platform For 1934 Nailed Down with Laughs and Shellacked with Good Humor

It is however, worth remembering, that Razzberries engages in no propaganda (unless the proper goose comes along), neither does he engage in uplifts, social, moral, artistic, or selfish. He is far too busy with the fine sport of living and laughing to bother with these vulgar reforms, but he is decently human enough to have one pet abhorrence, and that black bear is that mark of refined selfishness, namely, smug optimism. Humanity and Life, he believes to be a pair of smiling wenches in silk dresses and soiled drawers; smirking and cruel-faced they hide behind the mask of civilization. Razzberries, hiding by the wayside, is ever watching for the passing of these two, and when they come near, he is on them! Not to ravish, but to scour, and to laugh with joy, even as he scrubs.

With the rest of the world, Razzberries must soon step through the door of 1933. Not even the gods can say what awaits us in that strange room of 365 walls, and try as he will, Razzberries can think of no greater misfortune for you, than that you should have missed the first three issues of this opus; but be of good cheer, some few are still at the newsies, and are yours for the regular price.

Will knock at your door at least twelve times during the coming year, (if he doesn't knock who shall say we are any the worse for having laughed together?) and comes in many a strange garb; perhaps as the Truth in the mask of a clown, Philosophy in the ruff and skull cap of a panthaloan. Wit in the strut of a ham actor. The Passing Show in printer's ink, but always as The Black Sheep Among Magazines, and a ten-dollar performance for only 15 cents.



Repeal Is Here—So Is Xmas
—The NRA Has Done Good
and Will Do More. Keep
Plugging—Keep Your Eye on
the 8 Ball! — — —





Pickin' Em Up

AND

Layin' Em Down

Catfishtown Catcalls

NEW KIND OF DEATH

RUFUS Jackson was in the act of affixing a piece of crepe to the door of the Bank Building one morning when Hiram Posey, one of the heavy depositors, approached.

"Morning, Rufus," said Mr. Posey. "Why the crepe and why is the bank closed?"

"Didn't you heah, sah, 'bout po' Mistah Jones, de cashier? He am done gone from us, sah."

"What! You don't mean to tell me that Jones is deceased?"

"No, sah, I doan mean to tell you nuffin' lak dat a'tall. Mr. Jones, he am jist gone, sah. I am the bank what's deceased."

* * *

TAKING NO CHANCES

Mr. Johnson—"W h a d yo' gwine to name de baby, Edith?"

Mrs. Johnson—"Anyfing yo' laiks. Anyfing 'cept Alias. Ah'se noticed boys o' dat name neveh comes to no good. Dey's allus in the police co't."

* * *

SENTIMENT SAVED!

HAVING sold the widow a more costly head - stone than she had intended purchasing, the salesman pointed to an inscription on another stone, saying: "Of course . . . you'll want a bit of sentiment engraved on

it . . . now, there's the most appropriate inscription you could desire . . . no other can express more deeply the heartfelt sentiment . . .!"

The "widow" looked . . . and slowly read: "Day by day . . . in EVERY way . . . I miss you . . . more, and more!"

"Hm!" she commented: "At sho am sweet . . . but wha' fo' Ah wan'er waste mah good money fo' 'nscriptin' anyfing, on anyfing fo' Mose . . . Lawdy, man—HE NEBER L'ARNED

* * *

LET US GIVE THANKS

WHEN the term of old negro preacher Thatcher at Catfishtown had expired he arose and said:

"Bredden, de time am heah fo' de relection ob yo' pastah for anudder yeah. All dose faborin' me fo' yo' pastah will please say 'aye'."

Preacher Thatcher had made himself rather unpopular, and there was no response.

"Ha!" he said. "Silence gibs consent. I'se yo' pastah fo' anuder yeah."

PICKINGS

By

Wayne Sabbath

JUST LIKE A WOMAN

ISE de hansomes sheik in mah home town;

All de gals fall foh me when I come roun;

Still I don't know why, unless because

Ise de kindes man since Santy Claus.

Ders Bossy Sook—I'm tellin' facs

She cawved huh nitals on leven backs

Of odah women what loved me well.

Which brings me up to Bessie Bell.

Dat widow didn't treat me bad

She gimme two thousand — all she had

Left of hu hole man's suance dues

Which kep me five yeahs in close and shoes.

Now Lady, I don't brag, yuh see,

But yuse de gal what's made fah me.

An' no mo lovin an runnin roun

Ef you'll marry me an settle down.

Big man, youah story drives me wild;

I'll take de name and have it filed,

An maybe closin mah list of beaus

It will be writ—I hardly knows!

CURTIS NUNN

AFFAIRS of CASANOVA, Jr.

All About Dizzy Missus Leffingwell (Who Leffed Too Well)

By LEE DOUGLASS

ABOUT the truth of my affair with Mrs. Leffingwell — the time has now come, about Lou, as I always called her. We called her Lou, because she was a friend of the family. Besides, it was her name.

It is strange that I cannot recall my first meeting with her. She used to come to the house almost every day, and for a long time I was hardly conscious of her presence. I took her for granted. She was a part of the scene, just as much as Pottle the butler, or my Cousin Alice.

For months and months I was blissfully unaware of her love for me. I did not know what love was. And Lou was so much older than I!

But I did notice that her calls became longer and more frequent, and I observed a peculiar warm light which smouldered in her eyes as she gazed at me.

I believe that Emma suspected her from the beginning. She always referred to her as "That Mrs. Leffingwell." Certainly the two women had but little in common—except myself. They used to watch each other jealously, and Emma always contrived to make a third whenever Lou and I were together. Her intuition must have told her that Lou was waiting, cat-like, for her opportunity. But how politely, how prettily Lou waited!



"You Darling!"

• The opportunity came one evening in June. Emma was down in the kitchen giving the cook instructions for the morrow. Alone in my room, I lay upon the bed, half-dozing.

Suddenly I was aroused by the sound of a soft step, and a breathless voice which whispered, "You darling!" I opened my eyes and saw Lou standing beside my bed, looking down at me. With an exultant, inarticulate cry, she bent over and put her arms about me. Her bosom crushed against me, I breathed the exquisite fragrance of her hair, and felt her hot, hungry kisses against my throat.

"I love you!" she murmured. "Oh, I want you, all for my very own, my dear!"

Her intensity was terrifying. I had never dreamed that love could be like that. I wanted to cry out, but I could not, for her lips were against mine. Sobbing, I closed my eyes, while she drew me closer to her.

Perhaps it was only a minute, but it seemed an eternity . . . And then, like a dash of clear cold water against fevered flesh, came the words, "Please, Mrs. Leffingwell!"

It was Emma. At the foot of the bed she stood, calm and confident in her starched whiteness, but her cheeks glowed red with anger. "Mrs. Leffingwell," said Emma quietly, "you must not do that. It is wrong."

Confusion

• In confusion, Lou rose to her feet. "I—I'm sorry," she apologized. "Forgive me." She left.

I have never seen her since that night. Perhaps it is all for the best. She was beautiful, ardent, even passionate, but I suspect that I would have tired of her eventually if our love had been permitted to run its course unchecked . . . Besides, she should not have kissed me. Emma says that Dr. Harris insists that young babies ought never to be kissed. It isn't sanitary—and besides—I'm such a very young baby!

MEMOIRS

OF A
CHAMBERMAID



WHO have we with us. You'd be surprised," said Miss Esson, the assistant clerk, to me one December day, as I stopped in the reception lobby of the Hotel Supreme de Luxe, Hollywood.

"Some fresh freak?"

"Yes and no. He really is a freak, but he is no other than the celebrated poet Augustus Ramsbotham Thornquill gone Hollywood."

"Good Heavens, Mrs. Harding!"

"Yes, he has money."

"Now you're talking."

"But you won't be able to get much of it. Already no less than twenty-five letters have been left for him, and the telephone room is using the most appalling language — especially your pal, the chief operator."

Then I remembered reading somewhere or other that Augustus, etc., was society's darling new heart beat.

Miss Esson winked at me, and I turned quickly from the desk. I was off duty that day.

Augustus was approaching the desk, followed by a pale, earnest-faced female who wore glasses.

The poet wore very well-cut

clothes, and carried a black velvet hat, while round his shoulders was slung a short cloak of the same material. This was the only outward sign of eccentricity about him.

He spoke politely to Miss Esson, whom he knew, favored me with a nod, and spoke in short, business-like sentences to the plain female who turned out to be his secretary.

But I could see that Mr. Augustus was one of those male individuals who is not happy out of the sight of women. He could no more help his eyes than a Tomcat could resist stolen milk.

Miss Esson, who is not bad-looking, was favored with a long glance (this poetry business must be catching), and I eventually received a tribute to my own charms—which are by no means insignificant—in the form of a prolonged stare, which made me feel quite uneasy.

Poets Are Mormons?

• A Mormon sort of gent, this poet, I thought.

Then he spoke:

By the
CHAMBERMAID
Herself

"I have come here in search of rest," he announced. "My house was once upon a time peaceful where I could commune with my Muse; and the garden was of infinite sweetness. But now I am beseged by tourists, reporters and photographers. The last straw was when the talkie people installed their diabolical apparatus and 'registered' me, as I believe they call it."

Just then an alert young fellow we knew well at the Hotel Supreme de Luxe hurried up.

This was Donovan, a reporter on the "Los Angeles Argus."

"Mr. Thornquill, I believe?" he began.

"Young man, if you are a reporter, kindly speak to my secretary. I refuse to be worried."

"Oh, I quite understand that. Mr. Thornquill; but Sammy Goldwine and Professor P. Blenkinsop are hot on your track. I got down here ahead of them."

"Thank you very much for warning me!"

I was wondering why the poet should be so thankful, when there strode up to the reception desk a huge man, no hat, and a large black beard.

"Where is that lousy Thornquill?" he demanded.

"I wish to ask that question myself," said another voice, and we saw a thinnish, rather dried up little man with a shortish grey beard and very blue eyes behind his glasses.

Donovan stepped back and nudged me.

"The black bearded fellow is Goldwine, while the little chap is the leading Professor of Literature at Harvard. He knows more about English than the English do themselves. Both have bad tempers, and the things they have been saying about Augustus Something Thornquill are not fit for little girls' ears."

"But why all this?" I asked.

Poet's Privilege, Perhaps

• "Thornquill had an article published in his own unexpurgated booklet and what he didn't say about the movies wasn't much. Goldwine was to produce the movie from the story as written by Blenkinsop. Here, I've got a copy with me, but I warn you, you may blush.

"The movie industry (Donovan read) is rapidly going sex crazy. Look at the pictures of late that show girls in the flimsiest of garments, double entendre meanings, and what not. I mention '42nd Street,' 'Gold Diggers' and now, the latest, 'Congo Nights.' I don't know how the scenario read, but if I had to write the narrative I would have done it this way:

"It was past midnight. Everybody in Myrna's family was sound asleep by now, except Myrna who waited for the arrival of her lover. Absolute silence reigned in the household. Suddenly

The Chambermaid Does Her Stuff

Myrna heard someone raise the blinds stealthily, and slip into the house. Her heart began to beat against her ribs. She was so excited that she breathed heavily in short gasps. A dark shadow moved toward her bed. As soon as it reached her, Myrna's eyes shone out in alarming surprise. Shrinking back, and putting her hand across her mouth, she cried.

"Nuba, what are you doing here tonight?"

"Hush, my fair maiden!" came the caution. "I am here because I love you, madly. Oh, Myrna, please let me stay! I'll leave before dawn. Let me spend this night with you!"

"If you don't go away, I'll

scream," warned the infuriated coquette. . . . Nuba came to see Myrna with the idea of revenge in his heart, however, after she accepted him for the night, the expectation of fulfilled desires made him forget his hostile feeling. Although he could not see his sweetheart's body, because of the darkness, he felt that it was beautiful, under his manly caress. How her surrendered breasts fluttered as he possessed them! All the feminine resistance in her body gradually melted. She seemed to be drugged by a powerful, delightful intoxicant. She felt her overpowered body yielding . . . yielding to a pressure that suffocated her with a ticklish situation."

My, how I did blush. I made out that the narrative was too deep for me. "You are behind the times, sweetheart," said the reporter.

By this time there was stirring up a healthy row right in the most respectable reception lobby of the most expensive hotel in movieland.

We had funny things happen in the place, as you do in all hotels, but never a row in broad daylight.

"Scoundrel!" Goldwine was repeating, caressing the large knuckles of a broad right hand almost affectionately with the fingers of his left.

"You are a disgrace to the world of letters," was the Professor's contribution to the verbal attack on the poet.

Thornquill, after the first effects of this shock were over, did a little abusing of his own.



"I was beginning to lose my temper myself."

(Turn to page 25)



TONIGHT, a lonely bachelor, whose locks are thinning fast,
 I rummage through my desk and find some relics of the past.
 Each pigeonhole and drawer gives us its ancient, treasured things;
 A flood of recollections and memories they bring,
 A story of the years . . . that's framed in smiles and tears.
 I wonder where she is tonight . . . my little village queen?
 Is her smile as bright at sixty, as it was at sweet sixteen?
 A tiny golden curl . . . a boy and his first girl.
 And here's a tin-type picture of that good old gang of mine,
 We met outside the corner store, each evening, rain or shine;
 There's Tom and Ed and Bill and Joe, we shared our youthful
 joys,

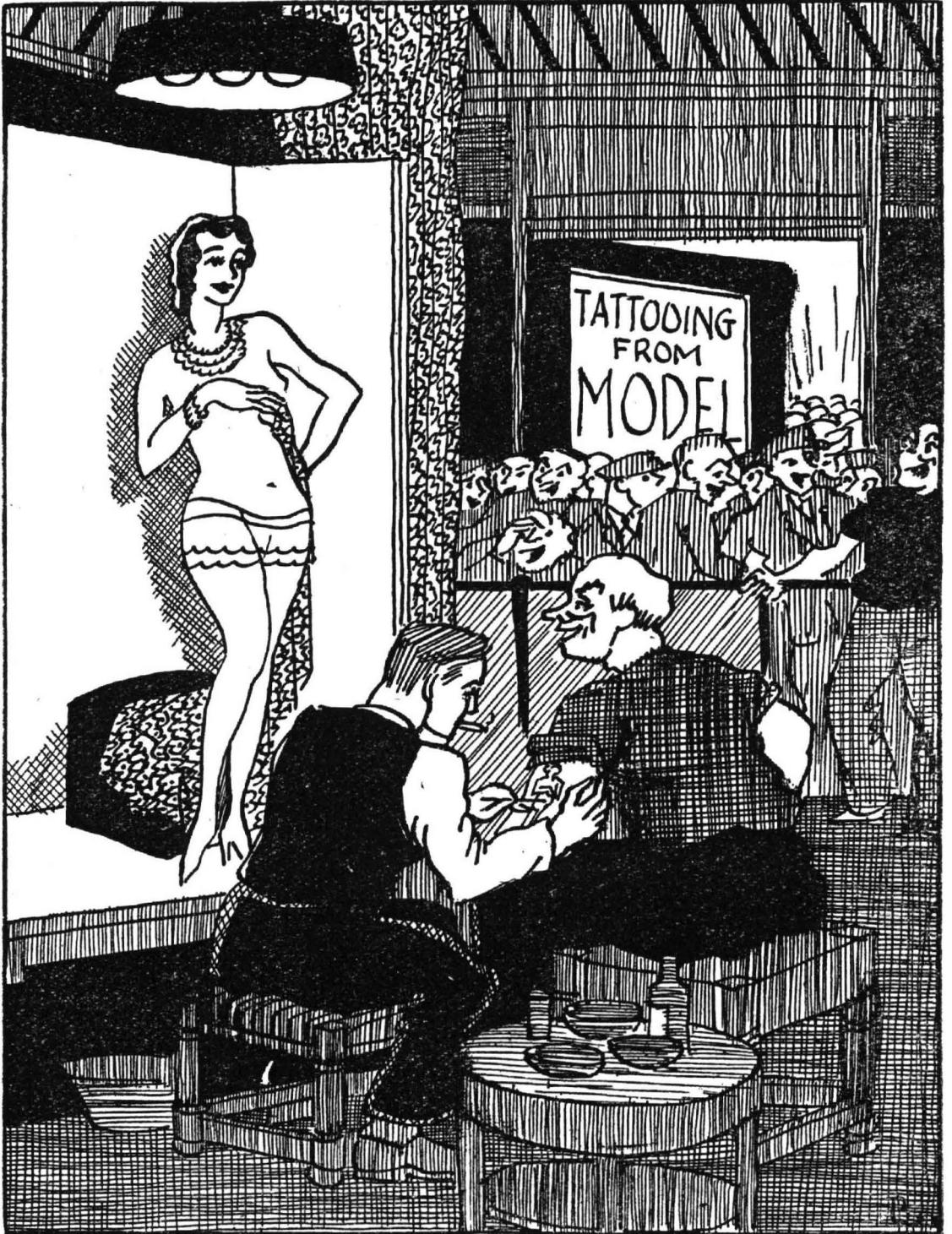
No one could wish for better pals than those four smiling boys:
 But that was years ago . . . where are they? . . . I don't know.
 A little scented handkerchief . . . a bit of filmy lace,
 A vision of another girl . . . a pretty winsome face;
 I told her that I loved her . . . she said she loved me, too;
 I can't recall what happened . . . but someone proved untrue;
 Like many other men . . . I've ne'er proposed again.
 A glove . . . that brings back mem'ries of happy days now old—
 A football game . . . against my heart, just like a knight of old,
 I wore the lady's glove . . . they say my playing was supreme,
 But she eloped and wed the fullback of the other team.
 Here's one—a little blonde—we danced the last two hours away;
 I gave her eldest son a place with my firm—just today;
 My dancing days are gone—but still I've had my fun.
 A velvet-covered box . . . cuff buttons . . . oh, yes, I see,
 At old Jack's bachelor dinner—he gave them to me.
 A dozen times—as best man—have I married off my friends,
 But wedding bells for me, I guess, their call will never send;
 Perhaps 'tis better so, but sometimes, I don't know.
 A packet of old letters from the girls I've loved and lost,
 When life was young, before this head of mine was tinged with
 frost;

I hesitate to read them—sacred ties of Auld Lang Syne,
 For fear they might reopen all the wounds that once were mine.
 Why was I left alone? . . . true love, indeed, I've known.
 A faded bit of ribbon on a tarnished Croix de Guerre,
 That brings back lively doings with the youngsters "over there."
 You know, this kind of makes me feel a little sad and blue,
 It makes me wish I had a son that I could leave this to.
 It really is too bad . . . I'd make a corking dad.
 A rose . . . a withered flower . . . that once was fresh and white,
 It swells my heart with tenderness . . . it seems to bring tonight . . .
 A fervent benediction on this bowed down head of gray,
 The rose of white . . . the last white rose . . . I wore on Mother's
 Day.

My mother . . . bless her heart . . . of my life she was a part.

L'ENVOI

And so . . . these hallowed treasures tell the story of the years
 From boyhood days to man's estate . . . a host of hopes and fears;
 And now . . . a gray-haired bachelor . . . I sit alone and try
 To figure up just what my life has brought me . . . and I sigh;
 "Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
 The saddest are it might have been."



Don't you think she's got a lovely face, you big bum?

FAIRYLAND NIGHTS

Our Night-Prowling Picket Finds the Androgynic Aristocracy Nested Around Sheridan Square, Greenwich Village

BY some supernatural caprice, if burning Sappho and her festive confreres might come back to earth and Broadway for a night, and were allowed their choice of a place in which to swallow some cake and coffee, we believe that with one voice they would root for Sheridan Square, New York.

It occupies a peculiar niche in the Fairyland Hall of Fame, encompassing both Dan and Beer-sheba. Alberrants of all types and stations speak of it with awe, as if it were some amorous shrine.

While they formerly mentioned the notorious Mother Childs at 59th with raucous merriment, while they once spoke of Paul and Joe's with a simpering smile, while they cracked coarse jibes about Trilby's and Terrace Garden, "Double R" has a clientele so 'elite' that it is spoken of only in whispered endearments, now it's back in G. V. (Greenwich Village, to you.) Fairydom has its own code and its own caste. Old Mother Childs—the sailors; Paul and Joe's, the flotsam and jetsam of the Village and its purlieus, in an atmosphere of simpatico; but the Sheridan Square—a haunt of refined and taciturn segregation, a place set apart for the sensitive and the meticulous. It is the home of Fairyland's nobility today.



Fairydom Has Its Aristocracy

● Fairyland's denizens, please remember, display the same demarkation that distinguishes normal society. Money is a principal factor, occupation an important cleavage. Achievement in some phases of the arts or sciences cuts a big figure. Hence, among dance hall perverts you

will find day-laborers, clerks, department store salespersons; in Invert resorts the man-miliners, dressmakers and clerks in banks and counting houses. At the Sheridan Square gathers the *creme de la creme*—artists, writers, actors, a physician or two, and of course—naturally—the well-known sister Horsewomen.

The Horsewomen are naturally proud, intolerant and ambitious. They arrogate to themselves certain social stations to which they have no right. Their peculiar type of love, they think, is sanctioned by the gods, and the fact of this love lifts them from the common run of their Invert brothers. The Horsewomen are not a herd people.

I visited the restaurant at different hours during the day and evening. In afternoons there is the usual run of G. V. crowds. Taxi chauffeurs with their stands nearby drop in, from four to six, for a steaming cup. By six the usual dinner crowd begins to ooze in. An amalgam of stenographers and a chorister or two, one or more Lesbians, regulars of both sexes who are artists, writers, poetists, or hangers-on of the Village. Then there's a lull until 7:45 or 8 o'clock, when the next and most striking contingent bustles its way in.

The 8 O'Clock Parade

● This influx is the most interesting. Well-dressed andro-

gynes, with quiet naivete. There is ever a visible attempt on the part of these aberrants to disguise their proclivities. Whoever of their brood enter at this time are usually accompanied by their affinities. On entering they hardly speak, seating themselves crisply and ordering food.

A pervasive lull hits the place from eight to eleven. The manager is busy with his tabs. The counter-men, suffused strangely with the eerie character of the institution, loll about taciturnly, the bus boys flit about with a strange diffidence.

No "Camping"

● Now, it's eleven o'clock. Uptown has spewed its patrons on the pave. Some of them "come down." Many of the mannikins betray themselves by their feminine stride. The androgynic visitors select these for themselves—usually in a far corner of the room, apart from prying eyes. This alone marks the Vere de Vere cast of the habitudes. They disdain "camping" and "showing off." There's no cry of, "Hold the baby" or "Show your bridgework, dearie." They are here for a refined hour with their beloved. A Lesbian or two comes swishing in. With long, masculine strides they seek tables.

These Horsewomen often are accompanied by girls of tender age, lovely beings, whose rose-tinted cheeks contrast vividly with the pasty pallor of their associates.

Sociological Studies

● Should some sociologist yearn to study aberration under conditions where it is NOT supposed to exist, the Sheridan Square is the place. All he needs is to get close enough, as I did, to an aberrant and his "husband" and his ears will tingle. The conversation rarely differs from the usual colloquies between normal married couples. Coming from

FAIRYLAND

two individuals, to all practical purposes, men, it is bizarre, to put it mildly:

Saw Barrymore

● "Now, listen, dearie," said one androgyne whom I overheard, 'I'm having a vile time with my kitchenette. The roaches dirty things, are beginning to infest it, and when you're uptown again, dearie, please buy some of that roach powder, like a good boy, won't you?' I gathered that the pair were keeping house together. They had just come from the movie where they had seen Lionel Barrymore. They discussed the movie. The opinions of the husband were typically masculine. He analyzed the manner of presentation, the dramatic traits of the cast. Those of the "wife" were typically feminine. Spoke of Miss _____ frocks, declared she selected them with good taste, rather than with a desire to be flamboyant and flashy.

The only ones in the Sheridan Square who speak over a whisper are the Lesbians. Occasionally the manager is compelled to approach one and caution her to silence. A rasping laugh is taboo here, but should profanity be added to it the offender is severely apprised of the existence of an exit.

Some of the "Celebs"

● On one of my visits I heard many subjects, the play, the current art exhibition at _____, the ballet, the opera and the latest novel or critical publication intelligently discussed by the an-



drogynes. Little wonder, indeed, for among the regulars of the place are such persons as the actor, Pierre H_____, J. P. K_____, the playwright, A____ H_____, a well-known surgeon, Dr. V____ M_____, the dancing instructor, W____ V_____, the artists James Mc____ and Frank C_____. together with occasional greater and lesser luminaries of the seven arts loping in now and then for a chum for a midnight "party."

The Lesbians here are virtually nonentities. Those of the gilded horseshoe of Lesbos remain within the guarded gates of Sutton Place—which in an early issue of RAZZBERRIES will receive its just desserts. In the Sheridan Square, indeed, the Horsewomen are the only cacophonous note. The waiters dislike them for their manners, a composite of the snobbish and the boorish. They never smile. They come for but one thing—to be seen, to flaunt themselves in the faces of regular human beings. Their paramount thought, while they sit silently with their Java, is to take their usually pretty charges as soon as possible to a rendezvous.

Genteel Fags

● The Sheridan Sq. has, in sooth, more than a good excuse for existence. It is not an incubator of effeminacy, a hotbed of vulgarity and filth, like other androgynic nests. In fact it acts as a sort of check to this hideous social evil because it affords the more genteel perverts a refined place to see and be seen in. This stripe crave, as we normal beings do, a setting not suspected. Here their weaknesses are not aired before a mob of gaping, primacing, leering curiosity-seekers. They keep to themselves, and who shall begrudge them the pleasure they derive from the enjoyment experienced in a pseudo-normal environment.

Missing Words Stories

A Feature for Our Home-Loving Readers

EVER HUNT DICKEYS?

A SWEET little married trick who could never cure her condition of Neckitis, was wont to entertain frequently at tea, during hub's Hollywood jumps, several of her old swains. She'd sooner have run a nail in her foot than see hub meet any of the former flames, and any day he was due back, say, at supper-time, she was awfully careful to get them out of the swell little log-cabin which was their mountain home.

One afternoon while mixing a snifter for one of the usc-to-be's, there came a knock at the door. "My God, my husband!" she yelled, "up, Jack, into the

rafters and lie quiet until I can get you out." But it wasn't hub at all, it was dear old Henry. Just as Henry was about to shoot a drink down the red lane—another knock at the door! "Pink mackerel!" hollered the lil woman again, "it's hubby this time sure. Get under the bed, Henry, and be as quiet as a mouse." Sure enough it was hub this trip who, having been away four weeks and falling down on all his dates on State Street, was in a very loving mood. So he pulled his lil wife down on the couch, kissing her madly, and for some reason or other they began to talk about their family,

now numbering four boys and five girls. Hub commented that he'd sooner eat tacks than see another kid. "Ah," rejoined his puncture, "but remember, Fritz, that the One above will provide." At this remark, to the couple's wild amazement a voice came from the rafters: "Okay with me, old man, if that guy under——."

LONG, long ago there was a dickey hunting elephants in Rhodesia. Or wherever the elphs are found. One day the blinker, stopping to inhale a stiff brandy at the edge of a clearing, saw a large bull lolling therein. Dropping his flask he rushed out, leveled his rifle at the elph—which was now looking him straight in the glims but the breech jammed. With a peculiar parting glance the huge pachyderm (we must use that swell word) loped away, the hunter retrieved his flask from the dense underbrush (likeya to try one of those words without the other!) took a fine swig and next day had forgotten all about the incident.

Ah—but just wait. Ten years later, our old hunter friend, down and out, we find squatted on a bleacher chair in Chicago Coliseum. It's the circus, at which he gazes in befuddled torpor. Suddenly, the biggest and most ingratiating elph in the bunch, uncannily espying him, and also uncannily resembling the almost-shot elph of Rhodesian years ago, pauses with a piercing glance at our poor old pal, reaches out his trunk over the rows of chairs, picks him off his perch and——.

**DOG
NUDISTS**



When every dog has his day!

MEET ANS-PONDENT! OLD MAN

Why—What Of It—What About It!

In inventing the word "Anspondents," we intended it to save us the trouble of writing out "Answers to Correspondents" in full. But the word is lousy (with emphasis on the French), for we find now that each time we use it we have to write about sixty words to explain what it means. But we shall not give in.

Last month, we invited people to send in any questions of grave import which might have been troubling them. We promised to answer any that appealed to us and to pay one buck for every question chosen, with a few consolation prizes of half a buck.

The response was alarmingly large, but—take that self-satisfied grin off your face—the standard was lousy (without the French). Nevertheless, we have picked out a few of the best questions and, with the help of our vast reference library, we have attempted to answer them.

If you have a question which you think may intrigue us, send it in. But we warn you that it had better be good, otherwise we shall lose interest in the whole thing and put a terrible article about the NRA on this page instead.

When I look in the mirror, do I see myself as others see me, or as I really am?—Worried, Scranton.

YOU couldn't ask us a harder question, we suppose, Worried? You wouldn't like to know why is twelve o'clock often, or where does it plenty?

If you persist in your problem, however, here are the facts, based on a little experiment we carried out, specially on your behalf, in the Razzberries den.

Wayne Sabbath went to his



ANS-PONDENT AT HOME!

assistant and said, "How do I look to you?" The assistant said, "Lousy!"

He went to the office boy and put the same question. Back came the answer, faint but clear—"You look like a piece of cheese. And not very good cheese, either."

Finally, the editor went to Miss Celestine Vichy and said: "Going to the movies tonight? How do I look to you?" The secretary replied: "Thanks. You look like a great, big, gorgeous sucker."

The editor, smirking complacently, then went into his room and looked at himself in a mirror. Sure enough, he seemed to himself to look rather like a great, big, gorgeous man-thing.

This proves pretty obviously, Worried, that when you look at yourself in the mirror, you do

not see yourself as others see you, nor as you really are, but as Miss Celestine sees you—or would see you if she, so to speak, could see you.

Now, honestly, Worried, couldn't you have worked out a little thing like that for yourself?

Chink Eggs

● *Why do imported Chinese eggs invariably come from China?—Father of Ten.*

AS a father of ten, *Father of Ten*, you should know where those things come from and why, but your ignorance on this point is excusable. It is, indeed, shared by several fathers of twelve or more. The facts are that Imported Chinese eggs—indeed, Chinese eggs of any kind—come from China because experience has taught our egg importers (all but the more impet-

An-spondents

(Concluded)

uous of them, that is) that China is the best place from which to get Chinese eggs.

In the old days, before the business was conducted on scientific lines, firms in this country would cable in a haphazard way to, say, Colorado, saying: "Can you supply us with Chinese eggs?" Back would come the reply, "Sorry, no. Try Java."

This led to waste of time, money and Chinese eggs, and the upshot was that the importers of this country held a secret meeting. After a heated debate, they signed a pact that in future, to save trouble all around, they would obtain their Chinese eggs from nowhere else but China. This quaint old custom has lasted to this day. Indeed, the marvels of modern science and big business have caused it to be improved, so that now it seems that you can even get new-laid American eggs from China.

And now, *Father of Ten*, if you put one more question like that, we'll have you flung to your own children.

Calf Exhibit

● My uncle Theophrastus Pip-pincorn, up to the time of his untimely decease, was a farmer and won many prizes for his calves. Since his passing, the farm has been, as it were, farmed by my aunt Anasthasia. Being a widow, should she exhibit her calves?—John, Binghamton, N. Y.

TO answer your question thoroughly, John, we should need more details. You say, for instance, that your uncle was a farmer "up to the time of his decease." Now why did he stop being a farmer then? Was it rental-trouble of any kind—overdue rent, for instance—or was it just a whim?

You must admit that the fact that he stopped being farmer and died at the same moment is a remarkable coincidence which seems to need explanation.

Also, we ought really to know something more of your Aunt Anasthasia. We assume—it is purely conjecture we admit—that being a widow, she has now no husband. But what about old Giles from down-along Three-Acre Spinney. What is he doing hanging around the farm of nights? He may say that he's just interested to see how the roots are coming along, but we know what we think.

In face of these gaps in our knowledge, our reply to you must be, in part, guess-work. But from the facts before us, we are able, by using models, to reconstruct a fairly good impression of the crime.

From this, the answer to your question seems either to be "Yes" or "No," with a minority report in favor of "Maybe."

One final point occurs to us. If Aunt Anasthasia had a chat with the mother of the calves, the old cow would know what to do.



HOPE SPRINGS ETERNAL!



"Great book, eh, Henry?"

"You betcha, Ma. How I wish we were thirty tonight!"



THE WOLF PROWLs AGAIN

MEANING David Q. Lamar, one of the boys who put the night in night-club in the days when Broadway really loved and liquored. Dave swam into the calcium again about two months ago when he was arraigned on a grand larceny charge by two Produce Exchange brokers. He beat the punch, and everyone was really glad if only because there are so few of his festive tribe left. Not

many know that Dave is of painless Turkish extraction, and fewer now remember the nights in the "Little Club" when he used to swing a "grand" note on the orchestra to keep 'em tooting till dawn, while Dave sat at a front table entwined by a dozen or more of the prize gold-diggers of that era. He'd buy enough wine to sink Noah's ark, but if one of the chippies asked for a wash-room dime Dave

would icily refuse. Then he'd saunter out, slap a ten-buck on the hat girl and tell 'em all to go to hell!



WILLING TO HELP

Jack (boldly)—"If that door wasn't opened, I'd kiss you."

Grace (shyly)—"Shall I shut it?"

AT OUR WITS END

By DON FRANKEL

Independent dame is Lena Bare; She says: "Kiss me"—not saying where!

SUCH is life. By the time a man is old enough to get thin on the top he has a wife who starts getting fat at the bottom. The fellow who swings a mean club on the golf links has a girl who swings a mean hip on the

boulevard. The honeymoon is over when the bride sleeps with her mother and the groom sleeps with the cat.

Who wouldn't dance with Gertie bold.

She hangs on like a heavy cold!

"I hear Millie's returned from the Indian reservation where

she's been vacationing. Did she bring anything back with her?"
"Sure—a redface."

Things that run through a forest preserve nowadays are rivers, paths and nude women. A reformer is a bozo who can't kneel by a keyhole because Walter Winchell got there first. To enjoy a girl's company you have to put a wrap over her shoulder before you can put a hand over her anatomy. And lisping Susan thinks Gotham is a cussword. A couple doesn't necessarily need a pick and shovel to uncover a lot of good things in the forest preserve. Goofy Eddie says if his girl gets sleepy he always pats her yawn-yeah, he pats her yawn the hip — catch on? To keep her head above water nowadays the modern girl must keep her skirt above knees.

CHEAP LOVE

Groom—"How much do I owe you?"

Justice of the Peace—"What do you think it's worth?"

Groom—"Here's a quarter! I've been married twice before."

FEATURES FOR BROADCASTING STATIONS

Jugglers
Pantomime acts
Clog Dancing
Acrobats
Card trick turns
Cat and dog specialties
Trick bicycle stunts
Moving pictures
Mind reading



"Why, I haven't seen you for ages, Mrs. Douglass. What in the world have you been doing with yourself."



EVERY third person you meet wants to get on the radio. He has the same chance that a dog has to stick a porcupine with the luncheon check. As Moran and Mack say, "Even if you was good, they wouldn't like you."

Programs are put on for the most part by advertising agencies. Few agencies have over three programs. Exclusive of bands, top that the average agency can use is 12 people. Yet every day, dozens of actors, writers, singers, agents and the like, beat a path to the doors of the advertisers.

Some of the gals smile sweetly at advertising gents and go from the office to a speakie or an apartment—and maybe land a program. Many of them take the same route, offering the pale pink flesh, and wind up with a stout promise to "be kept in mind."

A few rats have "audition schools. Here they take sucker money from dopes who are mike struck. They teach "microphone technique." They teach "diction." Many of them wouldn't know the right end of a pitchfork and would not have sense enough to get on it if they did.

Big Talent—Oke

• The big networks have more accepted talent than they know

Turning the Old Dials with

DANIEL DROOL

•

what to do with. Big names like Kate Smith, Morton Downey, and Benny Fields, are not being grabbed up by sponsors. What chance have you got? Stick to the pots and pans and typewriters for awhile.

Looks like they made a sucker out of Ed Wynn, too, with that network of his. I hear that they offer talent a chance to work for four weeks FOR NOTHING on the odd chance that some advertiser might hire them. Boston might have won the American League flag, but it didn't!

RUDY VALLEE stays on top because he gets good advice. Other guys buy the actors for his show, write what he says and then does it and takes the bows—and the dough. So far as radio goes, Rudy has learned to keep his mouth shut except on the air. It took him a long time but he'll be up there a lot longer than most of them.

The chiselers are dropping out in many spots. But the kickbacks are still with us. A lot of orchestra leaders who meant nothing a year ago are springing into headlines.

These include Reggie Childs,

Leon Belasco and Bill Scotti. Ace of the comebacks is Phil Spitalny. If he lands another commercial, he'll probably get a hair cut.

Odds Against You

• With the exception of Spitalny, none of them was heard of before. He was a band leader in the West, made a name at the Penn Grill, then laid eggs. He's a comeback.

Networks are steering clear of more stuff like the Voice of Experience. Seems a dose a day of that stuff is enough, and the N.B.C. won't have it for love or money.

Columbia Broadcasting system made a great boner when it decided to dig up its own news in competition to the daily press. The press is still mighty powerful.

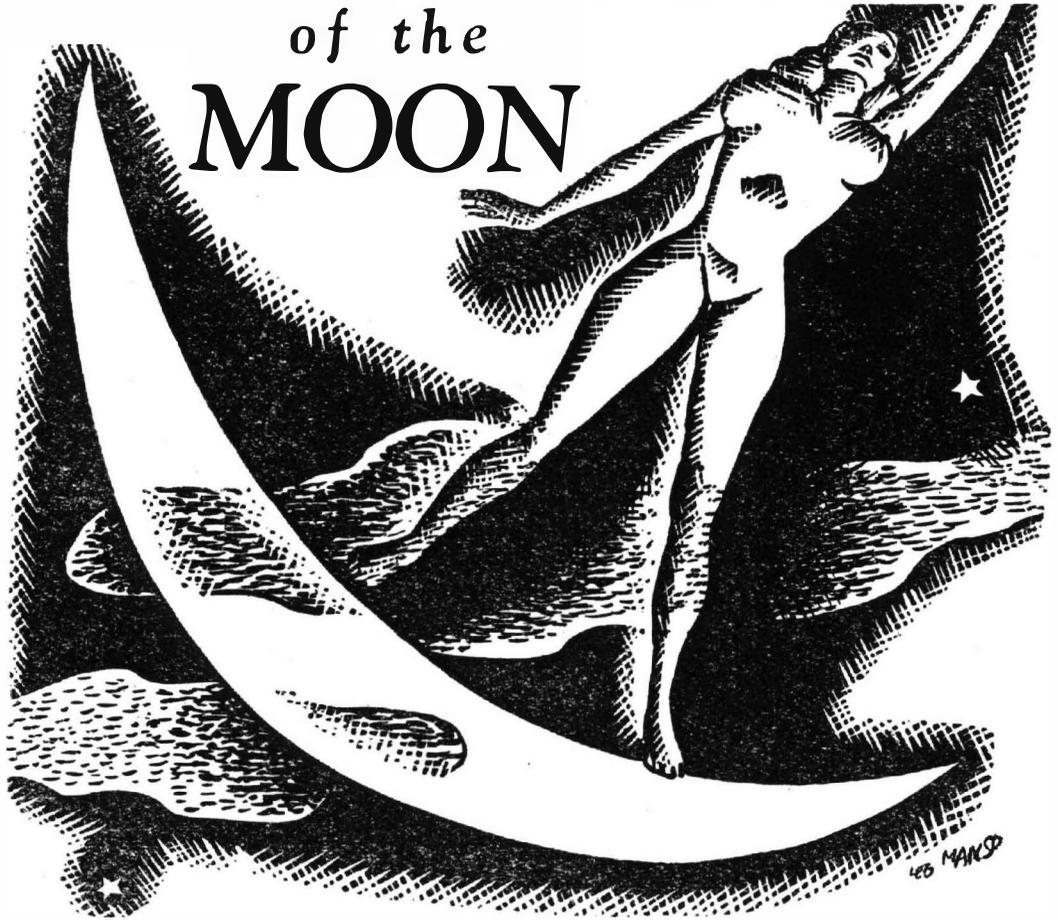
Analyze radio and what is it: 40 per cent bunk, 40 per cent music, 10 per cent ham and ten per cent talent.

Don't get the idea you're in the final ten per cent. The odds are 15,302 against 1 that you are not and even then the race is likely to be fixed.

(Do not fail to read Daniel Drool next issue in his honest summation of radio. He takes the Radio Moguls apart like a watch and shows you how they tick!)

MAELSTROM

of the
MOON



SUDDENLY bringing her car to a stop, Sydney Bonta gazed in perplexity at the cross-roads that faced her. It was not a very inviting spot in which she had stopped. Deep woods, damp and lonely, stretched away in the darkness on both sides of the car, out of which her headlights were searching. It was a lonesome place, without the slightest sound to break the silence.

She chuckled grimly as she

By
LeROY VANIMAN

sent the car forward. After all, she had been invited to Verna's to take part in a new experience, and what was one experience, more or less, in advance of the one she anticipated at Verna's. However, the present one had its disadvantages.

She thought of Verna, and wondered why in all common sense she had chosen to live such a spooky distance so deep in the

Everglades. Of course, she was not trying to blame Verna for her predicament, especially if she were fool enough to try saving time upon uncharted roads, but her idea of seclusion was certainly colossal.

The car had come out on a great wide lawn, across which Sydney could make out the dim, shadowy outline of a house, a large stone house, looming through the trees. A huge mass
(Over)

in the darkness. The headlights of the car fell upon one corner of its gray stone walls. Sydney for a moment gazed at the shadowy building. There was jigsaw in her heart, mingled with a bit of anger. In the fog she had left the road and had driven in to someone's estate. She was still lost, more certain now than before. Then she made up her mind. It was absurd to wander around as she was doing. There must be someone in the house; and to inquire for her bearings would only be a matter of a few moments.

Celestial Mystery

● As she stepped from the car she was startled by a muffled cough. To say that Sydney was frightened was putting it mildly. So unexpectedly it sounded, that for an instant she was stricken cold with dread. Whirling about she was confronted by the dim outline of a man. Before Sydney had collected herself sufficiently to speak, the man had approached within the rays of the headlights. He was a little frozen faced Japanese boy in uniform now lisping something to Sydney, of which, she had not the slightest idea.

Clearing her dry throat, Sydney managed to say, "I'm looking for Potter Estate, and have lost my way."

"I look you, Potta here," was the sing-song response. Then in a tone of disapproval, the Japanese continued, "No savvay back way, all-a-time come front way."

A Uniformed Heathen

● Um, so Verna smeared on a little Celestial mystery along with other things, pondered Sydney. The Japanese boy, so it appeared, had been on the look out for her coming, but there certainly was nothing majestic nor dignified about being met in the center of an ill-kempt lawn by a uniformed heathen.

"Does your Mistress receive

MAELSTROM

all her guests in this manner?" she asked the boy.

"No savvay back way, all-a-time come front," he repeated.

Well, there was something in that, after all, thought Sydney. The boy had probably heard her motor running and had hastened around the back to her. However, she was not without suspicions as her eyes wandered about the huge yard. A yard that lost itself in darkness and was filled with palm trees, around whose trunks were deep shadows of blackness. The grass was almost waist high, and the pebbled path, which the headlight reflected, was strewn and littered with small twigs and dead palm fronds. All was silent, save for the faint rustle of the fronds overhead.

Her eyes swept back to the house. It was a silent, lonesome place, and, one could easily imagine, deserted. Its dim uncertain outline in the darkness was just a darker shadow against the



SAPPHIC

*Our love it's like the stars
Like the moonbeams, sweet one,
Dissolved in hot kisses
Through our wet-tangled hair,
Breast to breast—*

*Our love is from heaven,
Uncarnalized, ecstatic, pulsing
Consuming, searing—
For sayeth Holy Scripture,
Naught can excel the love of
women!*

blackness of the night; not a light was seen in all its rambling bulk. Again the uneasy feeling swept over her, but she tried to brush it aside by assuring herself that it was just a psychological fear of the dark that everyone has. With a shrug of her shoulders she decided to follow the boy to the front of the house.

When they reached the front of the house, Sydney had expected to find the usual galaxy of expensive cars, that always seemed the literal sport of Verna's rendezvous. But in this she was disappointed. The front of the house was as desolate as the back. It was very dark, but she noticed with some consternation that the windows in the lower floors of the house were boarded.

Den of Gloom

● As she emerged from the tropical growth that infested the front of the place, Sydney discovered the Japanese boy she had been following with difficulty, had disappeared. Filled with terrifying apprehension she stood facing the steps that led into the deep shadows of the porch. Bending forward she tried to peer into the blackness that stretched out before her. She could distinguish nothing.

It was but a matter of a few seconds, after she had found herself alone, that a ray from a flashlight came crashing out of the gloom. From behind the shaft of light, she heard someone say: "This way, Miss."

It was unmistakably the voice of Jargon, the manservant of Verna's. For Jargon spoke in a particular monotone that was imitatively characteristic, but it certainly did not disperse the gloom of the place. The reaction from the nervous strain, caused Sydney to become incensed, when recognizing the voice of Jargon. She stepped upon the piazza, where the man was standing.

"Take me to your Mistress," she demanded, "and to hell with this mysterious poppy-cock!" She hesitated. "No, wait a minute," she commanded, in a skeptical tone, "let me see your face."

The light flashed upon Jargon's face. "I'm sorry, Miss," he droned again, "I thought that you were familiar with the Realm of the Moon."

Realm of Moon

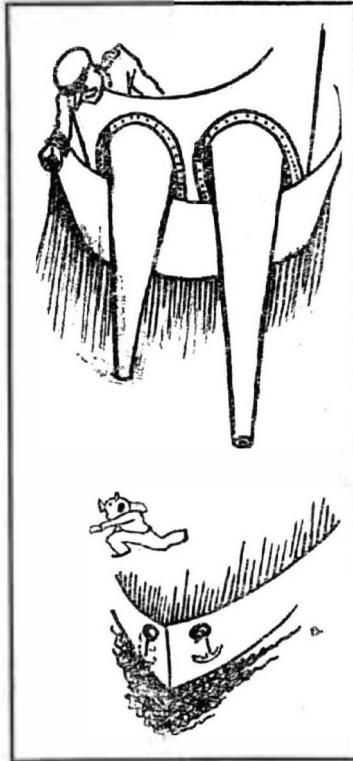
• And so, mused Sydney, the Realm of the Moon! The place where it was said, that Verna ruled like a Madame Zira, in Mechen's House of Souls; "performing abominations which numb the intellect and stagger the imagination." A glorified Debauchee upon a throne of nameless depravities. Those who regained the power of speech within the Moon, reported incidents but vaguely. They remained nameless, because, they were not a product of imagination nor ordinary bestiality, they were more deeply rooted than that, they were a revelation of a mucid and disgusting desire. Verna had claimed: "A desire to forget."

Sydney reacted upon meeting Verna that morning at the Cabama Club, on the beach. She had purposely gone to the Cabama Club to see Verna, and had been mildly shocked as she beheld her lying upon a cot in the Solarium. She was still as beautiful as ever, but beautiful in a weird kind of way. Her nude body had taken on a blue cast, so that it appeared to be bruised in every pore. The pupils of her eyes had dilated and were expressionless. Her red hair had turned a rusty gray.

"God, Verna," she had told her, "you look like a nightmare."

Verna had closed her eyes, as if to defy the scrutiny. "I am the dream!" she mumbled.

MAELSTROM



Honest, Commander, I didn't know it was your wifel

"Yes, I even believe you have snakes in your eyes." Sydney laughed.

Verna's lids lifted as a curtain would rise upon a pitch dark stage. "I don't know what you're talking about," she smirked.

"Oh, no? Well, I'll bet your vicious sins below the depths are a compromise between eating little babies and playing with nigger mules."

Sydney waited for a reply. When it did not come, she continued: "You know, you interest me strangely. If it's possible I'd like to crash the gate to one of your wildest and vilest parties."

Verna made a sound in her

throat. "You wouldn't like them."

"No-o-o, humph, try me!" retorted Sydney; "if there is anything different that I haven't done this side of an asylum, I'll revert to the dogs."

"You won't tell?"

"Do ladies tell?"

"Then tonight!"

Juanita

• A queer lot Verna. Verna who had been smitten by the abnormal craving to love, and be loved by a sloe-eyed madonna called Juanita.

Sydney brought her thoughts back to the more material things confronting her. The blackness of the night, the eeriness of the dark silent house, and the man standing before her with the torch in his hand. Turning to Jargon, she asked him, where and how, she could find his mistress.

"This way, please," answered Jargon, throwing the light toward the door.

Following Jargon, she stepped softly into the house, going a few feet, then pausing. The darkness was intense and there was a close musty odor in the air. Heavy carpet enveloped her feet, and the stillness was only broken by the faint rustle of the palm trees outside.

"Jargon!"

"Yes, Miss?"

"Keep that damned flashlight lit, until you switch on the house lights," demanded Sydney.

"I'm not permitted to use the house lights, Miss Bonta."

She heard the door close softly and then the hall sprang into light from Jargon's flash. Sydney saw the usual wide hallway of an old-fashioned house; a few chairs lined the side and near the door stood an empty hatrack.

(Continued on page 28)

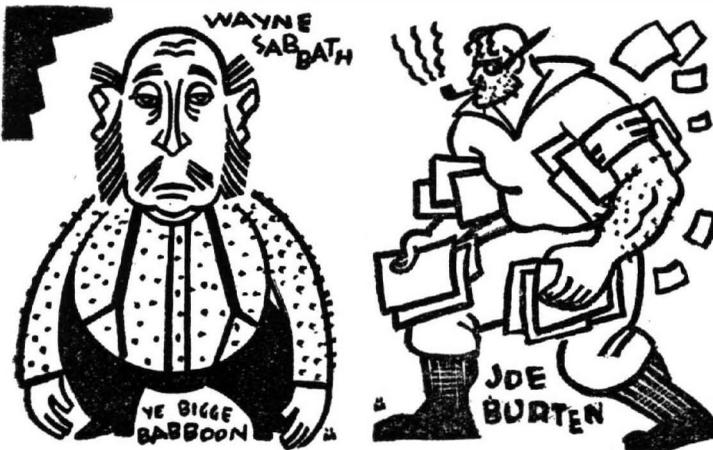
A Xmas Bo-Peep

INTO

RAZZ-BERRIES'

Editorial Office

(One Look'll Be Plenty!)



From far and wide (wherever that is), come requests for a likeness of RAZZBERRIES. Whether these postulants wish to use the desired likeness as a delouser, or as a stimulant for potential amours, they do not say and RAZZBERRIES is much too shy to ask.

However, with the Yuletide spirit thick upon us, we are pleased to print above, a picture of the editors. The gent with the look of horror in his eyes, on the extreme left of the group is Sabbath, at the time when RAZZBERRIES weaned him away from Sammy Goldwine, way out in Holy Hollywood. On the right, the bozo speaks for himself. What some might take for a pen is an esoteric symbol from the Sanskrit: the one is the lign of the lingam, the other, the yonic . . . Ah, me, what sweet children they are to be sure!

DAZE DREAMS

By Don

"I PAID a fortune for my voice," said the cracked-voiced soprano.

"You should complain to the police when you get robbed," suggested her girl-friend.

Peter J. Coldsore remarks:

There are less things picked up by a vacuum cleaner in an apartment building than there are by a snoopy warden in the forest preserve. The other day a smart alec in the restaurant ordered a "small mortgage" sandwich, that is, a little lean. When a fellow wishes to use a life preserver in an emergency he should break the glass, that is, if he hasn't a corkscrew handy. Sambo reports that since he took Lulu out riding he's picked up a couple of new kinks. There are fewer cases of hidden talent discovered in music studios than on bathing beaches.

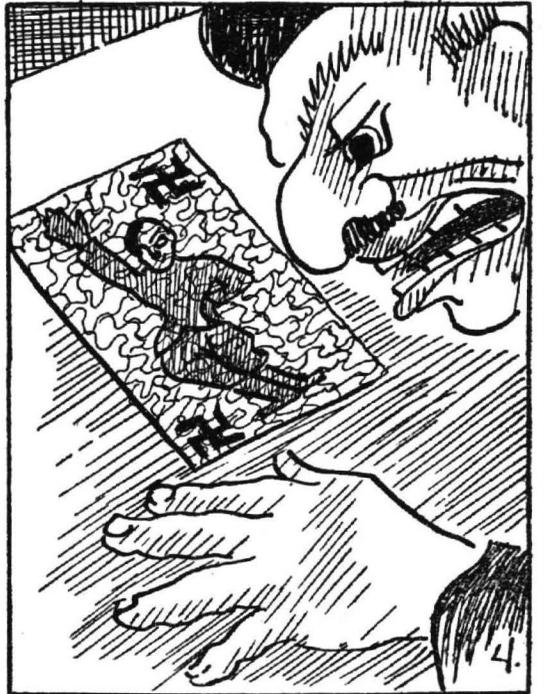
On the modern bathing beach it's not the heat—it's the nudity. "Let that be a lesson to you," said the school teacher, as she got out and walked. It doesn't mean that a girl has seen a sob movie with her boy friend because she comes home crying. A hypocrite is a bozo with a prayer book in his hand and a nude woman tattooed on his arm. It isn't always prayer that makes the old clergy lower his head—sometimes it's a pretty girl's dimpled knee. Some fellows like to trifle with a girl's affections, others are content to play with her garters.

CRIPPLED KISSES

Maurice—"I'd give anything if you would kiss me."

Irene—"But the scientists say that kisses breed disease."

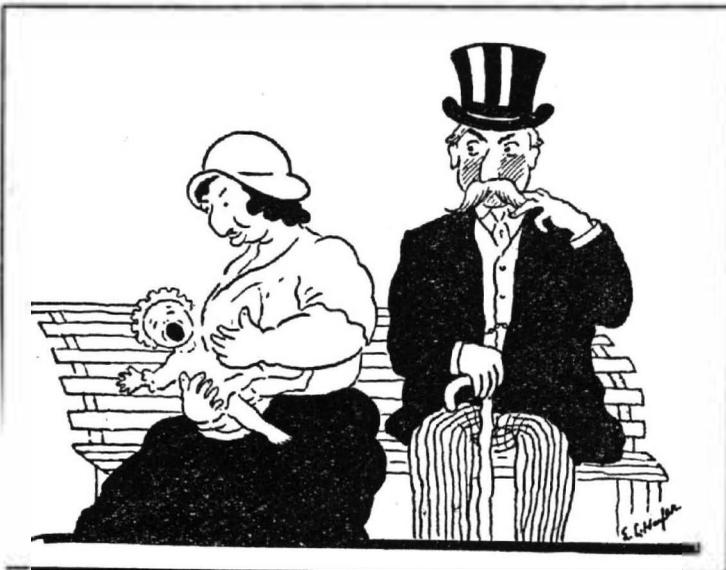
Maurice—"Oh, never mind that. Go ahead and make me a cripple for life."



Guess who's off picture puzzles!

Sweet 'n' Short, Short Story

ZEKE, the ole Zaney, has been ribbing the city desks of the dailies with a scoop on a certain recently married perfume king. . . . The gal he married, so the story goes, was madly in love with a handsome gigolo so she married the perfumer for his dollars as well as his scents. . . . When the newly wedded couple went into house-keeping the husband had a closet built in his wife's boudoir storing over fifty thousand dollars worth of rare perfumes, toilet water and precious powders. . . . He frequently found it necessary to travel abroad on business and as soon as his ship moved out the gigolo moved in. . . . One afternoon the lovers were surprised to hear the front door open—and immediately the wife grabbed her sweeties and his clothes and threw both into the perfume vault. . . . And luckily she did, for it was her husband . . . all the way from Paree to surprise her. . . . Enamoured by her charms and affection they spent the night together . . . in her boudoir . . . and the following day . . . and night. . . . And the poor lass was frantic, knowing her lover was swooning in the closet . . . without her being able to aid him and thus reveal their indiscretion. Finally the perfume king left for his downtown office . . . and when his wife was certain he had left she ran to the closet, opened it nervously and her darling collapsed in her arms. . . . Overcome by heat, hunger and fifty thousand dollars worth of rare perfumes, toilet water and precious powders. . . . A tumbler full of water and the fellow blinked his eyes. . . . "I'm so sorry honey," she moaned, patting his forehead gently, "what can I do for you—what can I bring you." . . . "What can you bring me?" he cried hoarsely, "For God's sake, bring me a whiff of fresh garbaget!"



'All right—if you don't want it. I'll give it to the gentleman!'

Confessions of a Football Player

THE ball is on the 40-yd. line!
The whistle blows! Kick!

Some years ago a "ringer" for West Virginia University played football on a Saturday at Morgantown, W. Va., and the following afternoon with the Canton Bulldogs, an Ohio professional team, at a stipend of \$125.00! Canton was the champion "pro" team of the day then.

At the same time a great football star admitted he derived a greater income playing college football than in any other line of endeavor!

A year before, Center College, of Danville, Kentucky, with a total enrollment of 150 students, let Harvard University know that the "Civil War" was not over yet!

A football star, after being on the Georgetown University eleven, became a member of a Western professional team, and then afterwards matriculated and played at the University of Pennsylvania!

A certain section of territory in Illinois was rocked to its foundations and the local banks were wrecked by gamblers who staked their all on two of the college teams of today as well as of yesterday.

The author was one of a great army of so-called "paid" football players, college "tramps," shifting from school to school, and knowing and understanding what "promises" are and mean to the youths of the land when they are not kept.

Read It All

in

NEW YORK LIFE

For Sale on All Newsstands

Memoirs of a Chambermaid

(Continued from page 7)

"Get back to your pants pressing, you ignorant fellow," he advised Goldwine. "As for you, it is a matter of the most utter amazement to me how the trustees of a great and justly respected university like Harvard should have made the error of ever appointing you to a professorship."

"Louse!" hissed Goldwine whose face was growing even redder than his beard. "You need a lesson, you ladies' pet. Hold that!"

He let fly at Thornquill and, fortunately for the reputation of the hotel, he missed the poet, else we would have had a coroner's inquest.

Then I heard two sharp smacks.

The bespectacled secretary had gone into action, and she had landed on Goldwine two hard slaps of the painful kind that mark the face.

The secretary was a holy terror.

She then began to smack them both—first one, then the other—to the amazement and the amusement of many members of the staff.

Amazons Battle

● Then my little pal, the second assistant manager, rushed up.

"Stop!" he ordered.

Whereupon the secretary socked him one just for luck.

But that upset me. He's a good sport is the second assistant manager. So I stepped into the fray.

"Come here you!" I growled, and put my best grip on her.

I was beginning to lose my temper myself, when someone



"Come on, John, the curtain goes up at 8 o'clock. Do you want to miss the show!"

hauled the fighting female away from me.

Then she turned round and threw herself on Thornquill's ample chest.

"My hero!" she cried, and began to weep copiously.

"I think we had better leave this hotel," he said.

"Yes, Augustus, you need a woman to look after you," said the surprising secretary, and the poet's jaw dropped.

By this time Goldwine and the professor had vanished.

A few days later the second

assistant manager beckoned to me.

"What is it, sir?"

"That terrible little female married the poet fellow after all."

"Serves him right, the brute!"

And, from what I hear, Mrs. Thornquill watched Augustus very carefully, and no more can he philander in the drawing-rooms of Mayfair; no longer is he the pet of temperamental countesses with supposedly literary leanings and no more does he make eyes at every nice looking girl he meets.

Guess the Names



NO. 1

W IN one of the one hundred new dollar bills. We're giving these nice, new dollar bills out, just to introduce you to the next issue of *Razzberries*, which will be called **RADIO RAZZBERRIES**. This is a game that is sweeping the airways. Who are your favorite radio stars?



NO. 4

Place the name of your stars in the numbered coupon reserved for this. Be sure to rush this right away, as the first 100 correct winners will receive one hundred brand new one dollar bills. See next issue for correct names and list of winners. For next issue be sure to ask your newsie for our very special radio edition. It'll be *Razzberries*, the same old **RAZZBERRIES**, but under a new title for this number — **RADIO-RAZZBERRIES**.



NO. 2



NO. 5



NO. 3



NO. 7



NO. 6

of Radio Stars

*Win One of the Brand New Dollar Bills—
Introducing the Next Issue of Razzberries*

RADIO RAZZBERRIES



NO. 11



NO. 8



NO. 10



NO. 12



NO. 9

- CUT THE COUPON -

Contest Editor, RAZZBERRIES,
185 Blecker Street, New York City

Enclosed are the missing names of your "Guessing the Names
of Radio Stars" Contest:

- 1 2 3 4
- 5 6 7 8
- 9 10 11 12

If mine is among the first 100 correct answers I am to receive a brand new one dollar bill.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

Everything was covered with dust. Even the faded wall paper showed streaks of dirt and cobwebs hung from the ceiling. Irresolutely, she half turned to go. After all, there was something about the house that she did like, its musty scent of age and the thick dust that covered everything. It was unusual. But though she did start to leave, after two steps, she turned around again.

Jargon had reached a closed doorway across the hall and was waiting for her. With his hand on the knob, he beckoned for her to follow. As her eyes rested upon the sinister looking figure of Jargon beside the doorway, again that uneasiness took possession of her. But with sudden resolution she strode down the hall where Jargon stood waiting.

MAELSTROM

(Continued from page 21)

"You enter here, Miss," Jargon was saying. "Please watch your step."

"Aren't you going to take me?"

"No, Miss," the drum-drum of Jargon's voice went on. "It is not permitted; you must go down alone." So saying, he swung back the door and switched off his light.

For a moment Sydney stood, trying to look within. Then finally, as her eyes became more accustomed to its depth she distinguished a dull purple glow. Somewhere inside a light was burning, subdued in the deepest shade. At the same time she stepped inside, the door behind

her closed and Sydney found herself standing at the top of a stairway.

Jasmine and Marajuana

● The stale musty smell of the hallway she had just left, was now given over to a more subtle and pungent odor of jasmine and marajuana. Automatically she began to descend the stairs, the light grew dimmer and dimmer, until, as Sydney was aware, the bottom step had been reached. She was now in the darkness of a room she could not see. She glanced upward along the passageway she had just descended. As she did so, someone took her lightly by the hand.

Gently the hand led her through the darkness, she felt herself brush by a velvet curtain. As its folds dropped behind

her, she was enveloped in a more sickening odor of marajuana. They stopped; a crooning voice of a girl asked: "Can I help Madam with her grown?"

"My grown?"

"Yes, sometimes they are torn."

"I—, why—, see here," this was a little too much for Sydney and she stammered profusely. "Where is Verna? Where is Mrs. Potter?"

"I will call her, if Madam wishes."

"Shall I come to Madam later?"

"Yes, do. Shall we go now?"

This way, Madam."



"No! We dowanna play bridge!"

Sydney explored the floor with her bare feet. It was covered with a soft silky felt. She was led through another velvet drape into a low ceilinged corridor, sparsely lighted by blood-red specks of electric bulbs. Faintly she made out the figure beside her.

"You're gorgeous, my dear!"

"Thank you, madam."

"No, don't disturb her. Take me to her."

"And Madam's gown. Will she leave it?"

"I like your voice. I wish I could see you." Sydney ran her hand up the girl's arm and passed over her body. "You're naked!" she exclaimed.

"Yes, Madam."

"You enrapture me."

"*Merci*, Madam."

"Ma foi! You're French? Are you white?"

"Yes, Madam."

"Hmm—, No, never mind."

"Will Madam go to Mrs. Potter now?"

"Why—, yes. No. Where is the dressing room?"

M A E L S T R O M

●

"Permit me, Madam?"

"Here?"

"It is well, Madam."

"What is your name, my dear?"

"Mist."

"Mist? Odd—"

"I am of the veil, Madam."

"Veil? What veil?"

"Of the Moon. I am used to the ceremonies."

"Ceremonies? What do you do?"

"Many things, Madam."

"Uhuh—, do you perf—, why a'—."

"Are there other guests?"

"Many, Madam."

"You will come to me later?"

"Yes, madam. Will madam take refreshments?"

"No-o-o, never mind. Which way, my dear?"

"This way, madam."

Colored Dreams

● The girl lifted another drape and Sydney stepped through

to another room. The heavy scent of the burning marajuana was adding to her excitement and the jasmine smell of the opium thickened the saliva in her mouth. The room they were now in seemed to be an hallucination, floating in space. The floor was hardly visible, as the deep amber lights from the low ceiling above, appeared unable to penetrate beyond their own orbit. The room sloped grotesquely toward the center, but its area was indiscernable.

"Mist!"

"Yes, madam."

"This damned mooch smell has made me giddy."

The girl's voice was almost in Sydney's ear. "It always does that, madam. That is why it is burning. You will like it later." She felt the girl squeeze her hand.

Sydney had difficulty in passing over the pillow strewn floor. Several times they stepped over bodies. Now and then a muffled sob or a strangled groan was



Nudists going for their Xmas tree.

heard. Once a demented laugh of a woman.

Never Ceases

● As they progressed Sydney's eyes became more inured to the lurid dimness about her. White streaks were possible to be seen, lying about the floor, and she could walk without stumbling into them. Finally, Mist halted before one of these streaks. Sydney recognized the prostrate form of Verna. The girl knelt, did something that escaped Sydney's vision, and crooned to Verna. "Madame, a lady to see you." Rising she squeezed Sydney's hand again and disappeared.

"Oh," said Verna languidly. "You've come?"

"Yes, through hell and high water."

"Lie down, Sydney."

Sydney dropped on the pillows and sprawled on her stomach beside Verna.

"Good gosh, Verna, how long has this party been going on?"

"It never stops."

"How can you stand it?"

"It's too late now, Sydney. Time doesn't matter."

"How many people are here?"

"Oh, I don't know . . . Maybe thirty or forty women."

"And men?"

"There are never any men."

Somewhere from out of the shadows a body slunk beside that of Verna's and began to engage her.

"Go exploring, darling," Verna said, as she rolled toward the object. "You'll find it most interesting."

For a moment Sydney lay upon her back gazing at the ceiling. She felt flushed and excited. The babble and hum of the voices had grown louder and

MAELSTROM

somewhere music was playing. Its insidious strains crept through the gloom on taut cords, and seemed to inflame her nerve centers. Her arm wandered out restlessly and came in contact with something soft and smooth. It stirred.

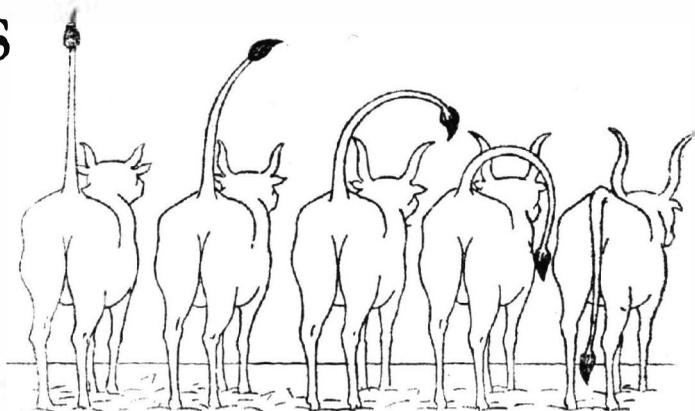
A torpid form moved at Sydney's touch and slowly regaining consciousness, gradually drew near. Mumbled some incoherent phrase and began stroking Sydney's back, running hands over her head and entwining fingers in Sydney's hair.

You may be sure this is a different kind of story.

(Concluded Next Issue)



RAZZ-BERRIES
 NEVER
BEHIND
with
Xmas
Salutes!



Come, RAZZBERRIANS, draw the circle closer, for you have grown larger in numbers since last we met, and even those on the outermost rim, must hear this tune from the pipes of a reed. Good sport is to follow.

Early this morning as I stepped from the woods of Greenwich into the high road of Washington Sq., I gazed above and about me, and saw Old Lady Dawn slowly removing her grey veil of mist. Far to the East, Venus blinked with a watchful eye at a night-walking Moon, who like some oldish baggage, having spent a strenuous though enjoyable night, found comfort in resting up-

side-down, with her face turned from the coming light.

On the ground along the fence rails of Washington Square on corn stalks, roof tops, and lingering bits of half-hearted green; the frost was sprinkled like bits of mica over a miniature landscape beneath some Christmas tree. A rabbit peeped at me from behind a silver birch, and by the way he tossed his scut as he scampered off, I read the message—*A Merry Christmas.*

(Who was it said there are no rabbits or fence rails in Washington Square?—Well, they didn't spend a liquid Xmas Eve.)

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HE KNEW

Wife—"Dear, just listen to those wedding bells."

Hubby—"Wedding bells! You mean lemon peals."

* * *

HER LATE BROTHER

Dolly: "Daddy, what is the midnight sun?"

Daddy: "Better ask your brother, my dear. He's qualifying for the title."

* * *

OF COURSE

First Little Boy—"What does the buffalo on a nickel stand for?"

Second Boy—"Because there isn't room for him to sit down."

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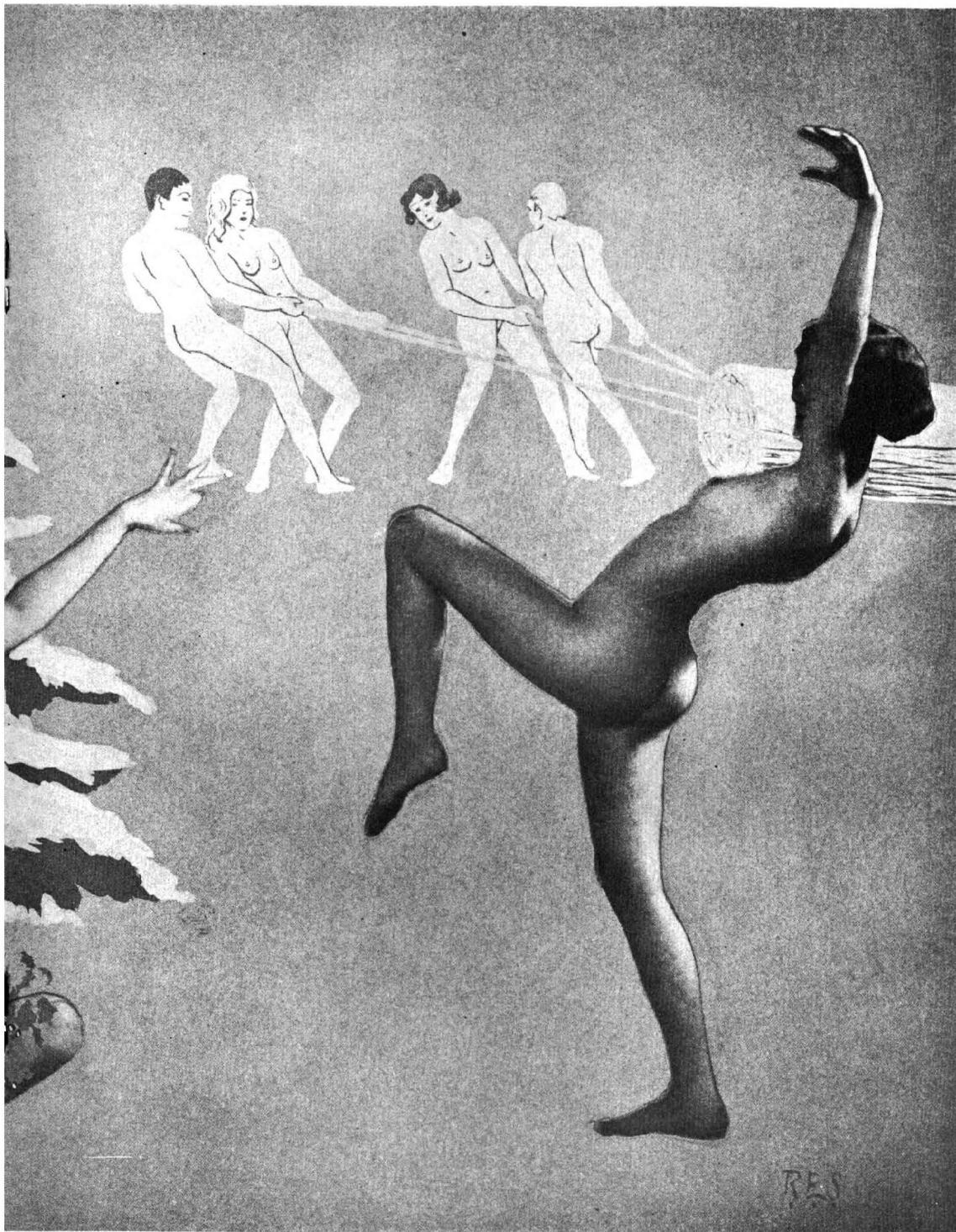
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