

RADIOLAND

10¢

15c in Canada

May



Laba Lyon

Movie Stars Choose Their Radio Favorites
Will You Be One of Radio's Future Greats?

Hollywood caters to Vitality!

In the Green Room of Warner Brothers' First National Studio Cafe, a tableful of Busby Berkeley's dancing beauties are enjoying rolls with their lunch.



MOTION PICTURE STARS TAKE NO CHANCES WITH THEIR DIET . . . INSURE THE ENERGY ESSENTIAL TO GLOWING BEAUTY AND VITALITY . . . INCLUDE BREAD IN EVERY MEAL!

SCIENCE REVEALS WHY BREAD IS OUR OUTSTANDING ENERGY FOOD

Proves that Bread:

- 1 **Supplies energy efficiently.** Abundantly provided with carbohydrates, which furnish endurance energy (largest need of diet). Important in proper combination of foods necessary for complete diet.
- 2 **Builds, repairs.** Contains also proteins, used for building muscle and helping daily repair of body tissue. Thus bread, and other baked wheat products, used freely for essential energy needs, do not unbalance diet in respect to proteins as do large amounts of energy foods lacking other essential nutrients.
- 3 **Is one of the most easily digested foods.** 96% assimilated.

The above three statements have been accepted by the noted authorities on diet and nutrition who comprise the Committee on Foods of the American Medical Association, largest and most important association of medical men in the world.

For full explanation by eminent scientists, read the valuable new free book on bread, "Vitality Demands Energy".

Bread plays an important part in the daily menu of Hollywood stars. Katherine Higgins, Manager of Warner Brothers First National Studio Cafe that caters to all the talent under contract to Warner Brothers, makes this significant statement: "It is constantly impressed on me that my job is to make available to our actors and actresses the kind of nourishment that will sustain vitality and allure. Energy food is essential. For this reason, I serve liberal amounts of bread prepared in many tempting ways."

CLEVER NEW USES FOR BREAD! . . . BY BETTY CROCKER, COOKING EXPERT

Free! A fascinating collection of new recipe and menu ideas, in this intriguing book "Vitality Demands Energy (109 Smart New Ways to Serve Bread, Our Outstanding Energy Food)". Clever suggestions for appetizing, well balanced meals. New uses for bread and the other delicious baked wheat products made for you, fresh every day, by your Baker. Include Breads in every meal! Products Control Department of General Mills, Inc., Minneapolis, Minn.

SEND FOR BETTY CROCKER'S FREE BOOK
Offer good only within continental limits of U.S.A.

Betty Crocker, Minneapolis, Minn.

Please send me your valuable new free book on bread "Vitality Demands Energy" . . . in which science states facts about bread . . . and you suggest 109 delightful new ways to use it.

Name

Street or R.F.D. No.

City State

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Mary Astor

"I always eat some bread at every meal."



Bette Davis

"No diet fad ever induced me to give up bread. I know bread helps me keep up my vitality."



Ann Dvorak

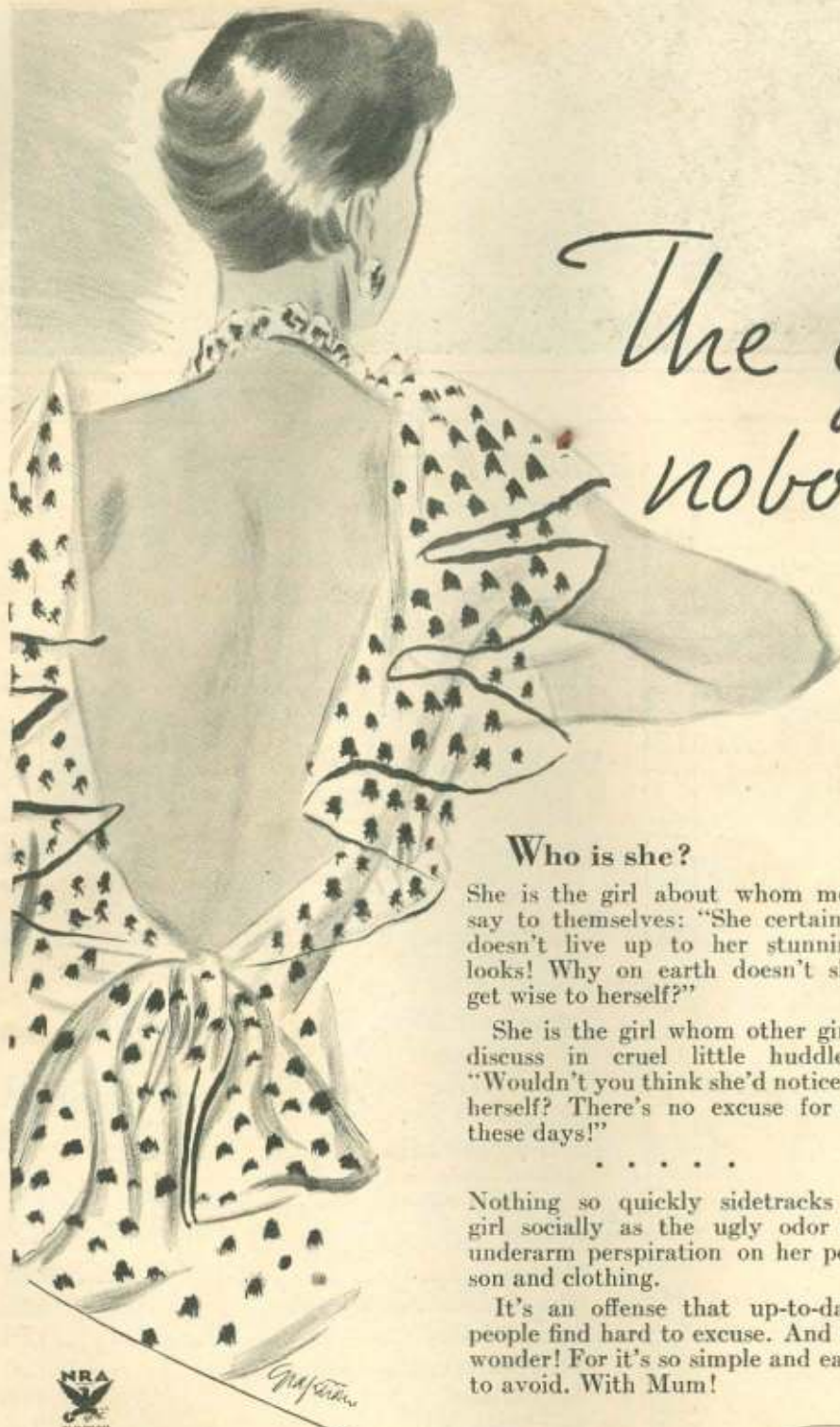
"No meal is ever complete without bread. I eat plenty of it."



Margaret Lindsay

"Bread . . . it is one of my favorite foods. I wouldn't think of doing without it!"

Bread ENERGY FOR Vitality!



The girl
nobody wants
to be

Who is she?

She is the girl about whom men say to themselves: "She certainly doesn't live up to her stunning looks! Why on earth doesn't she get wise to herself?"

She is the girl whom other girls discuss in cruel little huddles: "Wouldn't you think she'd notice it herself? There's no excuse for it these days!"

.....

Nothing so quickly sidetracks a girl socially as the ugly odor of underarm perspiration on her person and clothing.

It's an offense that up-to-date people find hard to excuse. And no wonder! For it's so simple and easy to avoid. With Mum!

Just a quick fingertipful of Mum to each underarm when you dress, and you're safe for all day or evening.

And think of this—if you forget to use Mum when dressing, use it afterwards. It's harmless to clothing, you know.

It's soothing to the skin, too; even a sensitive skin. You can use Mum right after shaving the underarms.

Remember, this dainty deodorant cream does away with unpleasant body odor *without* preventing perspiration itself.

The girl or woman who is careless about underarm odor always pays for it in lost popularity. Use Mum and be sure of yourself. All toilet counters have it. Mum Mfg. Co., Inc., 75 West St., New York.



**TAKES
THE ODOR OUT OF
PERSPIRATION**



"WE PRIZE MUM FOR THIS, TOO," women say. "We simply couldn't get along without it" to use on sanitary napkins. It relieves us of all worry."



ROSCOE FAWCETT, Editor

DONALD G. COOLEY, Executive Editor

FEATURES

Hollywood Stars Pick Their Radio Favorites	12
<i>Which Radio Stars Does Hollywood Tune in on?</i> By ISOBELLE GLASS	
Tuneful Topics	17
<i>An Expert's Analysis of the Newest Tunes</i> By RUDY VALLÉE	
Will You Be One of Radio's Future Greats?	18
<i>Test Yourself for Radio Stardom!</i> By DR. LOUIS E. BISCH	
Radio Love Song	28
<i>A Glamorous Romance of the Studios</i> By NINA WILCOX PUTNAM	
Mike Says	30
<i>Intimate News of the Air Lanes</i> By ARTHUR J. KELLAR	
A Radio Freshman Speaks His Mind	38
<i>Radio is Challenged</i> By WILLIAM LYON PHELPS	
A Father Answers His Son	40
By THE VOICE OF EXPERIENCE	

SPECIAL FEATURES

The Radio Parade	6
Radioland's Crossword Puzzle	8
The Editor's Opinion	11
Radioland News	21
Random Reviews of Popular Programs	42

DEPARTMENTS

Woman and Her Problems	44
By IDA BAILEY ALLEN	
Hands are Important	46
By WYNNE MCKAY	
Radioland's Pattern Service	48
Questions and Answers	74

PERSONALITIES

"Hot From Heaven"	14
<i>Elder Michaux—Radio's Amazing Preacher</i> By HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS	
Back Home—But Not Broke	16
<i>Ruth Etting's Home-Town Return</i> By LESTER GOTTLIEB	
They Dubbed Him Knight	20
<i>—But Ray Knight is no Dub!</i> By WARD BYRON	
Dic-Nagle for Stoop-Tator!	22
<i>Which Means "Stoopnagle for Dictator"</i> By RALPH DAIGH	
You've Got to Believe Him!	24
<i>Bob Ripley, Radio's Champion "Liar"</i> By ETHEL CAREY	
The Amazing Rise of Father Coughlin	34
<i>Concluding the Radio Priest's Life Story</i> By EDWARD R. SAMMIS	
Burns and Allen Take the Stand	36
<i>And Try to Answer Your Questions</i>	
The Charmer on the Cover	37
<i>None Other Than Babs Ryan!</i>	
Peril in Paradise!	41
<i>Which Refers to Elsie Hitz</i> By DENA REED	

RADIOLAND PORTRAITS

George Gershwin	25
The Pickens Sisters	25
Mary McCoy	26
Phil Porterfield	26
Joan Olsen	26
Just Plain Bill	26
Lanny Ross	27
Martha Mears	27
Jack Whiting	27
Virginia Clark	27

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THERE, THERE — NEVER MIND. WE'LL GET A LAUNDRESS...

BUT JIM, WE CAN'T AFFORD A LAUNDRESS! I WOULDN'T MIND THE WORK SO MUCH IF I COULD ONLY GET THE CLOTHES REAL WHITE.



THAT AFTERNOON

I MUST TRY THAT SOAP. I'VE HEARD IT GETS CLOTHES 4 OR 5 SHADES WHITER. IT'S SUPPOSED TO MAKE WASHDAY EASY, TOO



ONE WEEK LATER

BEFORE I FORGET.. BILL'S WIFE GAVE ME THE ADDRESS OF A GOOD LAUNDRESS TODAY—

THAT'S SWEET OF YOU, DEAR! BUT LET'S SAVE THE MONEY FOR SOMETHING ELSE. I'M USING RINSO NOW—IT GETS CLOTHES THE WHITEST EVER WITHOUT SCRUBBING OR BOILING



I'M SAVING LOTS OF MONEY SINCE I CHANGED TO RINSO—IT MAKES CLOTHES LAST 2 OR 3 TIMES LONGER

Rinso gives thick suds—even in hardest water. Great for dishes. Easy on hands! Makers of 40 famous washers—home-making experts—316 leading newspapers endorse it. Tested and approved by Good House-keeping Institute.



"TRUTH" — A DANGEROUS GAME



BEN, YOU HAVEN'T DANCED WITH ME ALL EVENING. AFTER ALL, DEAR, WE ARE ENGAGED

OF COURSE, HONEY, ER... SUPPOSE WE DANCE THIS ONE



SHE'S GOING TO LOSE BEN IF SHE ISN'T MORE CAREFUL

MORE CAREFUL ABOUT "B.O." YOU MEAN?

HE'S REALLY CRAZY ABOUT HER. IT'S A SHAME SHE DOESN'T USE LIFEBOUY



"B.O."...IMPOSSIBLE! YET BEN HAS CHANGED I'LL TRY LIFEBOUY AND SEE IF IT MAKES A DIFFERENCE



"B.O." GONE... Ben fights for dances now!

RUN ALONG, BEN THIS IS MY DANCE

SAY, WHOSE FIANCEE IS SHE?



LIFEBOUY'S THE FINEST COMPLEXION SOAP EVER!

LIFEBOUY has improved countless complexions—it will do the same for yours! Its gentle, purifying lather—abundant in hard or soft water, hot or cold—deep-cleanses pores of

clogged wastes. Leaves skin exquisitely clean. IMPORTANT: Warm or cool days, we perspire a quart. Take no chances with "B.O."—bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its hygienic, quickly-vanishing scent tells you Lifebuoy purifies, deodorizes pores—stops "B.O." (body odor).





Magic Yellowstone

Lower Cost Than Ever Before

Rail fares cut again! Just see these round trip fares from Chicago:

In 1932	\$59.35
In 1933	51.75
This year	46.95

Complete tour of the Magic Wonderland, including meals, lodging, motor transportation, is cut from \$54 to \$45 (hotels); from \$45 to \$38 (lodges)!

An exciting free travel book tells the story. A story of roaring geysers . . . magic pools that boil like witches' cauldrons . . . a waterfall twice as high as Niagara.

Ride the famed *North Coast Limited* direct to the Cody or Gardiner gateways—Shortest route, fastest time.

Don't miss the Cody Road! 90 miles added sightseeing through the Shoshone Gorge and over the Absaroka Mountains. Costs not a cent extra!

Your ticket can be routed through Colorado at no extra cost. And include transportation to Glacier Park for a trifling additional fare—a fine 2-day motor tour of the Black Hills of South Dakota for only \$24.75 extra.

Travel "on your own"—or join congenial companions in a carefree all-expense Burlington Escorted Tour.



Plan to go this summer. Let us send you (free) an interesting illustrated guide book.

Mail this coupon either to Northern Pacific Railway, 901 Railroad Bldg., St. Paul, Minn. or Burlington Railroad, 547 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago

Please send free Yellowstone Vacation Book.

Name
Street
City State

Mark here if you wish Escorted Tours Book

THE RADIO PARADE

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

Variety

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

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

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

WARD'S FAMILY THEATRE IN TWO ACTS—Lean and Mayfield, comedy team; James Melton, tenor; Green Stripe Orchestra directed by Billy Artzt and guest stars. CBS, Sun. at 6:45 and 7:30 p. m.

AMERICAN REVUE—Guest stars and Jack Denny's Orchestra. CBS, Sun. at 7:00 p. m.

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

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

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

FRED WARING'S PENNSYLVANIANS—Also the Lane Sisters, Babs Ryan, Poley McClintock and a guest artist. CBS, Sun. at 8:30 p. m. and Thurs. at 9:30 p. m.

SEVEN STAR REVUE—An all star revue with Nino Martini, Jane Froman, Julius Tannen, Ted Husing and Erno Rappe's Orchestra. CBS, Sun. at 9:00 p. m.

GULF HEADLINERS—George M. Cohan, The Revelers Quartet and Emil Coleman and his orchestra. NBC-WJZ, Sun. at 9:00 p. m.

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

CHEVROLET PROGRAM—Victor Young and his orchestra. NBC-WEAF, Sun. at 10:00 p. m.

HALL OF FAME—Nat Shilkret's Orchestra and a guest from the stage or screen. NBC-WEAF, Sun. at 10:00 p. m.

BILL AND GINGER—Otherwise known as 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—Orchestra directed by Robert Ambroster. CBS, Mon., Wed. and Fri. at 7:30 p. m.

THE MOLLE SHOW—Shirley Howard, The Jesters Trio and Tony Calluechi. NBC-WEAF, Mon., Wed. and Thurs. at 7:30 p. m.

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

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

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

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

DEL MONTE SHIP OF JOY—With Captain Dobbsie and his crew. NBC-WEAF, Mon. at 9:30 p. m.

THE BIG SHOW—Gertrude Niesen, torch singer; Paul Douglas as m. c. and Isham Jones' Orchestra. CBS, Mon. 9:30 p. m.

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

PRESENTING MARK WARNOW—Connie Gates and the Four Eton Boys. CBS, Mon. at 10:45 p. m.

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

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

OLDSMOBILE PRESENTS—Ruth Etting, John Green's Orchestra and a pleasing chorus. CBS, Tues. and Fri. at 9:15 p. m.

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

GLEN GRAY AND HIS CASA LOMA ORCHESTRA—Also, Stoopnagle and Budd and Connie Boswell. CBS, Tues. and Thurs. at 10:00 p. m.

HARLEM SERENADE—The Five Spirits of Rhythm and Claude Hopkins' Orchestra. CBS, Tues. at 10:45 p. m.

INTERVALS WITH HOLLYWOOD STARS—Louella Parsons, well known Hollywood columnist and Raymond Paige's Orchestra. CBS, Wed. at 1:15 p. m.

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

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

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

OLD GOLD PROGRAM—Music by Ted Fiorito and his orchestra. CBS, Wed. at 10:00 p. m.

PLOUGH'S MUSICAL CRUISER—Vincent Lopez and his orchestra and the King's Jesters. NBC-WJZ, Wed. at 10:00 p. m.

ANDRE KOSTELANETZ PRESENTS—Evelyn McGregor and Evan Evans. CBS, Wed. at 10:45 p. m.

FLEISCHMANN HOUR—Rudy Vallée, his orchestra, and celebrities from the stage and screen. NBC-WEAF, Thurs. at 8:00 p. m.

VOICE OF AMERICA—With Alex Gray and Mary Eastman. CBS, Thurs. at 8:30 p. m.

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

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

CALIFORNIA MELODIES—Hollywood's famous and Raymond Paige's Orchestra. CBS, Thurs. at 11:00 p. m.

ZOEL PARENTEAU'S ORCHESTRA—With Harold Van Amburgh. 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—Also, Leah Ray. NBC-WJZ, Fri. at 9:00 p. m.

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

THE POWDER-BOX REVUE—Starring Jack Whiting, Jeannie Lang and Her Rascals and Jack Denny's Orchestra. CBS, Fri. at 9:30 p. m.

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

FORTY-FIVE MINUTES IN HOLLYWOOD—The new movies; Cal York, reporter; Eton Boys Quartet and Mark Warnow's Orchestra. CBS, Sat. at 8:00 p. m.

TRADE AND MARK—Or Billy Hillpot and Scrappy Lambert. Music directed by Nat Shilkret. CBS, Sat. at 8:45 p. m.

COLGATE HOUSE PARTY—Donald Novis, tenor; Frances Langford, Arthur Boran and Don Voorhees' Orchestra. NBC-WEAF, Sat. at 9:00 p. m.

BROADCAST FROM BYRD EXPEDITION—also, William Daly's Orchestra. CBS, Sat. at 10:00 p. m.

HOLLYWOOD ON THE AIR—Your movie favorites presented by James Fidler. NBC-WEAF, Sat. at 12:00 midnight.

CAREFREE CARNIVAL—Music furnished by Meredith Willson's Orchestra. NBC-WEAF, Sat. at 12:30 a. m.

Children's Programs

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

SKIPPY—An animation of the famous cartoon. 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.

H-BAR-O-RANGERS—CBS, Mon. to Fri. at 6:15 p. m.

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

WINNIE THE POOH—NBC-WEAF, Thurs. at 5:30 p. m.

STAMP ADVENTURES' CLUB—CBS, Thurs. at 5:45 p. m.

ADVENTURE 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. and Wed. at 8:30 p. m. CBS, Mon. at 10:00 p. m.

LITTLE JACK LITTLE and his orchestra. CBS, Sun. at 11:15 p. m., Tues. at 8:00 p. m. and Wed. at 11:30 p. m.

MISCHA RAGINSKY and his Hotel Edison Ensemble. CBS, Mon. at 1:30 p. m., Wed. at 12:45 p. m. and Sat. at 4:30 p. m.

PHIL HARRIS and his Hotel St. Regis Orchestra. NBC-WJZ, Mon. at 11:30 p. m. NBC-WEAF, Wed. at 12:00 midnight.

LEON BELASCO and his orchestra. CBS, Mon. and Fri. at 12:00 midnight.

LEO REISMAN and his orchestra. NBC-WEAF, Tues. at 5:00 p. m.

EDDIE DUCHIN and his Central Park Casino Orchestra. NBC-WJZ, Tues., Thurs. and Sat. at 9:30 p. m.

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

OZZIE NELSON'S ORCHESTRA—CBS, Tues. at 11:30 p. m. and Thurs. at 12:00 midnight.

VINCENT LOPEZ' ORCHESTRA—CBS, Tues. at 12:00 midnight.

ENRIC MADRIGUERA and his Waldorf-Astoria Orchestra. NBC-WJZ, Wed. at 12:30 a. m. NBC-WEAF, Thurs. at 11:30 p. m.

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

JAN GARBER and his orchestra. NBC, Sun. at 3:30 p. m.

JIMMY LUNCEFORD and his orchestra. NBC-WEAF, Thurs. at 12:00 midnight. NBC-WJZ, Fri. at 12:00 midnight.

GUY LOMBARDO and his Royal Canadians. CBS, Sat. at 11:00 p. m.

More Serious Music

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

RADIO CITY CONCERT—Radio City Symphony Orchestra directed by Erno Rapee. Also vocal and instrumental soloists. NBC-WJZ, Sun. at 12:30 p. m.

THE NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Under the direction of Arturo Toscanini. CBS, Sun. at 3:00 p. m.

[Continued on page 9]

MAY, 1934



MRS. ERNO RAPEE

wife of Noted Conductor, 7 Star Revue Radio Orchestra
laughed when she heard about the
50¢ Lipstick for 10¢ and then...

MRS. RAPEE tried the marvelous LINIT Beauty Bath, sent for a lipstick (see coupon below) and is now convinced of the genuine quality, delicate scent and attractive appearance of these exquisite lipsticks.

The makers of LINIT, The Bathway to a Soft, Smooth Skin, are offering *YOU* these astonishing values in lipsticks solely to introduce their famous product, LINIT, and prove that using LINIT in *your* bath will give you a new sensation and make your skin feel velvety soft—*immediately*.

Merely send a top from a LINIT package and 10¢ (wrapping and postage costs) for EACH lipstick wanted, using the convenient coupon below.



LINIT is sold by
grocers and department
stores.



CORN PRODUCTS REFINING COMPANY, Dept. P-5
P. O. Box 171, Trinity Station, New York City

Please send me.....lipstick(s). Shade(s) as checked below. I enclose.....\$ and.....LINIT package tops.

Light Medium Dark

Name.....

Address.....

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



THIS OFFER
good in U. S. A.
only and expires
Sept. 1, 1934

To be correct TATTOO YOUR LIPS



To make sure that you are using your correct shade of lip color, test all four shades of TATTOO on your own skin

And Tatroo is certainly more interesting than old fashioned "indelible" lipstick. Imagine! No purplishness. No pastiness either. Put it on . . . let it set . . . then wipe it off . . . nothing remains on the lips but transparent color . . . truly exciting color . . . the *smartest* ever seen . . . and it won't come off when it shouldn't! Positively non-drying too! Tatroo is a dollar. Try all four shades, on your wrist . . . at the Tattoo Color Selector featured on all leading toilet goods counters.



No. 1 has an exciting orangish pink cast. Rather light. Ravishing on blondes and tawny 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 "ESOTIC."
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**

Tattoo Rouge exactly matches Tattoo Lip Color, thereby placing your lips and cheeks in perfect color harmony with each other. Used for lips, too. You'll love its smoothness. The price is 75c. TATTOO, CHICAGO

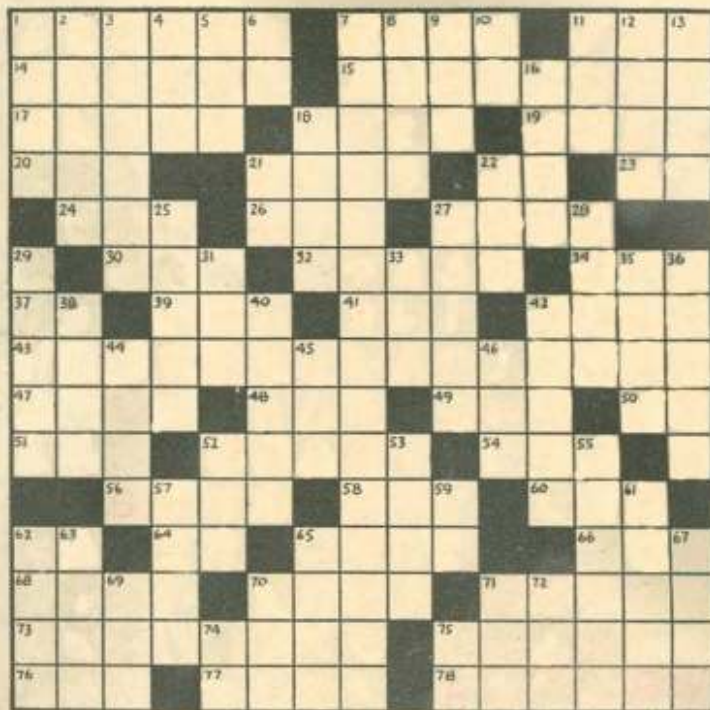
TATTOO

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

THE NEW Transparent COLOR FOR LIPS AND CHEEKS

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 Joe _____ comedian
- 7 Lenny _____ singer
- 11 Vera _____ singer
- 14 Stir to action
- 15 Be before in time
- 17 Jain
- 18 Short lyric poems
- 19 American Indians
- 20 Lily (Fr.)
- 21 Storklike bird
- 22 Indelible article
- 23 Measure of length (Abbr.)
- 24 Storklike fish
- 26 Also
- 27 Pace
- 29 Singin'
- 32 Military stockade
- 34 Period of time
- 37 Exit
- 39 _____ Housing
- 41 Yale
- 42 Skin of fruit
- 43 Pertaining to mutual association
- 47 Entrance or exit
- 48 Malt liquor
- 49 Cloth measure
- 50 French masculine article
- 51 Latin "is"
- 52 Exchanges by barter
- 54 Hit (Colloq.)
- 56 Drains of vigor
- 58 A radio act that catches on
- 60 Curded fabric
- 62 One of the two states that voted dry (Abbr.)
- 64 Western continent (Abbr.)
- 65 Musical sound
- 66 Gum resin
- 68 The man who is giving the party
- 70 Sound of a bell
- 71 Impresario of the Metropolitan Opera
- 72 Trick or device
- 73 Made by gnat, teachers, and committees
- 74 Bill _____ announcer
- 77 David _____ announcer
- 78 Ben _____ (Po give me!)

DOWN

- 1 _____ Whiteman
- 2 _____ Hair
- 3 What your loudspeaker sometimes makes
- 4 Member of the Cuckoo Hour
- 5 Compass-point
- 6 Concealing
- 7 Devices for holding distant conversations without wires
- 8 Person
- 9 Saints (Abbr.)
- 10 Compass-point
- 11 Large tub
- 12 Egyptian mythological solar disk
- 13 Cozy place

- 14 Wind-instrument
- 21 Neuter pronoun
- 22 Consumed
- 25 Afterward
- 27 Meanness
- 28 Part of hammer-head opposite the face
- 29 Dwell
- 31 Ocean (Fr.)
- 33 Winglike appendage
- 35 Genuine
- 36 Last name of Fred and Grace
- 38 Hebrew prophet
- 39 Makes a picture
- 42 Kind of expedition on which Byrd and his crew are
- 44 Children
- 45 Highest note in Guido's scale
- 46 Unwell
- 52 Wateringplace
- 53 Kate Smith, Rudy Vallee, Winifred Glenn, and others all do this
- 55 James _____ singer
- 57 Italian wine
- 59 Tellurium (Chem.)
- 61 Angelo _____
- 62 Persian monarch
- 63 Girl's name
- 65 Nervous twitches
- 67 Quote
- 69 Pigpen
- 70 Spanish river
- 71 Command to a horse
- 72 Spring month (Abbr.)
- 73 French (Abbr.)
- 75 Initials of popular dramatic critic and radio entertainer

Solution to April Puzzle



The Radio Parade

[Continued from page 7]

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

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

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

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

CASTORIA presents Albert Spalding, eminent violinist; Conrad Thibault, tenor and Don Voorhees' Orchestra. CBS, Wed. at 8:30 p. m.

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

CITIES SERVICE CONCERT—Jessica Dragonette, soprano 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-WEAF, Sat. at 8:30 p. m.

Comedy Sketches

CLARA, LU 'N' EM—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 again at 11:00 p. m. for those west of Chicago.

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

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

Featured Stars

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

HELEN MORGAN—And Jerry Freeman's Orchestra. CBS, Sun. at 2:00 p. m.

ABE LYMAN and his orchestra. CBS, Sun. at 2:30 p. m.

SMILING ED McCONNELL—CBS, Sun. at 6:30 p. m., Wed. and Fri. at 12:30 p. m.

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

BING CROSBY—And Gus Arnheim's Orchestra. CBS, Mon. at 8:30 p. m.

CHARLES CARLILE—CBS, Mon. at 9:15 p. m., Tues., 11:15 p. m.; Thurs., 11:15 p. m.

FRAY AND BRAGGIOTTI—Grand piano duo. CBS, Tues. at 8:45 p. m.

TITO GUIZAR—CBS, Wed. at 6:45 p. m. and Thurs. at 6:30 p. m.

ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT—CBS, Wed. and Sat. at 9:15 p. m.

FIVE SPIRITS OF RHYTHM—Syncopated songs. CBS, Wed. at 11:15 p. m. and Thurs. at 8:00 p. m.

MARY EASTMAN—CBS, Fri. at 10:45 p. m.

MEET THE ARTIST—Radio artists interviewed by Bob Taplinger. CBS, Sat. at 6:00 p. m.

GEORGE JESSEL—Mildred Bailey, the Eton Boys' Quartet and Freddie Rich's music. CBS, Sat. at 7:30 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—Dramatic sketches. NBC-WJZ, Sun. at 4:30 p. m.

ROSES AND DRUMS—Plays based on American history. CBS, Sun. at 5:00 p. m.

[Continued on page 10]

MAY, 1934

PAUL WHITEMAN solves a mystery
and gives a clue to finer radio music



NEW LIFE FOR OLD RADIOS!

Quicker start! More power! Better tone! It really means *new life* for your set when you replace old, worn radio tubes with these new Micro-Sensitive tubes by RCA. These are the only tubes *guaranteed* by RCA Radiotron Company to give you 5 important improvements. Have your dealer test your tubes today. Insist on RCA Radio Tubes—and bring back the thrill of radio.



NEW MICRO-SENSITIVE
RCA RADIO TUBES
GIVE YOU:

- 1 Quicker Start
- 2 Quieter Operation
- 3 Uniform Volume
- 4 Uniform Performance
- 5 Every Tube is Matched

RCA **Lunningham** Radiotron RADIO TUBES

MY SECRET

to give
Beauty
ADDED *Loveliness*



As told to Florence Vondelle by **CLAUDETTE COLBERT**
Starring in Paramount's "FOUR FRIGHTENED PEOPLE"

Powder

...the first essential is face powder to harmonize with my colorings...black hair, dark eyes, olive skin. Max Factor's Olive Powder is correct. A color harmony tone, richly beautiful, to enliven the beauty of the skin. Fine in texture, it adheres perfectly, and creates a satin-smooth make-up that clings for hours.

Rouge

...next, to impart a youthful, natural glow of color to the cheeks, rouge must, of course, harmonize with your face powder and your colorings. Max Factor's Raspberry Rouge is correct for me. A perfect color tone...and creamy-smooth, like finest skin-texture, it blends evenly...imparting a delicate, lifelike coloring.

Lipstick

...last, and so very important, is lip make-up to accent the lovely appeal of your lips. Max Factor's Super-Indelible Crimson Lipstick completes my color harmony make-up. It is moisture-proof, the color is natural and permanent and once I've made up my lips I know they'll appear perfect for hours.

WHEN you see the lovely beauty of Claudette Colbert flash upon the screen, you know that she gives extra thought to her make-up.

"To me, make-up means the accentuation of nature's colorings," explains Claudette Colbert. "That is why color harmony make-up, created by Max Factor, is so perfect. The color tones of powder, rouge and lipstick harmonize to bring out a new enchanting loveliness."

New loveliness for you, too...for you may now share the luxury of color harmony make-up, created originally for the screen stars by Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius. Max Factor's Face Powder, One dollar; Max Factor's Rouge, Fifty cents; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, One dollar. Featured by leading stores.

Max Factor ★ **Hollywood**

SOCIETY MAKE-UP...Face Powder, Rouge, Lipstick, in COLOR HARMONY

TEST YOUR COLOR HARMONY in FACE POWDER and LIPSTICK

MAX FACTOR—Max Factor's Make-Up Studio, Hollywood, Calif.

SEND Purple-Blue Box of Powder in my color harmony shade and Lipstick Color Tester, four shades, I enclose 10 cents for postage and handling. Also send me Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and 48 pp. Illustrated Instruction Book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up"...FREE.

5-5-74

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____



COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light... <input type="checkbox"/>	Blue... <input type="checkbox"/>	BLONDES
Fair... <input type="checkbox"/>	Gray... <input type="checkbox"/>	Light... <input type="checkbox"/> Dark... <input type="checkbox"/>
Creamy... <input type="checkbox"/>	Green... <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTES
Medium... <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown... <input type="checkbox"/>	Light... <input type="checkbox"/> Dark... <input type="checkbox"/>
Rusky... <input type="checkbox"/>	Black... <input type="checkbox"/>	BRETTETTES
Sallow... <input type="checkbox"/>	Light... <input type="checkbox"/>	Light... <input type="checkbox"/> Dark... <input type="checkbox"/>
Flashed... <input type="checkbox"/>	Light... <input type="checkbox"/>	REDHEADS
Olive... <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark... <input type="checkbox"/>	Light... <input type="checkbox"/> Dark... <input type="checkbox"/>
SKIN Dry... <input type="checkbox"/>	AGE	
Only <input type="checkbox"/> Normal <input type="checkbox"/>		

If Hair is Gray, check eye shade and hair.

The Radio Parade

[Continued from page 9]

TALKIE PICTURE TIME—June Meredith in the lead. NBC-WEAF, Sun. at 5:30 p. m.

RIN TIN TIN THRILLER—With Francis X. Bushman. CBS, Sun. at 7:45 p. m.

PATRI'S DRAMAS OF CHILDHOOD—Stories from Life. CBS, Sun. at 10:00 p. m.

ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT—CBS, Mon. to Fri. at 2:15 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—NBC-WEAF, Mon. at 8:00 p. m.

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

MARIE, THE LITTLE FRENCH PRINCESS—CBS, Tues., Wed., Thurs. and Fri. at 1:00 p. m.

LITTLE ITALY—Or, the Marino family. CBS, Tues. and Thurs. at 6:45 p. m.

END CRIME CLUES—Thrilling mysteries. NBC-WJZ, Tues. and Wed. at 8:00 p. m.

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

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

FIRST NIGHTER DRAMAS—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.

FATHER COUGHLIN—WOR, Sun. at 4:00 p. m.

CHEERIO—NBC-WEAF, every day except Sun. at 8:30 a. m.

TONY WONS—CBS, every day except Sat. and Sun. at 11:30 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—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.

THE PET MILKY WAY—Mary Lee Taylor. CBS, Tues. and Thurs. at 11:00 a. m.

FRANCES LEE BARTON—NBC-WEAF, Tues. and Thurs. at 11:15 a. m.

MADAME SYLVIA OF HOLLYWOOD—NBC-WEAF, Tues. at 10:30 p. m.

JAN ELLISON'S MAGIC RECIPES—CBS, Wed. at 11:45 a. m.

SCIENCE SERVICE—By prominent scientists. CBS, Wed. at 4:30 p. m.

IDA BAILEY ALLEN—Radioland's own home authority. CBS, Thurs. at 10:15 a. m.

ELDER MICHAUX AND HIS CONGREGATION—CBS, Sat. at 7:00 p. m.

LEADERS IN ACTION—H. V. Kaltenborn sketches some prominent government figures. CBS, Sat. at 10:45 p. m.

News Commentators

JOHN B. KENNEDY—NBC-WEAF, Sun. at 4:00 p. m., Tues. at 11:00 p. m. and Thurs. at 6:30 p. m.

WALTER WINCHELL—NBC-WJZ, Sun. at 9:30 p. m.

H. V. KALTENBORN—CBS, Sun. at 11:00 p. m. and Fri. at 6:00 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—CBS, every day except Sat. and Sun. at 8:15 p. m.

FREDERIC WILLIAM WILE—CBS, Sat. at 6:30 p. m.

RADIOLAND

MAY, 1934

The Editor's Opinion

Too Good To Be Through

ONE of radio's little ironies is found in the news that Jack Benny, who upset the appercart by placing first among radio comedians in the New York *World-Telegram* poll of radio editors—outdistancing Cantor, Wynn, Pearl, Penner, and the rest by a comfortable margin—is rewarded by being yanked off his Chevrolet program in favor of an orchestra, because the new president of the company likes soft music. No doubt by the time these words appear in print, Jack will have been snapped up by some sponsor and restored to the ether, but that doesn't dull the point of the incident, which gives an illuminating glimpse into the topsy-turvy nature of the whole radio set-up. Imagine a film star having his contract canceled immediately after scoring a box-office hit, or a matinee idol getting his conge after winning a popularity contest. Little old John Q. Public can well slink back into his easy chair and ponder on what campaign to adopt to keep his radio favorites on the air.

* * * * *

Father Coughlin, thought by many to be a sort of unofficial spokesman for the Roosevelt administration, doesn't always see eye-to-eye with the President. In declaring himself in favor of immediate payment of a soldier's bonus, the radio priest aligned himself with those opposed to President Roosevelt's wishes in the matter. Latest developments in the amazing story of Father Coughlin are presented in the concluding article on his career, in this issue.

* * * * *

The Free Show Bugaboo

AT LAST the radio studios with their network shows attended by free audiences have hit the movies in the spot which evokes the loudest response—the pocketbook. With an estimated weekly attendance of 100,000 at radio broadcasts throughout the country, theatre interests figure that there are at least \$50,000 worth of theatre admissions gone forever—money that has been

diverted from their own pockets. Complaints about unfair competition have been voiced and NRA or CWA or some other set of governmental initials is likely to inquire into the matter. At the moment there seems little possibility that the studios will abandon their free audiences, what with NBC in its new home having made lavish provision for audiences, and CBS leasing a theatre so that spectators may attend. Most local studios, too, have their invited audiences. Sponsors regard the privilege of inviting guests to their entertainments as one of the prerogatives of buying time on the air, and as they put up the cash there's some justice in their stand. But the theatre interests are rolling up their sleeves and digging in for a real fight.

* * * * *

Radio seems far less cordial in its acceptance of colored entertainers than the theatre and the vaudeville stage. Ethel Waters, currently starring on Broadway in *As Thousands Cheer*, has been yanked from her radio spot following numerous protests from southern stations. Will Rogers got himself into a jam by using the term "nigger" over the air, and the writer of this column is in receipt of a letter of protest from a colored reader taking the magazine to task for using the word "pickaninny" in a story we ran an issue or two back on Ethel Waters.

* * * * *

Bigger And Better Summers

RADIO stations have become so accustomed to the idea that their audiences dwindle in the summer time that figures recently produced by a survey are rather astonishing. They indicate that the summer radio audience is but one and one-half per cent smaller than at the peak of the winter season, a fact attributable to the widespread use of automobile radios and the popularity of portable sets which can be carried to the beach or the summer resort. This being the case, studios are making special efforts to make their summer programs attractive and it is [Continued on page 72]



You're too good, Jack Benny! Jack lost his radio spot after winning a popularity poll

Hollywood STARS Pick Their

By ISOBELLE GLASS



Jean Harlow is an enthusiastic listener for the music of Gus Arnheim and his orchestra.

sure programs which they will drop everything to listen to and some personalities that they would rather neglect a May-fair party than to miss.

Quite surprising too, the selection of the film star's radio favorites. Probably you'd be surprised to know that Marie Dressler, Queen Marie to you, would rather listen to Ed Wynn than to do a love scene with Wallace Beery. To Marie, no matter what you think, the wise-cracking Fire Chief is simply a panic and trying to get Marie away from her radio while Ed Wynn is broadcasting, is like getting a kitten

away from its bowl of milk. "Oh, dear, he's a scream," bawls Marie, "but it's not only the music, though he gives me, it's my appreciation of his showmanship. I've always admired that in any performer, on stage, screen or radio, all my life and the adroit way in which Ed Wynn draws his audience right up to the transmitter, is the finest kind of showmanship. Take all your philharmonic programs and your crooners but give me Ed Wynn!"

Clark Gable, who is one of the most ardent radio fans in the film industry, likes most anything which comes in on his set but he admits a particular for the Blue Monday Jamboree with Claude Sweeter's orchestra. This isn't a national broadcast, reaching only the Coast on KFI, but it's Clark's favorite. He also listens to the Chase and Sanborn Hour with Eddie Cantor over the NBC.

Claudette Colbert also finds the Chase and Sanborn Hour her special favorite and is a devoted slave to Rubinfon's violin.

"His music thrills me as nothing else that comes in over my radio does," Claudette admits, "and I've always been a Cantor fan, on the stage, on the screen and on the air."

Jean Crawford has but one great radio passion and its name is Bing Crosby. Give Jean Bing Crosby and plenty of him and she's willing to let



Loretta Young

RADIO FAVORITES

Now when you Tune in on your Favorite Radio Program you will Know Just Which Movie Stars are Listening in with you!



Jean Crawford has one great radio passion and its name is Bing Crosby. She plays his records in her studio dressing room.



You might have guessed it—Mae West says there's no radio music like Cab Calloway's primitive rhythms!



the rest of the world go by: "That voice of Bing's," admits Joan with a sigh, "simply does things to me. I can't just close my eyes and drift into sweet oblivion when he sings. I don't even depend upon my radio to hear him but I buy every single record he makes. Between scenes on the set, I have my maid play them to me. I listen to many other programs, of course, but there isn't one I won't tune out if I know that Bing is on the air." Being an excellent musician herself, Constance Cummings greatly prefers the New York Philharmonic Orchestra which is broadcast from CBS on Sunday afternoons. "It's music I love the old masters," says Constance, "and they have such marvelous selections of them on that program. I always try to arrange my Saturdays to listen in. As for comics, I think Jack Pearl and Ed Wynn are good but I prefer to spend my time before the radio listening to good music."



Loretta Young confesses a weakness for Phil Baker's soulful music on the Arcturion Hour, and she also goes in a big way for philharmonic orchestras—but no jazz!

GIVE Jean Harlow Gus Arnheim and his boys and let the chips fall where they may. Vinyl, electric, poppy Jean wants music with a kick that sets

the pulse vibrating, and Gus Arnheim gives it to her. "Gus Arnheim on the radio is all that I ask," says Jean, "and I don't mean perhaps."

And Mae West. Who do you suppose most attracts the attractive Mae? It's Cab Calloway, the hi-de-ho colored lad with his Cotton Club orchestra over NBC. She simply loves to hear *Blame the Music* kick that going around.

"I guess I'm sort of elemental myself," draws Mae, "and Cab Calloway's primitive music gets me. His music has sex in it with a capital S and sex, you know, is my specialty." Janet Gaynor thinks the world will last for an hour with Ted Fiorino's orchestra. Janet admits that she does not have much time for radio but when she does, it's Ted who gets the turn of the dial.

Big, ho-man, rough-and-ready G-e-o-r-g-e Bancroft roars out in his usual voice at the antics of the gang on the Blue Monday Jamboree, which, you will recall, is also the favorite of Clark Gable. The ho-man seems to go for that sort of thing.

Clark Gable tunes in regularly on the Blue Monday Jamboree, a favorite West Coast program.

[Continued on page 70]



Marie Dressler says Ed Wynn is a scream. She admires his showmanship—and who should be a better judge of that than Marie?



Claudette Colbert is a devoted slave to Rubinfon's violin, and she also casts a favorable eye for Eddie Cantor.





Elder Solomon Lightfoot Michaux . . . ex-fish peddler who says he earned the broad business—the bread of life

“HOT from HEAVEN”

They've got rhythm and honest-to-goodness religion in Elder Michaux's church on the banks of the historic Potomac

By HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS

steps in with his syncopated religious appeal. It shocks you the first time you hear it. "Happy am I!" he shouts. And the whole congregation spells it out in college-yell fashion. "Happy am I!" they shout. "And Amen! . . . Praise the Lord! . . . Hallelujah! . . ."

It will make you laugh—but not with ridicule. Something in the earnest, honest-to-God way he utters it will get you. And when the choir picks up our dancing, polking air after another—as only the Negro can approximate it—searchingly sweet with melody, a far-off African echo of poignant sadness.



"Happy News," the official publication of the Gospel Spreading Association of the Church of God

"ELDER SOLOMON LIGHTFOOT MICHAUX speaking! Herald of God's Radio Church! Shepherd of the Air! Ambassador of the Heavenly government! God the Father is President; God the Son is Treasurer—resources laid up in Heaven for everyone of you children out there listenin' in! And your God, my children, is on the Gold Standard! He ain't handlin' no no 60-cent dollars!" (Voices: "No, no, not Him! . . . Hallelujah!") "God always gives out 100-cent gold dollars. He does! And you get dividends on 'em, too!"

"I was born a sinner and lived a sinner," this popular colored radio preacher will tell you, "down in old Virginia, close to Backree Beach. There was always plenty of fish for me to sell. I was like the two brothers, Simon, called Peter, and Andrew his brother—for they were fishers too. And the Lawd said to them, 'Follow me and I will make you fishers of men.' And we all straightway left our nets and followed Him. And as now—praise the Lawd!—I'm in the broad business—the bread of life. Every week I food a million souls—and they keep coming back for more!" That's the simple beginning of the story. It is continued brilliantly on the banks of the historic Potomac, with countless thousands listening in.

Once you listen to that business rhythm of the choir of the Church of God on the air, it strikes home, somehow. It makes you tingle all over and keep time. You hear them clap their hands—no matter how staid you may be—there's something infectious about its infectious syncopation that makes you want to clap your tin. Then Elder Michaux

with all the syncopated swing of the black man's soul on the loom—that rhythm, which all the orchestras of the world just imitating, sets the heart and body dancing, galloping! Under Michaux's eloquent leadership your soul goes marching along with it!

His congregation comes in person; on foot, in taxis, in buses. From everywhere. A bus rolled up from the Southland while I was there. "We jes' wanted to know if it was real!" "We've traveled five hundred miles jes' to see and hear you, face to face!"

It all sounds like a circus poster. But it is nothing less than an old-fashioned colored revival—modernized. For this man Michaux is almost of the times and breathes the present day in every pat word he utters. His sayings are topical. He is hot news straight from Heaven. He interprets the Bible in terms of the Good Lawd's talkin' press.

It was a rainy Sunday night when I arrived in the cathedral-like Union Station, Washington. "Anybody here know where I can find Elder Michaux's church?" I asked at the taxi stand.

"Everybody in Washington knows that," said the starter, showing me into a cab. "Georgie Avenue and U Street—next to the ball park—on the banks of the Potomac."

Twenty minutes later, we dashed up in front of a placid-faced new building. "Church of God! Misteked a huge electric sign across the top. Over the door flashed a lighted warning: "Keep Your Lamps Trimmed and Burning!"

I gumbled my way in through a small vestibule against the throng coming out of the afternoon Praise Service. It was just seven-thirty.

Elder Michaux was on his way out and I caught him just in time. I have seen him many times since, but he is never

different from the way I found him that first rainy night. Always with a glimmer of a smile shining in the treatments of his large beaver face, yet always with a ghostly sadness haunting his intelligent features. Always distrust, as he is even in his most intense moments of adoration, yet so keen and alert in mind that his every word is a look-up with his immediate surroundings and the last word spoken. For he is a mirror-man and a man of the hour, this Michaux. He possesses all that knock and happy faculty of his white contemporary, Billy Sunday, to hit the nail on the head every time in a picturesque broadside of . . . (Continued on page 58)



Elder Michaux's eloquent leadership seeks march to salvation while the orchestra of the world intones the chorale



The stage is set for "Happy Am I," syncopated theme song. Elder Michaux, our minister of Station G-O-D, at the microphone

Countless thousands listen in; but many attend in person, on foot, in taxis. Some drop in to seek and remain to pray

BRASS TACKS
by the Elder

I don't care how wise you are,
if you are a sinner you are a fool,
if you are married to an ungodly woman
you cannot please everybody,
People never fall out over ten-
cent dollars. They always fall out
over dollars.

It will keep you from get-
ting, and then you tell me that
God can't keep you.

You can get your mind fixed up
to be any God of a fool.

God said to Moses, "Get
down while I blow," He blew
and the waters parted.

RUTH ETTING'S OLD HOME TOWN



Top, the David City, Neb., little red schoolhouse of Ettings memories—not so little, but red as brick; center, the Congregational Church; bottom, the county courthouse where Ruth's uncle has his offices



Don't editors do funny tricks with Time, though? Below, Ruth Etting, at the age of three, points a chubby finger at her bicycle-riding self, several years later

Back Home— *But Not Broke*

A trip back to the old home town, David City, Nebraska, taught Ruth Etting a lot of new things about radio

By LESTER GOTTLIEB

HAVE you ever been homesick? Come now, own up. Of course you have! How many times have you secretly pined for the little town you were born in? Haven't you missed its shady lanes and vine-covered houses, so quiet and peaceful? Don't you often wonder what ever happened to the boy you had such a terrific crush on when you were in the sixth grade?

Well, some of our famous radio stars often feel the same way. Remove the heavy mask that they wear when broadcasting, and you usually find a very simple, human being. They know too well that they are on the top of the heap for one good reason. They got the well-known "breaks." Down deep inside of them they never forget that they are really naive kids from the sticks, and are quite proud of that fact. But alas and alack, there are other stars that are different. Once they scale the heights of fame, they affect foreign accents, and parade around in Hispano Suizas, with their pet poodles.

Fortunately, Ruth Etting, sweetheart of the ether waves, Ziegfeld beauty, motion picture star and present singer on the Oldsmobile hour, has remained quite natural. Believe it or

not, this girl with the sob in her voice, who sings as though her worldliness was a thousand years old, comes from way out west in Nebraska. Recently, she, too, became stricken with an old American malady, homesickness.

This dangerous ailment first showed signs of becoming serious when Ruth was on the coast making pictures. California with its languid breezes and tropical palm trees may be the appropriate Christmas background for its native sons, but to this girl, the Yuletide season had always meant heavy snowstorms, zero weather, and a running nose. Somehow it all seemed topsy-turvy out there in movieland.

Ruth pondered on this situation one day as she was making up in her dressing room on the lot. She was lonely. Back home, it must be 10 below by now. Christmas trees, dazzling in all their glory, would be majestically standing on the front lawns of every home. The air itself would be permeated with the aroma of roast turkey and chestnut stuffing.

"You're wanted on the set, Miss Etting!" It was the assistant director's bark that snapped Ruth out of her delightful reverie. If a doctor had been [Continued on page 66]

Tuneful Topics

By
RUDY VALLEE

There are few shrewder judges of popular music than Rudy Vallee, and in this monthly feature he analyzes current hits and makes a few interesting predictions

INFLUENCED, no doubt, by the success of *Lazy-bones* and *The Last Round-Up*, Al Dubin and Harry Warren, the writers assigned to write the song for *Wonder Bar*—which, oddly enough, the company insists is not strictly a Jolson picture—unquestionably had Mr. Jolson in mind when writing *Goin' to Heaven on a Mule*. Yet, somehow, I do not feel that this is a typical Jolson number, or one which will enhance his part in the picture. When Al sang it at the Press Photographer's Ball recently, it was not one-sixth as well received as his old favorite, *Mammy*, or *Sonny Boy*. Of course part of the reason for the particularly deafening ovation accorded those two songs is that they are *known*, and that the audience was able to hum along with him. Still, I have seen an audience stamper on hearing a song for the first time, so I still wonder. . . . I am curious to see just how and what Jolson does with it in the picture.

I honestly feel that this song is more adapted to Everett Marshall, and that he would have been much more fortunate to have had this song than *Wagon Wheels* in his present *Follies*. *Wagon Wheels* does not call for the virility that *Goin' to Heaven on a Mule* does. I suppose there are many who wonder why I should attempt *Goin' to Heaven on a Mule*. Peculiarly enough there are certain songs which evoke from my esophagus more virility than I ever dreamt I was capable of producing, and this is one of them. That it is going to be one of the best things I have ever had in my repertoire has already been clearly demonstrated. It was given me to do it for the first time on any broadcast, on a recent Fleishman Hour. Personally there have been few songs that have thrilled me so in the singing. While the idea struck me as rather crazy at first, it grew on me and I believe this same growing effect will be the experience of all who hear the song.

Harold Spina and Johnny Burke are typical of Tin Pan Alley; they write, sing and demonstrate their songs in the typical, approved Broadway manner. Yet their new song, *Oh, the Pity of It All*, is as "un-Broadway" as anything could be. It has the flavor of a very smart Wiman-Weatherly revue, and the quality of the smart East Side; it is the type of song one associates with Beatrice Lillie, or Frances Maddux, as she sits before her little piano in a smart, smoke-filled supper club. Perhaps its only "shanty-town" touch is contained in the



—Wide World
Rudy is now a D. D. M.— here he is receiving his degree from Arthur Murray, dance instructor. The initials stand for "Doctor of Dance Music"

last eight measures, where they refer to "the smiling smithy"—the smithy, of course, being as "un-Park Avenue-ish" as anything could be. It is a cute melody, with the melody in the middle hauntingly reminiscent of parts of that English ballad, *I Never Dreamt*. I am hoping for the sake of the two boys who wrote it that the song is well received by not only orchestra leaders, their vocalists, and their dancing public, but by the great radio public itself.

TO MENTION *Smoke Gets in Your Eyes* without mentioning Max Gordon's *Roberta*, would be to fail to give the most charming operetta yours truly has ever witnessed its proper due. Every song in the show is delightfully done. Outstanding is the one which the mass public considered rather moronic in its musical taste, has taken to its heart—*Smoke Gets in Your Eyes*. Jerome Kern's music is such that one must hear it several times; rarely does it bowl one over the first time. Perhaps his exception to that was his writing of *Who*, from *Sunny*, but most of his tunes have endured because they were not light and tawdry. [Continued on page 60]

Will YOU be One of RADIO'S

By DR. LOUIS E. BISCH

WHEN the present crop of stars is used up, what is radio to do for new ones?

Does this question astonish you? At least it would be logical that it should. From what one hears about studios being crowded with entertainers of all kinds, each clamoring for an audience and each longing to his or her and every form of "pull" possible in order to get even a preliminary hearing—well, instead of a shortage, talent would seem to be about the most plentiful commodity on the market.

Yet the trunk of the matter is, although applicants with radio ambitions exist aplenty, few, comparatively speaking, are actually fitted for the work. What is more important still, radio uses up and discards talent quicker than any other entertainment medium.

Executives realize this, so do the advertising agencies. They realize furthermore that something distinct and individual—a form of entertainment that spells radio and nothing else—must be developed, and even, if the other waves are to retain their drawing power. This matter of where the future stars are coming from has actually assumed the proportions of a definite and even baffling problem.

An executive of a large metropolitan station said to me the other day: "Until now we have recruited our performers from the stage, the movies, the concert hall and the speaker's platform. But all that is borrowed material—that is, it is like adopting children from related families after they have grown up and proven their worth. No matter how talented they may be, however, they bear the distinct traits and characteristics of the environment in which they were reared. Surely we, as radio, ought to have enough vitality by now to give birth to, and develop, our own talent, a talent furthermore that will be distinctly different.

"But how?" he concluded in dismay. "Take it from me, if radio continues with stepchild talent it will, and sooner than you'd expect, waste away from perdition's anathema!"

Now then, where is such new talent to come from?

We have already seen that we should not look for it in the theater and concert halls. Evidently, if radio is to become original, it must draw upon quite new and green material, this to be gathered, furthermore, from quite unexpected sources.

A Word About the Author
Dr. Louis E. Bisch, M. D., Ph. D., one of New York's best known medical psychologists (he doesn't like the term "psycho-analyst"), is particularly qualified to write this article because of his wide experience in the field of radio and the theater. He is the author of two Broadway plays, of several books in the field of psychology, contributor of syndicated newspaper articles, and has been widely heard on the radio networks.

Personality is voice and this is the radio performer's greatest single asset.

Now then, your personality does not necessarily depend upon a deep, rich, high or low voice, nor does it matter whether the tones are even hoarse or rasping. Your voice need not possess the appeal of Kate Smith's nor need it be an imitating one like that of Vallée or Crosby.

"Singing Sam" won his radio audience not only by the singing ability with which he charms but also by his sincerity and simple honesty. On the other hand, the appeal of W.G. Rogers, Cannon, Wynn and others does not depend upon such

Radio, says Dr. Bisch, will discard "stepchild talent" when it finds its unique type of entertainment—and he supplies a chart to test your own talents

Future GREATS?

qualities; in fact, their voices, as such, are nothing special to brag about so far as radio transmission is concerned.

Yet it is undeniable that all these stars I have mentioned have voice personality. That is, they possess a something which is arresting, that makes you want to listen to them, that somehow gets across to you. And this radio trait so essential for stardom is as difficult to define as is personality, aside from the voice, in general.

Since radio, therefore, is so decidedly a voice medium and voice personality counts at least five points out of every ten, ask yourself how you score on this particular quality.

DO PEOPLE seem to be attracted by your voice? Do they seem to want to listen to you and talk to you? Do you appear to make an impression with what you say? Do your voice carry sincerity, authority, conviction, the note of truth? Any four or five of these would constitute sufficient voice personality to help you win the battle of radio success.

For on the other waves beauty, of course, doesn't count nor does it matter whether you are tall or short, fat or thin. When you perform on the air people see you only in their mind's eye. Therefore the material you offer. (Continued on page 70)

Do you have an idea for a unique type of radio entertainment apart from these six great classifications of microphone talent?



type of radio entertainment apart from these six great classifications of microphone talent? If you have, Radio needs you for one of its future stars

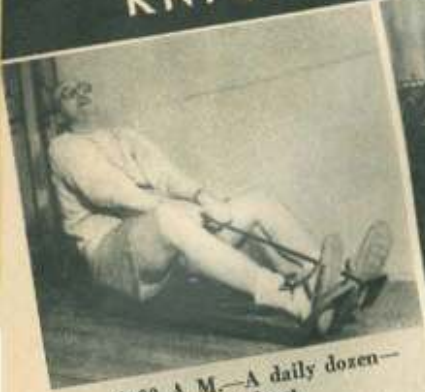
Test Yourself for a Radio Career With this Radio Talent Score Card

How to Use the Self-Test Score Card

Ask yourself the questions at the right selfingly and honestly. The natural tendency is to score yourself too high. Remember that the tendency of radio executives is to score an applicant too low. Each question carries a score of 10 points, except the first, which carries 20. Each sub-question of the first, however, carries 10 points, giving a total for a perfect score of 100. A score of 75 marks you as distinctly above the average.

- | | | | |
|---------------------------------------|-------|---|-------|
| 1. Have You Voice Personality? | _____ | 3. Are you able to convey feeling in speaking or singing? | _____ |
| a. Does your voice attract attention? | _____ | 4. Can you talk naturally, without nervousness, before an audience? | _____ |
| b. Does it impress people? | _____ | 5. Have you a sense of timing? | _____ |
| c. Is there sincerity in it? | _____ | 6. Does your voice remain clear over the telephone? | _____ |
| d. Is it pleasing? | _____ | Total | _____ |
| e. Does it sound easy-flowing? | _____ | | |
| 2. Do you articulate clearly? | _____ | | |

KNIGHT LIFE THROUGH THE DAY



8:00 A.M.—A daily dozen—at least



9:00 A.M.—Work begins in the study



LUNCHEON—But the work must go on



4:00 P.M.—A game of pool, all wet



5:00 P.M.—“Billy Batchelor” at rehearsal



7:45 P.M.—On the air, with the Mrs. checking up



Ray Knight does the Cuckoo Hour and Billy Batchelor

They

Dubbed *Him* Knight



An after-opera party for the personnel of the new *Cuckoo* cast: James Stanley, Wilfred Pelletier, Raymond Knight and Robert Armbruster

—but Raymond Knight is no dub, judging from this impressive list of activities and accomplishments

By WARD BYRON

THE above snapshots give a glimpse into a day in the life of Knight—i. e., Raymond Knight, one of radio's most dependable entertainers, and probably the most versatile in the business. If this statement sounds rash, consider Knight's accomplishments.

He is heard five times a week on the *Billy Batchelor* program which he writes. He plays the leading rôle, and “doubles” several other characters. This program alone keeps him busy turning out an average of a script a day! He contributes stories and articles to magazines and newspapers. He has recently been asked to write a motion picture scenario, and he is working on a burlesque autobiography. There are also personal appearance dates to be filled.

To this imposing list will soon be [Continued on page 71]

RADIOLAND NEWS



Amazing Upsets in Radio Popularity Poll

Some surprising reversals of form were exhibited by radio stars in the national poll of radio editors recently conducted by the *New York World-Telegram*. Ed Wynn must have spent some uncomfortable moments when he learned he wasn't even listed among the 20 best-favored programs of the poll participants. Eddie Cantor had to be content with sixth place, with one-fourth the votes received by Rudy Vallée's Variety Show, which won first honors, followed by Jack Benny, Waring's Pennsylvanians, March of Time, and N. Y. Philharmonic Orchestra.

The most amazing upset was scored by Jack Benny, a comparative newcomer to the air, who, in the strictly comedian division, placed first, trailed by Eddie Cantor and Joe Penner, whose rise has been meteoric. Wynn and Fred Allen tied for fourth honors.

Columbia Broadcasting stars captured the lion's share of first places in the various divisions but NBC showed up strong in the field of air comedians.

Field Day for Pets

Pet fanciers who are also radio fans will be interested in the above portraits of two dogs whose owners are doing pretty well in the radio business. Rudy



—Wide World

Rudy Vallée, Joe Penner, and pets

Vallée's dog is named "Windy," while Joe Penner calls his "Musse." They were snapped at a cocktail party which radio stars attended with their pets. It is reported that Penner's duck is considerably incensed over his defection.

MAY, 1934

President Urges Radio Bill

At the insistence of President Roosevelt, a bill creating a Federal Commission on Communications is expected to be pushed through the present session of Congress, abolishing the present Federal Radio Commission. The board will probably be composed of seven members—two for broadcasting, two for telephone and telegraph, two for radio communications, and one member at large. All American stations at present operate under the authority of the Federal Radio Commission on wave lengths allotted to them.

Mexico Clamps Down on Brinkley Station

March *RADIOLAND* carried a pertinent article on the fight being waged by Dr. John R. ("Goat Gland") Brinkley against the Mexican authorities to keep his radio station, XER, broadcasting medical and other programs from across the Rio Grande by remote control.

Latest developments prove the article to have been absolutely accurate in its predictions of trouble for Dr. Brinkley. XER had advertised medical services and supplies without a Mexican license, has broadcast solely in English, has overrun its allotted time on the air—all contrary to Mexican regulations.

A few days ago, when a Mexican radio inspector appeared at Villa Acuna, where XER is located, to enforce a governmental closing order, he fled the town when villagers threatened to lynch him. But the inspector had the last laugh when he returned with troops, silenced station XER, and announced that the station would be dismantled by Dr. Brinkley within a month or the authorities would do the job for him at his expense.

Dr. Brinkley has carried his case to the Mexican courts, but the possibility that they will uphold him against the government is remote. XER, as far as Mexico is concerned, seems permanently silenced.

Maestro Rubinoff's Alleged Income

A civil suit by Ruth Blanche Rubinoff, divorced wife of the maestro Dave Rubinoff, reveals her claim that in 1927 and 1928 he earned \$40,000, cleared \$390,000 in the next three years, and played his violin \$260,000 worth during 1933. The former Mrs. Rubinoff asserts that they were married in 1924 and divorced in Minnesota in 1927.

Newspapers Compel Radio to Cut Down on News Broadcasts

One of the most rigid censorship agreements in history has been put into effect to call a truce to the guerrilla warfare between radio stations and newspapers in the matter of news broadcasts. The new czar who will enforce the drastic provisions of the agreement, which practically eliminates radio from the field of spot news, is James W. Barrett, fighting city editor of the old *New York World*.

There are real teeth in the agreement under which stations are now operating. Only two five-minute news broadcasts can be made each day, and these must be presented after 9:30 a. m. and 9 p. m., this to make sure that morning and evening newspapers are first in the field. No news item can be longer than thirty words, except in the case of particularly important items which may be broadcast as a matter of public service.



—Price Studios

James W. Barrett, radio news czar

providing they are written in such a manner as to stimulate the reading of a newspaper!

Finally, stations will not be permitted to sell their news broadcasts to sponsors, and they must force their own commentators to eliminate all references to "hot" news and to concentrate on "general" (i. e., comparatively stale) items. Commentators such as Boake Carter will be handicapped, with what effect on their popularity remains to be seen.

Radio will thus be seen to have gotten somewhat the worst of the bargain, but reasons for capitulation are understandable enough. The principal weapon of the newspapers, aside from possible suits rested in the threat to refuse to print the daily schedules of local station programs unless paid for as advertising.

Stoopnagle and Budd, with the Casa Loma orchestra, broadcasting from Casa Loma, Colonades.

DIC-NAGLE for STOOP-tator!

By RALPH DAIGH

THE Colonel and Budd are at the Essex House doing a rehearsal for their first Canal Circus program. It is to be the largest commercial hook-up in the history of radio, eighty-five stations.

This stupendous rehearsal was supposed to be secret. The secret was so well kept that only two hundred people stole through subterranean passageways, climbed and descended service stairways, finally to enter the beautiful Colonades from through the kitchen entrance. All other doors were locked and guarded.

That is pulling power. And the "power" is that team of radio favorites, Colonel Stoopnagle and Budd.

Budd was the easiest to find in that crowd in the Colonades, but not easy to get to. He was a power; that is, a smiling body completely surrounded by handshakers.

"Art the Colonel and I busy?" cried out Budd between sips of coffee.

"Everything is just as we have wanted it. Haven't we Glen Gray's Casa Loma Orchestra, Connie Boswell doing her first solo work, Harry Von Zell, announcer from *The March of Time*? We have Casey Cigarettes as sponsors, and a whole half hour to have fun in; to say nothing of that old master of the mighty gas pipe organ, Lemuel Q. Stoopnagle—and here he is in person."

Sure enough, the dapper Colonel, in gray trowsers, snappy laced coat of blue and a rakish emerald hat—which he kept in place for the entire four hours of rehearsal—came smiling through the crowd.

"Hurrah for Colonel Stoopnagle and Budd—especially Colonel Lemuel Q. Stoopnagle—was his airy greeting.

Here was the man I had to see.



Colonel Stoopnagle, Glen Gray, and Budd, congratulating Connie Boswell after the first of the new Canal broadcasts.

"Go to Colonel Stoopnagle and get his definition of 'what is funny,'" the editor had blazed at me. "Come back without it and I will show you what is *not* funny."

But the rehearsal was already here and it had to be tested for time. Perhaps it would run short. Perhaps much would have to be eliminated.

The program director signaled for silence and the rehearsal was on. There was no chance now to get to the Colonel for his definition of "what is funny."

Connie Boswell followed Harry Von Zell, his clipped, concise diction giving definite promise that this would be a program of programs.

Connie threw her beautiful, throaty voice into making this a Budd number. And a Boswell number it was; but not until it had been gone over five times by the orchestra while Connie bent time with her hand, whistled the tune softly, asked for faster time here, a drag there, some low-down rhythm at the end. Glen Gray responded to her suggestions with some of his own, and the music of the Casa Loma band was stretched as golden-water heater, as intoxicating as love in the moonlight.

It was time for the Colonel and Budd. The page boy found them over behind the mighty gas pipe organ, softly practicing a dog step—although of what use a dog could be put in on the radio is a matter for you to decide.

The famous organ wheezed and wheezed again. The music was on!

Twice the control men had to signal for silence. The laughter of the uninvited and unexpected audience at the jokes of the Colonel and Budd was too strong for the test microphones. It might be explained here that audiences at

RADIOLAND



JAMES MONTGOMERY LANGHORN

What's Funny?

1. Budd, making the staff I write.
2. Budd, making the staff I write.
3. Budd, making the staff I write.
4. Budd, making the staff I write.
5. Budd, making the staff I write.
6. Budd, making the staff I write.
7. Budd, making the staff I write.
8. Budd, making the staff I write.
9. Budd, making the staff I write.
10. Budd, making the staff I write.
11. Budd, making the staff I write.
12. Budd, making the staff I write.
13. Budd, making the staff I write.
14. Budd, making the staff I write.
15. Budd, making the staff I write.

—CELEST LEMUEL Q. STOOPNAGLE



Budd

YEA BOY! SOME FUN!



MISTER BOB

(Stoopnagle for Dictator)

the regular program broadcast are not permitted to laugh or applaud for this reason.

"Two minutes too short," was the verdict of the men with stop-watches. "You need another gag or two."

"That will please our listeners, both old and new," smiled Budd. The Colonel proceeded to write two funny situations into the script with a pencil stub as fast as he could scribble. The program was thrust away and found correct to the second.

I barely managed to grasp the Colonel by one arm as he was slipping out the door.

"You promised over the phone that you would give me a definition of 'what is funny,'" I reminded him. "Also, you said you would answer some questions."

"What questions?" He appeared startled at the idea. "Oh yes, so I did."

Then he plucked the pencil from my fingers.

"Where were you born? Do you eat spinach for breakfast? Are you agnosticism?" His questions came like machine-gun fire.

"No, no, Colonel," interrupted Budd tolerantly. "You were going to answer the questions; not ask them?"

"Well, I'm glad that's over. Good-bye!" And he was gone.

"Never mind," soothed Budd. "He will be at his apartment in fifteen minutes working on a script. Go and ring his bell twice. He'll let you in and you can have him alone for a while."

That is the kind of a fellow Wilbur Budd Hatfield is!

The address was easy to find. The Colonel's real name, W. C. Taylor, was over the bell.

I PUSHED twice, was admitted and went to the third door on the self-servo elevator. The Colonel sat at the door, dressing gown over shirt and trousers, his hair mussed. I could see a portable typewriter on a small desk and paper scattered everywhere.

"Colonel Stoopnagle," I said politely. "I have been sent here to get your definition of 'what is funny.'"

"Colonel Lemuel Q. Budd-nagle is the name," he corrected me. "Budd isn't here right now. [Continued on page 62]

MAY, 1934

COLOSSAL! AMAZING! STUPENDOUS! GIGANTIC! SCOOP!

Col. Lemuel Q. Stoopnagle would be a cartoonist, but not gently told he would do better on the radio. He listened to RADIOLAND and agreed to print what he heard. Consequently we are honored to be proud to present the first stupendous periodical ever given to the world of *Walter Sops, Quackster*. Budd was out at the time and says he had nothing to do with it.



ISN'T MY HUSBAND A WEAPOFF SCREAM?

MY TSPHET!

WT'S WT?

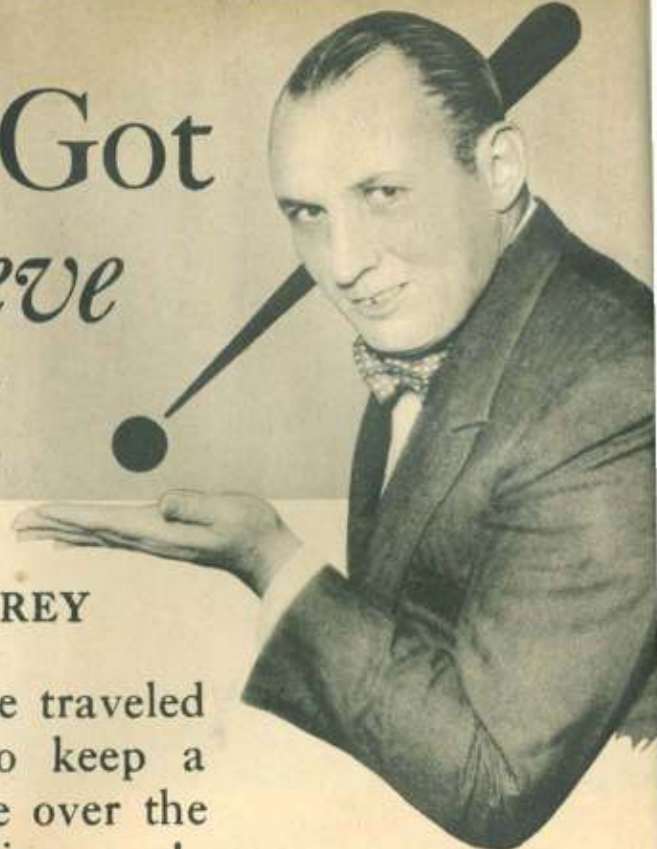


HEZEY



NEWTON 23

You've Got to Believe HIM



By ETHEL CAREY

Bob Ripley—He traveled 10,000 miles to keep a blind date made over the radio—believe it or not!



He Wears Corsets!



He Eats Scorpions!



Thousands Doubted This One!

BELIEVE it or not, a ball game decided the destiny of Bob (Believe-it-or-not) Ripley. Since his boyhood in California, Bob had always been interested in baseball. He had played on the local team, dreaming of making a major league. Finally he came to New York and tried out with the Giants. McGraw was enthusiastic, predicted great things for the young recruit. All Bob's time was spent practicing and watching the others. All his dreams were coming true. Came one black day. While at bat, he was struck by a pitched ball. *Crash*, went all his dreams. His arm was broken, his ball career ended.

Ripley felt disheartened; life hardly seemed worth living. Little did he know that that "lucky break" was destined to make a millionaire of him. It was in the cards that his salary would one day exceed that of any baseball player who ever lived.

The arm was slow in healing. Bob got sick of hanging around brooding about his tough luck. He took some sketches of his favorite athletes over to the old New York *Globe* and got himself a job doing cartoons for sports pages. This was his job for several years.

One night, he simply ran out of ideas. He sharpened his pencils . . . racked his brain. Nary an idea. Absentmindedly, he began to draw a picture of an odd sporting event he had witnessed that week, a man who jumped backwards fifteen feet. Then he drew another of somebody who had stayed under water for three minutes. At last, an inspira-

tion! He put together a few more athletic feats and made them up into a cartoon, never suspecting that it meant more than killing that night's assignment. He labeled it *Chumps & Champs* and handed it in. The name didn't click with the editor, so Bob changed it to *Believe It or Not*. That name has stuck to his work ever since.

HIS *Believe-it-or-nots* caught on; the public clamored for more. He started to do one cartoon weekly, then two a week; then it became a daily feature. That was the start of his career as commentator extraordinary of the whole cockeyed world, creator of the famous series of pictures illustrating odd, fantastic and often well nigh incredible facts.

When you hear his little stories or dramas over the air, they sound simple enough. There is often quite a history behind them, however. Believe it or not, Ripley often spends months tracking down a single incident. To assist him, he employs a staff of eighteen research men, artists, secretaries. One of his assistants speaks thirteen languages. All their combined effort is used to unearth strange facts—"queeriosities," Bob calls them. In his search for new material, he travels to the far corners of the earth; last year he covered more than 75,000 miles. To date, he has visited 167 countries. There are forty left, but he expects to cover them soon.

Robert LeRoy Ripley was born Christmas Day, 1893, at Santa Rosa, California. He [Continued on page 67]



"LINDBERGH . . . Was the 67th Man to Make A Non-Stop Flight Over the Atlantic Ocean"

They Said This Proved Ripley a Liarl



George Gershwin is the famous modern composer, graduate of Tin Pan Alley, who is heard on the new Feenamint program, "Music by Gershwin." Painting is his hobby, the portrait on the wall being a specimen of his work

Helen, Jane, and Patti Pickens are three gals from Georgia who have made such a hit on the air as a harmonizing sister team that they turned down a contract for a series of movies, after completing one on the coast, to return to the networks. Jane does the program arranging, Helen designs clothes as a hobby, and Patti collects—of all things—goldfish!

—Roy Lee Jackson





MARY MCCOY is the distinctive blonde soprano heard on Fred Allen's *Roscoe*. She is a protégée of the famous Miss Schumann-Heink.



LANNY ROSS of *Showboat Hour* fame passed long enough during the filming of his new Paramount picture to pose for this *Illustrated* portrait.



PHIL PORTER'S VELVET baritone voice is featured on the *Galaxy* of Show House from NBC.



JOAN OLSEN is a lovely radio discovery whose voice emanates from Goodman's Chicago station.



JUST PLAIN BILL, whose real name is Arthur Hughes, is heard week-day evenings over CBS.



MARTHA MEARS is the young soprano just graduated from St. Louis stations to the NBC network.



JACK WHITING is leading in his first radio program, the *Mercedese Melodius* *Flower Box Home*.



VIRGINIA CLARK plays the lead in that popular radio drama, *The Romance of Helen Trent*.



RADIO Love Song

A glamorous story of life on the ether waves, where Fame comes overnight—and goes just as quickly

By
NINA WILCOX PUTNAM



ALLEN and Rose, suddenly song team, offered an addition as a gag, met Sally Blaine at Station WOX. Though on the air she was their pet peeve, "Anat Hattis," domestic expert, they became friends. Quiet Dolph, who wrote their songs, adored Sally; but so did handsome Chick Allen. As a result of her campaigning and tooth for nail (through a mistake they had really been on the air), Allen and Rose secured a modest contract. Chick boasted of the great career ahead of him, but Sally, knowing the danger of radio fame, made him promise not to let it spoil him. Already they were both forgetting Dolph. Now go on with the story.

STUDIO D at Station WOX was hushed in a dreary silence one afternoon two weeks after the signing of the informal contract with Joe Raymond—a silence broken only by the rattle of paper as Dolph turned the leaves of Mr. Gosenberg's favorite stamp-catalogue and Chick unfolded the bundle of letters which Doris had handed him on his way in. Forgetting being a complete novelty to Chick, he insisted on reading them all, and so far the results had been most gratifying. *The Door Of My Heart* was drawing. The phenomenon of eleven hundred letters in ten days set Chick's head spinning, although outwardly he had managed to maintain the composure he considered appropriate.

"Listen to this one!" he exclaimed over the top of a pale pink spool. "Here's a danc says, 'What is that curious break in your voice which makes something inside my heart go 'zap?' Say, Stupe, are you listenin?'"

"See, I'm listenin', Chick," Dolph replied, tearing himself away from his catalogue. "What was that you said?"

"I was saying it's a crime the way those dances bother me," Chick commented complacently. "AS I get, it's love letters."

"That's more'n I get," Dolph admitted humbly. "Nobody's written to me yet, except that guy I used the rent on our old piano to."

"Well, you can't expect the women to recognize the piano

so much." Chick's air was faintly patronizing. "But I appreciate your stuff, partner!"

"That's swell of you, Chick!" Dolph's sincerity was unquestionable. "But say, do you think Raymond will ever get us a sponsor? My bankroll's down to sixty-eight cents!"

A sudden cloud wiped out the dejected expression on Allen's face at this news. "What do you do with your money?" he demanded. "Here I was countin' on you for at least three bucks! I promised to take Sally to lunch."

"I'm sorry, partner," Dolph apologized. "Our room-rent was due and . . . say, couldn't we touch Raymond? We ain't had a cent from him since we signed."

"He ain't—hasn't—got it!" Chick growled. "He put his last nickel into us, on a gasbille. You don't think Gregory is sayin' no on his sustaining program, do you? We promised to gasbille with Raymond—and so far all we've drawn is a lot of cancelled stamps."

"I found a nice Cuban stamp on one of your letters yesterday," Dolph brightened momentarily.

"I can't pay for Sally's lunch with stamps," said Chick.

"I suppose Sally gets a flock of love letters, too?" Dolph's query held a note of wistfulness.

"None!" Chick replied scornfully. "She gets letters from cooks and housewives, and widowers with seven kids who'd



Illustrated
by
Harley
Eddie
Seyers

During couples' fight for the coveted position where they could look up and catch every movement of his lips, every flick of his luscious curls, Chick was riding the wave of overnight fame well!

like her to marry 'em and keep home for 'em!"

"I don't blame 'em!" said Dolph thoughtfully.

"She'll be here any minute!" Chick exclaimed nervously.

"What'll I do about lunch?"

IT WAS NOT Sally who entered, however, but Gregory, a largely expensive, cigar-breath, ice-cream patronage. He lumbered in and took the most comfortable chair.

"Well, boys, be inspired awfully, 'how's rehearsal going? I hope the new number will do us credit!"

"Where do you get that 'us'?" Chick snapped. Gregory registered surprise.

"Well, I discovered you fellows didn't!" he demanded. "And this is my station, isn't it?"

"Seeing you think so much of us," Chick suggested, "how about paying us? The deal is up twenty-five again today. Raymond's broke, and you know it. Are you going to pay us or do you want us to deal with Collins over in Jersey?"

"That's just what I came in to talk to you fellows about," Gregory coughed. "You boys have got a lot to learn, but the women seem to go for those shiny numbers. I might be able to develop you, and I'm willing to pay up—well, seventy-five a week for the term on a year's contract. You better grab it."

There was a moment's silence while the partners exchanged an eloquent glance. Dolph nodded violently, a gesture which Gregory was quick to note in the mirror; but Chick ignored the plea, and sat lost in thought as the door behind him opened slowly to admit Joe Raymond, who stood just inside, listening. Chick got to his feet, thrust his hands deep into his pockets and faced the station manager.

"No, Mr. Gregory," he said firmly. "We wouldn't consider 'how about paying us? After all, you made a couple monkey-ous us seventy-five. After all, you made a couple monkey-ous us the first time we come up, and I . . ."

[Continued on page 59]



John Marshall, Cliff Swisher, and Don Ameche caught by the candid camera during a "First Nighter" broadcast.



Al Johnson, at right, heard on the Kraft program, takes the spotlight at a night club.



At left, Earle Mochizuki doing a bit of composing for his popular orchestra. At right, Ted Fiorito, the merry maestro of the Old Gold program.



By
ARTHUR J.
KELLAR

Mike

Says

TED HUSING, former sports announcer, and Mark Hellinger, news paper columnist, are great pals. Husing's ambition is to make a broadcaster of his friend. But Hellinger is deathly afraid of the radio and would rather turn out twenty columns than do two minutes on the radio.

Nevertheless, Husing continues to urge Hellinger to try it. He insisted that Mark get up a sample broadcast and Hellinger, since he agreed, then Husing went up to Hellinger's apartment to hear the script.

"I've decided to do an act in the form of an interview," explained the columnist. "So I won't lose my nerve, Ted, you've got to be the interviewer, and if I faint you can carry on for both of us and nobody will be the wiser."

"All right," agreed Husing. "Here's how the script goes," went on Hellinger. "You ask me, 'Do you think Mr. West will continue to grip the public's fancy?' . . . And I say, 'I think so. She certainly keeps ahead of the times' . . . How do you like it, Ted?"

"Sounds kinda reminiscent," commented the announcer. "But never mind, go on."

"Then you ask, 'what type of razor do you use?' . . . And I answer, 'I don't. My barber handles that' . . . Whereupon you inquire, 'How long have you been going to a barber?' . . . And I reply, 'Ever since I was a little shaver.'"

"Good, good," exclaimed Husing.

"You're getting worse and worse, Mark. What's the idea of such ancient jokes?" "Without them, how can I be a success on the radio?" argued Hellinger. "Then, in stark seriousness, he went on: 'But I guess it's no use, Ted, let's give up the idea. I could never succeed as a broadcaster.'"

"Why not?" belligerently demanded his pal.

"It's only a young fellow you," said Hellinger, "and I can't remember far enough back to be funny on the air."

HOWEVER, Hellinger isn't the only newspaperman the radio makes itchy. *Hit us with it, Walter Winchell, the most successful of the craft as the so-called columnar newspaper columnist by broadcast. His recurring attacks at breakfast are doubtless attributable to the stress of broadcasting. And, despite his tremendous weekly output of copy, Winchell finds the preparation of his radio columns more grateful than his newspaper columns. But the experience of Rudy Goldberg, the columnist who is sponsored by a live company, is the most revealing. It occurred he is cool, calm and collected, going through the routine like the veteran Milton J. Cruz himself. But when time comes to take to the air with the real broadcast, a victim of the Spanish language, he's a different man. His legs tremble beneath him while great beads of perspiration gather on his brow. Usually stimulus here to be administered before he*

can summon strength sufficient to face the dreaded black box.

In his capacity as a Broadway theatrical agent, Fred Allen the other broadcast assembled the cast of Hamlet with three Hamlets, two Ophelias, four kings and a pair of deers. But the high spot of the evening was when Allen personally removed the mirror from the lobby of the Lamba Club and caused all the actor-members to resign. None laughed louder at this rally than a group gathered around the loudspeaker in the Lamba's clubhouse in West 44th Street.

AT LAST the ideal sponsor has been found—the man who doesn't believe in too much sales talk in a broadcast. To the advertising agency preparing his program he directed, "Keep the talk down to the minimum."

A few days later the continuity was read to him.

"It's all right," he said, "except that the announcer has too much to say about the product. Chop it all out."

"Excuse me, Mr. Sponsor," protested the surprised, not to say, startled advertising man, "what benefit will you derive from the program if you don't tell 'em what you've got to sell and make 'em want to buy it?"

The man pondered this.

"Well," he said finally, "leave some of it in but cut out all you can." Then,

apologetically, "You see, my wife's deaf and talking on the air annoys her!"

SHIRLEY HOWARD, the singing co-actress, is always digging up interesting items. She advises this department that most musicians in New York studios buy their shoes at the same haberdashery. It seems the rosters and the folders, keeping time by tapping with their right feet as they play, wear out the soles of the shoes long before those of the other foot. So, a dealer who specializes in reinforcing the soles of the right shoes gets pretty near all their business.

David Freeman, Eddie Cantor's literary associate and author on Mr. Cantor of many radio scripts and magazine articles, fumbled in English when he went to college. This same Freeman, by the way, deflates radio news daily: "It's a feeling that you are the constant source of admiration from people who don't even know you're alive."

Miscellany: Eighteen thousand rolls of high-power wire are required for a transcontinental hook-up. . . . Copies of Edwin C. Hill talk having any bearing on President Roosevelt at his policies are sent to the White House. . . . "Leave-it-or-take-it" Bob Egly told a group in the NBC studios that the wife of a South Sea Islander can't talk until her husband speaks first. "And I'll bet some of those husbands are fools enough to do

it," commented Maestro B. A. Rolfe. . . . Four out of five singers in radio get their early training with church choirs. . . . Fred Waring's broadcasts are being preserved for posterity—each one is recorded as played on the air. . . . Ted Flavin has appeared in the movies with Mary Carlisle and Dick Powell. . . . In the fifteen years of their partnership, Billie Jones and Ethel Hays have made more than 4,500 photograph records. . . . James Melton is the son-in-law of Marjorie Barkley McClure, the author.

"HOW COME?" is the burden of many inquiries reaching this department. "That Deems Taylor, opera composer and music critic, is master of ceremonies on the Al Johnson-Paul Whitman program?" Most of the inquisitive ones, while not denying that the composer of *Peter Ibbetson* and *The King's Hammer*, Metropolitan opera success, is a splendid company with Messrs. Whitman and Johnson and admitting that he does an excellent job of what he has to do, frankly confess their bewilderment in trying to reconcile the idea of a man of so many gifts in a position of conspicuous subordination.

Well, this department, trying hard to be of service to its customers, made an investigation. And brought to light, at least, how Mr. Taylor's association with the extroverted came about. Why, is something else again, unless the explanation lies in the high amusement that should accrue to Mr. Taylor for

having to submit to the Mammy Singer's solaces for a solid hour as "Deems"; said solaces, mind you, being made in public with millions of listeners placing as many different interpretations upon the significance of the word.

It develops from this department's research that Mr. Taylor's fellow music critic, Robert Simon, closely identified with the *New Yorker*, weekly magazine, is responsible for the composer's coming on the cheese program at n. c. It seems Mr. Simon chanced to be present in an advertising agency when the program was plotted. Some one suggested that the numbers should be introduced in a new, novel and witty way. And Mr. Simon, so party to the conference but consumed as a sort of a friend of the court, under sudden inspiration, suggested Deems Taylor as the man who could do that better than anybody he knew.

Mr. Taylor, invited to dinner by his wares at an author, obliged and proved that he could be entertaining without straining his own humor or the intelligence of his auditors. He was engaged in the spot—and has been on the spot ever since.

SOME folks think Eddie Cantor sets too much out of himself when he becomes philosophical and conveys a message in a story. But every time he happens home a rolling rock that was to get a look of love from Gilda. They repeat much more to his philosophy than

Intimate News of Radio Personalities Gathered from Behind

the Scenes at the Studios by **RADIOLAND'S** News Sleuth



Perrier Funkenstein Fiddler in person, heard over the Columbia Concert on Sunday nights



Clara, La' N' De got into a kind of argument which seems on the verge of the debarring stage



Three, the Hillbillies, Papp, Eas, Yaks, and Elton, Perry doing his size of the South Brothers



Proving that Arturo Toscanini, famous conductor, is a good friend of Lotta Lehman, German soprano



Jerry and Jessie Foster take a fling at dancing to a Mamey Lane broadcast



Eddie Postedy with his stringing harp guitar, Rudy Valle discovered him for radio

They do it for honor. One night he offered advice to a man who had written announcing his intention to do away with himself. In three days Eddie received two thousand endorsements of his remarks. And the most important letter was from the would-be suicide. He expressed Eddie's heart in telling him his words had brought him hope and encouragement and that he was content to go with an ordinary wife and child on his. This letter came to carefully preserve for history.

Although the broadcasting system operate on an average of sixteen hours daily, only three and a half hours contribute to their support. This is something to remember when you become annoyed at advertising hallyhoo.

ANSWER to several correspondents: Phil Carlin, former announcer and presently assigned with Graham McNamee to sports teams, is general Eastern program director for the National Broadcasting Company. Mr. Carlin has occupied that executive position several years and is longer broadcast.

Which records this department of an episode back in the days when Station WJZ was located in Newark, N. J. Carlin was the announcer on a program sponsored by the makers of a French toilet preparation. To convey the proper atmosphere, Phil undertook to speak a few words of French. They couldn't have been so good for one woman complained in the studio that every time Carlin got Gallic, her French poodle began over on his back and howled.

Phil, tickled pink, read the letter on the air so that the whole world might know. He insisted that it proved his mastery over animals.

More miscellany: Howard Barlow and Frank Luther lived next door to each other in a New York apartment house

for a year and a half before discovering they were neighbors. . . . The wardrobe of Vincent Lopez includes over a hundred neckties. . . . The first song written especially for radio was My Favorite Rose, dedicated to North Dakota, and first sung on a program representative of that state. It was composed by Walter Preston, the baritone, and Keith McLeod, at that time NBC's musical supervisor. . . . Don Ross, hubby of Jane Preston, is a descendant of Benny Ross, maker of the first American flag. . . . Max West goes Madame Sylvia, former Hollywood madame who gives beauty and health hints to NBC network listeners, her autographed photo with this inscription: "To Sylvia, who takes the Fat Old Man." . . . Gertrude Nisner, annoyed by them, immediately checks her stockings the minute she gets home. . . . The mail sent out from the Radio City headquarters of NBC runs from 18 to 25 weeks daily. In one month recently nearly 100,000 pieces were received.

Quadruple Napp's issue—first issue when she entered in the air last week with Colonel Stoopwangle and Bud's appearance on the Carol Corcoran with the Last Love Orchestra and Cassie Marshall. You'll remember Mr. Napp at the time she faced all grown in near celestial colors.

WILL ROGERS says he "hasn't a speak of sympathy for a listener too busy to read and something he doesn't like." The Prince of Wales at a radio manufacturer's dinner in London said: "If any one gets fed up with one of our public utterances your industry has provided a simple remedy in the shape of a little kash. A fraction of a turn and you can be listening to any other utterance you like." These remarks are respectfully referred to the attention of those carrying critics who persist in sneering at radio.

Mike Says:

COLUMBIA engineers are responsible. A year ago they were denied admission to New York's Radio Arts hall because they were stage people. It was a curious affair, you know, and even though a judge on a radio episode is regarded by some as a magisterial it didn't get them to the chairman. At Columbia the usual procedure is not necessary for the technical men to be there. So they hurried back to the Habana where headquarters, stripped two days of their suits and uniforms and returned to the ballroom, where they were received as officers of the French Foreign Legion.

This year the Radio Arts building took an air Oriental atmosphere and the engineers, perched on Chinese sunshades, had no difficulty at all.

CHARLES WINNINGER, the Captain Henry of the Maxwell House Show Boat Company, is now the chief of the surviving members of the once "Five Winningers," famous group of ten and show boat entertainers whose habitat was the mid-west. His brother, Frank, senior of the family, died recently at his home in Watrous, Wis. at the age of 81. The Winningers, natives of

Austria, came to America in 1881 to organize the Winninger Concert Troupe. The parents settled on a Northern Wisconsin farm while the four boys, Frank, Charles, Adolph and John and their sister, now Mrs. Leon C. Miller, tramped for two decades. When the Five Winningers dissolved, Frank became interested in stock companies. Charles went to New York and established himself as a musical comedy star; Adolph became a movie producer; John, interested in art, took up caricaturing. The sister retired with her marriage.

Cornelia Otis Skinner, daughter of a famous actor and a star in her own right, has a four-year-old son whose impressions of radio celebrities makes his grandfather proud. The youngster does best the piping voice of Arno but his imitation of Joe Penner, Jack Pearl and Ben Bernie are remarkable, too.

Artists passing the elevator buttons in the lobby of the RCA building in Radio City, used to receive a slight shock. This was overcome by installing shock absorbers. Which prompted Nellie Royal, the radio musician, to remark, "Now you get the shock when you get upstairs."

YOU have probably heard how radio entertainers lay aside rights during the dawn of day and an audition ordeal. Most sponsors spend weeks hearing talent before deciding on a program. Well, for the first time, within a year, the history of radio's oldest performer, a contractual contract was signed the other day without a single audition or rehearsal. It was for those correct time announcements on Columbia made by the famous watch people.

Miscellany

Rudy Valle has met his new vocalist, Dolores Keach, while she was a member of a unit playing the Paramount theatre in Brooklyn and he was the headliner there. She is the wife of Sammy Cohen, who played the Jewish boy in the film version of What Price Glory. . . . and Angie Cartman, Joy addition to Paul Whitman's constantly increasing list of soloists, is a Pennsylvania coal miner. . . . Corrie Gates, featured soloist with Mark Watrow's orchestra once wanted to be a nun. . . . John McCormack slips coffee between broadcast numbers. He brings it with him to the studio in a thermos bottle. The Irish

lover, by the way, has sold his string of race horses, finding a stable too costly to maintain. He isn't the first man to discover that it's money that makes the mare go. . . . Margaret Daint, soloist with Ezel Paremore's orchestra, has a passion for taking in stray dogs and cats and is saving money to establish a refuge for homeless domestic animals. . . . the personal letter head of Ed Wynn bears Mark Twain's epigram: "I have no respect for a man who can spell a word only one way." . . . Hit specialties such as the Vagabond King, Student Prince, Chocolate Soldier and others will be heard on the Palmolive Beauty-Box Theatre Hour due to hit the networks about the time this magazine appears on the stands. . . . Ed Wynn is writing a book. His experience with the ill-fated Amalgamated

Broadcasting Company, in which he sank a quarter of a million or so, will be covered briefly. Wynn laughs it away with this philosophy: "I have no desire to become the richest man in the cemetery."

This and That

Eddie Cantor has the distinction—of distinction it is—of being the first man to appear before a microphone (and a studio audience) clad in nothing but a loin cloth. . . . Victor Young is general musical director for the Brunswick recording company. . . . Ralph Kibbey, The Dream Singer, before becoming a broadcaster was a soldier, a surveyor, a salesman and a flour merchant. And, for a while,

during its still boom days, an advertising agent in Ranger, Texas. Which, in a matter of speaking, also makes him a Texas Ranger. . . . Evan Evans was once a cotton broker. . . . Harold Sanford, the musical director, for eighteen years was business manager for the late Victor Herbert. . . . Julian Altman, of the Altman duo of juvenile entertainers, has a medal proclaiming him the most friskiest boy in the state of New York. . . . Yanchu, the colorful Columbia maestro from the pompadour, is married to Mary Coyle, former Follies beauty. . . . Edwin C. Hill collected himself a mild case of writer's cramp the other day when he sat down in a department store and autographed five hundred copies of his new book "The Human Side of the News" for swarming purchasers.

The Amazing Rise of FATHER COUGHLIN

By EDWARD R. SAMMIS

FOREWORD: Preceding installments of Father Coughlin's life story have sketched his rugged boyhood in Hamilton, Ontario, his schooling in Toronto under the Basillian fathers, the early years as an obscure parish priest, his catapulting to fame through the medium of radio and his series of tilts with powerful persons and forces, culminating in his sensational attack on Al Smith. We enter now to the consideration of Father Coughlin as a political figure of historic importance.

BY THE winner of 1933-34 national events began to catch up to Father Coughlin. He had the satisfaction of seeing a number of measures similar to those which he had been advocating for two years, officially put into effect.

The first of these was the abandonment of the gold standard which he had urged in his addresses over the air long before there seemed any possibility of such a move.

As a prober for inflation, he shouted inflation when his was one of a few lone voices crying in the wilderness. He was an early advocate of the revalorization of silver.

Inflation is necessarily a conflict between the "have-gos" and the "haven't-gos." Owners of property, creditors, mortgage holders, bankers, stand to lose by it. But multitudes millions, farmers, unable to meet even the interest on their mortgages at depression prices, home owners, small merchants, weighed down by a crushing burden of debt contracted in boom times, producers of all kinds, look to inflation as the

only means of seeing themselves from a hopeless situation.

All of these, hearing Father Coughlin's reassuring voice coming booming over the radio, turned to him as their champion, their spokesman, and the mail pouring into the Shrine of the Little Flower at Royal Oak, swelled to a million letters a week.

Thus the brooked priest, still wearing the cloth, was forced into becoming a key figure in a national political and economic struggle, the first time that such a thing has happened in the history of the country.

Father Coughlin has offered his own solution to the money problem, a theory which he refers to as "symmetrism," a complicated system based on the revalorization of both gold and silver, closely resembling "bimetallism."

Although there seems no immediate prospect of any definite action being taken on Father Coughlin's proposal, it has been widely quoted and has attracted the attention of economists everywhere.

Inflation, too, brought on his recent conflict, the tilt with Banker James P. Warburg. With characteristic verbal fireworks he attacked Warburg's criticism of the administration, declaring that the bankers were playing into the hands of the Communists and that although "communism is as wrong as international banking, I would just as soon live in Russia under the lack of Stalin as in America under the lack of Morgan."

Warburg had something to say on his side. Although not attacking Father Coughlin directly, in a New York address he pointed out while Senator Elmer Thomas, Father Coughlin's colleague in the fight for inflation, was attacking the bankers, one important banker was acting as his adviser. He referred to George Le Blanc, also

Into the middle of his battle for inflation, his plan for "symmetrism" and "nationalization of credit," this final installment of Father Coughlin's life story carries the radio priest, leaving him where he now stands—at the crossroads of a break with the Roosevelt administration he has so ardently supported

The National Capitol is a symbol of Father Coughlin's radio interests



LATEST COUGHLIN TRENDS

In urging payment of the soldier's bonus, which President Roosevelt has stated he will veto if passed, Father Coughlin makes his first broad-based break with the President's policies.

He has sponsored a plan for "nationalization of credit," an extreme inflationary measure, apparently discredited with the President's sixty-cent dollar.

With vital economic issues still engaging his attention, Father Coughlin seems further than ever removed from his self-proclaimed purpose of some day retiring to a monastery for study and meditation.

friend and adviser to Father Coughlin. There are indeed several important financiers interested in the cause of inflation, including Frank Vanderlip and James H. Rans, Jr., chairman of the committee for the nation, allies of Father Coughlin on this battlefield. His politics and economics both make strange bedfellows.

Some days after the controversy, incidentally, Banker Warburg announced his support of the President's policy.

AS THE inflationary fight came to a head about the time of the opening of Congress, Father Coughlin became a familiar figure in the corridors of the nation's capitol. Appearing before a Congressional committee still investigating the Detroit banking situation, he repeated some of his sensational charges, driving away reflectively at one of his oldest and bitterest foes.

At the same time he appeared before a committee on money, called in as an expert to present his ideas and theories of economics.

His testimony there resulted in a striking demonstration of his popularity and power. Father Coughlin, speaking before the committee, was outspoken in his praise and support of the President's monetary policy. The press of the country carried the story, for the wildest of Father Coughlin's utterances have become big news.

Within a week following, the mail coming to the White House was swelled by a quarter of a million letters! The writers all said substantially the same thing—that since Father Coughlin had endorsed the President's monetary stand, then they were in favor of it too!

During these hectic days Father Coughlin had time for

a few scuffles on the side. While in Washington he went before a Senate judicial committee considering a proposal to legalize the trading of birth control information through the mails and aroused violent animosity among the supporters of the bill by his remarks, one of which was to the effect that there were still women left intelligent enough not to look on marriage as legalized prostitution.

Mrs. Margaret Sanger, militant birth control leader, told together afterwards that she "had never known womanhood to be so insulted."

A showdown in the inflationary fight was averted when President Roosevelt announced that the dollar would be pegged at around sixty cents. This was just enough of a victory for the inflationists to take the wind out of the sails of the movement.

The inflationist leaders were not satisfied. Senator Thomas for a time threatened to bolt. Father Coughlin himself in one of his broadcasts came out for a forty-four cent rather than a sixty cent dollar.

But with that instinctive feeling for the trend of popular sentiment which has characterized his career, he was careful not to take violent issue with the President.

The issue of inflation has subsided somewhat since that time. Other questions have taken precedence in governmental circles, such as the air mail scandal. However, it is far from dead. Taking such forms as renewed demand for payment of the bonus, it may flare up again. [Continued on page 60]



Burns & Allen

take the

Witness Stand



Gracie William Tell Allen plays Cupid with a bow and arrow, but George Burns figures he's safe as long as she's aiming at him

and try to give intelligent answers to the questions of **RADIO-LAND** readers

GRACIE: Oh George, he wants us to take that great big heavy stand! However will we get it home? And what will we do with it when we get there? Oh-h- I know! It would be just the thing for that rubber plant my aunt gave us!

GEORGE: Listen Gracie, listen! He doesn't want us to take the witness stand! Can't you see—it's fastened down!

GRACIE: Oh, so you can't take it!

All right. Here's one for you. Why doesn't Gracie sing oftener on the radio?

GRACIE: Well, it's this way. I have such a beautiful voice that whenever I sing on the air a lot of people offer me contracts. And when people offer me contracts I can't help signing them. And if I signed more than one contract at one time I would be in hot water and when I'm in hot water I always start washing dishes. And I hate washing dishes so—

GEORGE: You mean you've heard Gracie sing and still ask why she doesn't sing oftener over the radio?

How long have you been on the air?

GRACIE: Oh, I've been walking on air, ever since I met George.

No. No. How long have you been appearing on the radio?

GRACIE: Oh that's different. About five years. And it just seems like yesterday.

Who do you think is the greatest guy that ever lived?

GRACIE: Guy Lombardo.

How long do you rehearse before each broadcast?

GEORGE: Until Gracie gets what I'm trying to tell her through her head.

And how long does that take?

GEORGE: Oh about three years if everything goes all right.

Gracie, what is your favorite hobby?

GRACIE: George is my favorite hobby. In fact he's the only one I ever had. [Continued on page 65]

HEAR ye! Hear ye! Hear ye! George Burns and Gracie Allen—for some months now, readers of **RADIOLAND** have been curious to know how you got that way. In order that you may answer any and all questions that they should wish to put to you, will you kindly appear before the bar?

GRACIE: No sir You don't catch me letting George appear before the bar! Whenever George gets in front of a bar, I never see him again till morning.

GEORGE: Gracie! Will you be quiet?
Take the witness stand, please.

Help Us Quiz Fred Allen

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

Please ask Fred Allen to answer the following questions:

My Name

Address

(Mail coupon before April 20)

Is it true that Fred Allen is seven other people? Is his favorite pet a South African hartebeest? Does he prefer pomegranates to pickles? He will answer important questions like these through **RADIOLAND** if you ask him on the coupon.

The Charmer on the Cover

THERE used to be a song *I'm in Love with a Girl on a Magazine Cover*. It's due for a revival as soon as this issue, with Babs Ryan on the cover, bursts on an unsuspecting world. We shouldn't wonder if they'd start serenading the news-stands.

Babs, as you and you and you know, is the young smoothie who helps her brothers Ryan sing about an old smoothie, as a star attraction of the Ford program, featuring Fred Waring and the suave Pennsylvanians. Her real name is Blanche but you needn't bother to remember it—she never can.

Harmony and rhythm come just as natural to Babs as having golden hair and brown eyes. Her mother was a piano teacher, and Babs was practicing scales when she was three years old! She graduated to duets and learned about striking minors before she started school; when she was twelve, she had a dance orchestra and was booked solid locally.

She then decided to go into competition with her mother in the piano teaching business, and (we trust by fair means) secured a dozen pupils. All through school she was interested in music and dramatics. She also learned to play pretty tunes on the typewriter at the rate of a hundred words a minute, but she preferred the tone of a Steinway to that of an Underwood, which was certainly radio's gain.

She was fifteen years old when she first went on the air in Kansas City, terrified in spite of the fact that she was an old piano teacher. Her family didn't approve of a career for her, at least not just yet, and begged her to go to college. But Babs took herself

off to Chicago, where her brothers were playing on the vaudeville stage. At first they didn't know whether they were so crazy about the idea—you know how brothers are. Babs felt pretty small and not very smooth, but she soon learned showmanship and now the other Smoothies are plenty proud of their little sister. Incidentally, it's Babs who does those trick

arrangements that "Little" and Charlie and herself put over so well with Waring's Pennsylvanians, and which probably have a great deal to do with their very original and individual style of singing. She has also written a few tunes of her own, but doesn't feel like braving crowded Tin-Pan-Alley with them yet. With that new hair-cut, it seems probable that as a song writer Babs would go over with a bang. If we are annoying anyone, come up and sue us sometime.

For people who like to gather miscellaneous bits of information about their favorites, Babs isn't married, but don't crowd; she is never on time for appointments or rehearsals, but makes trains (and broadcasts) when she has to, which is all that's necessary, really; she would rather be Hannah Williams than anyone else, which seems quite futile; she believes in dreams, because a lot of things really happen just as she dreamed them; she adores prize fights, and goes to them whenever she has a chance; she has never had a diamond and is crazy about them. Well, that shouldn't be so difficult. If anyone wishes to send a diamond to Babs Ryan addressed in care of this magazine, we will put her name on the box, remove the diamond and leave town immediately.

*"She's an old smoothie"
Babs Ryan, singing
with Waring's Pennsylvanians on the Ford
Program.*



The first network broadcast of the Pennsylvanians. Can you identify the Waring brothers, Lane sisters, Babs Ryan and brothers, and David Ross in background?

Millions of radio listeners have heard William Lyon Phelps on the Voice of America program, but his fame as a national figure antedates his microphone appearances by many years. Privately known as a literary and educational figure, he was for years Professor of English Literature at Yale, and is the author of numerous books of literary criticism and contributions to many national magazines. He is intimately and affectionately known to many of the greatest names in the world of letters, who attended his Yale classes as undergraduates. His eminence as an educator and the publicist gives his opinions on the possibilities of radio a particular pertinence.

A RADIO Freshman Speaks His MIND

By WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

Radio is a challenge to the famous Yale professor—and radio itself is challenged by his statement that what it needs is editor who can "get excited"

WHEN a freshman comes to Yale, he is always asked two questions. The first is: "Why did you come to Yale?" The second is: "Supposing you were given the opportunity, what would you do to improve Yale?" The answers to both these questions are always surprising to me, and none in a way, I suppose, I am a freshman in radio, and the same questions are being put to me about going on the air. I am writing this after my third regular broadcast.

Let's answer the first question first. I have come to radio for three reasons. I lost my job, as it were. Up at Yale they have a rule that when you happen to be sixty-eight, you must retire. It is, after all, a good rule. Some men are older at sixty-eight than others. Even if you are one of the younger men, you have the advantage of going when you are at the top of your form, instead of having the spikes cut out from under you. I like to think that that was my experience. As a matter of fact, the same thing happened to another Yale boy. A year ago my friend, Alonzo A. Stagg, had to retire as football coach and athletic director at the University of Chicago, although I am sure he is younger in spirit, mentality and physical stamina than a lot of people who are twenty years his junior.

The second reason for my coming to radio is frankly monetary. I get very impatient with people who pretend to be a jolly indifference to money while all the while they are trying just as hard as they can to make it. I believe, if you know what to do with it, that money is a fine thing to have. As for the third reason—I can hardly imagine anyone who has been in public speaking as long as I have (and that is over fifty years) who has not felt the desire to express an audience that is a thousand times larger than any congregation that could be assembled in a lecture hall.

Last spring a friend and former pupil of mine, Tom Six, asked me to do a broadcast with him. It was my first appearance on the radio, and I was not completely enthusiastic about it. To be sure, I was informed that on that first broadcast I should have a national hook-up of over fifty stations and there was a possibility of over ten million people turning the dial and listening to me off without my ever knowing it. It was a real challenge, and I like challenges. They make whatever game you happen to be playing, whatever business you happen to be in, more vital and more fun.

But, on the other hand, those people were not going to be before me in flesh and blood. I was not going to be able to

see their smile when I wanted them to smile, or to look moved or disturbed or interested when I wanted them to be moved or disturbed or interested. I was going to stand in a bare room and talk to or at a little black box. Now I have the opposite of stage fright. When I talk to an audience, they lead me. I usually don't know what I am going to say, when I go up on a platform. I never speak from notes, and I cannot remember that I have ever prepared a complete address. I am sure that if I had to make a speech to myself, alone in my room, I couldn't think of enough to say to fill up an hour, but when I am talking to a full hall of people, I have to curb myself to keep from running over my time and imposing on their good-nature. Of course, I realize that the timing of radio programs is a matter of split seconds, and that it is impossible to be easy and diffuse and informal. Nevertheless, I do find it a little frightening to address a non-conventional instrument which doesn't respond to my best efforts and which records any slip I happen to make with devastating accuracy. But again it is a matter of being challenged.

THE other day I was fortunate enough to have the opportunity to talk to Mr. John Carlisle, of the Columbia Broadcasting System, on the theory of addressing a radio audience. He said, if I may quote him, "Your voice reaches there in the privacy of their homes with the subtleties of an uninvited guest, even though they have turned on the switch and asked you in. Now what you must do is to go out and reach them and take hold of them immediately. You must carry them with you, take them by the hand and lead them, and make yourself a part of their lives for the few minutes when this vast audience gives you their attention. If you are lecturing in the actual presence of people, it isn't likely



William Lyon Phelps, Thomas Six, and Gene Tenney. Thomas Six is the one who brought him to the Columbia network. After years of public speaking, detaching experience in Dr. Phelps. Human understanding is more important.



Gene Tenney, former pupil of Dr. Phelps who talking into a microphone was a radio technician, he finds



William Lyon Phelps in his study at his home in New Haven, Conn., seat of Yale University

that half your audience will rise and go out, saying, 'There's another lecture across the street. Let's try him instead.' But they can do that on the radio, without even moving, by simply turning a dial." And that, you see, is another challenge.

Mr. Carlisle went on to explain that the way you speak, your manner of address, over the radio has to be just as carefully worked as for the lecture platform. There is a different technique, certainly, but the basic requirements are the same. Nevertheless, the radio is more exacting, in a way. If you are talking informally among your friends and they do not like what you are saying, they can interrupt, or change the subject. If you are talking over the radio, you must talk so that you will be listened to until you have finished what you want to express.

That, I suppose, answers why I came to radio. And now as to the question of what I would do if I were running radio. Let me start by saying that I think radio is subject to very little criticism when you consider how far it has come in the few years that it has been with us. Next, I should like to bring up a topic which has been brought up many times before, but which I think is a matter of paramount importance. People ask: "Why should the radio be cluttered up with advertising—it isn't in Europe."

Well, in the first place, it is my opinion—although I have made no profound study of the subject—that the radio abroad is not as good as it is here. It is very often a national subsidy, and it frequently happens that only one side of a question is presented. Our great magazines and our great newspapers in this country couldn't exist without advertising. It seems to me that when an advertiser has the good sense and the good taste to give the public. [Continued on page 72]



Edgar A. Guen, well-known American poet who has a large book, newspaper and radio audience, with Dr. and Mrs. Phelps

A FATHER Answers His SON



The Voice of Experience was born under the astrological sign of Leo, the Lion, and this ancient Chinese tapestry, entirely hand-embroidered, adorns his office walls. The two religious plaques at the left are priceless museum pieces, hand-carved from French clay, also to be seen in the Voice's office.

His SON

In April RADIOLAND you read that very human document which the Voice of Experience broadcast Christmas Day to his aged father. This month the Voice (M. Sayle Taylor) presents his father's answer

By THE VOICE of EXPERIENCE

"I put it mildly when I say my bosom swelled with pride when I listened to you over the radio. I was moved deeply as you eulogized your sainted Mother. You may well be proud of that Mother of yours, for no boy ever had a nobler, more self-sacrificing and consecrated Christian Mother.

"You spoke of your childhood, Son. Let me take you back, earlier than perhaps you remember, to an occasion when you greatly surprised me with your reasoning mind. You had just turned four when one day you addressed me:

"Father, how big is God? Is He as big as you?"

"Yes, Son, He's bigger than I, I answered you.

"Is He bigger than a tree?"

"Yes, bigger than a tree."

"Father, is God bigger than the world?"

"Yes, Son, God is bigger than the world."

I thought surely you must be through by this time. But, after a little thought, you came back with:

"Father, if God is bigger than the world and God is in Heaven, how can anybody else get into Heaven?"

"You were too young then for me to explain that God is spirit and not matter. This is just one occasion of the many when you propounded questions far beyond your years."

QUESTIONS far beyond my years, eh? So that's the reason you let my questions go unanswered! I was old enough to ask questions but too young to get replies! Well, Father, let me recall another question or two that I well remember that you didn't answer, and for that matter have never answered for me.

Do you remember when we were living on Second Avenue in Louisville—I guess I was about six then—and we were sitting at the table eating and I was directly opposite you, and suddenly I stopped eating and seriously contemplated your Adam's apple, and after a few moments I said, "Father, why is it that when your food starts down your Adam's apple comes up, then goes back down when you swallow?" do you remember what your reply was? Three silent ups and downs of your Adam's apple, that's all!

When I repeated the question you finally vouchsafed the following reply: "When you're old enough to have an Adam's apple you'll find that out for yourself. You wouldn't understand now."

Well, Father, I've had an Adam's [Continued on page 64]

RADIOLAND



Tropic skies, a desert island . . . and Elsie Hitz . . . combine to make Paradise dangerous for Nick Dawson

PERIL in Paradise

By
DENA REED



Elsie Hitz, the girl behind the magic voice that thousands of people love for obvious reasons

FAN letters (at least a thousand a week) indicate that there are a lot of people who wonder about Elsie Hitz, the girl who provides not a little of the danger element for Nick Dawson in Woodbury's *Dangerous Paradise* hour. It's impossible to be in love with a voice and not be curious about the person behind it—and plenty of people are in love with the voice in question. Because Elsie Hitz used to be the *Magic Voice*, in fact, columnists still refer to her that way. She has what has been described as the most beautiful speaking voice on the air.

Woodbury selected her for the *Dangerous Paradise* program because of her voice, and also because the girl behind it looked not unlike the girl in their advertisements. Elsie has large brown eyes, and brown hair, which looks almost gold in the sunshine. Equipped as she is with a grand sense of humor and sincere modesty, she would laugh at the idea of being called beautiful. She never dresses "like an actress." She is a member of the Junior League—and looks it.

She is one of five sisters, born in Cincinnati. At fourteen she joined a stock

company during summer vacation—that early she had an eye on a dramatic career. When she was sixteen she made the rounds of Broadway agencies; and several jobs were offered her. She understudied Helen Hayes in one play. However, the name "Elsie Hitz" was not a big name in the theatre.

But when radio came into its own, that name went up in electric lights—figuratively speaking. Elsie was the first girl in radio drama to be given credit over the air as a star. And after various other successful programs, real stardom came to her as the *Magic Voice*.

Her tremendous fan mail is a responsibility she takes seriously. She answers every letter she receives from a slut-in by hand. Sometimes there are as many as fifty of these a day. She also gives her personal attention to letters from girls who want to know how to break into radio. But the "mash notes" she has to turn over to a secretary—because if she answered them she wouldn't have time for anything else.

Her secret vices, as disclosed by her favorite sister Thelma, are "red fingernails and an occasional swear word." However, she only indulges in these at home, and her family are the only ones who would know that she swears once in a blue moon and has a passion for red nail polish.

ON CHRISTMAS DAY I conducted a reverie with my Father and I am glad to have before me now my Father's reply to that broadcast, which reads as follows:

"My dear Son:
"When you broadcast your message to me across the Continent Christmas Day, I was up and dressed; have been up for three days. I am also recovered from the operation, but am still quite weak. However, I find that I have lost only about ten pounds.

"Son, you spoke of your 'aged' Father. I, like you, used to think of one who had passed the age of three score years and ten as being aged; but I still feel so young and am so well preserved I have changed my mind. One is only as old as he or she feels.

A FATHER Answers His SON



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Random REVIEWS of

Wherein the Radio Rouser Expresses a Few Highly Personal

Popular PROGRAMS

Opinions on Various Radio Programs He Has Been Tuning In On



Raymond Paige, Leon Errol

PONTIAC SURPRISE PARTY

Just when the surprise comes in, no one is yet able to have out although it makes a catchy title. At any rate, out of the customary framework of a band, singers and chorists, a very nice, unusual program has been created, due to inspired scripting and in large part to Earl Barker's vocal charm. And Raymond Paige is rapidly making a name for himself.



Cecil Lean, Glen Mayfield

WARD'S FAMILY THEATRE

Cecil Lean and Glen Mayfield bring to the air the ingredients of a game which they've developed through years of legitimate performance. Cecil writes the scripts and you'll certainly go for Cecil's Kansas drawl—Jimmy Meyers will surely be the most likable customer, and for the record, art there is a combined stage star or two in evidence.

MUSIC ON THE AIR

Song stories—only cleverly done—by Jimmy Keegan. Perhaps a bit too sentimental for those in the school-of-realism class, but a relief from the "heady" stuff. Keegan also the fusion of these miniature dramas by choosing real actors for the drama. Robert Armstrong's strong orchestra, the male actor and three Warming Birds make their own distinctive contributions.



Jimmy Keegan

FIRST NIGHTER

This daffily arranged dramatic program always reminds this ear-to-the-grounder department of a synthetic sparkle in a setting much too good for it. To make hard work's partner, the music, there's atmosphere and patter set the scene perfectly. But out comes the same old melodrama. June Harnell, Dan Amadio and Edward Taylor deserve credit for their excellent performance.



Charles P. Hughes



Whiting—Lang—Denny

MARVELOUS MELODIES

Two Jacks and a Jennie and a Dutch (Edna "Historical History" from the "Marvelous Melodies" program broadcast from Columbia's new Radio Playhouse. The vocal rhythms of Jack Barry's orchestra, Jennie Lane's guitar, and singing-music-providers Jack Whiting makes this program one that stands particularly to the present taste.



Waring and Lane Sisters

FRED WARING

It's hard to find an orchestra leader then whomer than Fred Waring. The Ford program of his Pennsylvania is a beauty, no less. Much smooth as head-ache when, sweetly arranged music that stick euphatically, solo performance of the first world, including the original fopish voice—and a feminine contingent as easy to look at as to listen to. His Blue Print is an ear treat in this world.

CRUMIT AND SANDERSON

Barred clever, these sponsors, to spot Frank Crumit and Julia Sanderson for a late Sunday afternoon program. The "listeners" ability is pretty much worn down by that time anyway, and what could be pleasanter than listening to these two singing and kidding around? They almost persuade you to stay home and make fudge instead of going to that night club.



Crumit and Sanderson

ROMANTIC BACHELOR

Tommy McLaughlin who met quite a following on the "Threads of Happiness" program turns up again as the Romantic Bachelor. The program is a fifteen minute early evening romantic, destined to put you in a romantic mood. Tommy specializes in all the good old love songs for which his mellow tenor voice is particularly adapted. Ted Black and his Dale Lynde orchestra.



Tommy McLaughlin



Betty, Margery, Dol

OLD GOLD

Ted Florida, the master from San Francisco had a tough assignment when called upon to follow Fred Waring and his Pennsylvania in the Old Gold spot. And he has done well with it. High spots are the Three Babes, screaming trio, and the Five Sisters who do all sorts of attractive things with their instruments. His company are possible at to vocal background as Florida's style is individual, unique.



Fred Allen

FRED ALLEN

Fred Allen's Boston forces have practically convinced us that the other other funny-boys can only properly be referred to as dead-end comedians. Portland "Fool-a-boo" Halls, his favorite wife and stage manager, and his a brain of baggage that lets of folk call madness, but us, we call it darned clever. This program, which is all based "round" with Fucin Gandy's music, is our favorite Wednesday evening exception.

KRAFT-PHENIX

Hard to tell who deserves most credit on this program—Paul Whitman, Doris Taylor, or Al Jolson. Might as well admit all the boys are good and let it go at that. The Rouser's personal preference probably would go to Taylor for his dry humor, confounding the popular impression that a man can't be a musical nightman and a humorist at the same time. Whitman's music is certainly superb.



Taylor and Whitman

FORTY-FIVE MINUTES FROM HOLLYWOOD

The most complete radio program from Hollywood so far, the show with the usual length of forty-five minutes, includes the opening circle for radio news from the picture capital by presenting an interview with some popular star, thirty of Hollywood gossip, and a preview of a current movie. Good feature is Mark Warnow's musical setting.



Mark Warnow



Tony Wons

TONY WONS

Tony Wons and his jazz remarks are now heard on a most-pleasant network. Tony's simple and direct manner of reading everything from Shakespeare to Eddie Cantor gives an evening one that, even after thousands of broadcasts, Pops Keenan and Saida Phillips play semi-classical numbers on the piano to fit the mood of Tony's phrasing.



Olsen and Johnson

OLSEN AND JOHNSON

If you can remain calm to the infectious laugh of this team you're a better man than the Radio Rouser, Gungo Dink. Take away their silly riddles and you'd still have a fair comedy program, but what's worth to do that? Freshly written, perhaps—but they have a real line doing their stuff for the folks.

AL PEARCE'S GANG

Newcomer to the eastern networks, Al Pearce and his gang, long favorites on the west coast, were destined for national popularity. Al Pearce began his career as a milkman, and knows how to keep his program from turning sour. He has a pleasing tenor voice and a flair for comedy characterization, and has gathered a complete bunch of gangsters around him.



Al Pearce

RINGS OF MELODY

Here's a new Sunday afternoon program which deserves a word of commendation for playing down the commercial advertisement angle, and for bringing together an outstanding group of artists headed by Edward Hall, Jr., and Arthur Jackson. Mr. Hall has a pleasing baritone voice which has been heard on many NBC programs, and he has direct supervision of this hour with Victor Arden.



Edward Hall, Jr.

TIDBITS

Served by the

Smart Hostess

Edited by
IDA BAILEY ALLEN

heard over CBS on Thursdays at 10:15,
and recent winner of World's Telegram's
popularity poll for domestic programs.

FOOD and drink are creating a new era—an era of appreciation, liberalization and humanization. We shall undoubtedly see the wrong things served together and endure combinations of conflicting flavors for some years to come. For the first time in our history as a nation we are viewing food and drink from the standpoints of the epurés.

The word, "tidbit" has crept into our food vocabulary. We use it glibly, but how many know its real meaning? In the dictionary you will find that it is spelled "tit-tit," and that it is "a delicate and tender piece of anything outside; a tender morsel"—not only a salty accompaniment to cocktails, highballs or plain whisky and soda. In years past the tidbit was served at the close of the meal, as a *bonnie bonnie*. Today it has changed position, until now it can be classed as an

hors d'œuvre. Tidbits are of immense service in entertaining large groups, for they are infernally passed and eaten in copious quantities. In this case there should be many varieties, among them several that are salty, for the purpose of the tidbit is to whet the thirst. And since being thirsty has become legal, it is up to the clever hostess to cater to it!

Tidbits may be served properly on three different occasions. At parties with cocktails, highballs or whisky and soda, but always preceding the tea and cakes; with cocktails or whisky before dinner; or with similar strong drinks during the evening or after a late game of bridge. Tidbits are never served with wine. The exception that proves the rule is when dry sherry is served as an appetizer. However, tidbits are served with beer at the late evening—not the dinner type, but substantial snacks in the form of unique sandwiches and cheese delicacies.

In planning tidbits to please men, do not forget that the good old flavors are as popular as ever. Introduce new spreads and toppings occasionally on canapés—but remember that many people hesitate to taste the untried, and while railfence meat and other startling coverings may induce good conversation, they may make less desirable eating.

Whatever the kind of tidbit, it is [Continued on page 68]

This delectable tray of snacks were executed by the chef at the Hollywood Roosevelt Hotel.



HADDLAND

Mrs. Allen says:

Serve tidbits with cocktails, highballs or whisky and soda at parties; or during the evening with drinks—but never with wine except when dry sherry is served as an appetizer.

Tidbits may also be served with beer in the late evening—not the dinner type, but substantial snacks like sandwiches and cheese delicacies.

In planning for men, do not forget the good old standbys are as popular as ever, however, introduce new spreads and toppings occasionally on canapés.

DRAPES for Spring Sunshine

THE spring sun feels warm and comforting. You cannot get enough of it outdoors. You feel it must be allowed to flood the house with its vitalizing rays. You draw back the winter draperies. They look heavy and cumbersome in the bright light. They were expensive, too, you recollect, and you fear the bright sun will fade them.

At this point, if you are imaginative, your mind will begin to actively plan summer draperies for each room. You will begin to calculate the probable cost, decide that they can be quite inexpensive and that they will prove a real economy, and end by saying forth to look at the newest fabrics.

Buying window draperies is always difficult, for no way has yet been evolved by which experimental lengths of the fabrics may be hung in the rooms they are to adorn. The only way to meet this problem is to know before you start out the color you wish to use, and to take with you samples of wall-paper, a card showing paint or wood finish colors, and samples of the principal upholstery fabrics.

The materials to be selected and the way the draperies are to be made depend to a large extent on the type of room and the effect to be created. Before making any purchases ask yourself these questions:

Is the room small, crowded and stuffy-looking? Does it need draperies that contribute a sense of spaciousness? ... Do the windows look out upon a court or an unpleasant view that should be obscured without restraining the light? ... Does the room need the stimulation of color, or should it be toned down? ... Is the room too low? Would an illusion of height prove a contribution to the decorative scheme? ... Should drapery material be chosen that can be duplicated elsewhere in the room, as slip covers, bed spreads, etc. ... Are the draperies to take the place of window shades? ... Should the draperies be of a type that can be laundered, or are you planning to send them to a dry cleaner? ... Are you going to make the draperies yourself, or have a decorator do it?

Still over these points in your way to the shops, so that your needs will be clear in your mind before you make any purchases. Otherwise a disappointment is in the offing. [Continued on page 69]



Shows pale yellow curtains with yellow fringe against white Venetian blind. Left, paneled silk drapes tied back with (new) cord, showing the Victorian to frame.



The same old house—but new draperies and curtains will give you a new lease on Life!

HANDS *are* Important

—and there's no reason why they should be rough or unsightly if you apply the practical methods described in this article

By WYNNE MCKAY



Rough, dry hands can be made beautiful by massaging tissue cream into the skin, applying a final layer of cream, and donning loose, soft white gloves to be worn all night

PRACTICALLY all women today know how to care for their hands and nails. Of course, they do not use their knowledge each day, as they should, but they are never at a loss when called upon to give themselves manicures. This is partly due, no doubt, to the low price of professional manicures; but largely, I think, to the complete home manicure sets, with detailed instructions, available at all toiletry counters for ridiculously small amounts.

But in spite of this wholesale dissemination of manicure lore, I still find in my mail numerous questions touching on *special* problems in the care of the nails. Brittle nails, one of the most common and exasperating problems, are often caused by cutting the nails instead of filing them, or by the too-frequent use of cheap, strong polishes and removers. Keeping hands in hot water continually, especially when the water contains caustic soap, will also make nails brittle and soft. To remedy this condition throw away your nail scissors and buy a flexible file or emery boards. Use only a high grade polish and remover, one that you can be sure contains no drying ingredients. Wear rubber gloves if you must keep your hands in water much of the time.

In addition to these precautions, you should treat the offending nails to daily

warm oil baths—almond or castor oil, preferably. Heat the oil until it is quite warm, then transfer it to a low dish and park your ten fingers in it for a half hour if possible, or ten minutes at least. These oil baths, taken regularly, will soon make your nails flexible. Anyone subject to brittle nails should give herself oil manicures instead of the ordinary kind. An oil manicure is exactly like any other except that after the nails are filed and dead cuticle removed, the fingers are allowed to soak in a bowl of warm oil instead of soapy water.

White spots on the nails, purported to have some mystic significance, are simply annoying blemishes to well-groomed women. These white patches are caused either by excessive dryness of the nails or by bruises. The treatment described above will remove the first cause, while a little care and judgment will do away with the second. When you manicure your nails, treat them gently. The use of a sharp steel instrument to push back the cuticle at the base of the nail is definitely harmful. Never use a steel instrument either here or under the free edge of the nail. Instead, use the end of an orangewood stick, covered with cotton.

Chronically ridged or striated nails make it quite impossible to file evenly or to apply polish nicely. They are usually due to an acid condition of the blood that needs medical correction, but they can be made more presentable by frequent oil applications and by smoothing them off gently with the finer side of an emery board. Another trick, often used by professional manicurists, is to put powdered pumice on a wet buffer and then buff [Continued on page 73]

BEAUTY SERVICE FOR READERS

Wynne McKay, RADIO-LAND'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!



Reduce...



YOUR WAIST AND HIPS 3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS



The
PERFOLASTIC
GIRDLE
and
UPLIFT
BRASSIERE



In 10 Short Days You Can Be
YOUR SLIMMER SELF...

WITHOUT EXERCISE, DIET OR DRUGS!

■ "I REDUCED MY HIPS NINE INCHES WITH THE PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE," writes Miss Jean Healy. "Without your girdle I am lost," says Mrs. Ouida Browne. "I reduced almost twenty pounds," writes Mrs. Noble. "The fat seems to have melted away," says Mrs. K. McSorley. "I have not only reduced a number of pounds, but find my waistline several inches smaller," writes Mrs. Carolyn Jennings. "I reduced my waist from 43½ to 34½ inches," writes Mrs. B. Brian. "It massages like magic," writes Mrs. K. Carrol.

These are only a few of hundreds of letters from women who have tested the Perfolastic Girdle!

with the
PERFOLASTIC
GIRDLE

..or it will cost you nothing!

WE WANT YOU to try the Perfolastic Girdle. Test it for yourself for 10 days absolutely FREE. Then, if you have not reduced at least 3 inches around waist and hips, it will cost you nothing!

THE MESSAGE-LIKE ACTION
REDUCES
QUICKLY EASILY and SAFELY

■ The massage-like action of this famous Perfolastic Reducing Girdle takes the place of months of tiring exercises. It removes surplus fat and stimulates the body once more into energetic health.

■ The ventilating perforations allow the skin pores to breathe normally. The inner surface of the Perfolastic Girdle is a delightfully soft, satinized fabric, especially designed to wear next to the body. It does away with all irritation, chafing and discomfort, keeping your body cool and fresh at all times. A special adjustable back allows for perfect fit as inches disappear.

... TEST the
PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE
at our expense!

■ 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.

Don't wait any longer... act today!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.

41 EAST 42nd ST., Dept. 75 New York, N.Y.

Without obligation on my part, please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere also sample of perforated Rubber and particulars of your 10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

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Address _____

City _____ State _____

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Post Card

YOU Can Make These *Harriet Hilliard* Frocks



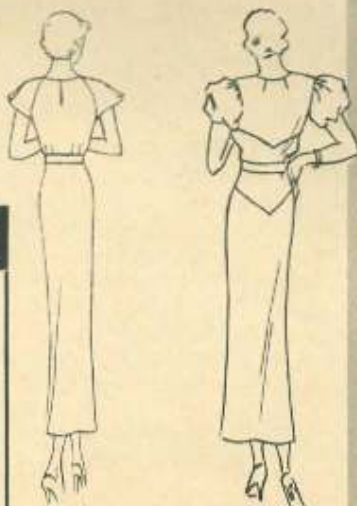
THIS month the spotlight in our RADIOLAND pattern department rests on a young lady who is quite accustomed to spotlights—lovely blonde Harriet Hilliard, featured soloist with Ozzie Nelson's orchestra. From her summer wardrobe she chose her two very favorite frocks, and so that her admirers may, if they like, make themselves duplicates of them, we have prepared patterns of these two stunning models.

At the right, you see Miss Hilliard wearing an ultra-smart cape ensemble. It is fashioned of rough crêpe in that exquisite new shade of blue called aqua, and the yoke and sleeves are a soft flesh tone flat crêpe. The smart cape just brushes the hip tops, and fastens close to the throat with a pert bow. Miss Hilliard wears it both with or without the cape, as it looks equally well either way. This is pattern L.323, designed in sizes 12 to 20 and 30 to 40. Size 16 requires $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards 39-inch fabric and $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards contrasting. This frock would be also grand in any of the new smart cotton fabrics.

THE afternoon frock at the left centers its interest above the waistline, as the smartest models do, this season. It features one of the new "toppers" worn over the bodice, and delightfully casual tie ends that will prove flattering to every type of figure. Fashioned of black and white striped silk or exotic Roman stripes, this innovation furnishes striking contrast to the pastel crêpe frock. Raglan sleeves slashed to the shoulder add to the interest. This is pattern L.324, available in sizes 14 to 20 and 32 to 42. Size 16 requires 3 yards of 30-inch fabric and $\frac{7}{8}$ yards contrasting.



A charming neckline characterizes L.324, in pastel crêpe with smart "topper" in black and white stripes, worn over the bodice. Back view below



Isn't this a luscious ensemble for summer? Harriet Hilliard wears L.323 in aqua blue crêpe, with yoke and sleeves in flesh tone flat crêpe. Linen in green and daffodil yellow would be another delectable combination for this outfit. Back view shown at left

RADIOLAND'S PATTERN SERVICE

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

For the enclosed.....send me Pattern No. L.323. Size.....
Pattern No. L.324. Size.....and the Spring edition of the Pattern Book
(check if wanted).....
Name
Street
CityState

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



Want to earn BIG MONEY IN BROADCASTING?

This *Free Book* tells you how

DO YOU want to earn more money than you ever thought possible before? Do you want to get into Broadcasting—the most fascinating, glamorous, highly paid work in the world? Do you want fame—your name on the tongue of thousands? If you do, then send at once for this free book, "How to Find Your Place in Broadcasting," which tells how anyone with talent can train for a big pay Broadcasting job.

Broadcasting Needs New Talent

Can you sing? Can you describe things? Have you a good radio voice? Can you write plays and sketches for Broadcasting? If you can, then you are the exact kind of person Broadcasting Stations and advertisers are looking for—if you are trained in Broadcasting technique.

For Broadcasting is growing so fast that no one can predict how gigantic this new industry will be in another year. Only four years ago no more than four million dollars were spent on the air—last year advertisers alone spent more than \$35,000,000, or 9 times as many millions. Then add to this the millions spent by Broadcasting Stations and you can see that this new industry is growing so fast that the demand for talented and trained men and women far exceeds the supply.

Your Opportunity Now

Many more millions will be spent next year—more men and women will be employed at big pay. Why not be one of them—why not get your share of the millions that will be spent? You can if you have talent and train for the job you want.

Let the Floyd Gibbons Course show you how you can turn your hidden talents into fame and fortune. For if you have a good speaking voice, can act, sing, direct, write or think up ideas for Broadcasting, you too, may qualify for a big paying job before the microphone.

But remember that training is necessary. Talent alone is not enough. Many stage and concert stars failed dismally when confronted with the microphone. Why? Simply because they did not know Broadcasting technique. And at the same time others, unknown before, suddenly jumped into radio popularity—because they were completely and thoroughly trained for the microphone.

How to Train

Broadcasters and radio stations haven't the time to train you. And that is just why the Floyd Gibbons School of Broadcasting was founded—to bring you the training that will start you on the road to Broadcasting success. This new easy Course gives you a most complete and thorough training in Broadcasting technique. It shows you how to solve every radio problem from the standpoint of the Broadcaster—gives you a complete training in every phase of actual Broadcasting. Now you can profit by Floyd Gibbons' years of experience in Radio. Through this remarkable Course, you can train for a big paying Broadcasting position—right in your home—in your spare time—entirely without giving up your present position or making a single sacrifice of any kind—and acquire the technique that makes Radio Stars. Out of obscure places are coming the future Amos and Andys, Graham McNamees, Kate Smiths, and Floyd Gibbonses and their future earnings will be enormous.

Complete Course in Radio Broadcasting By FLOYD GIBBONS

A few of the subjects covered are: The Studio and How It Works, Microphone Technique, How to Control the Voice and Make it Expressive, How to Train a Singing Voice for Broadcasting, the Knack of Describing, How to Write Radio

Plays, Radio Dialogue, Dramatic Broadcasts, Making the Audience Laugh, How to Arrange Daily Programs, How to Develop a Radio Personality, How to Build Correct Speech Habits, Money Making Opportunities Inside and Outside the Studio, and dozens of other subjects.

Valuable Book Sent Free

An interesting booklet entitled "How to Find Your Place in Broadcasting" tells you the whole fascinating story of the Floyd Gibbons School of Broadcasting. It shows you how to qualify for a leading job in Broadcasting. Let us show you how to turn your undeveloped talents into money. Here is your chance to fill an important role in one of the most glamorous, powerful industries in the world. Send for "How to Find Your Place in Broadcasting" today. See for yourself how complete and practical the Floyd Gibbons Course in Broadcasting is. No cost or obligation. Act now—send coupon below today. Floyd Gibbons School of Broadcasting, Dept. 4E46, U. S. Savings Bank Building, 2000 14th St., N. W., Washington, D. C.



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FREE

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Without obligation send me your free booklet, "How to Find Your Place in Broadcasting," and full particulars of your easy payment plan.

Name Age
Address
City State

Radio Love Song

[Continued from page 29]

don't know as we care to work for you at all."

"Oke! Make it an even hundred!" said Gregory reluctantly. Dolph signalled hysterically, and Chick nodded slowly.

"One hundred a week," he repeated, "and a year's contract. Done, Gregory, and you're gettin' the biggest bargam of your life!"

"Done, nothing!" shouted Raymond so abruptly that all three conspirators nearly jumped out of their skins. "What are you bozos trying to put over? Who the hell do you think I am, anyways? I'm still managing these birds," he went on, turning to Gregory, "and until I give them a release, they're mine."

"Go on," taunted the manager. "Give it to them. You're broke—what's the good of holding them?" Ignoring Gregory, Raymond strode over to Chick and grasped him by the coat lapels.

"Why, you white-livered little warbling whippoorwill!" he shouted. "Do you want to wreck your future and mine, too, for a measly hundred a week?"

"Well, what are you offerin'?" sneered the whippoorwill.

"A sponsor!" shouted Raymond. "What do you think I've been sweating over these last two weeks?"

"That so?" Chick asked eagerly. "Who's the sponsor?"

"The Acme Dog Biscuit Company!" Joe announced in triumph.

"Aw, can I sing a love song to a dog biscuit?" Chick demanded in disgust.

"You'll sing all right!" Raymond replied ironically. "It's all set except for the audition. Six-fifty a week for three months on JKK!"

Chick whistled. "I told you guys those letters meant something!"

"You ain't had that audition yet," growled Gregory. "How do you know it won't flop?"

"It can't flop," said Chick aggressively. "I never flop."

"Afraid I'll have to turn down your offer, after all, old man!" said Chick, turning to Gregory with a new degree of superiority in his manner.

"Turn down, hell! I withdraw the offer!" he bellowed. "And when you've made a fool out of yourselves over at JKK, you needn't come crawling back here, either!"

"WELL, boys," Raymond broke in briskly, "the audition is all set for two-thirty this afternoon. The sponsors will be over there to have a look-see for how you'd go in personal appearances. I guess you'll get by," he added, with a dubious glance in Dolph's direction. "Meanwhile, how about a bite of lunch?"

"Who said lunch?" asked Sally, sticking her head in at this moment, a trim head in the smartest of little hats.

"I did!" Raymond announced grandly. "Come on, Miss Blaine—we're going to celebrate!"

On the way down in the crowded elevator, Chick and Sally, pressed together in a back corner, exchanged whispers.

"Oh, Chick, dear!" she said. "I'm so happy for you! This is a real chance. You're not nervous, are you?"

"No, sweet!" he whispered back. "I'll be lookin' at you while I sing, so I'll do all right."

"Does it really make a difference?" she asked. "Having the right people in the audience?"

"All the difference in the world," he answered her. "Some people drive me nuts, while others—well, that's one reason I'm so suited for radio. I don't have to see the audience."

"I'll say you're suited!" She snuggled closer, a trifle jealously. "And hun-

dreds of other women are beginning to think so, too."

The building in which JKK was situated proved a revelation to the partners, who stared about them, while Joe made the final arrangements.

Beyond the glass partition lights went up and a group of men filed in—the sponsors, Jelkes explained.

"We won't wait for the chief, Mr. Raymond," Jelkes added. "He's a busy man. But he'll be listening, in his private office. Let's get going!"

Mr. Jelkes led Raymond from the studio; presently they could be seen taking their places behind the glass. The sponsors registered alertness; Sally, in a front chair, rested her trembling chin on a small gloved hand and smiled tenderly at Chick. He smiled back, and then, the world in his palm, walked over to Dolph and put his hand on his shoulder.

"Play for your life, Bozo!" he whispered. "Buck up! Look at me, I ain't nervous!"

For answer, Dolph crashed out the opening chords of the song, surely and sweetly. With a flash of his brilliant smile, Chick stepped up to the mike and began to sing, his eyes on the audience beyond the glass. And the first thing he saw was that someone had taken the seat next to Sally. It was the little man whom Chick had crowned with the trayful of beer-mugs!

WHEN Chick was finally able to grasp the fact that the vision before him was not an hallucination, but his ancient enemy in the flesh, it seemed for one awful moment as though the end of the world had come. Despite his uttermost efforts at self-control, his lips were growing dry and with a chill of horror, he began to experience that tightening of the throat which presaged disaster. Dolph heard the crack coming two bars away and turned his head to see what was wrong. One glance was enough to show him the victim of the beer-deluge. At that instant Chick's voice began to shake. Without warning, Dolph burst into song, improvising a lyric.

"Take it easy, pally," Dolph sang in his flat, thick, baritone voice:

"Take it easy, pally,
This tune is up your alley!"

Through the glass, he could see a quick movement of surprise from the listeners. But the sound of Dolph's voice had somehow restored his poise as nothing else could have done. He motioned for a second refrain of *The Door of My Heart* to be taken slowly. And now, completely without fear, he sang as he had never sung before—quietly, deliciously, his voice liquid gold.

When the last sobbing note had faded upon the air, there was a long moment before the audience shook off the spell sufficiently to stir. Then a telephone tinkled discreetly and Jelkes answered. After a little pause he turned to the others. "The boss says it's oke!" he announced smiling. "What do you think, gentlemen?"

"I'd like an introduction to them fellers," said the president of the Acme

[Continued on page 52]



"All the others can play 'The Grand Canyon Suite'—I'm going to play my wife's request number or I'll never hear the end of it!"

9 OUT OF 10 WOMEN Suffer Pain—Needlessly

Medical authorities discover new scientific facts about cause and relief of pain—new formula stops pain by relaxation—quickly—safely—scientifically

What Pain Is

MODERN doctors have discovered important new facts about pain. They have known for years that pain is caused by pressure on the sensitive ends of your nerves. Now they have discovered that as you grow tired, your muscles, tense and hard from over-work, contract like a clenched fist on blood vessels and capillaries. The capillaries, (minute blood vessels) become congested, causing that pressure on nerve ends which results in "pressure" headache, neuralgia and other severe* pain.

New Method of Relief

HEXIN—an amazing new formula—relieves pain simply, quickly, and properly by relaxation—the newest and safest scientific method. As HEXIN relaxes the taut, cramped fibres and tiny muscles, (1)

blood again starts to flow normally, (2) Capillary congestion is relieved, removing pressure from your nerve-ends, (3) pain vanishes like magic—quickly, safely and naturally.

Don't confuse HEXIN with old-fashioned tablets which drug your nerves into insensibility and encourage acid stomach. HEXIN relieves pain safely by relaxation. Its

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 F-5534
Please send me a generous FREE sample of HEXIN.

Name _____
Address _____
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I SAW JANE YESTERDAY. SHE WAS ONE OF MY BRIDESMAIDS AND NOW—DOOR THING—SHE LOOKS OLD ENOUGH TO BE THE MOTHER OF THE OTHER GIRLS!

NO WONDER—SHE HAS SUFFERED FROM SO MANY HEADACHES SHE IS BOUND TO LOOK OLD. WHY DON'T YOU TELL HER TO TAKE HEXIN?



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.

To Sleep Soundly

The next time you have trouble getting to sleep try 2 HEXIN tablets with water. Too many cigarettes—that extra cup of coffee—nervousness—worry—any one of these things can rob you of your rest and steal your energy.

Let HEXIN relax tired nerves and gently soothe you to sleep. HEXIN is not a hypnotic or a narcotic causing artificial drowsiness. Why ruin your health and lower your efficiency needlessly by lying awake? Let HEXIN help you to sleep naturally and soundly.

Take HEXIN for 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.

Colds and headaches often start because your system has an over-balance of acidity. Be careful, then, not to add acid** tablets to an already acid stomach. It stands to reason that the strong vinegar acid of some old-fashioned formulas may only serve to aggravate your condition.

HEXIN is alkaline (non-acid). It relieves the direct cause of cold-distress by the only safe method—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.

How to Test HEXIN

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 set up an alkaline reaction in your stomach. You'll never know what quick relief is till 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.

*HEXIN is remarkably effective in relieving the muscular pain or cramps from which many women suffer periodically.

**HEXIN IS ALKALINE (non-acid).



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".



"WHAT A
Treat FOR
YOUR Feet"



Lillian Bond
Columbia Star
in "Highway Patrol"

STEP into SLIPPERETTES and you're in
State with Hallowood's newest fogue!
SLIPPERETTES are clever, stylish, wash-
able, knitted slippers that snugly fit your
feet like a glove. You'll love them upon
arriving or for lounging, travel or conva-
lescent. So comfortable, soft and
lescent. So comfortable, soft and
s-t-r-e-t-c-h-y, they act like a tonic to
sore and tired muscles. So useful,
light, you'll hardly know you have any-
thing on. SLIPPERETTES are worn every-
where by Screen Stars... at Malibu
Beach... between fatiguing scenes... at
home—wherever and whenever comfort and
smart appearance are desired. At better de-
partment stores; or order direct with coupon.

ON THE FOOT
Fits All Sizes

OFF THE FOOT
Tucks In Everywhere

- WOMEN—Beige, Lavender, Nile, French Blue, Olympe Blue, Pink, Rose or Malice. \$1 a pair.
- MEN—French Blue, Beige, Olympe Blue. \$1 a pair.
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THE SLIPPERETTE CO.
5216 Irving Park Blvd. Dept. E-1, Chicago, Ill.
Trade Mark Reg. No. 29709, Pat. No. 2,415,118.
Design Pat. No. 26122



---BE FIRST WITH THE LATEST!---

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5216 Irving Park Blvd., Chicago, Ill.
Canadians! Write—The Knit-To-Put Co., Ltd., Dept.
E-1, Montreal, Canada

Please send me.....pairs of SLIPPERETTES.
I enclose \$.....in money order or stamps.

QUANTITY..... COLOR.....

Women's.....
 Men's.....
 Children's.....

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

Radio Love Song

[Continued from page 50]

Dog Biscuit Company. "Can we talk to them?"

"Sure!" said Raymond, springing to his feet. "Come right along. I am glad to report that the head of this great concern shares my—our opinion of Allen and Rose. A wonderful voice—original lyrics! . . . This way, gentlemen!"

Mr. Greenwold, the Dog Biscuit King, accompanied by a little man, presumably his partner, practically lost in a large fur-collared overcoat, followed Joe into the studio, Mr. Jelkes bringing up the rear, with proper deference to a possible new account, with the representatives of the advertising agency. Impulsively Sally sprang to her feet, intending to follow—then decided she should keep out of Chick's business conference. She glanced at her neighbor and was about to ask his reaction to Chick's performance when she became aware that he had settled back, closed his eyes and apparently fallen asleep.

In repose, the man's face, deprived of the spark which lay in his remarkable eyes, took on the appearance of an ancient, somewhat battered comedy mask. But Sally noted that his clothes were of the finest material, fashionably cut; and that he wore, on the little finger of his left hand, a carved emerald of extraordinary size and beauty. But while she was wondering who this strange person could be, an animated discussion from the studio reached her ears. The sound had not been cut off.

"I like your voice fine, Mr. Allen," the president was saying. "You got that certain something—know what I mean? It's a lady-catcher. Get me up a little theme song about a man's best friend is his dog, or som'pin' . . . You lead an orchestra, of course," he added.

Chick's eyes, for one hasty second, betrayed his alarm, but he rallied. "Lead an orchestra?" he said scornfully. "After goin' to the Hester Street School, where every kid was a Ben Bernie in the making? I don't have to lead—they follow me like fish follows soup!"

"That's good!" said Mr. Greenwold. Then, turning to Raymond, he added, "I figure it's more class if we advertise 'Chick Allen and his Orchestra.' . . . Well, what'll we fly at next?"

"We might," said the advertising man, "go into a huddle on the contract."

"O.K.," snapped Raymond. "How about Jelkes' office? . . . You boys wait for me," he added to Chick as the others left the studio.

AS SOON as they were alone, Dolph grabbed Chick's hand and pumped it enthusiastically.

"Gee, this is great, Chick," he said. "Only you can't lead an orchestra!"

"Sure I can!" Chick exulted. "All you got to do is stand there wearing a trick suit and wave a lollypop at 'em. Besides, you can do the writing-out for me—what did you learn orchestration for, anyways?"

"Gee," said Dolph, "you know I'll be glad to do it, Chick!"

Sally got to her feet to greet Chick as he entered. But he brushed her aside and made straight for the hunched figure in the chair.

"Just a minute, Sally," he said. "I got

something to say to this bird before I'm two minutes older."

The sound of Chick's voice aroused the stranger, who now got to his feet.

"So!" he remarked, in a surprisingly deep, cultured voice. "So—no beer-trays today?"

"No!" shouted Chick. "Nor tomorrow, either! And let me tell you something, you poor insignificant shrimp, you keep outa my way, see? Or I'll punch you one you won't forget!"

"No cheap threats," said the other quietly, "or I'll have you thrown out of here."

"Oh, yeah?" scoffed Chick. "Well, it wasn't me was thrown out the last time! And lemme tell you something else—if all you got to do is bum around chiseling free entertainment, you better stick to the museums from now on. I don't like you and if I catch you crabbing my act again, I'll—"

"Aw, Chick!" Dolph interrupted. "Cut it out. Don't do that in here!"

"I'm quite capable of looking after myself, thanks," said the little man drily. Disaster was averted by the entrance of Mr. Jelkes, who walked briskly toward the stranger, beaming.

"Sorry I've seemed neglectful, Mr. Van Schuyler!" Jelkes began ingratiatingly. "But I had to get this audition out of the way. Is there anything in particular I can do for you?"

"Yes," said Van Schuyler, pointing to Chick with his cane. "Remove this." Jelkes laughed nervously, glancing from Chick and Dolph to Van Schuyler.

"Didn't you care for the performance?" Jelkes queried. "This is Mr. Allen, who just sang, Mr. Van Schuyler."

"I know!" said the little man. "It's not the first time I've heard him. Any more auditions this afternoon?" Van Schuyler inquired, ignoring the question. "No? Then I'll be getting along." At the door he lifted his head and sniffed deeply.

"You ought to air this place out—it smells!" he said.

WHEN the door closed upon his curiously powerful, squat figure, Jelkes turned back to the boys.

"Well, boys!" he exclaimed. "What a break for you! Van Schuyler himself. He never sits through a performance unless he's really going for it!"

"Van Schuyler?" said Chick, frowning. "Who's he?"

"Man alive, who's J. P. Morgan?" Jelkes was impatient. "The Van Schuyler, of course—the one who's building the Van Schuyler Foundation—biggest radio center in the world!"

"My gosh!" said Dolph.

"Oh, Chick!" gasped Sally.

But Chick was nonchalant. "I don't believe it!" he announced firmly. "That old bird? Why, I saw him in Tony Kelly's—he came there three nights running, just to razz me, I guess."

"Three nights!" exclaimed Jelkes, seizing Chick by the hand and shaking it enthusiastically. "Man, you're made! Why, old Van has more power than anybody in the radio world. If he listened to you three nights, you've got nothing more to worry about!"

[Continued on page 54]

ALL HOLLYWOOD NEWS FIRST!



*Especially posed
by Ruth Channing,
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
player in Men In White*

READ These Last-Minute Hollywood Scoops

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with Her Ex-Husband
- The Most Shocking Woman
in Hollywood
- Jungle Jinx Endangers a
New Hollywood Romance
- Hepburn's "Father" Talks
- Hollywood's Secret Phone
Numbers Revealed
- Sweetheart of the South Seas
At Last Finds Love

Brilliant Stories by Famous Authors

THE May issue of Screen Book is filled with choice stories and articles. *J. P. McEvoy*, one of America's foremost humorists, contributes a rib-tickling letter to Baby Le Roy. *John Peere Miles*, prominent author and movie scenarist, tells "Why the stars shy at motherhood." *Henry Albert Phillips*, editor, world traveler and literary genius, presents a heart to heart talk with Clark Gable. *Val Lewton*, author of "No Bed of Her Own" and "Yearly Lease," uncovers the real truth about Joan Crawford. These and many others make Screen Book Magazine the biggest dime's worth on the stands today. Get your copy before your newsstand is sold out.

SCREEN BOOK

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Powerful Disinfectant Endorsed by Famous European Doctors

German science again makes a valuable contribution to medical progress! In their world-famous laboratories chemists produced a unique ingredient named Pantosept. As an active agent in antiseptics and disinfectants, Pantosept is deadly to germs, yet totally harmless to delicate body tissues. Endorsed and used by prominent European specialists, hospitals and clinics, it is at last made available to America in TEXO Antiseptic Tablets. Each TEXO Tablet contains Pantosept.



- 1 1/2 times stronger than Carbolic Acid*
- 1 1/2 times more powerful than Phenol*
- 5 times stronger than Formaldehyde*

YET HARMLESS and SOOTHING!

TEXO is America's newest weapon against infection and disease! Vigorously destroys germ life... yet TEXO is safe for ALL purposes. Economical!—make your own antiseptic solutions by dissolving TEXO in water. Use TEXO as a gargle, spray, household disinfectant; for cuts, bruises, etc., and as a modern method of feminine hygiene. Non-poisonous, soothing, dependable. Send 10c for generous trial.

*Ideal & Walker Standard Method for Phenol Coefficient Test

Texo Co., 1432 N. Wells St., Dept. 01-A, Chicago, Ill.



CUTS, bruises, scratches, etc.—dissolve one Texo Tablet in 1-2 glass water.

COLDS, sore throats, gargle solution of 1 Texo Tablet in 1-2 glass water.

FEMINE HYGIENE made easy with Texo Tablets. Safe, effective, dainty and convenient.

SICK ROOM—ideal disinfectant solution made with 1 Texo Tablet in 1 pint water.

TEXO

ANTISEPTIC TABLETS

10c TRIAL

TEXO CO., 1432 N. Wells St., Dept. 01-A, Chicago, Ill.

Send me generous trial of TEXO Antiseptic Tablets, directions and valuable booklet. I enclose 10c (coin or stamps).

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

Radio Love Song

[Continued from page 52]

Chick was finally impressed. "Say, am I nuts, or are you really trying to stand there and tell me that little squirt was Peter Van Schuyler, the great millionaire? What would he be doing at Kelly's?"

"Well, Jelkes explained, "he's always been eccentric—and he's mad on the subject of radio. He spends most of his time sleuthing around looking for new talent, and he never makes a mistake. There's no limit to what he can do for you."

"And vice versa, probably," Sally put in. "Certainly," said Jelkes. "Mr. Van Schuyler makes a bad enemy. Heaven help anyone who got into his bad graces—he sure could put them out of this business overnight!"

There was a brief pause, broken by Chick's low whistle. "I'll be damned!" he said, finally.

"So'll I!" said Dolph, gloomily. Suddenly Chick brightened, his indomitable egotism coming to the front once more.

"Aw, nuts!" he said. "Who the hell does Van Schuyler think he is, anyway? Who's the important guy on the air—the one who entertains the public, or the one who merely puts up the dough? I should sob over his opinion. C'mon, folks, let's find Raymond. What's worrying me right now is will I wear a white suit or a tux, conducting that orchestra!"

THE central figure in a scandal or a tragedy is the only person who remembers it after the proverbial nine days. And so it was that Chick Allen was the only one who remembered that he had mortally offended the powerful Mr. Van Schuyler; and even Chick, as the fame and favor of his music began to sweep the country, thought less and less of his dangerous enemy, until finally he thought of him no more.

The Door of My Heart was not only open wide, but had reached the stage where it had become a public nuisance.irate husbands snapped off the radio as

the first strains, sung in Chick's liquid, all-too-seductive tones, invaded the privacy of homes from coast to coast. Messenger boys pierced the night hideously with whistled interpretations of it; bank presidents caught themselves humming it as they rang for their stenographers, and on a lonely island off the coast of Maine a bachelor lighthouse keeper was found dead with a phonograph record of the song in his hand—to Joe Raymond's enthusiastic delight.

There were newspaper photographs—always of Chick. Occasionally, in a fan magazine, Dolph's figure could be glimpsed at a piano somewhere in the background. But the dazzling smile, the slender figure in the white suit, and the gleaming yellow head, were what people pictured when they spoke of Allen and Rose. The wonder of it was that Dolph's name was not dropped altogether.

Then came electric, blazoned across the front of the *Palace Theatre*. "Chick Allen and His Orchestra," booked by popular demand, was hitting Broadway straight between the eyes. And the dance numbers, "arranged by Allen and Rose," were captivating dancing feet everywhere.

Next, came the day when Joe Raymond, telephoning from a drug store at the roaring intersection of Forty-second Street and Times Square, broke the news of the greatest triumph so far.

"That you, Chick?" he roared into the transmitter, his voice hoarse with excitement. "Listen, you lucky stiff! I've just booked you at the Park View Hotel Grill for six weeks at thirty grand... What? Aw, shut up, you smart mug. You're not worth ten per cent of it!"

IT WAS Joe Raymond who took Sally to the opening night. The grillroom of the big hotel was well padded with stoooges, for the management was taking no chances on Chick's welcome; but when Sally, charming in white chiffon, walked in with Raymond, the erstwhile



"At this point, stop the hurricane and become a yelping coyote!"

neglected grill was already overflowing with representatives from Park Avenue. The Park View had never drawn a distinguished clientele—but Chick Allen was doing it! The head waiter showed Raymond to a table on the edge of the dance floor and Sally, spreading her petal-like gown, looked about her with dancing eyes—eyes which lit up when Chick noticed their entrance and smiled. He was to join them for supper during intermission.

Raymond's increasing interest in Sally made him realize that she was not quite her old self. But she chattered on. "It's wonderful, isn't it?" she asked tremulously. "Our boys doing all this! I don't see much of them, between the theatre, rehearsals and the broadcasts. Now, with this," she gave a nervous little laugh. "I don't suppose I shall see them at all!"

"Nonsense!" said Raymond. Then, because he felt rather responsible for her distress, he ordered a more expensive brand of champagne than he had intended. Sally's eyes sparkled again and when the orchestra swung into Chick's newest composition, *Dearest, Believe Me*, she sang a little in a low, throaty whisper. Raymond, who had never heard her sing before, squeezed her gently to him as they danced.

"It's lovely," he told her.

"I can't sing," she said, blushing. "All I can croon is caramel custards and canning recipes."

The evening was an undoubted success. The music was intoxicating. The crowd danced with a frenzied enthusiasm or snuggled together below the orchestral platform when Chick Allen sang, his handsome face lighted by a blue spot, his special microphone, with his monogram in jewels, dangling before him. Dancing couples fought for the coveted position where they could look up and catch every movement of his lips, every flash of his famous smile. Overnight fame had come and Chick was riding the wave well, his eyes, pointed apparently at the painted ceiling, looking toward the crest which even yet he had not reached.

Breathless from the last encore, Sally and Raymond had scarcely reached their table when Chick joined them.

"Well, folks," he caroled, "how'm I doin'?"

"Marvelous," said Raymond. "You've clicked big here, Chick."

"Where's Dolph?" Sally asked.

"Oh, he's doctoring up the next number," Chick replied, carelessly.

"I've so much to tell you," Sally began. "I scarcely know where to begin—it's weeks since we've really talked."

"Nice to see you, too," Chick's eyes were roving about the room, even as he spoke, and when an instant later the *maitre de hotel* touched his arm, he sprang to his feet without apology. There was a whispered consultation.

"Gee, folks, this is too bad," said Chick, "but I'm afraid you'll have to excuse me."

"Why, you said—" Joe began angrily. Chick calmed him with a gesture.

"It's Mrs. Perry Huston," he explained. "You know, the society dame. Wants to meet me. She's got a big party over there in the corner. What about it, Joe—better go, hadn't I?"

"Yeah—go if you want," Raymond growled. "I suppose it's all part of the game!"

[Continued on page 56]

Get the Clear, Lovely Skin Men Can't Resist!



CLARK GABLE AND CLAUDETTE COLBERT in "It Happened One Night," a Columbia Picture

Read How a Remarkable Pasteurized Yeast Ends Ugly Spots and Blemishes and Keeps the Skin Youthful and Alluring

A CLEAR, lovely skin, a fresh, radiant complexion, eyes that sparkle—have you these charms that win men's hearts? If not, try eating this new type, scientifically pasteurized yeast that is bringing beauty and vivacity to thousands of women.

Skin and complexion troubles, says medical science, are nearly always caused by constipation or a run-down, nervous condition. To combat these causes of bad skin you need to enrich your diet with certain nutritive elements. In many of our most common foods these elements are entirely lacking. Few people get enough of them for maximum health.

Yeast Foam Tablets contain concentrated stores of these corrective substances. These tablets are pure yeast and pure yeast is the richest known food source of the vitamins B and G.

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These results you get with a food, not

a drug. Yeast Foam Tablets are nothing but pure yeast pressed into convenient, easy-to-take form. A scientific toasting process gives this yeast a delicious, nut-like flavor. It cannot cause gas or discomfort and it is always uniform.

This yeast is used by various laboratories of the United States government and by many leading American universities in their vitamin research.

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Any druggist will supply you with Yeast Foam Tablets. The 10-day bottle costs only 50c. Get one today. Then watch the improvement in the way you feel and look. See how your friends note the change in your appearance.

Thankful for clear skin again: "I certainly am pleased at the results Yeast Foam Tablets have given me. Before I started taking them my face looked terrible. Now it is beautifully clear. I can't thank you enough for the relief your yeast has afforded me."

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Not a blemish now: "My face was so covered with pimples and rashes that I was ashamed to walk down the street. I have now been taking Yeast Foam Tablets for three months. They have done wonders for me. There is not a blemish on my face." CLEVELAND, OHIO

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Ever hear of "cathartic constipation"? Medicine laxatives cause it. Most of them work by irritating the delicate membranes of the digestive tract—lose their force when taken regularly—compel you to keep increasing the dose.

That's why more than 50,000 physicians recommend Pluto Water. For Pluto is not a drug or medicine-laxative but a saline mineral water. The same amount each time—no need to increase it—always performs, does not gripe, gives positive results in less than one hour. It cannot give you the laxative habit!

Pluto Water is gentle—but speedy. It promptly opens the pylorus valve—permitting the flush to enter the intestines without anxious hours of waiting.

The proper dilution—one-fifth glass Pluto in four-fifths glass hot water—is practically tasteless. Take it whenever sluggish—get results within an hour—and end that laxative habit! In two sizes: Splits (8 ounces)—large bottles (3 times the quantity). At all druggists.



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Opens the
PYLORUS
...VALVE...
That's Why
You
get QUICK
ACTION

PLUTO WATER
America's Laxative Mineral Water

Radio Love Song

[Continued from page 55]

"Good business!" exclaimed Chick happily. "Never does any harm to be clubby with the rich!" And with a wave he melted into the crowd, steered by the solicitous head waiter. Joe turned to Sally and shook his head.

"It can't be helped, my dear!" he said. "It's part of what he must pay for success."

"He likes it," she said in a low tone, not looking at him.

"A crooner," said Raymond sententiously, "is apt to be misunderstood by several millions of women."

"Women are always hounding Chick," Sally admitted, nibbling at a roll. "And he falls for it. But it's none of my affair."

"You don't fool me!" Raymond exclaimed. "You two have been darned good friends. But more than one can play that particular game. Look here, I want to talk to you seriously about something. I'm coming to your office at WOX tomorrow morning. Will you be there?"

"I always am!" said Sally with a forlorn little laugh.

THE little private office which Gregory had rigged up to accommodate his star domestic expert had looked very grand to Sally when it was first turned over to her. Many of the women who constituted her audience came to the studio for personal interviews.

That morning, following Chick's debut at the Park View, Sally saw the room as it really was for the first time. Contrasted with the splendor in which the boys worked and lived, it was a little depressing. Sally sighed wistfully as she opened her mail, sorted it with Doris, her personal secretary, and began planning for her evening talk, reading while Doris held the stop-watch. In the midst of a seventy-two-second recipe for baked oysters, the door opened to admit Joe Raymond.

"My Gawd!" Doris exclaimed. "Look what got up before lunch!"

"How do you know I've been to bed?" Joe grinned at her. "Don't destroy my reputation for night-flying, Doris." He turned to Sally, kissing her hand elaborately. "The Whispering Soprano wasting time on oysters!" he accused her. "Tell that animated cook-book of yours to scram, Sally. I want to talk about your private life!"

"She hasn't any," said Doris pertly. "That's what's the matter with her!" She slammed out of the room, a huge pile of fan-letters under one arm. Left alone with Sally, Joe lit a thin, expensive cigar and regarded Sally with keen, friendly eyes.

"Look here, Sally," he said. "I'm going to talk pretty plain. And you know I'm on the up-and-up, so you won't mind."

"My conscience is clear," said Sally with a puzzled little laugh. "So go ahead—shoot!"

"Well, it's this," he began. "You've done an awful lot for Chick and Dolph; in fact, Chick would never have got over if you hadn't held him down, smoothed him out. And now you're letting him run away from you!"

"I don't understand," Sally said stubbornly.

"Oh, yes you do!" he insisted kindly. "This thing you do, this kitchen magician act—it's steady, but it's peanut-time! You've got a nice voice, Sally. When I called you the Whispering Soprano just now I wasn't fooling. I was thinking of how it would bill."

"Me sing?" she exclaimed. "On the radio? You're crazy!"

"Not so crazy that I'd try to put you over just out of the kindness of my heart," said Raymond drily.

"But why?" Sally was less bewildered than she pretended to be. "I'm established in my line; the United Groceries are taking up my option at better money."

"That's not the point," he insisted. "Sally, you can see what I'm driving at. You're typed. If you go on, you'll be in the dish-washing class forever—it'll be too late to change."

"So what?" She was trying to sound impudent.

"To give yourself a break," he went on slowly, "you've got to put yourself in the running with the white-light babies. You're good-looking enough; all you need is a different class of job, the clothes, and a sharp eye on the boyfriend." Sally flushed scarlet.

"And if I'd rather just be myself—?"

"His fans will come between you," he warned her. "All these crazy dames—last night's performance will go on forever, Sally, unless you get into Chick's sort of a set-up. Look here, the boys are going on a coast to coast tour with the orchestra. Let me try you out while they're gone! You won't be sorry."

There was a long pause but Sally finally shook her head. "I see what you mean," she said honestly. "But I can't do it. Thank you, Joe, just the same." Joe got to his feet as she stood up and took both of her hands in his. The door opened and Chick Allen stood in the entrance.

"Even though you've turned me down," said Joe hastily, with a twinkle in his eye, "just remember you can change your mind any time—I'll be waiting!"

"Oh, yeah?" said Chick, marching in and flourishing the square florist's box he carried. "Well, Joe, you'll probably have quite a long wait—would you mind doing it outside?"

"Hello, Chick," said Sally, her cheeks flushed. "We were talking of you."

"You and the rest of the world," he declared gaily. "Sorry I had to break our date last night," he added, "but you know how it is!"

"That's the trouble, we do!" said Raymond sarcastically. "Well, guess I'd better blow. So long, Sally—remember what I said. So long, Chick." He went whistling down the corridor. Chick turned to Sally with a frown.

"That guy's getting too big for his hat!" he said. "If it wasn't for me he'd still be harmonizing try-outs in Tin Pan Alley." He opened the florist's box with pride, producing an immense corsage of orchids which he presented to Sally.

"Chick!" she cried. "They're wonderful! I never had flowers like these before!"

She ran across and kissed him impulsively, holding the flowers over their heads. Suddenly Chick had crushed her

RADIOLAND

to him in a long embrace, his mouth on hers for what seemed a breathless eternity. Then he pushed her away and held her at arms' length.

"Gee, baby!" he said, a trifle shakily. "It looks like we have a lot to talk over. What do you say to a bite of lunch? A little place I know where it's quiet . . ."

He broke off into an eloquent silence and Sally's heart filled her throat. Her great chance had come—that delicate moment when a woman knows she has only to play her cards right and her man will commit himself. But suddenly, without warning, Sally's golden second crashed to earth, lying in shattered, irreparable fragments about her—as the door was flung wide to admit Mr. Gregory, heading a delegation of women.

One glance was enough to tell Sally who they were—a momentarily forgotten delegation from the Iowa Cooking School Convention, on tour. With a chill of horror, Sally remembered that she was entertaining them at luncheon. Starting at a minimum age of sixty, the ladies presented a front of cheery respectability, hostile formality and self-conscious virtue. However, at Mr. Gregory's introduction of Chick, a fluttering wave of revived femininity stirred in them, like a placid lake suddenly storm-struck. They crowded around him, begging for autographs. One thin spinster insisted upon shrieking to him that she sang, herself.

"Ladies, ladies!" cried Gregory, in an effort to quiet them. "Remember, lunch is waiting! You are Aunt Hattie's guests!"

Over the seething mass of female enthusiasm, Sally managed to catch Chick's eye as he struggled toward the door. But the glance he gave her was cold now—even faintly angry. Her fans, thought Sally bitterly, had separated her from Chick even more definitely, more dangerously, than the intervention of the society women the night before.

"See you when I get back!" Chick called to her from the doorway. "I'll send you a post-card from California!"

He was gone. It would be weeks before she could hope to see him again—weeks during which a million other women would write him love letters, offer him gifts, adulation. The ladies of the Iowa Society were flocking about her now, praising Chick extravagantly, the silly old fools! Sally went to get her hat and to pin on the corsage of orchids. As she looked at herself in the mirror, she unpinned the delicate purple blossoms and put them in water, instead.

"I'm typed," she told her reflected self. "A hausfrau—inescapably tagged by my job. No orchids for me!"

She deliberately set her hat at a less rakish angle, turned back to her guests, and was swallowed into their chatty, motherly midst.

Is radio fame carrying Chick away from Sally? This radio romance achieves a breathless pace in the next installment appearing in the June issue of **RADIOLAND**

NEW BEAUTY IN 10 DAYS

6,000,000 Women Already Adopted New Inexpensive Scientific Beauty Plan

Refines Skin Texture, Ends Large Pores, Pimples, Oiliness, Blackheads, Flakiness.

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Just think! In 10 days your skin, even if blemished, has again begun to look new and fresh as a baby's—texture finer, pores reduced, blackheads and oiliness gone, pimples (if any) clearing up.

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It's NOXZEMA SKIN CREAM, first prescribed by doctors to end skin faults. Next adopted by nurses as an overnight skin



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Noxzema is not a salve nor ointment. It is snow-white, greaseless, medicated. Noxzema promotes skin beauty Nature's way—through skin health. Its penetrating medication purges away hidden poisons that cause blemishes. Then its rare oils soothe and soften—its ice-like, stimulating astringents shrink the coarsened pores to exquisite fineness.

HOW TO USE: Start on the Noxzema Beauty Plan today. For quickest results apply twice daily—at night before retiring after removing make-up. In the morning wash off with warm water, then cold water or ice. Then apply a little more Noxzema as a corrective foundation for powder. You'll have Noxzema working for you all the time—bringing new life, new beauty to your skin—the soft, smooth loveliness that you've longed for.

Special Trial Offer

Noxzema Cream is sold by all drug and department stores. If your dealer is out of Noxzema, take advantage of this special offer—fill out the coupon and send for a FREE 25c trial jar—enough for two weeks' treatment! Simply enclose 15c to cover cost of packing, mailing and handling.



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



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

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Please send me a 25c FREE trial jar of Noxzema Cream—enough for at least two weeks' treatment. Am enclosing 15c to cover cost of packing, mailing and handling.

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THAT
Fascinates
Men!**



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Much Trouble
Says Doctor**

**Use Successful Prescription to Clean
out Acids and Purify Blood—
Beware Drastic Drugs**

Your blood circulates 4 times a minute through 9 million tiny, delicate tubes in your kidneys, which may be endangered by drastic drugs, modern foods and drinks, worry and exposure. Be careful.



Dr. W. R. George

Dr. Walter R. George, many years Health Commissioner of Indianapolis, Ind., says: "Insufficient Kidney excretions are the cause of much needless suffering with aching back, frequent night risings, itching, smarting, burning, painful joints, rheumatic pains, headaches and a generally run down exhausted body. I am of the opinion that the prescription **Cystex** corrects a frequent cause of such conditions (Kidney or Bladder dysfunctions).

It aids in flushing poisons from the urinary tract and in freeing the blood of retained toxins." If you suffer from functional Kidney and Bladder disorders don't waste a minute. Get the doctor's prescription **Cystex** (pronounced Siss-tex). Formula in every package. Starts work in 15 minutes. Gently soothes and cleans raw, irritated membranes. It is helping millions of sufferers and is guaranteed to fix you up or money back on return of empty package. **Cystex** costs only 3c a dose. At all drug stores.



"Hot from Heaven"

[Continued from page 15]

vernacular, slang and popular allusion. But he is less vitriolic than Sunday, and always bubbling over with humor.

Elder Michaux was tired, he confessed, and was hurrying home for a bite and a brief rest. He was scheduled to return to the pulpit again at nine.

His magnetic presence gone, the church and congregation took my attention. One of the ushers whose duty it was to give every stranger the "glad hand of welcome," spelled with a capital W for white folks, took charge of me.

I was taken up to a seat directly in front of the Mourners' Bench, a few feet away from the Elder's rostrum.

THINGS were beginning to happen on the "stage," which was railed off from the main hall. A narrow platform several feet higher was the pulpit, with the microphone placed in front of it. Three very ornamental plush arm-chairs were the only furniture. One for Elder Michaux (which he never used, for he never sat down or rested). Two dignitaries in evening dress came in and sat down with the others, with all the minstrel touch of Mr. Sambo and Mr. Bones—which they continued to display in character throughout the service. And don't mistake me when I say, with all solemn respect, that such was the happy and sincere pattern of their minstrelsy to God—no less solemn than that of the *Jongleur de Notre Dame!*

The choir stalls rose in banks of seats behind the chairs. Twenty or more women choristers came down a curved stair out of deep folds of blue velvet hangings that enveloped the sanctuary, clad in gray flowing robes with sleeves resembling wings, suggesting angels fluttering down on the scene from above. The men singers slipped in unostentatiously. The guitarist and harpist took places on the ends. The organist was out of sight, while the grand piano stood out in the auditorium.

The choir and its accompanying instruments burst into the happy melody

which for piercing sweetness of timbre and melancholy tenderness of tone, in my opinion, is unapproached and unapproachable in the whole radio field. True, it may be uncultivated and primitive, but it has all the flutelike sylvan purity of a woodwind Pipe of Pan. Gorgeous ear music! The airs have the simplicity of Mozart, thrown naturally into syncope that delights all but the too-tutored ear.

THE Testimonies followed. So eager were many to testify how evil they had once been—but were now saved and happy in their new life—that a half dozen sprang up at a time. A score of whites were no less zealous than their black brethren and sisters. Some were tragic, others comical; but none was ridiculous. The whole audience was a-quiver with holy excitement. Simple, humble folk; their souls vibrant, bared and a-flame. A white man with tears in his eyes said he had dropped in to scoff and remained to pray. A black mother with her baby asleep on her breast swore that she had stayed pure from the moment she first stepped foot in this place. "Hallelujah! Lawd help us all!" they shouted. A white-haired Southern gentleman testified that the black man had showed him the Way and the Truth.

Ever and anon, they spontaneously broke into song. Never in all your life have you heard that old salvation hymn, "Beulah Land", sung as they sang it. And seven times did an oldish deacon sitting out front at a table leap up to start his favorite hymn, screaming out the opening high notes. But each time someone beat him to it and he would sink down and lay his head on his arm and laugh hilariously at the spectacle he had made, and we with him. "Try again, brother! Yo' gotter put lightnin' in yo' wings!" encouraged fat Mr. Sambo from the platform. At last the old deacon got in his inning. It was a weird, unfamiliar but melodious hymn, and he let go with



"This is one broadcast we've scooped WXX on"

what had once been a sonorous voice, holding his head on one side with closed eyes. He did everything but yodel, singing with harmonious sliding scales and daring variations that were astonishing but not unbeautiful. . . . It was that kind of a gathering of children of all ages.

Next on the program came Mrs. Mary Michaux, wife of the Elder, singing two compositions of her own. She has a sweet voice with a lovely Southern cadence, but she is altogether too ambitious, too operatic in style. After the songs she started to preach. She too had that incisive style, that darky flare of fancy and wit, with a flow of astonishing metaphor that pictorialized the most abstruse passages of the Bible like a child's story-book. Suddenly she stopped dead in the midst of her sermonette. . . .

A HUSH fell on the congregation. There was a slight commotion in the back of the hall. Then came three small boys, followed by a huge usher—like alcolytes before the Archbishop, heralds before the King! All prancing, each bearing something personal—his brief case, his hat, his Book. Then Elder Solomon Lightfoot Michaux in an ordinary brown business suit, stepping at a lively pace. Straight through the antechamber on the right he pranced, almost immediately reappearing on the platform. Turning, he let us have it before anybody could say Jack Robinson!

"I been married twenty-seven years today, pilgrims. And I thank God I love a godly woman. 'How do you hold on so long?' a brother asks me. That's easy! That's easy! Just love your wife like bee-fere you married her!" (He laughs and the whole hall laughs with him.) "And always love a good woman, 'cause if she ever gets bad on your hands—" He pauses to chuckle. "God help you, brother!" (The audience goes crazy: "Ya-as-suh! . . . Yo' sho' is right!" they scream.)

From now on, he has them going, fascinated, adoring; laughing or crying by turns.

This is truly the Lord's Minstrel Show. The three little boys are hauled in from the wings to do their stuff; the smallest, not more than seven, is actually fast asleep. They all still wear their new leather reefers with lambs'-wool collars, although it is stifling hot. They sing a whole melody of spirituals, improvising with their own astonishing syncopations and imitations of animals and musical instruments, finally pulling out their mouth organs and going to town. The next number, a grown-up male quartet, two of whose members were born mimics, threw in low comedy that convulsed the audience. But what harmony!

"Happy am I!" shouted the Elder, springing into the arena, a thousand shining, happy, laughing eyes looking up at him. "When the Devil comes, folks, just yell out, no matter where you are, 'I got you on the run, Satan!' The Devil ain't no reformer, but a transformer. You never recognize him, for he never comes as the Devil. He comes as your good friend, my precious ones! He can sing like a mocking bird!" ("Yea! Yea! . . . Amen!" they yell.) "I don't care how wise you are, brother, if you're a sinner, you are a fool! The Devil started the sin business, so those who sin are in business with the Devil, my brethren!"

MAY, 1934



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Don't choose your vacation place *blindly* this year. Write today for rates and all information.

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Get ready for a glorious vacation! Mail this coupon to Capt. W. H. Fawcett, Breezy Point Lodge, Pequot, Minnesota, for pictorial booklet, rates, all information about Breezy Point Lodge.

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FWG-5

The Amazing Rise of Father Coughlin

[Continued from page 35]

"Here is the SECRET"

says

Mary Brun



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MAKES dresses, towels, aprons, quilts, curtains, aprons, etc.

at any time. With the nationalization of gold accomplished, Father Coughlin has taken up the cudgels in his recent broadcasts for the nationalization of banking and credit.

Such a move would be considered by many highly socialistic. Yet he has been careful in recommending it to damn both socialism and capitalism in the same breath, dubbing them "Siamese twins—systems which both ask for more work when it is more leisure that we need."

He evidently has in mind something of the Roosevelt idea, which he says might be termed either State capitalism or socialized capitalism.

THERE is much speculation as to what Father Coughlin will do next. He himself has said that some day he intends to retire to a monastery and devote the end of his days to meditation and study. That time, however, would seem to be far away.

It has been rumored that within a few months he will forsake the radio and his pulpit at the Shrine of the Little Flower in Royal Oak to accept an important office with the Administration in Washington.

Such a development appears doubtful. He has remained throughout first and foremost a priest, speaking with the sanction of his bishop. His career has been bound up with the microphone. The eloquence of his Irish brogue, going ringing out over the air waves, his gift for reaching masses of listeners with the complicated subjects of the moment turned into understandable and beguiling phrase, has won him his huge following. It seems dubious that he would abandon that following at a time when it was never larger, never following more closely on his words. He may take a vacation from the air this summer as he has done before, but chances are that if he does leave for a time, the fall will find him back on his old four o'clock Sunday afternoon spot, belaboring such adversaries as the rapidly changing course of events brings up over the horizon.

AFTER a lull of several weeks during which he devoted himself to such comparatively tame generalities as capitalism and socialism, Father Coughlin, in his latest sermon before this article went to press, once more plunged recklessly into the hot water of controversy.

In an effort to enlist mass support for his "nationalization of credit" theory, he addressed himself directly to veterans and urged that they agitate for such a scheme as one means of insuring payment of the bonus.

Doing so, he reiterated his belief, stated some time back, that the bonus should be paid.

At the time he spoke, the question of bonus payment was scheduled to come up for a vote shortly on the floor of Congress. Ex-service men were hard at work circulating thousands of petitions asking that the bonus be paid immediately.

The whole troublesome question, once shoved into the background, promised to flare out again. Once more Father Coughlin, with his keen sense for news had anticipated the trend of public interest.

But how does Father Coughlin reconcile his advocacy of the bonus payment, the extreme inflationary measure of his "nationalization of credit" plan, with his avowed endorsement of President Roosevelt's middle course, opposing both such moves? Will he be forced to break with the President's policies as time goes on? Or will he go along with public opinion if the bonus payment is defeated as it very likely will be, and extreme inflation is abandoned as unsound while prosperity returns?

These are questions that cannot be answered now. The pace of events is far too swift. But whatever course he takes with his huge following gained through the magic of the microphone, he is now a force in public life to be reckoned with. Other men may surpass him in logic, in soundness of judgment, but none is able to couch his thoughts in terms that carry so much appeal to the mind of the average man. Wisely or foolishly, it is to such that the masses look in times of stress for leadership.

Driving on with that inexhaustible energy which his classmates remarked even in college days, going for days without sleep, smoking endless cigarettes while he paces the floor, shaping his ideas into phrases of fire, Father Coughlin continues his crusades.

What his future will be no one can say. But whether you are for him or "agi'n" him, he remains the most powerful private man in public life today, and one of the most interesting.

Tuneful Topics

[Continued from page 17]

but required repetition. Such is his score from *Roberta*, and all of them are lovely and grow on the listener.

The Touch Of Your Hand, You're Dazzling, I'll Be Hard To Handle, all are extremely popular with bands and the public. Once again—a salute to Jerome Kern, and to an able lyric writer who has been writing for many years—Otto Harbach.

THE RKO picture, *Flying Down To Rio*, most of which takes place in airports or in the air, gives the talents of

one of the directors of my picture, George White's *Scandals*, Mr. Thornton Freeland, a chance for much fantasy and creative effort. The music is by two of our most able writers, Vincent Youmans and Gus Kahn. Although the three songs, *Flying Down To Rio*, *Orchids In The Moonlight* and *Carioca* are all introduced in the picture, and fairly popular by this time, it is *Carioca*, and the dance in the picture, which is the most outstanding. Already our dancers are doing the *Carioca* in the native manner, with the foreheads touching.

When I received the sheet music of

RADIOLAND

Let's Fall In Love, I should have been impressed at once by the fact that it was written by Harold Arlen and Ted Koehler, who always do an excellent job of composition. This, however, was their first delving into the field of writing for pictures, and their first really melodic composition. Every composition they have written, such as *Minnie The Moocher*, *Between The Devil And The Deep Blue Sea*, *Hitting The Bottle*, etc., have been rhythmic and essentially designed for colored dancers and dance ensembles to strut. I knew the boys would not fail regardless of the fact that they were in a new field, but it was not until after seeing a preview of *Let's Fall In Love* that I realized how well they had done their job.

Both *Let's Fall In Love* and *Love Is Love Anywhere* are beautifully written, beautifully played and performed throughout the picture, as those of you who have witnessed this picture will, I am sure, agree.

Everything I Have Is Yours is one of the songs from *Dancing Lady*, with Joan Crawford, Clark Gable, Franchot Tone and Fred Astaire. We were fortunate enough to have included this song on one of our Victor recordings, and it is now, with *Old Spinning Wheel* and *Smoke Gets In Your Eyes*, one of the outstanding songs of the day. Bing Crosby does a beautiful job of the song, which is published by Robbins, Inc., and written by two musical comedy writers, Harold Adamson and Burton Lane.

WHAT would a song list be without a waltz? Rather than air my oft-repeated views on the advisability of playing and singing waltzes, I will simply say that *You Have Taken My Heart* is one of the loveliest melodies that has come my way in a long time. The Brunswick recording of it by the Casa Loma Orchestra with Kenny Sargeant's vocal is a gem. In fact, The Casa Loma recording is something that any band might well keep as a pattern.

Beyond saying that it is the sort of waltz that is the answer to an orchestra leader's prayer, I rest my case. Wayne King will literally eat it up.

Two of Leo Feist's current songs are certainly worthy of mention, *One Minute To One* and *Throw Another Log On The Fire*. The latter has a bit of the quality of *When You And I Were Young*, Maggie—the old-fashioned type of song—which was what the writers wished they might convey in its melody and lyrics.

The other tune—*One Minute To One*—is a typical popular song by two of the best in the business—Freddy Coats and Sam Lewis—one that I wished I had played earlier. Now it has been so much over-played that I am afraid it is one of those tunes for whose popularity I will take no credit whatsoever.

My good friend, Eddie Cantor, finally did finish *Roman Scandals*, the picture that was so long in production. Messrs. Dubin and Warren, borrowed from Warner Bros., contributed three excellent songs; two of them, *Keep Young And Beautiful* and *Build A Little Home* were admirably done by Mr. Cantor. I do believe that Ruth Etting would be the only person who would sing *No More Love*, and it was not entirely due to her clear-cut rendition of this unhappy and somewhat maudlin type of song that it was the outstanding one of the three. It incidentally has more depth and beauty than the other two mentioned, which were designed more or less for Mr. Cantor's cavortings.

MAY, 1934

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Dr. Jeanne F. G. Walter, 309 Fifth Ave., New York

Dic-Nagel for Stoop-tator!

[Continued from page 23]

on account of he is on his way to New Jersey for dinner with his wife and baby. Whenever he isn't here I'm both of us. Come on in. I'm just working up an idea for next Thursday's broadcast. You will excuse me for a little while?"

The typewriter keys started clicking and I glanced around.

I might have known it!

So close that I could have reached out and knocked them from the shelves of the built-in bookcases, were working models of the comedy team's famous coo-coo inventions.

"How does this idea sound?" The Colonel interrupted his own typing. "Budd and I will start a campaign for a dictatorship in this country. Our slogan will be 'Dic-nagel for Stoop-tator.' Pretty peachy, isn't it?"

"Sure, but what kind of a campaign will you have?"

"We'll have a whispering campaign," he said gravely, "and start rumors for people; sort of a 'rumors for rent' idea."

THE living room is enormous. Bookshelves line the walls on either side of the fireplace. A gigantic bay window overlooks a garden.

"Here is my game room," he gestured, rising from his work. "All work and no games would make the Colonel and Budd poor bridge players."

And what a game room!

The walls are covered with cartoons and drawings, all drawn and painted by the Colonel. "I worked here last night until after midnight putting the finishing touches on Jiggs. He's goody prett—I mean, pretty good, don't you think?"

Then he told me of his early desires to be a cartoonist. "I've always wanted to draw for the magazines and newspapers," he said soberly.

"Would you draw some for this

article, say of yourself and Budd, Mr. Bopp, his wife, Quaintface, Hezey and Newton?"

"Would I? *Yea Boy! What Fun!*"

There was a scampering for drawing materials as the Colonel explained that *RADIOLAND* would be the first to publish pictures of any of the characters the team use in their air-sketches.

"Where do you get the funny ideas you use in your broadcast?"

"WE GET most of our sketches by taking the pomp and ceremony out of events and people who put up false fronts," he replied, pausing to sharpen his pencil. "When anyone is a starched shirt we get out the old de-starching machine and have some fun with him. Some times we glorify the little known man of industry, like the chap who puts the third bend in hair-pins."

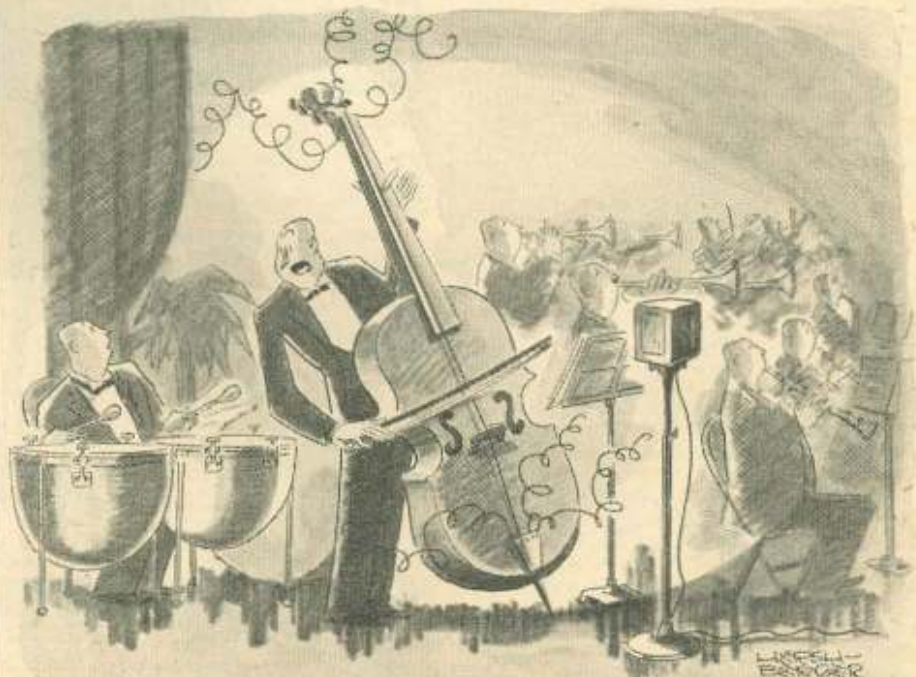
"Now please, Mr. Stoopnagle, give me a definition of what is fun—"

"Well, here they are, all finished and everything." He held up the drawings. "I shall surely look forward to seeing them in the magazine and I hope you will tell all our listeners, both old and new, 'hello' for Budd and myself. Good-bye."

His arm was under mine and I was already at the door, clutching the drawings in one hand, hat in the other, while my unwilling feet dragged the carpet.

"But you were going to give me your definition of 'what is funny.' That is what I came after."

"What's that? Oh yes, so I was. *What is Funny?* Mmmmm—You can tell the editor of *RADIOLAND* that—that—that Colonel stoopnagle and Budd are very funny, especially that prime old pipe organ player, Colonel Lemuel Q. Stoopnagle."



"If this piece doesn't end soon I'll have to stop playing!"

RADIOLAND

Editor of RADIOLAND,

My dear Sir:

I would appreciate your publishing this letter in your next issue of RADIOLAND. It concerns the article titled "Rudy Vallee, Radio's Loneliest Star," which appeared in the March issue. There were two points in the last part of the article which I feel were not properly explained.

I was not annoyed that Rubinoff had decided to choose a manager other than the one I had selected for him (at his own request) to manage his tour. It was the fact that after becoming dissatisfied with the manager I recommended, without the courtesy of a phone call, he made a change and selected a second manager. *The amazing fact, however, was that this second manager had fatted turned him down several years previously when I had attempted to interest him in the talents of Rubinoff!* Why Rubinoff should put himself in the hands of one who had refused to see his talents before they were brought out is, to me, the unpardonable sin.

Likewise in the case of Miss Langford, I left her in the care of a young man who is today actively managing and piloting her in everything she does. I knew she was still under this young man's direction, but the same manager who turned down Rubinoff when I sent Rubinoff to him years previously, likewise turned down Miss Langford when I asked him to do something for her on the NBC network. This manager has been profiting by her present day development, a development in which he played no part whatsoever. When this same manager published in the theatrical publication, *Variety*, an ad in which he described himself as her manager, what else was I to believe but that such was the case? Still, I have never definitely stated that he does manage her. What I did state was that I had seen the ad in *Variety* and was surprised to see her name under his.

Technically he may not call himself her manager, but at least he is assisting in her bookings, and has very definitely taken a percentage of her earnings. His failure to see something in her when I first brought her to him cost me several hundreds of dollars by withholding her from Station WOR who wanted her services immediately, but he is glad enough today to be able to cash in on her to help pay his expenses!

I do not believe anyone knows better than I that there is always an explanation and *another side* of the story; obviously both sides cannot be perfectly righteous, but in most cases one side is nothing but a very empty and half-hearted explanation. I have generally found that although there may be extenuating circumstances, even to the point of using the caprice of the elements or things even more far removed as alibis and explanations, viz: that one side is far more just and right than the other, though of course there are still the two sides, the one much more right, and the other leaning toward a wrong.

Perhaps the safest rule of all to follow is an old one: "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you."

Sincerely, RUDY VALLEE.

MAY, 1934

WINNIE'S WORRY

—by Gil



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Please tell me how I can become a nurse.

Name

Address

A Father Answers His Son

[Continued from page 40]

apple for a good many years but I never have found any anatomist that could explain that freak movement of prominent Adam's apples like yours and mine.

Too young to understand, you say? Well, let me remind you of the time only a few months after this that I said to you one day: "Father, when you're sleepy and rub your eyes, where do all the little dots come from that you see dancing in front of you?" And you were sleepy at the time I asked the question. Do you remember what your reply was? I do. You told me that if I didn't get to bed you'd show me how to see stars without rubbing my eyes. So I went to bed!

Now, Father, I am past forty and I haven't had the answer to these last two questions yet. So, if you think I'm old enough, I'd like for you to tell me about the Adam's apple and the dots.

But I'd better get back to your letter. "You spoke of our work in Henderson, Son, and referred to the fact that your Father used to punish you on general principles. Let me relate one of the 'general principles' to which you referred and then, as the Voice of Experience, tell me whether or not you deserved the sound thrashing I gave you.

"We were living in a house on Alves Street that belonged to Dr. Sallee, who later went to China as a missionary. You and Willie Macklyn had a pet cat that suddenly decided to take fits. I think you will recall that she would get into the pantry and turn somersaults to the top shelf and turn over many times before hitting the floor, and then she would dash in circles, stick her head in the corner and scratch for dear life.

"I am sure you remember the occasion when some little friends of yours came to the house and you wanted to show them your cat that had fits. You couldn't find her anywhere upstairs and so you went down in the dark basement, you, Willie Macklyn, and your friends, just after we had unpacked a lot of dishes and earthenware, and started looking among the barrels of excelsior for the cat.

"Do you remember that you were lighting matches and, evidently, you didn't pay attention to where one of them dropped because suddenly you and the whole gang made a hasty exit from the cellar, leaving behind you several barrels burning in close proximity to cans of kerosene and gasoline?

"Do you remember that when your Mother learned of the fire she tried to carry even the piano out of the house single-handed? And then, through no efforts of yours, the fire department arrived and put out the fire and, incidentally, chased a half-drowned cat out of the cellar, and when the excitement was all over, your Mother fainted?

"Now, Mr. Voice of Experience, after nearly burning the house down, endangering the cat that you were looking for to cremation, causing your Mother to strain herself to the point that she fainted, I admit that I put my whole heart into the matter of administering the proper kind of punishment that I thought was due under the circumstances.

"And yet you say that these punish-

ments were given on general principles. If that was general, I'd hate for you to get specific!

"But why drag out any more skeletons?

"You spoke of travelling with your Father during vacations and playing the piano and organ, but, Son, you didn't refer to the fact that we were using in these Gospel services a hymnal with three hundred and eleven hymns and you would go through a whole evangelistic campaign without opening a song book, playing every number from memory.

"Yes, you loved your music. And you loved the girls, too, and they were foolish about you. I haven't forgotten the capers you played."

I AM going to interrupt you a minute, Father, when you speak of capers, because here is an incident I'll bet you have forgotten, since it didn't mean as much to you as it did to me:

Do you remember the summer there at Liberty, Mo., that I decided I'd like to go for a few days and visit with a nice little girl that I had met up in the Northeastern part of the State the summer before? And when I approached you about the matter you said no, that you wouldn't go if you were I? Do you recall grandfather was visiting us then and although he was getting well along in years he hadn't forgotten his days of romance and he said to me, "Grandson, if I were you I'd go see my girl?"

And then you found my suit case with all my clothes in it that I had packed and hidden in my room and you even got the other suit that I was going to wear and put it in the suit case and hid the case away in under one of the eaves of the house—how you ever got it there I don't know!

I had a heavy heart as I looked for that suit case.

You see, I hadn't yet gotten a sense of values, but, evidently, neither had grandfather because he not only helped me to find the suit case but, you remember, he was sleeping with me and how he helped me out the window and I took a night freight to Kansas City rather than trust going down to one of the passenger trains. Yes, and he even financed the trip. You may recall that I didn't stay very long and got back in time to keep you from getting out of practice with the use of the switch.

But, to quote again from your letter, Father:

"Son, you spoke of your Father using the switch and suggesting that there might be a better way to punish children. Long, long ago, my Son, the wisest of men told us, 'To spare the rod is to spoil the child.' And no one wiser than Solomon has yet risen to teach us another way.

"I have reared six children and I am mighty proud of them all and when I think of the wonderful work that you are doing for humanity and I listen daily to your wise advice to troubled souls, I am well pleased with the results of my method in your rearing and if I had it all to do over again I would not make any change.

"I never whipped you in a fit of anger

RADIOLAND

and if you remember we made definite appointments for these sessions."

Remember? How could I forget, Father? My appointment book was always full. And it's a good thing I didn't keep a diary!

But pardon me for interrupting your letter.

"No, Son, your Father knew something about boys before ever you were born. Remember, he was the oldest son of sixteen children, half of them boys, and your theories may be all right for those parents that whip their children in anger but I am very well satisfied with the results that I obtained in your case.

"Will you let me express through you to your many friends who remembered me in prayer at the time of my operation the heartfelt gratitude of myself, my wife, your brothers and sisters?"

"Speaking of prayer, Son, the radio somehow reminds me of prayer. For example, you speak in New York City every day and the instant that the word leaves your mouth, although several thousand miles separate us, I am able to hear you instantaneously and just as your earthly Father hears you, so I be-

lieve that those of us who are able to tune-in on the ear of Jehovah not only make Him hear but as I am replying to your broadcast to me He in turn answers the prayers of His children—not perhaps in the way we would have them answered because not always, you know, does a child know what to ask for of its earthly parent and certainly God would not be omniscient if He were to answer the appeals based on ignorance or selfishness of mortals.

"But here I'll start preaching again and I'm supposed to be a retired minister. But I do want your many friends to know how deeply grateful I am for their interest in my boy and the members of his family and not only you but your radio audience are carried to the Throne of Grace in my prayers."

And signed, "Affectionately, Father."

Do you wonder that I love that man, my friends? I am apologizing, Father, for having called you aged. That doesn't come from an aged pen, that letter, and as I soliloquized on its contents I'll tell you it recalled to me many happy incidents even though they did end in a little "convention" where you wielded the gavel and I seconded the motions.

Burns & Allen Take the Witness Stand

[Continued from page 36]

GEORGE: No! No! Gracie. Hobby not hubby. Something you play.

GRACIE: Oh I know—the races!

GEORGE: I guess I'll have to answer that one. Mine is playing golf. I play the worst golf of anybody in our block because I play more of it. Gracie's hobby is reading. Give her a book and she's happy. In fact I'm always giving her a book because I like to see her happy.

Which one of you is the boss?

GEORGE: Well, I like to think I am. But I am really the nit-wit offstage and Gracie is the smart one, so lots of times I do as she says because she really knows best.

Who is your favorite screen actor?

GRACIE: I really can't make up my mind between Bing Crosby and Jimmy Durante. I think they're both so handsome, don't you?

Do you have any children?

GRACIE: No. George thinks I am just a child and he thinks having one child around the house at a time is enough.

Where can fan mail be sent?

GEORGE: Fan mail can be sent in care of the Columbia Broadcasting System, 485 Madison Avenue, New York.

GRACIE: Then the Columbia Broadcasting System sends it on to us and we send our fan mail back to them and everybody's happy.

GEORGE: Gracie! Will you please—

Do you always agree?

GRACIE: Yes, George thinks I'm dumb and I think I'm smart, too, so we agree on that and a whole lot of other things except whether George is a good golf player or not.

MAY, 1934

Where were you born?

GEORGE: I was born in New York and Gracie was born in San Francisco, although San Francisco won't admit it. We decided to meet each other half way, so we got together in vaudeville one night in Union Hill, New Jersey.

How do you get so many jokes and still not use old ones?

GEORGE: Because we don't rely on strictly gag material. Gracie can just babble on forever. It is the way she says things that gets the laughs as much as what she says.

Does Gracie Allen really speak on the radio in her natural voice?

GRACIE: Oh, yes indeed. That is my natural voice. I have an artificial bass voice too. But I only use it at dinner parties and on policemen.

What are your ages?

GRACIE: We will never see twenty again, but we haven't seen thirty-five yet.

Will you ever visit Baltimore, Maryland?

GRACIE: Maybe. But we think Baltimore ought to visit us first.

What is Gracie's height and weight?

GRACIE: I am five feet tall on a clear day, weigh one hundred pounds before meals and one hundred and ten pounds afterwards.

Do you answer your fan mail?

GRACIE: Yes. As much as possible. George types the letters and I sign them with an X.

Did you ever find your brother?

GRACIE: Yes, but he got away again. That reminds me—please excuse us, we've got to go look for him right now.

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Back Home—But Not Broke

[Continued from page 16]

called in to prescribe some tonic for this nostalgia, he would have advised David City, Nebraska, in large doses.

Is it any wonder, then, that before many days had passed, Ruth was riding on a fast train bound for home, before coming East to take up her radio work on the Columbia Broadcasting System? This detour meant to Ruth a few days of peace and relaxation and a chance to "get away from it all."

RUTH had vividly remembered David City as she had left it, twelve long years back, to seek her career in Chicago. The town had but one thoroughfare, a church, a school and the traditional town hall. The farmers hardly left their places during the cold spell because they were snow-bound. Those who lived in the town proper, found entertainment at the weekly church dance, an occasional motion picture and the meagre gossip of the townfolk. It was this arid existence that lit the torch of Ruth's ambition.

Once in Chicago her money soon ran out, even though she roomed at the Y. W. C. A. Finally she secured a job in a cheap cabaret, which employed stalwart bouncers to evict drunks who annoyed the entertainers. In the daytime, she studied art, in the event that her voice should ever fail her. An opportunity came to sing *What Can I Say Dear, After I Say I'm Sorry* through the magic of the microphone, and booking agents soon started to look up this fresh-looking youngster who sang so humanly, so warmly and so clearly. Then came a part in the *Ziegfeld Follies* and a radio program that flashed her name from coast to coast. Ruth Etting took her place in the Radio Hall of Fame with the other celebrities.

If Ruth was seeking peace when she went back to David City, she would have been better off camping right in the middle of Times Square.

What the radio has done for Ruth, it has done for her home town, she discovered. They know almost as much about auditions, sponsors, Winchell, networks, mikes, as the most experienced executives at our major studios.

Neighbors came in droves to see this glowing representative of their town. The tiny police force (Lem Squires and Cal Jones) had all they could do to handle them. Ruth was smothered under a barrage of questions.

What did Kate Smith look like? Did the Mills Brothers really and truly imitate all those instruments? Is the food good at Lindy's? Is James Melton that-a-way about Annette Henshaw? Will Mary-Lou marry Lanny? During this onslaught of questions, the radio was going full blast.

BETWEEN breathing spaces, Ruth managed to find out some interesting things about Nebraska's reaction to the radio. They seemed to like best, Ruth, Eddie Cantor, Kate Smith and Jack Pearl. But first on their list, was one mysterious performer known only as *The Singing Milkman*. Ruth later learned that he broadcasts only in her native state, and is somewhat on the style of Singing Sam and Smiling Ed

McConnell. Ruth retired on the first night of her alleged rest-cure, a very weary young woman.

Next morning, Ruth sneaked out the back door, to re-visit the scenes of her childhood. The old Elax mill was still running, the same as it has been for four decades. It was her grandfather Elax who founded the town and established its first granary.

She then proceeded to the general store, where the town's centenarians bided their time. She questioned these old sages about her former friends. She discovered that the boy who used to give her an apple a day is now a prominent lawyer in Omaha.

She passed the little red school house, actually, a modern structure of red brick. Thank heavens, she sighed, with relief, it still looked the same. On closer examination, she heard the pupils singing a song that had never been taught when she went there. It was: *Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf?*

Ruth was slowly beginning to realize that the radio had changed David City as much as it had her. She had luncheon with her uncles. Her parents had passed away before she reached the age of five. One is hizzoner, the mayor, and the other president of the town's bank.

On the night before Christmas, Ruth experienced another startling change in the daily pattern of the little village. Of course the glimmering trees were sparkling brighter than ever, as she had pictured them, that sultry day in her dressing room in Hollywood. But the children were being sent off to bed, much against their wishes. No, it wasn't because they wanted to wait up for Santa. It just so happened that their favorite air comedian hadn't made his ether appearance yet, and they were patiently awaiting his arrival!

WHEN we met Ruth upon her return to New York, she didn't seem at all upset by the revelations she had witnessed.

"I'm glad," she remarked, "that the place had changed. Those poor farmers who were snowed in year after year hadn't a single diversion on those long wintry nights. The radio has brought them the world's greatest entertainers every night in the week. They love it and they're real fans."

Now when Ruth sings on the air she always includes one old number for the folks back home. She always thinks of these people when she's planning her programs; for to use her own words, "They are the most representative radio listeners in America."

So when Ruth went to the opening of *Roman Scandals* on Broadway there were not only telegrams from such celebrities as Bing Crosby, Harry Richman, and Eddie himself, but from her well-wishers in David City.

She'll never forget the wire she received from old Uncle Zeke. After seventy years of plowing the rich soil, doing the same things, day in and day out, the radio gave him a new hobby; taught him a new language. His telegram read:

"Ruthie, I hope ya knock'em dead!"
—And, needless to report, Ruthie did.

RADIOLAND

You've Got to Believe Him

[Continued from page 24]

is of hardy American stock; his grandparents crossed the plains in pioneer days. His mother was born in a covered wagon.

At fourteen, he submitted a drawing of a girl bending over a washtub, the caption reading "The Village Belle Was Slowly Wringing." *Life* paid him eight dollars for it. That clinched the matter.

He got a job with the *San Francisco Chronicle*, at six dollars per, doing sport cartoons. Several years passed, but always he thought of baseball. When-ever he could, he was at the field.

Reversing Horace Greeley's advice, young Ripley decided to go East. There, he felt, lay his future in baseball. After his tragic accident, he worked for several New York newspapers, finally joining the Hearst organization, with whom he is still under contract.

The Believe-it-or-Not Man has published two volumes of his queeriosities.

After his first book was published, he was asked to broadcast. He spoke on the Collier Hour, and started something right away. He said that if all the Chinese in the world were to march four abreast past a given point, they would never finish passing, though they marched forever and ever. Hundreds disputed his statement, but he convinced them that he was right. If U. S. Army regulations were followed, 26,280,000 Chinese would pass a given point each year. Assuming that the birth rate of Chinese is ten per cent, and that half of the children die before they can walk, there would be 30,000,000 new marchers each year to replace the 26,280,000 who passed the given point. And so they could march on forever.

So popular were his radio talks, that he was asked to inaugurate a new series over the NBC networks every Saturday night, as a feature of B. A. Rolfe and

his Terraplane Orchestra—three-minute dramas based upon his interesting stories of strange people and happenings.

Music is specially planned around the theme of his broadcast and realistic sound effects used.

The Believe-it-or-not man discovered that the word radio is not new; it goes back 3,000 years into the archives of ancient history. He was the first person to broadcast from mid-ocean. And he has come over the air from more distant spots than any other speaker. London, Buenos Aires, Australia, just to mention a few. As a result of his broadcast from Schenectady to Sydney, Australia, he started on a 10,000 mile journey to keep a blind date with a girl he had never seen!

It happened like this: Miss Irene Sterlitz participated in the two-way broadcast between the two countries. After the program was over, Ripley and Miss Sterlitz continued their conversation just for the fun of it. She asked him why he didn't visit Australia and he said, "Why, I will, within the next year." And he did.

His strange stories inspire his fans to try to go him one better. I asked him what was the most unusual fan mail he'd ever received. "I think it was the 47-word message I got, with the address written on the back of a two-cent stamp, which was mailed from San Francisco, believe it or not, without an envelope."

He told me about another funny one. It came from Brooklyn, and the writer asked Ripley's permission to witness one of his broadcasts in this fashion: "My wife and myself have always been interested in unusual things. We haven't missed a circus in the last thirty years. We have a peculiar fascination for curiosities, freaks, etc.; and now we should like to see you, Mr. Ripley."



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28x4-20-21	2.60	30x3-20-21	2.60
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28x4-20-21	4.75	30x3-20-21	4.75
28x4-20-21	4.80	30x3-20-21	4.80
28x4-20-21	4.85	30x3-20-21	4.85
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Drapes for Spring Sunshine

[Continued from page 45]

SMALL, crowded rooms need draperies of plain fabrics with simple, narrow valances (if any), that hang preferably to the floor to give height. If the view is unpleasant, sheer rayon glass curtains may be used, for they are almost opaque in texture and color, let in the light and at the same time hide the view.

A dingy room needs bright draperies, of figured material if the walls are plain; of plain material if they are figured.

If draperies are to take the place of window shades, they must be made of a fairly heavy fabric, lined with a matching plain or contrasting fabric, preferably hung to the floor and so adjusted that they can be drawn across the windows with cords and pulls that come for the purpose.

If, on the other hand, the draperies are designed merely to frame the windows they are surmounted by a valance or horizontal strip of cloth at the top of the window—or the line of color maybe carried across by slipping a shirred casing of the material over the rod. Valances are made in two ways. There is the so-called valance, never more than twelve inches wide and often so narrow it is a mere ruffle, that hangs between the curtain lengths on the same rod. This should be used only in very informal rooms. The true valance hangs from a separate rod outside of the hangings, or from a valance board several inches above the window.

THE greatest care should be exercised in measuring for drapery materials. For glass curtains, measure from the top of the inside of the window to the sill and add five inches for hems and

shrinkage (If the material has not already been pre-shrunk by the manufacturer, a tuck should be taken at the top under the casing to allow for shrinkage.) To estimate the correct width for glass curtains, measure across the inside of the frame and allow three-fourths as much again for fullness.

As drapes should always be hung from the top edge of the woodwork above the window, measure from the topmost moulding to six inches below the sill (for sill length drapes) or to the floor, adding the length needed for hems and draping. Most fabrics can be hung full width.

FOR drapes, cretonnes, plain and glazed, chintzes, poplin, damask, linens, plain and blocked, Fortuny prints and a wide selection of rayon fabrics are being shown. For glass curtains, mesh or sparingly figured or square meshed fishnet, fine net, rayon and celanese materials are being shown in white, ivory, ecru and in colors. There are new wide mesh laces which are fascinating for complete window drapes. They come in shimmering gold with beautifully designed borders, as well as in gold and copper and in a brilliant beige. Before purchasing material for glass curtains be sure to hold it up and look at it against the light. It is amazing how the color disappears.

Plain, flowered or colored organdy, dimity, voile, marquisette and theatrical gauze are still suited to informal rooms where an effect of airiness is needed. Ruffled curtains should be used only in bedrooms or in living and dining rooms of very simple homes and summer cottages.

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FREE Send no money for this valuable book—**"HOW TO REDUCE."** Free and Postpaid, in plain envelope.

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For Women Who Want
to Become Slender
For Women Who Want
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SUBTLE, fascinating, alluring. Sell regularly for \$12.00 an ounce. Made from the essence of flowers:—

- Three odors: Send only
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A single drop lasts a week!

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To pay for postage and handling send only 30¢ (silver or stamps) for 3 trial bottles. Only one set to each new customer. **PAUL RIEGER,** 212 First St., San Francisco, Calif.

Will You Be One of Radio's Future Greats?

[Continued from page 19]

as a program must, of necessity, be *stimulating* to the *imagination*. It must rouse your audience; it must interest them, stimulate them, and, if possible, keep them stirred up. Excitement, as such, is not necessary but the stirring up of the emotions must be sufficient to give them a pleasurable feeling.

Too many persons on the air at the present time either *under-emphasize* what they have to say, or the song they sing, or they go to the other extreme and *over-emphasize*.

For practice, I would suggest to any man or woman contemplating a radio career that he rig up a fake microphone and pretend he is broadcasting for fifteen minutes several times each day. For this it is best to select a small room which is as sound-proof as possible. The hanging of heavy draperies does very well in creating the atmosphere and "feel" of the average broadcasting studio.

WHAT bothers people the most when they have an audition, and makes them nervous and self-conscious, is not so much that one or more people are listening in on their performance, but rather that they are hearing the sound of their own voice in an unaccustomed situation.

Therefore try to become accustomed to the sound of your own voice. Learn how to talk *naturally*, in a conversational tone, while turned toward your home-made microphone. The tendency at first always is to talk too loud. Simply imagine that only one person is hearing what you say and that, although you cannot see him, he is really near at hand. Make your talk to him intimate and chummy. Accomplish this and you will have conquered that "mike" fright we hear so much about.

Another thing to remember is that radio talking or singing carries with it clear and distinct *articulation*. Practice in enunciation is therefore essential.

At first this must needs be exaggerated and it will sound artificial and stilted. But after a while you will be able to talk so that every syllable is distinctly heard, even the ends of sentences, and without seeming effort.

Lastly, when you practice talking before your home microphone do not attempt to do it extemporaneously but always read typewritten pages or from a book.

Studios, with only occasional exceptions, insist that scripts be read. This naturally is necessary for timing so that your particular program will neither run too long nor too short. The clock and radio time are enemies. Practice timing your talk to five, ten or thirteen minutes. Thirteen is the limit so as to allow one minute at the beginning and one minute at the end of a program for the announcer who introduces you and for station or advertising messages.

And frankly, that's about all there is to radio!

TO BE sure, one must consider the script. This is as important to the radio star as is the play to the actor. But just as a good actor can perfect a poor play by the way he acts, so can a radio performer, with a real voice personality, bring a poor script to perfection.

As for scripts, try to get hold of, or write yourself, something brand new if you would be a radio star in the future. Don't imitate; don't be satisfied to tread the already beaten path. Allow your ingenuity free play; think up novel ideas; don't be afraid to let your imagination run riot.

Radio needs new blood to keep it vitalized. In another ten years, perhaps even in five, we will look back upon present day radio entertainment as amateurish. It was so with the movies and it will doubtless be so with broadcasting.

Hollywood Stars Pick Their Radio Favorites

[Continued from page 13]

Loretta Young goes in a great big way for the philharmonic orchestras, she doesn't care which, but she also likes Phil Baker and his accordion on the Armour program.

"I like good music. I don't care what kind, just so it isn't jazz," admits Loretta.

Eddie Lowe admits that he can even forget his wife, Lilyan Tashman, when the deep tones of the pipe organ begin to thunder in on his set. He goes for the philharmonic stuff too but doesn't think that any of the comic programs are good. A serious chap, off screen, is Eddie and no foolishness comes out of his radio.

FAY WRAY gets relief from *King Kong* and all her other horror rôles by tuning in on Ray Page and his Merry-makers while Ralph Bellamy is still a fan of Amos 'n' Andy. Sally Blane likes Russ Colombo's voice best and you know why. Jimmie Dunn keeps his

radio quiet at all times unless there's a news broadcast or a fight on. Lee Tracy likes the news programs too, Edwin C. Hill and Walter Winchell. Carole Lombard prefers Donald Novis to anyone else, while Gary Cooper likes to hear Ed Wynn.

Nearly every star in Hollywood is a radio fan, but many of them refuse to admit any special favorite. Such programs as that of the Blue Ribbon program with Ben Bernie, the old maestro, the Maxwell House Showboat hour, and Olsen and Johnson on the Swift Revue get many of Hollywood's most rabid fans when they come on. Wayne King, Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians, Isham Jones orchestra and Ted Fiorito as well as Gus Arnheim are favorite dance programs. Among the comics, Benny Rubin, Jack Pearl and Ed Wynn appear to lead. Scores of the more sophisticated listen to Edwin C. Hill and to Alexander Woolcott.

RADIOLAND

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Krank Lemon Cleansing Cream is tuned to your skin. It truly works a beauty miracle by clarifying the skin and permitting its natural loveliness to shine forth. Krank Lemon Cleansing Cream liquefies immediately at normal skin temperature, enters the pores liquid, remains liquid in the pores and comes out liquid, bringing with it all embedded dirt. A thoroughly cleansed skin is the first requisite for a lovely complexion. Your skin will show improvement after the first application of Krank Lemon Cleansing Cream. Mail this advertisement and 10c to Krank, Beauty Park, St. Paul, for a generous trial jar.



kränk (cleansing) LEMON CREAM

They Dubbed Him Knight

[Continued from page 20]

added a new *Cuckoo* Program, sponsored by the A. C. Spark Plug Company. The *Cuckoos* have been on the air with few interruptions for over four years and have a tremendous following. The new *Cuckoo* Program will be written, directed and also "m. c.'ed" by Ray.

PERHAPS one might feel that so much work and no play would make Ray a dull boy. But in spite of his enormous industry, Ray Knight always finds time to play just as wholeheartedly as he works. He is an excellent mixer, whether we refer to drinks or to people. He loves to have people around him. He derives much enjoyment from the theatre and is a devoted follower of the opera.

Ray is in his early thirties and is married. His writing habits are a continual source of amazement to his wife, who is no mean scribe herself. She says Ray can write at any time of the day or night, and under the most trying conditions—for instance, stretched out on the sofa flat on his back and writing on a pad held over his head.

Writing seems as natural to Ray as breathing. He writes in pencil on lined yellow pads in a hand that is nothing short of deadly. As a sheet is completed, he tosses it to his secretary who is perhaps the only person in the world who can translate it. At times Ray has trouble deciphering it himself and has to call on her for help.

Raymond Knight was born in Salem, Massachusetts. He studied law at Boston University, and was later admitted to the Massachusetts Bar. Law did not hold the strong appeal for him that the theatre did, so he again became a student, but this time he studied drama at Harvard. He became a member of George Pierce Baker's famous 47 Workshop, and when Baker transferred his allegiance to Yale, Knight did likewise. Recognition came in 1927 when the Drama League awarded him their prize for the best one act play of the year. The play was called *Strings* and was adapted for radio in 1928 and broadcast by short wave to England.

RAY is a charming person to know and a great favorite around the studios. He never spares himself in the performance of a favor. I know of an instance where he spent not minutes, but hours, helping a page boy who aspired to become a continuity writer. (Incidentally, the page boy made the grade, and is now writing continuity.) Children love to work with him, because of his endless patience and good humor. He has the knack of keeping his cast in high spirits, and this cannot help but be reflected in their work.

Knight has two children of his own, who call him "Billy." This is perhaps the answer to the authenticity and human touch that has charmed parents all over the country in his *Billy Batchelor* sketches. His real children listen carefully to his dealings with his "air" children, and if he fails to practice what he preaches, they have him tied hand and foot!

NEXT MONTH—
Wayne King's first Interview

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30x5 00-20	FIRESTONE	2.15	.85
30x5 25-18	GOODRICH	2.15	.85
30x5 25-19	FIRESTONE	2.15	.85
30x5 25-20	GOODRICH	2.15	.85
31x5 25-21	FIRESTONE	2.15	.85
32x5 00-18	GOODRICH	2.15	.85
32x5 50-19	FIRESTONE	2.15	.85
32x6 00-18	GOODRICH	2.15	.85
31x6 00-19	FIRESTONE	2.15	.85
32x6 00-20	GOODRICH	2.15	.85
32x6 00-21	FIRESTONE	2.15	.85
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32x4 1/2	2.15	1.15
33x4 1/2	2.15	1.15
34x4 1/2	2.15	1.15
30x5	2.15	1.35
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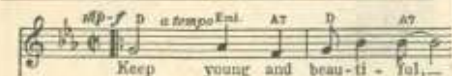
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is the way to a fresh, youthful appearance; a famous revitalizing, SMOOTHING formula that is the beauty-word of the day. Away with sallow skin, unsightly wrinkles, aging lines. They are not your birthright. A smooth, satiny skin IS—and that is the touchstone of loveliness.

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WE wish every sufferer from such skin ailments as eczema, boils and itching could read a leading doctor's recent article in a well-known medical magazine. It told of the amazing relief obtained in several groups of skin sufferers, with a "colloidal aluminum compound" (or CAC) treatment. In one group every case showed improvement; results were "remarkable" in nearly all. "CAC" treatment has been so successful that doctors are taking it up right and left.

Now you can buy this "CAC" antiseptic at any drug store under the name HYDRASOL. Either liquid or ointment is highly effective—not only for boils and eczema, but for poison ivy, burns, cuts and sunburn. Wonderful as a gargle too, in liquid form—so soothing and refreshing. Remember to ask for HYDRASOL at any drugstore.

Hydrasol

A Radio Freshman Speaks His Mind

[Continued from page 39]

Stokowski and the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra, both the advertiser and the radio have justified their entire existence.

ON THE other hand, there are places where the radio falls far short of what I should like to see it do. Whether it is because it is easier to put music on the air than drama, I do not know, but certainly radio drama is in no way comparable to radio music. In the production of dramatic scripts, radio has lagged behind, although it must be said that the scripts are now improving. It seems to me that, in the last analysis, what radio needs is great editors who would get excited and enthusiastic about new authors and playwrights for the air and who, when a new writer flashed across the horizon, would seek him out as eagerly as the moving pictures do now.

Let me be concrete. Two years ago a new figure rose to literary prominence. When Max Miller wrote *I Cover the Waterfront*—Max Miller, who had been merely a reporter on a small San Diego newspaper—the book was hailed as an event in the world of letters and Max Miller recognized as a new and significant interpreter of life. The moving pictures caught him up immediately. The radio didn't, but it should have.

I imagine the general belief in radio circles is that you have to know radio technique in order to write for the radio. You must, I think, know a great deal more than that. While technique is no doubt indispensable, the most important thing is to have a profound knowledge of men and women and a deep understanding of human reactions. It is the people who have these things who should be writing for the radio. The mechanical requirements of radio they can, it is certain, pick up without any difficulty, having learned far harder lessons.

I think that in this respect radio itself is being challenged. It has the power to reach millions of people, more than have ever been reached before. Has it the insight to give them those values of life which would broaden their horizons and increase their wisdom? Has it the penetration to see that the great writers and the great creative thinkers should form the backbone of the spoken word on the air? I except music, because it has proven itself intelligent and discriminating in that field. But aside from music, the gauntlet has been flung, and I think, in consideration of the remarkable progress the radio has made in the few years of its existence, that the challenge is going to be accepted.

The Editor's Opinion

[Continued from page 11]

likely that there will be less dwindling away of the big name features than usual these coming months. A certain number of radio stars take the summer off to make movies and personal appearances here and there, but the seasonal exodus, though present in some degree, promises not to interfere seriously with the quality of the summer's radio fare.

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—capsule of dynamite—and Johnny Weissmuller, imperturbable TARZAN, met, loved and married. Can these exponents of two different environments, two civilizations, two widely divergent backgrounds, be blended in Hollywood—the world's greatest melting pot? They found that love could be an interpreter, an adjuster and a leveler of the differences in their temperaments.

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ASTROLOGY

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MAY, 1934

Hands Are Important

[Continued from page 46]

the nails vigorously, following this with a generous application of oil or cream.

NAIL biting, unfortunately, is not confined to children. I receive numerous letters from grown-ups who are ruining, not only their nails but also their poise and self-respect by this ugly habit. Will-power, of course, is the foremost enemy of nail biting, but it can be fortified by painting the nails with tincture of aloe. The taste is so bitter that it quite cures you of any immediate desire to chew your fingernails. Frequent manicures are also a great help. They leave no loose bits of cuticle or broken nails to tempt nibbling.

If you are an inveterate smoker, do be careful of your hands. There is nothing that robs a woman's hands of their charm as quickly as nicotine stains. If you object to using a holder—most people do—remove the stains regularly every other day or so with a reliable commercial nicotine remover. I know a very effective one, that costs only fifty cents a bottle. If you like, I'll send you the trade name.

NO MATTER how nicely manicured your nails are, they still never look lovely if your hands are rough, dry or freckled. If your hands are unsightly because you are forced to keep them in soapy water the greater part of the day, wear rubber gloves, as I advise brittle-nail sufferers. If you simply can't work in rubber gloves, use a mild soap for your dish washing and laundry work, and a water-softener, if the water is extremely alkaline. There are one or two brands of soap flakes on the market that are bland enough to be used on the face, so they can't harm the hands even when used several times a day.

Before going to bed each night, heap lots of good, rich tissue cream on your hands and massage it gently into the irritated skin. Keep up this massage for five minutes, then apply another layer of cream and don a pair of loose, soft white gloves. Wear them all night. Repeat this routine for five nights in succession and you'll be amazed at the improvement.

During the day it is absolutely essential that you use a good hand lotion every time you wash your hands or have occasion to put them in water. There are several good brands on the market, as well as two or three hand creams. My favorite, however, is a milky fluid that seems to leave the skin softer and whiter each time it is applied. It's extremely soothing, too. Just recently the rather old-fashioned bottle was modernized and this good old stand-by is now very perky and up-to-date in its brilliant red label and fluted bakelite cap. A fifty cent bottle seems to last for months. Want the name?

They may not strike you as very wholesome—and your husband or "heart interest" may disapprove—but I must tell you about the new artificial fingernails. They are the answer to the prayers of typists or pianists who want long, pointy nails for dress-up but can't use them during working hours. They come twelve to a set (two extras) with adhesive stuff for applying and a liquid remover, and they can be tinted to match your frocks? One dollar a set.



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QUESTIONS

and Answers

ANS

Will you please answer the following questions about Jack Pearl. Age? How long married? Any children? Nationality? Is Russ Colombo married?—*N. C. McVannan, Endicott, N. Y.*

Ans.—Jack Pearl is Jewish, thirty-eight and has been married for about eleven years. There aren't any children. Russ Colombo is still to be had.

Was it Muriel Wilson who took the part of Mary Lou on the Show Boat before Lanny Ross left for Hollywood.—*Mrs. M. E. G., Denver, Colorado.*

Ans.—Muriel Wilson formerly was Mary Lou but she left the Maxwell House Show Boat some time before Lanny went to the Coast.

What has become of Billie Jones and Earnie Hare? If they are on the air, kindly state when and from what station.—*Mrs. Y. Land, Usta, S. Dakota.*

Ans.—Billie Jones and Earnie Hare are the Tasty Loafers and can be heard every Monday, Wednesday and Friday evening at 8:15 p. m. They broadcast over the WOR network.

I would like to know how tall and what is the weight of Bing Crosby and also who is playing opposite in his new picture, *We're Not Dressing*.—*V. L., Omaha, Nebraska.*

Ans.—Bing is five feet nine inches tall and weighs one hundred and sixty-five pounds. Carole Lombard shares the honors with Bing in *We're Not Dressing*.

Please tell me how old Tiny Ruffner is. Is he married and if so to whom? What programs does he announce and what is his favorite recreation?—*E. Johnson, New York City.*

Ans.—Tiny Ruffner is in his very early thirties and has been married for a number of years. His wife is a former musical comedy star. Tiny announces on the Maxwell House Show Boat and his favorite game is bridge which he plays very well.

Will you please tell me on what day Rudy Vallée was born and where?—*E. M., Long Island.*

Ans.—Rudy Vallée made his entrance in Island Pond, Vermont on July 28, 1901.

How many people take part in the Myrt and Marge sketch? Also, do Myrt and Marge appear in any other radio program?—*Miss A. A., St. Louis.*

Ans.—Six people appear regularly in the Myrt & Marge sketch. This

is the only program in which Myrt and Marge partake.

What day, year and where was Annette Hanshaw born? What color eyes and hair and how tall is she?—*M. Apperman, Pa.*

Ans.—Annette was born in New York City on October 18, 1910. She is five feet three inches tall, has blonde hair and lovely violet blue eyes.

Will you please tell me when George Cohan was born?—*F. Howard, Brookline, Mass.*

Ans.—Perhaps, George M. Cohan can attribute his greatness to the fact that he made his first debut on July 4, a great day in American history. The year was 1878.

Will you give me a description of Donald Novis? Namely: weight, height and color of eyes and hair. I would also like to know what he is doing at present.—*T. E., Los Angeles, Calif.*

Ans.—Donald Novis is an attractive young man of twenty-six. He is five feet eight inches, weighs 150 lbs. and has blue eyes and blonde hair. He returns to the air in the featured spot of the Colgate House Party, Saturday nights at 9 over NBC-WEAF.



What do you want to know about the radio stars?

Send your questions to RADIOLAND, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York, N. Y., and the answer will be printed in this department as soon after receipt as possible.

Will you kindly answer the two following questions in RADIOLAND? Are Lanny Ross and Mary Lou really sweethearts? Are Billy Bachelor and Janet Freeman of the Wheatonville Program really man and wife?—*P. A. B., W. Sayville, N. Y.*

Ans.—Lanny Ross is a bachelor and Billy Bachelor is married. Their relationships with their leading ladies are purely fictional.

Are Myrt and Marge mother and daughter in real life?—*C. Williams, Albany, Calif.*

Ans.—Yes. Myrtle Vail is the mother of Marge.

Would you kindly tell me how old Eddie Cantor is?—*B. Weeks, Battle Creek, Mich.*

Ans.—Eddie has just reached those dangerous forties. His birthday is January 31.

Will you please let me know the ages of Ozzie Nelson and Harriet Hilliard?—*H. B.*

Ans.—Both Ozzie and Harriet are in their twenties; Ozzie in the high numbers and Harriet in the low.

Please tell me the name of the organ selection used as a theme song in the program One Man's Family.—*M. G. D., Old Orchard Beach, Maine.*

Ans.—This charming number is Destiny Waltz composed by Baynes.

Who plays Pango on the Dangerous Paradise program?—*Kay, Long Island.*

Ans.—This part is played by Allyn Joslyn who also participates in the Warden Lawes and Radio Guild dramatic sketches.

To settle a wager will you kindly answer the following questions? Is Phil Harris married? If so, does he have any children?—*J. F. R., Los Angeles, Calif.*

Ans.—Phil is married to a very beautiful girl called Marcia Ralston who will be seen in the movies soon. They haven't any children.

Who plays the parts of: Nancy, Bill Davis, Kerry Donovan and David Ellis in the sketch Just Plain Bill?—*A. W. Brady.*

Ans.—Ruth Russell is Nancy; Arthur Hughes, Bill Davis; James Meighan, Kerry Donovan and Curtis Arnall, David Ellis.

Would you please print the names of the Five Spirits of Rhythm?—*Dick A., Corning, N. Y.*

Ans.—They are Leo Watson, Teddy Bunn, Douglas Daniels, Wilbur Daniels and Virgil Scogdins.



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