

# RADIOLAND

April

10¢

15c in Canada



MRS.  
FRANKLIN  
DELANO  
ROOSEVELT  
DISCUSSES  
RADIO

Radio Gold  
Lures Movie  
Stars

Gertrude Kisser

# Are Your Favorite Foods Barred By **Fussy Stomach?**



## Tums Bring Quick Relief For Acid Indigestion..

*Sour Stomach... Gas... Heartburn!*

**D**O you often have to pay for eating a good meal—by having a sour, upset stomach? Do the very foods you like best sometimes bring on heartburn, unpleasant gas or belching? Thousands of people are finding they can now eat what they like without bad after-effects, thanks to a new candy-like antacid mint called TUMS.

Simply munch three or four TUMS after meals—or when smoking, or excesses of eating or drinking cause trouble, You will be surprised how

quickly the excess acid is neutralized and the "Fussy Stomach" relieved. Carry a convenient roll in pocket or purse wherever you go. Be prepared for instant relief when indigestion is brought on by nervous strain, eating too fast, exercise after meals, train and auto rides, change of water or diet. Learn the joy of eating your favorite foods and smoking whenever you like without upset stomach. Get a roll of TUMS today at any drug store—only 10c.

**FREE** Beautiful new gold and blue 1934 Calendar-Thermometer. Also samples TUMS and NR—Just send name and address, enclosing stamp, to A. H. LEWIS COMPANY, Dept. DH-29, ST. LOUIS, MO.

### QUICK RELIEF

Carry Tums in your pocket or purse for quick relief whenever hasty eating, wrong food combinations, particular foods, excessive smoking, cause sudden distress.

**TUMS**  
FOR THE TUMMY



**GET 2 ROLLS  
FREE**

Thousands of people are buying TUMS in the convenient \$1.00 box containing 12 rolls—thus getting 2 rolls free.



**P.S. Sweeten the Stomach and You Sweeten the Breath**

# Isn't It A Shame!



A BIG CAR, GORGEOUS CLOTHES...BUT OH, HER TERRIBLE TEETH!



**Y**ou can count on Sylvia to drive the crowd to any house party! She's a grand girl, and she drives a swell car. But—there's a "but" about Sylvia!



**W**hen Sylvia's dressed for dancing, her clothes are the grandest there! Paris has nothing on Sylvia! But the "but" about Sylvia spoils her good times.



**M**en ask to meet Sylvia—and they ride in Sylvia's car. But when the drive's over, they disappear! For the "but" about Sylvia is her teeth.



**W**hy doesn't somebody tell Sylvia that tender gums—"pink tooth brush"—are often the cause of dingy, cloudy-looking teeth?



**A**ny dentist could tell Sylvia in half a minute how to correct "pink tooth brush." "Massage Ipana Tooth Paste into your gums," he'd say.



**I**f Sylvia started with Ipana and massage—today—it wouldn't be long before she'd have brilliant, good-looking teeth! And plenty of men at her beck and call!

**A**RE your teeth dingy and ugly, like Sylvia's? Are your gums so tender that you often notice "pink" upon your tooth brush?

Maybe you, like Sylvia, should ask a dentist about "pink tooth brush"! He'll tell you soon enough that "pink tooth brush" not only may dull the teeth—but may be the first step toward gum troubles as tragic as gingivitis or Vincent's disease. He'll

## Avoid "Pink Tooth Brush" with Ipana and Massage!

warn you that it may threaten even the soundest of your teeth!

But cheer up! He'll go on to tell you that it is quite a simple matter to check "pink tooth brush"—and restore brightness to your teeth.

"Clean your teeth with Ipana," he will say. "Each time put a little extra

Ipana on your brush or fingertip, and massage it lightly into your unhealthy gums. The ziratol in Ipana helps restore firmness to the gums."

Today's foods permit your gums to become flabby and tender because they are not coarse enough to stimulate your gums. But massage, with Ipana, will offset the effect of modern soft foods. You'll have healthy gums—attractively bright teeth.

THE "IPANA TROUBADOURS" ARE BACK! EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING . . . 9:00 P. M., E. S. T. WEAF AND ASSOCIATED N. B. C. STATIONS

**I P A N A**  
TOOTH PASTE



BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. M-44  
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a 3¢ stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

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Street \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_





# RADIOLAND

APRIL 1934



VOL. II NO. 2

ROScoe FAWCETT, Editor

DONALD G. COOLEY, Executive Editor

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# Why did they say this?

## "DON'T RUSH INTO MATRIMONY"



Learn all the facts  
This book is free

Blind to the changed conditions of today, some mothers still look at their young daughters a little sadly and apprehensively. Girls of twenty, in love, will *not* listen when they are advised "to wait a little longer" before they marry. They never have. They never will. They have never understood why their mothers tried to hold them back.

### Women did have cause for worry

The matter of feminine hygiene was probably in these mothers' minds. That used to be a terrible dilemma. Poisonous compounds—or nothing at all? That was the only choice.

Doctors were sympathetic. But they could not advise the use of cresol and carbolic acid on sensitive tissues.

There was no such thing—in *those days*—as a non-poisonous antiseptic that was powerful enough for the purpose.

### Now Zonite—powerful, non-poisonous

One of the great new benefits to womankind is the modern antiseptic-germicide called *Zonite*. Every woman should know about Zonite. How safe it is. How gentle it is. How *strong* it is.

Zonite is a truly *personal* antiseptic, designed and prepared for use on the human body. It provides surgical cleanliness with complete *safety*. It cannot burn or sear. It cannot cause any of those tragic happenings so likely to mar a woman's life. As to strength and effectiveness, even compared with the poisons, Zonite is

outstandingly strong. Zonite is far more powerful than any dilution of cresol or carbolic acid that can be safely applied to the human body.

Use Zonite for feminine hygiene. Powerful and safe—it is ideal. Tell other women about Zonite. Surely you will not see them continue to use poisons when you are using Zonite yourself.

### Both in liquid and semi-solid form

Zonite (the liquid) comes in bottles. You will find it in every drug store in the country: at 30¢, 60¢ and \$1.00. Then there is another form (semi-solid)—Zonite Suppositories. These are dainty, white forms which provide continuing antiseptic action. They are individually sealed: at \$1.00 for a box of a dozen. Some women prefer this semi-solid form. Others use both.

Send today for the much-discussed booklet, "Facts for Women." You will be impressed by its straightforwardness. You will profit by its teaching. Zonite Products Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.

ZONITE PRODUCTS CORPORATION  
Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.

Please send me free copy of the booklet or booklets checked below.

- Facts for Women  
 Use of Antiseptics in the Home

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY..... STATE.....

(In Canada: *Sainte Therese, P. Q.*)



# THE RADIO PARADE

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

## Variety

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

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

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

**AMERICAN REVUE**—Ray Perkins and Jack Denny's orchestra. CBS, Sun. at 7:00 p. m.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

**HALL OF FAME**—A guest star from the opera, stage or screen and Nat Shilkret's orchestra. NBC-WEAF, Sun. at 10:00 p. m.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

**OLDSMOBILE PRESENTS**—Ruth Etting, John

Green and his orchestra and a 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, Do Re Mi and Irene Taylor. CBS, Tues. and Thurs. at 10:00 p. m.

**HARLEM SERENADE**—Claude Hopkins and his Orchestra; Aida Ward and the Five Spirits of Rhythm. CBS, Tues. at 10:45 p. m.

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

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

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

**OLD GOLD PROGRAM**—Ted Fiorito and his orchestra. CBS, 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 and guest stars. NBC-WEAF, Thurs. at 8:00 p. m.

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

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

**CALIFORNIA MELODIES**—Guest stars from the screen and Raymond Paige's orchestra. CBS, Thurs. at 9:30 p. m.

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

**PRESENTING MARK WARNOW**—Connie Gates and the Four Clubmen. CBS, Thurs. at 10:45 p. m.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

**FORTY-FIVE MINUTES IN HOLLYWOOD**—Scenes from new movies; Cal York, screen reporter; Eton Boys quartet and Mark Warnow's orchestra. CBS, Sat. at 8:00 p. m.

**TRADE AND MARK**—Billy Hillpot and Scrappy Lambert with Nat Shilkret's orchestra. CBS, Sat. at 8:45 p. m.

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

**HOLLYWOOD ON THE AIR**—James Fiddler presents your screen favorites. NBC-WEAF, Sat. at 12:00 midnight.

**CAREFREE CARNIVAL**—Music by Meredith Wilson's orchestra. NBC-WEAF, Sat. at 12:30 a. m.

## Children's Programs

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

**SKIPPY**—CBS, Mon. to Fri. at 5:00 p. m.

**JACK ARMSTRONG**—CBS, Mon. to Sat. at 5:30 p. m.

**ADVENTURES OF TOM MIX**—NBC-WEAF, Mon., Wed. and Fri. 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 BACHELOR**—NBC-WEAF, Mon. to Fri. at 7:15 p. m.

**THE TATTERED MAN**—NBC-WEAF, Tues. at 5:30 p. m.

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

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

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

## Dance Music

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

**LITTLE JACK LITTLE** and his orchestra. CBS, Sun. at 11:00 p. m., Mon. at 12:30 a. 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. at 12:00 midnight and Fri. at 12:30 a. m.

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

**OSZIE 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.

**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 and soloists. NBC-WJZ, Sun. at 12:30 p. m.

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

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

**PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA**—Leopold Stokowski. (Continued on page 9)



## PROUD OF HIS MOTHER NOW



ITS PURIFYING LATHER IS FINE FOR THE SKIN, TOO

ITS quickly-vanishing, hygienic scent tells you Lifebuoy lather is extra cleansing. Rich, creamy, penetrating, it purifies face pores and body pores alike. Clears and freshens dull, sallow skins to glowing health. Stops "B.O." (body odor).

Warm spring days, watch out! For even on cool days we perspire at least a quart. Play safe—bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its deodorizing lather, abundant in hot or cold water, hard or soft, gives real "B.O." protection.



Here's the Perfume Mae West uses for that "come up'n see me sometime" lure



**N**OW YOU can use the identical scent which Mme. Gabilla of Paris blended for Mae West—loaded with lure—dripping with sex appeal. There's intrigue in every drop. It's charged with that "come up 'n see me sometime" personality. This isn't merely an endorsement, it is Mae West's actual perfume. ● Be the first in your crowd to use Parfum Mae West—exquisite bottles at 65c—\$1.00 to \$25.00.



If your favorite store cannot supply you with Parfum Mae West you can order from us direct by using the convenient coupon and enclosing 65 cents in stamps for the dram size—\$1.00 for the 1/4 oz. size.

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

PARFUMS WESMAY, Inc.  
19 West 18th Street, N.Y.C. ( ) 65c. size  
Enclosed find money for ( ) 1.00 size

Name ..... F-2

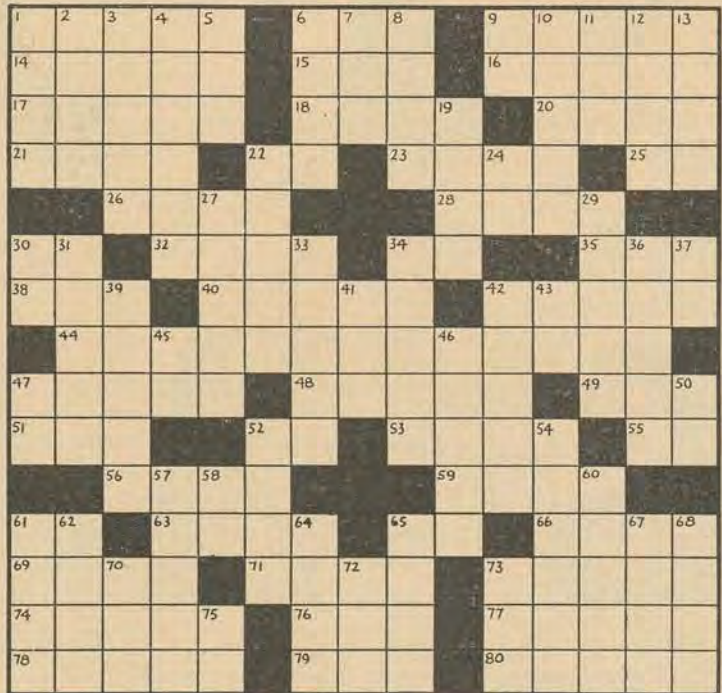
Address .....

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

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

# Radioland's Crossword Puzzle

**D**O YOU know your radio? The better you know the stars and the technical terms, the easier this brain-teaser will be to solve. The country's foremost crossword puzzle expert, F. Gregory Hartwick, contributes this puzzle to **RADIO-LAND** to test your verbal dexterity and knowledge of the radio world.



## HORIZONTAL

- 1 What we do with the dials while hunting stations
- 4 Definite article
- 9 What we 1-Horizontal while hunting stations
- 14 More unusual
- 15 Help
- 16 Famous oldtime baseball player nicknamed "Pop"
- 17 Acute pain
- 18 Variety of onion
- 20 Known facts
- 21 Writing implements
- 22 Mark of perfection, written or spoken
- 23 Title
- 25 Initials of famous rural philosopher now on round-the-world voyage
- 26 Cry of a dog
- 28 Public motor-conveyance
- 30 I am (Contr.)
- 32 Performs, acts
- 34 Compass-point
- 35 Doctors (Abbr.)
- 38 Small flap
- 40 First name of villainous character in "David Copperfield"
- 42 What Vallee, Crosby, and many others do
- 44 Pertaining to or in the manner of that which goes out from a center
- 47 Paradoxically, you need a lot of these in order to have a wireless
- 48 Mistake
- 49 Sorrowful
- 51 What dogs do with their tails
- 52 Ourselves
- 53 Greek god of love
- 55 Behold!
- 56 \_\_\_\_\_ Evans, singer on WABC
- 59 Man's nickname
- 61 Iron (Chem.)
- 63 Wicked
- 65 Exclamation of admiration
- 66 To cut from a newspaper
- 69 German river
- 71 Soft powdery mineral substance
- 73 Part of the U. S.
- 74 Countries
- 76 Me (French)
- 77 Kitchen tool
- 78 Part of nearly every radio program
- 79 Conjunction
- 80 Kind of play containing excitement and suspense

- 22 Heard on the radio from the Metropolitan
- 24 Mother
- 27 The "Dean" of announcers
- 29 Objects of worship
- 30 The thing
- 31 Girl's name
- 33 Locations
- 34 Edge of the water
- 36 Kingly
- 37 Tin (Chem.)
- 39 Large flat-bottomed boat
- 41 Radio programs are on the \_\_\_\_\_
- 42 Christmas song
- 43 Radio Listeners (Abbr.)
- 45 Of (Latin)
- 46 Irish girl's name
- 47 Initials of most famous gossip columnist on the air
- 50 Act or perform
- 52 Single thing
- 54 Part of a circle
- 57 Composer of many operas
- 58 Average (Abbr.)
- 60 \_\_\_\_\_ Lu 'n' Em
- 61 What you shouldn't have on your teeth
- 62 He sold his birthright for a mess of pottage
- 64 Tibetan priest
- 65 Sharp or biting
- 67 Bit of news
- 68 Christian quarter in Constantinople
- 70 Abstract being
- 72 Nickname for Alonzo
- 73 Doctor of Science (Abbr.)
- 75 Southern State (Abbr.)

## Solution to March Puzzle



## VERTICAL

- 1 Device for eliminating static
- 2 Salary
- 3 Sarcasm
- 4 Knew by feeling
- 5 Attempt
- 6 Short radio speech, usually informal
- 7 Go swiftly
- 8 Beautiful garden
- 9 Baby's first syllable
- 10 List of names or objects in alphabetical order
- 11 Biblical man's name
- 12 Quantities
- 13 Bite sharply
- 19 First name of famous Smith



# The Radio Parade

[Continued from page 6]

kowski and Sylvan Levin alternate at the baton. 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, Conrad Thibault 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 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**—Otherwise known as Louise Starky, Isabelle Carothers and Helen King. NBC-WJZ, every morning except Sat. and Sun. at 10:15 a. m.

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

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

**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.

**CHARLES CARLILE**—CBS, Sun. at 6:45 p. m., Tues. at 6:30 p. m. and Thurs. at 11:15 p. m.

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

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

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

**FRAY AND BRAGGIOTTI**—CBS, Tues. at 8:45 p. m.

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

**FIVE SPIRITS OF RHYTHM**—Syncopated songs. CBS, Wed. at 11:15 p. m.

**MILDRED BAILEY**—CBS, Thurs. at 8:00 p. m. and Sat. at 6:15 p. m.

**MARY EASTMAN**—Soprano. CBS, Fri. at 10:45 p. m.

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

**TITO GUIZAR**—CBS, Sat. at 7:45 p. m.

**GEORGE JESSEL**—With Mildred Bailey, the Eton Boys Quartet and Freddie Rich's music. CBS, Sat. at 9:30 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**—Sketches. NBC-WJZ, Sun. at 4:30 p. m.

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

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

**RIN TIN TIN THRILLER**—Dog stories; Francis X. Bushman. CBS, Sun. at 7:45 p. m.

**COLUMBIA DRAMATIC GUILD**—Stephen Fox and a talented cast. CBS, Sun. at 8:30 p. m.

[Continued on page 10]



5 3 DAYS LATER—ON THE AIR AGAIN



## TO GIVE YOU MORE RADIO PLEASURE

Accept no substitutes! Get the genuine Micro-Sensitive RCA Radio Tubes with 5 great advances that will really put new life in your set. Only the new RCA Radio Tubes are guaranteed by RCA Radiotron Co., Inc., to give you these 5 great improvements. Have your dealer replace worn-out tubes today with these amazing new RCA radio tubes.

New! MICRO-SENSITIVE RADIO TUBES by



with 5 great advances:

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



Lunningham Radiotron



# You'll find them **All** at *Breezy Point Lodge*



You'll find **FISHING** • **SWIMMING** • **RIDING** • **GOLF**  
**ARCHERY** • **TENNIS** • **BOATING** • **DANCING** and *More!*

## Rates Greatly Reduced

Breezy Point Lodge is both popular and smart—but this year, guest rates are low enough for every day purses. The coupon will bring information on rates in the main lodge or in housekeeping cabins.



**JUST A FEW HOURS AWAY,  
BY NORTH COAST LIMITED**  
Leave Chicago . . . 10:30 P.M.  
Arrive St. Paul . . . 8:20 A.M.  
Leave St. Paul . . . 8:35 A.M.  
Arrive Staples . . . 12:05 P.M.  
Breezy Point Bus Meets Train

## COUNTRY CLUB LUXURY

## NORTH WOODS FREEDOM

**T**AKE all the sports that fill a summer with fun—place them on a cool green promontory in Big Pelican Lake, add a smart modern hotel . . . and you have Breezy Point Lodge!

It's true, Breezy Point is exclusive, and its guests are people you'd be proud to know . . . but 1934 rates are as low as at *commonplace* resorts.

In the heart of the cool north woods, just a few hours from Chicago or Minneapolis by rail or automobile. Plan now for a glorious vacation here.

## MAIL COUPON FOR PICTURES . . . INFORMATION

No time to lose . . . fill out this coupon and mail it today for pictorial booklet showing all the vacation pleasures of Breezy Point, with interesting photographs, maps. Mail to: Capt. W. H. Fawcett, Breezy Point Lodge, Pequot, Minnesota.

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Address \_\_\_\_\_

FWG-4

**PATRI'S DRAMAS OF CHILDHOOD**—True life stories. CBS, Sun. at 10:00 p. m.

**ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT**—An able cast with Virginia Clark in the lead. CBS, Mon. to Fri. at 2:15 p. m.

**BUCK ROGERS IN THE 25TH CENTURY**—Adventures in the future. CBS, Mon., Tues., Wed. and Thurs. at 6:00 p. m.

**MYRT AND MARGE**—A couple of chorines. CBS, every day except Sat. and Sun. at 7:00 p. m.

**SOCONYLAND SKETCHES**—NBC-WEAF, Mon. at 8:00 p. m.

**RED DAVIS**—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**—Represented by the Marino family. CBS, Tues. and Thurs. at 6:45 p. m.

**ENO CRIME CLUES**—Exciting 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.

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

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

**MARCH OF TIME**—Reproductions of important timely events. 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.

**THE VOICE OF EXPERIENCE**—CBS, every day except Sat. and Sun. at 12:00 noon and Tues. at 8:30 p. m.

**AMERICAN SCHOOL OF THE AIR**—CBS, every school day at 2:30 p. m.

**KITCHEN CLOSE-UPS**—With Mary Ellis Ames. CBS, Mon., Wed. and Fri. at 11:00 a. m.

**THE MYSTERY CHEF**—CBS, Tues. and Thurs. at 9:45 a. m. NBC-WEAF, Wed. and Fri. at 10:00 a. m.

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

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

**TONY WONS**—CBS, Tues. and Thurs. at 11:30 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**—Addresses by prominent scientists. CBS, Wed. at 4:30 p. m.

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

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

**LEADERS IN ACTION**—Prominent government figures sketched by H. V. Kaltenborn. 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.

**H. V. KALTENBORN**—CBS, Sun. at 7:30 p. m. and Fri. at 6:00 p. m.

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

**LOWELL THOMAS**—NBC-WJZ, every day except Sat. and Sun. at 6:45 p. m.

**BOAKE CARTER**—CBS, every day except Sat. and Sun. at 7:45 p. m.

**EDWIN C. HILL**—CBS, every day except Sat. and Sun. at 8:15 p. m.

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

# RADIOLAND

APRIL, 1934

## The Editor's Opinion

### The Scallion Harvest

**T**he *Literary Digest*, continuing its policy of making the country poll conscious, diverges from its prohibition and presidential fixations long enough to take a straw vote on radio preferences, with surprising results. The literate readers of the *Digest* nominate for their distinct disfavor such radio stars as Walter Winchell, Ruth Etting, Kate Smith, Al Jolson, the Boswell Sisters, Cab Calloway, Graham McNamee, and others. Jazz orchestras, crooners, and "hot" music win a thumbs down verdict. Such top-notchers as Rudy Vallee, Amos 'n Andy, Wynn and Cantor manage to win testimonials of regard by bare majority votes. The orchids are reserved for the various symphony orchestras, the news commentators, Will Rogers, Walter Damrosch, Jessica Dragonette, John McCormack, Lawrence Tibbett, and a few others. The editors of the *Digest*, in some dismay, qualify the results of the poll by explaining that a vote against a star doesn't mean he's unpopular, but just that he has aroused the personal ire of the voter—a delicate way of hinting that the poll participants had what might be described as a Beethoven complex. Results being at such odds with generally accepted ratings of popularity, we respectfully suggest a poll to end polls. As Jimmie Durante, skulking in the nether dungeons of the polls, disfavor, might say, it would certainly be "stupendious."

\* \* \* \* \*

With a bang-up entertainment in which practically all its big-name stars were represented, Columbia Broadcasting System inaugurated its Radio Playhouse the other day and fell in line with the present demand that network programs be seen as well as heard at the point of origin. Eddie Cantor, who not long ago was quite hurt over the necessity of broadcasting before an audience, seems to be leading a lost cause—but we haven't noticed Eddie choking off any applause on that Sunday hour.

\* \* \* \* \*

### Bet On Us Next Time!

**W**E HAD to grin the other day when we heard about the chap who sent the Voice of Experience a letter offering him \$50 if he could prove the story about him presented in February RADIOLAND was true. Dad burn it, you couldn't fool the writer of that letter; he wasn't born yestiddy, and he allowed as how the author of that story was just a press agent for Mr. Experience. But it so happens that the Voice of Experience keeps a

set of files that would shame Sears-Roebuck, and proof of the amazing facts in the story were immediately available, so, as the Voice explained matters thoroughly over the air, he's sitting back waiting for the fifty bucks to roll in. You will bet \$50 against RADIOLAND's accuracy, will you, mister?

\* \* \* \* \*

Well-authenticated rumors have it that one of the largest newspaper publishers, with a string of dailies from coast to coast, is quietly buying up all the small radio stations he can get his hands on with the far-sighted idea of grabbing up a choice bunch of wavelengths, just in case anything comes of this much-discussed but not too credible radio threat to muscle in on the territory of the pulp and ink boys.

\* \* \* \* \*

### Item: Month's Food For Frail Girl, \$1,000

**A**LAS and alackaday! Pity poor Fay Webb Vallée, languishing to a malnourished shadow because her husband Rudy, whom she wants to divorce, has some inhibitions about turning over to her the \$7500 a month which, she tells a judge, will barely cover those alimentary and sartorial essentials necessary to keep the frail flame of life flickering. Consider the items she finds absolutely essential for existence:

Butler, \$100; cook, \$100; chauffeur, \$100; maid, \$100; secretary and companion, \$200; masseur, \$200; home with grounds, \$1000; recreation and trips, \$1000; food, \$1000; doctor, \$1000; car upkeep, \$125; insurance, \$150; laundry, \$250; clothes, \$2000; cosmetics and beauty treatments, \$125; florist, \$50—per month!

Obviously Fay is quite determined to establish the legal fact that Rudy's dime is her dime. It is all very sad. Perhaps it will be settled by the time you read these words. We hope so. Sensitive as we are, the thought of Fay wasting away, shrinking from hordes of unpaid chauffeurs, hungry masseurs, unbuttled butlers and wild-eyed grocers is quite, quite too much. Especially when we get to thinking of what \$7500 would buy—75,000 bunches of scallions, or 75,000 copies of RADIOLAND. Well, it's all too, too sad.

—Wide World

Rudy Vallée in happier days with Fay Webb Vallée. Fay recently made the first pages of the papers with a demand for \$7,500 monthly allowance from Rudy





—Wide World  
The Roosevelt Family—President and Mrs. Roosevelt in foreground; standing in rear, Mrs. Curtis Dall, daughter of the Roosevelts; James Roosevelt, and seated on chair arm, Mrs. James Roosevelt.

**R**ADIO is all things to all men. It is a tool to the charlatan, it is a glorious instrument to Damrosch and Stokowski, it is a shillalah to the "batter-down-resistance" type of advertiser, it is a stage to the comedian, a pulpit to the preacher and a rostrum to the demagogue. Because of this many-sided nature of radio, what it shall become rests entirely in the hands of those who use it.

That is why Radio has long needed what it has now finally achieved—a sort of unofficial First Family whose superb use and respect for it set standards which, working below the surface, unconsciously mold it along the path of best development.

Unquestionably the First Family of Radio, as of the nation, is that of Franklin D. Roosevelt. Certainly no one has more gloriously demonstrated the possibilities of Radio than the President and the gracious First Lady whose thoughts on Radio we are proud to present in these pages of RADIOLAND magazine. To the First Lady and the First Family, a sincere salute from those to whom the healthy advance of Radio is but a natural reflection of the steps forward which it has helped the country at large to achieve.

—THE EDITOR.

# MRS.

The First Lady of the Land, Mrs. Franklin Delano Roosevelt, gives her views on censorship, program makeup, children's hours, and other vital radio topics in an exclusive interview for RADIOLAND'S readers with

EVERETTA LOVE

**M**RS. FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT, as might be expected of the First Lady of the Land, finds her time so taken up with official and social duties that she has comparatively few free minutes for listening in on the radio. Which must not be interpreted to indicate that Mrs. Roosevelt is not a radio fan. With her famous husband ranking as by far the leading attraction on the ether waves today, it would be strange indeed if Mrs. Roosevelt did not find a warm spot in her heart for radio. Her necessarily limited time for tuning in has simply made her a "selective" fan.

She turns to the radio when there is a speech on she wants to hear, and she likes to get her reports of the day's news by twisting a dial. Washington news commentators she finds particularly interesting. In fact, it seems to be true that she, in common with a large percentage of the rest of the nation, has been unconsciously swayed by President Roosevelt to regard the radio as an instrument of public service rather than strictly a medium of entertainment.

"It's so convenient for a busy person like myself to just turn a dial and get the news," she told me as I talked with her at the White House, where I had gone to interview her for readers of RADIOLAND. "In fact, it's so easy to get entertainment and information of every sort that way, that I do not wonder at the great popularity of radio."

About the only members of the busy White House family, however, who have time to be "dyed-in-the-wool" radio fans are little "Sistie" and "Buzzie" Dall, grandchildren of the Roosevelts. And even they have their lives so well-planned for them that they can never turn on the radio except occasionally at tea-time in their mother's room.

**B**UT, if Mrs. Roosevelt is too busy to do much listening-in, don't think that means that such an up-to-the-minute person doesn't have ideas about such a new and fascinating field as radio—because she has! And she went in for broadcasting once herself—remember?

I wanted to ask the First Lady about those ideas. Thus it came about that I found myself in Washington to keep an appointment at the White House. Since the atmosphere of the White House, of the Capitol, of the city of Washington

RADIOLAND

# Roosevelt Discusses RADIO

itself, has been so vitalized by the personalities of President and Mrs. Roosevelt that folks who remember the city of former days probably have memories of pomp and formality and bureaucracy, a few descriptive words of the circumstances under which I was ushered into the White House will probably serve better than anything else to typify the spirit of efficient informality characteristic of the Administration.

I tripped up the drive leading to the huge Portico of the White House armed with a letter arranging an appointment with Mrs. Malvina Thompson Scheider, Mrs. Roosevelt's secretary. The Portico, I had heard, was the Waterloo of many aspiring to enter the coveted portals of the Executive Mansion. They simply couldn't get past the Portico without perfect credentials.

I pretended not to be afraid of the Big Bad Guards who loomed up in my path. I held out my letter. One of the officers read it through.

"O-kay," he said. "So you're going to have a talk with Mrs. Roosevelt." His Irish face broke into a grin. "Well, Miss, you're going to meet a fine [Continued on page 56]



Mrs. Roosevelt in the gown of Georgia peach crêpe satin worn at the President's Birthday Ball



—Wide World Photos  
Mrs. Roosevelt on the White House lawn with her grandchildren, "Sistie" and "Buzzie" Dall, who explain much of her interest in children's hour programs on the radio. At right, Everetta Love outside the White House just before interviewing Mrs. Roosevelt



# Radio GOLD Lures

By L. N. JAMES

FOR the past two years, the Fleischmann Hour, broadcasting, over a national hook-up, has been making it a point to have as guest stars names that were famous in the film world. Rudy Valleé as master of ceremonies has introduced to radio listeners, such stars as Helen Hayes, Gary Cooper, James Cagney, Miriam Hopkins, Ernst Lubitsch, Bob Montgomery, and other screen celebrities too numerous to enumerate.

The success of this form of radio entertainment has drawn the envy of other big sponsors, and quite recently there has developed a phase of radio history which is stirring the interest and curiosity of everyone who owns a radio set all over the country. More and more movie stars are broadcasting. Bigger and bigger sums are being offered for an appearance before the mike, and as a result, it is beginning to look as though all Hollywood has awakened to the golden (?) lure of radio, and most of the big names are angling for radio contracts.

When a certain manufacturer of cosmetics decided, not so long ago, to inaugurate a series of broadcasts to be known as *The Hall of Fame*, he looked about for the biggest box office attraction in the whole entertainment world. Katharine Hepburn was chosen to lead the band, and for a short half-hour's work in the studio, she was offered—and of course, accepted—the small sum of \$6,000. She gave a brief interpretation of Shakespeare's famous heroine, *Juliet*, and made a few remarks concerning her career. To the awed world of listeners, there must have been some sort of magic in hearing her voice, for the fan mail poured into the studio offices the next day. To the critical theatergoer, she was just another *Juliet*—and one who was obviously scared and nervous with her first mike contact.

Introducing Miss Hepburn was a well-known author by the name of John Erskine, and his keen wit and gentle, sarcastic manner did much to offset the let-down in the expectation of eager lis-

*Behind the front in the radio and movie sectors, opposing forces are drawn up for battle. Movie magnates frankly do not like the raids that radio sponsors have recently made on their talent—and radio answers back that it isn't to blame if the movies can't pay enough to hold their own actors inside the fold!*

teners. Wisely enough, Mr. Erskine has been signed up to introduce all celebrities in this series.

IN A STRANGELY parallel fashion to the groping manner of the movies themselves some few years ago, this new angle of radio activity is offering a tremendous problem to officials. Widely advertised national products can afford to make vast expenditures for their radio programs. How to get universally appealing attractions? That is the supreme problem. If they put on the air Broadway actors or crooners, or featured entertainers, they are limited to a local audience.

In the same manner in which producers of film companies not so long ago cast about them for means of attracting box office receipts universally, the radio sponsors today feel that they must have players whose every action is an event of national interest. They are spending such fantastic sums to get these entertainers that a powerful weapon is being brandished against the suffering film magnates,

# HOLLYWOOD Stars

Why Movie Actors, Movie Producers and Radio Sponsors are at War

Movie Stars Like Radio Because:

They can earn as much for a half-hour's radio appearance as for a week's work in movie studios.

They feel that the golden flood of radio dollars is manna to be corralled immediately, stardom in radio and movies being notoriously brief.

Tedious rehearsals, many lines to learn, bickerings with directors and fellow-players are present to a much lesser degree in radio than in pictures.

Movie Magnates Dislike Radio Because:

Their stars leave them on frequent "leaves of absence" to make radio appearances, delaying picture work.

Stars grow dissatisfied with their movie salaries, comparing them with radio fees for brief appearances.

The producers have no share in the rich fees radio pays their stars, whose fame rests essentially on picture popularity.

Every movie star today is interested in getting on the air. Stars can earn as much money in a short time—say half-hour or at the most an hour—as they can working twelve or eighteen hours a day a week. And when one of them has the peculiar talent necessary for radio success, and learns of how much money he or she can get for a whole series of broadcasts, the serpent not only crawls into the paradise of a film career, but practically upsets the whole Eden. And so the poor producer has another headache added to his long list of worries.

Almost every motion picture magnate out West is resenting this recent invasion into his private field. The stars grow dissatisfied. Contracts are held up for leaves of absence in which to make radio appearances. Pictures planned for immediate production have to be postponed because so-and-so's

contract calls for several months in which the player can follow his own inclinations, and not only does almost every star want a Broadway try-out on the stage, these days, but also a whack at the radio. You can't really blame them. Gather ye shekels while ye may, is a lesson that every actor and actress knows by heart, and certainly the golden flood that has just begun to pour from the ether is a source of supply that none of the movie names can afford to overlook.

Four of the largest spenders for radio advertising are Chase & Sanborn, Fleischmann, Ipana, and Gulf Oil. They have become absolutely sold on the idea of having movie names featured on their respective programs. The Ipana Troubadours each week carries a celebrity who has made the star-class in movies. Walter Huston, Helen Hayes, Elissa Landi, Dolores Del Rio, Warren William, [Continued on page 58]



Mae West



Gary Cooper



Dolores Del Rio



Robert Montgomery



James Cagney



Will Rogers



Walter Huston



Helen Hayes



Miriam Hopkins



Katharine Hepburn

## Radio Raids on Movie Talent Lure Biggest Box-Office Names

Reading down the list of movie stars whose appearances in featured spots over national radio networks have aroused such a furor among producers, one finds the biggest box-office drawing cards of the silver screen represented. To name just a few:

Katharine Hepburn, probably the movies' top-card at the moment, Mae West, close to Hepburn in drawing power (Mae has signed for a radio spot); Eddie Cantor, Will Rogers, Gary Cooper, Helen Hayes, James Cagney, Miriam Hopkins, Ernst Lubitsch, Dolores Del Rio, Robert Montgomery, Walter Huston, Elissa Landi, Warren William,

Ernest Truex, Irene Dunne, and many others who will have joined the throng before this magazine can reach you. Among those who are negotiating for radio appearances at the present time are Mary Pickford, Wheeler and Woolsey, and Groucho and Chico Marx. Dick Powell is already signed and Harold Lloyd is flirting with an ether contract. About the only movie celebrity who can't make the grade, apparently, is Harpo Marx, whose blonde-chasing routine would be difficult to transmit over the airwaves.

All these well-known movie stars have been heard over the radio, and the big migration microphone-ward is accelerating so rapidly that movie producers are frankly worried

Don't Miss the Opening Chapters of the Greatest Piece of Radio Fiction You Will Ever Read



Illustrated By Harley Ennis Stivers

The Absorbing Romance of a Radio Romeo—A Story of the Broadcast Studios

# RADIO

# LOVE SONG

By NINA WILCOX PUTNAM

"I GOT to have ten dollars!" Chick Allen repeated firmly. "I simply got to have it, Dolph."

Chick's soft blond forelock trembled above his thin, young forehead with the intensity of his plea, and his long, clever fingers fiddled nervously with the strap of his waiter's apron. Dolph Rose, the stolid young piano player, turned uneasily on the stool in front of his shabby instrument at the rear of Tony Kelly's speakeasy. How, he wondered amazedly, did Chick know that he, Dolph, was possessed of a ten-spot?

"Say, what do you need it for so bad?" he queried.

"I got to take a dame out tomorrow night." From Chick's tone it was plain the matter was imperative.

"Nothing doing!" said Dolph firmly.

"What kind of a partner do you call yourself?" Chick wanted to know. "What's ten bucks? Look here, I tell you what I'll do. You know that last song we wrote?"

"The Door Of My Heart?" Dolph asked, smiling. "Say, that's the best we done yet, Chick."

"Well, seeing you think so much of it," said Chick rapidly. "I'll sell it to you. Ten bucks and it's all yours. Sold!"

"But . . . but . . .!" protested Dolph.

"Don't thank me!" said Chick airily. "I know you're getting

a bargain, but don't feel bad about it—just slip me the ten."

Somehow, before the bewildered Dolph knew what he was doing, the money had changed hands, and once again it was decreed that a certain handsome stamp album which Dolph had had his eye on would continue undisturbed in Mr. Goosenberg's philatelist shop window.

Tony Kelly was approaching the partners now, for the little lower East-side cafe was beginning to fill up with the evening trade.

"Hey, youse!" Kelly roared to the couple at the piano. "Get to work! Snap into it!"

Dolph Rose snapped into his work with all the pep of a young hippopotamus at play, his pudgy fingers eliciting incredibly sweet sounds from the cracked piano. Chick, self-assured at all times but doubly so with ten dollars warming his pocket, fell easily and impudently into his role of singing waiter. But as he got languidly to his feet, his eye fell upon one of the recent arrivals and suddenly he stiffened, an angry gleam lighting the erstwhile blue calm of his eyes. He nudged his partner violently.

"There's that crab again!" he hissed. "If he thinks he can come in here every night and try to queer my stuff, he's

gonna think different before he leaves—watch me put the bee onto him, pally."

Dolph took a quick glance in the direction Chick indicated and spotted the hoodoo who had been the bane of Chick's existence for the past three nights. The object of the boys' interest was certainly not attractive, being a squat little man, past middle age, with a wide, homely face and thin grey hair.

He crouched in his chair and stared straight ahead of him unseeingly—but Chick knew that this would not last. As soon as the act went on, this malign creature would straighten up and fix the singer with a glittering, evil eye, a twisted grin on its face, and Chick would be completely stopped. The gnome always left after Chick's song, and the idea had grown in his mind that the man came to Tony's solely to torment him.

BUT tonight, resolve wiped out the sensations of fear and dislike. Snatching up a large tray of brimming beer-mugs, Chick balanced it on the palm of one hand and moved slowly toward his victim. Dolph turned back to his vamping, and Chick began to sing, his blond head flung back, his eyes half-closed, carolling forth the love lyrics of a popular tune. Chick sobbed them in an ecstasy which was almost pain.

He moved around the crowded tables of Tony's with skill, melody, and what he believed, rightly, to be grace, until he reached the table where the small man had, according to precedent, straightened up and fixed Chick with his hypnotic gaze. Crack went the high note Chick was approaching, and crash went the tray of beer-mugs. Like liquid bombs they exploded upon the almost bald pate of the stranger, drenching him in a golden shower, flecking him with foam. Instantly the whole cafe was in an uproar, but before the frantic proprietor could reach the center of excitement, Chick and the stranger had exchanged a few bitter words.

"Fool! Idiot!" shouted the little man. "I believe you did that on purpose!"

"You're tellin' me?" Chick's voice was low but sufficiently penetrating to reach his victim's ears.

"What?" snapped his antagonist incredulously. "You keep outa here, you jinx!" muttered Chick. Then he saw Kelly's red face looming ominously above the shoulders of the crowd, and on the instant was wiping the customer's ruined clothing, all solicitation and apology.

"So sorry, sir," Chick was chattering. "Just an accident! I'll be glad to pay for the cleaning."

"Accident my eye!" roared the customer. "I'll fix you for this one day, young man! You—you stupid ingrate—you complete young jackass! Wait until you find out what you've done!"

The storm center swept towards the door, followed by a very deeply distressed Mr. Kelly, and gradually the clamour subsided.

"What the devil's the matter wit youse?" Kelly demanded. "Been drinkin'?"

"No, sir!"  
"I'll chip it out of your pay-check, of course," said Kelly.

"Oke!" said Chick. "It was worth it!"

"Whatter you mean, worth it?" Kelly flashed back. "That guy is probably a dick!"

"Gee!" said Chick soberly. "I hadn't thought of that!"

"Naw, you wouldn't!" Kelly sneered. "But one more slip, boy, and you're washed up here!"

HALF an hour later, the routine of the evening having swung back to its usual more or less smooth tempo, Chick was swinging a laden tray to a service table halfway down the low-ceilinged cafe when his eye lighted on Opportunity in the shape of Mr. Gregory, a big coarse-grained man, whose face, toughened by rebuffs and tanned by the lights of Broadway, resembled a battered sledgehammer. The newcomer was seating himself at a center table and was accompanied by a slick young stranger—obviously a visitor from the upper reaches of the city.

Chick hardly waited for the men to take their places before approaching the table. An instant later, he had received their order and bolted for the kitchen. The swinging door shut out the sounds from the cafe and another took its place—an irritating, feminine voice, slightly nasal in quality, and obnoxiously sweet in content. It rang out clear and dominating in the quiet of the stuffy little underground kitchen, pouring from a tiny radio which sat, half-buried in spice boxes, upon a shelf above the work table. Below this, Angelo, the voluminous and voluble Italian chef, was listening absorbedly to the voice, a rapt expression on his face.

"Now, ladies," the unseen female was saying, "get your pencils and follow this recipe carefully; one cup of sifted flour, two tablespoonsful of olive oil. . . ."

Chick shoved his tray in front of the chef.  
"Draw two and a shot of varnish!" he demanded. Then he reached up and snapped the radio off. "And if I ever hear you tune in on that lousy dame again," he added beligerently, "I'll open the radio and make you eat the tubes!"

Instantly, the bandit ancestry which was evident in Angelo's physical appearance asserted itself.

"Ha! Mister wise guy!" he snorted eloquently. "Dat's da besta program on da whole air!"

"Aunt Hattie!" he jeered. "Household hints for happy homes!" "I lika to hear da cook—because I cook!" stormed Angelo, with which he reached up and turned the radio on again, fixing Chick with a fiery eye, the while.

At this moment further hostilities were postponed by the entrance of Dolph, perspiring heavily, excited in his mild, slow fashion. Hearing Aunt Hattie's domestic drone, he gesticulated toward the radio with a grin.

"There's your favorite, Chick!" he proffered.  
"Didja watch me fix that jinx?" Chick demanded, eyeing the cook. "Had the nerve to threaten me, too, afterwards."

"You hadn't ought to do those kind of tricks, Chick," Dolph protested mildly. "Say, do you know we got a coupla im-



Dolph Rose's pudgy fingers elicited incredibly sweet sounds from the piano, while Chick's voice rolled into the mike. How were they to know the audition Gregory had arranged was just a gag?

portant guys in here tonight—Gregory from the radio station and—and another guy?"

"Don't I know it?" from Chick. "That's who I'm serving now."

"What a break if—if," said Dolph wistfully, "well, if we could get to sing them our new number!"

"You're telling me something else again?" demanded the Brains of the Concern. "What do you think I'm goin' to talk to them about?"

"And until this time tomorrow," said Aunt Hattie sweetly, "I want to bid you all—*Good night!*"

"*Good night!*" said Chick, addressing the radio fiercely, and, adding a really expert bronx-cheer, he vanished into the cafe.

"HE'S a bada tempa," said Angelo indulgently, "but he's a smart, good fella justa same!"

"You said it!" replied Dolph, always ready to enthuse about his pal. "He's got a wonderful brain, Chick has. How about sparin' me a glass of ginger ale with a hunk of ice in it? and say, Angelo, did you get a letter from Italy today?"

Shoving the gingerale toward Dolph, Angelo broke into a good-natured smile and began fumbling in his pocket from which he presently produced a crumpled envelope.

"Sure, Dolpho!" he said. "Look! I gotta nice stamp."

Dolph seized the envelope eagerly and scanned the postage, his expression turning to one of disappointment. The stamp was worthless, but Dolph felt that Angelo might be hurt if he said so.

"It's like the one you had last [Continued on page 60]

# NEWS from Behind the MIKE



**PRESIDENT'S VOICE SILENCED!** No more will Bill Adams impersonate Franklin Roosevelt's voice in the March of Time, complying with the President's request. Bill Adams is at left, Ted di Corsia, Hugh Johnson's voice, at right



**MEET MRS. McNAMEE!** The former Ann Lee Sims of Rayville, Louisiana, poses with her famous (ask Ed Wynn) husband for a bridal portrait. They were married in Elkton, Maryland, on January 20. The bride and groom have settled down in New York, where Mr. McNamee has a steady job with NBC

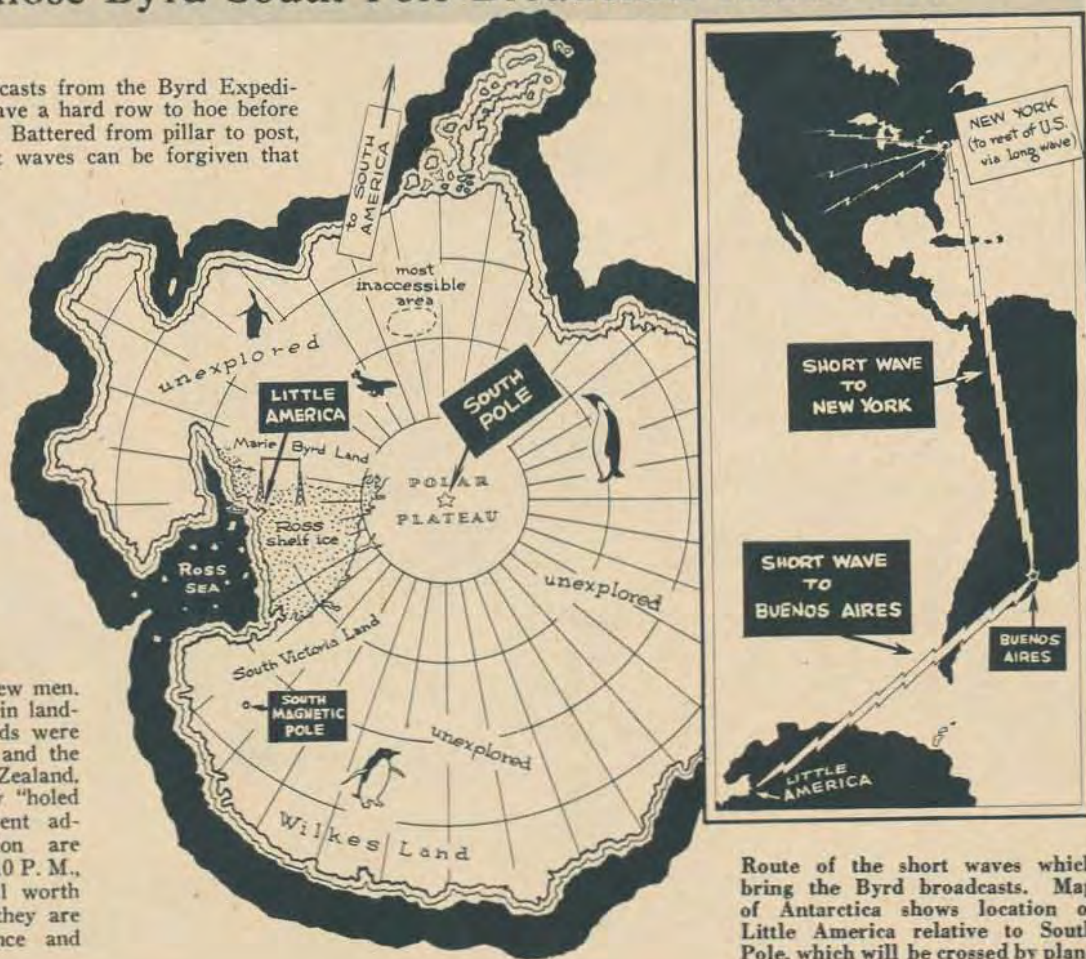


—Wide World  
**DUCK BITES CIGAR!** That's news! Joe Penner bought Zeek, prize-winning duck at New York Poultry Show. A moment after this photo was taken the fowl snapped off the end of Joe's cigar

## How Those Byrd South Pole Broadcasts Reach You

**T**HOSE short wave broadcasts from the Byrd Expedition at the South Pole have a hard row to hoe before they reach your receiving set. Battered from pillar to post, as our map shows, the short waves can be forgiven that tired feeling when they finally end their journey. The broadcasts originate from Little America, the permanent camp on shelf ice of the Ross Sea, and are picked up in Buenos Aires, whence they are relayed, again by short wave, to Columbia Broadcasting Studios in New York. From there they are broadcast over the CBS network, via wire and regular long wave transmission.

Difficulties of landing supplies on unstable ice that had a tendency to break off and head for the North Pole via the subterranean route, carrying canned goods, bales of hay for the cows, and a few men, embarrassed the Expedition in landing at Little America. Goods were safely transferred, however, and the supply ship returned to New Zealand, leaving the expedition safely "holed up" for the season. Current adventures of the Expedition are broadcast every Saturday at 10 P. M., Eastern Time, and are well worth listening in on, colored as they are by the romance of distance and geography.



Route of the short waves which bring the Byrd broadcasts. Map of Antarctica shows location of Little America relative to South Pole, which will be crossed by plane




# "Banjastra"

into

# Pennsylvanians

Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians were once a "Banjastra"—and if you don't know what that is, read Fred's amusing reminiscences



Fred Waring planning the fifteenth birthday celebration of the Pennsylvanians with Priscilla and Rosemary Lane and Babs Ryan

By FRED GREER

HIGH above roaring Broadway in a striking modernistic office of red and black and chromium, a young man in a collegiate suit, with a gray hat perched precariously on the back of his head, sat thumbing through an album of faded and yellowing photographs.

"Look—here's one," said Fred Waring smiling, "a picture of our first organization. We called it the 'McClintock-Waring Snap Orchestra' then. 'Snap,' if I remember rightly, was a quaint collegiate term for 'pep.' There were just four of us in the band, Poley McClintock, Freddy Buck, brother Tom, and myself. That was just fifteen years ago. We'll celebrate our anniversary on March 18. Fifteen years. . ."

From the big, curtained rehearsal room down the corridor trickled strains of music, Waring's Pennsylvanians rehearsing for their twice-a-week Ford show, one of the biggest commercial programs on radio today. The intricate machinery of the great organization that had grown from a group of musically inclined college kids out for a good time and a little extra cash, was functioning full tilt.

But Fred Waring wasn't listening. He was dreaming back over the years that had marked the steady rise of Waring's Pennsylvanians to a top pinnacle in show business.

"I'll never forget that night at a fraternity house at Penn State when we incorporated the Waring-McClintock Snap Orchestra," he said. "We had called ourselves the Waring Banjo



Fred Waring with Ambassador Myron T. Herrick when the band played in Paris

Orchestra for a time. Then we used the high-flown title of 'Waring's Banjastra,' but discarded that as a little too screwy. But when we hit on the 'Snap Orchestra' we thought we had something."

But the beginnings of Waring's Pennsylvanians go back further than that. They go back, in fact, to a leading banker of Tyrone, Pa., and his wife, the father and mother of the Waring boys. Listening to their parents as they sang in a popular sextet at church socials and other local events inculcated a love of music in the hearts of two lusty, sprouting youths.

By the time the boys were old enough to join the local Boy Scout Troop, they organized a fife and drum corps. Young Fred was the leader with one of his mother's discarded curtain rods for a baton.

Down the old-fashioned tree-bordered street lived a chubby youth whose chief claim to fame was the ability to bellow for his playmates to come out and play in frog-like bass that would have put Chaliapin to [Continued on page 72]



Forerunner of the Pennsylvanians orchestra—left to right, Poley McClintock, Fred Waring, Tom Waring, and Freddy Buck in 1918

FRED ALLEN *tells his story*  
*in a* **Strictly**  
**JUGULAR**  
*by* **DORA ALBERT** **Vein**

"MY WHOLE life story," said Fred Allen soberly, "if it is to be properly understood, must be told in a jugular vein."

"Jocular vein would be good, too," I ventured. He raised his eyebrows. "No, jugular is better. Because I started out to be a jugular. Or should you say juggler? Yes, of course *you* should say juggler."

Well, I could see we were off to a swell start. So I will begin the jugular—I mean, the juggler's story just as he began it. And don't write letters to the editor about the puns. Thirty or forty or fifty million people who listen in on Fred Allen's new revue program can't be wrong. So on with Mr. Allen's story.

"STOP it! Stop fooling around with those books this instant!"

The librarian's high, thin-pitched voice rang out in the quiet Boston library. The boy he addressed jumped. A couple of books that he had been tossing into the air and catching expertly each time fell to the floor.

"Yes sir, yes sir," he said. John Florence Sullivan (as Fred Allen's parents thoughtlessly named him, not knowing that numerology and radio and things made Fred Allen a much more suitable title; but then, the Sullivan patronymic had been in the family for generations and you know how touchy families are) loved juggling even in those days when he was working his way through high school by helping in a Boston library after school at the magnificent salary of twenty cents an hour. But he didn't dream then that his love of juggling was going to put him on the high road to a career. For Fred Allen literally juggled his way to success.

[Continued on page 57]



—Ray Lee Jackson

The gentleman with the umbrella is Fred Allen, president of the Society Opposed to Nudity in Microphones. The stage once knew him as Paul Huckle, but he had to change his title because so many folks told him he was the berries

At left, Fred Allen in caricature. Now maybe he'll quit making those funny faces



Portland Hoffa (Mrs. Allen), Jack Smart, and Fred Allen broadcasting their new series of radio revues

# The Amazing Rise of FATHER

Why Father Coughlin Formed

His Own Network—His Famous Attacks on Bankers—Present Trends

By  
EDWARD R. SAMMIS

*"The most powerful private man in public life today" is an apt description of Father Charles E. Coughlin, radio's most controversial figure. This thrilling life story brings to light the forces which carried him to his present position of power*



In this picture of Father Coughlin at the age of five, the resemblance to the man he was to become is already marked. He was an only child

*Foreword: The first installment of the story of Father Coughlin's life in the March RADIOLAND, traced his career through his school days, his early struggles as an obscure parish priest, his advent into radio up to the time of his first outstanding conflict with Norman Thomas, socialist leader. Now go on from there.*

**C**HARGING that Father Coughlin had attacked himself and the Socialist party by name, Norman Thomas sought redress. Leo Fitzpatrick offered Mr. Thomas station facilities of WJR on the same terms it had been offered Father Coughlin, but with the condition that he would not in turn attack Father Coughlin. Thomas indignantly refused.

The battle drew out into a more or less friendly correspondence between Thomas and the priest, as a result of which Father Coughlin agreed not to mention Thomas or his party on the air again in such a way as to cause ill feeling.

That was early in the year 1930. Father Coughlin then turned his attention to Communism. Such targets of straw seem tame indeed in comparison with his later adversaries. But on even such a time-worn theme, Father Coughlin managed to call attention to himself.



Father Coughlin inspects work on the church unit of the Shrine of the Little Flower, the radio-subscribed edifice which will cost \$2,000,000 and seat 3,000 worshippers. About a year's work remains to complete the structure

Summoned to Washington to testify before a Hoover committee, he declared that no less a person than Henry Ford was aiding the spread of Communism through his policy toward workers.

The papers pounced on that, blossoming out with such headlines as:

**BLAMES FORD FOR RED SCARE**

Nothing came of his charges, but the incident was important because it marked the priest's entry into the arena

of national affairs and illustrated his penchant for speaking out in meeting, naming names and places and thus getting wide attention for his opinions. It also indicated for the first time that Father Coughlin had radical opinions of his own.

By this time, the darkest days were past for the Shrine of the Little Flower. In the autumn of 1929, response to Father Coughlin's early sermons had already been sufficient to bring about the

# COUGHLIN



A testimonial to Father Coughlin's influence in national affairs is provided by his being called to testify before the House Coinage Committee on monetary policy. He is shown with Andrew Sommers, committee chairman, during his recent Washington trip



Photos by Wide World

Father Coughlin standing before the microphone when he launched his famous attack on Al Smith, with repercussions described in this article. In all the controversies he has aroused, he has never been proved to be in outright error, so closely does he check his facts

addition of two more outlets, powerful WLW in Cincinnati, and WMAQ in Chicago.

Voluntary contributions and dollar memberships in the League of the Little Flower swelled the coffers. Father Coughlin began to dream of a fitting monument to his work. The magnificent Charity Crucifix, the stone tower which now shoulders the sky, visible for miles across the flat Michigan terrain, took its first form on blue prints. The church of the Shrine, which will house some three thousand worshippers and eventually entail a cost of about two million dollars, is not yet completed.

As the foundations for the Crucifix tower were being dug, Father Coughlin was also laying the foundation for his expanding career as a publicist.

Many people wonder how a man limited to religious experience and background, in a vulnerable position as a churchman, can touch so confidently on subjects charged with dynamite. The answer is that he never speaks without the facts. Had he been proved wrong in many of his assertions, he could not only have been unfrocked, but jailed for criminal libel. "Irresponsible hot head!" "Demagogue" are the epithets that have been hurled at him. Yet he has never been proved fundamentally false in his

## High Spots in the Radio Career of Father Coughlin

In 1930 attacked Socialist party and Norman Thomas, settled "out of court."

October 3, 1930, bought time on basis network of Columbia Broadcasting system. Attacks on bankers, Andrew Mellon, advocacy of gold revaluation and soldier's bonus payments brought storm of protests to broadcasting chain, and when his contract expired it was not renewed.

Formed his own unique independent network, pledging himself to make good a \$20,000 a week overhead dependent solely on voluntary contributions.

Made greatest error of judgment in eulogizing New York's Mayor Jimmy Walker.

Became interested in inflation and the monetary problem of 1932 and soon launched his famous attacks on Detroit bankers.

—Read the full details in this article.

charges or he would not now be on the air a member in good standing of his church.

**W**ITH years of experience as a scholar behind him, he has been tireless in his search for data. His "morgue" or file in his offices would do credit to a modern news-gathering agency. His Irish genius for making friends has stood him in good stead in establishing connections and confidential sources of information which reach into the highest financial and political circles. Seldom does he rely on his own opinions without first [Continued on page 70]

# Lanny Ross Hasn't Gone Hollywood



Athletics and music were Lanny's two interests at Yale. He was a member of the Glee Club and a brilliant star on the cinder path

*A long-term Hollywood movie contract and a big-time radio spot haven't affected the size of Lanny Ross's hat!*

By **NELSON BROWN**

achieved success by doing just the opposite. "When they get a movie contract, they get swelled heads," or, "All big stars are upstage." Don't you believe it. Lanny Ross is the same lovable boy you hear in the Maxwell House program—and though he's gone to Hollywood, he certainly hasn't "gone Hollywood" in the usual way.

Let me tell you how I know.

First of all, it was loyalty to an ideal that made Lanny Ross. If he had always "looked out for himself first" he would probably be a struggling young lawyer or, more likely, the track coach at some college instead of one of the brightest stars in the firmament of radio.

Lanny's first big decision was made in 1928, when he was the outstanding runner on the track team at Yale. In fact, he holds the Yale record for the quarter-mile and was the indoor champion at 300 yards in 1927 and '28. So, when the Olympic Games were to be held, Lanny was asked—even urged—to take a place on the American team. It was an honor he had dreamed of—the thing he wanted most in life. The chance to represent his country and his college in the sport at which he excelled—the sport he liked best. There was nothing to stand in his way, except—

Although young Ross devoted most of his free moments to his track work and training he still found time to sing with the Yale Glee Club. He didn't think so much of his voice, but the other boys must have liked it pretty well. They elected him leader. And, at the time the Olympics were to be run off, the Glee Club was to

[Continued on page 59]

Lanny Ross came within an ace of representing America on the Olympic track team in 1928—and if he had, he might not have been the movie and radio star that he is today

**H**ERE'S where a lot of good old bromides go by the boards. You've heard them all your life. You've believed them.

But Lanny Ross proves they're not so.

"You have to look out for Number One," they say. Lanny

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Elizabeth Love's appreciation for roses can be easily understood for she is the Betty Graham of the *Roses and Drums* dramatic program



This glamorous creature is Dorothy Lamour who provides those singing interludes with Herbie Kay's orchestra over the Columbia network



**PHIL REGAN**

New York City's police force lost Phil Regan as a member when this popular tenor went on the airwaves. Phil's name is as Irish as the Blarney Stone, and so is Phil. He's twenty-five, black-haired, gray-eyed and handsome

—Photo by Ray Lee Jackson

Formerly with A. & P. Gypsies, now top tenor with the Revelers, and the butt of many of Jack Benny's gags on the Chevrolet hour, Frank Parker got his first radio break substituting for an ill singer. His hobby is polo playing



**MILDRED TWAIN**

—Photo by Ray Lee Jackson

This blonde cameo is Mildred Twain, who has been helping Bert Lahr build up his radio following. Her theatrical experience is extensive; she once played in musical comedy, turned to vaudeville where she appeared with Lahr, and made the jump to radio with the popular comedian



**FRANK PARKER**



**AGNES MOORHEAD**

Going to the theater is Agnes Moorhead's Number One hobby, understandable enough in a leading radio actress who has appeared in such well known programs as *20,000 Years in Sing Sing*, *Danger Fighters*, *Death Valley Days*, *The Shadow*, and many others



**LORETTA CLEMENS**



**ARLENE JACKSON**

From Canada—Toronto, to be specific—comes Arlene Jackson, fast becoming a national favorite for her piano and singing numbers. She was six when she first started playing the piano, and sixteen when she signed up as Chautauqua soloist. Her first radio hit was made over KFI

—Photos by Ray Lee Jackson

Loretta Clemens, a descendant of Mark Twain, is half of that popular guitar and piano team of Jack and Loretta Clemens. She now has a solo program of her own, supported by an orchestra

# You've Forced Jack Pearl

# to Tell the TRUTH

**G**ETTING the Baron Munchausen on the witness stand is easy enough, for he'll talk about anything at the drop of a hat, but getting him to tell the truth is something else again.

The Questions and Answers Editor, armed with a large batch of letters from RADIOLAND readers who crave to know all about the Baron, managed to catch Mr. Pearl in a firm grip and lead him into the inquisitorial chamber before the Baron knew what was going on. There, with the aid of the rack, the ducking stool, a pair of hot toe pincers, and a few other instruments of medieval torture the Baron was forced to tell the truth.

What kind of a man is he in private life? Does he lie to his wife, and if so, does he get away with it? Who started this Munchausen business anyway, and where was Sharlie when it happened?

This is the third of a series of cross-examinations of outstanding radio stars from questions sent in by readers of RADIOLAND. Next month we print the answers to the questions you asked Burns and Allen on the coupon in our March issue.

Are you ready, Baron, and do you swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth?

Mr. Pearl, take the stand!

**How did you get the idea for the Baron Munchausen program?**

I didn't get it. I was in England on a vacation in August of 1932 when I received a cable from Billy Wells, the comedy writer, that he had a "great idea." Lucky Strike was looking around for a program. Eddie Cantor and Ed Wynn were going big, so it was decided that it must be a comedy program. Wells, who had written "The Cockeyed World" for the movies, was selected to scout for an idea. One day, in a Broadway vaudeville house, he heard a black-face comedy team use the line—"Let's tell lies!" It gave him an idea. He talked it over with an advertising man who happened to have just been reading *Baron Munchausen*. That started it. They needed a German comedian for the part, so I was picked. It's funny, isn't it—I'm Jewish.

**What were you before you went on the air?**

Is it possible you haven't heard? I'm an actor. I always wanted to act, and at the age of fifteen I left the Ghetto, on the lower East Side in New York where I was born, and joined Herman Timberg's *School Days* Company. After that it was vaudeville, burlesque, and finally the Shubert musical revues and the *Follies*. I had just finished a season with the *Follies* and had gone to England when I got the offer.

**You sound like an old man on the air. What is your age?**

I was born on October 29, 1895.

**Why did you change from the Lucky Strike to the Royal Gelatin hour?**

I knew you'd ask that one. There were reports around that I was slipping. That's not true. The Crosley survey last week scored the "Baron" at 44.3—second to Cantor at 45.6. The truth is, my contract had run out with Lucky Strike and it is their policy to change their programs often, so as to achieve variety and reach a wider audience. They took over the Metropolitan Opera broadcast this year not only because it was new and offered prestige, but because the opera was badly in need of a sponsor. But I'll bet more people



Jack says the report that one drink makes him "the cutest drunk on Broadway" is just a Winchell story.

**Read JACK PEARL'S Revealing Answers to Radioland's Readers**

What does he have to say about rumors that he is slipping? Why did he say about sponsors? How long will the Baron Munchausen last? Does he think Hollywood gave him a "raw deal?" Does he plan to change his program style? Why does he carry 87 pieces of wood, hairpins, coins and medals to every broadcast? Is he jealous of "Sharlie?" Does he lie to his wife?

who listen in on the "Baron" smoke Lucky Strikes than the highbrow music lovers!

**How long do you think the "Baron" is going to last on the radio?**

About another year. Then we'll conceive another idea. You can go just so far before the public gets fed up.

**How did the phrase, "Vass you der, Sharlie?" originate?**

That was funny. When we first started working on the "Baron" script, Wells and my straight man, Cliff Hall, used to come up to my house for conferences. Wells could never remember Cliff's name, so he called him Charlie.

**Who is "Sharlie?"**

Cliff Hall. He's been with me for four years. He is well known on the stage and before we went on the air we were in vaudeville together.

**Is it true that you are jealous of "Sharlie" and would not let him appear with you in your motion picture, *Meet the Baron*?**



The things Jack has told the microphone, he says, have given him an entirely new philosophy of lying.

No. I heard that report myself. The real reason was that Cliff was injured in an automobile accident four days before we started on the picture. He had to have forty-nine stitches taken in his neck and face and was in the hospital. I had contracted with him before we left New York to make the picture with me. The fact that he was unable to appear was a big disappointment to both of us.

**Did Hollywood give both you and Ed Wynn a "raw deal," as was reported?**

Well, you know how those things go. The boys out on the Coast like to take anyone down a little who has made a reputation in the East on the stage or the air. So many of the Broadway boys and girls have gone out and high-hatted them that they are on the defensive. But I'm not complaining. *Meet the Baron* has made money at the box office. And I'm going to make another picture in September, so that's your answer.

**Which do you prefer, radio or the movies?**

I've always preferred the stage, with the radio second. I think the movies are a great field—but not for me. As a matter of fact, I never wanted to go into pictures.

**Is it true that you are the most superstitious man in radio, or on the stage?**

Yes I suppose so. I was born that way, I guess. A good many actors are that way. For instance, I never go on the air without kissing my mother's picture. Nor unless my father is present in the studio. He and my brother and my brother-in-law attend all the broadcasts. And, if you want to know all, I carry eighty-seven luck pieces, including coins, medals, hairpins and pieces of wood. What I can't get into my pockets I put into a collar box. In fact, I'm sort of a menace, and I get kidded plenty about it. When I was a kid, I was told if you always have a penny in your pocket you'll never spend it. That set me off. Then, someone told me, if you find a hairpin pointing your way, that's good luck, and so I started collecting hairpins. I collect wood to knock on when I feel low. When the story first got out one of my fans sent me a collar box to carry the tokens around in. It goes with me to the broadcasting studio and the stage dressing room. Before I go on [Continued on page 52]

## We'll Put Bing Crosby on the Witness Stand if You Ask the Questions

*What pet question would you like to have Bing Crosby answer for you? Bing is the next "victim" in RADIOLAND'S popular series of cross-examinations of the stars. Write your questions on the coupon, and RADIOLAND will put Bing on the witness stand.*

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

Please ask Bing Crosby to answer the following questions:

.....

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My Name .....

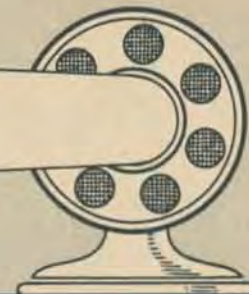
Address .....

(Mail coupon before March 20)



# Mike

# Says



## INTIMATE NEWS and STUDIO GOSSIP

THERE is no question about it, this is a contrary age. Just at the time when a college professor perfects a device to eliminate talk from radio programs, talking itself becomes one of the most popular features on the air. Instead of the public embracing his invention as a long-felt want, it turns thumbs down upon the silencer. And, in complete reversal of form, demands more talk, being so eager for enlightenment and entertainment via the spoken word as to be willing even to take a chance on the professor himself!

This development—not the demand for the professor but what the professor seeks to remove—was foreseen by the editor of *RADIOLAND*. He predicted it in the February issue, predicating his forecast on the tremendous interest in political and economic problems inspired by the times and fostered by the Radio President. He suggested that the news commentators and analysts would be borne back to popularity on the great wave of public concern in affairs, and that is precisely what happened.

Men like Edwin C. Hill, Lowell Thomas, H. V. Kaltenborn, John B. Kennedy, Boake Carter, Frederic William Wile, George R. Holmes, Gabriel Heatter, Harlan Eugene Read et al are heard by audiences almost equal to those attracted by Eddie Cantor, Ed Wynn, Rudy Vallee and other headliners of mass appeal. President

Roosevelt and Father Coughlin receive more mail than any two other men in the world and authorities attribute it to their tremendous popularity as radio spellbinders.

All of which is a trifle bewildering, considering that it wasn't so long ago that a man twisting his dials and releasing a flow of speech would exclaim, "What, another talk," and hastily tune in on a jazz program. And network officials, who only a few weeks ago were casting about for other attractions to replace their commentators then thought to be on their way out, are finding additional ways in which to exploit their talents.

### Prophets Won't Work In Their Own Land—

WILLIAM S. PALEY, president of the Columbia Broadcasting System is a cautious man. Especially when it comes to making prophecy. Perhaps he has had some bitter experience and learned that a prophet is without honor in his own land, or something. Whatever his reasons, Mr. Paley sidestepped a request of this department that he pick a few potential radio stars. Said Mr. Paley:

"It is difficult and dangerous to predict trends in radio and to anticipate public reaction to personalities or types of performances. Broadcasting, by the very nature of its public appeal, is ever changing and we must be quick to sense our opportunities and ever ready to scrap plans and projects as new and better lines of progress present themselves."

John Royal, vice-president of the National Broadcasting Company in charge of programs, was equally reticent. He told us radio was veering to longer programs (that there would be more hour and half-hour and fewer quarter-hour periods); that programs would improve because they would be better balanced (*i. e.*, more variety); that comedians would always be popular; and that sentimental ballads and lilting waltzes were enjoying a renaissance.

But despite the fact that he used to be a newspaperman once himself and that this writer knew him when he was a cub reporter on the *Boston Post*, he wouldn't name a single name of an about-to-burst-into-bloom radio star, thus leaving us high and dry.



Ben Bernie, the ole maestro, takes time out for a chat with George Raft, movie star, who worked for Bernie in New York seven years ago



Lowell Thomas officiated in a new rôle as King of the Ice Pageant at Lake Placid, New York. The Queen is Mrs. Frank E. Mason

## from RADIO ROW

By ARTHUR J. KELLAR

### So We Do Our Own Predicting

THIS department, of course, bows to the superior judgment and experience of Messrs. Paley and Royal. At the same time nobody can put us in jail for thinking, so maybe we can do a little forecasting on our own. Naturally this prediction lacks the authority it would have had if either of the gentlemen had functioned as we so devoutly desired. But since they didn't, it is incumbent on us to don the cap and bells of the fool and rush in where angels—or, at least, Messrs. Paley and Royal—fear to tread.

Artists who have arrived in radio in recent months and whose past performances justify the conclusion that they will remain to attain still greater honors are (alphabetically):

Del Campo, the Latin Romeo whose singing career is being carefully plotted by Con Conrad, discoverer and de-

veloper of much radio talent; Charles Carlile, the Columbia tenor; Anthony Frome, The Poet Prince; Connie Gates, the Cleveland belle, both a vocalist and pianist who is heard with Mark Warnow's orchestra; Shirley Howard, former newspaper girl who warbles as well as writes; John Herrick, the baritone; Arlene Jackson, the winsome miss discovered by NBC; little Nancy Kelly, the Dorothy of *The Wizard of Oz*; Rosemary and Priscilla Lane, younger sisters of the famous Lane family, who sing with Fred Waring's band; Edith Murray, recruit from the musical comedy stage; Elaine Melchoir, dramatic player being groomed by Columbia; Gertrude Niesen, who quickly shot to stardom; Joan Olsen, protegee of Ben Bernie's; Joe ("Wanna-Buy-a-Duck") Penner, vaudeville comic; Jan Peerce, singer developed by Roxy; Vivien Ruth, who not so long ago was singing from an obscure New Jersey station; Al Shayne, singer developed by WMCA; Mary Small, the 11-year-old Baltimore school girl; Dr. Ortiz Tirado, the Mexican singing surgeon; The Leaders, male harmony group; The Three X Sisters, American girls who had to go abroad to win recognition; Vera Van, the songbird from sunny California; Milton Wat-

son, the John Gilbert of the air; and Ann Yardley, the lyric soprano.

ALL the future stars of radio aren't in the foregoing list, of course. Others will appear whose existence now isn't even suspected. Still others will be recruited from the stage. Program compilers have high hopes for the foot-light favorites because of the manner in which listeners have warmed to the intermittent performances of George M. Cohan and the solo appearances of Katharine Hepburn and Helen Hayes, among others.

What a world of talent is awaiting in the theatre and how well it may be developed for radio is emphasized by the engagement of Maude Adams. After fourteen years of retirement she emerged to play a single season on the road two years ago. The tour met with indifferent success; old time theatre-goers worshipped at her shrine but the younger generation passed her up as a legendary figure whose glory had been dimmed by time.

How different her reception on the air! Projecting her art solely by her voice, she re-created the rôle in *The Little Minister* by which Charles Frohman elevated her to stardom in September of 1897 at the Empire theatre, New York, and succeeded in casting again the spell of charm that made her the most glamorous figure of the American



Radio stars have welcomed winter sports enthusiastically. Here are Burns and Allen skiing at exclusive Lake Arrowhead, California



Gypsy Nina and Gertrude Niesen borrowed a couple of sleds to try out New York's heavy snowfall in the good old-fashioned way

# Mike says



Phil Harris and his wife, Marcia Ralston of the movies, arrive in New York after an extended period of broadcasting on the networks from Chicago



Rudy Vallée in the first of his recent Hollywood broadcasts, with Florence Desmond and Jimmie Cagney as guest stars. Rudy is now back in New York



Farewell to The Two Black Crows (Moran and Mack). Charles Mack, at right in picture, met death in an auto accident while driving to Hollywood

stage. What Miss Adams failed to do in the visibility of the stage, she easily achieved in the invisibility of the studio, thanks to the magic microphone which has no age prejudices.

Chalk up another triumph for radio and watch the parade to the broadcasting studios of stage stars, inspired and encouraged by her success.

AS NEW stars burn brightly in the broadcasting firmament, old stars flicker and finally fade, leaving only memories. Radio, as President Paley of Columbia pointed out in an earlier paragraph, is ever changing, and he might have added, stars are scrapped as well as plans and projects. In recent weeks there has been a number of departures on both networks—Marcel Rodrigo, Barbara Naurel, Theo Karle, Gypsy Nina and Gladys Rice being among the vocalists, and Willard Robison among the orchestra leaders—but all of these haven't gone into permanent eclipse, by any means. Indeed, by the time this RADIOLAND reaches you some of them, along with Morton Downey, Ward Wilson, Ray Perkins, Russ Columbo, Tom Howard, Will Osborne and George Givot—other victims of bad breaks—may have re-established themselves on the payrolls of advertisers and in the hearts of listeners.

AMONG the departures should be noted the canaries heard on the *Cheerio* program. For five years they faithfully chirped on that period; now their functions are performed by sounds effect men who can scarcely be expected to put the same feeling in their work. Even though a little bird confides to this department many happenings on Radio Row, it isn't within our capacity to report just how Blue Boy and Dickie feel about the termination of their radio careers. But we do know how their trainer and mistress, Miss Elizabeth Freeman, feels about it. She is several shades bluer than Blue Boy's name but not so blue that she wasn't able to write us about it. Space isn't available here to reproduce her communication but suffice to say she compares her pets to the "canned canaries" in such a manner that her feathered friends get all the best of it.

SOME STATISTICS: Of an estimated number of 50,000 persons who applied for auditions in the studios within a twelve months period, only twenty achieved real success on the air. . . . In addition to his \$6,500 per broadcast, Eddie Cantor is allowed \$1,250 weekly for preparation of material. He shares this sum usually with four other writers. . . . Ethel Waters, the sepia songbird, gets \$1,500 for her Sunday broadcast, \$3,000 for each movie short, plenty for her weekly performances in *As Thousands Cheer* and a lot more for phonograph records. Less than a decade ago she was a hotel chambermaid at \$9 per week

. . . Ed Wynn on his 80th broadcast figured that he had told up to that time 4,400 jokes on the air. It is this rapid consumption of material that is causing headaches to gag writers and comedians.

Ask George Jessel for his favorite anecdote and he'll tell about the time during the World War when he was playing a London music hall. He was teamed with Lou Edwards and their act wasn't going so well. One night a German air bomb halted the performance by blowing out the back of the theatre.

"Isn't this terrible," exclaimed one of the terror-stricken performers. "Almost as bad as Jessel and Edwards," agreed another, not so frightened that he couldn't wise-crack.

TAKING a leaf from President Roosevelt's book, Mayor LaGuardia, of New York City, turns to the radio to enlist the support of the public to his policies. The Mayor, with military brusqueness, employs at times picturesque phrases to express his thoughts. On the air he is naturally more circumspect in his language than he is in the privacy of his office. In that sanctuary, he disposes with dispatch a mountain of mail daily deposited on his desk. As he rips open the envelopes and hastily scans the contents, he snaps out instructions to his secretaries. "Tell him, 'Thanks,'" he directs the answer to one. "Send him, 'Regrets,'" is the reply to another. And when His Honor comes to a crank letter he exclaims, "Aw, Nuts," leaving it to the typist to convey the comment more diplomatically.

Learning of this novel treatment of correspondence, Lowell Thomas reported it the other night in his news summary. But with an important emendation. Mr. Thomas approved of the words "Thanks" and "Regrets" but frowned upon the expression, "Aw, Nuts." Mr. Thomas changed it to "baloney."

But it so happened that Mayor LaGuardia's cruder colloquialism, "Aw, Nuts," had been given extraordinary attention by the newspapers, even to the extent of inspiring editorial mention. Therefore, the loudspeaker clan, well aware of the exact expression of the Mayor's, set down to write letters to Lowell demanding how come the substitution. Secretaries of the news commentator explained to the investigators that Mr. Thomas hadn't purposely misled them but had related the anecdote as it came to him. As the newscaster was at Lake Placid at the time (see photo elsewhere in this department), the alibi was that the episode had become garbled in transmission, as it were.

It is such an incident, in itself of trivial import, that will produce bags of mail for broadcasters. Other statements, deemed much more provocative, will pass practically unnoticed and unchallenged. That is one of the reasons why fan mail is so

eagerly read by those who travel the air lanes; they are continually being surprised and thrilled by the unanticipated reactions of their audiences.

MISCELLANY: If booking arrangements made when this number of RADIOLAND went to press obtain, the Revelers and the Leaders will be singing in opposition to each other in London this Summer. . . . Irene Taylor was the first woman to make a phonograph record with Paul Whiteman's band. It was *Mississippi Mud*. . . . John C. Daly, Columbia dramatic actor, was a member of the Canadian Mounted Police and served during the Boer War with a contingent of 150 former mounties. . . . William Perry Adams, who plays President Roosevelt in *The March of Time* broadcasts, is a stage player who appeared in support of the late E. H. Southern, John Barrymore and other stars. Adams is also of considerable radio experience. He was "Uncle Henry" in *Collier's Hour* for six years.

Occasionally typographical errors slip into radio continuities despite precautions. Perhaps you heard the result of one of them the other Sunday on NBC when the announcer said, "Muriel Wilson and Fred Hufsmith will next be heard in a love duel." The script should have read *duet*, of course, but the mimeographer spelled it "duel"—and duel it was, although whether at twenty paces or not, wasn't specified.

FRED ALLEN'S debut on his new *Sal Hepatica* program almost resulted in tragedy. For a few minutes just before the broadcast there was consternation when it was discovered that there was no studio audience. It seems the man having charge of the distribution of the tickets couldn't distribute them because the printer failed to deliver them in time. To Allen and his wife, the delightful Portland Hoffa, the lack of spectators wasn't so serious. Fred pleasantly recalled his experience as a juggler in a small time vaudeville theatre in Fall River, Mass., when he played to the janitor, two ushers and the piano player—the rest of the audience having walked out on him. But "Tiny" Ruffner, the production man, was plainly perturbed. The premiere of a broadcast with a famous stage comedian and no audience was unthinkable. So he dispatched emissaries about the RCA Building, thronging with visitors to the NBC studios at forty cents per capita, and sufficient spectators were corralled to permit the program to go on the air, properly attested and witnessed.

Gilbert Seldes, brilliant essayist and iconoclast, frequently takes his typewriter in hand to tell the world what's wrong with the wireless. Early this year he appeared himself as broadcaster, joining up with Dr. Sigmund Spaeth, Heywood Brown, Alice Hughes and Jack Kofoed to

help produce *The Magazine of the Air on WOR*.

A reader of his, evidently a man who remembered one of those Seldes blasts against radio, dispatched him a letter. "Dear Mr. Seldes," he wrote. "I heard the Magazine of the Air program last night and discovered something else that's the matter with the radio—it's you."

WALTER WINCHELL got very red in the face when *The Literary Digest* in its poll of readers listed him among the "dislikes" of the air. Winchell tee-heed it off in his own column thusly:

"A radio poll reveals several household favorites such as the Boswells, Kate Smith, Durante, etc., as unpopular. This is amusing to one on the list who long since discovered that popularity polls do not interest sponsors. They are interested only in how much the sales of their product increase from radio exploitation. And one who is listed as unpopular had his contract renewed for forty weeks (instead of thirteen) because last year the sales increased eleven per cent."

Which is Mrs. Winchell's little boy Walter's way of announcing the extension of his radio engagement.

WITH the maestros: The right name of Glen Gray, guiding genius of the Casa Loma Orchestra, is Glen Gray Knoblauch. Radio announcers had so much trouble with his surname that he had to drop it. . . . Eddie Duchin plays most of his piano solos crosshanded. This explains how he produces the melody in the bass section while the higher notes supplies the harmony. . . . Mark Warnow's theme song, "You're My Lucky Charm," was written by his brother, Harry, whose *nom de song* is Raymond Scott. . . . Ted Fiorito, who has succeeded Fred Waring as conductor of the band heard on the *Old Gold* series, has been ten years composing a symphony quite properly entitled "An Unfinished Symphony," for it is still just that.

THEY needed a Negro youth to play a small part in "Roses and Drums" and sent a call to Harlem. George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, Thomas Jefferson, Reggie Vanderbilt and John Jacob Astor were the names given by some of the colored lads who responded. A Howard Scott got the job. He didn't get it because he has the same name as the man who made technocracy a household word over night (and which was forgotten just as quickly) but because he had played in the stage production of *Green Pastures*.

Advance reports have it that Lanny Ross is going over in a big way as a movie actor; one of the few radio stars outside of Bing Crosby to make good in Hollywood.



Peep in at Amos 'n' Andy writing their radio skit. Freeman Gosden (Amos) seeks inspiration while Charles Correll (Andy) does the typing



Autograph hunters pursue Eddie Cantor, but he doesn't mind. He can't make those eyes behave even while writing his signature for a fan



Poetic justice at last! New Jersey issued Ed Wynn auto license S0000 in honor of his famous radio expression "So-o-o-o." And is Ed's face red!

# Maude Adams Comes to RADIO

IT IS exactly 9:30 p. m., eastern standard time, in a sound-insulated broadcasting studio of Radio City. The date on the calendar is Friday, January 12, 1934. At a gestured signal from the glass-fronted control room, Victor Young's baton cues eighteen musicians into action. From East Coast to West Coast and all over this continent—as on the other shores of stormy oceans—millions of radio auditors are stirred by the strains of *The Babbie Waltzes*, composed by William ("Billy") Furst, brilliant orchestra conductor of Manhattan's Empire Theatre. Old patrons instantly recall its most glorious days.

Then, through the ether surrounding that guarded NBC Studio, the voices of Cruickshanks, Rob Dow, Taumas, Micha and Gavin Dishart are heard. Sir James M. Barrie's *The Little Minister* is on the air! Millions, to whom the stage play is a gorgeous memory, thrill as familiar lines vibrate in far flung homes. Other millions who have merely read or read about *The Little Minister* are equally thrilled as the lines come through.

Into Barrie's quaint dialogue comes a woman's voice of compelling sweetness. From that studio, whose four doors are guarded so that no mere spectator can witness a triumph in illusion, pour words and sentences in faultless English. Incomparable quality and years of theatre distinguish the lines this actress speaks. Millions of adults and millions of youngsters edge closer to their radio receivers. The peerless Maude

*Admonished to sit in a corner and not make any noise, Miss Ewell quietly watched a rehearsal in a radio studio. She observed, said nothing, waited, decided she would have an audition—and the story of what happened behind studio walls makes one of the most interesting articles you've read in years!*

Adams has joined their circles. *Lady Babbie* is living among them!

There is a pause at the end of fifteen minutes. An announcer tells the unseen audience that Scene I is concluded; that Scene II will be heard after a brief interlude. A diminutive and charming lady steps almost timidly into the control room. "How is it? How did it go?" she asks hopefully. "It was grandly done," replies Director Herschel Williams, aptly quoting a well known line.

Happy, Maude Adams returns to her supporting company. In less than fifteen more pulsating minutes the first half of Sir James Barrie's immortal drama has been given, for the first time in history, on the air with Maude Adams in the stellar role.

Quietly, although she is deeply moved, the new radio star re-reads a cablegram to "Maude Adams, my inimitable Babbie in *The Little Minister*. All hail to my favorite actress! From her loving author, James M. Barrie."

The first of a series of half-hour radio reproductions of

By EARL CHAPIN MAY

plays in which Miss Adams triumphed when our flesh-and-blood stage was in artistic ascendancy, had gone over so splendidly that the most conservative reviewers unblushingly raved and NBC mails have continued to be heavy with laudatory letters written by listeners who seldom "fan."

THUS was Maude Adams, whose name is indelibly associated with *The Little Minister*, *Peter Pan*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Hop o' My Thumb*, *Joan of Arc*, *What Every Woman Knows*, *The Merchant of Venice* and other plays of distinction, "discovered" for radio. Responsibility for her discovery is in dispute. Impersonating the well known Damon and Pythias, Richard Pitman, her personal manager, insists, with much tightening of the jaw and gleaming through glasses, that Mr. Williams is entitled to full and unlimited credit for the discovery. While tall, dark, good-looking Mr. Williams as vigorously insists that the credit belongs to Miss Adams' personal manager.

Here is the story, just as it happened. Two years ago Miss Adams toured in the *Merchant of Venice* under the banners of the House of Erlanger. The tour was successful from every standpoint, including a gross of more than half a million dollars. A search for a new and acceptable play followed that tour. While waiting for this new stage medium, Mr. Pitman suggested a study of radio. Miss Adams had long been interested in the mechanics of production, has invented lights and originated other effects. Hence, it was not difficult to persuade her that radio should have her attention. President Merlin H. Aylesworth and Program Director John F. Royal of the National Broadcasting Company bade her welcome to their studios. [Continued on page 54]

Particularly associated with the plays of Barrie in the memories of the older generation, Maude Adams also scored personal triumphs in many plays of Shakespeare and Rostand. She anticipated the interview-dodging methods of certain modern movie stars by many years, refusing to be quoted for the press, and has carried these inhibitions into her radio work.



—Culver  
Maude Adams as she appeared in the original stage version of *The Little Minister*, with Dallas Anderson



—Players' Collection  
This costume was the height of fashion when Maude Adams wore it on the stage in the nineties



Miss Adams repeated over the radio her stage triumph as *Lady Babbie*



—Culver  
Childhood notion of a "great pose"—Maude Adams at age of six in an early play



—Players' Collection  
This photograph of Maude Adams is contemporaneous with her hit as *Peter Pan*

**The Most Beloved of American Actresses—**  
is a description Maude Adams has fairly won for herself. She is a native of Salt Lake City, Utah, daughter of James and Annie Kiskadden. Took her mother's name. Annie Adams was leading woman in a Salt Lake City stock company. During early youth played child parts and attended school alternately. At 16 joined E. H. Sothern stock company in New York. Later Charles Frohman company. During her five years she supported John Drew during the famous plays mentioned in this article. This is the first time her middle name, Ewell, has appeared in print. Unquestionably Maude Adams was for many years America's favorite stage actress and continues to have a huge following.



# Tuneful TOPICS

By RUDY VALLEE

*A hearty welcome to a great new Radioland feature—Rudy Vallee's monthly comment on current song hits!*



This view of part of Rudy's musical library gives an idea of the number of compositions a popular orchestra director must be familiar with

THE subject matter of this page of "Tuneful Topics" has been formulated in the mind of yours truly in various and diverse places under varied conditions. None of the situations have been quite so ideal and pleasant as the particular dictation of this month's issue. Reclining on a very comfortable couch in one of the very plain but tastefully and comfortably furnished bungalows on the Fox Movietone City lot, I find myself ruminating about the particular tunes which might prove interesting to the lovers of popular songs during the next several weeks.

Being 3,000 miles away from "Tin Pan Alley" I find myself comparatively cut off from the heart of the popular song industry. I have a pile of music four or five inches high which I must perforce wade through within the next few days. I find that three out of five are picture songs, therefore I feel I am still keeping the even tenor of this monthly treatise by giving a brief description of some of the songs which will be "spotted" in this picture.

I think *Hold My Hand* will be the most sung, most played and most danced-to number from the score unless the boys turn out something else between now and the final cutting of the picture. The melody is somewhat reminiscent of *Smiles*, the old war-time song.

There is a very rhythmic type of song which first tells the story of why *Scandals* was born and just what a revue of this type is all about. Alice Faye has the pleasure of singing it. The title was suggested by one of the most humorous expressions which has come to be popular due to the excellent radio performance of one Joe Penner, i. e. "You nasty man!" Alice does a grand job with the vocalization and the picturization of this particular song.

Then there is a tune, *So Nice*, which Alice sings when she goes shopping with Ukelele Ike—and although all the very beautiful, expensive and luxurious things are "so nice," he takes her shopping in the ten-cent store. Personally I like this tune from a melody standpoint [Continued on page 55]



Alice Faye, shown at the left with Rudy, comes to the fore as a movie personality with her singing of *Hold My Hand* and *So Nice* in the musical *Scandals* which Rudy has just completed in Hollywood. Rudy discusses the songs on this page

# A SON Speaks to his FATHER

The radio personality known as the Voice of Experience broadcast a greeting to his aged father on Christmas Day. His message was so charged with elemental human sentiment, with those age-old forces of kinship and family loyalty, that in it is the story of all fathers and of all sons. We defy you to read it without being stirred by some memory it evokes—and this applies to mothers and daughters as well as fathers and sons.

by The VOICE of EXPERIENCE  
(M. Sayle Taylor)

FOR me this Christmas Day broadcast is the happiest I have ever given for although I have been on this Network daily since the 24th of last April and during that time have spoken reverently several times of my aged Father who is lying ill in Los Angeles, this is the first time I have ever utilized this national network to say a single word to him and to my other loved ones on the Pacific Coast. And though I have sent messages to him and a Christmas wire I want to say to my family a very Merry Yuletide is my wish.

And, Father, lots of water has run over the mill since I have last seen you. I have given several thousand local broadcasts and now over a national network and particularly here in New York there are many of my friends who have become your friends too.

You see, last winter when I was broadcasting over WOR, I received a wire saying that a double major pelvic operation was necessary for you and, Father, at your advanced age I was worried.

But I went to my radio audience and I told them of your condition, of your life of service, of what you had meant to me, and literally by the thousands my friends got in touch with me and while you were on the operating tables that morning countless thousands were joined in reverent prayer for your recovery, even while your operation was in progress.

And, Father, I like yourself am just old-fashioned enough to believe in the efficacy of those prayers and rejoice that God has spared your life to us.

FIRST, Father, I want to thank you for having chosen for your wife and my mother the sweetest and most unselfish character that I have ever met in all my life. How you ever won her is more than I can see, because Mother never did fib to me and she referred many times to the fact that you courted her for five years and never kissed her once in all that time until after you were married—and they say that the days of miracles are over!

But, seriously, I am just as grateful for the fact that when Mother went down into the Valley of Shadows that I might have the breath of life, she introduced us, you and me, as Father



Rev. and Mrs. Francis W. Taylor, father and mother of the Voice of Experience, who, at the right, is reading a copy of his new book on human problems



and Son. And I can well recall the many times that Mother told me how you two dedicated my life while I was still in the crib to the service of humanity.

Naturally, you being a minister, I could understand even as a boy how you wanted me to follow in your footsteps.

By the way, do you remember the story you told me when I was a lad about another kind of a father, a gambler and a drunkard, who had a fine little chap about my age and you were trudging along through the deep snow with the father and the boy one night and you and the father were ahead breaking the snow for the little boy's feet and the father hollered back through the storm to his son, "How you coming, lad?" and the child answered, "All right, dad; I'm just putting my tracks in your tracks?"

And do you remember how you used that boy's statement in the conversion of his father to the making of better moral tracks for his son to step in?

I have never ceased to be grateful, Father, for the tracks that you made for me to follow in. [Continued on page 67]

# Cantor's in the Money

# Now!

—how Eddie lost his first million in the stock market, kidded a stricken nation into laughing at its troubles, picked himself up out of the ruins of his own plans, and staged a "comeback" that shows no signs of slowing up yet!

By B. F. WILSON

In 1917, Eddie joined the Ziegfeld Follies. The cast counted such well-known names as Bert Williams, Fannie Brice, Will Rogers, W. C. Fields and Walter Catlett. Rogers, Cantor and Fields had been thrown by the strange ways of chance into the same mold of fame. From Philadelphia, there had arrived on the New Amsterdam stage, a sleepy-eyed, puffy-faced man with a big fleshy nose, and a perfect nonchalant manner. He had landed on Broadway via burlesque, cheap vaudeville, small-town theatrical acts and circus performances. His specialty was juggling. His name was W. C. Fields.

The tall, lanky Westerner who stood in the wings waiting to go on for his first appearance in a big production, shifted the wad of chewing gum in his cheek, and told fantastic tales of trying to teach the South Americans how to lasso by way of earning a living. They knew more about the art of ropethrowing than he would ever learn. So he had embarked in a cattle boat for Africa, and there joined up with a small rodeo show. That was Will Rogers' first appearance as a professional—a rope-twirler in Africa!

And last but not least, Eddie Cantor, landing on the glorified Ziegfeld rostrum from amateur nights in Miner's, Coney Island saloons, the Ghetto, Orpheum Circuits, and vaudeville.

There was no similarity in the work of these three. Each had his own peculiar form of entertainment to offer, and the strong friendship and perfect harmony which existed between them soon caused the name of "The Three Musketeers" to be bestowed upon them. They worked together, side by side, for

several years, and when the famous Actor's Equity Strike took place, each joined the battle which was led by Eddie, and supported him loyally in his fight for less successful players.

The trio broke up in 1920. Rogers followed the call of the movies and left for California to begin his motion picture career. Fields went back to the Ziegfeld Frolic, and Eddie was left without a job. Two famous brothers by the name of Shubert gathered him into their fold, and one night as the play opened in Philadelphia, Eddie experienced a thrill which he will never forget. Without warning, he walked down the street leading to the theatre on the eve of the opening, and there in huge electric lights he saw EDDIE CANTOR in THE MIDNIGHT ROUNDERS.

HE WAS scared to death. His first star appearance, and he went through the worst attack of stage fright he had ever known. The whole evening was crazy. Scenery was delayed and Eddie was thrust on the stage to stall anything that would come into his head. He appeared suddenly without trousers and a derby hat because he had no time to climb back up the stairs to his dressing-room for his pants. The shrieks which greeted his appearance turned the whole affair into an unforgettable premiere. After the show, Shubert called the whole company together, and putting his hand on Eddie's shoulder, he announced, "Ladies and Gentlemen, I want to introduce you to Broadway's newest star—Eddie Cantor."

From that time on, Eddie was firmly established as a leading star in the theatrical firmament. He went back to Ziegfeld and for years played in enormous financial successes such as *Kid Boots*, several more *Follies*, *Whoopee* and others. Jesse Lasky bought the motion picture [Continued on page 66]

IF YOU read the first installment of this life story of Eddie Cantor in the March issue of *RADIOLAND*, you will remember that we left Eddie, rousing his wife from a sound sleep to tell her that they were millionaires. With her customary calm, she scolded him mildly for disturbing her about such a trifling matter, and went back to sleep. Eddie had made his million, and the realization of his achievement was too much for him. He couldn't sleep for nights. He danced around the house he had rented in Great Neck, and slapping his five daughters playfully on the cheek, he shouted—"Hooray—I'm a Millionaire. I've just made my first million! What do you think of that now?" And clapping his hands together in that well-known comic manner of his, he sang "We've Got Money In The Bank!"

How did he make it?



The Cantor estate at Great Neck, Long Island, erected during his "first million" days, which he had to dispose of at a loss



Not even blackface can conceal Eddie's alluring personality—look at the blonde beauties he attracts in *Roman Scandals*



Cantos from Cantor: The Lost Million—The Author—Country Gentleman—The Dated Comedian—The Movie Actor—The Modest Millionaire



An old picture of the famous Gus Edwards *Kiddie Revue* in which Cantor appears as the blackface comedian in the background. George Jessel is the youngster at the extreme left



George Jessel and Eddie Cantor in a boyhood portrait presented to "Ida," now Mrs. Eddie Cantor



The Cantor family at home during the period of Eddie's stock market tribulations—Mr. and Mrs. and the five famous daughters



You'll recognize Eddie as the *Spirit of '76* in this old *Follies* portrait, appearing with Ann Pennington and Brooke Johns

# SNOOPING THROUGH N.B.C.



**The clock and the stars!**  
 RADIO FANS MAY ADORE THE STARS - BUT THEY ARE RULED BY THE CLOCK; CLOCKS GLOWER AT YOU FROM EVERY ANGLE AND HOW EVERY ONE'S HEART QUICKENS WHEN THE ANNOUNCER SAYS ... "Five minutes more" - "One minute more" - "We're on the air!"

They call them floating studios and,

SO INSULATED AND PADDED ARE THEY, AS VISITORS ARE SHOWN BY A CROSS SECTION OF A MODEL OF ONE, THAT YOU GET THIS FEELING ABOUT THEM.



This is a model of WJZ's New Jersey unit.

**N.B.C. has a Grand Tour at a small fee arranged for visitors.**

BELIEVE THE PSYCHIC LIFT GIVEN ONE'S EGO BY THE RECEPTION, IS ALONE WORTH THE PRICE



The guide shows the Clover Leaf Studios

FOUR STUDIOS AROUND A TURN TABLE PLATFORM FROM WHERE THEY CAN START BROADCASTING TELEVISION WITHIN TWENTY FOUR HOURS OF ITS PERFECTION.

OTHER STUDIOS HAVE SPONSORS' GALLERIES TO VIEW PROGRAMS FROM AND THE TIP IS THAT THEY CAN BE USED PRONTO FOR TELEVISION TOO. When? - AHH???

The stage, the movies; never offered such an objective realization of "CASTLES IN THE AIR" as this new doorway to fame does.

FIRST THOUGHT I WAS SEEING A TELEVISION PROGRAM FOR DEAF MUTES BUT FOUND OUT IT WAS A PROGRAM ARRANGER COMMUNICATING WITH THE GLASS ENCLOSED CONTROL ROOM. THEY HAVE AN INTRICATE AND EXCITING GESTICULATORY LANGUAGE.

# STUDIOS, WITH PAD AND PENCIL

CONTENTS NOTED by Frank Hanley



REHEARSAL

NOT IN USE

ON THE AIR

The illuminated panel at the door of each studio, telling the activity within.

A trip through the Radio Center studios of the National Broadcasting Company in New York is an educational event for any radio listener. RADIOLAND sent artist Frank Hanley through the lavish new NBC studios where a large percentage of your favorite network programs originate, and we present on these pages his whimsical impressions of the largest and most elaborately equipped broadcasting studios in the world—which is next best thing to taking the trip through yourself.



AFTER SEEING AND HAVING EXPLAINED, POWER CONTROL, AIR, TEMPERATURE MICROPHONE AND OTHER CONTROL ROOMS.

Multiple manuscripts NEVER HAVE I SEEN SO MANY ... ALL THE STUDIO PEOPLE PEERING AT THEM FOR THEIR CUES AND PARTS, BUT THE MOST FASCINATING "ARIEL" LIKE CREATURE IS THE PROGRAM ARRANGER FLITTING HERE AND THERE GIVING PROMPTS, CUES GUIDES AND CARRYING ON TERRIFICALLY



Pity the poor noise maker - A SEA DRAMA WHERE HE NOT ONLY HAD TO IMITATE THE SEA, A BOAT WHISTLE AND THE DOOR SLAMMING AS THE CAPTAIN ENTERED BUT EVEN HAD TO MAKE THE NOISE OF ONE CAPTAIN SLAPPING THE OTHER ON THE BACK.

VALLEE, WYNN, CANTOR, ALL THE BIG PROGRAMS GO ON IN THE GUILD STUDIO BEFORE LARGE AUDIENCES. AFTER THE SHOW BOAT HOUR I TRIED TO EXIT BUT THE AUDIENCE SUDDENLY TURNED INTO AN ARMY OF AUTOGRAPH HUNTERS AND TROD ON ME.

WONDER WHAT THE PRIVATE LIFE OF AN NBC PAGE IS THEY CAN'T ALWAYS BE SO ALERT AND COURTEOUS



The intimate little studio - WITH THE HOME ATMOSPHERE, FOR SPEAKERS WHO MIGHT HAVE MIKE FRIGHT IN THE MORE MECHANIZED ATMOSPHERE OF THE OTHER STUDIOS.



"So that's how it's done." THE WISE SMIRKS OF THE FOLKS WHO HAVE JUST SEEN THE STUDIO TRICKS AND TECHNIQUE. - BUT, ... "I think the broadcast we saw last week was better IS A REMARK I OVERHEARD ... SHOWING THERE IS A REPEAT AUDIENCE - AND VERY CRITICAL TOO!"

# Random REVIEWS of Popular PROGRAMS

Wherein the Radio Rounder Expresses a Few Highly Personal

Opinions on Various Radio Programs He Has Been Tuning in On



Jack Pearl and Charlie Hall

## JACK PEARL

Next to a lover, all the world loves a liar if he's sufficiently good to be incredible, as is Baron Munchausen. Jack Pearl's Baron continues under his new sponsor as the same old character, proving there's no need to change his formula yet. Some day the dial twisters will tire of the Baron and Jack will take some other character, but his gusty delivery style will always be amusing.



Eddie Duchin

## EDDIE DUCHIN

Here's Eddie Duchin, newest rave, who plays the pianer with the Central Park Casino orchestra. His virtuosity on the keyboard and his individualistic interpretations rate him high in the esteem of the critical musical brotherhood. His orchestra rates well in the big town, and no doubt you'll soon hear the band on one of those orchestra-comedian-blues singer programs.

## SEVEN STAR REVUE

Rich in talent and entertainment value, this Sunday night show with Nino Martini, beautiful Jane Froman, Erno Rapee and his orchestra, with the Vagabond Glee Club, remains something of a hodge-podge. A better framework would improve it. A good comedian would do a lot to lift it. Or a little original showmanship in the way of an effective setting.



Jane Froman

## WHITE OWL

"Oh George, there yah go again!" And there George Burns and Gracie Allen go again, week in and week out and no one ever seems to tire of them. They go on and on about Gracie's relatives and her dumb remarks, yet the natural spontaneity of their delivery and the gift of Gracie's voice makes every program seem fresh. Guy Lombardo's band maintains a pretty even quality.



Allen and Burns



Jessica Dragonette

## CITIES SERVICE

Jessica Dragonette and her musicians are good old stand-bys you can always count on for first-rate radio fare. Perhaps it's the very regularity which seems to have made Jessica less appreciated than when the program first went on. She is rather taken for granted now, and she shouldn't be, for her voice is always exceptional. Program formula is successful on the whole.



Walter Damrosch

## CADILLAC HOUR

This is one hour's entertainment which can be unreservedly recommended to the whole family except Baby LeRoy, who would find it over his head. With such leaders as Damrosch, Bruno Walter, Sir Henry Wood, and artists like Horowitz, Iturbi, Menuhin, and Helfetz appearing as guest stars or conductors, it presents unsurpassed musical entertainment by the world's finest artists.

## GEORGE JESSEL

Kind of wish George would quit pestering that mother of his. If he could infuse a warmer microphone personality into his voice, George would register more effectively with this jaundiced writer. Some of his gags are literally that; others carry a nice chuckle, so that, all in all, he puts on a good average bit of entertainment. Musical side of the program is ace-high.



George Jessel

## HAPPY BAKERS

There's something catching about the idiotic rhythm of the opening song of this program and before you know it, with your head wagging crazily back and forth, you are completely in the mood which seems to last until the equally crazy final signatures. Vivien Ruth, as the girl who makes the Happy Bakers, Phil Duey, Frank Luther and Jack Parker happy, is an intriguing singer.



Vivien Ruth



Helen Morgan

## HELEN MORGAN

Helen Morgan has a job cut out for her to carry off the half hour Broadway Melodies show on Sunday afternoon with only occasional interludes by Jerry Freeman's chorus and orchestra, but she does it very nicely. Reason: Helen Morgan is now almost an institution. There is a traffic jam of blues singers on the networks, but not one of them has quite that quality that Helen manages.



Bing Crosby

## BING CROSBY

Well, there's only one Bing and why comment on him? He's there and he has what it takes, so the Rounder simply gives him this space to put the matter in the records. Thus far he's the only blown-in-the-bottle radio star to crash through as a Hollywood luminary, though they say Lanny Ross is doing swell in his initial release. Bing really ought to give the radio more time.

## PHIL HARRIS

Phil has what has been described as a sex-appeal voice, and who are we to improve on that description? Jealous because Phil gets so much femme fan mail, the Rounder might tune Phil out for a low comedian or a news commentator or something, but he can't imagine any woman doing so. So many gals say they're cra-a-azy about Phil's singing that it must be so.



Phil Harris

## THE TOWN CRIER

For a Machiavellian deftness with words, Alexander Woollcott, the Town Crier, has no superior, and he registers with amazing effectiveness over the radio. His sly wit catches a subject, impales it, juggles it, and finally drops it with a tinkling crash that resounds over the ether, making him one of the few so-called highbrows with a popular, dependable following.



Alexander Woollcott



Edwin C. Hill

## EDWIN C. HILL

This ace reporter is most colorful of the news commentators. No program for those seeking a quick digest of spot news. But if you want to lean back, and listen to the spinning of a behind the scenes story about characters and places in the news, then Hill is your man. He ferrets out for you the truth that is stranger than fiction and a darned sight more interesting.



Harriet Hilliard

## BAKERS' BROADCAST

Joe Penner and Harriet Hilliard and Ozzie Nelson's music make a good skeleton for any show. Comedians usually get the spotlight and Penner is being carefully built up, with a nice duck trademark well established, and a gargly laugh that has a warm quality all its own. If you're a charter member of the Pun Annihilation Society, there's nothing in any radio comedian that will hold interest for you.

## RUDY VALLEE

However numerous his personal tribulations, Rudy Vallee's showmanship is always superb. The Radio Rounder is burned to a crisp by many near-stars who have microphone hogitis, a disease resulting in anemia de la programme, and is tickled to award Rudy a sixty-cent dollar for balancing his program intelligently with that natural, the guest star formula—when the guests are really stars.



June Knight and Rudy Vallee


## BUICK PRESENTS

Musical comedy hits in capsule form and easy to take. Howard Marsh and Mary Eastman both possess smooth, mellow voices well adapted to this type of romantic song. Both orchestra and chorus under the seasoned baton of Andre Kostelanetz, provide an effective musical backdrop. Only difficulty is that a show of this type needs a half hour; fifteen minutes makes it a little breathless.



Mary Eastman





**Ida Bailey Allen,  
Radioland's Home-  
Making Editor**

Just as we go to press the news comes that for the third time Ida Bailey Allen, RADIOLAND'S home making department editor, has won first place as radio broadcaster in the woman's field, in the National Poll of Radio Editors conducted by the New York World Telegram.

You hear her voice regularly over the Columbia Broadcasting System, and in these pages of RADIOLAND you can follow her up-to-the-minute comment on the countless problems which enter into the making of a home—and, of course, her latest recipe suggestions.

If you have not listened in on Mrs. Allen's broadcasts, we suggest that you tune in to become better acquainted with the personality behind these articles.

Edited by  
IDA BAILEY ALLEN

# The SPRING Cake Parade

*"Cakes and spice and everything that's nice." Mrs. Allen has given the old rhyme a new meaning with these recipes for toothsome delicacies*

FIFTH AVENUE has its parade of style, the shop windows display the newest foibles of fashion—but the restaurants and tea-rooms display the newest in cakes: shadow cake—pecan-filled loaves—snowy iceberg cakes—strawberry meringue—and fairy cake so dainty it looks as though it might have been made by Queen Titania herself. Very different are these cakes from the stolid loaves of yesterday—and they are served differently too. Yesterday's cakes—pounds, nut, plain sponge, gold and what-not—were sliced thin and served as an accompaniment to a second dessert, such as ice cream or stewed fruit—or with a cup of tea. Today's cakes are a dessert in themselves.

The difference in the two types of cake is produced by newer and quicker methods of mixing and the kind of flour used (both of which tend to create a daintier texture); the kinds of icings used; and the unusual combinations of ingredients.

### The Ingredients

**Shortening**—This may consist of butter, margarine (nut margarine is to be preferred), or any of the solid vegetable fats.

**Sugar**—The sugar may be granulated, powdered or brown, according to the texture and flavor desired. Granulated sugar is used in all recipes calling merely for sugar, powdered sugar when a fine, dry crumb and texture is desired, and brown sugar when a caramel-like flavor and moist texture is the goal.

**Eggs**—Only the best quality should be used in cake making.

**Flour**—Good cake can be made only with cake or pastry flour because it contains less gluten than spring wheat or bread flour.

**Flavoring**—The flavoring is one of the most important ingredients and yet it is the one of all others that is probably the most carelessly purchased. Good flavoring extracts are somewhat expensive, but as they go farther besides producing better flavor, they are more economical.

**Baking Powder**—This is a most important cake ingredient for upon its excellence and the skill with which it is used, the lightness of the cake depends. The best rule for using it is to follow the directions given on the baking powder can. The recipes in RADIOLAND have been adjusted so that they will give good results with any kind of first-class baking powder.

The importance of carrying out level measurements with the utmost accuracy in cake making cannot be over-emphasized. Flour should always be sifted before measuring; fats packed down. The cake batter should be put together according to the directions as this determines the final result.

### The Pans

A FEW years ago only two types of cake pans were shown—plain loaf pans and cup cake pans. Today we have learned that cakes may be baked in deep and shallow pans, in tube pans and in spring form pans; there are innumerable types of fascinating individual cake moulds on the market and when we wish to keep a cake for some length of time we bake and store it away in a covered glass pan. Pans are oiled (or greased) for the making of all cakes containing shortening, but they are not oiled as a general rule for making sponge and angel cakes. Small squares of clean paper may be kept conveniently in a box in the kitchen drawer to use for oiling. Paper linings may be purchased or cut to fit for lining the bottom of loaf and layer cake pans. The pan is first oiled, the lining is put in and then lightly oiled. In preparing fancy cake pans, oil the pan thoroughly, put in a little flour, shaking it around so that it coats the inside, then turn the pan upside down and tap it out with a smart thump. The thin film of flour and fat forms an imperceptible protective layer on the outside of the cake that keeps it from sticking to the pan.

[Continued on page 69]

# Modernize Your KITCHEN

In this article Mrs. Allen takes you on a fascinating tour of the Waldorf-Astoria kitchen and shows how many of its modern features can be applied to your own home

WHETHER a kitchen caters to the needs of two or five thousand people, the principles on which its arrangement are based, and by which the work is organized, are the same. This was illustrated to me in a striking way during a recent tour of the kitchens and dining-rooms of the Waldorf-Astoria in New York City. This huge hotel, built within the past two years, is the last word in beauty, efficiency and convenience, all of which are reflected in the entire department of cuisine.

Workers in spotless uniforms, chefs with starched caps, every dark corner lighted against possible inroads of dirt—the entire series of kitchens departmentalized to carry out the greatest amount of work with the utmost possible ease—these bespoke a knowledge of human psychology as well as efficiency, that any home maker might apply to her own food work shop. The point so well illustrated at the Waldorf—"Sufficient light in the kitchen"—is most important to the home. There would be fewer dirty holes and corners if kitchens and pantries were properly lighted, for one of the reasons dirt accumulates is often because it is hidden by shadows.

The ranges and ovens of the Waldorf are so well-illuminated there is no excuse for burned or inadequate food. Lights placed near the stove in the home would achieve equally happy results. Yet how seldom they are found.

On this interesting tour of the [Continued on page 52]




Rhoda Arnold the CBS soprano songstress is shown presiding over the modern up-to-date kitchen. As you see every necessity is close at hand and can be reached with the minimum of effort



Your kitchen can be every bit as convenient as this haven of culinary arts, the main kitchen of the ultra smart Waldorf-Astoria Hotel


# The SIREN from Brooklyn

GERTRUDE NIESEN, *the girl on the cover, has a success story without a struggle in it—except for her battle to establish an exotic personality*



Gertrude Niesen has a difficult time maintaining an exotic personality for her public, but dresses like this one help a lot. At the right she is patiently awaiting her cue at the CBS studios

By  
SALLY BENSON



GERTRUDE NIESEN, "the girl with the exotic voice," is a home girl from Brooklyn who came to New York and made good. She is part Swedish and part Russian. She is small and dark and looks more Russian than Swedish. Her hair is a lovely dark chestnut and her eyes are a grey-green. She looks exotic, if heavily mascaraed eyelashes, dark red lipstick and ruby fingernails help any. But, in this day, when Miss Merriweather at the library uses garnet nail polish and blue eyeshadow, those things don't count as much as they used to.

It is not easy to build up an exotic personality. Sitting down and trying real hard to be exotic would be a strain on most of us. In the Theda Bara era, before people got to know a thing or two, it was easier. A couple of milk baths, a breath of scandal, a black velvet negligee, and a girl was made. But people have changed. They want their idols exotic but they also want to know that they are really good girls at heart, fond of children, prefer tweeds to velvets and wear number nine shoes.

So, in tune with her times, Gertrude Niesen is a nice girl with an exotic voice. I mean, you can't blame anyone for having an exotic voice. It doesn't mean a thing.

As a child, Gertrude could mimic people. Now, I don't know how you feel about child mimics, maybe you have one of your very own, but to me they are pure poison. I was one

so I know what I am talking about. Most of them are found murdered and stuffed in an ash bin before they do any real harm and some of them, Elsie Janis and Georgie Jessel to name two, make good in a big way. But Miss Niesen was smart enough to get away from imitating other people and hopes to be good enough some day so that other people's darlings will imitate her.

Her mother taught her to sing and the neighbors told her she was great. Her best imitation was one of Lyda Roberti and the Brooklyn boys became so enthusiastic over it that they began telling her she should go on the stage. Gertrude, like thousands of other girls, took these suggestions seriously and looked up a booking agency in the telephone book. And she went there and told them she wanted a job. When they asked her about her past performances, she thought fast and made up a good story for them. It had been quite a lot of fun going to the agency and she went home afterwards and forgot all about it. The agency, however, hadn't forgotten her, and they called her up and asked her to come over for an audition. She was signed up that same day for an engagement with Joe Taylor at \$100 a week. Two weeks later her name was in electric lights over the doorway of the "300 Club."

IT'S a little disconcerting to write a success story that has no struggle in it. I like a little starving, years of study, years of failure and, finally, the big chance—something I can get my teeth into. But Gertrude Niesen's story is too simple. She got an audition and her name in electric lights within two weeks. It was as easy as that.

From the "300 Club," she went to the Paramount Grill and from there she went to Chicago, then back to the Paramount with Jay C. Flippen, the man who swings on curtains and, finally, she signed up to go into vaudeville with Lou Holtz in the same spot formerly occupied by Lyda Roberti whom she had imitated so successfully. Recently she has been singing at the Central Park Casino and, of course, you've heard her singing her torch songs over the Columbia Broadcasting System.

At the beginning of her fame, some bright boy gave out the news that she was born on the high seas and this legend has more or less stuck. It's an old idea and not a very good one. Miss Niesen was born on dry land. There isn't a drop of the Joan Lowell in her. She

[Continued on page 69]

*It's a breach of fashion . . .*  
 if your hair hasn't a spring outfit, too!



Miss Margaret C. Whitney of Garden City, L. I., says: "Why should summer only be permanent waving time? I want my hair looking its best the year round—and I keep it so by getting a Eugene permanent two or three times a year."

Fashion is busily showing new things for Spring—frocks, coats and hats with many clever new touches. But Fashion has one stern rule: Whatever the style of your Spring costuming, your hair *must* be in wave. Straight hair is *conspicuously* out of place.

That means you need your Eugene Permanent Wave *now*. If you wait for "later," as you may have planned, you miss months of smartness, beauty and convenience. Instead, follow those knowing women here and abroad...

Go at once to a hairdresser who does *genuine* Eugene Waving, and get a genuine Eugene Permanent Wave. Enjoy its comfort and loveliness all through Spring and Summer; then when your new hair

grows in, a few months from now, have this new straight hair permanently waved, too!

Hairdressers who feature the Eugene Method can keep your hair permanently beautiful with undulating waves, flattering ringlets and cunning clusters of indestructible curls...just as you desire. They give you these results by using genuine Eugene Sachets—approved by Good Housekeeping and identified, for your protection, by the Eugene trademark, the famous "Goddess of the Wave."

When you see this trademark stamped on the sachets used, you can be absolutely certain that you are getting what you are paying for—a *genuine Eugene permanent wave*, preferred the world over. Eugene Ltd., New York, London, Paris and Sydney.

eugene



Eugene will gladly send you a free copy of his style bulletin "Hair Views." It shows the latest coiffure styles sponsored by Harper's Bazaar and reproduced by Eugene, and it contains important advice on permanent waving. Send the coupon at once.

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(YOU CAN PASTE THIS ON A PENNY POST CARD)

# Now YOU Can Wear a Frock Like Rosemary Lane

"THE most beautiful radio artist in America"—that coveted title was bestowed upon pretty Rosemary Lane, whom you've heard as soloist with Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians. Miss Lane is also a very fashionable young lady. Two of the newest frocks in her Spring wardrobe were copied by RADIOLAND so that you, too, can have them in your wardrobe, for the patterns, together with a large illustrated sewing lesson for each, are ready to mail out to you now!

The snappy sports model Miss Lane is wearing, Pattern L 321, is fashioned of a ribbed silk with bright candy-striped loops at the neckline. It is too smart for words! And the sleeves—and the tricky back bodice closing—are brim full of interest! The button effect on the back is receiving more and more favorable attention by the leading designers here and abroad and unquestionably is becoming one of the leading points in fashion design. Buttons matching the material of the frock is the thing. Of course, shantung, linen, crepe and novelty cottons would be good, too. This model is designed for sizes 12 to 20 and 30 to 40. Size 16 requires 3½ yards 39-inch fabric and ¼ yard contrasting.

The afternoon frock Pattern L 322, boasts such soft, feminine lines, and the flare sleeves, the graceful jabots of contrast and the chic bodice and skirt details are especially flattering to the figure. This model was ravishing in a floral sheer with organdie for the jabots. A silk print or a dainty cotton would also work up beautifully. It is designed for sizes 12 to 20 and 30 to 40. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards 39-inch fabric and ¼ yard contrasting.



Enchanting sports wear for Spring isn't it? This pattern, L321 (at right) is a featured dress in the wardrobe of Rosemary Lane, voted "the most beautiful radio artist in America"



CHARMING Rosemary Lane is half of that team of Lane Sisters featured with Waring's Pennsylvanians over the Columbia Broadcasting System. The girls hail from Indianola, Iowa, members of a family of five girls, one other of whom, Lola Lane, is a well-known Hollywood player. "Lane" is a stage name; Rosemary is the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. L. A. Mullican. Her father is a dentist in the Iowa town of her birth



Gown L322 at right is particularly effective in a floral sheer silk with a contrasting organdie for the jabot effect. A flowered cotton would also be effective for summer wear

## RADIOLAND'S PATTERN SERVICE

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

For the enclosed.....send me Pattern No. L321. Size.....  
Pattern No. L322. Size.....and the Spring edition of the Pattern Book  
(check if wanted).....  
Name .....  
Street .....  
City ..... State .....  
Each Pattern 15c — Fashion Book 15c  
One Pattern and Book 25c

# REDUCE

WAIST AND HIPS **THREE INCHES** IN TEN DAYS OR  
...IT WON'T COST YOU ONE CENT!

TEST... the  
PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE  
... at our expense!



NOW... YOU CAN BE  
YOUR SLIMMER SELF  
... without Exercise, Diet or Drugs!



We want you to try  
**THE PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE**  
at our expense!

"I REDUCED MY WAIST AND HIPS 9 INCHES," writes Miss Jean Healy... "I reduced from 43 inches to 34½ inches"... writes Miss Brian... "Massages like magic"... writes Miss Carroll... "The fat seems to have melted away"... writes Mrs. McSorley.

● So many of our customers are delighted with the wonderful results obtained with this Perforated Rubber Reducing Girdle that we want you to try it for 10 days at our expense!

### Massage-Like Action Reduces Quickly!

● This Famous Reducing Girdle will prove a great boon to you, for now you can be your slimmer self without strenuous exercise, diet or drugs! The girdle is ventilated to allow the skin to breathe and works constantly while you walk, work, or sit... its massage-like action gently but persistently eliminating fat with every move you make.

### Keeps Your Body Cool and Fresh

● The Perfolastic may be worn next to the skin with perfect safety, for a special inner surface of satinized cloth protects the body. So soft and smooth, it prevents any friction. So porous, it actually absorbs perspiration. This "inner surface" keeps your body perfectly cool and fresh.

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

● You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely in 10 days whether or not this very efficient girdle will reduce your waist and hips **THREE INCHES!** 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... and your money will be immediately refunded.

This Illustration of the Perfolastic Girdle Also  
Features the New Perfolastic Uplift Brassiere



"I REDUCED MY HIPS  
9 INCHES"

writes Miss Healy

"Since last May the Perfolastic Girdle has reduced my hips nine inches. This reduction was made without the slightest diet."

Miss JEAN HEALY  
299 Park Avenue,  
New York City



"I REDUCED MY HIPS  
FROM 43 to 34½ INCHES"

writes Miss Brian

"I... measured 43 inches through the hips, and weighed 185 pounds. In one year I was down to normal, weighing 120 pounds, measuring 34½ inches around the hips."

Miss B. BRIAN  
Hotel Victoria  
New York City

SEND FOR 10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

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DEPT. 224, 41 EAST 42nd STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Without obligation on my part, please send me FREEBOOKLET 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

# No More Face Wrinkles



By  
**WYNNE  
MCKAY**

It is surprising how a short rest snatched during the day, aided by simple care, keeps the face free of wrinkles

Illustration  
by  
**JANICE  
WATHEN**

**I**N THE hundreds of daily letters I receive from readers seeking advice one question makes its appearance with disconcerting frequency. . . . It is: "How can I rid my skin of lines and wrinkles?" This question is asked as often by young women in their early twenties as by more mature women because, contrary to popular belief, wrinkles are not caused by approaching age *alone*. . . .

One of the commonest causes of premature lines is excessive dryness of the skin. In the normal skin are thousands of oil glands which manufacture an oil—sebum—that protects, preserves and softens the skin, keeping it youthful and pliable. If these glands fail, for some reason, to supply enough oil, the skin suffers from insufficient protection. It is at the mercy of hot sun, swift winds and severe cold weather. Gradually, the skin becomes scaly and chapped, and minute but noticeable wrinkles begin to form, especially on the delicate skin around the eyes. Steam-heated air has much the same effect on the skin as does a dry climate for it, too, robs the skin of surface oil. That is why women with usually normal skin find their skin dry and flaky after a winter spent almost entirely indoors. . . .

But climate and artificial heating alone cannot always be blamed for dry skin. Incorrect diet and living habits can produce this condition, too. A dearth of oil or fat in the diet or a lack of a moderate amount of outdoor exercise often are responsible. One's entire circulatory system is impaired when one does not have sufficient exercise. The nourishing value of the blood is lowered and the blood that reaches the skin glands does not bring them enough fuel to enable them to function properly. . . .

Still a fourth cause of dry skin is the continued use of toiletries that aggravate rather than cure a tendency toward this condition. Four steps are

essential in caring for a dry skin adequately—cleansing, protection, lubrication and stimulation. The fourth step can be furnished by massage and brisk patting of the skin, but the others must be provided by toiletries. Many women with dry skin find that a soap and water cleansing once a day or perhaps five times a week, coupled with twice-a-day cream cleansings, is the ideal method of keeping the skin freshly clean without irritating it.

**O**NE of the most effective creams made for dry skin combines the three necessities — cleansing, protection and lubrication. For cleansing purposes, you use it generously, applying it all over the face and throat, then remove with tissues. As a protective base for make-up, that will not only make your powder and rouge cling longer, but will protect the skin against the elements, you apply it sparingly, working it lightly and evenly into the skin. At night, the cream should be applied after the skin is cleansed, and allowed to remain on all night. If the skin is extremely dry, it is wise to apply the cream during the day, also, and to leave it on the skin for an hour or two. Its emollient oils will thus have an opportunity of penetrating deeply into the skin and making it soft and supple. The reason this cream is so ideal for dry skin is that it contains a liberal quantity of a concentrated oil that closely approximates the natural sebaceous oil manufactured by the skin glands. If your skin is beginning to look aged as a result of excessive dryness, write to me for the name of this remarkable corrective.

More serious than dry skin and more difficult to remedy is the second cause of wrinkles—emotionalizing such as smiling, scowling, laughing and frowning. Every time you laugh, for example, [Continued on page 53]

## BEAUTY SERVICE FOR READERS

Wynne McKay, **RADIOLAND'S** beauty editor, will be glad to give readers the names of the various preparations mentioned in her monthly department, or to answer other questions. Address Wynne McKay, **RADIOLAND Magazine**, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York, N.Y.—and be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope!

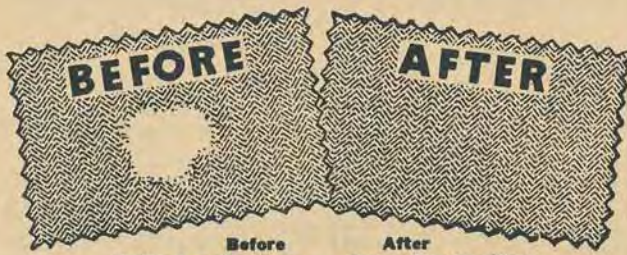
"WHY HELEN, YOU SAID YOU HAD TORN THAT DRESS AND RUINED IT. BUT YOU FIXED IT. I CAN'T SEE A MEND ANY PLACE!"



"I JUST MENDED IT IN A COUPLE OF MINUTES WITH SEW-NO-MORE. I DO ALL MY MENDING THIS WAY. IT'S EASIER AND QUICKER THAN SEWING AND THE MENDS DON'T SHOW. NO MORE NEEDLE AND THREAD FOR ME!"

# SEW-NO-MORE

## IT MENDES WITHOUT SEWING



Before Using Sew-No-More      After Using Sew-No-More

### MENDS WILL NOT COME OFF

Repairs made with Sew-No-More wear as long as the rest of the garment. They can be laundered hundreds of times. They can be boiled, washed and ironed—they will not come off! Sew-No-More repairs are PERMANENT, LOOK BETTER and are STRONGER than mends made with needle and thread. The family mending can be done with Sew-No-More in one-tenth the usual time.



BOIL IT!



WASH IT!



IRON IT!

### 6 Repairs for 1c

Repairs with SEW-NO-MORE are amazingly inexpensive. The large size regular tube contains enough for scores of quick, easy mends. As many as six repairs can be made at a cost of about one cent. SEW-NO-MORE is so simple and easy to use that even a child can make perfect mends in clothing, hosiery, etc.

### What Users Say

"You're right, Sew-No-More does away with the old needle and thread. It's a wonderful product in every way."—Mrs. John Michalski, N. Y.

"Sew-No-More is a fine invention. It does everything you claim for it. It is a pleasure to recommend it to my friends and neighbors."—Charles B. Hixon, Pa.

"For quick, neat mends that last, Sew-No-More can't be beat. Fabrics I repaired with it have been washed and ironed—even rubbed hard on a wash board, and they don't come off."—Mrs. Henry Picher, N. Y.

### 3,164 USES!

MENDS dresses, suits, hosiery, lingerie, aprons, umbrellas, overalls, shirts, blankets, curtains, boys' clothing, etc. MAKES quilts, towels, pillow covers, aprons, dresses, hems, curtains, etc.

## PAYS AGENTS UP TO \$2.00 AN HOUR

Sew-No-More is the amazing product with which a hole, rip or tear in any cotton, wool, silk fabric can be mended so perfectly that you can hardly find the mended place. Keeps anything made of cloth in perfect repair without the drudgery and eye-strain of old-fashioned needle and thread. Simply spread a little SEW-NO-MORE around edges of the hole or tear, place a piece of the same material over it and press together, and the mend is complete. It becomes part of the article itself—boiling, washing, ironing, rough handling and wear won't hurt it. For housewives and mothers SEW-NO-MORE is just the thing to keep clothing neatly mended and without hard work. Bachelors find it a boon for making repairs without troublesome sewing or outside help.

"Enclosed is my fourth order. SEW-NO-MORE rescued me from 'fumbled finances.' 'A mighty grateful.'"—Mrs. J. L. Lewis, Colo.



### Repairs Don't Show      Saves Fine Garments

SEW-NO-MORE is a scientific, stainless cream with powerful adhesive qualities. It is easy to use. Anyone can make repairs that are neat, permanent—practically invisible. Even striped material or material with checks or patterns can be mended so that the repair doesn't show. Every tube is sold under a MONEY BACK GUARANTEE of SATISFACTION.

SEW-NO-MORE saves money because it mends fine garments and other valuable articles that would otherwise be ruined through a rip, tear or burn which could not be darned or mended by the old-fashioned, ugly way. In stockings and socks a Sew-No-More mend is smooth—no lumps to hurt the feet.

### PAYS 217% GUARANTEED PROFIT

SEW-NO-MORE pays tremendous profits—up to 217%—to agents and distributors. EXPERIENCE IS NOT NECESSARY. Just showing it and demonstrating how SEW-NO-MORE works like magic and saves hours of time and dollars of money brings big, quick, easy profits for you. We supply you with FREE samples that do all your selling. Just let women see the wonderful, neat, clean and practically invisible repairs they can make with SEW-NO-MORE and they'll order from you again and again. SEW-NO-MORE lets the housewife do all the family mending in one-tenth the usual time without tedious, eye-straining work. Orders and repeat orders are waiting in every home. Send this coupon for free sample and full details of money-making plans.

"SEW-NO-MORE really is amazing and sells easily. Am working for exclusive rights in my county."—Emma C. Winter, Wis.



\$5,000.00 A YEAR for this Salesman

"This confirms my telegram for another 30 dozen Sew-No-More. I should be able soon to dispose of at least 100 dozen a week. I am starting out sales crews in various towns. I have set my goal as \$5,000.00 a year PROFIT and I am after that \$5,000.00." B. N. Waterhouse, Pa.

### HURRY! Get Your FREE SAMPLE Now

See for yourself the wonderful, quick, easy mends you can make with SEW-NO-MORE—how it saves eyes, time, money. Send this coupon right now for FREE ACTUAL SAMPLE which proves all our claims. Also get FREE OUTFIT and Exclusive Territory offer. Get in on ground floor with this red-hot money maker. NO INVESTMENT REQUIRED. Send no money. Just mail coupon.



Sells 12 out of 16 Calls  
"I have just started—haven't put in full week yet and have sold 56 tubes. When I received my first shipment I made 12 sales in 14 calls."—Chas. F. Skull, Iowa

### GOOD FOR FREE SAMPLE

R. R. Bellman, Pres. SEW-NO-MORE Company, Dept. T-747 Madison Road, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Yes, I am interested in SEW-NO-MORE. Send me at once FREE Sample to prove your claims. FREE outfit and territory offer. Also, tell me how other men and women are making up to \$2.00 in an hour.

Name .....  
Address .....  
City .....State .....  
Territory interested in.....

**SEW-NO-MORE CO., Dept. MADISON ROAD T-747 Cincinnati, O.**

When  
Closed Eyes  
Judge Beauty

**RADIO GIRL**  
PERFUME AND  
FACE POWDER

*Lend an Invisible Charm*

"Radio Girl" Perfume was designed for the modern American Girl—gay, vivacious, unaffected. Though compounded from fine French essential oils, Radio Girl Perfume is produced in this country with a thought for thrift . . . You'll love Radio Girl Face Powder, too—with the same exquisite fragrance.

Use this COUPON for FREE SAMPLES



"RADIO GIRL", St. Paul, Minn. F7  
Send me FREE Regular Size Radio Girl Perfume and Trial Size Radio Girl Face Powder. I am enclosing 10c (coin or stamps) for cost of mailing. (Offer Good in U. S. only)

Name .....

Address .....

You Will Find  
All the Latest  
**HOLLYWOOD NEWS**

First in  
**SCREEN BOOK**  
10c



And the April issue is full of latest facts! ● HOLLYWOOD'S ALI-MONY RACKET NOW EXPOSED! Reveals for the first time the inside story of a matrimonial scandal that shocked all Film-land. ● SECRETS THAT TORTURE THE STARS. How thoughtless, even unheeded words and deeds rose again to haunt—sometimes to threaten ruin to film idols. ● IN DEFENSE OF RUDY VALLEE. Why Rudy's highest qualities—his forthright honesty and stubborn defense of a principle have put him in so many "spots". ● WHAT MRS. ROOSEVELT THINKS OF CENSORSHIP—you'll be surprised! ● GARBO'S NEW ROMANCE—the latest mystery.

April  
**SCREEN BOOK**  
Now on Sale

If you are unable to obtain a copy of SCREEN BOOK at the newsstand, send 10c in stamps or coin to FAWCETT PUBLICATIONS, Inc., 529 S. 7th St., Minneapolis, Minn.

Now on Sale Everywhere, 10 Cents

## You've Forced Jack Pearl to Tell the Truth

(Continued from page 29)

with a show, if someone sends me a card or a letter wishing me good luck I stuff it in the pocket of my bathrobe and keep it until it's worn out, whether it's two or three years.

**Are you married?**

Yes, I married Winifred Desborough, an English actress, eleven years ago.

**Do you lie to your wife?**

It's not necessary now. Since she's been hearing Baron Munchausen she believes me.

**Do you, like most radio stars, receive proposals of marriage in your fan mail?**

No, I've never received a one. I guess nobody loves a liar. I get plenty of fan mail, but it differs somewhat from the usual run of that kind of letters. Practically all of it is complimentary—commending us for being "better than a doctor" and giving the country a laugh when it needs it. Some of the letters contain requests for money. The only criticism we've ever received is that the audience in the studio laughed too much and spoiled the reception.

**What difference in technique do you find between putting yourself across the footlights to your audience and over the air?**

Radio is more difficult. You've got to put everything—your personality and sincerity—into your voice alone, instead of having the help of your body, as you do on the stage.

**Psychologically, do you find that telling tall tales on the air has an effect on your private life?**

That's a good question. I've been called a liar, but curiously enough, since I've been on the air with the "Baron" program I seem to get most of it out of my system through the microphone. I probably lie now less than the average man. It's a great psychic physic.

**How far do you think a lie should go?**

Well, I've acquired an entirely new philosophy since I started on the "Baron" program. I believe in "white lies." I feel that there are times when you have to lie, but you must do so in a way that you won't hurt anyone, and so that there will be no sin in your soul. That justifies a lie.

**Is it true that on one drink you are the "cutest drunk on Broadway?"**

That's Walter Winchell's story.

**Are you temperamental?**

No, sentimental. I'm an easy man to deal with—except when it comes to money.

**Who is your favorite radio star?**

Outside of myself, Eddie Cantor. Next, Ed Wynn. They say Cantor is slipping, but don't kid yourself!

**Who is your favorite movie star?**

I'd rather not say—I'm going back there in September.

**Baron, what is your philosophy of life?**

To be decent to people. To treat them as kindly and fairly as possible and to encourage the young. I believe we need more art in America—more actors, more poets, more writers and painters. But first we must prepare the way for them. Art flourishes only when people need it. What we need most now is a social system by which people can grow. People are confused. They haven't yet come to the realization that the justification of life is art and culture. The pioneers frowned on it and we're taking the rap!

**Supposing you met the Baron face to face in this age and he started telling you one of his tall tales, what would you say to him?**

Vass you der, Baron?  
Witness excused!

## Modernize Your Kitchen

(Continued from page 45)

Waldorf we visited first of all the main kitchen.

This huge kitchen—almost a block long—is comparatively narrow with a broad aisle running the full length. The floors are tiled and tiling takes up part of the wall space. Buff-colored paint completes them. Whenever wood appears—as in the separate ice boxes placed in each section—it is of light color and highly varnished, another protection against dirt. Down the entire length of one side of the kitchen are the gas ranges, properly ventilated to carry off odors (another note for home kitchens to copy).

In front of these ranges are long counters, rather high, so the workers do not have to stoop—backaches are not efficient and can often be avoided by the use of working surfaces of correct height. On racks above these counters hang the cooking utensils needed for the preparation of the foods in that particular section.

One of the most interesting kitchens to me was the home cooking kitchen, in charge of a dietitian. The cooking

was done entirely by women. This kitchen caters especially to room service; it is there that special diets are prepared; the milk of visiting babies is modified and much-longed-for home foods are prepared for home-sick guests.

I inquired what these dishes were. The dietitian laughed. "They vary," she said. "Yesterday noon we had an order for corned beef and cabbage, New England style; last evening at nine-thirty one of our men guests sent up for potato pancakes and applesauce. Here is floating island—there is a fruit salad the way a woman likes it, with a sweet cooked dressing. When people visit New York, they appreciate the French cooking of the chefs and react to the stimulus of new foods. But once in a while they feel home cooking is best—that's where we come in."

And therein lies a two-fold lesson for every homemaker. Study new foods; experiment with new recipes; learn the cookery of foreign lands—but don't ever forget that down in their hearts, home folks will always appreciate home cooking and the woman who does it.



## No More Wrinkles

[Continued from page 50]

several different facial muscles are contracted, those around the mouth and the eyes. Obviously you cannot stop laughing in order to prevent the formation of wrinkles, but you *can* do something to prevent them. That is to relax all the facial muscles frequently. In the hurried life the average modern woman leads, there is so little time for rest that the only recess her facial muscles have is when she is asleep. . . . That is not enough, however. Every woman should *make* herself stop working several times during the day to relax for two or three minutes.

A pad of fat beneath the skin gives the face its youthful contour and roundness, while elastic muscle fibers in the skin are responsible for its smoothness and firmness. Now a third cause of wrinkles occurs when a woman in her late thirties loses the fat pad through too strenuous dieting or prolonged illness.

**I**N THIS article largely concerned with dry skin, it seems quite appropriate to tell you about a new cream cheek rouge just introduced. As nearly every woman now realizes, cream rouge is much more beneficial to a dry, sensitive skin than the dry or cake variety. This particular cream rouge is made by the same company that brought out a sensational indelible lipstick about six months ago. To all appearances, the cheek rouge will be as widely popular as its older sister, for it comes in the same lovely shades and in a metal container decorated with tiny dancing girls, just as the lipstick does. The price of this new rouge is only 75 cents.

A few days ago, I received two face powder boxes, one full and the other empty. I was a little puzzled until I discovered that this was the manufacturer's graphic way of telling me that he has changed the design of his powder container. While there did not seem, at first glance, to be drastic changes, a thorough inspection disproved this. The original color design has been retained, but the cover or lid, instead of clamping on, is now of the slip-on type, making it much easier to get at the powder and giving the box a more dressed-up appearance. The powder, instead of being in a metal drum, is now in a gilt cardboard drum. Altogether a much more fitting container for one of the nicest powders on the market. Want the name?

Now comes a liquid shampoo which has all the best points of both a soap shampoo and an oil shampoo, with none of their drawbacks, and yet the manufacturers claim that their new product is neither a soap nor an oil! But whatever the chemical formula, it has produced a superlative hair cleanser. I have never yet washed my hair and found it so shining and lustrous and it is amazing, too, how much longer a wave stays in after you have used this shampoo. . . . Perhaps the greatest triumph is that it won't smart when you get it in your eyes. You are probably thinking that this wonder shampoo must be awfully expensive, but it is not. A generous bottle containing enough for twelve or more shampoos costs only 75 cents. I'll be glad to tell you where you can send for it.

APRIL, 1934

# WHICH SKIN FAULT IS SPOILING YOUR BEAUTY?

•  
LARGE PORES?

BLACKHEADS?

PIMPLES?

OILY SKIN?

•  
CHAPPED HANDS?



For new beauty use this  
*medicated* corrective cream

—say scores of nurses

Among the 6,000,000 women who are now using this new kind of corrective cream, there are thousands of trained nurses. And they ought to know what's really good for

the skin! Their training has taught them what the skin *needs* to keep it healthy and beautiful.

### Invisible Pore Poisons

Science now recognizes that many of the common skin faults come from tiny hidden poisons that lurk unseen beneath the skin surface. Large pores, blackheads, pimples, oiliness, roughness and other beauty-destroying flaws are often caused by these invisible poisons.

Ordinary care is not enough. Creams and lotions that merely cleanse the surface fail to reach these deep-lodged poisons. A special *medicated* cream is necessary. And Noxzema is such a cream. Noxzema is pure-white, greaseless, *vanishing*—containing medicines that sink into the skin, help to keep pores germ-free and restore the skin to normal health and beauty.

**HOW TO USE:** Apply Noxzema every night after all make-up has been removed. In the morning wash off, first with warm water, then with cold water or ice. Apply a little more Noxzema then as a protective powder base. With this scientifically perfect complexion aid, you'll soon glory in a skin so clean and clear and lovely it will stand closest scrutiny.

### SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER

Try Noxzema at little cost—see how wonderfully it clears, softens and refines your skin—see why over 10,000,000 jars are used yearly. Noxzema is sold by all drug and department stores. Ask for the new larger economical 50c jar. But don't wait—start improving your skin tonight. Get a jar *today* from the nearest dealer. Or get the generous 25c jar FREE by sending 15c to cover cost of mailing and handling to the Noxzema Chemical Co., Dept. 64, Baltimore, Md.



WONDERFUL FOR  
CHAPPED HANDS, TOO

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 50c jar.



Now...!  
**MARCHAND'S**  
 CASTILE SHAMPOO



**NEW!**  
**EXQUISITE!**

**NEW!**—Marchand's have discovered a formula for a decidedly superior shampoo.

**EXQUISITE!**—Made to make hair lustrous and lovely, not merely to cleanse it.

If you have been using any old soap or shampoo, use Marchand's Castile Shampoo for a change, for a wonderful change in the condition of your scalp and the beauty of your hair.

Marchand's Castile Shampoo does not dry out the scalp like ordinary soaps do. Marchand's contains the highest grade of virgin olive oil to nourish the scalp and help retard dandruff. Marchand's cleanses gently and thoroughly—leaving the hair exquisitely soft, easy to comb—perfect for waving or dressing. The natural color is not lightened or changed.

Best for children's tender scalps and for men with dandruff conditions. Exceptionally low price—and

**A LITTLE GOES A LONG WAY**

If Your Druggist Hasn't Stocked it Yet—Get By Mail

For a Regular Size Bottle, Fill out coupon; send with 35c (covers all charges) in coins or stamps to C. Marchand Co., 251 West 19th St., New York City.



Please send me your Shampoo—35c enclosed.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_ City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Druggist \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

# Maude Adams Comes to Radio

(Continued from page 35)

They bade her explore the various floors at 711 Fifth Avenue.

Because of her life-long habit of avoiding personal publicity and her determination to win acclaim through perfection of illusion, her tour of the studios was made incognito. She was introduced as "Miss Ewell," a family middle name which does not appear on any printed record but which was bestowed on Miss Adams in her infancy.

Armed with a presidential open sesame she entered an NBC studio prior to rehearsal of a radio play. A young man whose business it was to enforce studio rules politely attempted to eject "Miss Ewell." Mr. Pitman came to the rescue with "the papers." Miss Ewell remained in a corner and watched the proceedings but kept her own counsel, a la Maude Adams.

For many days last June she wandered through studios. Once she invaded a control room. The young engineer objected volubly. Passports were presented. He was slightly mollified. "But you must sit in that corner and not make any noise," he cautioned. The Ewell person obeyed him implicitly.

Having found her voice a microphone "natural," having mastered the mechanics of auditions, Miss Ewell metamorphosed into Maude Adams while a sponsor was sought. Pond's Cold Cream came loyally into the picture by way of the J. Walter Thompson Agency and Herschel Williams. That young man was the important intermediary. Two years under the celebrated Professor George Pierce Baker of Yale, and three years in the radio department of J. Walter Thompson, during which he had directed *Roses and Drums*, had made Mr. Williams not only an adept at drama. He was also radio minded, which is important.

**H**AVING sold Miss Adams and Pond's Cold Cream on each other and having sold his agency on both of them, he proceeded to make Maude Adams a radio actuality. This was his part of the discovery.

Because he is supported by critical comment and by thousands of letters in the Adams' fan mail, I will again quote

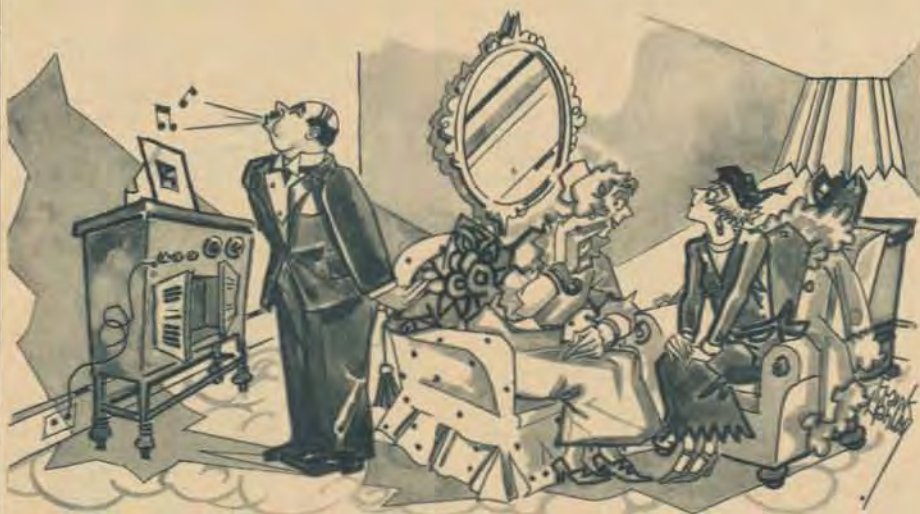
the youthful but effective director. "We set out to prove," he continued, "that there is a large place for pure theatre on the air. One proof of the soundness of this contention is that none but actual participants is in the studio when Miss Adams is starring on the air. Each studio door is carefully guarded. Not even an NBC, agency or sponsor official is permitted to see the inside of that studio unless he or she is actually necessary to the production."

The studio audience was barred on Miss Adams' orders. She insists that her artistic success is largely due to isolation from her audience during rehearsal periods and in private life. She carries this belief to barring all but participants from a radio studio. True theatre is based on illusion. In the legitimate theatre this illusion is effected by the footlight barrier between the stage and auditorium. In radio the illusion is perfected by projecting the character through her voice. A studio audience would certainly detract from the effect obtained. "What I want them to see is not me but *Babbie* or *Peter Pan* or any other character I may be playing."

**S**O, IN all human probability, no spectator will ever behold Maude Adams broadcasting.

It was characteristic that, during the first full rehearsal, when Director Williams had seated the cast in a row of chairs and had placed in front of them a small table at which Miss Adams was supposed to be seated, she said: "Excuse me, Mr. Williams, but I belong back there with them." And back there she sits during all her rehearsals.

To conserve the illusion the real radio Maude Adams will not be reproduced in a studio picture. You will not see her photographed as she talks into the "mike." You must take her word for it that she speaks her magic lines from memory, just as though she was in a theatre. Though she is, in appearance, quite as young as when she played *Peter Pan* on the stage, her vast radio audience must see her in imagination. That her new audience is doing this is evidenced by reviewers' praises and by tons of fan letters.



"He's accompanying the Philharmonic Orchestra"

RADIOLAND

## Tuneful Topics

[Continued from page 36]

almost as well, if not better than *Hold My Hand*.

There is a very lovely tune called *Sweet and Lovely* which Ray Henderson frankly admits is a combination of several old melodies. This is a song that all three writers feel is their best—the one that will be most popular. I cannot agree with them but will be happy to be proven wrong.

*My Dog Loves Your Dog* is just one of those novelty things that gives White a chance to present a lot of comedy routine with all types of dogs and all types of owners of dogs in humorous situations.

Then there is another novelty number called *Father's Day*. It not only gives three of us a chance to do it in dialect (yours truly being a Scotch father) but furnishes a few days' work for some of the male extras who parade around with baby carriages and do a number like the Busby Berkley creations which were such a feature in the three Warner Brothers pictures *42nd Street*, *Gold Diggers of 1933* and *Footlight Parade*.

There is a *Cotton in the Cabin* number, which is a comedy burlesque of all the Mammy songs of the last three or four years, ending with *That's Why Darkies Were Born*.

I should like to diverge at this point to pay due tribute to Messrs. Gordon and Revel, who have turned out to be the ace pair of songwriters of the past year with not only their excellent popular songs, such as *Night In June*, *Underneath the Harlem Moon*, *An Orchid To You*, and the four songs from *Broadway Thru a Keyhole*, but now their outstanding hit songs, *Sittin' Pretty* and *Did You Ever See a Dream Walking?* As one story writer on the Fox lot remarked to me, with the idiotic title of this beautiful melody when brought to his attention, he hardly thought this song would be as popular as it is. These two boys, who possess real talent and merit, deserve the public acclaim which is now theirs.

There are also the five excellent songs from Marion Davies' and Bing Crosby's picture *Going Hollywood*.

Beginning with one very light song, which he sings as he leaves Grand Central Station for Hollywood, and five which are most excellent compositions—all of them are extremely varied in type and character. Nearly everyone who has heard the five songs feels that *We'll Make Hay While the Sun Shines* will be preferred. Personally I find that I lean toward *Our Big Love Scene* which Bing Crosby sings to Miss Davies with the accompaniment of an orchestra of 120 pieces. As a third song, *Temptation* probably typifies the vicious influence of Fifi Dorsay, who is a villainess, and tries to take Mr. Crosby away from the girl who loves him, Miss Davies.

After *Sundown* is a tango which Mr. Crosby sings in a Mexican night club. *Cinderella's Feller* is a rather good attempt on the part of Herb Brown and Arthur Freed to write another *Wedding of the Painted Doll*, which they did so successfully for *Broadway Melody*. It has the same general feeling throughout the composition as did their previous novelty success. It is a tune best adapted to girl trios, who tell the story in querulous voices, pitched high.

APRIL, 1934

# HELP KIDNEYS



## ...don't take drastic drugs

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

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

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

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

Because of its amazing and almost world-wide success, the Doctor's prescription known as Cystex (pronounced Siss-tex) is offered to sufferers under a fair-play guarantee to fix you up to your complete satisfaction or money back on return of empty package. It's only 3c a dose. So ask your druggist for Cystex today and see for yourself how much younger, stronger and better you can feel by simply cleaning out your Kidneys. Cystex must do the work or cost you nothing.



W. R. George  
Medical Director

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

## City Health Doctor Praises Cystex

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

# Oh! How Different



It's so mild  
.. so pleasant  
.. so kind to  
the skin

**DE WANS**  
Special Facial  
**HAIR  
REMOVER**



NOT just a depilatory, but a "miracle" of beauty chemistry. Think of it. A hair remover that can be used on the most tender face without smarting... without even "pinking" the skin... without making a disagreeable odor. That's DE WANS... and it means, simply, that you don't have to tolerate a single unwanted hair a moment longer... on your face... on your arms or legs. DE WANS is \$1 at the best drug and department stores.



## SKIN ERUPTIONS NEED NOT WORRY YOU

Pimples, eczema, itching, burning skin, undue redness, minor rashes and scaly scalps are no longer necessary when relief is so simple. Poslam will show what it will do for you in one application. Just apply at night and note improvement next morning.

### JUST TO PROVE IT

We will send you a test package FREE.

Simply send your name and address to:

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New York, N. Y.

You can get Poslam at any drug store, 50c.

**FUTURE WHAT IS YOUR FATE in 1934?**

**YOGAR—Famous Radio Astrologist Will Guide You**  
*Aids Thousands Everywhere*

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# Mrs. Roosevelt Discusses Radio

[Continued from page 13]

lady. Yessir—a fine lady. Good luck!"

We entered a small room leading directly off the lobby. That was the office of Malvina Thompson Scheider—Mrs. Roosevelt's secretary for eleven years—her "right hand"—a woman who says that Mrs. Roosevelt's career is her career—that she would not be happy working away from her.

"Mrs. Roosevelt is having a busy morning. She's had one conference already, but she will see you now."

She led me into Mrs. Roosevelt's "appointment room" and left me. The room was beautifully-appointed in red, with white-panelled walls.

MRS. ROOSEVELT came in quietly, with a smile of greeting for me. It put me instantly at ease. I thought of the story I had heard of a young girl who was having tea with another First Lady. She, the First Lady, was so stiff and formal that the girl became nervous and excited, and finally dropped her cup of tea on the floor, with a great clatter.

Well, that simply couldn't have happened with Mrs. Roosevelt. She's much too charming and kindly to create a strained atmosphere. Simplicity is her keynote.

On this occasion she wore a soft white silk blouse and black skirt. Her hair was loosely waved, falling naturally about her face. Lovely blue stones at her throat and in a ring matched her eyes. Her voice was softly modulated and, though I knew that her day would be filled with endless important activities, she did not give me the feeling that she was one of those very tiring, energetic persons. Rather did I get an impression of great vitality beneath a quiet and gracious manner.

"No," she said, in answer to my first question, "I do not find much time to listen to the radio, but I'm continually being astonished at the number of people who do. Especially, the large following that the Washington news commentators have—Kaltenborn, Frederick William Wile, and the others. I think they are exceptionally good.

"I listen to them, too, and I turn on the radio when there's a speech I want to hear. Otherwise, I'm afraid I'm too busy to follow the programs.

"I'm particularly interested in children's programs, however, and in the work the Federation of Women's Clubs and the P. T. A.'s are doing to make them educational.

"I think it is the duty of mothers and teachers to see that their children get only helpful entertainment—or, at least, entertainment in which will do them no harm."

HER grandchildren did not get to listen often, she said, because of the busy and carefully-planned pattern of their lives, but when they did, she wanted them to hear only the best things. Programs with too much "blood and thunder" in them, or any suggestion of "racketeering" should be especially avoided, she thought.

"Don't you think it is the duty of radio to elevate the public taste, Mrs. Roosevelt, instead of playing down to it?" I asked.

"People always resent being reformed or educated, if you make a point of it," she replied, "but I think it can be done

in an indirect way. It's the duty of any art to elevate.

"I believe we should try to have the best in everything. If the radio sponsors are going to give us jazz music, then let them give us the best jazz music.

"Of course, I think it is amazing—the rapid strides that radio has made in the last few years—and the number of good things we can get on the air now."

"But," I asked, "don't you think we could have even better programs if more people would sit down and write letters when they hear good musical and dramatic programs that they like?"

"I think people should always write and show their appreciation of things they enjoy," she said, "but urging more people to write might bring only more fan letters for the crooners and jazz bands," she added, with a smile.

When it was suggested that programs might be improved if the sponsors were forced to present them first before a board of censorship to be established by the Federal Radio Commission, Mrs. Roosevelt disagreed. Since the stage and movies have been fighting the censorship bogey for years, and radio is likely one day to be faced with the same battle against organizations aiming to "blue pencil" programs, the question was a particularly pertinent one.

She is opposed to censorship in any form, she told me. She thinks improvements should come about naturally. If left to itself, she believes the public will eventually reject what is worst in radio, or any field, and select only the best.

AS TO the commercial announcements on programs, she said that perhaps we are fortunate not to have the entire fifteen or thirty minutes taken up with them, since the sponsors are paying for the time.

She thinks the sponsors would be sensible, however, to make the announcements brief, and have them come at the beginning and end of the program. An eminently sensible suggestion by the way, which the more intelligent advertisers have already begun to adopt.

"I have heard people say that they were surprised and annoyed to hear a sponsor's talk in the middle of a program they were enjoying," she remarked.

I passed on to a more personal question.

"And how did you like broadcasting, Mrs. Roosevelt? Were you frightened by the microphone?"

Mrs. Roosevelt, you will recall, gave a series of sponsored talks in 1932. I can still see her in the old NBC Times Square studio, as she slipped in quietly to take her place at a desk at the side of the stage, bowing graciously to the audience and reading her speech in a calm voice . . . quietly slipping away when she had finished. Not a bit of fuss or show.

"I was not in the least frightened by the microphone," she said, "and I enjoyed the experience very much. I get a strange sort of voice over the air, though. Something very funny happens to it. It doesn't sound like mine."

And so, because she doesn't think her voice is very good for radio, she does not broadcast often.

Well, perhaps she feels that after all, it wouldn't be fair for a family to have more than one wonderful "personality" voice like our President's!

## Fred Allen Tells His Story

[Continued from page 21]

"I practiced for my own amazement," he says. And as he speaks his blue eyes are very solemn behind horn-rimmed glasses. His face is always as serious as that of an owl.

When he graduated from high school, Fred Allen went to work in a piano store at eight dollars a week. At nights he did his juggling act at various theatres.

"I wasn't a very good juggler in those days," he explains, "so I covered up my shortcomings as a juggler by telling jokes."

**T**HEY had to be pretty good jokes, because Fred made plenty of mistakes as a juggler. Once while he was juggling a cannonball, he accidentally hit himself with it.

As time went by, Fred improved as a juggler, but he kept on telling more and more jokes, and people seemed to appreciate the jokes even more than the juggling.

He came to New York, where at first he couldn't get a single booking. So for two years he played in small theatres around New York. Then finally he got a chance in a small New York theatre, where an agent from Australia saw him. The agent promised him a six months' contract, and his fare paid both ways.

Afterwards he went back to the United States, and appeared on various vaudeville circuits. He juggled balls, hats, plates, cigars, cuesticks and jokes. Especially jokes. The world was full of jugglers, but there were few people who could dish out monologue the way Fred Allen could. So he juggled his way up from a cheap vaudevillian to a high class comedian.

**A**BOUT this time he met Portland Hoffa. She was a singer and dancer in the *Scandals*. With his passion for juggling things and people, Fred Allen just couldn't let her remain a singer and dancer. He wrote a vaudeville sketch that included parts for both himself and Portland, and juggled her around from a dancer to a comedienne. And a comedienne she's been ever since.

They appeared together in the *First Little Show*, with Libby Holman and Clifton Webb, and also in *Three's a Crowd*. Just before they appeared in the *Little Show*, they got married.

Then radio grabbed them. Their work in *Three's a Crowd* interested the agency which handled the Linit Bath Club program, and they were offered an audition and then a contract. They appeared for twenty-six weeks on this program, and then for eighteen weeks they helped to glorify Hellmann's Mayonnaise. And now, of course, they've juggled their way to a new program, and are delighting the audiences who listen in to the *Sal Hepatica* program on Wednesday nights. Each week they juggle the backgrounds around.

Fred realizes that he owes his success to juggling. He still keeps the juggling balls he used in *Three's a Crowd*. And almost every day he juggles a handball around in the gymnasium. The last time I saw him his nose was quite red, and he explained that he had hit himself with a handball. You see, he hasn't got over being a bad juggler yet.

APRIL, 1934



# Don't let PAIN rob you of your charm!

**New Relief Works Faster—Modern Doctors Approve**

● Don't let pain take the sparkle out of your eyes or the brilliance from your conversation!

It is foolish to let any of the ordinary aches and pains distress you. You can be sure to feel well at any particular time and need have no wasted afternoons and evenings.

Science has made amazing strides in the relief of pain, and now headaches, backaches, earaches, and toothaches are commonly relieved in record time.

People who use HEXIN nearly always find that pains yield to 2 of these tablets with a glass of water in less than 10 minutes.

### Double Action Relieves Pain Faster

The HEXIN formula (printed on the box) is well known to modern doctors and druggists. Part of this new 5-grain tablet dissolves at once in the stomach, giving instant relief. The remainder dissolves in the digestive tract and prolongs relief amazingly. Many users claim relief to be 3 times as fast and to last 3 times as long.

Originally developed for children, HEXIN had to be safe and, in actual clinical tests, it proved much less disturbing to the digestion than old-fashioned, slow-acting tablets. It can be taken

just before meals without upsetting the stomach or spoiling the appetite.

### Quick Relief for Colds

While no certain cure has been developed for the common cold, many people find that if they take 1 HEXIN tablet with water every hour until a total of 6 or 7 have been taken, a threatened cold fails to develop. HEXIN also greatly relieves the discomfort incident to colds in the head.

The fever-reducing action of HEXIN is well known to the medical profession. Pains due to rheumatism, arthritis and neuritis usually yield quickly to HEXIN.

### Make the Only Test that Counts

Next time you are in pain, take 2 HEXIN tablets with water and look at your watch. In most cases the pain begins to lessen and tense muscles relax in 3 to 5 minutes. In 5 to 10 minutes pain miraculously vanishes.

All modern doctors and druggists know the HEXIN formula and endorse it. Buy a box today. Insist on HEXIN. Nothing else is "just as good".

The only test of any pain-reliever which means anything is how it acts with you. Make this test free by mailing the coupon now.



Buy HEXIN in these economical sizes



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## "These WINDOW SHADES FOR 15¢ EACH?"

YES—  
THE NEW  
IMPROVED  
CLOPAY!



### "YOU'RE JOKING!" He Insisted

**B**UT when I finally convinced my husband, he wanted new Clopays for every room... New Improved Clopays are biggest shade bargain yet. Full size fibre shades that won't crack, fade or pinhole. Heavier and stronger than ever before. Wooden slat included. And now you need trim only one side to fit narrower windows. Easily put up, too—no tacks or tools. Plain colors and chintz designs. Send 3c stamp for color samples. Clopay Corp., 1290 York St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

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Mrs. Kais Harris, Alexander City, Ala.

Why suffer? The LIEPPE METHOD quickly relieves indicated Varicose Veins, Varicose Ulcers, Enlarged and Swollen Veins, Eczema and other staled leg troubles while you work. A special prescription for each type of case. 40 years of success! Praised by thousands.

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## I DISCOVERED a NEW Way to REDUCE

Surplus Fat Goes Without Severe Exercise or Starvation. Easy! Safe!

"My weight was a joke to my friends. But it wasn't funny to me. Now it's my turn to laugh and be happy—thanks to SLENDO Herb Tea."—This new, different tea, blended from pure medicinal herbs and roots, is just the thing for overweight people tired of freak diets and ineffective methods. Just send name and address together with 10c for liberal trial package of SLENDO Herb Tea and directions. Write today!

Sample 10c  
MODERN MEDICAL CO.  
1420 S. Halsted St., Dept. D-1, Chicago, Ill.

## Radio Gold Lures Hollywood Stars

[Continued from page 15]

Ernest Truex, Irene Dunne have all appeared in the broadcast, or will appear in the near future.

In addition to Hepburn, such screen personalities as Wheeler and Woolsey, Mae West, Mary Pickford and others of equal fame are being negotiated for contracts to feature Hind's Honey and Almond Cream over the Hall of Fame broadcast. Groucho and Chico Marx are negotiating for a microphone spot. And every radio fan in the country knows the Chase and Sanborn hour with Eddie Cantor as head attraction. The Gulf Oil Corporation has recently signed up Will Rogers for a series of broadcasts to run into many weeks.

Strangely enough, the last two names are the only definitely successful radio features that have come out of Hollywood. Eddie has been entertaining the country via the mike for three years. Will Rogers has been on the air for over two years, and both have a solid following that no other radio performer can equal. The two comedians, so widely different in their contributions of amusement, seem to possess the necessary talent for radio-art. They put over a broadcast, and leave the mike each week with the knowledge that their multitude of listeners will be waiting for them the following week at the same hour. Most of the one-spot performers who come on for one broadcast only, give out a feeling of uncertainty—a not-knowing or caring what-is-it-all-about sense—and as a result, the man who listens in doesn't care whether he ever hears so-and-so again. The program arrangement is usually terrible.

**H**OW many of you radio fans have listened in to these various movie celebrities? How many of you who are ardent screen fans as well, have felt a decided disappointment in hearing the dulcet tones of your favorite star broadcasting the highly important announcement that he or she is just crazy about visiting New York, or comparing that already stereotyped California climate to the East?

Few of the film players have a real radio-personality, which is as unique a gift as a screen or stage personality. Helen Hayes has appeared before the mike several times. Miss Hayes is not only one of the finest dramatic actresses in America, but her screen triumphs are known all over the world. In her first broadcast, she was something of a disappointment. She never showed her talent to poorer advantage. But after having once gotten the "feel" of a mike, and having overcome her decided nervousness (she almost fainted from sheer nervousness that first broadcast), she came back with more strength and genuine determination to put it over, and as a result, her radio audience has increased in number and admiration all over the country.

**B**UT Miss Hayes is one of the very few screen stars who have gone over on the air. That peculiar gift of making the listeners feel that they are in the presence of a tangible personality, not merely a disembodied voice, is lacking to most of the other film players. Will Rogers' dry, slow drawing observations

on political and current events are uniquely his own personal radio attributes. His droll humor creates a definite link between speaker and listener, and the man at the other end of the wave length has the feeling that he can almost see Will standing before the mike, chewing a wad of gum, and with a sly grin on his face as he delivers one of his characteristic shafts of barbed wit.

If a movie star can sing or play some instrument, he or she has an opening wedge in radio entertainment before he makes his first broadcast. Musical professionals can get over on the ether so much more easily, so much more acceptably than dramatic or screen professionals. So that, for example, when Dick Powell, screen hero of many huge musical film productions, begins his series of radio performances, which he has contracted for, the chances are that his voice will develop into a program feature that will put him over in a big way.

**T**HE radio stars who have gone Hollywood and made good are so few numerically that they can be counted on one hand. Bing Crosby is perhaps the outstanding example of this, and leads the small band of stars who have gone from the air to the screen—and succeeded. Therefore, it is not so strange to expect failure on the reverse side of the question despite the fact that most screen players have, of course, received a long and arduous training in the development of their art which should in a large measure prepare them for the battle. Listen to one of the greatest names in film history on the subject:

"I have looked forward to radio work for some time now," said Mary Pickford, just recently on the subject. "I have had many large offers—flattering beyond belief from a monetary standpoint—but after having listened to so many broadcasts made by screen players who have come on as guest stars for one night only, I made up my mind to one thing definitely. No amount of money in the world is going to make me take part in a radio program until I feel that I have something interesting to say or act or do for the radio audience. Pressure is being brought to bear upon me from all sides. I don't know whether or not I'm being very foolish. I may be forced by circumstances to change my mind, and give in—but honestly and sincerely, while I am quite anxious to try radio, I want to wait until the material I have to offer seems good enough to warrant the attempt."

And that, my dear readers, is the excellent summary of a situation that is now confronting the harassed minds of many big radio powers—that-be. They have overlooked expenditure in a very necessary way, to my mind. Instead of holding such enticing sums for names of movie stars, why don't they cut off a few dollars from the five and six figure contracts to the stars, and turn these dollars over to good writers of short sketches, or pay famous writers larger sums to make proper dramatizations for vehicles in which the talent of the screen idol can be properly conveyed?

RADIOLAND

## Lanny Ross Hasn't Gone Hollywood

[Continued from page 24]

be in England—3,000 miles away from Amsterdam—on a concert tour.

Lanny felt that the track team could get along better without a running champ than the club could without a president. So he did what he felt to be his duty and stuck to the Glee Club.

THAT was the turning point in his career, the decision that made him Lanny Ross of the radio, the stage and the screen instead of Ross, L., of the cinder path.

By the time this is published, he will be in Hollywood, being starred in *Murder in the Vanities* by Paramount. "It must feel pretty good to be breaking into the movies like that," I remarked as we sat in his dressing room backstage at a theatre where he was making a personal appearance.

"Of course I'm tickled to death about it," he answered, "but I can't help wondering how I'll make out."

That's Lanny for you. None of this "I'll knock 'em dead" stuff. No "Watch my smoke." Simply, "I'll be in there. Doing my best. And I hope it's good enough."

It will be better than just good enough. You can bank on that, for Lanny Ross has everything. He's a tall, lean, husky young man of twenty-seven, with the wide shoulders and narrow hips of the born athlete.

"Did all your track work give you Athlete's Heart," I asked.

"Nope! If there's anything the matter with my heart, it's a different kind of heart trouble."

"Oh! Then you're not married?"

"Uh-UH!" And he broke into a gay little jig. Not that he has anything against marriage, though. There may be a Mrs. Lancelot Ross some day. Want to know what she'll be like?

"I won't much care whether she's tall or short, blonde or brunette," he said, "as long as she's regular. The girl I marry will have a sweet disposition and a willingness to take life as she finds it."

"She wouldn't have to have too much of a sense of humor—I don't like girls who're always kidding or giggling—but she'd be a pleasant person to live with. Tolerant, you know. Not a nagger."

HE'S had to work for everything he has. His singing helped pay his way through college—he took a post-graduate course in law at Columbia, you know. Even when I saw him, headlining in vaudeville, Lanny was still pitching in. No fanfare of trumpets announced him on the stage. No uniformed pages set up his microphone for him. He simply walked out with a six-foot standing mike in his hand, set it down and did his stuff in front of a plain drop. And the audience loved it.

It's not the money in vaudeville that lures him; it's an outlet for his suppressed ambition. Lanny really wants to be a concert singer. He achieved his desire once, at Carnegie Hall, in 1932, with his old Glee Club, but he's too modest to give another unless somebody urges him enough. He really ought to marry some nice, ambitious girl who'll see that he does what he wants to do.

APRIL, 1934

# NEW HEALTH & BEAUTY This Amazingly Easy Way

**Remarkable, New-type Pasteurized Yeast Ends  
Dull, Muddy Skin and Ugly Blemishes—Corrects  
Common Cause of Constipation**

*Skin sallow, pimply and  
blotched—Headaches—Always  
tired out—Losing her charm!*



*Skin clear and smooth,  
complexion lovely—Full of pep  
—Charming once more!*



WHY let the poisons of constipation drag you down, rob you of health and happiness? Why be ashamed of a sallow, blotchy or old looking skin when this simple, easy treatment will do wonders for you? Thousands have found that it brings a clear, lovely skin—perfect digestion and elimination.

"My skin was in very poor condition," writes a lady in South Boston, Mass., "but since taking your pasteurized yeast, the blemishes and pimples have completely disappeared." "I always had trouble with constipation until last winter when I started taking Yeast Foam Tablets. Now my elimination troubles are completely corrected. Your tablets were a great find for me." In such cases, the trouble is internal and requires internal treatment. That's just what Yeast Foam Tablets provide.

### New Health and Beauty

These delicious tablets of scientifically pasteurized yeast contain rich stores of the precious vitamins B and G—the nutritive elements which strengthen your digestive and intestinal organs, which give tone and vigor to your nervous system.

With the true causes of your trouble corrected, eruptions and blemishes disappear. Your skin becomes clear and smooth. Indigestion, constipation, lack of pep and nervousness all go. You enjoy new beauty and new health.



These results you get with a food, not a drug. Yeast Foam Tablets are made of pure yeast. Remember, pure yeast is the richest known food source of the vitamins B and G. In the average diet these essential elements are sadly deficient. In some of our most common foods they are entirely lacking! Yeast Foam Tablets are so helpful because they are super-rich in these nutritive factors.

### See for yourself

Yeast Foam Tablets are very different from ordinary yeast. They cannot cause gas or discomfort. They keep fresh for months and are always uniform in vitamin content. This yeast is used by various laboratories of the United States government and by many leading American universities in their vitamin research.

Any druggist will supply you with Yeast Foam Tablets. The ten-day bottle costs 50c—only a few cents a day. See what this remarkable corrective food will do for you. Get a bottle today!



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# "Here is the SECRET"

says  
*Mary Braun*



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YOU will be delighted with the smartness of your hands when you beautify them with MOON GLOW Nail Polish. Keep on your shelf all of the six MOON GLOW shades—Natural, Medium, Rose, Platinum Pearl, Carmine and Coral.

If you paid \$1 you couldn't get finer nail polish than Hollywood's own MOON GLOW—the new favorite everywhere. Ask your 10c store for the 10c size or your drug store for the 25c size of MOON GLOW Nail Polish in all shades. If they cannot supply you, mail the coupon today.

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Gentlemen: Please send me introductory pkg. of Moon Glow. I enclose 10c (coin or stamps) for each shade checked. ( ) Natural ( ) Medium ( ) Rose ( ) Platinum Pearl ( ) Carmine ( ) Coral.

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Sensitivity, selectivity, tone and volume improved. No lightning danger or unsightly aerial wires. Forget aerial troubles—move your set anywhere.

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**SEND NO MONEY!** Mail coupon at once. Pay postman \$1.00 plus a few pennies postage on delivery.

**TRY ONE 5 DAYS AT OUR RISK!** If not entirely satisfied, return within five days and your dollar will be refunded without question.

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Send F. & H. Capacity Aerial. Will pay postman \$1 plus five cents postage. If not pleased will return within 5 days for \$1 refund. Check here ( ) if sending \$1 with order—thus saving postage cost—same refund guarantee. Check here ( ) if interested in dealer's proposition.

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ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
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**FOR PERFECT NATION-WIDE RECEPTION AND WE WILL PROVE IT OR YOUR MONEY BACK.**

**FADED GRAY HAIR**

Women, men, girls with faded, gray, streaked hair, shampoo and color your hair at the same time with my new French discovery—"SHAMPO-KOLOR". No fads or fashions. Takes only a few minutes to merely shampoo into your hair any natural shade with "SHAMPO-KOLOR". No "dyed" look, but a lovely, natural, most lasting color; unaffected by washing, or permanent waving. Free Booklet. Monsieur L. P. Valligny, Dept. 19, 254 W. 31st St., New York City.

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**FADED GRAY HAIR**

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# Radio Love Song

[Continued from page 18]

time," said he. "But thanks just the same, Angelo! Guess maybe I'd better be gettin' back to my piano now. Chick might want me."

**M**EANWHILE, Chick was making his way through the little islands of checked tablecloths to where Gregory sprawled in his chair, a tortured cigar held at an angle in his rather cruel lips. Gregory saw Chick coming and half turned to his companion, speaking out of the unoccupied corner of his mouth.

"This is the one, Bill!" The words slipped out almost inaudibly. "Been hounding me for months to let him on the air."

"So that's the clown, eh?" Bill commented.

"That's him!" said the proprietor of Station WOX. "Now watch me give him a little ride."

Chick reached the table and slipped two glasses in front of the men with a smile which was meant to be ingratiating.

"How's that for service, Mr. Gregory?" he beamed.

"Fine, Chick, old boy, fine!" said the mighty one. "Say, I was just telling Mr. Zilch here about the way you put over a song. He's a big man at NBC."

The actor, finding himself thus suddenly nominated to strange fame, choked on his beer and then recovered himself in time to bow solemnly in response to Chick's delighted greeting.

"What Mr. Zilch would be most interested in," Gregory continued suavely, "is your original compositions. Go on and do your stuff for him!"

"You wouldn't kid a guy," said Chick, "would you, Mr. Gregory?" And then, before Gregory could change his mind, Chick was already backing towards the piano, his vanity wiping out all traces of embarrassment. "Wait 'till I get my partner!" he cried.

Chick somehow reached the side of his sleepy partner who was strumming an endless little melody on the stained, uneven keys. Chick nudged the Dutchman mercilessly.

"Wake up, stupid," he muttered. "I finally got you a break!" Dolph came to life with a start, his heavy face breaking into a smile.

"You don't mean to tell me," he said expectantly, "that you got me an inverted airmail stamp?"

"I'll knock you inverted in a minute!" Chick hissed back. "I'm talking about Gregory and—and the other guy! They're hot to hear the new number—vamp now—and put some pep into it!"

He cleared his throat nervously. Dolph's pudgy fingers ran up and down the keys with an elephantine attempt at lightness, and presently there floated out into the smoke-filled air a melody—a jerky little melody, not too new, not overly familiar, but with a curious twist to the rhythm of the lyric.

*The door of my heart  
Is open wide  
Step inside  
I'll turn the key  
And then we'll never part,  
At the start  
Foolish pride  
Made me hide how  
I loved you  
But now  
The door of my heart  
Is open wide!*

The tune tinkled on, accompanied by the thudding of beer mugs, the continual rattle of knives and forks. Under cover of the music, the actor leaned toward Gregory.

"I've heard worse," said he, "but I can't think where. But I've an idea about these guys. If you want to get rid of them, why not get them up for an audition? Don't tell 'em it's a gag. Let them take it seriously. Get the point?"

"Humph!" said Gregory. "Might be something in it at that. I get you—they're so lousy they might be funny!"

As the song came to an end, Gregory made a beckoning gesture and Chick came bounding, followed by a dutiful patter of applause. Presently he was staring with fascinated eyes at the business card upon which Gregory had written, "Studio 'D.' Six-fifteen tomorrow night."

**G**OLDFISH, people who must not throw stones, and radio performers live in glass houses. Silent and visible as goldfish, the radio-artist can be seen but not heard through the sound-proof glass partitions which divide studio from studio. WOX was a small station, situated atop a garment maker's establishment just off the Bowery, but it boasted four broadcasting rooms, all facing on a narrow corridor along which, promptly at six-fourteen the following evening, Chick and Dolph make their way.

The curtains of Studio A were open and inside an orchestra was rehearsing violently on seemingly silent instruments. Behind the window of Studio B a pair of comedians were playing pinochle while awaiting their turn. The curtains of Studio C were tightly closed, but the loud speaker above the door was going full blast and at the sound of an all-too-familiar voice, the boys came to a dead stop and grinned at each other. There was no mistaking Aunt Hattie's disgustingly dulcet tones.

"Your favorite, Chick!" said Dolph, indicating the loud speaker with a substantial thumb.

"That's just what's the trouble with radio," Chick complained indignantly. "With all the talent that's going around crying for a break, they've gotta poison the air with an old wind-bag like that!"

With a flourish, he strode ahead, flung open the door of Studio D, waved his hat at the astonished announcer, and flung his hands wide with a gesture of gay confidence.

"Hey, hey, Radio Audience," he cried. "Look out—here we come!"

Station WOX was equipped with the usual audience room where fans might sit and look, and even listen provided the sound was working. But tonight there was no public attendance, at least for the moment, and the loud speaker was not turned on. So the audience of three which had gathered there to watch could only gauge the performance of the new team of Allen and Rose by the gestures they made. Henry, the electrician, shrugged the straps of his overalls and shook his head sadly, addressing Doris, the station stenog.

"I claim it can't be as bad as it looks," said he.

"Is that a face the piano player is wearing?" retorted Doris, not to be outdone.

"If that Jolson gets any closer to the mike," the bookkeeper contributed, "it'll jump up and kiss him!"



"I wonder why the boss let them follow Aunt Hattie?" said the girl. "Such a good spot! It must be a gag."

"Sure it's a gag!" said the bookkeeper. "Gregory told me so. They ain't really on the air—they only think they are. Look—they've finished. Let's go in and hear the ribbing!"

With smothered laughter, the three moved off through the door just as Chick, straightening his objectionable coat, was turning from the mike, an expectant smile on his face.

Gregory, seated behind his desk, his feet on the blotting-pad, beckoned his cohorts to listen in on what was to come. With suppressed snickers they gathered behind him, waiting. The sound was switched to the adjoining studio and Chick spoke up, promptly and bravely.

"Well, Gregory, old boy," he began, "how does it feel to have some real talent on your station?"

"Chick," said Gregory with mock seriousness, "Chick, words fail me!"

Oblivious of the thinly veiled sarcasm behind the manager's words, Chick shot his cuffs, rubbed his hands briskly and spoke in a business-like tone.

"Well, if words fail you," said he, "don't let's go into that. I'm a guy who likes to come to the point, so suppose we talk business here and now. After all," he added, suddenly remembering, "we got to give Tony notice."

Gregory was already talking, oblivious of everything save his own wit.

"Boys, I think I have a spot for you," he said, chewing on the inevitable cigar. "From four-thirty to four-forty-five every morning."

"EVERY morning?" Chick was puzzled, but beginning to get it. "Did you say four-thirty?" There was an audible snicker from the little group behind Mr. Gregory and Chick shot a quick, angry glance in that direction just in time to catch Doris burying her face in her handkerchief. His eyes were blazing as he turned back to his interlocutor.

"Yes, yes," Gregory was continuing, highly amused with his game. "Yes, this being a twenty-four-hour station, we think you might be a good cure for insomnia!"

"Excuse me, boss," the electrician in-

terrupted with extreme politeness, "but the Health Department man is outside—he wants to disinfect the mike."

A roar of laughter greeted this sally, and Chick, now thoroughly angry, took a menacing step in the man's direction.

"Listen, wise guy!" he shouted. "One more crack like that out of you and I'll wrap that microphone around your neck!"

The air in the stuffy little studio was tense, a sudden actual menace having sprung into being, and as the electrician rolled back his sleeves with an ugly gesture, Gregory got nervously to his feet.

"Come on now, Chick," he began soothingly, "pipe down! Can't you take a little ribbing? Don't you realize this whole thing has been a gag?"

"Listen, buddy!" Chick was contemptuous now. "You guys like to slug below the belt. We didn't ask to come up here. You asked us to come up. All right, this is your backyard, not mine. So go ahead and have your laugh!" He drew a deep breath, controlling himself with difficulty, and bestowed a brief jerk of the head in the direction of his partner. "C'mon, Dolph!" he commanded, marching toward the door.

Again the laughter, interrupted this time by a commotion from the open doorway. A girl standing there had smacked her hands together sharply. At the sound everyone looked towards her, silent in the face of her apparent wrath. That she was someone of importance was evident from her air of assurance, her charming dress, her oddly dignified bearing. For despite her youth there was no uncertainty in her manner as she strode into the room, her grey eyes burning with indignation, her tawny hair thrown back with an expressive gesture of her little head. She walked past Chick and Dolph, who stared at her open-mouthed as she confronted the crowd imperiously.

"I've been listening for the last five minutes," she announced in a low, rich voice. "Look here, you idiots, haven't you got anything better to do than to kid these fellows?"

The firebrand's attention focused on Mr. Gregory, who obviously quailed before the girl's onslaught.

"That's what I call an A-number-one, lousy deal," she told him in staccato

tones, "getting people in just to make monkeys out of them!" The whirlwind now breezed in the direction of the boys and abruptly died down to the gentlest of summer breezes.

"Listen, boys," she said earnestly and simply. "I heard you and I thought you were swell. That tenor voice is really beautiful."

"You what?" exclaimed Gregory in dismayed astonishment.

"Certainly I heard them!" the girl declared hotly.

"But they weren't actually on the air?" Gregory wailed.

"I'm afraid they were, Mr. Gregory," the announcer broke in apologetically. "I guess Gus must have misunderstood you. . . ."

"Great sufferin' fish-hooks!" the manager howled, clasping both hands to his head.

"SO THAT was the gag, eh?" Chick's voice boiled with fury. "It was to be a fake try-out, was it?" Then with a supreme effort he controlled himself and smiled triumphantly at the girl. "Well, miss," he chortled, "it begins to look like you're the first real critic around here!"

"You were both great," the girl pronounced with finality, her tone carrying more righteous indignation than critical opinion. "You know, Mr. Gregory," she remarked between her teeth, "the boys did marvelously well. Now go ahead and tell them so!"

With difficulty, Gregory prevented himself from swallowing the stump of his cigar, swallowed his pride instead, and tried to look genial.

"Oh, you were all right, boys," he said. "And as far as a proposition is concerned, why I'll give it a lot of thought."

"Okay," said Chick suspiciously. "So will we!"

"Yeah," echoed Dolph. "So will we." Chick motioned him to silence with a gesture and turned to the girl.

"Excuse me, miss," said he with his flashing smile. "You wouldn't think we were a little fresh if we asked you something, would you?"

"Why, no," said the girl softly. "Of course not!"

"Well, you see," Chick began, curiously hesitant and annoyed with himself for being so, "you see, you were the only one who was kinda nice around here, so how about coming down to the Coffepot and having a cup of java with us—what d'ya say?"

"Why, I'd be delighted, boys," said she. "If you'll just excuse me while I get my hat, I'll meet you at the elevator!" With a little wave of her hand and a swish of her ruffled skirt, she was gone.

"Swell dame!" said Dolph.

"A double-swell dame," Chick amended emphatically. Then he turned amiably to the manager. "Say, Mr. Gregory," he asked, "what does she do up here . . . play a banjo or something?"

"A banjo?" Gregory roared with laughter at the notion. "Play a banjo? Why, that's Aunt Hattie!"

THE moon was over Broadway—downtown Broadway, white and silent as a desert canyon at this hour. And even in the depths of Manhattan's cold financial district the moon was working her age-old magic, for the girl had slipped an arm through Chick's on one side and Dolph's on the other, and they beamed at her in just such a fashion as two country boys, seeing a pretty girl

[Continued on page 62]



"Oh, shut off that fool radio drama"

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Address \_\_\_\_\_

# Radio Romeo

[Continued from page 61]

home through a shady lane, might have done. The Coffeepot, blinking garishly at the deserted street, was no less conducive to romance than the country drug-store. Over the steaming cups, two men saw a woman and then suddenly saw each other as they might appear in her eyes.

"Say, tell me," said Chick. "Your name isn't really Hattie, is it?"

"Sally Blaine," she informed them. "Sally to my friends."

"And are we your friends?" put in Chick. "After what you did tonight, Sally!"

The girl didn't seem to mind the familiarity. Already it seemed as if they had known each other for years, but there were technicalities to be uncovered.

"So you write the music, Dolph?" she asked. "My, that must be interesting!"

"Well, you see, I kinda write the music," Dolph beamed expansively. "but after all, I only write down what Chick hums to me."

"Don't pay no attention to him, Sally," Chick broke in with a self-conscious little laugh. "Dolph does just as much work as I do—we're what's called a team—Allen and Rose—that's us!"

"But you write the lyrics, don't you, Chick," said Sally. "How on earth do you ever think them up?"

"Oh, I don't know," said he. "You see, Sally, all my life I've seen things, well—that I never did really see—like the Southland—and snowy mountains—and wonderful people—and I kinda like to put 'em together. D'ya see?"

"I see, Chick," said the girl with quiet understanding.

Out on the silent reaches of lower Broadway once more, the moon, peering down and spying out Chick, shot another fateful beam at him. Asking where Sally lived and finding her address was on One Hundred and Tenth Street, he promptly hailed a taxi. Sally protested, but

nothing could stop Chick now. In another instant he had bundled her into it, climbed in himself, banged the door and the vehicle had moved away on screaming gears, leaving Dolph gaping on the corner, his uplifted green hat paralyzed in the midst of his good-night salute.

"He sells out a song for ten bucks," Dolph told a lamp post as he passed it, "because he has to take out a dame. Then he forgets the dame completely and takes out another dame and blows the ten on a taxi. Well, he's gotta right!" Dolph told the lamp-post aggressively. "He's a genius, so he's gotta right! But I kind of wish," he added wistfully, "that he hadn't picked on Sally."

**S**OME people seem to bring luck to everybody they associate with, and Sally Blaine was one of these. Perhaps, as even the sardonic Mr. Gregory admitted, it was because of her sunny disposition, her simple directness of character, her unquenchable belief in the goodness of life. But good luck followed her and rubbed off on those she loved, that much was certain. And so it was that two weeks later she walked into Station WOX and a situation which was to change the entire lives of her two newfound admirers.

It began simply enough when Sally came out of the elevator, very fresh and Spring-like in a new grey frock, and asked Doris if she had any mail. Doris duly admired the gown and without arising from her switchboard, reached up and pulled a fat packet of letters from a pigeon hole.

"Here you are," she said, handing them over, "a whole flock of letters from grateful wives whose husbands your recipes have poisoned. Say, by the way, honey," she added, "are you still running around with those coupla palookas?"

"A couple of swell palookas, if you



"Remember, kiddies—the Spider can't continue to murder unless you eat up all your 'Crispy Oatsies' every morning!"

RADIOLAND

ask me," she declared. "Hello! Here's a stamp for Dolph! He's a great collector, you know."

"What's he collect besides stamps?" demanded the hard-boiled one. "Dust? Fleas?" Then, before she could think up further insults, the switchboard signaled. "WOX!" she sang in dulcet tones. "Just a minute, Mr. Raymond!"

Across the reception room, Jack Leach, the reception clerk and pinch-hit-announcer, took his feet from his desk and picked up the 'phone.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Raymond," said he. "How's that team of yours going? It's gone! . . . Yeah, Gregory's taking it off the air tonight."

Sally tucked her letters under her arm and had started toward the dressing-room when Jack's next remark halted her, and she stood listening fixedly.

"Well, it's a bad break," Jack was saying. "Things are bad all over, but listen. Maybe I got something hot for you. A coupla mugs came in here the other night and sang some original stuff. Not good, not bad! But believe it or not, we got six hundred and fifty letters in on one song—all legit mail!" Sally ran lightly over to Jack's desk and signaled him frantically.

"Is it a sponsor?" she asked. Jack shook his head.

"Manager," he formed the soundless word with mobile lips. Then he spoke into the 'phone again.

"Must mean something, Raymond," he said. "Yeah! The name is Allen and Rose. . . . Naw, nobody ever heard of 'em. . . . That's the trouble, I'm not sure where you could find them. . . ."

"Tell him, Tony Kelly's on Sullivan Street," cried Sally excitedly, and waited in breathless suspense until, the information conveyed, Jack hung up.

"You've known all the time," she said accusingly, "that those boys held something, and you never told me! Why?"

"Gregory didn't want to give you the satisfaction, I guess," said Jack. "I don't think those mugs are so hot myself—especially that Chick. But Raymond's a nice fellow, and if by accident they hit something good, I'd like to help Raymond out."

"That Chick, as you call him," said Sally, immediately on the defensive. "can do more than recommend a song—he can write it—and what's more, he can sing it!"

THE little café on Sullivan Street was a drab place by daylight, the low ceiling full of shadows, the poverty of its shabby furnishing pitifully exposed by a stray bar or two of sunlight. But to Chick, leaning against the piano and putting his heart into his song, it was glorified by the presence of the first manager who had deliberately sought him out. Raymond was a fine looking man, handsome, well dressed and with a distinguishing touch of premature grey at his temples. He listened intently, chin in hand, his eyes half-closed.

Chick smiled at an imaginary audience as he sang. He finished with a flourishing wave of his hand, and then stood eyeing Raymond anxiously during a long moment of silence during which the listener unwound his long legs from the rounds of his chair and sat up. Unable to bear the silence, Chick broke it.

"That's it, Mr. Raymond," he said exultantly.

"Sit down!" said Raymond seriously. "I want to talk to you. Now I'll be frank. I sort of like your voice, Allen, and I like that song. I think it holds

[Continued on page 64]



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# Cantor's in the Money Now!

[Continued from page 39]



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rights to *Kid Boots* with the proviso that Eddie should appear in the leading rôle, and so began his first venture into the film world.

At this period, Eddie coined money from every source. He received over a hundred thousand dollars for each picture he made. His salary on the stage ran into the thousands weekly. He made a small fortune from his records. He invested his money in sound securities which paid huge dividends. He turned over his fortune to financial advisers, and he started building a huge, last-word-in-luxury home in Great Neck, Long Island.

He put a fortune into the house and grounds which soon, because of the elaborate fixings and trimmings, began to be known as "Cantor's Folly." He sold this same remarkable establishment just recently at a loss of several hundred thousand dollars.

ONE sad, Autumn day in the year of 1929, he was aroused from a sound sleep by his broker to be tersely informed that his million had gone. Everything was swept away.

Again he found himself unable to sleep at nights. But this time for an entirely opposite reason. In the long, weary hours of tossing and worry, suddenly, the thought came to him: "I'm caught short!" That startled his natural vein of optimism working again. "That's a swell title for a book! Caught Short! I'll write it!"

He wrote the book, and his name was on every lip in Manhattan. "Have you heard Cantor's latest quip about the stock market crash?" people asked all over the town.

In his first broadcast on the air Eddie decided to use all his comic talent in an effort to cheer the public. The word for hard times had become a national

phrase. Depression. Eddie started his famous presidential campaign, and soon millions of people all over the United States were familiar with his self-made political slogan—"We want Cantor." He kidded everybody and everything. Politics. Graft. Governmental fallacies. Prohibition. Public problems. Nothing was sacred. And the country kept laughing. Week after week, despite bank closings, threats of civil revolutions, unemployment, stock exchange scandals, a new hope brought about by laughter and the spreading of the gospel truth of not taking life too seriously, swept over the air.

HE MADE a lot of money in his first Chase & Sanborn broadcasting contract. In the second, he made still more. He returned to Hollywood to make more pictures. His *Kid from Spain* earned well over a million dollars, and brought him new laurels not only in this country, but in Europe.

In November of this Fall, Eddie returned to the air after an absence of several months. His new contract with Chase & Sanborn is a honey. He gets six thousand dollars each week for one hour's broadcast every Sunday night. The engagement is for seventeen weeks, and is elastic in that he can cut in and out on time with a two week's notice to the sponsors. So far, no other radio attraction can equal him in popularity save President Roosevelt, and Eddie's enthusiasm concerning the President as top man of radio is unbounded. Eddie has had many conferences with the President and often goes over his own programs and radio efforts with him.

One of the interesting phases of Eddie's visits to the White House lies in the story of how absorbed both the President and Mrs. Roosevelt were in his narrative of his early days. They



"That darn cheese program's on again!"

RADIOLAND

listened and were enthralled with the tales of Eddie's boy-hood career.

Eddie told them the story of one night, not many years ago, when the Friars, a famous theatrical organization, gave Eddie a banquet. Will Rogers, to the surprise of the members, requested that he be allowed the honor of acting as toast-master. Will's daily life is hounded by similar organizations with requests of exactly this nature. For him to come forward and volunteer his services, struck the club dumb with astonishment.

Rogers got up to speak, and his first words took everyone by surprise. Will told of the opening night of the Ziegfeld Follies back in 1917. It was Eddie's first big theatrical chance. After the curtain, everyone crowded around him with congratulations. Will followed the little comedian to his dressing-room, and instead of finding him prancing around with glee and happiness at his own success, he discovered him bent double with grief, and crying as if his heart would break.

"I finally managed to get out of him the real reason why he was crying. All his life he had hoped and prayed for an opportunity to show Grandma Esther the real merit of the boy she had brought up. He had longed for a chance to shower her with material comfort in her old age—to return with everything that money could buy, some of the benefits he had received from her. But it was too late. She died before Eddie became a big name in the profession.

"That's why I wanted to be toast-master," said Will Rogers, and he himself felt the tears streaming down his face at the memory.

There is one sentence which Eddie carries in red-letter figures on his mind. "Remember," Ida cautioned him just once when he had climbed so fast to the top that they were both dizzy. "Remember this, Eddie, no matter how swell you get, your hat must always fit the head of the little boy on Henry Street!" And among the thousands and thousands of people Eddie knows from every walk of life, the consensus of opinion is that it still does!

## A Son Speaks to His Father

[Continued from page 37]

THERE were many things, Father, in my boyhood that I could not understand and one in particular was the great ease and facility with which you handled the switch.

Have you forgotten how many times you told me when I was a lad that no boy's day is complete until he has had a good, sound thrashing from his daddy? Do you remember that I spent more complete days than incomplete ones?

Have you forgotten, Father, that even after I was a big boy you and Mother dressed me up in a little Lord Fauntleroy shirtwaist with ruffles on the collar and cuffs, Knickerbocker collar, with curls hanging down my neck to the bottom of that collar, and then you told me that only a coward would not defend himself if somebody started a fight? You sure made the going tough for me.

And then when I was seven Mother was taken ill—pneumonia, typhoid brain

[Continued on page 68]

APRIL, 1934

Every Good Boy Deserves Fun

**LOOK!**  
Easy as A·B·C  
to learn music this way



JUST see how it is! The lines are always E·G·B·D·F. Memorize the Sentence "Every Good Boy Deserves Fun"—and there you are! Whenever a note appears on the first line, you know it is e. Whenever a note appears on the second line, you know it is g. And the spaces are just as easy to remember. The four spaces are always F·A·C·E.



That spells "face"—simple enough to remember, isn't it? You have learned something already! Isn't it fun? You'll just love learning music this fascinating way! No longer hours of tedious practice. No "tricks" or "secrets"—you learn to play real music from real notes.

### LEARN BY NOTE

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Piano Accordion  
or any other  
Instrument

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# Making Mickey Mouse



Sing, Talk  
and Emote!!

NOT a small job that. It was comparatively easy until the talkies came along and decreed that Mickey and Minnie, Clarabelle Cow and the other troupers should be heard as well as seen. And the Three Little Pigs, too! It's one of the marvels of cinemaland. Here's just one of the dozens of fascinating articles in April Modern Mechanix—cram-full of ideas, facts and figures. And it's alive with ideas that smart fellows are using all the time to make more money—have nicer homes—live easier. Here are a few of the other titles:

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# The Spring Cake Parade

[Continued from page 44]

NOT long ago I sallied forth on Fifth Avenue in search of a hat and new cakes. I forgot all about the hat because I became so fascinated in the numerous cakes that I discovered. Among them was a brand new kind of roll, based on the old-fashioned jelly roll formula.

## BUTTERSCOTCH CAKE ROLL

3 eggs  
1 cup sugar  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup milk  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon vanilla  
 $\frac{1}{8}$  teaspoon salt  
1 cup cake flour  
1 teaspoon cream of tartar  
Scant  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon soda

Beat the eggs slightly; add the sugar, cream till fluffy, then add the salt, milk and cream of tartar and beat into the mixture. Spread in a large oiled dripping pan lined with waxed paper. Bake quickly at 375 degrees F., allowing thirty minutes; turn at once onto a paper dusted thickly with sifted powdered sugar. Cut off the edges if over-baked and spread with butterscotch filling. Roll up quickly, wrap in wax paper, chill and serve as a dessert with a garnish of sweetened whipped cream.

## BUTTERSCOTCH FILLING

$\frac{1}{2}$  cup brown sugar  
2 tablespoons cornstarch  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salt  
2 eggs  
1 cup milk  
2 teaspoons butter  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon vanilla

Beat the eggs with the sugar, cornstarch and salt. Scald the milk and pour into the mixture. Add the butter and cook and stir in a double boiler until thick and smooth. Flavor, cover, and set aside to almost cool before spreading on the cake.

## STRAWBERRY SPONGE CAKE

4 eggs  
1 cup granulated sugar  
Grated rind and juice  $\frac{1}{2}$  large lemon  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salt  
1 cup cake flour  
1 teaspoon baking powder

Separate the eggs; beat the yolks light and cream in the sugar, lemon rind and juice, beating with a wire whisk until fluffy. Beat the egg whites stiff with the salt. Sift the baking powder and flour together and fold in alternately with the egg whites to the first mixture. Turn into a tube or spring form pan and bake from forty-five to sixty minutes at 350 to 375 degrees F. Cool upside down in the pan and just before serving fill and heap the center with halved, well-sugared strawberries. Surround with strawberries and "frost" the cake all over with sweetened whipped cream.

**ICEBERG LOAF**—Follow the recipe for Strawberry sponge cake, baking it in a large round pan. Cool and cover with Seven Minute Icing, spreading it on thick and drawing it up into peaks. Dust with shredded cocoanut or with grated fresh cocoanut.

**SHADOW CAKE**—Prepare the mixture for Strawberry sponge cake. Take out one-third. To the remaining batter add two squares of melted bitter chocolate and an extra tablespoon of melted shortening. Bake the cake in three layers, making two of the chocolate mixture, a third of the white. Cool and put together and top with Seven Minute Icing, flavored with vanilla. When firm, pour the following chocolate mixture over the top of the cake, letting it trickle down the sides. Melt one square (ounce) of unsweetened chocolate. Add two tablespoons of hot water and two of sugar. Stir until well blended, and partly cooled.

# The Siren from Brooklyn

[Continued from page 46]

can't spit a curve in a wind (like Miss Lowell) and wouldn't if she could because the girls from the Brooklyn Heights Seminary where Miss Niesen went to school know what's nice and what isn't.

I asked her to think of something she liked or did that would bear out the legend that she was exotic. "Let's see," she said. "I can't think of anything. You think of something." But I couldn't think of anything either except lotus buds and black silk sheets and they didn't seem to fit into anything.

She likes to stay up late and she has left Brooklyn for good and has an apartment in New York. She did this not to get away from it all but simply because Brooklyn was too inconvenient for her. The night I saw her, she was singing with Freddy Rich and his orchestra. I would advise radio fans to keep away from radio broadcasts. In the first

place, most performers sing right into the microphone and you can't hear them in the studio and, in the second place, they are more casual than most of us like to think they are.

I looked at Miss Niesen. She wore a brown checked tweed suit with a little cape, a brown felt hat. She looked as ingenuous as a baby. Just then, the man who plays the maracas sprang to his feet and rushed nearer the microphone. He was a blonde man who wore glasses and a blue shirt, no coat. But he could play. And if you shut your eyes, you could imagine almost anything. Well, almost anything. He was a Cuban boy named Howard Goulden and Miss Niesen of the exotic voice was a Brooklyn girl and Mr. Rich, probably, was just a local boy, but together, the three of them, were exotic, all right. Plenty exotic enough for youse guys. What do you expect anyway?

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## RELIEF IN ONE MINUTE

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# The Amazing Rise of Father Coughlin

[Continued from page 23]

availing himself of the conclusions of experts.

His fund of information has enabled him to anticipate events with an uncanny clairvoyance which has done much to elevate him to his present position of leadership.

So great was the response to his broadcasts, both in fan mail and in financial support, that by the fall of 1930 Father Coughlin decided to expand his field, buying time on the basic network of the Columbia Broadcasting System. On Sunday, October 5, he addressed himself to the nation with the first of his Golden Hour sermons.

Bit by bit, feeling his way, Father Coughlin grew more and more controversial, neglecting his barrages against the comparatively easy targets of religious intolerance, communism, and socialism for more lively issues.

Depression was settling deeper over the land. His quick sympathies inflamed by the misery and suffering he saw all around him, he began to take up the championing of the under dog.

FATHER COUGHLIN came out with an exhortation of international bankers while those worthies were still sacrosanct. He ruthlessly tore the veil from the myth of prosperity while many of his countrymen were still struggling hard to believe in it. He attacked Andrew Mellon by name at a time when such a book as was recently published concerning the great sorcerer of finance would have been impossible.

He launched his campaign against birth control which brought him again into the headlines at a recent date. He laid bare the foreign oil plot. He came out flatly for cash payment of the soldier's bonus months before the march on Washington. He declared for the revaluation of gold which has been in

substance the President's recent policy at a time when America was still on the gold standard and such utterances were considered heresy. In his stand on money Father Coughlin has exhibited his clairvoyance to the greatest degree. But more of that later.

Small wonder then, that protests poured into the Columbia Broadcasting System. Two stations threatened to leave the chain. However, Father Coughlin was permitted to finish out his contract until its expiration in the spring.

It was not renewed the following fall, the reason being given that a national chain could not diplomatically give so much attention to any one sect. Columbia's Church of the Air with ministers of all creeds represented, was put on the air instead. However, Father Coughlin felt that the real reason was because his material had been too controversial for a national network.

He decided then to go it alone and in the following fall, 1931, with the help of Leo Fitzpatrick of WJR, he organized his first independent network of twenty stations.

There is nothing quite like Father Coughlin's independent network in all radio. He buys time simultaneously on stations reaching from St. Louis to Portland, Maine, and pays the additional stiff charge of having them transmitted by A. T. & T. lines.

In the beginning he was tackling a financial undertaking huge enough to make any man stop and think. His gross overhead, including necessary clerical help, ran somewhere around \$20,000 a week.

IT WAS in the spring preceding that Father Coughlin made his most glaring error in judgment. At a dinner in New York he had come out with a



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"Oh boy! Wait until Father Coughlin sees these books!"

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spirited defense of Mayor Walker, attributing attacks on the dapper executive to vague "red interests."

Father Coughlin was speaking in a strange Diocese and his eulogy of the Mayor, already subject of dubious comment, did little to ingratiate Father Coughlin with the local clergy.

He had barely started to broadcast on his own chain when he was plunged into bitter personal strife, this time with Dr. Clarence True Wilson, prohibitionist leader. Father Coughlin had already been outspoken in his denunciation of prohibition at a time when the anti-rum crowd still had things pretty much their own way.

In one of his addresses he quoted Dr. Wilson as having referred to the American ex-soldier as "a perjured scoundrel, who ought not to represent the decency of the flag under which he fought." Father Coughlin made that remark the subject of a stinging sermon.

Dr. Wilson struck back, denying that he ever made any such statement. In his next sermon Father Coughlin quoted his sources and Dr. Wilson did not reply further. The priest came off best man from that encounter.

Through 1932 he kept driving away with his campaigns, pointing out the flaws in the already crumbling individualistic social order. In addition to his crusades he was quietly studying the money problem, forming friendships, making connections that were to be of great value to him when he blossomed out later as one of the great inflationist leaders of the country.

IN OCTOBER of that year on a trip to New York he met and conferred with George Le Blanc, Manhattan banker, and Robert M. Harriss, cotton broker, who were both already interested in the then scarcely mentioned policy of inflation as an economic remedy. Le Blanc, in particular, as avowed adviser to Father Coughlin, was to figure in later sensational encounters.

Meanwhile the first great crisis in Father Coughlin's career was approaching, almost simultaneously with one of the greatest crises in the history of the country.

It is now a matter of history that the financial ailment which for a time effectively paralyzed the whole nation first came to a head in Detroit where the condition of two local banks, the Guardian National and the First National, necessitated the first of the bank holidays which rapidly spread to other states.

The banks were closed February 11. Father Coughlin, who has termed himself a "religious Walter Winchell," has always made it his business to be as well informed of everything that is going on as the famous columnist. He was already in possession of some startling facts concerning bank conditions which he began to reveal bit by bit through his broadcasts.

He saved his real blast, however, for his epochal air sermon of March 26 when he accused Detroit bankers of dodging their responsibility to depositors by hiding behind the "perfectly legal but unmoral device of a holding company."

The effect was electric. Money was tight, the banks still closed and such a charge was well calculated to arouse the

[Continued on page 72]

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## The Amazing Rise of Father Coughlin

[Continued from page 71]

people, already in an ugly mood, to a sense of injustice.

Every attempt was made to muzzle Father Coughlin. E. D. Stair, publisher of the *Detroit Free Press*, who as a banker was an object of the priest's attack, led the fight on him.

The *Free Press* fired back, charging that Father Coughlin had speculated with the League funds. Father Coughlin retorted that the transaction was an investment, not a speculation, claimed that his name had been falsely written in on photostated documents.

Pressure was brought to bear on Bishop Gallagher to silence his priest. Bishop Gallagher was in a peculiarly vulnerable position as the Detroit Diocese was the largest single debtor to one of the banks in question. But he staunchly stood his ground; Father Coughlin continued his revelations and Bishop Gallagher continued to approve his sermons.

ON THE night of March 29, a bomb was exploded in the basement of Father Coughlin's home, causing a great furor, although resulting in little damage. No evidence was ever found as to the possible identity of any perpetrators, although the assumption was that some of his enemies had intended to put an end to him, once and for all. The *Free Press* intimated that the bomb might have been planted by Father Coughlin himself.

Partly as a result of his insistent clamoring, the Detroit banking situation was forced out into the open. It is still the object of investigation by a Senate committee. But Father Coughlin has never retracted any of his charges. He has indeed repeated many of them as a star witness for the investigation.

It was inevitable that he should arouse

dissension within the church. Although he had always been careful to cite religious precedent for his activities, there were many who felt that his fire transcended the bounds of clerical dignity.

His first important critic within the church ranks to declare himself was Cardinal O'Connell of Boston, although the Walker incident had aroused unvoiced disapproval in the New York Diocese. Cardinal O'Connell flayed his inflammatory utterances, but without effect, as he had no control over the activities of a priest in another Diocese.

But last December when Father Coughlin launched an attack on Al Smith, perhaps the most prominent lay Catholic in the country, he had picked an opponent worthy of his mettle.

The man once known as "The Happy Warrior," having sulked in embittered silence through recent political developments which left him in the lurch, finally burst out in a broadside against administration policies, centering his attack on the NRA and the President's monetary program, for which he coined the apt and characteristic phrase "baloney dollars." Coming just when it did and from within the party, the attack was a serious affair, threatening for a time to crystallize growing opposition to the entire administration plan.

Recent events have made Father Coughlin more than ever a national figure. The concluding part of his fascinating life story carries the radio priest into the maze of political events which are shaping our national economy.

## "Banjastra" Into Pennsylvanians

[Continued from page 20]

shame. That was Poley McClintock, bosom companion of the Waring boys. But they had no idea then that that extraordinary voice of his would one day be an outstanding feature in their band. Freddy Buck lived in the neighborhood too.

The band really got its start when Fred, who played the banjo then, and Tom, who performed ably on the piano, refused to join the local high school orchestra because they thought it was too amateurish and decided to organize a group of their own, playing a few dance engagements around town.

All four of the boys went up to Penn State together. Here Fred Waring, who has since become as famous for his vocal as for his orchestral directing, tried out for the Glee Club and was turned down!

It was not until the formation of the Waring-McClintock Snap Orchestra in 1919 that the boys began to attain any local fame. But shortly after that they were in such demand that they lingered on after graduation, playing one dance engagement after another.

Then one day in the spring of 1920 came a telegram from the University of

Michigan inviting them to play at Jay Hop, the big spring formal event on the campus. They could hardly believe that their fame had spread so far. But they accepted with alacrity.

That was when they thought they ought to give the home bailiwick a little credit and adopted the name of Waring's Pennsylvanians for the first time.

Their performance was so successful that they were immediately booked for a series of night club engagements in Detroit.

BUT they were far from being out of the woods yet. They set out on a tour of one night stands playing dance engagements. Fred still has the correspondence of those quaint days, high-handedly demanding a price of \$67.50 for his band, or \$72.50 with extra banjo player.

Once they went dead broke in the sticks. They were playing a dance date in Iowa on a percentage basis. It was a rainy night and exactly six people showed up. They grossed a dollar and twenty-six cents as their share with expenses deducted, all the money they had

RADIOLAND

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Dr. Robinson has prepared a 6,000 word treatise on "Psychiana," in which he tells about his long search for the Truth, how he finally came to the full realization of an Unseen Power or force so dynamic in itself that all other powers and forces fade into insignificance beside it—how he learned to commune directly with the Living God, using this mighty, never-failing power to demonstrate health, happiness, and financial success, and how any normal being may find and use it as Jesus did. He is now offering this treatise free to every reader of this magazine who writes him. If you want to read this highly interesting, revolutionary and fascinating story of the discovery of a great Truth, just send your name and address to Dr. Frank B. Robinson, Dept. L, Moscow, Idaho. It will be sent free and postpaid without cost or obligation. Write the Doctor today.

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in the world, which was pooled for coffee and doughnuts for the gang.

Shortly after that Waring decided that the time had come to take the bull by the horns. He went to Chicago, got an audience with A. J. Balaban, the theatrical magnate, and explained that he really had quite a good little band for which he would like to get a booking.

Balaban's eyebrows went up. "Waring's Pennsylvanians? That's funny. I never heard the name before," said Mr. Balaban, "Your outfit can't be very good."

"I never talked harder and faster in my life," Fred recalled, "But the upshot of it was that we got nine weeks' booking in and around Chicago."

After that the sailing became smoother. Other vaudeville bookings followed. The Pennsylvanians began to build a name as a stage band.

"Oh, there were upsets," Waring recalled, "little things that stick out in my mind. Like the time we were due to open in Buffalo and found all our instruments had been shipped to Cleveland. Fortunately Rudy Vallee was playing on the same bill and he was kind enough to lend us his instruments so we could go on with the show. Later he stayed to see us work out and came backstage to compliment us on our performance."

A real turning point in the career of the band came when they were invited to Hollywood to stage the prologue for the opening of Harold Lloyd's comedy *The Freshman* at Grauman's famous Chinese Theater. They remained in Hollywood for twelve weeks.

"Other high spots in our history," Waring said, "were when we played for a season at the night club, *Les Ambassadeurs* in Paris, when we played in *Syncopation* one of the first musical pictures, when we opened at the Roxy in New York for an extended run and when we appeared in the musical comedy, *The New Yorkers*."

BY 1931, with the theater on the downgrade, Waring, good showman that he is, began to cast flirtatious glances toward radio. But at first he couldn't even get an audition. When he did the reputation of the Pennsylvanians as a stage band with a bagful of tricks appealing to the eye, was the very thing which stood in the way of their success in radio.

But Waring stubbornly clung to his vision. Early in 1932 another audition was held and as a result of it, the Pennsylvanians began their first regular air series for Old Gold.

The response to their early broadcasts was only fair. Working in the unfamiliar silence of a studio, it all seemed strange and unnatural. After three months it was decided to play before an invited audience and from that point on the broadcasts picked up and Waring began building the programs which are so famous today.

In February of this year the Waring band was engaged by Ford for a half hour show twice a week over the Columbia network, one of the most outstanding marks of recognition ever bestowed on any band.

Most of the members of the Waring gang have been together for a long time. They are picked for personality as well as vocal and instrumental accomplishment (every member of the band can either sing or do a specialty number) because they play as well as work together and everything must be harmonious. New applicants are kept on the waiting list a year before they are considered.

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# QUESTIONS

## and Answers

Is the baby star "Baby Rose Marie" a kid sister of Guy Lombardo? How old is she? From what station does she sing and when?—*M. M. S., Hallister, Calif.*

**Ans.**—Baby Rose Marie is nine years old and she is not related to Guy Lombardo. She broadcasts every Sunday at 12:15 p. m. over the NBC chain, station WJZ, for Tastyeast.

I don't want to put you to any trouble but please tell me if you know the address of the Mills Brothers.—*Precious McCalley, Portland, Oregon.*

**Ans.**—The Mills Brothers are in Hollywood and will be seen shortly in the movies. Any mail addressed to them in care of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, California will surely reach them.

Is Guy Lombardo married? Is Eddie Duchin married? How old is Fred Waring? How old is Rudy Vallée? What are the ages of the Boswell sisters?—*N. K. E., Canby, Minn.*

**Ans.**—Guy Lombardo is very much married having taken the step about five years ago. Quoting Eddie Duchin: "I am a confirmed bachelor." Fred Waring and Rudy Vallée are both in their early thirties. The girls won't tell.

How old is Joe Penner? What nationality is he and is he married? Where can I write him?—*Florence Rodgers, Red Lion, Pa.*

**Ans.**—Joe Penner first saw the light of day in Hungary on November 11, 1904. He has been married for a number of years. Address him at the Hotel St. Moritz, New York.

Will you kindly let me know the address of Bing Crosby so a letter will reach him.—*L. M. D., Gloversville, N. Y.*

**Ans.**—Any mail forwarded to Bing Crosby in care of the Paramount Studios, Hollywood, California will certainly be received by him.

Will you please tell me what to do to get pictures of different radio stars.—*Maruc Latta, Durham, N. C.*

**Ans.**—We would suggest that you write to the stars in care of their studios. The National Broadcasting Company's address is Rockefeller Center, New York City, and Columbia Broadcasting is at 485 Madison Avenue, New York City.

How old is Jack Denny? When will he be back at the Waldorf-Astoria?—*A Denny Fan, Brooklyn, N. Y.*

**Ans.**—Jack Denny is in his thirties. His return to the Waldorf is rather

uncertain, but he can be heard in the Powder Box Revue broadcasting from CBS, Fridays at 9:30 p. m.

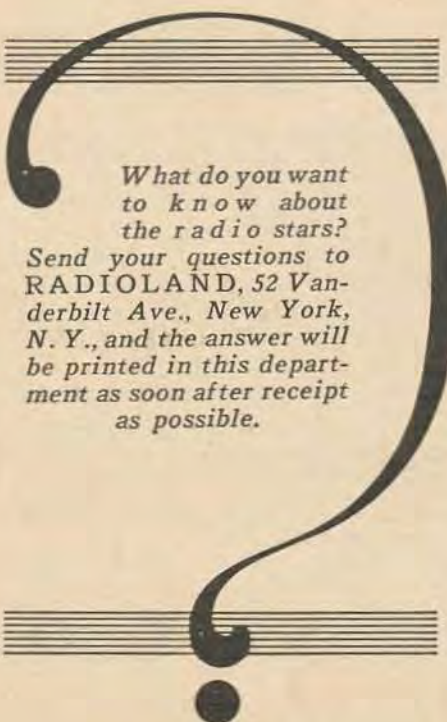
I would like to know how old Isham Jones and Gertrude Niesen are.—*M. B., O'Fallon, Ill.*

**Ans.**—Gertrude Niesen is in her very early twenties and Isham Jones in his late thirties.

When and where was Bing Crosby, John McCormack, Rudy Vallée, Al Jolson, Russ Columbo, Eddie Cantor and Kate Smith born? Is John McCormack, Russ Columbo, Betty Barthell and Kate Smith single?—*V. A. Miaso, Chicago, Ill.*

**Ans.**—Bing Crosby on May 2, 1904 in Tacoma, Wash.; John McCormack on June 14, 1884 in Athlone, Ireland; Rudy Vallée on July 28, 1901 in Island Pond, Vermont; Al Jolson on May 26, 1886 in Washington, D. C.; Russ Columbo on January 14, 1908 in San Francisco, Calif.; Eddie Cantor on January 31, 1893 in New York City; Kate Smith on May 1, 1909 in Greenville, Virginia. Russ Columbo and Kate Smith are single. John McCormack is wedded.

Will you please describe Ben Bernie to me. Is he married and how old is he?—*J. Boothe, Montgomery, Ala.*



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.

**Ans.**—Ben Bernie is a good looking man of forty. He is of medium height and has dark hair. He tied the knot some years ago.

Will you please give age, whether married or single, height, weight, color of eyes and hair of Conrad Thibault.—*Linda Savland, Oswego, N. Y.*

**Ans.**—Conrad Thibault is twenty-eight and unmarried. He is five feet ten inches, weighs 155 pounds and has dark brown hair and brown eyes. Very attractive.

Can you tell me where Paul Tremaine and his orchestra are?—*J. E. Pay, Ontario, Canada.*

**Ans.**—Paul Tremaine and his boys are at the Village Barn in New York City. They broadcast from there every week night at 11:30 p. m. over WMCA; Saturdays at 11:00 p. m. over WOR and Sundays at 12:00 midnight, WOR.

I am writing this letter in hopes that you will settle an argument for me. My sister says that the Three X Sisters are white. I maintain they are not. Will you please answer this in your column soon?—*M. Smith, Pittsfield, Mass.*

**Ans.**—Sorry, you lose. The Three X Sisters are white.

Can you tell me where Harold Stern and his orchestra are? Is Bill Smith, Harold Stern's baritone singer, still with him?—*J. E. P., Canada.*

**Ans.**—Harold Stern and his orchestra are on a vaudeville tour but can be heard on the Pure Oil Show Saturdays at 9 p. m. on NBC-WJZ. Bill Smith remains with Harold as the vocalist.

Does Ozzie Nelson sing in his orchestra?—*S. C., Norfolk, Va.*

**Ans.**—Ozzie Nelson does vocal solos and duets with Harriet Hilliard in the Baker's Broadcast, NBC-WEAF, Sundays at 7:30 p. m.

What is Bing Crosby's real name?—*S. T. New York City.*

**Ans.**—Bing's real name is Harry L. Crosby. His middle name is Lillis but Bing doesn't brag about that. He won his nickname when a youngster as he was very fond of playing Indian and would shout Bing! Bing!

How old are Landt Trio and White?—*M. Parker, New Jersey.*

**Ans.**—Howard White and Don Landt are the oldest and they are both thirty-two. Karl is twenty-five and Jack twenty-two.



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