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Without obligation on my part, please send me FREE booklet describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your

10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER

Address_					
City			State_		
Use Coupon					Cara

or their FREE folder"

I was half sick all the time



• I am a practical nurse and for the benefit of others I am writing this. It's no fun taking care of others when you're half sick all the time from constipation. Everything I took for it either griped or left me completely tired out. One of my doctors suggested I try FEEN-A-MINT. I consider it the ideal laxative—I don't have to worry about upset stomach and distress any more. FEEN-A-MINT certainly gives the system a marvelous and comfortable clearing out. It's so easy and pleasant to take that it's wonderful for children and saves struggling with them when they need a laxative.

Chewing gives greater relief

We have hundreds of letters telling of the relief FEEN-A-MINT has given people. It works more thoroughly and more comfortably because you chew it and that spreads the laxative more evenly through the system, giving a more complete cleansing. People who object to violent laxatives that cause cramps and binding find FEEN-A-MINT an ideal solution of their problem. Over 15,000,000 men and women can testify to the satisfaction FEEN-A-MINT gives. And it's so easy to take, with its refreshing mint flavor. Try it next time. 15 and 25¢ at all drug stores.



the Chewing-Gum LAXATIVE

Flashes from the News



Boake Carter, preparing copy for his Hauptmann trial broadcasts in a Flemington, N. J., hotel room, pauses to collect his wits while he seeks the right word

Annapolis For Rudy

RUDY VALLEE'S next picture will be filmed at Annapolis with a naval academy background, and it is hoped that it will duplicate the success hung up by Flirtation Walk. Rudy, by the way, has a new dog—a Dobernann-Pinscher. It's name is "Himmel." There's a mate for Himmel which is named "Sita." And who do you think owns it? None other than Alice Faye!

There's a son and a daughter in the Phil Baker household now. The new son was born shortly after Christmas and is named Stewart. Mrs. Baker and the youngsters have been wintering in Florida—the better to avoid the malevolent influence of Beetle, we suppose.

New Cantor Technique

WHEN you hear the studio audience applauding Eddie Cantor in his new program, you can know that all the gags have received the approval of another studio audience which listened to the program some hours previously. To test audience reaction to his material, Eddie brings a new idea to radio by staging his rehearsals before an invited audience in the afternoon, and if all goes well at the preview he presents his hour in the evening, minus any gags which may have failed to arouse enthusiasm.

The Voice of Experience, noted radio counselor, is making a series of 26 moving pictures based on stories selected from the thousands of letters he receives. They will afford you an opportunity to see what the well-known Voice looks like, as he will appear in them personally.

[Continued on page 8]



-Wide World

Two new dependents entitle Bing Crosby to additional exemptions on his income tax this years. Gary Evan Crosby and the twins, Phillip Lang and Denis Michael, lend encouragement to their dad, who finds his tax computations pretty complicated, it would seem

Both for Beauty's Sake

HER COAT, 2500

HER TOOTH PASTE,

All women welcome the cleanliness and brilliance this tooth paste affords

SURPRISING to some but not to us were the results of a survey recently made in several midwestern cities. Listerine Tooth Paste was revealed as the constant preference of many of the wealthiest people.

The 25¢ price obviously could not be the deciding factor with women able to buy clothes worth a fortune, or men rich enough to maintain large estates. No, indeed; these people were won to this dentifrice by its merits and held by its permanent results in keeping teeth healthy, clean, and sparkling.

They, like three million others, have discovered that Listerine Tooth Paste pretty nearly approaches the ideal.

If you haven't tried it, we urge you to do so now. Note how swiftly and how thoroughly it cleans teeth—enters hard-to-reach crevices.

See how quickly it attacks unsightly tartar and discolorations—particularly those due to smoking. Observe the flashing brilliance and lustre it gives to your teeth—modern polishing ingredients so gentle in action are responsible.

Look also for that wonderful feeling of mouth freshness and exhilaration that this tooth paste gives; the sensation you associate with the use of Listerine itself. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.



METROPOLITAN GRAND OPERA



direct from its N. Y. Stage. Broadcast by LISTERINE, announced by Geraldine Farrar

Complete operas . . . 3 hours . . . Every Saturday . . . all NBC stations . . . see your newspaper for time



Movie Star tells why Tangee Lips are most appealing

Herbert Marshall talked frankly about his ideals of feminine beauty. "Only in naturalness is there real beauty—to me, at least," he said.

Mr. Marshall makes lipstick test between scenes of the new Universal Picture, "The Good Fairy," in which he is co-starred with Margaret Sullavan.

"Especially do I abhor this barbaric custom of painting a woman's lips to a gash of red." We and a million, million other men are

We and a million, million other men are inclined to agree. That's why men almost invariably prefer lips made up with Tangee. For Tangee isn't paint. Based on the magic Tangee color-change principle, it merely intensifies the natural color of your lips, making them soft, lovely and kissable. Try Tangee. It's \$1.10 and 39 cents. Or send 10 cents with the coupon for the 4-piece Miracle Make-Up Set offered below.



Flashes from the News

[Continued from page 6]



-Wide World

Will Rogers attended a Washington dinner given by Vice-President Garner, but Will doesn't own a dress suit so he put in an appearance in his work clothes. Left to right, Mr. Garner, Jesse Jones, Mrs. Garner, and Will Rogers without the white tie

Television Again

R UMORS that the largest broadcasting company in England has asked permission to install a television station have stimulated American activity in the field, and at this writing it seems quite probable that one of the largest chains in this country will start broadcasting television on a commercial basis before

the year is ended. Even Wall Street has caught the fever and speculation in leading radio stocks has revolved around reports, evidently well authenticated, that one of the largest organizations in the field is prepared to place a television receiver retailing for \$500 on the market. Belief that the government may subsidize television is held to be unfounded.

Activities along the radio-movie front continue active. Frank Parker, at his own request, has just been released from a picture contract, and Jimmie Melton is waiting a call to begin work in Hollywood within 60 days. Rumor has it that Gladys Swarthout will be proclaimed the find of the season when her first feature picture is released. Better watch for it!

Wynn Is Sympathetic

ED WYNN, whose offer of a radio audition to talented fc.k seeking a break on the air was made in last month's RADIOLAND, is decidedly in sympathy with amateur talent and resents the current radio practice of giving amateurs the gong to cut short their performances. The shock and humiliation, he feels, is harmful to inexperienced actors and he believes the gong should be listed as cruel and inhuman treatment. Having come up himself along the rocky road of the theatre, Ed has an incurable soft spot in his heart for the beginner, remembering that once he was one himself!



-Wide World

Leave it to Florida! Here are a class of beauties at Miami taking a few lessons in radio broadcasting. Head erect, chest up and body poised are essentials of good technique, they are told. Europe has many women announcers—why not a few for America?



—Wide World

At last they've located that famous horse of Ed Wynn's! Here is the animal enjoying a good laugh with (or should it be at?) Graham McNamee and the Fire Chief

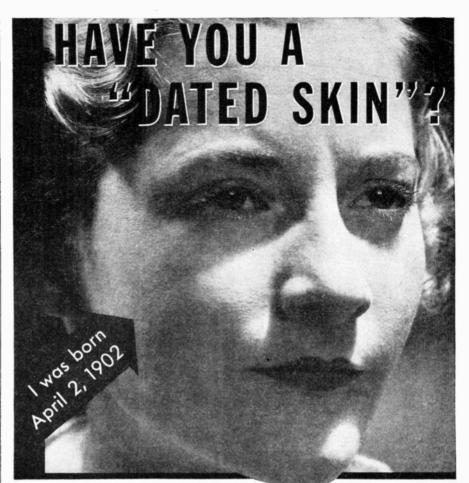
Actress Earhart

AMELIA EARHART, famous transocean woman flier, will be making
her début as a radio actress about the
time you read these words. A part is
being written in for her in that popular
Red Davis s 10w. More properly, she
won't act a part but will play her own
personality. It will mark her first radio
appearance following her recent flight
from Hawaii.

The début of Helen Jepson as a Metropolitan Opera star was attended by her father, Charles Jepson. Gorgeous blonde Heler scored a decided hit—but that's not in the least bit surprising to radio fans who have been listening to her performance on the Whiteman hour. Congratulations and continued good luck, Helen!

Birth Of A Character

JACK PEARL announced his new Peter Pfeifer program to radio editors with a swanky stag dinner at the Cloud Club, at the very top of the Chrysler Building. Jack and Charlie Hall and Billy Wells, his script writer, are three inseparable musketeers. A bit of the background of Peter Pfeiffer may be of interest. Originally Billy Wells designed the character for motion picture purposes and it was all set for Jack to star in a feature. Then a couple of radio scripts were put together and the first sponsor who auditioned the show signed it up. If Feter works out as well as expected, however, he will no doubt make his movie appearance later on.



The Wrong Shade of Face Powder Will Give Your Age Away Every Time!

By Lucly Esther

A woman's age is a woman's secret. Even the election laws acknowledge this when they require only that a woman state that she is over 21.

Every woman is entitled to look young—as young, frankly, as she can make herself look. That is a woman's prerogative and no one can deny it her.

But many a woman betrays her age in the very shade of face powder she uses. The wrong shade of face powder makes her look her age. It "dates" her skin—stamps on it her birthdate. She may feel 21, act 21, dress 21, but she doesn't fool the world a bit. To calculating eyes she is 31 and no foolin'.

Why Advertise Your Age?

Color creates the effect of either age or youth. Any artist, any make-up expert, will tell you this. Even a slight difference in shade will make a big difference in years so far as appearance is concerned.

The wrong shade of face powder will not only make you look your age, but crueller still, years older than you really are!

If you want to find out whether your shade of face powder is playing you fair or false, make this unfailing test: Send for all 5 shades of Lady Esther Face Powder which I offer free, and try each on your face before your mirror.

Don't try to select your shade in ad-

Copyright by Lady Esther, 1935

vance, as flesh, natural or rachel, etc. Try each of all the 5 shades. In other words, don't try to match your skin, but, rather, to flatter it. Merely matching your skin won't help. What you want to do is enhance it in appearance!

The Shade for You Is One of These 5

The 5 shades of Lady Esther Face Powder will answer all tones of skin. (I could just as well have made 25 shades, but I know from scientific tests that only 5 are necessary for all colorings of skin.) One of these 5 shades, probably the one you least suspect, will instantly assert itself as the one for you. It will prove your most becoming, your most flattering. It will "youthify" rather than age you in appearance.

When you get the supply of Lady Esther Face Powder which I send you free, test it also for smoothness. Make my famous "bite test". Place a pinch between your teeth and bite on it. Note how grit-free it is. Mark also what a delicate beauty it gives your skin and how long it clings and stays fresh. In every way you will find this the most flattering powder you ever tried.

You can paste this o	on a penny postcard
ady Esther, 2030 R	lidge A.
Please send me shades of Lady Esth	by return man _ mores supply of all er Face Powder.
Name	
NameAddress	
	State

APRIL, 1935



Some women still suffer regularly; martyrs to the time of month.

Others have put this martyrdom behind them. The days they used to dread are just a memory. They approach this time without any fear. They pass it without the old discomfort.

Midol has made periodic pain a thing of the past for many, many women.

"Oh, yes," say some who have read about it, and heard about it, "but my suffering is so severe, and I've tried so many things that didn't help! Midol may not end all the pain for me."

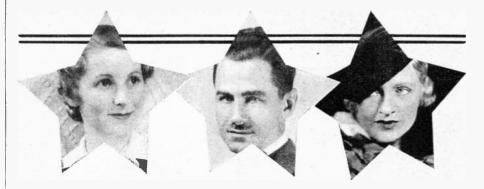
True, there are women who are not relieved of every trace of pain when they take these tablets. But they get such a large measure of relief that they are quite comfortable in comparison. And the comfort is not momentary, not an interlude, but sustained comfort from the start.

The best time to begin with Midol is before any discomfort is felt. You may escape all pain. You are sure to have an easier time. The action of this medicine is effective for hours, and two tablets should see you through your worst day.

Why postpone this comfort another month? One reason some women still hesitate to try Midol is their doubt of its being as effective as advertised. Doubters should just ask anyone who has tried it! Another reason for hesitating to take these tablets is the fear that Midol may

The next time you are in a drug store, pick up a package of Midol. You'll find it on the counter. If not, just ask for Midol.

STANDINGS in RADIOLAND'S POPULARITY POLL



Jessica Dragonette, Lowell Thomas, and Ethel Shutta lead their respective fields in the popularity poll

Favorite Program	Rosa Ponselle 778 Lily Pons 512
Showboat	Announcer
Rudy Vallée's Variety Hour	James Wallington 3347 Tiny Ruffner 1296 David Ross 743 Paul Douglas 576
Comedian	Milton J. Cross 561
Jack Benny 4837 Joe Penner 1457	News Commentator
Eddie Cantor	Lowell Thomas
Orchestra 359	Walter Winchell
	CI II I D
Guy Lombardo 1642 Wayne King 1373 Connecticut Yankees 1178 Fred Woring 772	Orphan Annie
Fred Waring 772 Gus Haenschen 463 Don Bestor 428	Singing Lady
George Olsen	Wheatenaville 568
Popular Woman Singer	Popular Male Singer
Ethel Shutta2317	Lanny Ross4683
Muriel Wilson1526	Bing Crosby1772
Annette Hanshaw1478	Frank Parker1381
Kate Smith 643 Ruth Etting 512	Rudy Vallée1037
Harriet Hilliard	Classical Male Singer
	Lawrence Tibbett3821
Classical Woman Singer	Nino Martini
Jessica Dragonette2184	John Charles Thomas 769
Gladys Swarthout	Richard Crooks

These standings show the number of votes leaders in RADIOLAND'S Nationwide Popularity Poll had received at the time of going to press. The results are not final and many runners-up are not listed. Votes are still being tabulated. Watch for the big announcement of winners in May RADIOLAND!

RADIOLAND APRIL, 1935

The Editor's Opinion

Munchausen Into Pfeiffer



R ADIO audiences are pretty insistent that their favorites remain in character. Create some popular personality on the airwaves and it's a case of "that's your story—now stick to it!" Try to imagine Ed Wynn as other than a buffooning Fire Chief, Amos 'n' Andy doing a white-face sketch, or Joe Penner as something other than the weird synthetic creature he has fashioned, and you will see the point. Jack Pearl, therefore, stands almost unique in parting company with the Baron Munchausen, whom he at one time lifted to the pinnacle of radio fame, to adopt the new personality of Peter Pfeiffer—a character completely divorced from the Baron in every respect save dialect. This paragraph was written before Peter went on the air, but advance reports indicate that Jack is a "natural" in his new rôle. We recommend it as a program worth watching.

Ben Bernie is wondering what to do with 10,000 whiskey bottles. They're empty, unfortunately. A distiller thought it would be a good idea to name-his whiskey after the old maestro, without Ben's consent, but Ben heard about it and with due process of law swooped down and confiscated the bottles. Maybe you can tell him what to do with them.

Rudy In Court

R UDY VALLEE, who has had more than his share of matrimony trouble, is explaining in a New York court as these words go to press why he should not pay his estranged wife, Fay Webb Vallee, more than the \$100 per week which he agreed to some months ago.

Fay, you may remember, is the young lady with the colossal appetite who claimed that she needed \$1,000 a month for food to keep the breath of life in her body. There were a few other assorted claims, too, for toothpaste, lipstick, daily

newspapers, and the like, which boosted the preposterous sum which Fay required for monthly expenses to \$7,400. Which is a pretty staggering figure for a little

Rudy estimated his last year's income at \$125,000 and revealed that he receives \$55,000 for his Warner Brothers pictures.

Walter Winchell's face is red over the \$17,500 libel award recently affirmed against him by the New York Supreme Court. He published some scathing remarks concerning a beach club enterprise which were held to be libelous by a jury which chose to believe there was malice behind the printed statements.

Break For Sustainers

THE long suffering sustaining artist is coming into his own at last. Ever since broadcasting began studio officials have been exploiting this class of entertainer, taking advantage of the natural desire of talent to express itself. Sustaining periods are pictured as the shop mindows in which performers can display their wares to prospective sponsors and in consideration of that opportunity the operators pay as little as conscience permits. It is an old gag in the air chambers that sustainers are so called because they get just enough to sustain life.

Overnight the break has come. The sales departments and artists' bureaus of the chains are functioning and the sustainers are connecting with sponsors with a consistency that has the whole fraternity rejoicing. The National Broadcasting Company, for instance, in the last few months has seen these regular program features annexed to commercial contracts: May Singhi Breen and Peter de Rose, Carefree Carnival, Vic and Sade, The Wife Saver (Allan Prescott), Red Davis, Tim and Irene, and The Life of Mary Marlin. Columbia has found clients for Kate Smith, Alexander Woollcott, Gertrude Niesen, Vera Van, the Casa Loma Orchestra, Jerry Cooper, Bill and Ginger and The Romance of Helen Trent. And by the time this RADIOLAND reaches you the chances are three other NBC attractions—B. A. Rolfe and band and Sisters of the Skillet, Honeyboy and Sassafras and Heart Throbs of the Hillswill be doing their stuff under sponsor-

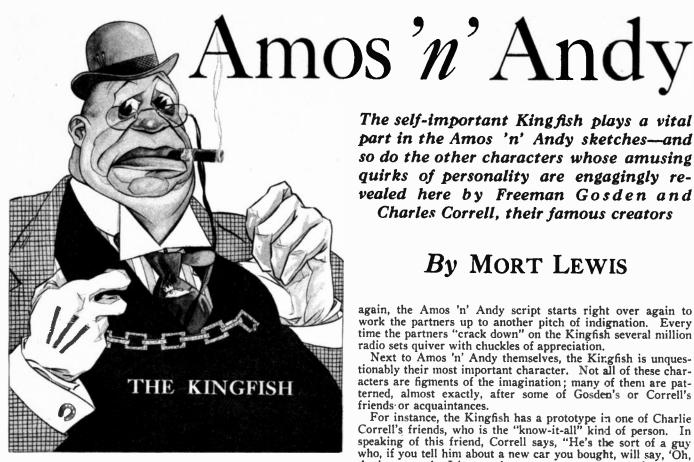
Goodman Ace, who has never seen his sponsor but nevertheless turns out a swell job in Easy Aces, says he's ready to retire when he has \$100,000 clear. Originally his goal was \$10,000, but when he achieved that he stepped it up to \$50,000. We'll place a wager that, like other stars, he won't retire until he begins to lose his hold on his publicbut from the looks of things, that's a long, long way in the dim future.

Amateur Teapot Tempest

ALL is not well on the radio battle-front. From their well-entrenched dugouts, various radio professionals have been tossing hand grenades and gas bombs at the amateurs who are currently taking unto themselves coveted sectors in the field of battle. The contention of the professionals is that they have staked out the choice program spots for themselves and they resent the intrusion of one-man bands, harmonica troupes. animal imitators and the like into their territory. Yet the amateur hour, far from being a new idea, has for years been a stock in trade of the vaudeville house and neighborhood theater. Eventually it will capture its legitimate share of the airwaves and the fanfare for the present fad will die down, and with it the current teapot tempest. Did we hear some antiquarian mention jigsaw puzzles and Mah Jongg?



APRIL, 1935



AVE you ever wondered how the Amos 'n' Andy sketches are written and where Freeman Gosden (Amos) and Charlie Correll (Andy) get all their ideas for then? And where those many lovable colored characters originate? And why the Kingfish is always self-importantly lording it over Amos 'n' Andy with a quite evident desire to shove them clear off the stage, as in the recent sequence in which the Kingfish elected himself Dictator of Weber City?

If you have ever been good and mad at the Kingfish-and plenty of radio listeners have been stirred with a mad desire to "hit him right on top of de haid," as Andy would express it-you have paid unconscious tribute to the artistry of Correll and Gosden. The first element of drama, on the air or anywhere else, is conflict, and that's the element which it is the particular province of the Kingfish to supply.

And always, if you have noticed, Amos can be goaded just so far before exploding into righteous wrath—and when he has spoken his mind and put the Kingfish in his proper place

The self-important Kingfish plays a vital part in the Amos 'n' Andy sketches—and so do the other characters whose amusing. quirks of personality are engagingly revealed here by Freeman Gosden and Charles Correll, their famous creators

By MORT LEWIS

again, the Amos 'n' Andy script starts right over again to work the partners up to another pitch of indignation. Every time the partners "crack down" on the Kingfish several million radio sets quiver with chuckles of appreciation.

Next to Amos 'n' Andy themselves, the Kingfish is unquestionably their most important character. Not all of these characters are figments of the imagination; many of them are patterned, almost exactly, after some of Gosden's or Correll's friends or acquaintances.

For instance, the Kingfish has a prototype in one of Charlie Correll's friends, who is the "know-it-all" kind of person. In speaking of this friend, Correll says, "He's the sort of a guy who, if you tell him about a new car you bought, will say, 'Oh, that's no good. I know where you can get a much finer auto for less money.' He's always going you one better. In other words, he's the Kingfish."

OTHER Amos 'n' Andy characters acquire their characteristics for very practical radio reasons. As you know, all of the folks in the script are played by Correll and Gosden. Their voices alone are heard over the air. As a consequence, there being a normal human limit to the number of guises a voice can take, the necessity for distinctively identifying the characters accounts for the slow, measured drawl of Lightnin', the chopped, querulous syllables of Brother Crawford, and the polish of Henry Van Porter with his catchword, "charmin'."

Mrs. Van Porter, spouse of the high society Henry, is deliberately patterned after some of the hostesses at various afternoon teas that Correll and Gosden, as lionized celebrities, have been obliged to attend. But of all the Amos 'n' Andy tricks of characterization, the telephone is probably most outstanding. You have never heard the voice of Mrs. Van Porter, of

Madame Queen, of Senorita Butterfly, of Millie, of Ruby Tay-



BROTHER CRAWFORD

Dominated by his wife, sensitive to fancied affronts, over-conscientious, the sharply nasal voice of Brother Crawford paints a perfect mental picture. Faced by the necessity of developing several distinctive voice styles to identify their characters, Brother Crawford was created by Amos 'n' Andy to fit his unique habits of speech



LIGHTNIN'

Lightnin' is another Amos voice is the key to his personality. Its timid, word-aminute style makes it easy to identify his comedy relief personality when he comes on the air. Without tricks of costume to aid them. Correll and Gosden depend solely on vocal differences in creating characters

RADIOLAND

Expose the Kingfish



lor, of the Battle-Axe (Brother Crawford's wife)—and yet your mental picture of these colored charmers is just as sharp as of their husbands and gentlemen friends. There's a current wisecrack to the effect that "it's done with mirrors" when explaining a stage or screen illusion, but in Amos 'n' Andy's case it is done with telephones!

You hear Andy conducting a telephonic conversation with Millie—and he pauses in the midst of it with his plaintive "hole de phone" while he turns to Amos for consultation or sympathy. In this way the partners achieve the effect of having their lady characters on the scene with them, without the need of resorting to falsettos or the use of feminine actors.

NOT even Correll and Gosden can predict what fantastic dream of grandeur will next enter the Kingfish's head. All they know is that he has to involve himself and the part-

ners in some predicament which will keep the thread of the story moving. There is nothing in the least mysterious about their methods of writing the Amos 'n' Andy scripts. Perhaps you have thought that the colored pair's adventures are carefully plotted out months in advance. As it happens, the installment you listened to last evening was written only a few hours before it went on the air.

What the authors try to do, first, is to develop some general situation with a lot of dramatic or comic possibilities . . . a situation which can be strung out over a period of weeks or months, such as Madame Queen's breach of promise suit against Andy, Amos' murder trial, or the building of Weber City. Once they have the general situation, they sit down every day around noon and talk over the day's script in which part of the situation is developed. Then, if after the discussion, they have a pretty good idea of what [Continued on page 70]



HENRY VAN PORTER

The oily, sly, and socially ambitious Henry Van Porter might not stand out so distinctly from other Amos 'n' Andy characters were it not for his trade-word, "charmin'!" Van Porter is rarely used for straight comedy, but furthers the drama by playing a slightly villainous rôle



MADAME QUEEN AND MILLIE

Since Correll and Gosden take all the rôles, every woman character in Amos 'n' Andy is represented by a telephone. Through the medium of interrupted phone talks the lady friends of the boys are sharply etched. If it weren't for the handy help of the telephone which permits them to repeat the words of their sweethearts, there could be no romance in the Amos 'n' Andy drama



Wedding Bells

for

Dick Powell?

There's a real-life romance going on behind the scenes of the Hollywood Hotel program. Dick Powell and Mary Brian are the principals—and unless all signs fail, there will be a marriage in the family soon

> BvJOHN FAWCETT

NY Friday afternoon at two o'clock you'll find Dick Powell down at the Los Angeles Playhouse rehearing his Hollywood Hotel program. Or at least so I was told after spending two days and three nights in a futile attempt to track Dick down, chasing from Warner's Studio to Dick's home to studio to theatre to studio to broadcast sta-

tion, and then chasing back again.

I was out to get the truth concerning his romance and possible marriage with the lovely film star Mary Brian. And because so many idle rumors were floating around, it would be necessary to get the word straight from Dick's own lips. I had been discovering that it was not so easy to get close enough to the busy only news I had heard about Dick was that he had "just left."

So it was with all the thrill of a hunter hot on the trail that I presented myself at the theatre door one

Friday afternoon and asked for Dick.
"Why, yes, Mr. Powell is here," smiled the young lady in the manager's office. With a sigh of relief I pushed open the door and dashed into the theatre.

A bewildering spectacle met my eyes, and even more bewildering sounds greeted my ears. The stage was brilliantly illuminated, a startling contrast to the acres of empty seats which stretched out into the darkness. And in the glare of the lights a most extraordinary activity was occurring.

IN THE center of the stage was a complete dance orchestra, every instrument going full blast. Grouped beside the orchestra leader, five men were arguing vociferously over something which was written on a typewritten paper. On one side of the stage, three girls were humming into a microphone. Back of them, two men and a woman were talking into another microphone. And on the other side of the stage. a beautiful girl was singing into yet another "mike. Around her, several couples were dancing on the hard floor of the stage.

From somewhere overhead, an unseen voice was bawling directions through a loudspeaker. Even as I entered the voice yelled, "All right, let's try the explosion now!" A young [Continued on page 48] F YOU asked radio executives what quality made Rosaline Greene one of the air's outstanding actresses—the speaking voice of Mary Lou in Showboat, the heroine of Peggy's Doctor, the mistress of ceremonies of the new Hour of Charm program are a few of her current rôles—some might say, "Her voice." Others might reply, "Her personality." But no matter what qualities they might mention, all would be sure to include, "—And her gameness."

For this dainty brunette has courage! She possesses the same spiritual fiber as a captain who sticks to the bridge of a sinking ship—as a soldier who charges through withering machine gun fire to win a little, bloody knob of land.

Ever since her childhood, Ro (as she is called in the studio) has exemplified steely courage. Not only the physical courage that enables her to conquer pain and laugh at danger, but the moral courage that lets her choose the harder course and stick

to it when she knows she's right.

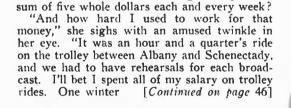
The bright face of danger has ever been before her, beckoning her to adventure. At the age when most little girls dream of being princesses or great society ladies, Ro's ambition was to become a spy in the United States Secret Service, or if she couldn't do that, at least to brave jungles and deserts and frozen wastes as an explorer. It was only when she grew to high school age that she relinquished these dreams and turned to the more prosaic task of earning a living. She studied to be a school teacher—succeeded at it—and then gave up this settled and assured career in favor of the heart-breaking, soul-wearying task of becoming an actress.

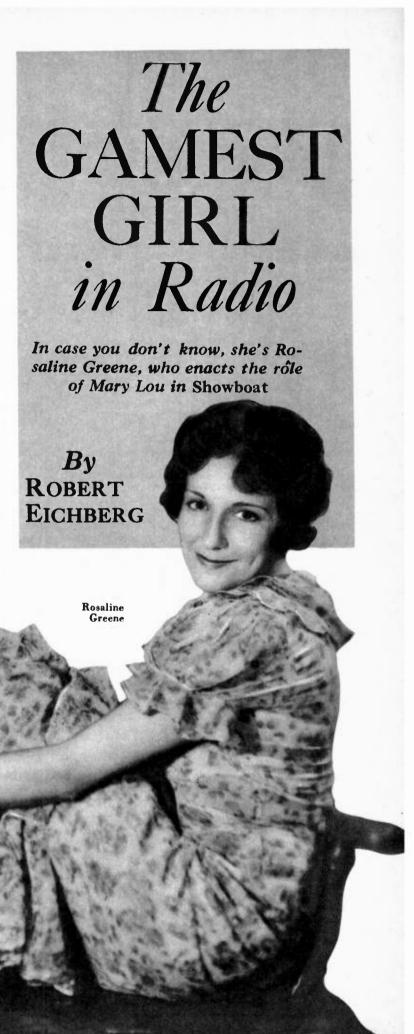
SOME of her adventures sound like bits from the Alger books—but they're all true. As many of them have to do with her radio work, let's hear what she has to say about her start on the air before we survey her adventures.

"I was just seventeen years old, a sophomore studying teaching at the State College in Albany, when I began taking part in radio dramas," Rosaline said. "WGY, a Schenectady station, sent out a call for people to help form the WGY players. I volunteered and they consented to give me a trial."

I volunteered and they consented to give me a trial."

Her first rôle was Nerissa in Shakespeare's Merchant of Venice; two weeks later she was leading lady of the station's dramatic company. And she was the only amateur in the entire crowd! The rest of the cast had been recruited from the stock theaters. There was Big Money in Radio even in those days, for was not our heroine receiving the impressive





Kate Smith Tells You

TEWSPAPERMEN like to refer to me as "Radio's greatest example of an unknown who rocketed to fame overnight." This is flattering, and, allowing for the poetry of the statement, mostly true. So what I have to say to you comes from experience—and the heart.

First, I want to tell you that the doors of radioland are wide open to you. Radio is constantly searching for talent real talent. Always there is some young unknown struggling upward, who will make a hit, and overnight become a star

known the world over.

Secondly, don't be fooled by the myth of "pull!" If you have what it takes, you'll get there! I should know!

There will be complications, of course. And heartaches! And frustrations! And misjudgments! But these will make you the better artist. Remember this as you go along-

When I was going to school in Washington, D. C., I probably was in the same position as most of you. I had a voice, but I didn't know what to do with it-except to entertain my friends—and myself. The war came along and I started singing for the boys encamped near the capital. It was all charity, but someone heard me, kept me in mind and one day I received an offer to appear in a musical comedy on Broadway. Onlythey thought I had the makings of a comedienne, not a singer!

There is an amusing anecdote that one of the Broadway newspaper columnists relates about me. When I left the show, George White, the producer, told my manager, Ted Collins,

that both he and Collins were insane.

"You're ruining a girl who could become a great comedi-

LESSON No. 3 in RADIOLAND'S School of the Air

Each month one of radio's greatest stars gives a broadcasting lesson in RADIO-LAND'S School of the Air. Fred Waring has told the musician how to get on the air. Ed Wynn has given a lesson in radio comedy and offered you a free audition.

In this lesson, third in the series, Kate Smith tells you how to sing for radio. Certainly no one is better qualified to advise on the subject than this amazingly popular young woman who won success, not because she had a voice, but because she learned what to do with it!

By KATE SMITH



How to Sing for RADIO



enne," said Mr. White, "and you'll never see the day when she earns \$500 a week."

Less than a year later, my manager called up Mr. White to rib him by quoting my earnings in a single week, but George hung up on him.

I am citing this merely to encourage you, and drive home the point that, "You never can tell!"

I HAVE been in radio now for four years, and in celebration of that fact, the Hudson Motor Car Company, my sponsors, and myself, have launched a nationwide search for new talent—so here is your big opportunity.

It is an ambition I have harbored for years—the uncovering of deserving talent for the airwaves. All most of you who have real talent need is that one "break." And that's what I

am trying to give you!

If you have been reading the newspapers recently you probably know something about this plan. We started out in January to comb the nation for talent. New York was the first headquarters; then I started moving through the country. Cities and towns in the New York district held auditions, and on each Friday I traveled to these different centers where I presided as judge to select two winners from the ten finalists in each place chosen by a local committee. That night I put on a broadcast over the Columbia Broadcasting System in that city, introducing the two winners and announcing their appearance seventeen days later on Monday night.

The plan has worked splendidly! By the time you read this I probably will be working out of Chicago, or some other key city. And the talent we have uncovered is surprising!

It justifies what I said in the beginning—always there is some unknown struggling upward, who will make a hit, and overnight become a star known the world over.

But it is not just an amateur stunt. Any entertainer is eligible, providing he or she hasn't appeared over one of the major networks. We have found that while there is always a goodly portion of talented amateurs, there also is a good representation of local radio stars, and vaudeville, supper club,

and movie folks who want to find their niche in the radio world.

Each person who is brought to New York, or the key city, for the program has his or her traveling expenses paid, and what is more, receives a generous check for the performance. This is not the usual custom of most talent hunts. We are honestly interested in finding singers of real talent, and are willing to pay for them.

I AM CONVINCED, after my recent six-months tour of America, that there is plenty of available radio talent in this land. There's real stuff out beyond the Hudson River—and I wish there was some way producers and sponsors could see better beyond Broadway. Grand talent is springing up in local radio stations, dramatic clubs, and little theatres. You who have it, know what I mean. It's just that first big leap into the big time that is the hardest to manage, and that worries you.

But here is a heartening word—and a word of caution. That first big leap isn't difficult. It's easier now than it has been before. As I said, the doors of radioland are wide open to you

But beware of that mad, overnight whirl to fame which lasts but a moment and dies out forever! I have seen several promising young singers who were rushed along too rapidly for their own good and who eventually dropped out of the picture completely. Those who have remained at the top took the long, harder road of slow and patient endeavor that led to a secure standing at radio's pinnacle.

And now for a little heart to heart talk to beginners—

I'll probably kick over the apple cart and violate the conventional rules in advising you, but I am basing what I say on my own experience—what has been good for me, and what may serve you in the same way, and as successfully, I hope.

Actual training in singing for [Continued on page 58]

From LIAR to LYRE



THE LIAR-Jack Pearl in his immortal characterization of the Baron Munchausen satirized the foibles of human nature. His new character, Peter Pfeisfer, he expects to prove even more warmly human than the Baron, in a different way

It's a long jump from being the world's greatest liar to becoming an elderly, lovable old musician who knows a lyre only as something to play tunes on-but that's the hurdle Jack Pearl has taken in abandoning the Baron Munchausen to become the new radio character, Peter Pfeiffer

By CARL SLATER

ARIE DRESSLER said to me—and I'll never forget it—'Jack, the public is fickle! Nothing in this business will ever last because tomorrow they will want a new Champion!""

The eyes of Jack Pearl, creator of the late lamented Baron Munchausen, gleamed as he recalled the words of the great

"That was when I played with Marie in the Winter Garden in 1922—and Marie, bless her, was right. But she was wrong, too! She lived to discover that the public was not quite as fickle as she thought.

"She lived to find that as far as the theater, the screen and radio is concerned the public will take to its heart only those

things that deserve to last.

"For that reason I say that the Baron Munchausen is not dead! That lovable old liar will live forever, and by that I mean that he will live as long as there is a spark of human ego left in any of us. As long as the man who earns \$75 a week tells his friends he is making \$100. As long as you go home and tell your wife how chummy you are with the boss just because he happened to say 'Good morning.

"The Baron was really all of us-you, I, the man on the corner. We are always lying a little to bolster our egos. That's why we can't help laughing at our own faults magnified a thousand times by a man who tells such preposterous lies.

"But we don't try to eat strawberries alone for 365 days out of the year . . . neither do we want to listen to one program that is forever based on the funny side of one human frailty. I love the Baron. I enjoyed being him for two and a half years. Now I have a new character—one that should last longer and be even more popular than the Baron."

JACK PEARL fished out a cigarette, crossed the living room of his comfortably furnished penthouse apartment, gazed out at the silver radiance of the New York skyline as it gleamed from across Central Park. He began to talk again without

"I began in the show business twenty-four years ago. I've been in a good many shows since I got my first real job in a chorus at twelve dollars a week. The thing that has impressed me is that nothing is permanent. As great an actor or actress as there is today will be a mere fragment of the memory in five years or ten.

The effusive little comedian turned away from the window and perched himself on the edge of the davenport next to me.

"Listen," he said, crushing out his cigarette with a typical nervous gesture. "Let's be frank! I'm in this business to make money. Ten years from now when I go into a bank I can't go to the teller's window and say, 'Remember me? I'm the fellow who used to hand you a lot of laughs on the radio -and I need some money.'

"But I'm in the show business too because I love it. I hope that when I'm an old man they'll let me stagger out of my wheel chair and walk across the stage, just to be a part of the scenery.

with JACK PEARL

"Because I love the show business I want to give it something to remember for a long time. But I want this new character I play to be more important than myself—and of course for the sake of personal pride I want to play it better than anyone else could.

"There isn't any question in my mind but that the public will like Peter Pfeiffer even more than it did the Baron. Peter is an odd sort of character. He might have stepped from the pages of a Mark Twain story. He is the same kind of befuddled, genuine type of character that Charlie Chaplin and Marie Dressler played for so long."

WITH quick gestures Jack Pearl described his new radio character. I could see Peter Pfeiffer come to life before my eyes. A little old man of fifty. Wisps of grey hair surrounding a glistening bald spot. Two sparkling eyes shot through with an expression that was at the same time amazed, hopeless, curious and amused. A pair of half-moon pinch glasses that are whipped on and off.

Peter Pfeiffer, a stoop-shouldered, worn individual whose red cheeks shine like the well-polished seat of his baggy, blue serge trousers. He is a little man with a moth-eaten look. A Caspar Milquetoast in person. There is a little gap between his vest and trousers through which shows an expanse of white shirt. He smiles, and a kindly radiance spreads over his face.

There you have Peter Pfeiffer, proprietor of the hotel on Main street of any town. He takes in tenants and they in turn take him in. He is continually in trouble trying to get others out of trouble.

He lends \$20 to a man and his wife to keep their marriage from breaking up because they are broke. Tells them to forget about their hotel bill and then walks out of the room, unaware that behind him the two are smothering their laughter as the husband says, "Honey, didn't I tell you I'd take that old sucker?"

Peter Pfeiffer is not only a hotel keeper. He is a musician. He has a beautiful daughter, a boarder who can tell the old gentleman how to collect bills from everybody but himself, a dumb bellhop, and a group of children who are his music students. Between them all his life on the radio will be pretty hectic. [Continued on page 61]





-Bert Lawson

Peter Pfeiffer—alias
Jack Pearl—is an old
musician forced by
fate to run a country
hotel. A lovable,
blundering, kindly
chap, whose good
nature is imposed
upon by his guests to
his moth-eaten disadvantage. The only
kind of liar Jack
Pearl's new radio character knows anything
about is a musical instrument like a harp

If Jack seems to have aged suddenly in the photo at the left, it's simply because he is made up for the rôle of Peter Pfeiffer with enough powder sprinkled in his black hair to turn it gray. Charlie Hall of "Vass you dere, Sharlee?" fame appears on the new program with Jack

APRIL, 1935



THEY NEVER TOLD

B URIED somewhere deep within each of us is a dream of what might have been, a haunting, tantalizing vision of how different life would have been had we achieved our secret ambition. . . . Even the top-notch radio stars who, we think, have the world at their feet, are tortured by some unfulfilled desire. And like most of us, they have long ago hauled up a white flag of truce to circumstance, and tried to forget all about their lost hopes.

But Fred Allen, the hilarious comedian whom you hear every Wednesday night in *Town Hall Tonight*, has never forgotten his dream. Year in and year out he has been working to accom-

What is this longing which has driven him constantly on? When he first told me about it, I laughed, thinking the jokster was kidding me. But the longer I listened to him and the more I spoke to his wife, Portland Hoffa, and their few intimate friends, the less I felt inclined to laugh. For I realized that Fred Allen was deadly serious.

Since he was a small, scrawny, red-headed youngster, living on the wrong side of the college town of Cambridge, Massachusetts, Fred Allen has hoped and planned for a real, thorough classical education—a college education, no less. "All I want out of life," he told me seriously, "is the opportunity to become a cultured, well-rounded person; the ability to understand the finest in art and music; to appreciate the best in literature, and be able to produce some myself."

SOME people assimilate the foundation for fine living from beautiful, refined home surroundings, others get it through schooling. Fred Allen had neither to fall back on.

Orphaned at the age of three, he was brought up by a poor, widowed aunt, who was so busy trying to stretch the few dollars his father made as a bookbinder to meet the physical needs of her brood of eight, that she had no time nor interest in the cultural side of life. On his fourteenth birthday Fred Allen was presented with working papers. That was his only birthday gift. Thereafter he worked during the day, and went to school at night.

And high school was his first great disappointment. For years he had dreamed of attending the College Preparatory High School Cambridge possessed, where lucky boys prepared for Harvard. But just when it was time to enroll, his native city opened its Boys' Commercial High School. And it was to this hated school, where not the beloved classics but typing and shorthand and commercial English and bookkeeping were taught, that Fred Allen went to at night. Logically, he belonged there. This school prepared him to earn a living, to ease the burden of existence. What good would a college preparatory course be to one of the impoverished Allen clan?

Till late at night, Fred Allen read, anything and everything that fell into his hands. At least, that much he could do to improve himself. To this day, reading is his main hobby; in his library I saw shelf upon shelf of well-thumbed books, four thousand of them, and all but one hundred he has read!

"The only reason I went into vaudeville," he told me, "was that even a third-rater could earn three times as much as a stenographer or clerk. I thought perhaps I could gradually save enough money so that some day I could really live and study the way I wanted."

Meanwhile, no time was wasted by young Fred Allen. "I used to carry more books in my trunk than clothes," he told me. And his fellow troupers always looked upon the lean, lank, taciturn young comedian as a "queer un." Very definitely he set himself apart, seemed to avoid [Continued on page 69]

FRED ALLENCollegiate Model

You've heard of the typical comedian whose ambition is to play
Hamlet. Fred Allen goes him
one better and reveals here for
the first time his burning desire for a classical college education. Between his radio broadcasts he is studying seriously for
a Bachelor of Arts degree!

TILL NOW • by Mary Jacobs

NVE minutes after seventeen-year-old Elsie Hitz had met tall, broad-shouldered Jack Welch, she was sitting on his lap and he was kissing her passionately. When she hadn't even been introduced to him!

Stop a minute before you raise your eyebrows in shocked horror. For it all happened while they rehearsed for a show, and sweet, shy, unsophisticated Elsie was as embarrassed as you could imagine. To this day Jack Welch, who has been the husband of the charming heroine of Dangerous Paradise for eleven years, kids her plenty

about it.

You see, Jack was the leading man in a theatrical company going on tour. His leading lady had fallen ill, and at the last minute Elsie was sent up as a substitute. When she walked into the rehearsal room, the stage director looked her over and said, "Okay, sister. Now we'll try the love scene in the second act."

"And try it we did," she told me laughingly, "though no one had introduced us. I had been on the stage since I was a child, but never was I kissed that way. Stage kisses are usually very chaste—but Jack Welch, well, his was no stage kiss at all! And much to my surprise, I found myself closing my eyes, and kissing this tall, blonde stranger, too. I actually liked it."

Conscience-stricken at her conduct, for she

had never kissed a man before, Elsie Hitz avoided the young leading man. And, aside from his very expert love-making on the stage, he gave

no sign of noticing her.

Till the day the company left New York to go on tour. Just as she was leaving to catch the train home, he appeared. "After all, Miss Hitz," he began in a matter-of-fact tone. 'since we are playing opposite each other we might just as well get a little acquainted, don't you think? Suppose you have tea with me . . ." his voice trailing off to a tremulous whisper.

SO TO tea they went. And there he committed what to Elsie was an unpardonable sin. He told her she was a very clever

and sensible young woman, with a lot of personality.

"I guess he was trying his best to compliment me," she told me, her brown eyes dancing with mischief, "but I was indignant. What girl of seventeen wants to be told she is intelligent, and has personality? Why, that's what we used to say at home about a girl who was very plain-looking; it was considered an apologetic consolation.

Not a very auspicious beginning, was it? But Dan Cupid has a way of taking matters into his own hands, and before a month was out Elsie realized she was hopelessly in love with her handsome, thoughtful leading man. And as to twenty-four-year-old Jack Welch, well, he felt she was the most precious and adorable girl he had ever met. But not a word did he say to her

about how he felt.

Instead, he sat himself down and wrote Elsie's mother a letter, explaining he was her daughter's leading man, and telling Mrs. Hitz that since Elsie was so young and inexperienced, he felt he should keep an eagle eye on her, and watch out for her in a

brotherly fashion.

"He did," Elsie told me laughingly. "So good a watch did he keep that no one else could come near me. Not that I missed this, for if he had told me that black was white, I was so much in love with him I would have believed him. And he was so darling to me: the first thing he'd do when we went to a new city was to rush to the theater to make sure I'd get the best dressing room." The rest of the cast called him "Elsie's Advance Guard.' [Continued on page 68]



A Stage Kiss brought Love to

ELSIE HITZ

Five minutes after she had been presented to a handsome young actor, seventeen-year-old Elsie Hitz was playing a love scene with him—and before either of them realized it, it wasn't a love scene any longer, but the real thing!

THAT SPUNKY KID-

Loretta Clemens

Malnutrition and laryngitis couldn't keep Loretta Clemens from winning her big chance in radio, nor a quarrel keep her away from the man she loved

BvETHEL CAREY

T FOURTEEN, she was breadwinner for her family. In her early twenties, penniless and strictly on her own, she stormed the portals of radio in New York City. And though suffering from malnutrition and laryngitis, so she couldn't talk above a whisper when she auditioned at NBC, spunky Loretta made the grade. Little blue-eyed, chestnut-haired Loretta Clemens has jumped over every hurdle she's ever encountered.

When she realized her happiness lay with Fred Tupper, even though she hadn't heard from him for three years, she had spunk enough to swallow her pride and make the first move. Now

it's going to be quite a job to make a go of their marriage and of her promising career at the same time. But I'm betting on little Loretta Clemens to win. For she is spunk personified.

Always, she's been fighting against heavy odds. And always she has won out. It started when she was a weak, puny infant, "a blue baby," the doctors called her. Though her family lived in Knottingham, a suburb of Cleveland, where there was plenty of fresh air and sunshine, and each family had its own cow to provide milk, little Lorrie did not thrive. Four times the doctors changed her formula, to no avail.

ANOTHER baby would have died. But she just fought. Till finally, the family doctor, puzzled over her lack of improvement, ordered the milk analyzed. And discovered that the cow was tubercular! Loretta had been fed tuberculosis germs as her daily ration. And at the age of six months, she spunkily fought against them and won out.
"Mother always said I had nine [Co

[Continued on page 64]

Spunky Loretta Clemens has been waging a coura-geous battle all her life. The old family photo at the right shows her after she had won her first battle-for six months, as an infant, she was raised on milk from a tubercular cow!



The Radio Review



WPH

Captain Henry Geniality is written all over the countenance of Frank McIntyre, successor to Charles Winninger as skipper of the Showboat. He probably would attribute that heart-warming smile to the brand of coffee he favors Carmen Castillia You can almost hear the castanets when you look at this photo of Carmen Castillia—she brings a bit of Old Mexico into her songs on the Saturday night Let's Dance program, singing with Xavier Cugat's orchestra. In private life she is Mrs. Cugat Ray Lee Jackson RADIOLAND







Miko



Em, of Clara, Lu 'n Em, has to address Sambo, her cocker spaniel, in the sign language because he is deaf. She thought he was dumb too until she discovered his physical handicap

-Wide World

Father Charles E. Coughlin, the radio priest, as he addressed the National Monetary Conference called by Senator Elmer Thomas of Oklahoma, an avowed inflationist

Bing's in the Money Now

An income of a quarter of a million dollars a year is Bing Crosby's. Radio contributes to this huge sum at the rate of \$4,500 a week and the balance comes from his movie contracts and business enterprises. Pretty good takings for a troubadour, considering that his Twelfth Century precursors lived upon crumbs and were set upon by dogs as they wandered about France twanging their guitars. A penny was the customary fee for the lyric poets of those days.

Studio executives are alarmed over the growing use of marijuana among musicians. It is a Mexican weed smoked by the tooters and fiddlers to give them a better sense of rhythm. Like all narcotics, marijuana has serious after-effects and its addicts are more to be pitied than censored, as the saying goes.

Candid Camera Comic Closeups

Fred Allen, drollest and hardest working of them all, prepares most of his own material and devotes eighteen hours out of every twenty-four to the job

of being a professional funny man . . Jack Pearl, the most serious and superstitious, is socially the least active . . . Eddie Cantor is a professional worrier and is constantly beset by some problem, and is constantly beset by some problem, real or fancied . . . Jack Benny, always suave and genial, is a delightful companion but his mind is constantly alert for possible gags for his impending broadcast . . Ed Wynn, a rival of Fred Allen for industry in resurrecting and molding material to his uses, is a natural clown at performance time but in between times a very sober and sedate fellow . . . Phil Baker, usually mild-mannered and even-dispositioned becomes upset when he thinks his gag writer has failed him . . . Walter O'Keefe is always as crisp and as smart as he hopes his material is.

By the time this issue of Radioland appears the chances are another national network will be functioning. It is the Mutual Broadcasting System which has been quietly forming for some time. WOR is the key station in New York, WGN in Chicago, WLW in Cincinnati and WXYZ in Detroit. These four have been hooked up for months and they will be supplemented by stations extending to the Pacific Coast.

Moral: Don't be Original

It is a radio paradox that the originator of an idea rarely reaps the benefit from it. For example, there is

Major Edward Bowes, who introduced the amateur contests to the air from his independent New York station, WHN. For months he has been producing an outstanding novelty program but no sponsor has come forth to reward him for his enterprise. In the meantime two amateur periods are being sponsored on the networks-Ray Perkins handling one for Feen-a-Mint on Columbia and Fred Allen devoting part of his Town Hall Tonight proceedings to the same style of entertainment on NBC.

Vaughn de Leath originated crooning and although a hundred other crooners have commercial contracts she is still on sustaining. Nellie Revell was the first Says:

Father Coughlin's League for Social Justice has won its first skirmish. Recent defeat of the World Court in the United States Senate, by a narrow margin, is credited largely to the avalanche of telegrams of protest received by senators following a radio address by Father Coughlin in which he urged his followers to demand that their legislators vote "no"

to interview radio artists on the air. Then Bob Taplinger, of the Columbia press department, did a similar program for his circuit. But it remained for Wallace Butterworth, the announcer, to sell the idea to a sponsor and John P. Kennedy connected with a commercial modification of the same type program. While the originator, Miss Revell, continues on NBC sustaining.

JACK BENNY: I am king in my household.

FRANK PARKER: Sure you are, Jack. Wasn't I there the day Mary crowned you?

Ben Bernie and his lads hate to travel between towns in busses. Two misadventures are responsible. Once in the mid-West the driver fell asleep and their conveyance toppled over in a ditch doing a lot of damage to their instruments. Again in New England the bus skidded and came to an abrupt stop by contact with a tree. Some of the musicians were cut by flying glass but none received serious injury.

Miscellany

• Beatrice Lillie is a shooting gallery addict. It is her favorite form of relaxation . . . Ted di Corsia of The March of Time cast has written a novel . . . Notwithstanding his tragic death several months ago, the Russ Columbo Co-Ed Club of Long Island is still carrying on. They recently arranged for a mass to be said in his memory at St. Malachy's church, New York City . . . Composer Sigmund Romberg is an incorrigible practical joker . . . Bob Trout is now a member of Columbia's New York announcerial staff. For years he was stationed in Washington as CBS's presidential introducer . . Rudy Vallée will wear the uniform of an Annapolis midshipman in his next picture. The Vagabond Lover has long nursed a desire to appear in military trappings in the movies.

Roxy, who launched the careers of many outstanding artists, is showing a letter recently received from a chap in Bangor, Maine. It reads: "Perhaps you will remember me. A few years ago you gave me an audition. When I finished you asked what my occupation was. I

told you I was a bricklayer and you advised me to stick to my trade. I was good and sore at the time, but not now. I stuck to my trade and now I own my own contracting business."

* * * * * * Fresh Slanguage

Bozart, derived from the French phrase beaux-arts, meaning fine arts, is a new word in the American language. It is defined as something above the taste and comprehension of the vulgar. So when you read Beatrice Lillie is a bozart comédienne you know now what the writer is trying to imply. But to your correspondent the adjective is misapplied in Miss Lillie's case. That trick inflection of hers which transforms a perfectly nice word into one of naughty implications may be bozart but at times it appears downright vulgar.

Cole Porter, author of "You're The Top," fell afoul of NBC's ruling that the original verses of ditties must be sung on the air. Porter appearing as guest on a program wanted to do a new set of lyrics but NBC said "No"—and he didn't. The regulation is the result of the pleas of the song-writers themselves. They object to their brain children being parodied by any old Tom, Dick and Harry who feels the impulse.



Jane and Goodman Ace, the famous Easy Aces, have returned from a winter vacation in Florida to a new evening spot on NBC. Can that look of disgust on Ace's face be inspired by a remark from Jane?



Mike Says:

After the Amateur-

When the amateur show cycle has run its course what will be the next trend in radio? Emil Coleman, conductor of the orchestra furnishing the music background for the Penthouse Party featuring Mark Hellinger and Gladys Glad, says the impending novelty is the presentation of professional artists anonymously. Listeners will be invited to guess their identities to see if they really and truly know their favorites. At the succeeding broadcast the entertainers will be identified so that the fans can check up on their guesses.

Although microphones were barred at the Hauptmann trial the broadcasters were on the job nevertheless. One independent New York station projected a running account of the proceedings from the sheriff's office on the Flemington Court House. Lowell Thomas for NBC and Gabriel Heater for WOR spoke from microphones rigged up in a nearby pool room. Boake Carter took to the air for Columbia from the second floor of the Union Hotel.

Although the Broadway show, Calling All Stars, in which he appeared, has closed, Phil Baker won't return to Chicago to broadcast the Armour Program. He remains in New York so that the services of Leon Belasco and his orchestra may be continued.

Late News Items

• By the time you read this Grace Hayes and Newell Chase, the composer and her accompanist, will have said "I do" to the preacher man. Their contract with NBC, by the way, has been renewed for another year . . . Paul Dumont is now production manager for Beatrice Lillie. He was succeeded as endman on the Mollé Minstrels by "Pork Chops" Casper, Al Bernard remaining . . . Loose Moments, a play by Courtenay Savage, head of Columbia's continuity and dramatic departments, and Bertram Hobbs, is an addition to the waning theatrical season.

Chestnut street, one of Philadelphia's main thoroughfares, according to The Bulletin of that city, was originally called Wynn street. Ed Wynn, a native of the Quaker City, on hearing this news promptly claimed it had been named after his family. "My ancestors," vouchsafed the Fire Chief,

turned songstress. For years she looked forward to the time when she could take a week off from her microphone duties and visit Bermuda for a grand coat of tan. The time finally came this Winter and Shirley set sail for the island. But alas and alack! For the whole week she was there the sun never shone even once. And on the return voyage she got terribly seasick and arrived back at Radio City paler than when she left!

Louis Katzman can claim more firsts in radio than any other conductor on the air. He was the original arranger of so-called classical jazz; first arranger of music for a commercial program 'way back in 1922; first orchestra leader to mike electrical transcriptions and the first director to be commercially sponsored.

Orchestras Please Note

Dand leaders are slow to realize it but indignation is mounting rapidly among listeners over the freak arrangements given popular songs. They do more to kill tunes on the air than the tiring repetitions. Al Goodman, veteran conductor of theater orchestras and a recognized leader among broadcasting maestros, hits the nail squarely on the head with this observation: "So-called 'symphonic arrangements' are the bunk. If a song becomes a hit it is on the strength of the melody, not the orchestra. Yet, there is a whole school of leaders who believe in overburdening a popular melody with modernistic chords, counter melodies and trick effects. It is fantastic."



San Francisco. In addition, he has a communication service operating between New York and Chicago and this is to be extended to the Pacific coast. Two mobile press short-wave stations—KUP in San Francisco and WHR, Carlstadt, N. J.—are also owned by the Hearst organization.

+ + + + + High Spots

• Memos from a radio reporter's pad: Some staff musicians on the networks receive as high as \$300 a week. They have to be exceptionally versatile and able to play symphonies or jazz with equal skill. And acrobatic, too, the way they dash from one studio to another to keep up with their broadcast schedules. Oscar Bradley deserted his post as maestro of the Gulf Headliners to become a musical director on the Fox Films staff. His successor, Frank Tours, was orchestra leader last season for As Thousands Cheer. This winter he has been conducting the amazingly successful The Great Waltz at the Center Theater, Radio City . Heeding the pleas of their sponsors George Burns and Grace Allen are now broadcasting before studio audiences. Amos 'n' Andy still refuse to admit spectators. They are about the only act on the air that does.





Dumb Dora

Here is a Dumb Dora story, the authenticity of which is attested by Phil Spitalny, director of the all-girl orchestra on Columbia. It seems at rehearsal there was delay in getting started while Phil searched for his baton. A girl visitor inquired of her male escort why the leader didn't make the band play. The young man explained Spitalny required a stick to beat time. "What kind of a stick?" she wanted to know. Impatient at her ignorance, he snapped: "Oh, any kind of a stick." After a moment of silence the lady asked in a spirit of helpfulness: "Would a lipstick do?"

Studio Pickups

. . . .

Jane Froman will spend the Spring and Summer in Hollywood making movies and will be missing from the air during that period . . . "Singin' Sam" wears a diamond ring with a stone in it big enough to drown a cat . . Whenever William A. Brady, the veteran theatrical producer, fears his memory may be faulty about personages and events he discusses in his broadcasts, he consults his reference library of scrapbooks. It consists of twenty-five fat volumes . . . Before radio, Jerry Cooper was a bank clerk in New Orleans . . The success of Alexander Woollcott as the Town Crier has sent the radio rajahs scouting the literary haunts for similar talent. Don Marquis in a notable recent acquisition.

Pity the Writer

Radio writers fighting for recognition in program announcements meet with constant rebuffs. Unless a Eugene O'Neill, a Noel Coward or a George Bernard Shaw, the studio satraps don't believe an author's name should be mentioned. Consider the case of James Glover, fabricator of Roses and Drums, a consistently fine example of radio writing. In one episode recently he was identified as the creator but his name was promptly blue pencilled in the next continuity. A studio official decided James Glover lacked the glamour of a John Galsworthy and wasn't worth mentioning.

John Charles Thomas is the son of a Methodist minister and got his early training at camp meetings conducted by his dad . . . Julia Sanderson has a pair of stockings woven by her great grand-mother in 1820 . . . A Lowell Thomas news summary averages 2,300 words . . . Rosa Ponsella, the opera star, loves to ride a bicycle . . . At the age of seven, Rosario Bourdon, conductor of the Cities Service orchestra, was playing the 'cello with the Belgium Symphony Barthell's Columbia associates call her veteran radio actor, has been wearing the same overcoat thirty-two years . . . Betty Barthell's Columbia associates call her "Dibbie." Why, nobody knows . . .

At Home With

Radio's best dressed woman and her husband, Frank Chapman, inspire envy in the hearts of New York's smart set with their luxurious but homelike apartment overlooking the East River

By DOTTY WILSON

with the thousands who belong to the Four Hundred. Yet, at home, she is still the same Gladys Swarthout who sang in the choir back in Kansas City. In the "Met" she sings for the low-priced upper balconies as well as the Diamond Horseshoe. Success has made her happy, it has given her the things every normal woman craves, but it has not made her high-hat.

> Gladys Swarthout's home is one of the things folks talk about when they converse about opera singers and radio stars. For, today, Gladys rates high on the list of air artists because of her splendid work on the presentations of the Palmolive Beauty Box Theater over the NBC networks. The stuffed shirt brigade, no doubt, would love to treasure her as its very own, but, thanks to radio, she belongs to every lover of fine music, rich and poor. A turn of the dial brings you the same voice that thrills the affluent box-holders in the famous Diamond Horseshoe at the

"Met." Gladys would love to have her own big home in the country. She's that kind of a woman. But, with frequent singing engagements, that is impossible, so we called on her on the twelfth floor of a swanky apartment building on East End avenue in New York City. Nearby, we recalled live such celebrities as Rudy Vallée, James Melton and Lanny

Here's a gown worn by Gladys Swarthout that has all Fifth Avenue agog. It is a medieval tea gown of magnificent sky blue velvet, designed by the famous Fortuny

HERE is no concealing the fact that in the minds of most people, the Metropolitan Opera House in New York City is a stalwart and seemingly inpregnable fortress of the stuffed shirt brigade.

Sables, lorgnettes, toppers, tails, broad A's-an unending contest for social superiority-an army of necks stiffened by years of sky glancing.

This is the environment in which Gladys Swarthout sings the great arias which draw to the Diamond Horseshoe the thousands who belong to the Four Hundred. It is the same environment in which a once humble Italian became famous as Enrico Caruso. It is the identical hall (with some pardonable modern decorations) in which Melba, Tetrazzini, Schumann-Heink and others immortal in the annals of music, garnered cheers and gold.

The "Met" of today has just as many stuffed shirts as the "Met" of old. But Gladys Swarthout, mezzo-soprano, is no stuffed shirt. She is a daughter of old Missouri, grown rich through her ability to recognize and utilize a marvelous vocal talent. She is hailed as the "best dressed woman of radio" and she mingles



Gladys Swarthout is an avid reader of books. Here we see her before the book shelves in work room" an extra hedroom which she and her husband use as a home office

GLADYS SWARTHOUT

with her husband, Frank Chapman, distinguished concert and radio baritone, son of Dr. John Chapman, head of the New York Museum of Natural History. They have been married for two years and are madly in love-not in a show-off, stagy way, but in the sincere manner

easily recognizable as genuine.
"Yes, we love our home," Gladys explains without hesitation. "Frank and I furnished it together. We picked out every piece of furniture, every rug and drape and every picture and piece of bric-a-brac you can see. It means much to us and until we can have the real big house that we want, we will make it as comfortable and homey as we can."

WHEN her guests arrived, Gladys was dressed in a simple afternoon frock made of tobacco brown wool. The Russian influence was noticeable in the wide sleeves and cowl neck and the front swirl effect of the skirt. While a butler, formally garbed, but without the gaudy brass buttons so many folks think necessary, served cocktails, Gladys excused herself. Frank Chapman's eyes followed her across the drawing room until she disappeared down the main hall leading to the living chambers. There was admiration in his eyes-pride in her charm and talent.

Presently she returned, dressed in a gown which, unless signs fail, will set a new vogue. It was a medieval tea gown designed and made for her by the

famous Fortuny. It was of pale, skyblue velvet with brocade work stamped in by a secret process owned by the designer. The front and back panels of the gown were held together by smooth cord, the loops of which fastened on curious bone buttons.

Gladys Swarthout, for the moment, was a breath of old Florence. And perhaps that was as she wished, for a wealth of etchings, paintings and sculptures revealed her husband's preference for that far-famed center of culture.

That gown made the picture complete, for the drawing room is in itself a transplantation from the old world. Only the huge grand piano, holding forth in modern grandeur in a far corner, stood as a reminder that outside in the street, automobiles rushed and that the dimmed lights were fed by electricity instead of the tallow of Middle Ages candles.

The furniture in the drawing room is a mixture of Louis XV and Louis XVI. Everywhere you see pieces of art and each piece has its own interesting story. All of these were brought from Europe, where they were personally selected by Gladys and Frank. You mentally note that each little piece of bric-a-brac seems to have a very definite reason for being where it is. Good taste is the answer.

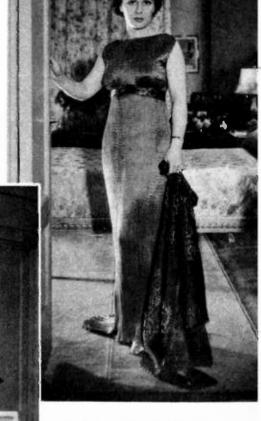
BEFORE leaving the drawing room, one cannot avoid noticing the overmantel, standing like a sentinel atop the burning logs which give the place a

homey touch so frequently missed in our modern, steam heated apartment homes.

"Let me tell you," says Gladys with a musical little laugh. "Frank brought back those miniatures from Europe. We didn't know what to do with them, until Frank conceived the idea of building them into an over-mantel. So he designed the piece, called in the workmen and showed them what he wanted and now you see the result. Splendid, don't

Really, it is just that-splendid. It sort of reflects the character of the whole drawing room.

Gladys' dining room isn't large, but it is elegantly furnished with a modern suite. The high- [Continued on page 56]



Gladys emerges from her beautiful bedroom dressed in this ultrastylish evening gown with sweeping train and effective lines

Gladys and her husband, Frank Chapman, before the fireplace in their drawing room. The over-mantel pictured here has a story all its own-which you will find in the accompanying article





Impertinent Comment

▼ OOD news for listeners: Cantor and Pearl are back, this time on CBS; Easy Aces have returned to night time, on NBC. The Cantor show, shortened to a half hour, gives the pop-eyed jumping jack of comics a better chance to do his stuff. Two new stars seem destined to emerge-Nick Parkakakas, the Greek dialect comic long popular in New England-and Ted Husing, the sports commentator, whom Cantor is developing as a stooge.

Jack Pearl seems to have found in Peter Pfeiffer a happier characterization than the Baron, by far. The Baron, as even Jack himself will admit, had got to be an awful bore. The Baron ran away with Jack. Now he's trying to live the

Baron down. So in the interests of fair play the Loudspeaker urges you to give him at least one trial in his new rôleand see if you won't tune in again. All this new fare for the dial twister coming thus late in the season at a time when in duller years the name programs were getting ready to do a fade from the air is an indication of the growing richness of the radio menu.

And a little bad news along with the good: One Man's Family, the swell dramatic script, having lost its sponsor, may fade from the air entirely. No reflection on the show. Just luck of the airwaves. If another sponsor grabs them, he will pick up an automatic audience that is plenty big. More bad news:

Woollcott is still placed opposite Jack Benny, one of the most annoying situations a dial turner has to face. . .

That woman who laughed so hysterically on the Wynn shows recently was just a lucky accident, but she did a lot for the build-up of the show over the air . . . a scientist says that some day radio will be able to transmit odors as well as sounds . . . it seems that smellavision is just around the corner . . . for something out of the ordinary, try the Country Church in Hollywood broadcast on CBS Sunday mornings. It has that homely, folksy touch the Seth Parker broadcasts used to have before Phillips Lord went native.

David Ross is back in his stride again with a number of big time commercials ... he ought to be tagged the announcer with the persuasive voice. . . . He always stands with one hand cupped to his ear and nobody can figure out whether it really helps him or whether it's just good showmanship . . . there seems to be a race between Wayne King and Abe Lyman to see who has the most spots on the air . . . for a nifty musical melange try St. Louis Blues from KMOX. . . .

Add Good News: Charlie Winninger, (Ex-Cap'n Henry) comes to Gulf Oil on CBS as master of ceremonies. He will still be a Cap'n, but probably Cap'n somebody else. And rumors are he'll be back in Showboat before long . . . Charlie and Will Rogers seem to rate right at the top as air personalities. . . .

After hearing Bee Lillie and hearing that Noel Coward had allowed her free run of his material, one car. only conclude that he handed her his old wastebasket instead of his old file basket . . her delivery is swell, but the material seems almost as bad as Durante's . . . and by the way, I wonder where he's working now . . . and what kind of coffee he's drinking. And a big commercial has been booked opposite Father Coughlin. Can he be losing his pulling power? Or is it a political plot to wean his audience away from him?

A Housewife Selects Her Favorite Programs

Sunday: Radio City Music Hall, Jack Benny, e Penner, Chase & Sanborn operas, Ford Sym-

Monday: Around the dial, people in for cards.
Tuesday: Palmolive (all dates off).
Wednesday: (The Byrd South Pole broad-

casts).
Thursday: Showboat (always) Whiteman (now that Joison has gone).
Friday: Just try for anything that's on.
Saturday: Torn between Roxy and the Romberg program.
Daytime favorites: Clara Lu 'Em, Today's Children, Vic 'n' Sade, Damrosch Friday morning concerts, Farm & Home Hour.

DEAKED FRANK OPINIONS FRANKLY EXPRESSED

THE FEMININE **INVASION**

The Ladies Win All Honors This Month



Kate Smith

Impresario

Kate Smith because not content with her career as a singer, she broadened her activities to embrace program building and now has turned to the serious and important business of un-

covering and giving a helping hand to new talent with such success that at least one of her proteges has already been put under long term contract.

Comedienne

Beatrice Lillie, because her character sketches are about as perfect from the technical standpoint as could be desired. because her voice is of the utmost clarity and every word gets



Beatrice Lillie

over and because she can say "Pul-leaze!" like nobody's business, and chiefly because she is the only woman in radio who is undertaking a comedy program all by herself.



Announcer

Elsie Janis, because in middle life she had the courage to turn from an established career in Elsie Janis

Elsie Janis

Elsie Janis

radio announcer, and because as pio-

neer in this field she may serve her sisters to come by uprooting a deep seated prejudice.

Mistress of Ceremonies

Cobina Wright, because she has set an example to women everywhere by picking up the pieces of a life shattered by the depres-



Cobina Wright

sion and launching out in radio on an entirely new career, and also because she has brought to American housewives the first salon of the air.

alms Persimm

Palms to

A waving palm to BOAKE CARTER for having covered the HAUPTMANN trial in a fair, impartial, colorful and creditable way . . . a palm to Chase & Sanborn for the superb operas in English . . . to the LUX THEATER for having brought remarkable performers and performances to the stay-at-homes . . . to MARY PICKFORD, a double palm for having brought humility and enthusiasm to radio and having put over a fine job . . . to FREDDY RICH, the orchestra leader . . . who may some day be bigger than Whiteman and I don't mean around the waist . . . to LENNY HAYTON for the best piano interpolations to be heard on the air ... how that boy can pound 'em out ... to FRED ALLEN for that wonderful comedy sequence on his show . . . Little Towns Make Big News . . . to the big time shows which are taking an increasing interest in giving amateurs a real break . . . some of them have already been given contracts ... others at least have been able to get a first break . . . to FRED WARING for the marvelous job he is doing with his new full hour show and the effects he is getting from the augmented girls voices . . . to Smiling ED McCONNELL for the way he can put over a song . . . and to the recent Sunday night benefit

\$10 LETTER

Disagreement Editor, RADIOLAND.

Springfield, Mass.

Dear Sir:

My pet radio grievances: Unexpected blares of noise when the children are asleep; third-rate political programs replacing regular programs; extravagant advertising claims that provoke "Oh, yeah?"—and that rather cheap stunt of exhorting children to "ask your mother,"

My radio menu: Alexander Woollcott, appetizer Phil Baker, Poor Fish (I'm not strong for the fish course)

Red Davis, Salad Days (salads are so good for us) Jane Ace for the Vegetable (How I love

that gal!) Vallée and King for Just Desserts (and how they get 'em judging from popularity polls)
Penner, Gracie Allen, and Wynn for the "nuts"

Sincerely. BEATRICE MERRICK. 74 Clifton Avenue,

show of the air . . . and a palm to WAL-TER WINCHELL for real reporting in digging up advance facts on the Hauptmann trial for his air audience. . . .

Persimmons to

A rich ripe persimmon to WALTER WINCHELL for expressing his personal opinion of Hauptmann's guilt on the air while the trial was still in progress, a violation of ethics and good taste ... and while awarding persimmons in connection with that case, let's not forget GABRIEL HEATTER, WOR commentator for manhandling metaphors and English generally and going maudlin and dramatic in a big way . . . to WOOLLCOTT for skidding so close to the border line of vulgarity . . . a juicy persimmon to the otherwise swell HOOVER SENTINELS show for making Mme. Schumann-Heink deliver the commercials . . . it was so out of place, so undignified, so entirely unfitting . . . persimmons to the Wrigley commercial delivered with a shout that is really too startling at the end of the MYRT 'N' MARGE program . . . persimmons to the oversentimentalizing of HELLINGER on the Penthouse Party program . . . the air just can't take it . . . persimmons to the announcers who are starting to imitate Woollcott . . . and some special persimmons to the authors of some kid scripts, although this is not true of all, who persist in equipping their kiddy heroes with machine guns and other gangster playthings and making the adventures just too blood-curdling for a good night's sleep . . . there's difference between absorbing these things from a printed page and having them thrown at you in the vivid dramatization of the air . . . WILL ROGERS for untactful remarks on a benefit show.

DISAGREEMENT CORNER

What is your favorite program? What are your pet likes and dislikes concerning radio? Who are your favorite singers? comedians? announcers? We invite your opinion.

RADIOLAND will pay \$10 each month for the best letter, of two hundred words or under, taking issue or agreeing with any opinion expressed on these pages.

Rudy Vallee's MUSIC NOTEBOOK



T HAS just occurred to me that I have failed to discuss and analyze the songs which are included in the Warner Brothers picture, Sweet Music, in which I am acutely involved. The picture required seven weeks in the making, and it was one of the happiest experiences in my career.

I had particularly desired to have the songs sent me here in the East long before I went West to make the picture. At my insistence several songs were mailed. There was one which I felt must have been sent to me by mistake; it was called *The Good Green Acres of Home*, and was quite obviously a song dedicated to the talents of Al Jolson or Everett Marshall.

The entire five songs were from the pens of Sammy Fain and Irving Kahal. Fain is a young pianist and singer who, in his own right, is an artist of no mean proportions, with several short subjects and stage appearances to his credit. Kahal has had at least one very popular tune to his credit, Moonlight Saving Tine. His are the lyrics, while Fain is best known for his melodies.

In this batch of five songs mailed to me was a composition by them called Every Day. I felt it was a mighty good song and were I to give it a rating I would have rated it as a B plus or an A song. I still hoped for Tea for Two or a Goodnight Sweetheart—in other words, a smash hit.

I have had an Estey organ installed at my lodge in Maine, and it was on the organ that we played these compositions during my last week of rest preceding my trip to the Coast.

Every Day was unquestionably the song best adapted to my particular vocal qualities, and the one most likely to be used.

When I arrived on the Warner Brothers lot the actual shooting of the picture was postponed for three days while we listened to nothing but songs. The entire three sets of writers on the Warner lot, Harry Warren and Al Dubin, Sammy Fain and Irving Kahal, and Allie Wrubel and Mort Dixon, submitted the various songs which they had written either expressly for Sweet Music or songs which had been pets of theirs ever since

"Windy" is the name of Rudy's canine companion. The dog was born on a Wednesday, and "Windy" was as close as its Portuguese owners from whom he bought it could come to pronouncing the day—hence the name

they began writing songs. Both Dubin and Warren, and Fain and Kahal submitted a composition they felt worthy of the title song, Sweet Music. One song was extremely philosophic. Dubin and Warren assumed the viewpoint that Sweet Music would bring together a pair of lovers who had quarreled and parted, whereas Fain and Kahal, acting upon my suggestion, had taken an old song previously titled I Need You and had taken the idea of depicting sweet music as found in nature—the brook, the breeze, the seasons and so forth. Personally I felt that the Fain-Kahal Sweet Music had more to it musically; there was more sweep, fire, ardor and depth, whereas the Harry Warren melody was extremely simple and had much of the quality of his Shadow Waltz.

W E PHOTOGRAPHED the scene using both songs, which proved that we were all pretty much in doubt as to which song might sound the best when photographed. After seeing the rushes we still found ourselves unable to decide, and it was several weeks later when we were into other parts of the picture that I suggested to the producers that I broadcast both songs and ask our radio listeners to express their preference.

The results of our radio broadcasts on two occasions have been some 75,000 letters with opinions quite evenly divided. Personally I feel that it is a toss-up and am not at all unhappy in the selection of the producers of the Dubin and Warren song.

In the writing of the rest of the score the honors go to Messrs. Fain and Kahal. Every Day was properly spotted in a night club scene where I sing the verse and chorus and Ann Dvorak dances to a chorus of it. It is repeated later, on a smart night club set, though just how much of it will be kept in the picture is problematical.

The same pair also wrote a very

[Continued on page 62]

Kay and
Bess decide
to share an
apartment.
aparthing is
Everything is
lovely at first.
But soon—

A SAD DISCOVERY

IMAGINE A NICE GIRL LIKE BESS BEING CARELESS ABOUT B.O.!! HOW CAN I GIVE HER A HINT? WAIT ... HAVE AN IDEA



HERE'S THAT NEW SOAP KAY USES NOW_LIFEBUOY. SHE SAYS IT'S SO REFRESHING I BELIEVE I'LL TRY IT

A WEEK LATER



Kayis "plot"
worked!
worked!
Both girls
became
filebuoy
fans

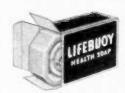




LIFEBUOY, of course! It's mild, gentle, kind to the skin. Scientific tests made on the skins of hundreds of women show that Lifebuoy is more than 20% milder than many so-called "beauty soaps."

Even on cool days, our pores give off a quart of odorous waste daily. Play safe with "B.O." (body odor)—bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Lathers freely in hardest water. Its own clean scent rinses quickly away.

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau.



IT'S THE SUDS THAT COUNT

MY WASHER IS BRAND NEW ...

YET I CAN'T SEEM TO GET THE

CLOTHES SNOWY













The makers of 34 famous washers say, "Use Rinso for best results!"

A B C
American Beauty
Apex
Automatic
Barton
Bee-Vac
Blackstone
Boss
Conlon
Dexter
Fairbanks-Morse
Fairday

Faultless
Gainaday
Haag
Horton
Magnetic
Meadows
National
"1900"
Norge
One Minute

Rotarex Roto-Verso Savage Speed Queen Thor Universal Voss Westinghouse Whirldry Woodrow

Conlon Norge Whirldry Woodrow Zenith

AND for tub washing Rinso is truly remarkable. It soaks out dirt—saves scrubbing. Clothes come whiter, brighter—safely. They last 2 or 3 times longer, because they're not scrubbed threadbare. Gives rich suds—even in bardest water.

Rinso

YES! EVEN IN

WATER AS HARD AS NAILS

A LITTLE GIVES

A LOT OF SUDS

Grand for dishes and all cleaning. Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute.

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS COMPANY

The biggest-selling package soap in America



Youthful, fascinating hair is yours ten minutes after your first soap-less shampoo with Mar-o-Oil, the All-Purpose shampoo and tonic. This amazing new soapless oil cleanser rids hair and scalp of dandruff, dryness or excessive oiliness, yet it rinses out in clear warm water. Leaves your hair clean and sweet ... more manageable... glowing with a natural color and lustre. Waves stay longer. No messy lather. No film of soap or alkali, therefore needs no special rinses. Mar-o-Oil is guaranteed to make your hair more beautiful than ever. If you cannot see and feel a difference at once, we will refund your money. • Get your Mar-o-Oil at all drug or department stores. All leading beauty shops recommend and give Mar-o-Oil Soapless Olive Oil Shampoos.



	1	1
Marie 3	lar-o-O	Ш
	SOAPLESS	
	OLIVE OIL SHAMI	900

		OFFER

J. W. Marrow Mfg. Company Dept. 45, 3037 N. Clark St., Chicago, Illinois

36

	Please send me your liberal 2-trial bottle of	
	I enclose 10r (stamps or coin) to cover cost	
a Chandlina	and mailing	

Name					_	 	_	 		-
City_				 		te			_	_



—Ray Lee Jackson

Helen Marshall has so many musical talents that she very nearly slipped a rung on the success ladder!

HERE'S a new star shining in the ether sky.

She has taffy-colored hair and clear blue eyes. Yesterday she was an unknown member of the singing ensemble of Paul Whiteman's air show; today, she is the featured prima donna on one of radio's foremost musical programs, the Swift.

Sounds almost like a fairy story, doesn't it? And when I tell you that the girl I've just described is Helen Marshall whose slim, blonde loveliness makes her look like a story-book princess, you'll probably sigh and wonder where the prince is. Well, more about him later. . . .

Quiet as a mouse, with a most demure appearance, radio's biggest "find" of 1934 has a little girl manner that is most deceptive. You'd naturally expect that such a soft and feminine person could easily be swayed and dominated by another. Actually, she is a very positive person who knows her own mind and she has all the grit and tenacity of a

man bent upon carving out a career for himself and brooking no interference. And after you've read how Helen, almost at the peak of one career, threw it over to start at the bottom of another, I think your reaction will be the same as mine. For when I left her cozy hotel apartment, my thought was: "With Fate working overtime that way for her, I'd certainly hate to be the one to try to 'stop Helen' from getting what she wanted. I don't think it would be a pleasant experience!"

Back in Joplin, Missouri, where Helen was born, it was taken for granted that she was destined for a musical career. Her mother was a famous organist and her father, though a business man, played the piano beautifully. It was only natural to suppose that she would follow in the musical footsteps of her

when Helen was eight years old, she definitely decided just what she wanted to study and that was . . . the violin. Now it is a most curious thing, that

RADIOLAND

whenever she played in public-at school, club and church affairs-Helen always accompanied herself in song. She started doing this when she practiced and thought it would add interest to her playing. Yet in all those years no one ever thought that she had a voice that was worth while cultivating. Everyone predicted a marvelous career for her as a violinist.

WHEN she graduated from high school, her violin teacher told her school, her violin teacher told her she could do no more for her. What she needed was to study under Paul Ko-chanski. But Kochanski was in New York, and besides, he gave lessons only to pupils at the Juilliard Graduate School of Music, where he taught. That didn't stop Helen. First she persuaded her family to let her go to New York. Then she took the examination for admission to the school. So brilliant was her musicianship that she won a coveted prize—a three-year scholarship.
She worked hard. For always in her

mind's eye was a picture of herself, violin tucked under her chin, performing at her first concert.

Before she knew it, two years slipped by. She awoke one morning to find she was very lonesome. After all, even if she was ambitious, she was also young and she realized that she ought to have some friends. So, to meet people, and to meet those who were interested in music, she decided to join a choral organization. All her singing had been confined to accompanying herself when she played her violin, but her musical sense told her there was good quality in her soprano voice. To her great joy. she was accepted as a member of the Oratorio Society, conducted by Albert Stoessel.

She didn't know it at that time, but this step marked the turning point of her career.

Some months later, Mr. Stoessel dined at the home of Paul Kochanski, her violin teacher. During a lull in the conversation, he happened to mention the fact that Helen had joined the Oratorio Society and that she really had a fine voice . . . in fact it was a voice with which something could be done.

After her lesson the next day, Kochanski detained her as she prepared to leave.

"Miss Marshall," he said, "will you do me a favor?"

Puzzled, she nodded. "Then sing for me!"

And the following week the Juilliard School did the unprecedented thing by granting her a second scholarship to train her voice!

HEN began months of feverish ac-I tivity for Helen. She was invited to sing at church affairs and to appear as soloist with many glee clubs. When Stoessel was chosen to direct the Worcester, Massachusetts, Music Festival, at which famous opera stars feel honored to appear, he asked her to be violin and vocal soloist.

In the press box at the gala performance was Robert A. Simon, music critic of the sophisticated magazine, the New Yorker. Mr. Simon, who was destined to play the part of fairy godfather to Helen, wrote some very nice things about her performance, saying it was

[Continued on page 72]



Reaching that Hidden Dirt, that Dirt that Lies Buried Beneath the Surface!

By Lady Esther

One thing women notice about the use of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream is that it seem to lighten their skins-actually makes them look shades lighter after a few days' use.

This is not due to any bleaching action on the part of Lady Esther Face Cream. It contains no bleaching agent.

The explanation is that Lady Esther Face Cream cleanses the skin so thoroughly it does away with that grayish cast caused by embedded dirt. It is just like half-washing a white handkerchief and thoroughly washing it.

That penetrating dirt and greasy soot that works its way into your skin will not only cause your skin to look much darker than it really is, but it will cause a number of other blemishes.

It will give root to blackheads and whiteheads and cause the skin to become coarse and canvas-like.

It Calls for a PENETRATING Face Cream!

To give your skin a thorough cleansing, to get at the dirt that buries itself deep in the pores, you must use a face cream that gets to the bottom of the pores! In other words, a penetrating face

Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream is penetrating. It is reaching and searching. It does not merely lie on the surface of the skin, but penetrates the pores to their depths.

Almost instantly, it dissolves the waxy grime that lies buried in the pores and floats it to the surface where it is easily wiped off.

Copyright by Lady Eather, 1935

When you cleanse your skin with Lady Esther Face Cream you immediately know it, for your skin tingles as it never did before.

It Benefits Your Skin Four Ways

Lady Esther Face Cream does four things of definite benefit to your skin.

First, it cleanses the pores to the very bottom. Second, it lubricates the skin. Resupplies it with fine oil that overcomes dryness and keeps the skin soft and flexible.

Third, because it cleanses the pores thoroughly, the pores open and close naturally and become normal in size, invisibly small.

Fourth, it provides a smooth, non-sticky base for face powder.

Prove it at my Expense!

I want you to see for yourself what Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream will do for your skin. So I offer you a 7-day supply free of charge. Write today for this 7-day supply and put it to the test on your skin.

Note the dirt that this cream gets out of your skin the very first cleansing. Mark how your skin seems to get lighter in color as you continue to

seems to get lighter in color as you continue to use the cream. Note how clear and radiant your skin becomes and how soft and smooth. Even in three days' time you will see such a difference in your akin as to amaze you. But let Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream speak for itself. Mail a postcard or the coupon below for the 7-day trial supply.

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Alb.	State	asil your 7-day supply of asto. State Lady Esther, Toronto, On

Will he remember your EYES?

He can't forget their beauty if you use

Maybelline



of you. So, make them unforgettably alluring with pure, harmless Maybelline. Just a touch of this delightful mascara, and your lashes instantly appear long, dark and luxuriant. Your eyes become lovely, bewitching pools . . . brilliant, fascinating, indiscribably charming.

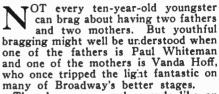
But, you must use genuine Maybelline, otherwise the effect is not all that it should be. Moreover, Maybelline is the tear-proof, non-smarting, harmless mascara that has won the unconditional approval of Good Housekeeping and other leading authorities. Obtainable in Black, Brown and Blue in a stunning metal vanity. 75c, at all leading drug and department stores.



PAUL WHITEMAN, Jr. Child of Two Families

Believe it or not, the tenyear-old son of the King of Jazz lays claim to two mothers and fathers—and he has just about decided that he is going to be either a taxidermist or an inventor when he grows up

By AL SHERMAN



many of Broadway's better stages.

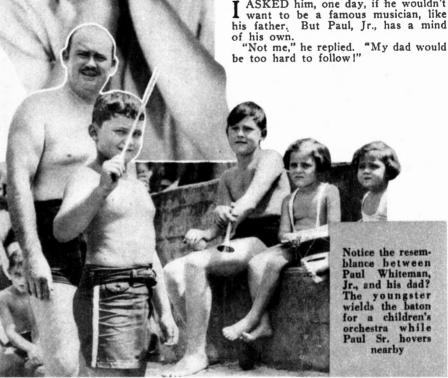
The above paragraph sounds like an impossible biological feat, but Paul Whiteman, Jr., age ten years and quite anxious to be an inventor, could give you the answer. For Paul's real mother is Vanda Hoff, and his father is the portly king of jazz. But Paul's present wife, Margaret Livingstor., behaves quite like a mother to the masstro's son while like a mother to the maestro's son, while Miss Hoff's present husband, Milton Unger, a broker, has a decided paternal interest in the young scion of jazz.

It sounds a bit complicated—but it

isn't. And RADIOLAND is first to reveal this interesting story of a famous youngster who spends his time in two homes—and loves each home equally well. The story is told by Margaret Livingston, who thinks a lot of Paul, Jr., and takes as much pride in his youthful exploits as though he really were her son.

Paul, Jr., is supposed to spend nine months of the year with Vanda Hoff and the remaining three months with his father. But the two families live within hand-waving distance in the swanky residential district around New York's Central Park, so if they cheat a bit on the court order—why, it's all friendly and quite, quite nice.

ASKED him, one day, if he wouldn't want to be a famous musician, like s father. But Paul, Jr., has a mind his father.



nearby

The red-haired Margaret recalled that Paul, Jr., has a decided trend toward finance and a keen understanding of relative values. She told of the time they took Paul, Jr., to a beach club on Long Island.

"How much do these rooms cost?" the youngster asked. "Twenty dollars a day," was the reply.

The lad just said "Whew!" and went

on upstairs. Arriving at the room, Paul, Jr., discovered the beds hadn't been turned down.

"Huh," he said. "Twenty dollars a day-and they don't even turn the beds

down!"

Incidentally, I learned a lot about the youngster from Margaret. We were seated in their apartment in Essex House one afternoon, when I saw a picture of Paul, Jr., on the piano-and asked about him. That idle question resulted in a flood of enthusiastic comment about the lad's brightness, his adept manner of handling most situations and in general praise of the youth.

It was from other sources that I learned that Paul, Jr., was born some ten years ago, shortly after Paul the Elder married Vanda Hoff. Paul and Vanda were divorced about four years ago. Later, as you know, Paul, Sr., married Margaret Livingston and, about a year ago, Miss Hoff became Mrs. Unger.

Margaret thinks a lot of Paul, Jr. She admires the lad's manly ways, his sturdy independence and the manner in which

he finds so much to interest him.
"He's a grand lad," said Margaret. "And we get along splendidly. When I married Paul I spent a good part of the time getting acquainted with Junior. He used to address me as 'Say!' and so, one day, I asked him why he didn't call me

by my right name.

"'Well, I can't call you Mrs. Whiteman," he replied. 'That's much too stiff.
And I can't call you "mother." So I

don't know what to call you.'
"'Well, why not call me Margaret?' I
answered. 'After all, we're pals, aren't

"'Sure we are-Margaret,' came his reply. And that's what he calls me-Margaret-and I get a great kick out of

"YOU know, Paul, Jr., is a great reader of detective fiction and re-cently finished a mail order course in detective work. He wanted to be a sleuth but, one afternoon, we took him to see William Powell in The Thin Man. After seeing Powell crawling about a deep, dank cellar, Junior threw away his detective badge and his book of in-

"Some weeks ago, Junior decided to be a taxidermist. So he studied it by mail, but never got a chance to practice it. I was very, very careful to keep the house cat out of his way.
"One day I asked Paul what he really

wanted to be. And he claimed he would like to be an inventor, become very rich and give each of his parents a house to live in, while I could be his housekeeper.

"And, by the way, he's most proficient at golf. Junior plays at the Old Country Club course in Flushing and can brag about a man-sized score of 102, which is quite good, don't you think?"

Of course, I agreed with Margaret. Who wouldn't agree with so charming a young woman who so obviously knew exactly what she was talking about?

"Careless little bride!"

SAID TATTLE-TALE GRAY

It had been the first big party in her own new home—she had been so thrilled-but suddenly she saw a guest eyeing her tablecloth-and that critical glance ruined her evening.

Why did her clothes have that tastletale gray look? She always worked hard over her washes-but why must she seem so careless?

Then next day, she found

the answer . . .





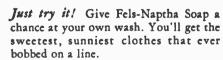
The thing that robs your clothes of their nice fresh whiteness, a friend told the bride, is left-over dirt-and there's one sure way to get out ALL the dirt.



That way is to use Fels-Naptha-for it's made of golden soap that's richer-and there's lots of dirt-loosening naptha right in it. You can smell the naptha.



Another nice thing this bride learned about Fels-Naptha-it's perfectly safe for daintiest things. And kind to handsthere's soothing glycerine in every bar.



Whitest, too-because they're clean clear through! "Trick" soaps and cheap



Now Alice is married a year-her linens still look as fresh and snowy as newand there's never a hint of tattle-tale gray to make people think she's careless!

soaps skim over dirt-they leave specks behind. But Fels-Naptha gets ALL THE DIRT—even the grimiest, ground-in kind.

Fels-Naptha now sells at the lowest price in almost twenty years. Get a few bars at your grocer's today.

BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY" WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

IT CLEARED UP MY SKIN IN NO TIME!



Improved Pasteurized
Yeast Safely Corrects Skin
Troubles, Constipation,
Indigestion, "Nerves"

WHY put up with a blotchy, pimply, unattractive skin when this simple treatment will do so much for you?

Your distressing skin condition, like so many cases of indigestion and "jumpy" nerves, has probably been brought on by a sluggish system. Your trouble is internal and needs internal treatment.

Science now knows that very often the real cause of slow, imperfect elimination of body wastes is insufficient vitamin B complex. The stomach and intestines, deprived of this essential element, no longer do their work properly. Your digestion slows up. Poisons accumulate in your system.

accumulate in your system.
Yeast Foam Tablets supply the vitamin B which is necessary to correct this condition. These tablets are pure pasteurized yeast—and yeast is the richest known food source of the vitamin B complex. This improved yeast quickly strengthens your internal muscles and gives them tone. It stimulates your whole digestive and eliminative system to normal, healthy function.

With the true cause of your trouble corrected, pimples and blotches soon disappear. Indigestion stops. Headaches go. Pep returns. You look better and feel better!

Don't confuse Yeast Foam Tablets with ordinary yeast. These tablets cannot cause fermentation in the body. Pasteurization makes Yeast Foam Tablets utterly safe for everyone to eat.

Any druggist will supply you with Yeast Foam Tablets. The 10-day bottle costs only 50c. Get

one today.

YEAST FOAM TABLETS

PLEASE

Isten to Our Program!

By
DR. LOUIS
E. BISCH

H OW to gain your attention and make you listen is, of course, the everlasting problem of almost everyone

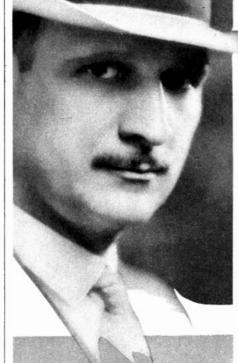
concerned with radio.

For, after all, radio is not a "take-it-or-leave-it" proposition. If people won't listen, no matter how much money is spent on a program and no matter how many stars are enrolled in the venture—well, the advertiser might as well throw his thousands into the Atlantic Ocean and the actors and musicians go back to their knitting.

As a matter of fact, sponsors and radio executives generally seem to become obsessed every now and then with this particular fear. "Here we are spending ten grand a week," says one, "but how are we to know that the money is actually speeding up the sales of our product? Is it not possible that we are profiting by the general business pickup and that radio has nothing to do with it?" Then, complains another, "Fan letters are not a reliable indicator. Our program stars would receive them even if they played vaudeville or pictures. We would like to make some kind of a test and find out."

Strange as it may seem, there exists in radio today a marked attitude of "hit-and-miss." Elaborate programs often are planned but never reach the ether waves because somebody concerned with the enterprise suddenly develops a case of proverbial "cold feet." Or a program is put on and changed from week to week, again the reason being that those in charge simply "have a hunch" that it is not "clicking" or because certain radio reviews have printed adverse criticisms.

JUST when radio will awaken to the fact that a science called Psychology exists and, concerning itself as it does with questions of human interest reactions and emotional responses in general, it can give valuable advice as to what people want to hear and what they do not—how long, I say, radio is going to ignore this science of the mind, I do not know. What I am certain about, however, is that just about as long as it takes psychology to rescue radio from its uncertainties, just so long will advertisers lose millions upon millions in the present way of doing things.



Dr. Louis E. Bisch

The fundamental purpose of any radio program is to make itself so interesting that you will unfailingly tune it in and listen to the advertising message—but all that many presentations a c hieve, Dr. Bisch charges, is an implied request to "please listen to our program." As one of New York's most famous medical psychologists, his analysis of program weaknesses is challenging and contains much food for thought

When one stops to consider, it is plain that a major fault committed by sponsors is they want to cover too much

What appeals to A does not appeal to B, nor again to C. Age makes a tremendous difference in our interests; orchestral music of opera type, for instance, being scarcely the kind of rhythm that rouses an adolescent during those years when they are restless and emotionally upset and find a real relaxation in dancing or hearing a snappy jazz melody.

Furthermore, comedians like Durante and Jack Pearl, even Cantor and Wynn, who go in for "low comedy," more or less of the old slap-stick variety, a kind that is readily understood-such comedians surely appeal to a less sophisticated audience than do, let us say, Will Rogers, Fred Allen or Irvin S. Cobb. And, although it is a fact that even an individual whom one might term a "high-brow intellectual" will sometimes find enjoyment in low comedy, as a sort of let-down for his higher mental faculties, the truth, nevertheless, is that he seldom tunes in on such a program, while his less sophisticated brothers and sisters never turn the dial by choice to any sort of comedy presentation that makes them

That it actually is a pity that some folks cannot enjoy a low comedian and let themselves go with loud guffaws until their sides ache, is beside the point here. They surely miss a lot. They don't know how good it feels to have the threshold of the risibilities so low that even the yowls of a night-prowling, amorous alley cat can scale it. Yet those are the facts—psychological facts that the radio overlords ought to remember!

AGAIN there are those who listen eagerly for stock reports, the weather, economic talks and current news items, while others blot them out just as soon as their first words are heard.

What radio seems to forget is that we not all born equal, despite the Declaration of Independence. Politically speaking, to be sure, each and every one of us has the same opportunities, but that is about as far as equality goes-

and it isn't far.

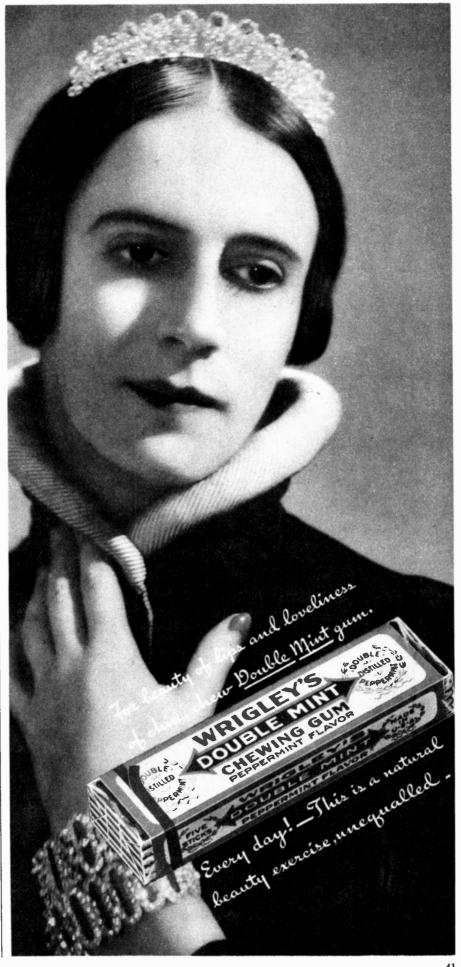
Indeed, our individual differences are so marked that even twins show diverse tastes and inclinations as well as variable inherent possibilities for future development. One could not make people like the same things, or feel the same way, or react in an identical manner, or otherwise equalize their emotional and intellectual lives, even if it were possible, experimentally, to exercise absolute and complete control over such individuals from the very moment of their birth on.

So one must need conclude—and would that radio sponsors would likewise so conclude—that it is quite impossible to build any program that will carry a sustaining interest for all listen-

ers all over the country.

The legitimate stage is slowly beginning to learn that any play, no matter how popular, can appeal in the last analysis only to a limited number of persons. It is also learning, which really amounts to the same thing, that a play can and does develop its own particular and individual type of audience. Radio, on the other hand, has not yet learned that lesson, nor, indeed, have the movies.

[Continued on page 60]





ALL SEASONS ARE ALIKE * *

to Greyhound Passengers

E NJOY the warmth and comfort of a June day when you travel in early spring! Greyhound's system of dual Tropic-Aire heaters keeps the temperature right and the air clean.

As for safety and dependability, look at this record: Actual statistics prove Greyhound buses seven times safet than private car travel. Greyhound has won the National Safety Council's highest award for intercity buses every year. And it will raise your spirits several degrees to know that you are saving a purse-full of money on any trip.

INFORMATION OFFICES

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NEW YORK CITY Nols	on Tower
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WASHINGTON, D.C., 1403 New York A	
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CINCINNATI, OHIO 109 E	
RICHMOND, VA 412 East	
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WINDSON ONT 1004 Sec.	rito Bida



FREE INFORMATION ON ANY TRIP

Send this coupon to nearest Greyhound office listed above (paste it on a penny post card if you like)—for pictorial folder and full information on any trip. Jot down the place you wish to visit on the margin below.

Name	
Address	FW4

42

Tips on Manicuring

RADIOLAND'S beauty expert gives important advice on the care of the hands and beautifying the nails

By WYNNE McKAY





Martha Mears, popular NBC singer, never cuts her nails with scissors, but uses a long, flexible file. At left, she finds that a brisk scrub with soap and water and a small nail brush keeps her cuticle trim

HILE bright red nail polishes on women's fingertips have annoyed millions of men, they have at the same time actually accomplished something constructive. . . . They have made women, generally, take better care of their hands and nails.

Years ago, before the vogue for nail lacquers in deep shades, women paid little attention to their hands and nails beyond keeping them decently clean. . . But today, that branch of the cosmetic industry which manufactures manicure accessories and hand conditioners alone is doing a staggering business!

The smallest beauty shop has at least one manicurist who is kept busy most of the time, and millions of women have mastered the simple art of giving themselves excellent home manicures. I am inclined to think, incidentally, that the home manicure, when it is done carefully, is more beneficial than that given in many beauty shops. While those given in high class salons are excellent, the manicures in cut-price shops are frequently questionable.

If you have ever patronized a cut-rate shop offering manicures for 25 cents you probably understand what I mean. In the first place, the manicurist who does your nails is usually not sufficiently trained and, in the second place, she is working under such pressure that she cuts, scrapes and abuses your poor nails and cuticle so that they are painfully

sore for several days afterward and sometimes develop infections. The reason the manicurist performs in this fashion is that she is expected by her employer to finish a complete manicure in fifteen minutes or less! If she cannot work under these circumstances, she will be discharged. You see, when such a low price is charged, the service must be speeded up in order to be profitable.

So if you cannot afford to patronize a shop where a full thirty minutes is allotted to each manicure, I'c advise you to do your own nails. After all, manicuring is minor surgery and it is dangerous to entrust this delicate operation to a harried girl with one eye on the clock and very sharp, pointed scissors or clippers in her hands!

YOU may find it a bit awkward, at first, to do your own nails, but practice will make you very deft and you will soon find that with the aid of a good manicure kit, you can turn out a neater and much less painful manicure than you received at your beauty shop. In addition, when you do your own manicuring, you can be certain that the preparations used—polish remover, cuticle remover, nail bleach and lacquer—are all of reputable make and non-injurious to your nails. You can't be sure of this at some shops where, to save money, they use unlabelled preparations containing cheap, harmful ingredients.

RADIOLAND



Martha Mears likes to wear nail polish and lipstick that match exactly. Blonde and petite, she chooses rose-coral finish

Complete directions for giving yourself a home manicure accompany each of the moderately priced and fully equipped manicure kits sold, so there is really no need for me to go into a step-by-step lesson. Here are a few important rules, however, that you should keep in mind when caring for your nails: (1) Cutting the nails with a scissors causes them to become brittle. Always file them with an emery board or a long, flexible file like that Martha Mears is using in the ac-companying photo. (2) Never press back the cuticle at the base of the nails with a hard metal object or file. Use soap and water and a nail brush to scrub the nail and loosen the cuticle, and then press it back with a towel or an orangewood stick. (3) Don't clean under the free edge of the nail with a pointed metal file. This tears the flesh. Use the flat end of an orangewood stick instead. (4) Don't cut the cuticle except at the corners of the nails. Use cuticle remover and frequent oil baths to banish ragged, thick cuticle. Cutting only stimulates its growth. (5) To steady your hands while you brush liquid polish on the nails, rest the knobby parts of the wrist bones on each other.

IT HAS been the vogue for some time to match nail polish with lipstick; but until recently it had to be done entirely by guess. . . Now, however, the manufacturer of a popular line of thirty-five cent nail polishes in delicious colors has introduced a new lipstick in four different shades that harmonize beautifully with his six shades of polish, which range from natural to a deep, glowing red. The lipsticks cost only fifty cents each, so you can well afford to have all four of them, together with all six shades of nail polish. Write to me if you want the trade name.

It is a trite but nevertheless important fact that no [Continued on page 59]

APRIL, 1935

Poor Complexion?



Nurses now tell how famous medicated cream Corrects ugly skin faults

Thousands use it for Pimples, Large Pores, Blackheads, Cold Sores, Chapped Skin

OVER 2 million women today use this famous medicated cream to relieve skin irritations, to help clear up blemished complexions—to help restore their skin to normal healthy loveliness.

Of this vast number of women, thousands are nurses, whose training and experience have taught them what is best for the skin.

What it is

This famous medicated cream is Noxzema Skin Cream—a dainty, snow-white, greaseless formula that doctors first prescribed to relieve eczema, sunburn and other skin irritations.

Red Chapped Hands Relieved
Overnight...OR NO COST

Make this test tonight on badly Chapped Hands. Get a jar of Noxzema from your druggist—apply it tonight—as much as the skin will absorb. Notice them in the morning. If soreness has not disappeared—if hands are not softer, whiter, your druggist will gladly refund your money.

Nurses discovered its value in helping to correct skin faults. "It clears my complexion as nothing else does," one nurse wrote. "It's the best thing ever for rough, chapped face and hands," wrote another.

If your skin is Rough or badly Chapped—if you have Cold Sores, Pimples, Blackheads, Large Pores, just try Noxzema Cream—and see what a big improvement it makes in your skin.

Apply Noxzema at night. Wash it off in the morning with warm water first, then cold water or apply ice. Apply a little Noxzema during the day—as a foundation for powder. Use Noxzema until skin is relieved or blemishes disappear.

Special trial offer

Ask your druggist for a small trial jar—if he cannot supply you send only 15c for generous

25c jar—enough to make a big improvement in your skin. Address Noxzema Chemical Co., Dept. 64, Baltimore, Md.





Tint It This Safe Way Look Years Younger

SAFELY, quickly—and at home—you can overcome the handicap of gray, faded or streaked hair. With a small brush and Brownatone, you can impart a rich, natural-appearing shade of blonde, brown or black. Look 10 years younger and retain your youthful charm.

Used and approved for over twenty-three years by American women everywhere. Millions of bottles sold is your assurance of satisfaction. Brownatone is dependable—guaranteed absolutely harmless for tinting gray hair. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. You'll be happy in using—

BROWNATONE

Cannot affect waving of hair. Is economical and lasting—will not wash out. Brownatone imparts a rich, beautiful shade with amazing speed. Simply "touch-up" as new gray hair appears. Easy to apply. Just brush or comb it in. Shades "Blonde to Medium Brown" and "Dark Brown to Black" cover every need.

Brownatone is only 50c at drug or toilet counters everywhere—always on a money-back guarantee—or

CEN	D TH	IC	CO	IID	ON
		13	U	UP	UN

11e Kenton Pharmacal Co. 273 Brownatone Bidg., Covington, Kentucky Please send 'me Test bottle of BROWNATONE, and interesting booklet. Enclosed is a 3c stamp to cover, partly, cost of packing and mailing.
State shade wanted
Name
Address
CityStateState



HEREVER people gather nowa-days there's apt to be a bridge
table. And wherever there's bridge
there's apt to be food, either before or
after. Naturally your friends insist that
they play bridge only for the "fun of the
game." But you can depend upon this:
When the odor of coffee comes stealing
in out of your kitchen, even the most
ardent players will be secretly diverted
from the cards for a moment, while they
speculate on what you may have in store
for them.

Do make it something just a bit new, quite a bit different, and very, very good to eat!

It's fun to prepare bridge refreshments. For once in a blue moon you can toss vitamins, balance and sane food sense to the winds, and let imagination, artistry and a sensitive tongue be your guide. Your ultimate choice needn't be filling. It probably shouldn't be too fattening. But it should, by all means, suit the secret food preferences of the group to which it is served.

A clever young friend of mine made a tremendous hit with a hard-playing, mixed after-dinner group recently, by serving only chilled fruit juices through the earlier part of the evening. When the play was about three-fourths over, however, she spread a help-yourself lunch of thinly sliced cold meat, buttered rye and white bread, and assorted crackers and cheeses on the dining room buffet, plugged in an electric percolator

and invited dummies and others to spread, and pour, "their own" when, as and if they chose.

ANOTHER got her name written in local club history by serving cider and cold drinks throughout the evening with tiny, hot raised daughnuts fresh from her kitchen stove. Dummies grouped themselves invariably about the dining room table and dashed to the kitchen whenever the supply ran temporarily short.

So almost anything "goes" at bridge, we can conclude—just so it's absolutely and exceptionally good to eat.

Styles do change, of course. Right now thumbs are pretty much down on candy. And sweets of any kind are not as popular as they have been. Chilled fruit juices—orange, cranberry, grapefruit, pineapple, cider, or grapejuice—or mixed drinks, with crackers, assorted cheeses, cinnamon toast, macaroons,

RADIOLAND

BITES

RADIOLAND'S Food Consultant. Mrs. Grace Ellis, presents fresh recipes for those tasty little snacks so popular after the bridge game—and remember, all her recipes have been tried out in her own testing kitchen under home circumstances so you can be sure of successfully duplicating her results.

toasted scones or muffins, tiny toasted sandwiches, canapes, or strips of plain buttered toast, are the latest innovation. While hot coffee with assorted crackers and cheese, or saltines with assorted potted cheese spreads are deserving a tremendous popularity.

If you've canned pineapple juice on your emergency shelf, crackers in your cupboard and several pots of cheese spread in your refrigerator—I suggest Roquefort, Pimiento, and Pineapple Cream Cheese spreads in a brand particularly fatted to bridge table use (write ticularly fitted to bridge table use (write me if you are interested in knowing where they may be found)—you can pre-pare a tasty bridge snack in about five

Candied fruits and peels in colorful variations add interest to this simpler sort of snack and are getting a much bigger hand than bon-bons. I like to candy my own orange, lemon or grape-fruit peel. It's so easy. I've a recipe which makes a softer, more delicate peel than any I have ever tasted before. So I've had it printed on one of our handy recipe filing cards. Write me if you'd like a copy.

The secret in planning any bridge refreshment lies in studying your group. If your guests [Continued on page 65]

BRANDIED CREAM PUFFS OR LEMON CHEESE PIE?

Take your choice! They're both new and smart for bridge table service. You may have the recipes for either, or both, printed on handy little recipe filing cards. Write Grace Ellis, Radioland Food Editor 529 South 7th St., Minneapolis, Minnesota, but don't forget to inclose a stamped, addressed envelope.

And if you have a special bridge refreshment problem don't hesitate to write Mrs. Ellis. She will enjoy helping to make your party a genuine success.

And you'll probably want a set of her new "Bridge Bites For Every Month in The Year" leaflets. There are 4 leaflets, one for every season of the year. They may be had for 5 cents each and postage, or one leaflet may be had free if 15 cents and postage is inclosed for the other three. The leaflets are:

Bridge Bites for the Winter Months . 5 cents



Posed by professional models

Special quick way adds pounds FAST

STOP being ashamed of your figure —so "skinny" you lose all chances of making friends. This new easy treatment is giving thousands solid flesh, attractive curves—in just a few weeks!

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

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

Concentrated 7 times

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

But that is not all! This super-rich health-building yeast is then ironized with 3 special kinds of iron which strengthen the blood, add abounding pep.

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeasttablets, watch ugly, gawky angles fill out, flat chest develop, skinny limbs round out attractively. And with this will come a beautifully clear skin—you're an entirely new person.

Results guaranteed

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

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



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As a Graduate Nurse, Mrs. Haskett knows how important that fact is to you. Expert chemists test every ingredient for purity, ingredients which physicians prescribe.

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The Gamest Girl in Radio

[Continued from page 15]

when the trolley stalled, I had to run a half mile through the snow to get to the studio on time. And we had to invent our own sound effects and evolve microphone technique and-and all that sort of thing."

How easy it would have been for her to sit snugly in the stalled trolley, and let the station worry along without her! But Ro isn't that sort of a girl.

The station officials soon recognized Greene's ability, and coincident with her promotion to Leading Lady they gave her a handsome and unsolicited raise in salary. She then got \$7.50 a week. "And it helped pay my way through college!" she says.

WHILE still in school Ro made the toughest decision of her life. Some theatrical managers who had heard her on the air offered her a good part in Silence, a play they were opening in New York. She accepted, and all the papers printed stories about the college girl who was well on the way to Stardom.

At first too excited to think, Rosaline now gave the matter more consideration. She reasoned that though the theater offered all the glamour she loved, it was a crowded profession, and that she would undoubtedly be wiser to continue her course in teaching. She braved the laughter of her schoolmates, most of whom thought she'd been fired. It was hard, but she stuck to it-and she's never regretted her action.

When she was graduated from college, in 1926, she came to New York, her radio career temporarily ended and with a Bachelor of Arts degree (cum laude) began teaching English and History at the Hamilton Grange High, an exclusive private school on Riverside Drive.

Still the lure of radio beckoned her, and to her duties of teaching classes, correcting papers and devising exams she added the work of broadcasting. She began all over again, making the be-ginners' fight for recognition—performing over small stations without pay.

But it was in broadcasting that her truly remarkable courage was proven, for Ro has been on the air more than 2,000 times, and has never missed a broadcast for any reason whatever.

On six separate occasions she has climbed out of bed with a high fever, come to the studio and put on her performance. Once, when she had influenza and was running a temperature of 103 degrees, she took part in three separate broadcasts on the same night. Doctors had told her that this would make her recovery much slower (and it did) but she didn't want her audience to be disappointed. If you've ever been sick, you'll understand what an effort it was for her to get up and go to work with such a high fever.

On another occasion she tripped over a curbstone on her way to broadcast with Eddie Cantor, and had no time to go to the doctor. She hobbled into the studio, played her part, and finished with an ankle that looked like one of Carnera's. She had to be carried out of

Hollywood Restaurant Party with Rudy Vallee



Artist Henri Weiner visualizes Rudy Vallée as host to radio stars at the Hollywood Restaurant in New York where Rudy is master of ceremonies. You should be able to identify Rubinoff, Joe Penner, Kate Smith, Roxy, Ed Wynn, and Gertrude Niesen

the station—but she didn't say a word about it until the broadcast was finished.

Then again, when she underwent a painful operation on the roof of her mouth, Ro kept right on with her broadcasting, despite the fact that she had to keep her tongue down so that it wouldn't bump the stitches in the wound.

Even when she was a little girl, going to school, Rosaline demonstrated her hardihood. She hobbled blocks to school on sprained ankles. She played all the way through a basketball game with a dislocated forefinger on her right hand. She smacked herself over the head with a tennis racket, tied a handkerchief around her hair and went on with the game. When it was over, the doctor took two stitches in her scalp.

BUT, getting back to her radio career she organized the Rosaline Greene Players, who got their first commercial in 1927. Rosaline wrote the sketches, directed the cast, and played all the feminine roles in the dramas. For this she received sixty-five dollars a week, out of which she had to pay all the other actors' salaries and hire an orchestra to supply background music. There wasn't much left over for herself after the rest of her troupe had had pay day.

Then, at last, there came the day for which all local-station-broadcasters hope. She was sent for by the NBC, audi-

tioned, and accepted.

Since then she has appeared on the Eveready Hour, Miniature Theater, RCA Hour, Radio Guild, Collier's, Charlie Chan, Famous Loves, the Goldbergs, Kraft with Al Jolson, Joan Christopher and a lot of others which neither she nor I could recall. She tells, by the way, an amusing story about her broadcasts with Cantor.

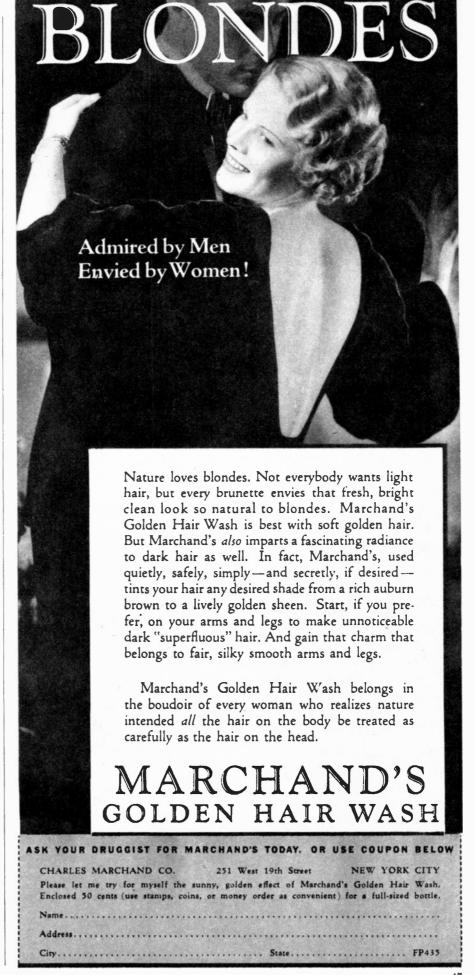
"I didn't think the Maxwell House people would like it," she said, "if I broadcast for another coffee concern, but I just couldn't bring myself around to refusing the chance to play a little comedy. However, when I acted in the Cantor shows, I didn't use my name, and I did use an entirely different voice. Though I took part in those programs frequently over a period of a year, I wasn't spotted until we broadcast from Florida, near the end of the series. Then Tiny Ruffner asked me if it wasn't my voice he had heard on the air.

"With considerable fear and trembling, I confessed that it was. And when all he said was, 'Well, I think you gave a very nice performance.' you can imagine my relief. Or maybe you can't,

at that!"

THE ability to change her voice is one of the secrets of Rosaline's success. She has had to match it to the singing of some five or six different Mary Lous. Among those who have sung the role are Audrey Marsh, Mabel Jackson, Katherine Newman, Countess Olga Albani and Lois Bennett, who now stars with Conrad Thibault in the Gibson Family operettas. Muriel Wilson is the present singing voice of Mary Lou. Their voices all differ, so Rosaline has had to alter her speaking tones in such a way that it would not sound incongruous when they sang, and yet had to stay clearly recognizable in the character from week to week, although the vocalists were changed. It hasn't been easy, but she's done it!

You'd think that, still in her twenties [Continued on page 49]



APRIL, 1935

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Turn to page 74 for questions and answers about your favorite radio

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Wedding Bells For Dick Powell?

[Continued from page 14]

man dashed out from one of the wings and pushed over a pile of lumber, which fell with a crash into an iron washtub. From behind the backdrop came sounds of hammering and sawing. Altogether it was a scene of noisy activity. This was Hollywood Hotel receiving its final polish before going on the air.

Then, off in one corner of this busy scene, I saw Dick. Hastily making my way backstage, I walked out into the bedlam and approached my quarry.

"Dick!" I said, shouting to make my-self heard, "Dick Powell! I've come to

interview you!"

"Sure," he shouted back as we shook hands, "Sit down."

"I've been trailing you for three days," I began when we were seated. "I want to ask you some very important questions." I cleared my throat. "They're I cleared my throat. "They're about Mary Br-

"Quiet, everybody!" suddenly bellowed an authoritative voice from the loudspeaker. "We're going to start the time rehearsal. Everybody in his place!"
"Excuse me," smiled Dick. "I have to open the program." He got up and

walked across to the central microphone.

As the interview seemed to be temporarily halted, I took another look around me. The whole scene had miraculously changed. The orchestra had ceased all activity and the stage was deathly silent. All the players were either grouped around the two main microphones or seated in chairs in the wings. Dick was standing in front of his microphone looking at his watch. Suddenly he raised

his hand.
"Hollywood Hotel on the air," he began -and the program was started.

FOR the next forty minutes I sat and watched with great interest. I won't try to tell you how I enjoyed the music of Ted Fio-Rito's orchestra (Yes, that was the "noisy" orchestra). It would be useless to try to describe the charming songs of Frances Langford and the singing and acting of Janie Williams. You've heard them as often as I. And the antics of Reginald Cheerily and Yabut are familiar also. The dramatic talents of Arnold Wilson and the other members of the cast are too well known to be described. Even the announcements of Ken Niles, the Campbell Soup praiser, are familiar to the whole nation.

I was almost sorry when, at the end of forty minutes, Dick came over to me.

"My part of the program is over now," he explained. "Louella Parsons has the rest of the hour with her guest screen stars. She's brought over Vic

"Well then, Dick," I grinned, "let's get on with the interview."

"You were asking me—?" prompted

Dick politely.

"Oh, yes," I said. "I want to know about Mary Brian." I decided to get right down to the point. "Look, Dick," I asked, "are you and Mary planning to

be mar—"
"Excuse me, Mr. Powell," an infernal
"The stage-hand suddenly interrupted. timer says the program ran eleven min-utes too long. The other boys want you to help them cut the script."

"Pardon me once more," apologized Dick and left me sputtering in my chair. Foiled again.

For a time I amused myself by listening to McLaglen and Lowe and Louella Parsons rehearse their part of the broadcast. Louella, who is the highest paid woman columnist in the country, was having a little difficulty in making her voice register correctly in the "mike." McLaglen and Lowe were busy rehearsing an exciting scene from their latest picture, Under Pressure. It was interesting to watch the two screen players as they tried to keep from gesturing and acting before the microphone.

The rehearsal was soon over, but Dick was still "in conference." Idly, I began to speculate what Dick's answer was going to be if I ever cornered him. I thought over some of the things I had heard about him and Mary.

FOR two and half years they had been going places together more or less regularly. And in Hollywood that was somp'n! If keeping steady company OR two and half years they had been meant anything, I was sure Dick's answer would be "yes."

I thought over the times I had seen Dick and Mary together. One little incident came especially to my mind. It had occurred at the Burbank airfield. I had gone down to say goodby to some friends who were flying east—and whom should I see on the same plane but Dick! Mary was there to see him off, and I will always remember the tender scene that occurred when they parted.

Yes, surely there were wedding bells

in the offing!

All conditions would soon be ideal for a wedding. Dick's new house would be open in a few days—the same house which he had so suddenly and so mysteriously ordered enlarged. The house that had been decorated by none other than Mary Brian. Dick's contract had just been renewed without a "no-marriage" clause in it—removed at Dick's request! Dick had just received a substantial increase in salary. I remembered that Dick had once remarked he would never marry unless he were financially well-fixed.

There could be no other answer than

marriage!

My musings were interrupted by Dick himself. "I'm terribly sorry, old chap," he said, "but I have only fifteen minutes to change before dress rehearsal. Couldn't we finish this interview next

week sometime?"
"Wait, Dick!" I cried desperately. "At least, won't you answer one question?"
Dick paused. "O. K. Shoot!" he

smiled.

"Are you and Mary Brian going to be married?" There was a moment of silence.

"Mary Brian is a wonderful girl," Dick said slowly. "She is my dearest friend—but as for marriage—I frankly can't say."

He suddenly grinned to me. "Look, old fellow," he chucklec, "you've been following me around all this time for nothing. You want to see someone else. Go ask your question of the same person I'll have to ask. Then you'll get your answer. Go ask Mary Brian!"

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The Gamest Girl in Radio

[Continued from page 47]

and at the top of her profession, Rosaline would be quite content. But she says "I want to play in bigger and better shows. I don't mean longer ones, for the first radio dramas were full twoand-a-half hour performances, hardly revised at all from stage plays. It's hard to explain. Radio shows have improved every year. At first they were the most out and out melodramas—like the early movies. Now they've been polished to the point where they're comparable to finished performances in the legitimate theater. But I know there'll be further developments in radio drama. I want to take part in that sort of thing

—a finer show than has ever been done before. I don't know what it will be, but I'm waiting for it.

"Don't think that I scorn the present material though, for I don't. I think it's simply grand. In fact, I like it much better than the theater, and I've tried both. On the stage an actress is limited both. On the stage an actress is limited in her choice of roles. She can play only parts to which she is physically suited, but on the air she can be every type of woman. Why, I've played slinky villainesses, Joan of Arc, comedy ingénues, female stooges and Shakespeare—all sorts of parts."

And what does Rosaling do when she's

And what does Rosaline do when she's not broadcasting-or rehearsing? Well, when the weather permits (and sometimes when it doesn't) she goes boating off-shore from her home in Bayshore, Long Island. She has three boats; sail, motor and canoe, and that is her order of preference. On at least one occasion she has saved a man from drowning. She and another radio star were canoeing: the craft tipped over, spilling them both into the water. She could swim and he couldn't, so she towed him to shore.

IN THE winter she likes to read books, especially biographies, which she says are a great help in creating true characterizations. She likes to dance, too. Tangos are her favorites when she's out with anyone, but when she's home alone she likes to put an oriental record on the phonograph and do nautch dances.

And is there anything this girl is afraid of? Well, she admits to having

been frightened twice.

"I'll never forget the first time I actually went into the studio to broad-cast. I was so scared that I lost my voice entirely and couldn't say a single word for several seconds, which seemed like as many hours. But I never was frightened that way again, for I learned that the mike was my friend."

The other time was in Europe, four years ago, when she made her first air-plane flight. It was from Venice to Vienna. She had expected to go in a multi-motor transport plane, but all she found at the field was a little two-passenger open-cockpit job. She took it any way, and the air over the Alps was so rough that she had to spend two days in bed before her stomach straight-ened out. She hasn't flown since, but wants to as soon as she gets another opportunity.

She isn't married, and says that she has no romantic attachments.

APRIL. 1935

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QUICK NEW

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Wayne King's Crown in Danger?

Half a dozen Crown Princes are threatening to depose radio's famous Waltz King from the hardwon musical throne he has occupied undisputed

By DORON K. ANTRIM

A COLD fear clutches constantly at the heart of every radio star—the fear of slipping. The higher a star ascends in the heavens of public acclaim, the greater and more persistent this fear. Remember as a kid how you used to express that old law of gravitation, "What goes up must come down"? It's just as applicable to the ether firmament.

It is an amazing fact that the average period of peak popularity for radio stars is only a little in excess of one year. Think of that! On the stage a good actor used to last for several decades. Even in the movies a star may scintillate for five years. But the microphone drains the radio performer dry in one year. That's average, remember. You can name stars who have gone on longer than that, but they are the exception.

No wonder that the fear of tumbling clutches at the hearts of those at the top of the heap. It's one of the prices they pay for stardom. Wayne King has worn the title of "Waltz King" so long now that it seems impossible that a competitor could rise up and take it away from him. But there are a number of heirs apparent to the throne who are tilting the king's crown at a precarious angle.

Today's taste in music is for subdued and dreamy melody. All the bands have

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followed suit. Real jazz today emanates almost solely from Harlem, with such exponents as Duke Ellington and Cab Calloway doing the low-down. Otherwise jazz is as dead as last year's yew leaves. Such being the case, Wayne is finding the competition growing keener every day. Sponsors are eying with envy the success of his Lady Esther programs and requesting their bands to go do likewise, to dethrone the King.

You may recall a few months back how the auto sponsors of Jack Benny tired suddenly of that comic's capers and requested Vic Young to build a program along Lady Esther lines. Then Abe Lyman made a direct play for the title with a program of waltz music for a dental cream sponsor. According to those in the know, Abe did not favor this type of presentation since he has always had a band with plenty of "sock." But Abe's attack on the waltz has been very successful and is a tribute to the versatility of his musicians.

WILL Abe wrest the crown from its present wearer? He has already done so, according to some Broadway observers. It is reported that Jack Denny has a similar idea, and Jack can play waltzes to the queen's taste. Jan Garber has changed his style from the hot and heady to the sweet and somnolent. Shep Fields calls himself the Crown Prince of the Waltz. Other leaders will go after this title in increasing numbers. Will one of them win it? How long will Wayne be able to hold out?

Wayne King has enough money laid by to retire right now into the bosom of his little family on his 640-acre estate and live well for the remainder of his life. There's probably nothing he would rather do. The question is, will he find it necessary to do it after a forced abdication? There can only be one king at a time, you know.

In the first place, just what legitimate claim has Wayne to the title of Waltz King? To answer that it is necessary to

go back a few years.

As long as he can remember, Wayne has played the clarinet graduating later to the saxophone. In these early years he had no intention of becoming a musician. Music was just a relaxation and hobby. His instrument was a means of pouring out his joys and sorrows. He needed this emotional outlet, for his mother died when he was quite young and he grew up without knowing the love which only a mother can bestow.

Just for a little pocket money once, he joined a three-piece orchestra, played his first engagement and collected five dollars. It seemed like a lot to him then and it was easy money because it was doing the thing he liked best. After that he began to see possibilities in a musical career.

AFTER playing sax in various Chicago bands, he joined Del Lampe's orchestra and became a staunch friend of Del's father, J. Boldwalk Lampe, one of the ablest arrangers and composers of his day. J. B. had been observing this quiet and conservative youngster, such a decided contrast to the hot-chatype of player so prevalent then, and sensed possibilities in him. He began grooming him for a band of his own.

As early as 1926 King had organized his own orchestra, but did not get very far with it because he played the current [Continued on page 55]



FASCINATING HAIF

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9thel Shutta Home Executive

By DOROTHY HERZOG

FUNNY how some things hang around in a person's memory. I remember years ago being startled the late Florenz Ziegfeld engaging Ethel Shutta (pronounced Shoo-tay) to star in two different Ziegfeld musical comedies. One show played in a Fortysecond Street theater and another in a Fifty-ninth Street theater. Now how the Sam Hill did one girl divide herself into twins and star in two shows at once?

Ethel Shutta managed it—with the aid of a screaming motorcycle police escort that parted Broadway traffic for her nightly in her race back and forth from theater to theater. And to this day, Ethel Shutta "doubles" herself. It's taken for granted to see her name up in electric lights, along with that of her famous husband, George Olsen, on the marquee of a theater and a hotel. It's taken for granted that in addition to these headlined appearances Ethel also does her regular radio broadcastings.

But it isn't taken for granted that added to all this, the Shutta girl is also a very active home executive. And what a home executive! She even finds time to apartment hunt and to carry on mortal combat with rental agents and that, as every home-executive knows, is a full time job in itself!

NOT so long ago, while playing five shows daily at the Paramount Theater in New York, plus umpty ump other theatrical and radio engagements, Ethel had to go apartment hunting. She heard of a place that sounded just right, large enough to house her two boys— Charles, aged six, and George, Jr., aged four; their governess and also the Olsen housekeeper, and herself and George,

Ethel was determined to investigate that apartment. She figured out how she and George could get over to look at it between shows at the Paramount. As per her figuring, the two of them got over early one night. Ethel liked the place. That was reason enough for George to like it. George signed the lease, The Olsens moved in. Ethel and George arrived to view their new home. Ethel disappeared into her bedroom. Suddenly, George heard a forlorn wail. He raced in to see what had happened. He arrived in time to see Ethel reeling out of the bathroom.
"Good heavens, Ethel," he was scared,

"what's the matter?

Ethel waved a limp arm in the direction of the bathroom. "Look," she gulped, "look at it!"

Not knowing what to expect, but assured by now of the worse, George

RADIOLAND

stepped gingerly into the designated room and stared around. He saw nothing but the trim appurtenances char-

acteristic of any trim bath.
"The color," Ethel moaned, reviving "The color," Ethel moaned, reviving slowly from her shock. "Look at that ghastly shade of blue on the walls." George obeyed. "Well," he admitted, "they are kind of blue-ish." "Kind of!" Ethel blazed. "Why George, they're positively fiendish. They'll have to be re-painted. Nobody could possibly live with walls that color."

live with walls that color."

George contemplated Ethel's light blue eyes. They flashed lightning. Her usually humorous mouth had straightened to fighting lines. Her blond, mar-celed locks positively bristled. Her five feet four of graceful slimness was charged with action. In addition, her jaw set pugnaciously. Now the Shutta jaw is of a charming contour, but when it sets at a pugnacious angle it bodes a hurricane for him who caused such reflexes. Mr. Olsen subsequently decided retreat the better part of valor. He retreated, leaving Ethel to deal with the hapless mortal who had caused the set to her jaw, towit: the apartment rental agent.

Ethel strode to the telephone. She dialed furiously. From the other end of the line came the cheery voice of the

rental agent.

The agent settled to defensive warfare. He regretted exceedingly that Mrs. Olsen disliked the color of the He regretted exceedingly that bathroom walls, but Mrs. Olsen had leased the color along with the apartment and she must now live up to said

agreement.

"It was night time when I looked at the apartment," Ethel pointed out, "and the color didn't scream at night the way it does during the day."

The agreement of the state of th

The agent was sorry, but the walls

would remain as they were.

Ethel hung up in a rage. She paced the apartment, glowering hatred at the bathroom every time she passed by it. Finally, she reached a decision. She would have those walls re-painted.

"But," she declared, "lightning again darting from her eyes as she lived over again the blightsome experience, "when we move out of that place. I'm going to have those bathroom walls re-painted the same ghastly shade of blue if it costs me fifty dollars.'

AND she will—bless you, she will. Next to a kindling hate against stubborn rental agents, Ethel hates merchants who try to overcharge her.

"I go over all the household accounts myself," she declared, "and I see to it that they're no more and no less than they should be."

Ethel's attention to such details may be rooted in her theatrical past. She began her stage career at the age of three and half and, together with her family, traveled the country with theatrical troupes. Nickels counted, even then, and hotel bills were meticulously Nickels counted, even checked before they were paid.

"A laundryman tried to overcharge me not so long ago." The light of battle dawned in the Shutta eyes. "He overcharged me to the extent of a dollar and a quarter, but when I got through with him on the telephone the bill was corrected and," she ended, contented, "it has never happened again."

"Do you find that merchants try to get away with overcharging you?" I

asked.



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"Not as a general rule," Ethel answered fairly, "but when it does happen it infuriates me. Little errors always have and, I suppose, always will. There's our butcher now. I informed him that his bill would be paid regularly and we wouldn't haggle over price, but any time he sent us a tough chicken or tough meats he needn't expect to be paid for it."

"Has he ever sent you tough meats?" I chuckled, imagining in vain the butcher who would dare commit such a trans-

gression.
"No, he hasn't," Ethel beamed. "Any-"No, he hasn't," Ethel beamed. "Anyway, a good butcher should know good meats. If he doesn't, he isn't a good butcher. Mind you," she added, "I don't ask the impossible, but I do ask value received for value paid."

Which is an excellent precept even as a theory, though with Ethel she makes her theories realities else she dismisses

her theories realities else she dismisses them for lack of time to think about them.

WHENEVER any shopping is nec-essary for the apartment, Ethel does it. Whenever her two sons have to go shopping, Ethel goes with them. "Though that," she sighed happily, "is an event that's an event. Both Charles and George, Jr. accept a shopping expedition as a sportive affair. One or the other usually disappears sometime during the shopping and the high-spy for him is on. I once found George, Jr. hiding flat on his tummy under a rack of coats. Of course I had to discontinue shopping long enough to take him across my knee and give him a paddle or two."

If the truth, however, be known, the boys love Ethel as a pal as well as a mother. "We read Tarsan together," Ethel nodded, laughing, "and I tell them crime stories with morals to them and we play around together. We really have

"What do they want to be when they grow up?" I queried. "Go on the stage or lead a band like their dad?"
"No," Ethel smiled. "They're quite

sure they want to be cowboys.

Aside from the household and the boys, there's George Olsen, Sr. He, too, comes under Ethel's job as home-executive.

"George," she admitted, "would be content to live in one suit, but I keep after him to get clothes when he needs them. That's only part of it. The fit-tings are the other part. George does hate to have fittings."

THEL has an eagle eye at discerning the slightest misfit to a suit. When she was a child, her mother trained her to develop a quick, sure, photographic mind. Today, she enters a room and after one swift look around, she can tell you to the smallest detail what is in that room; she can look at a person once and know exactly what that person has on, from color scheme to detailed style; she can read over a script once or twice and

know it thoroughly.

"A photographic mind is really a great time saver," Ethel said, "and it also saves your own and other people's nerves.

Apropos of keeping after her husband when she believes it time for him to replenish his wardrobe, Ethel related a story that will please men as well as women. She accompanied George recently to his shirt-maker and while he was staring glumly at the new dress shirts he was ordering-you know how most men are when they have to go shopping! Ethel suddenly asked the shirt-maker:

"Why isn't it possible to make a dress shirt with collar attached?"

The shirt-maker was puzzled. He'd never heard of such a revolutionary no-

Ethel explained. "What I mean is this. Why can't you make the dress shirt with the collar attached all around except at the throat so that the only collar button needed is the one in front."

The idea intrigued the shirt-maker. He volunteered to make such a shirt for George. George consented. The shirt was made. It turned out a huge success. Result: all of Mr. Olsen's dress shirts now have collars attached. The struggle with one collar button is far less aggravating than a struggle with two of the blasted objects. Hence George is happy. The shirt-maker is ecstatic for he has started a lucrative new vogue in formal shirts-thanks to Ethel Shutta.

THERE'S the choice story of all the Ethel Shutta stories and though this is more social than domestic it nevertheless indicates to perfection the humor behind the determination which is such an entertaining feature of her housekeeping exploits. But here's the story. Ethel and George had put in a hectic night of broadcasting and of entertaining at the Pennsylvania Grill. They had promised an acquaintance to drop in for a few minutes when they finished at the Grill. Said acquaintance was holding forth with a festive party. The Olsens dropped in, a festive party. The Olsens dropped in, being people of their word, and no sooner had they arrived than the hostess was after Ethel to sing a song.

"I was really very tired," Ethel narrated. "I said I was, but I did promise to sing for her another time.'

The woman continued to tease her to sing, however, whereupon Ethel startled

"Tell me, what do you do best?"

"Why I—well, I suppose I cook better than anything else," the woman decided.

"Then go right out into the kitchen and make me an apple-pie," Ethel bar-gained. "After you bring it in. I'll sing gained. "for you."

Needless to say, Ethel was not teased into singing any more.

"I'm not tempermental," Ethel disclaimed. "Anybody can see that," and really, anybody can. "But don't you think people ought to be a little considerate of others?"

The Olsens don't do a lot of partying. They like their own home. They like to dine with their two boys. They like plain cooking. Ethel isn't technically a home-body, I suppose, but she does like her home and her family and despite manifold professional duties she manages to live in and enjoy her home.

She's rather excited now about a ten-tative plan she and George have to pull homestead stakes next summer and go a-jaunting to Europe. "I've never been." Ethel said, "and I'm dying to go."

It'll be a jolly party. It's always jolly where Ethel and George are. Even when

Ethel takes the domestic law into her hands and George sits back and smiles or retreats in good-humored haste, there's something infectiously amusing about Ethel's sternness. Which may throw new light on why the George Olsens, after nine years of matrimony, are still honeymooning.

Do You Suffer from

Wayne King

[Continued from page 51]

jazz jargon just like every other band. He was just one of many. Remember, this was the heyday of jazz and Paul Whiteman was riding high as king in this realm. The war and its aftermath had precipitated the country into a mad rush for excitement and jazz was its tempo. Nobody played waltzes. They were relics of a by-gone age, of romance, chivalry and graceful living. This was an age of stark realism and romance was

Wayne did not quite think so—at least he didn't want to think that romance was dead, that the simple love of a man for a maid could not be enshrined in some of its past glamor. He believed all this would return and with it the waltz which set its tempo. But what to do in the meantime? He was not at ease in the jazz era or the jazz idiom.

He confessed his misgivings to J. Boldwalk Lampe, who surprised him by offering to make him leader of an orchestra at the Aragon, one of the largest and most beautiful ball rooms in the world.

WAYNE accepted, and here he was forced to a decision. It was the turning point in his career and upon it hinged either mediocrity or fame. Should he cater to the mad, jazz crowd or feature the music he liked? Remember, it would have been easier to follow the trend. He was tempted to give the dancers what they apparently wanted; hot-cha. But he decided to stake his whole reputation on the waltz. It took courage to do that, but under the expert guidance of Lampe, he began fashioning the type of music he now plays. When everyone was clamoring for heat, Wayne began playing slow waltzes. They were so different they were divert-ing. The crowds, instead of staying away, began pouring in to the Aragon.
They were hungry for love, the Cinderella kind. From his vantage point on
the stand, Wayne watched many a Cinderella meet her prince. He had guessed right. And fortunately for him, he got in on the ground floor of a new trend.

Nor was Wayne the first to sense a new trend in dance music. Rudy Vallée came along about this time with a sweet and simple type of music presentation. Rudy, too, played up romance but with himself as its cavalier. With Wayne it was his music primarily. The brothers Lombardo also came out of Canada with music which appealed to the senses more than the feet. But Wayne fathered the waltz when it was an orphan, when everybody else spurned it, and it has done right well by him. Wayne has priority rights to his kingly title.

Remember, King has kept in the lead because he got in early, narrowed his appeal and specialized. Rudy Vallée, on the other hand, kept in the running by stepping from one thing to another; he cultivated variety. People are prone to grow weary of one steady diet quicker than of an assorted bill of fare. That's where Wayne is handicapped and that leads on to the question, how good is Wayne's specialty, namely, the waltz?

HE waltz is the most famous and THE waltz is the most amount of the consistently popular dance in history. It was temporarily eclipsed during the [Continued on page 57]

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At Home With Gladys Swarthout

[Continued from page 31]

boy harbors china service and cut-crystal glasses that are best described as being

elegant.

Dinner was being prepared and the adjoining kitchen was a bee-hive of activity. The retinue of servants includes a cook, a maid and a butler. Unthinking interviewers sometimes ask Gladys if she does her own cooking. I didn't ask her, but if I had, her answer would have been something like this:

"No, it isn't necessary for me to cook. I carefully supervise my kitchen, because that is the backbone of the home. I know how to cook-I learned that when I was a girl back in Missouri-but I haven't the time to spend in the kitchen now. And, besides, it isn't necessary."

For Gladys Swarthout is sensible and

practical. She has a big income and her business interests and her vocal practices and rehearsals require all of her time.

HE living section of the Chapman-THE living section of the chapman.

Swarthout home has a total of five bedrooms. Two of these are for servants and three for the use of the family. Since they live by themselves, Frank and Gladys have found only one guest room necessary. So they have turned one bedroom into what they call the "work room." To enter this room is to imagine that you have suddenly bounced out of Florence and into an ultra-modern office a busy law office to be exact. There is a huge desk, book shelves filled with hundreds of volumes, autographed pictures. No file cabinets? But wait-

"We turned the bathroom into a filing room," Gladys explains.

And sure enough. You open the door of what was once a tiled bathroom and you find it filled with files. You notice what you suppose are huge phonograph records.

"Those aren't phonograph records," says Gladys. "They are radio transcriptions. I have a transcription made of every broadcast. I go over this many times. It enables me to periect my work. I frequently refer to them when preparing new programs."

Thus has science helped an ancient art. Interested, I looked over the volumes

on the book shelves.
"Do you read these?" I inquired of

Gladys.
"All of them," she replied.

On one shelf I noticed Confessions of a Rum Runner. On another, Nijinsky by his wife, Romola Nijinsky. One complete section was devoted to books on music, including scores of all the operas.

A secretary spends much time with Gladys in the "work room." The great singer insists on answering her fan mail. She sincerely appreciates the efforts to which many fans go and she feels that the least she can do is to offer the courtesy of a personal reply.

Gladys proudly displays numerous gifts received from radio listeners. She

treasures each one.

HE master bedroom would cause envy from any normal woman. Here, again, refinement is the keynote and the orderly arrangement of exquisite feminine articles provides a beautiful background for a chamber fit for royal occu-The huge bed rests on a magpancy. nificent blue Oriental rug and is a picture of comfort and restfulness.

As I was leaving, I noticed a vase full

of beautiful red roses.
"From a fan?" I inquired.

"No," she answered as her eyes trailed off to those of her beloved Frank. "Or. perhaps, I should say, yes. From my dearest fan—from my darling."



ADDRESS TOWN

Wayne King

[Continued from page 55]

jazz age but has survived over a longer period than any other dance. The origin of the waltz is obscured in the dim past. One hundred years ago, the waltz reached its peak of popularity in Europe from where it spread all over the world. Vienna was then the kingdom of wine, women and waltz, and Johann Strauss was enthroned as King. First it was the father who held undisputed sway until his own son wrested the title of Waltz King from

Then Johann Strauss, the son, made the waltz a veritable epidemic. He wrote over 400 waltzes himself, of which a con-temporary has said: "Those irresistible waltzes that first catch the ear, then curl around the heart, till on a sudden they invade and will have the legs." Strauss' most popular waltz was The Beautiful Blue Danube, and you hear it every day even now.

Strauss came with his band to Boston for the Peace Jubilee following the Civil War. There in an immense Coliseum he played to 100,000 people in one eve-He also conducted an orchestra ning. He also conducted an orcnessia of 900 musicians playing waltzes on a specially constructed pavilion capable of accommodating 25,000 dancers. Wayne has played for 5,000 dancers at one time at the Aragon, but he has not matched the record set by Strauss as yet. But aside from that, it all goes to show that Wayne King has tied up with a dance that has lasted for centuries and still looks like a winner.

JUST how good is Wayne in his specialty? There are plenty of first rate bands on the air today who could play a waltz program just as well as Wayne King, or even better. But the majority of good bands would prefer to stake out their own claims instead of following someone's else's style. If they do take the step, it is because of a sponsor's request.

Then again, whether you realize it or not, Wayne King has put a powerful lot of research, thought and study into his Lady Esther programs. He figures that the average radio fan (feminine gender preferred in his case) wants to sit down at the end of a day and relax, perchance to dream of knights in armor, of princes and pageants, in short—of romance. How right he is in that! So he plays music conducive to dreams.

And in older women he likes to stir fond memories by playing old favorites recalling days of budding love, of courtship, of the eternal quest for glamor. Again he scores. Or if the music is used as a background for bridge, backgammon, or even kitchen duty, the music just fits in. He does not care if the listener goes to sleep to these caressing cadences which psychologists say is one of the best ways of impressing a thing on the mind. It's all worked out very carefully. The signature even is faintly suggestive of the drowsy drone of bees. You can take it or leave it, but most of the ladies take it and like it.

Well, what's the verdict? You have the evidence before you. Wayne King is at present strongly entrenched with priority rights to the title of Waltz King. It all depends on how long he can hold it in a free and open field and no favors.

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You have heartburn, I gassiness, indiges-tion because hasty eating, wrong food combi-nations or other condi-tions cause over-acidity of the stomach. To re-lieve your distress, reduce the excess acid—but

lieve your distress, reduce the excess acid—but don't alkalize the stomach entirely, or you'll stop your digestion entirely. That is one of the dangers in drenching down half a tumbler of harsh, raw, alkalies. Also excess alkalies may seep into the system, affecting the blood and kidneys. The new, advanced method is to take an antacid that acts only in the presence of acid. Such a remedy is contained in TUMS, the candy mint digestion tablet. After the acid is corrected, TUMS' action stops! If part is left unused, it passes out inert and unabsorbed. Try 3 or 4 TUMS the next time you are distressed. You'll be astonished at the quick relief—happy to have discovered a remedy that really to have discovered a remedy that really "works," and is so easy to take. 10c a roll, everywhere. (TUMS contain no soda.)



For a laxative, use the safe, dependable Vegetable Laxative NR (Nature's Remedy). Only 25 cents.



Follow This Man

The Considential Report
Free of Operator No. 38 made
to his obief. Write for the

Sensational Low Cost of New FABRAY FOR SHELVES Amazes Housewives!



LOOKS . . . WEARS LIKE OILCLOTH Wet 21/2-YARD ROLLS ARE ONLY 10c!

IMAGINE getting 2½ yds. of the finest 12inch shelf oilcloth for only 10c! Impossible,
of course. But, in FABRAY—usually called
"fibre-backed oilcloth"—you get every advantage of oilcloth and more—2½-yard rolls, only
a dime a roll! You can fold it—crease it—wash
it indefinitely but it will not crack or peel.
Actually cheaper than shelf paper, as you wash
soiled FABRAY instead of throwing it away.
Many lovely patterns and dainty solid colors.
See FABRAY at leading 5 & 10c stores or mail
10c for 2½-yard roll of 12-inch shelving. State color preference. ing. State color preference.

CLOPAY CORP. 1366 York Street incinnati Ohio Cincinnati



DON'T LET EMBARRASSMENT MAR your business, home and social life. Learn how to avoid this age-old handleap with COVR—an smaxing 4-ounce silk underpant that aids your figure and everyday security. Helps restore polse. Write today. Book sent FREE in plain wrapper. Dept. A-3. Invisilette, jne., Mdse. Mart. Chicage, III.

So Easy to Develop a Gorgeous Form!

Have you a poor figure? Are you thin, scrawny, lacking in feminine curves? Wouldn't you like to have a beautifully developed figure, shapely, well rounded, exquisitely proportioned? Let me prove I can develop your form—easily, quickly!

See How My New Method Fills Out Your Form

No drugs! No pills! My new method is natural, pleasant, harmless. Just a few simple instructions, used with my special massage Cream—that's all there is to it! See how it moulds your form to youthful, rounded lines, adds firm flesh just where you need it, lifts sagging, flabby tissues. Give me a few minutes a day and I'll do wonders for your figure!

Send Me Your Name

I want you to try my amazing new method for yourself. It won't cost you a penny if you are not more than satisfied. Here is my big, special offer: Send me your name, address and only \$1.00 and I'll mail you my secrets of figure-moulding with large container of Cream at once, in a plain wrapper, Try my method 10 days. Then get your dollar back if not delighted. Nothing to lose, so write me today, enclosing only \$1.00.

JOANE MORGAN, Dept. P-4, 6811 Fifth Avenue, Brooklyn, New York

JUST GIVE ME 10 DAYS

Yes, that's all I want to prove I can give you a lovely, well-developed form. Convince yourself that you can gain the gorgeous feminine curves that are all the rage. Take advantage of my special offer at once. Let me send you my new easy method with large container of special massage Crem—all for only \$1.00. And your money back if you want it!



APRIL, 1935



THEIR MEDICINE CHEST FOR 20 YEARS

JUST 20 years ago they found this safe all-vegetable laxative. Ever since, they have kept J vegetable laxative. Ever since, they have kept remarkably free from biliousness, colds, head-aches, and the ills of bowel sluggishness. "That little box of NR Tablets is our medicine chest," they tell their friends.

Common sense tells you your doctor is right when he says: "Use an all-vegetable laxative." when he says: "Use an all-vegetable laxative." Modern diets, refined foods rob you of natural vegetable laxative elements you were intended to have. It's so sensible to go to nature for help. Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets) contain natural plant and vegetable laxatives properly balanced—nothing else. No mineral or phenol derivatives. The best proof of the difference is the way you feel after using them. Refreshed, more alive, thoroughly clean inside. Not depressed and given out. Another proof. You'll find no need to increase the dose. They're non-habit forming. So kind to your system. It's important to use the right laxative. And so easy to find out for yourself. The handy NR box containing 25 doses, only 25c at any drug store.

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

lature's Remedy GET R TO-NIGHT

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

LEARN TO HAWAIIAN GUITAR



the Hawslian way, Surprise and entertain your friends. Amasing new simple method makes learning to play from REGULAR grane. Shows you impletures how to do a surprise shows to surprise the surprise shows to surprise shows the surpr

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NO DIET · NO MEDICINES · NO EXERCISES ·

AN AMAZING invention called Rollette, developed in Rochester, Minnesota, makes it possible for you to rid
yourself of unsightly pounds of fat
and have a beautiful, slender form.
This remarkable patented device
takes off fat quickly from any part
of your body without strenuous
diets, dangerous drugs, exercise.
Leaves the flesh firm and gives a
natural healthy glow to the skin.
Makes you feel years younger.
A FEW MINGUES A DAY

A FEW MINUTES A DAY

ROLLS FAT AWAY
Take off many inches from the
spots where you want to reduce
most, ROLLETTE is an effective,
scientific principle for reducing
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Kate Smith Tells You How to Sing for Radio

[Continued from page 17]

the radio (or for anything for that matter) doesn't really matter half as much as the flair for putting it over! And I

can't make this too strong!

I never took a vocal lesson in my life! This may sound like the boast of one who is proud of an untrained native ability. But the point I want to make is that the flair for putting it over, rather than the training—or overtraining, let us call it—is more important. Training tends to dull the personality of the artist who wants to reach the popular heart of a radio audience.

If you can sing, you can sing, that's all there is to it! You may need some help in voice training, but that can come in several ways. It can come just as well, and probably quicker and better, from singing before an audience, than from spending tedious, dry hours per-fecting yourself in the classic manner before a teacher. What you may gain in technique there, you lose in that common, human touch which thrills you when you have a group of responsive people whose hearts you are trying to reach.

In the final analysis, you've got a song. All right, sing it to them! Sing it with everything you have in you-communicate your feelings to your audience, pour it out-give them everything you have! Tell them what you are trying to say! That's what art is-communicationcommunicating your feelings, your soul,

your song!

I insist on only one thing from novices —lengthy rehearsals. That makes for what we in radio and the theatre call a perfect "dress." I probably have had more experience in selecting new talent than anyone else on the air, and this experience has taught me the value of this thing called "dress." In brief, it means that when you face the microphone you are "ready." No matter what happens, what goes wrong, you will come through with your song.

You will not only come through with your song, but you will transfer that confidence you feel over the airwaves to your listeners so that they will be inspired with the feeling of your own strength, your hope, the rousing triumph of poetry and music of your song.

To beginners I give you this word: Don't let it get you! When you have an audition coming up, try not to think about it too much ahead of time. Just rehearse your bit well; make up your mind you're going to do your best, and then forget about it!

And don't be fraid to take a chance! I've heard many, many amateurs in my time, longing to get a "break," and then, when the time comes, they suddenly lose confidence. Maybe it's because they fear they will make a spectacle of themselves, or fear the judges, or fear failure.

ET me tell you that everyone in the audition room is all for you. want to hear something good—that's what they are looking for. They are not in there to laugh at you! And they don't give a whoop what you look like. So don't be apologetic in your manner of putting it over! But, also, don't try to be a super-salesman. Act natural, and you'll be pretty safe.

I worked with one girl for two months before I would let her go on the air. You probably have heard her on my program. She came to me with every handicap. In the first place, she was what we like to call a "society girl." Now we like to call a "society girl." Now society girls are apt to be soft. But Adelaide Moffett was not. The fact that her father was James A. Moffett, Federal Housing Commissioner made no difference. In fact, it was a handicap, in a way. She felt keenly that people would say she had a "pull." But



she didn't. I heard her sing; knew she was a "natural" for radio and talked her out of that. She had talent, so I worked with her. But it took two months before she was ready for her first broadcast. And now, keep your eye on that girl!

I would like to work with each and every one of you like that. It gives me as much satisfaction to see someone else go over as it does when I myself first went over. Any artist feels the same way. To help someone else with talent to express themselves and get the "break" that will catapult him or her to fame is as big a thrill as putting over a grand song of your own.

To those of you who have never faced a microphone before, I want to say a word. You probably have wondered—and perhaps worried—over the technique of actual broadcasting. Well, get that idea out of your head at once.

There is no "technique," except what you yourself feel to be the best way you can sing into that disk.

Plus, of course, what the control room

tells you.

If it is better for you to stand a little away from the mike, or to snuggle up to it, that's a personal problem, depending on the timbre of your voice and the kind of songs you sing—a thing that can be decided and ironed out in one or two rehearsals. So don't bother your mind about broadcasting "technique." You'll learn it all when you get your first audition.

THERE are, however, some studio pointers, which you must adhere to—pointers that reach, too, into your personal life. These pointers, may not touch you now, if you are a beginner, but note them down, for you will need them later.

In the first place, no matter how good you are; how spectacular your initial success, get rid of the thought that you

are that good!

It is not only a false feeling, but it is a conclusion that is likely to cut your radio career so short and quick that you will find yourself back in your home town, singing at the local benefit before you quite realize what has happened to you!

For, even if you have a talent equal to the most successful radio star, remember that they still have it on you in experience! And experience in radio—an infant art of communication—is more important in these days than it is in the older arts, the theatre, movies, opera, etc. So be patient. I can't emphasize this too strongly.

Also, as you are climbing toward the top, don't forget that you had to start at the bottom. In other words, don't forget that people you meet on your way up, are the same ones you're going

to meet on the way down!

This may sound like a platitude, but there are a lot of bumps on the road to success, and there are plenty of setbacks. Take it easy from the first. Don't let it be known that you feel that you are as good as you think you are. There are plenty of people who are willing to step into your shoes. You're not indispensable to radio.

I NSIST on proper working conditions in the studio—good lights, a good orchestra leader and accompaniment. Keep your ear tuned to that orchestra. And when anyone steps out of line, speak up. It's your show. They're there to help

you. Tell them so, if it is necessary. Don't let success go to your head—even the first little pulse-quickening flash of it! It won't do you a bit of good. In fact, if you lose your sense of balance, too quick success can be definitely harmful.

Cultivate your style. This is an age of personality and that's the major part of what we in radio call "dress." You are you! Your songs express you! So develop you! That's what makes for success and pays dividends. And because dividends are a pretty good measure of an artist's success in radio, it is entirely proper to think about them too.

Also, give your program something to distinguish it, a trade mark, let us say—something that will make the radio audience remember you. A little thing like—"Hello, Everybody!"

These things may seem small, but they are big milestones on that road to

success

Observe them! And write in so that we can arrange an audition. For, and remember this—the "Moon Comes Over the Mountain"—and it may be for you!

Next Month—David Freedman, famous radio gag man, gives Lesson No. 4 in Radioland's School of the Air, and tells how to write a radio comedy.

Tips On Manicuring

[Continued from page 43]

amount of vivid nail polish will camouflage red, rough or wrinkled hands. But there is no excuse, other than slovenliness, for hands that look workworn, because there are so many emollient preparations on the market to keep them soft, white and young looking. One of the finest of these is a rich, readily absorbed hand cream that softens and whitens the skin as soon as it is applied, making it ideal for the busy woman whose tasks leave her little time for beauty care. It comes in an attractive, squat white jar with a lavender screw top and label, and makes a colorful addition to any dressing table. The price is fifty cents. Want the name?

Facial mask devotees will be glad to learn that a very special pick-up mask used in the salon treatments of a famous Fifth Avenue house is now being packaged for home use. It comes in a four-ounce pink and silver jar that contains enough for twelve or fifteen home treatments. It costs \$3, little enough for a dozen facial rejuvenations which, although they may be only temporary, are great while they last!

Would you like to know what shades of nail polish to wear with your different frocks? Or whether to shape your nails in an oval or a point? If these, or any other beauty questions puzzle you, write to Wynne McKay. She will be glad to answer your queries in a personal letter. Address Wynne McKay. RADIOLAND Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York. Be sure to enclose a stamped, return envelope for Miss McKay's reply!



THESE early spring days, with the tang of winter still in the air—how inviting they are—but how hard on the complexion! Dried by exhilarating but cutting winds—with sticky, sooty dust getting into the pores and clinging to the roughened surface, your skin tends to become grimy and "muddy looking" and irritations develop.

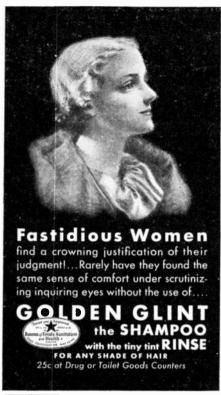
To combat this ravaging effect, particular care is necessary, and skin specialists say that cleansing with a pure, mild soap, at least once a day, is indispensable.

When you use Resinol Soap, you can be sure of thorough, safe cleansing, because it is a soap that is kind to every type of skin. Its pure, lightly medicated lather is so creamy, so soft, and leaves your skin so refreshed.

Now, the wind-roughened, irritated skin surface is ready for soothing Resinol Ointment. Its special medication is just what nature needs to help heal the sore, rough, reddened spots. It acts so quickly, too. Just spread it on lightly but freely and you will be amazed to see how soon the surface blemishes and discomfort disappear.

Your druggist sells Resinol Ointment and Soap. Why not start this treatment today—before these smiling, but rough spring days can seriously mar your complexion? For free trial size package,









NVEST wisely. Send a postcard for this great this great money-saving book for home

NEW, smart apparel, and new, attractive home furnishings are pictured in this book for home-lovers. It tells about the new Larkin Cozy-Home Club with little 50c weekly shares. Learn of our big Rewards for Larkin

663 Seneca St., BUFFALO, N. Y. Larkin Com.



MADAME WILLIAMS

Buffalo, N. Y.

Please Listen To Our Program!

[Continued from page 41]

AN ADVERTISING man, in charge of radio production, with whom I was discussing this general subject lately, replied: "But that's exactly why, Doctor, I put dance music as well as a classical piece, a crooner, a short drama, a news item, some comedy, a scientific talk, and even a bit of tragedy, all together in one program. My idea was to cover as many different tastes in my listeners as possible.

But this gentleman never realized that his hodge-podge not only made a most distressing mixture, enough to make it sound like a nightmare, but that by trying to entice everybody to listen he actually

got nobody to listen.

That variety in a program can be desirable goes without saying. Such variety, however, must somehow carry a thread of emotional continuity throughout. If not, the listener is asked to shift his point of view too quickly and too often the result being that he becomes fatigued, then annoyed, finally shutting the whole thing out. In a single program, for example, a snappy band should not also play operatic pieces. But such a band can be followed by a crooner or blues singer, and also by a rollicking, fast-moving sketch. Such a program is then identified in the prospective listener's mind as a quarter or half hour of blended and stimulated sound, not as a disharmony of non-related noises. And, of course, if his mood or inclinations call for such excitement he will tune in; otherwise he will not.

Psychology says that interest in entertainment at once wanes if it contains elements that antagonize, insult or otherwise rile the listener. What all entertainment must do, to be successful, is cater to the vanity of the hearer, to his sense of superiority. But how often does an announcer suggest that you do so and so? What he usually does is use the language of command. "Go to the nearest store at once," he tells you, "and buy this product. You will find it is the

While what he should do is ask you politely to give his product an opportunity to prove its alleged superiority over all others, knowing-at least flattering you by telling you that he knows -how experienced a connoisseur you already are. In short, trying to create inferiority complexes in any radio audience never did any product, no matter how actually superlative, a particle of good.

UNDOUBTEDLY people are most interested in themselves. If a program somehow can incite interest in the individual's own reactions it at once scores heavily over all other programs. One reason why people like music is because it calls for emotional response, in other words a distinctly personal reaction. And if a listener is sickly or an invalid he will, undoubtedly, enjoy a health talk; if he has money invested in Wall Street he will anxiously wait for the stock quotations.

The trend toward dramas nowadaysaside from the hope that they will hold the interest and stop people from switching to something else before the program is finished-this trend can conceivably be interpreted as quite natural, or, if you will, psychological, and entirely in line with my statement that we all are primarily interested in ourselves.

In a dramatic presentation, whether on the stage or screen, we invariably identify ourselves with the leading characters and thus experience ourselves the same emotions that the heroes and heroines are going through. The relaxation quality consists in this vicarious thrill, this letting-go of checked or repressed emotions within ourselves. It isn't really that we "forget ourselves" when we attend a play, rather the fun consists in the distinctly personal emotional exercise we undergo.

Stressing drama over the radio ought, therefore, to be successful provided that radio drama will be developed quickly enough to make it as real and live as the portrayals of actors we can actually see, Whether this tremendous handicap can be overcome remains to be seen.

When, a year or two ago, programs were seldom as short as fifteen minutes and ran from one-half to a full hour, the longer duration of the presentation inevitably made a deeper and more lasting impression. As it is now, interest is shifted every quarter of an hour. In one hour, instead of there being a unified memory of a single program and product, there are four such memories of four programs and products. This makes a tremendous difference.

ANOTHER difficulty a program may find itself in is the spot assigned it in relation to what immediately precedes and what immediately follows.

Three orchestra programs in succession surely leave a blurred imagery in the mind. In other words, no special orchestra stands out in one's memory, assuming, of course, that all three orchestras are about equally good. If one is decidedly better than the other two, this particular one will stick in the mind long after the others have faded out completely. Distinct variety, however, is essential for each quarter hour if each program is to receive its full due of interest. Again, if the program that precedes a particular presentation is dull, because of which it has set up a resistance within the hearer, when the presentation in question inherits a handicap it may be difficult or even impossible to counteract and overcome.

I daresay I have given you enough examples to prove that radio has neglected psychology and that it ought to

call upon it for help.

Indeed, in no entertainment medium is such a large burden placed upon the mind as in radio. Always, here, does the listener contribute a large, if not a major, portion of the entertainment. For in radio he only hears; he never sees! The delight he gets is the delight he is stimulated to fashion in his own mind and feelings. In no other entertainment field could there possibly be more need of psychological study and analysis than in radio.

But, of course, the radio millennium has not arrived as vet. And how long it will take for radio to join hands with psychology is open to question.

From Liar to Lyre With Jack Pearl

[Continued from page 19]

BUT let Jack Pearl tell you more about the character:

"Peter Pfeiffer is like the man who runs after a street-car and falls flat on his face. What is a tragedy to him is comedy to you. You wouldn't laugh if it happened to you, but it's funny to see somebody else in trouble. That's just human nature.

"Remember the scene in Charlie Chaplin's City Lights which showed Charlie with the blind flower girl who was trying to water flowers? Charlie feels terribly sorry for her as she fumbles for the water faucet to fill a little tin bucket. She fills the bucket, tries to throw the water on the flowers and instead hits Charlie in the face. We all laughed at that-but when we did we cried a little inside.

"Peter Pfeiffer is a little like that. I don't say that he will be the greatest character on the air, but he will tug at your heart strings and in a different way he'll be just as funny as the Baron.

It is impossible not to be infected by Jack Pearl's intense enthusiasm about Peter Pfeiffer or to doubt his ability to play this entirely new type of character for the radio as perfectly as Charlie Chaplin does his confused little waifs

on the screen.

Pearl comes by his reputation as one of the day's greatest comics honestly. He has followed the same route to fame taken by such comedians as Georgie Jessel, Eddie Buzzell and Eddie Cantor, all of whom worked as he did in Gus Edwards' choruses. On the legitimate stage, vaudeville and burlesque he climbed slowly to the top and by 1919 became so popular that the Shuberts bought up his contract for the tidy sum of \$13,000. Until 1930 these great showmen featured him annually in their shows at the Winter Garden.

Later he became a headliner in the Ziegfeld Follies and turned to radio when offered enough money to make him forget the stage temporarily. He

wants to find a play of his own for the next season.

He has little enthusiasm for the screen, due to Meet the Baron, a disappointing picture in which he was called on to play his radio character when he really wanted to do something else. He will, however, be glad to take Peter Pfeiffer, his new character, to the screen pro-viding he is allowed to offer something entirely different from the theme of his broadcasts.

N EVER again will Pearl try to work on the stage, in radio and on the screen at the same time. "One thing at a time," he says. "Remember how Harriman tried to corner the market a few years back? He finally crashed. It's the same thing in any business—do one thing and do it well."

That Jack Pearl and his sponsors are doing one thing well is exceedingly apparent as the details of the Peter Pfeiffer

program are revealed.

There will be a choir of twelve voices -eight men and four women. There is a grand orchestra with Patty Chapin as soloist. Patty, as anyone who has heard her knows, is a girl whose voice should

be the envy of angels.

But that isn't all! Every listener will welcome the news that this program will feature no long, drawn-out "com-mercial plug." What is to be said about Frigidaire will be said by Peter Pfeiffer himself in the character's own amusing, inoffensive manner. The exceedingly brief touch of advertising in the program is designed to be clever, effective and painless to listeners.
"I don't know what you think of it,"

Jack Pearl remarked as we left his apartment and started on a brisk two mile hike to Radio City for a rehearsal.
"I'll just do the best I can and hope

the program will be a hit. I'm going to take the advice of Peter Pfeiffer—the same advice he gives his music students -'One . . . two . . . three . . . GIVE!'

If you feel low-



appetite √ losing weight 🗸 nervous √ pale

then don't gamble





Life insurance companies tell us that the gradual breakdown of the human body causes more deaths every year than disease germs

F your physical let-down is caused by a lowered red-blood-cell and hemo-glo-bin content in the blood-then S.S.S. is waiting to help you...though, if you suspect an organic trouble, you will, of course, want to consult a physician or surgeon.

S.S.S. is not just a so-called tonic. It is a tonic specially designed to stimulate gastric secretions, and also has the mineral elements so very, very necessary in rebuilding the oxygen-carrying hemo-glo-bin of

the blood.

This two-fold purpose is important. Digestion is improved ... food is better utilized ... and thus you are enabled to better "carry on" without exhaustion—as you should.

You should feel and look years younger with life giving and purifying blood surging through your body. You owe this to yourself and friends.

Make S.S.S. your health safeguard and, unless your case is exceptional, you should soon enjoy again the satisfaction of appetizing food ... sound sleep ... steady nerves ... a good complexion ... and renewed strength.

S.S.S. is sold by all drug stores in two convenient sizes. The \$2 economy size is twice as large as the \$1.25 regular size and is sufficient for two weeks treatment. Begin

on the uproad today.

Do not be blinded by the efforts of a few unethical dealers who may suggest that you gamble with substitutes. You have a right to insist that S.S. be sup-plied you on request. Its long years of pref-erence is your guarantee of satisfaction.



the world's great blood medicine

Makes you feel like yourself



again

C S.S.S. Co.



ARIES the Ram

Astrologers tell us that people born under the sign of Aries have lean bodies, high cheekbones, gray eyes and sandy hair. Mars is the ruling planet, conferring a sense of freedom, frankness and truthfulness, executive ability and scorn of consequence. The mind is forceful and receptive to new enterprises.

BORN under the sign of ARIES

ARTHUR ALLEN April 8

JERRY COOPER April 3

EVAN EVANS April 13

ALBERT KAVELIN April 14

CHARLIE KRETZINGER April 5

ARTHUR MURRAY April 4

LUCILLE PETERSON April 9

VIVIENNE SEGAL April 19

MARK WARNOW April 10

BUDDY WELCOME April 3

TIGHT SHOES?

You'll feel like a person who never had foot trouble one minute after you apply New De Luxe Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads to corns, callouses, bunions or sore toes, or wherever new or tight shoes rub, press or "bite." They soothe irritated

nerves, heal tender tissues; prevent corns, sore toes and blisters. Separate Medicated Disks are included in every box to quickly, safely remove corns or callouses. Always keep a box handy. Sold everywhere.



OTHER FOOT TROUBLES?

Dr. Scholl has perfected a Foot Comfort Remedy or Appliance for every foot trouble—assuring quick, safe relief. All drug, shoe and dept. stores feature them.







WHY HAVE GRAY HAI OR DANDRUFF?

Marvelous, Positively Safe Liquid Works Like Magic!

Works Like Magic!

You, too, can have gloriously beautiful hair, free from GRAY and DANDRUFF.

Don't lose your Job or social position due to these handicaps. Try the truly wonderful DOUBLE-ACTING fluuid-Nourishine for Gray Hair and Dandruff.

Nourishine is applied like a tonic—so easy to use. You get SAFE and POSITIVE results. Your hair will become soft. lustrous, with a natural appearing color that defies detection. Nourishine is absolutely non-injurious to hair or scalp—is positively beneficial.

"Nourishine's tonic-like qualities make it the BEST hair preparation," every user enthusiastically says this about Nourishine.

No matter what you have tried for gray hair or dandruff, forget past disappointments and try this absolutely different liquid. It is not greasy—does not rub off nor stain scalp or linen. The one liquid imparts any color. You can easily prove it best for gray hair and dandruff. Try Nourishine now!

For better results use NOURISHINE SHAMPOO.

Try Nourishine now!
For better results use NOURISHINE SHAMPOO.
Contains no acids that hinder the action of Nourishine.
Write for our free booklet, "Home Care of the Hair."
Contains helpful hints on the home care of permanents,
marcels, oily and dry scalp, describes coloring methods, etc.
Nourishine, \$1.25; Shampoo, 50c, at drug and department stores or by mail, except in California, from
NOURISHINE COMPANY, 939 S. Broadway, Los Angeles.

BEST FOR NOURISHINE GRAY HAIR



SHED—yes, shed the mask of duil, weathered—roughened outer skin. And with it, blemishes, freekles, tiny imperfections—even surface pimples! Reveal from underneath the amazingly clear, fresh youthfulness of your own skin. Golden Peacock Bleach Creme acts Nature's way, only much quicker. In only 5 nights, the invisible particles of aged surface skin disappear. Then your skin looks radiantly clear—glamorously white. Mild, safe, sure. Over 2 million jars used last year At all druggists, 55c.

Rudy Vallee's Music Notebook

[Continued from page 34]

lovely melody, There's A Different You In Your Heart, the first strains of which sound suspiciously like My Buddy, and to use the old, hackneyed phrase, "it always was a good song!

I was surprised to find the producers insisting that I use The Good Green Acres Of Home. It seemed that one of the sequences of the story called for a song of this type as the band and I are supposedly playing in Central Park at a sort of Arbor Day celebration. I was surprised to find that I liked the song the more I heard it, and finally decided that I would do it. It turned out to be one of the best things in

the picture.

Miss Morgan sings a song from the pens of Mort Dixon and Allie Wrubel, called I See Two Lovers. It was originally written for several other Warner pictures, but somehow never seemed to get into them. Mr. it shortly before his death. The song was Columbo had made a Brunswick record of an excellent piece of material for Helen Morgan, and although she sang another one, Winter Overnight, written by Fain and Kahal, the producers felt in the final cutting of the picture that one song had to go, and that the one to be retained should be I See Two Lovers.

IN THE course of listening to the many 1 songs, Allie Wrubel played one for me called Fare Thee Well, Annabelle. I liked it so well I thought it might be the thing to be used in a milk fund benefit sequence near the end of the picture. I suggested that we present it on a small scale, with the observation platform of a train and my boys and several girls down to see me off, among them "Annabelle;" then redcaps, six or so in number, to tap dance a chorus of it, and from the girls in the station we might find a girl trio who could sing a chorus. But the producers and Bobby Connelly went me one better. They took my idea and really produced something most unusually fine and gratifying. Money flowed like water and two beautiful sets were built. The cost of this was a great deal more than anticipated, and I think it is going to be, as the producers feel, perhaps another Forty-Second Street,

The endeavor of Robert Armstrong, cast as a tough gangster, to become a crooner, so-called, and to sing The Good Green Acres Of Home is unusually funny, and I think will get many laughs from the audience.

All the songs are published by Remick, Inc., who, with Witmark, share honors in publishing songs from Warner Bros. pic-

It would hardly be fair in passing not to mention the entire cast and to say that if the picture is a success Milt and Frank Britton's band will be in no small measure responsible. Ned Sparks is unusually fine-I think perhaps this is one of the finest roles he has had since Lady For A Day. Likewise Allen Jenkins, as my publicity manager, turns in a great performance. Cawthorne and Shean are excellent in their rôles, and Miss Dvorak was one of the most sympathetic and lovely leading ladies it has been my pleasure to know. Alice White, as the dizzy blonde sister of the tough gangster, Robert Armstrong, plunges us into trouble with her Gracie Allen stupidity, and Armstrong is great as the terrifying gangster. Al Green did one of the finest directing jobs of his career, and all in all I feel that I was in extremely good hands in the making of this vehicle.

BUT to list some of the popular tunes and show music which may or may not have intrigued your attention over the air:

There is Nevermore, a delightful waltz from Noel Coward's Conversation Piece, which closed when Yvonne Printemps was forced to return to France. It is a lovely sweeping melody, published by T. B. Harms.

Revenge With Music

Revenge With Music unfortunately seems to be having its difficulties. There is talk of its closing within two weeks. I saw it, and personally felt it was a very lovely, lavish spectacle, though its obvious defects, of which I don't care to speak, may or may not be responsible for an early demise. The music is excellent, and grows on you. You music is excellent, and grows on you. You And The Night And The Music, If There Is Someone Lovelier Than You, and When You Love Only One are the main songs. There is another excellent song from the score, That Fellow Manuelo, in which the excellent qualities of an ir.n-keeper are continually depicted throughout the course of the play. Charlie Winninger does a swell job; he has never done, and probably never will do a poor job of anything to which he sets himself.

Here Is My Heart

From Bing Crosby-Paramount's Here Is My Heart we get three excellent songs, though none of the three, or the three com-

STAGE NAMES of the STARS

Ben Bernie	Bernard Ancel
Vera Van	Vera Webster
Rosemary and Priscilla	a Lane
Rosemary and	Priscilla Mullican
Ed Wynn	Edwin Leopold
Tony Wons	Anthony Snow
Roxy	Samuel Rothafel
Joe Cook	Joseph Lopez



EDWARD ISKOWITZ (Eddie Cantor)

bined, will achieve the popularity of Love In Bloom. The songs are With Every Breath I Take, June In January, and Love Is Just Around The Corner. The latter is duck soup for the various bands, as it is a lilting, light dance tune, though these things rarely sell many copies. June In January is the loveliest of the three songs, and is receiving a tremendous radio ride, as it deserves. With Every Breath I Take, like June In January, is the romantic, slow, dreamy type of composition. All three are firmly fixed in the minds of the audience before the picture is finished. They are properly reprised in the right spot, which, after all, is the proper way to handle a picture score. The songs are published by Famous Music, and prove a well-balanced score.

Hands Across The Table is becoming more and more popular every day, and deservedly so. The melody was written by Jean deLettre, who is the accompanist-extraordinary to the young French songstress, Lucienne Boyer, whose second American appearance has proved much happier and more profitable than her first. The song was evidently written by Monsieur delettre for Continental Varieties which, like Conversation Piece, seems to have had its difficulties in remaining open. The song is published by Mills Music and is on the upgrade to the hit class.

Blue Moon, by Messrs. Rodgers and Hart, is one of their finest outpourings in a long time, a class song of the rich, beautiful type that is proving a valuable addition to the catalogue of Robbins, Inc.

Be Still My Heart, by two unknowns, Messrs. Allen Flynn and Jack Egan, is the first thing Broadway Music has had in a long time in the way of a hit song, a beautifully thrilling and vibrant melody with a lyric that fits every note. These two gentlemen are to be congratulated on having achieved so excellent a composition. Our Ross MacLean, at the Hollywood Restaurant, does full justice to it, and yours truly has attempted to do the same on various occasions. The song is a lovely one.

Dancing With My Shadow

Dancing With My Shadow is Joe Morris' typical offering, from the pen of Harry Woods, who wrote it for an English musical comedy, Thank You So Much. It is

a good popular song.

Twe Got An Invitation To A Dance is an attempt on the part of Messrs. Symes, Neiburg and Levinson to write another It's The Talk Of The Town—in other words, a very unhappy gentleman has an invitation to a dance, but prefers not to go for fear of seeing the one he loves with somebody else, and how many of us have often felt that way! It will probably result in at least an "attentive" popularity for the tune when it is played on the air, though it must be played exceedingly slowly. It is published by Ager, Yellen & Bornstein.

It hat A Difference A Day Made will be

What A Difference A Day Made will be a feather in the cap of Edward B. Marks, because it is a very beautiful and different thought. It is mounting closer and closer to the top of the radio and sheet music list day by day, and deservedly so. It is a song which may well grace any program and

hold its own.

Larry Spier seems to feel he has a big hit in *The Cradle And The Music Box*, written by Alfred Opler. The result of one broadcast, says Larry, was a tremendous call for sheet music, which is one of the surest indications that a song has a mass commercial appeal, which will be swell for T. B. Harms if it continues.

So long until next month.

les sir. dividends in every Dentyne package You slip a piece of Dentyne into your mouth . . . and, as you enjoy it, you are earning dividends. AN AID TO MOUTH HEALTH—Your teeth, your whole mouth, need exercise which they don't get from today's soft foods. Dentyne provides this regular vigorous exercise so necessary to general mouth health. It stimulates the salivary glands, helps the mouth clean itself, and improves the condition of the teeth. AS WELL AS A DELICIOUS GUM — You will be delighted with the flavor of Dentyne. Its fresh, stimulating spiciness makes it the favorite chewing gum of thousands and thousands of critical people. You will like, too, the handy vest-pocket package . . . an exclusive feature with Dentyne. The shape originated with, and for many years has identified, Dentyne. DENTYNE KEEPS TEETH WHITE · MOUTH HEALTHY

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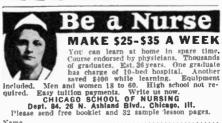
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CityAge

Name

That Spunky Kid—Loretta Clemens

[Continued from page 22]

lives, like a cat," Loretta laughed. "I was always getting into trouble. Several times I almost died."

Even as a tot, she was not satisfied with a routined life; she sought adventure. Running away became a habit: once she was lost in a cornfield, where the tall stalks made her invisible. Fortunately the farmer heard her cries. Several times she wandered miles away from home.

Music has always been a fascinating adventure to Loretta. At four, she scrambled onto the stool that stood in front of the old organ in the parlor, and began picking out notes with the fingers of both hands. Too short to reach the pedal, the family took turns treading for Till she worked out a system for herself. Standing before the organ, she treaded with one foot, while her tiny hands reached up to the keys, her eyes on a level with the keyboard.

AT THE age of six, when you and I were just starting in kindergarten, this determined miss was giving concerts of her own compositions. They caused quite a stir, let me tell you. And Prof. Clemens, of the Western Reserve University, became so interested that he took her on as a scholarship pupil, and taught her for twelve years, without charge.

Meanwhile trouble came to the Clemens family. The father, a house painter, died when Loretta was fourteen and her brother Jack, twelve, leaving to Lorrie the task of supporting the fam-

ily. And she proved equal to it.
"It wasn't as hard as you'd suppose,"
she told me, "Since eleven, I'd been playing in children's orchestras, making money after school. Now I left school and organized a little band. The Agony Four. Jack printed announcement cards; my friends dug up business for us. We played at church dances and benefits and at our friends' parties."

For a few years, the band struggled along. When Jack was fifteen, things

began to get easier. Big for his age, he got a job playing the guitar and banjo at a small night club in Cleveland. The leader of the band was Frederick Tupper.

Jack and Fred became staunch friends. Always at home Jack sang his praises: what a grand guy he was; what

praises: what a grand guy he was; what a wiz at the violin and at the arrangements for the band. "You ought to come over and hear us play," he urged. So Loretta did. And by so doing, she unknowingly embarked on the greatest adventure of her life. Free and Loretta were introduced. The tall, serious, brown-eyed young man could play the fiddle. For the rest of the evening she fiddle. For the rest of the evening, she couldn't take her eyes off him . . . he certainly looked nice.

Fred had been immersed in his music: he had no time for girls. But somehow, from the moment he looked into Lorrie's dancing blue eyes, he realized she was different. That night he confided to his mother "that he had met the girl he was gong to marry.

He called her up. And I don't have to tell you that she invited him over. They began to see each other several times a week. They played duets to-gether; they discussed music; they improvised, she at the piano, he at the violin.

Soon after they joined forces. Fred became manager and violinist of the Clemens Radio Band, composed of the three friends and a saxophonist. During the next three years, they made out quite well for four youngsters learning the ropes. Summers they toured the Chautauqua Circuits; winters they played vaudeville. At last Loretta could give her mother the little luxuries she'd never had before; at last, freedom from worry about the "butcher, the baker, the candle-stick maker."

T WAS too good to last. One mg., after a particularly trying day, she and Fred had their first real quarrel.

[Continued on page 66] I WAS too good to last. One night,



Recognize Loretta Clemens in the sailor outfit at extreme right? Her brother Jack is standing beside her. It was taken at Buffalo during their Jack and Loretta program over WBEN, before they made their bid for fame in the Big City

Bridge Bites

[Continued from page 45]

include a majority of calory-counters beware of over-feeding them. Remember that a crisp fruit salad with a luscious French dressing-I've just discovered an excellent one which does not separate and blends beautifully with assorted fruits-and tiny crisp hot rolls, is a type of late afternoon lunch apt to please both eaters and dieters.

And don't try to outshine previous hostesses. Make your food a bit simpler than that which has been served previously. But make it better. And don't prepare any dish for the first time on the day you plan to serve it. Try it out on the family first, and make certain that you can produce it in shining perfection before you place it before expectant bridge cronies.

Recipes for dishes suggested in the above menus are included in our brand new "Bridge Refreshments For Every Month In The Year" leaflets, which have just been prepared for you, in other leaslets which are available, or in the group of recipes which follow:

CRANBERRY PUNCH

Cook 21/2 cups washed cranberries in 3 cups of water until berries are soft. Add 13/4 Strain through cheesecloth. cups sugar. Bring to a boil and stir until sugar dissolves. Cool. Add the strained juice of 2 lemons and 4 oranges. Chill. Serve in small glasses. (Will serve 12.)

RUSSIAN TEA

Make hot tea, allowing 1 rounding teaspoonful tea leaves for each guest to be served. Measure 1 cup of freshly drawn water for each teaspoonful of tea. Bring to a boil. Pour directly over the leaves. Let steep for 3 to 4 minutes. Pour through a strainer into tall glasses. Place glasses on small plates. Pass as accompaniments preserved strawberries or candied orange peel, lemon, sugar, cloves and small cakes.

FLUFFY FRENCH DRESSING (Specialty of a famous tearoom)

Dissolve 11/4 cups sugar, 11/2 teaspoons paprika, 1½ teaspoons mustard, and ¼ teaspoon salt in ¼ cup vinegar. Put in saucepan and bring to a boil stirring constantly. Cool until lukewarm. Add 2 tablespoons onion juice and ½ to ¼ cups salad oil gradually, beating constantly. Fold in 1½ teaspoons celery seed. Store in a covered jar in the icebox and use as needed.

FRENCH FRUIT SALAD

Arrange crisp cups of lettuce on individual salad plates. On each mound of lettuce arrange as attractively as possible sections of peeled grapefruit, wedges of pineapple rings, cucumber slices, drained halves of canned apricots and thin slices of avacado pears. Top with Fluffy French Dressing. Serve at once.

FRENCH PINEAPPLE PYE (Makes 10-12 servings)

Grind 1 lb., of fresh vanilla wafers. Line a shallow pan with one-half of the ground wafers. Then beat ½ cup of **APRIL**, 1935

butter until light, add 2 cups of powdered sugar slowly, beating constantly. Then beat in 4 whole eggs, adding 1 egg at a time and beating mixture hard until smooth. Spread this mixture in the pan over the wafers.

Now fold into 1/2 pint of whipping cream which has been whipped until stiff, 1 cup shredded canned pineapple, 11/2 cups broken pecan nut meats and I small bottle of maraschino cherries chopped. Pour this mixture into the pan on top of the sugar-butter-egg mixture. Spread with the remaining vanilla wafer crumbs. Chill in the refrigerator 24 hours.

(This is easy to serve and is bound to bring high praise from bridge fans who like something rich but luscious.)

GRAND SLAM CHEESE CAKE

Crush enough zwieback to make 2 cupfuls of crumbs. Mix with 1 teaspoon cinnamon ½ cup sugar and ½ cup melted butter. Spread all but ¾ cupfuls of the mixture over the bottom and sides of a greased spring-form pan. Press down firmly. Bake in a slow oven—325 degrees F.—for 20 minutes.

Turn 3 cupfuls of cottage cheese into a large mixing bowl. Make a paste of 2 tablespoons of flour and a little cream. (Measure out 1 cupful of cream and use a little of this.) Then add the rest of the cream to the paste and add the cream and paste to the cheese. Blend in with the cheese 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind and 4 beaten egg yolks. Put cheese mixture through a sieve. Combine 1 cup sugar and 1 cup water and cook until it threads. Pour in a fine stream over the stiffly beaten whites of 4 eggs, beating constantly. Fold carefully into cheese mixture and turn into the crust. Sprinkle top with reserved crumb mixture and ½ cup blanched, shaved pistachio nut meats. Bake 1 hour at 300 degrees F. Turn off heat and leave for another hour without opening oven door.

This is the Grand Slam bridge table dessert!

BLACK AND WHITE FLUFF

Fold into 1/2 pint of whipping cream whipped until stiff 1/2 teaspoon lemon extract, 12 marshmallows cut into pieces, 2 bananas peeled and diced, and 2 cups cooked prunes, seeded and cut into small pieces. Mix lightly. Serve in footed Color may be added by placing glasses. a sliced cheery on each serving. (Makes 6 to 8 servings.)

NEW NOTES IN BRIDGE BITES (Pick Your Refreshments to Suit Your Group)

Bridge Snacks For Dieters

Pineapple Juice or Orange Juice and Cinnamon Toast Cranberry Punch*
Open Cream Cheese Sandwiches or
Crackers with Assorted Cheese Spreads

or
Russian Tea*
Homemade Candied Orange Peel*
Cocoanut Bars [Continued on page 73]

New Spring
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Frock No. 737—Shown at the right. A stunning two plees frock. A brown everlin jacket and a darling plque print dress in combination of brown and emerald green, or schooner blue and green. The jaunty jacket has deep front points to give it smartness. The collar and belt are elaborately stitched while capeled every strength of the standing strength of the strength of centers assure you most authoritative styles.

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521 Fourteenth Street Oakland, Californi

That Spunky Kid—Loretta Clemens

[Continued from page 64]

"It was all so foolish," she admitted "it seems ridiculous now. We argued about how a piece of music should be played. If we weren't so tired, I'm sure nothing would have happened. But I wouldn't admit I was wrong; neither would Fred. Before we knew it, we had both lost our tempers and were saying ugly, mean things about each other. Things we things about each other. Things we never meant, but which hurt to the core."

"I never want to see you again," Loretta flung at Fred, fighting hard to keep the tears back, "I never knew you were so cruel."

"Don't worry, Miss Smarty," Fred replied. "Now I see you as you really are. You never will see me again.'

Without more ado, Frederick Tupper packed his bag and took the next train to New York, vowing he'd forget Lo-

The band broke up. Loretta became staff pianist for Station WHK in Cleveland Then she and Jack drifted to Buffalo, where for two and a half years they were on sustaining at Station WBEN, as a song and patter team. She played the piano, Jack, the guitar and banjo, while they sang songs and wisecracked. Perhaps you remember them as "Jack and Loretta?"

Three years passed, filled with work. Not very well-paying, either, for sustaining artists get barely enough to subsist on. Loretta was growing restless and dissatisfied. Felt they weren't getting anywhere. Began talking of going to New York; trying for the big networks. Part of her unhappiness was due to her loneliness. For there wasn't one day in the three long, aching years that she didn't think of Fred. She knew that she didn't think of Fred. She knew where he was—on tour in Loew's houses, playing at night clubs. She followed his career like a hawk, hoping for him, praying for him.

As to Fred, nothing from him. Not a word in all those long years.

"Often I wanted to call him up," she told me "or drop in on him when he was playing nearby. But I argued to myself, a girl with spunk wouldn't do that. It was up to him to make the first move. I wasn't going to chase after him. I was convinced he didn't care for me any more."

It took a chance visit of Fred's mother to prove to Loretta she was wrong-to show in what direction to use her spunk. Mrs. Tupper stopped off at Buffalo, to see Loretta. And Lorrie's first question was about Fred.

"I know Fred loves you, Loretta," his mother said, "He talks about you all the time. But you know how stub-born men are. Why don't you write him, for old times' sake? I know he's lonely."

TOLD you Loretta had spunk. And I TOLD you Lorena nau spann.
sense. She thought things over, and ended by swallowing her pride and sending Fred a nice friendly note, as though nothing had happened between them. Bright and early the next morning, she was routed out of bed. It was Fred on long distance, begging her to come up for the week and His work made it for the week-end. His work made it impossible for him to get away.

She went up with a girl friend. And that visit changed her whole life. For Fred was waiting at the train with an engagement ring.

Somehow their courtship was destined to be a long distance one. Loretta and Jack felt they simply had to strike out for success. They came to New York, the promised land of all radio artists.

You've heard how they walked the streets for months, looking for an opening . . . any opening. How they lived in a basement. How they starved and went shabby, waiting, praying for their chance. But you don't knew that during this whole time, neither she nor her brother let on to Fred how things were. Not a whimper out of them. Fred was touring in vaudeville and daily she wrote him, cheerful letters, saying they were doing fine.

Finally their break came, as it must come to all such clever, courageous Annette Hanshaw, then on the Showboat program, became ill and a substitute was needed pronto. Loretta was summoned for an audition.

"Any other time it would have been a Heaven-sent opportunity," she said, "Why, it was what we had dreamed of. But now-it was chilly in New York, and I had caught cold. In fact, it degitis that I couldn't talk above a whisper." But she daren't But she daren't refuse the summons. Dosed with medicines, she presented herself at the studio. And, believe it or not, made good.

That led to a sustaining spot on NBC for the two. Then came the Gibson Family Program, in which Loretta is the hard-boiled, youthfully snippy and optimistic Dot Marsh; Jack, young Bobby Gibson. The parts fitted them like a glove, and the critics have been unstinted in their praise.

LAST year Fred was offered the job of violinist and arranger for Kate Smith, on her vaudeville tour of the country. The idea of leaving Loretta for so many months appalled him. "Maybe I'd better not take the job, darling?" he said. "I'm never going to let you go again."

But Loretta wouldn't hear of it. "Let's be brave, Fred," she urged. "It's too good a chance to pass up."

Fred agreed to go, on one condition.

"I'll go if you marry me first," he said.

"If I feel you belong to me, I'll not mind the separation so much.'

So they were married. And it was as hectic a mixup as you ever heard about. Jack was appearing in New Jersey, so it was agreed they'd meet at the Jersey side of the 23d Street Ferry, at 2:30 in the afternoon. But Loretta was detained at rehearsal, and it wasn't till way after three that she got there. Tired of waiting and certain there had been a misunderstanding about the meetingplace, Fred rode back and forth on the ferry.

"And I guess when he was at the Jersey side, I was at the New York side," Loretta laughed, "Anyway, finally we caught up with each other and were married in a cute little church at Grant-wood, N. J."

RADIOLAND'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

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77	+			+	+	+		78	+	+	+			+

ACROSS

- Ex-Showboat singer now with Camel Caravan.
- Ex-Showboat singer now with Camel Caravan.
 Jack Clemens' si-ter.
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- 22. 24. 25. 27. 29. 31. 35. 36. 37. 41. 45. 47. 55. 57. 59.

- gram.
 Tenor whom you've heard on Open House broadcasts.
 Col. Stoopnagle's _____ name is Frederick Chase

- Mr. Schumann-Heink was born here
 O'Flynn.
 Mr. Shilkret of Beauty Box Theater,
 An idol.
 Initials of Announcer Stevens.

- Poems.
 No. 15 Across conducts the ——— Loma orchestra.
 Vaughn —— Leath.
 Mary Pickford is one.
 Princess Pat ——.

DOWN

- CBS star announcer (poss.). Near. Comedian of Gigantic Pictures, Inc. Colors.

- Mr. Perkins of National Amateur Night.

 Performers such as Cantor, Wynn, etc.

 Portland Hoffa was born in this state (abbr.).

 It gave Jimmy Durante his nickname.

 First name of Mr. Reisman.

 Where the Stell Parker sails.

 Large cast.

 Concellenne teamed with Jesse Block.

 Whose speaking voice is heard with Commodores?

 What Jack Benny calls his orchestra leader.

 John McTormack is one.

 Home of NBC and CBS.

 First name of Miss Van.

 Kind of lights under which Saily of the Talkies works.

 Station KOH, at Reno, is in this State (abbr.).

 Eisle Janis entertained the A. E. F. in World

 Miss Jackson's first name (poss.).

 Tear.

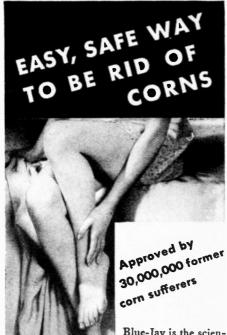
 Freddie Miller.

 Due of Respect states.

- Tear.
 Preddie Miller.
 One of Boswell sisters.
 Jane Froman sings the high ones.
 Waltz Time soprano.
 What DX stations sometimes do.
 First name of Miss Ponselle.
 And not.
 Death Valley (sing.).
 Station WIS, at Columbia, is in
 Steamship (sabb'). at Columbia, is in this state (abbr.).
- Death Valley (810g.). Station Wils, at Columbia, is in this state (abbr.). Steamship (abbr.). Initials of orchestra leader on Silken Strings program. Title given to Walter Damrosch (abbr.).

Answer to March Puzzle





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Untold Story of Elsie Hitz

[Continued from page 21]

TWO weeks passed. Three weeks. Four weeks. It grew so hard to hide their love from each other! Being the soul of honor, Jack could not permit himself to make love to Elsie when her mother considered him a sort of adopted brother. So, without saying a word to his leading lady, he again wrote her mother, explaining that he had fallen in love with her daughter, and begging her permission to court Elsie. Personal references, his whole family history, and a complete account of his character were included in the letter, which Elsie cherishes to this

Mrs. Hitz wrote back that she had no objection to his being a friend of Elsie's, but as for marriage, they had better proceed slowly. Elsie was so young and in-experienced, it might be very easy for her

to mistake puppy love for the real thing.

Jack, nothing daunted, began to woo

This And Flsie was in Paradise. "It was the most ecstatic period of my life," she told me, "I was in seventh heaven. Here I was in love, and Jack was in love with me. Here we were working together, playing together. Everything seemed strangely radiant and glamorous. Why, there had never been anyone half as goodlooking, as wonderful as Jack.

And then, quite by accident, Jack proposed. They had eaten dinner at one of those cozy, dimly-lit tea-rooms that line the side streets of Chicago . . . and Jack, instead of eating, kept looking at browneyed, brown-haired adorable Elsie. "Just as my mouth was stuffed full with potatoes and meat," she told me laughingly, "he blurted out, 'Darling, I love you so much. Don't ever leave me . . . please, please marry me.'

And right there, in the dining room, they kissed. Though Elsie blushes to the roots of her hair every time she thinks of kissing in a public place.

They planned to be married right away, for what was the use of waiting, when both of them were so sure of their love? But Elsie never dreamed of marrying without her mother's consent. Mamma knew best.

A long wire was dispatched home. And when the answer came, she cried herself to sleep. "We'll have to wait, Jack," she told him soberly, as she handed it to him. It read:

PLEASE WAIT A YEAR STOP YOU ARE SO YOUNG HOW CAN YOU KNOW YOUR MIND STOP IF YOU STILL LOVE JACK THEN YOU HAVE MY BLESSING MOTHER

"I couldn't stand the idea of staying in the same show with Jack, seeing him daily, for nine more months, and not being able to marry him. So we talked things over and decided it would be best if we separated.

"Jack stayed with his company, and I got a job in stock, touring out west." Letters, telegrams, flowers—wherever Elsie went a barrage met her. For three months they were separated, and she nearly died of loneliness.

HEN Fate took a hand in fixing mat-THEN Fate took a hand in the ters for the heartsick young lovers. The same week Elsie's company played

in St. Louis, Jack's played there too.

Every minute the two youngsters weren't rehearsing or playing their parts they spent together. And Jack, weakening by the minute, kept sending Mrs. Hitz frantic wires, begging for her permission for their marriage.

The fifth telegram in one day brought the desired results. For the answer came

to Elsie:

YOU HAVE YOUR OWN LIFE TO LIVE WHATEVER YOU DO MY BLESSING IS WITH YOU. MOTHER.

It wasn't till long after they were married that Elsie learned the tide had been turned by the telegraph boy, who evidently read all the wires he delivered. As he handed the fifth to Mrs. Hitz, he said, "Aw, missus, why don't you let them kids go ahead and do it?"

Which is just what they did. It rained dreadfully the next day, a Thursday, and the young people met for lunch. "It never occurred to me we'd get married that day," Elsie told me. "I had stayed awake all night thinking. Now Mother had given permission, I was beginning to get cold feet. Two other sisters of mine had been married a short while before; perhaps it wasn't fair to leave mother all alone so soon after, and run off myself. Perhaps we had better wait for a little while.

"So I put on my oldest dress and carried an umbrella when I met Jack. He listened gravely to all I had to say. "We'll get married whenever you are ready," he finally said. "But at least, why can't we get the license now, and keep

Of course, he had the whole thing planned, but that never occurred to Elsie. There couldn't be anything wrong in getting the license beforehand, so to the City Hall they went. Jack filled out all the questions. Finally, they had the license.

"Isn't it silly," he said when they were outside, "to wait any longer? Oh, why can't we go through with it now, dearest? Your mother's willing.

Before his persuasion Elsie's resistance vanished, and before they knew it they were walking through the pouring rain to the nearest Justice of the Peace. Two strangers were pressed into service as witnesses, and Elsie Hitz and Jack Welch were married.

Immediately after their last wire went back to Mrs. Hitz. It was:

IT WAS RAINING AND I WAS LONESOME AND IT WAS COLD SO JACK AND I WERE MARRIED TOĎAY. LOVE. ELSIE.

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INA DEL MARVIN

Have you ever wanted to dip your fingers into the mail bag of a radio crooner and read the scented messages written to him by women admirers? If you have, don't miss "Love Letters to the Stars" which is one of a dozen sparkling articles you'll find in the

> May issue of RADIOLAND

Fred Allen

[Continued from page 20]

them. "The minute they finished their acts," he told me, "they went out to drink, to dissipate, to look for local dames.
"I couldn't see it at all. Perhaps I was

a natural-born student, but the more I was disappointed in people around me, in their shallowness and deceit, the better I liked books. At least, I could shut a book when I didn't like it. But one can't always do that with his own social

FOR a whole year he carried around Well's Outline of History, reading it in dribs and drabs whenever he got a chance, on the train, trying to assimilate it.

The dream of some day forgetting work for study persisted. And something hap-pened to intensify it. Back home, Fred had had a sweetheart, a very pretty, simple, small-town girl. Perhaps she grew tired of her absentee boy friend, perhaps she, too, wanted to lift herself from the unsatisfactory life she knew, perhaps she didn't fancy the gypsy life of a vaudeville trouper. Anyway, while Fred was touring in vaudeville in Australia, she married a wealthy young Harvard student whom she had met at a dance. And poor, deso-late, heart-broken Fred felt that if he had had the veneer which education brings, she would not have given him up for this strange young man.

It wasn't till seven years ago, when Fred Allen had become a well-established figure in American vaudeville, that he felt he could actually realize his dream. And in the summer of 1928 he enrolled at the University of Boston for special work leading to a Bachelor of Arts degree.

Professor Wm. Hoffman, who teaches oratory and drama there, mapped out an individual course of instruction for him. Allen was to spend his summers at the University, studying; during the winter months he was to follow a course of reading and writing mapped out by Professor Hoffman, and then Allen was to get special examinations when he returned the following summer.

"The first summer was a big success," Allen told me. "I think I got nine college credits in English, prose writing and history."

The vaudeville season, you see, usually began in September and ran through May, which left the summer open for study. But the year 1929 proved a hard one for Fred Allen. Work was scarce, and it wasn't till March that he got an offer to tour the western states, the bookings to last through the summer and fall.

When it resolved itself into the question of going to summer school or supporting the seven people dependent upon him and Portland Hoffa for support, you can imagine what he did. "Their stomachs were more important than my head," he told me simply.

Then came Broadway success in *The First Little Show*, and radio . . . certainly no time now for college. So Fred Allen. thanks to Professor Hoffman's guidance.

is studying industriously by himself.
"If I get more of a thrill out of Shakespeare than out of watching nude girls in a night club, why shouldn't I read Shakes-peare?" he demanded.

Some day, he hopes to take time off and really get that formal education he's dreamed of all these thirty-odd years. And I, for one, am betting on him to do it.



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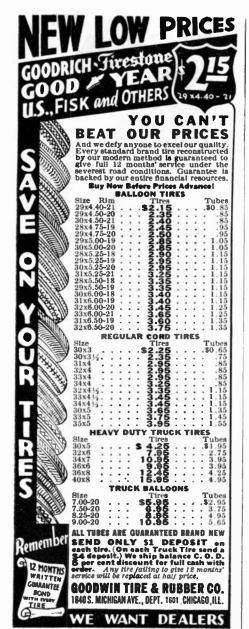
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Amos 'n' Andy Expose the Kingfish

[Continued from page 13]

they're going to write about, the actual writing takes half an hour or so. Yes, as rapidly as all that.

Correll does the typing and he claims he can write faster than he can talk. If they get stuck, it sometimes takes them as long as three hours to do the daily stint. Rarely more. They do all their own writing and use no outside authors. Their secretary, Miss Louise Summa, secures for them any technical information they may need for writing (for instance, about legal terms and procedure, in case the script involves a lawsuit) and according to Charlie Correll,

she is a whiz at it.
Although Amos 'n' Andy do not plan what they will write in advance, of course they have the general situation in mind. Once they outlined exactly what they were going to write for a month ahead, but in three days, they had veered so far from the original plan. they decided it would be best to do their work day by day.

HERE it is, as simple as all that. Except that every once in a while something actually happens which suggests a sketch to them. For instance, there was that time about a year ago when Freeman Gosden and Charlie Correll were really stuck for an idea for the day's script. They were seated in their office in the Palmolive Building, Chicago, and getting exactly nowhere in their efforts to turn out a script. The afternoon was wearing on. In a couple of hours, people throughout the country would be tuning in on their program. But they had temporarily run dry of ideas. At the moment, there was no program for the evening. Gosden paced the floor nervously. Correll was seated at the typewriter, his forehead wrinkled in thought.

Suddenly the door opened and a man, total stranger, burst into the office. Miss Summa, their secretary, was right behind him and saying apologetically, tried to keep him out, but-

"That's all right, sister," said the stranger. "I'll handle this. Boys, I'm here to offer you the opportunity of a lifetime!"

'For heaven's sake," said Gosden, desperately, "We're trying to write a script

The stranger brushed some cigar ashes from his coat, and the objection aside at the same moment. "Script!" he said disdainfully, "What's a script! I'm telling you boys this is the chance of a lifetime. I've got a tree down in Mexico, a whopper of a tree, over ninety feet high, and more than twenty feet through the middle, and I'm willing to sell it to you for \$35,000. This tree is simply marvelous. Why, you can take fifteen foot planks off it. and they'll practically grow back again the next week. And you can—" For fifteen minutes, they let the

stranger go on. The torrent of words came so fast they couldn't have stopped him anyway without tossing him out of the office bodily. He brought his price for the tree down to \$5,000, then \$500. Finally, he left discouraged. Whereupon Gosden and Correll looked

at each other joyfully. "Boy! what a break," exclaimed Correll. For the stranger had given them the idea, gratis, for a typical Amos 'n' Andy situation! They sat down and in 26 minutes by the watch, they had finished their script, using the attempt of a man to sell Andy a marvelous tree down in Mexico. A tree, which had all the exaggerated possibilities the stranger had mentioned. The sketch ended with the practical Amos stepping in, and preventing Andy from investing his life's savings in the Mexican wonder.

HAT was one time in which an Amos 'n' Andy script was inspired by an actual occurrence. There were obeden For instance, there was the day Gosden and Correll went to view a Decoration Day parade on Chicago's Michigan Avenue. It was to be an extra large. super Decoration Day parade, and the stars, who still retain a boyhood affection for parades, decided to drive to see

At several points, Michigan Avenue forms a bridge over tunnels for cross traffic. Gosden and Correll were driving on one of these cross streets and they decided the other side of the avenue would be the best place to view the marchers. Slowly, because the traf-fic was extremely thick, they drove beneath the Michigan Avenue bridge. When they were half way across, traffic jammed. Completely. And for more than three hours, while the parade went by above them, they were caught under the bridge. And they never did get to see the parade. But the day was not completely lost, for they used the identical situation as the basis for an Amos 'n' Andy script.

And then, once, a man came into their office and sold them a cieck protector. He explained how this little gadget prevents the check from being raised, by embossing the amount of the check on the paper. He went into a complete description of the mechanics by which the machine worked. They bought the machine. Furthermore, they decided so valuable a gadget that prevented checks from being tampered with, might in-terest the public. Thereupon they worked into the Amos 'n' Andy plot the attempt of a salesman to sell a check protector to Andy, his purchase of it, and his amusingly twisted version of exactly what a check protector would

SOMETIMES public opinion shapes the Amos 'n' Andy continuity. This was true in the case of Amos' murder trial. Perhaps you'll recall this trial. It was one of the big Amos 'n' Andy scenes. One evening, Amos was supposed to have been out driving one of his "Fresh Air" Taxicabs. A man who had just robbed a fur store and killed the owner of it, hired Amos' cab. When Amos' fare had left the cab, stolen fur was found in the back of it. The police took a hand. Amos was first called to trial as a witness and then accused of committing the murder, or being an accessory.

The trial scene was very dramatic.

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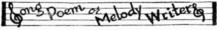
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But the public resented Amos' being accused of murder. He was too well beloved. It left a bad taste in the mouth, and so objecting letters poured in. Always sensitive to public opinion, and unwilling to offend, Gosden and Correll were in a quandary. Then they found the solution. Suddenly, during one evening's broadcast, the trial ended with the discovery that the whole thing was just one of Amos' nightmares! He hadn't been on trial at all. He had just dreamed about it.

Very seldom, do Correll and Gosden fly in the face of public opinion. The one outstanding example, in which they dared certain adverse criticism, was in the killing of that very lovable character, Roland Weber. Perhaps you'll recall the incident. A reckless driver was supposed to have run past a red light. A child was in the path of the car. Roland Weber ran from the sidewalk and pushed the child to safety, but was hit himself. He lingered a couple of nights and then died.

It took considerable courage for Gosden and Correll to write this into their script. There were bound to be complaints about considerable stark tragedy, making its appearance in the Amos 'n' Andy continuity. The authors had two sound reasons for killing Weber. First, his death would lead to an excellent general situation which could be carried on for months: Weber, a wealthy man, was to leave property upon which the real estate development, Weber City, was to be erected, with Amos 'n' Andy as key men in its construction. This would put Amos and Andy in new rôles and help develop interesting complications. As a matter of fact, the building of Weber City, has already occupied several months of Amos 'n' Andy continuity.

And secondly, Weber's death occurred during National Safety Week. His death would help point the dangers of reckless driving to millions of listeners.

SO GENUINE are these characters that they become real flesh and blood people to millions of listeners. For instance, Ruby Taylor, Amos' sweetheart, was supposed to be sick with pneumonia. During one broadcast, Amos announced dolefully that that very night would be the crisis of Ruby's illness and that he intended to visit her at the hospital and bring her some flowers. The following morning, Correll and Gosden's office was deluged both with flowers for Amos to take Ruby, and with telegrams expressing the hope that Ruby had passed the crisis successfully. All from listeners!

In fact, so genuine is Ruby Taylor, that when Freeman Gosden was up in Canada on a vacation last summer, a woman neighbor of his, surprised to learn that Gosden was married, asked him what Ruby Taylor thought about his being married to another woman!

And the lovable Roland Weber was so real to Gosden's personal colored chauffeur that Weber's radio death had a very strong effect upon him. It seems that this chauffeur used to habitually drive very rapidly. But after Weber was supposedly killed by a reckless driver, he actually cut down his regular speed to almost half, for fear that he, too, would hit somebody like the later Roland!



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Little Girl, You've Had Some Lucky Breaks

[Continued from page 37]

something to remember. And he did, later on.

But the pace was beginning to tell on Helen. Here she was with two careers on her hands, any one of which required full time and concentration. What was she to do? Stick to her violin? Or develop her voice?

And her teachers were evenly divided in their opinion. Some voted for voice and some picked violin. Something had to be done, and a hurry too, to avoid a breakdown from overwork.

Calmly she sat down and weighed the pros and cons of both careers. And this is how she reasoned: her ultimate aim was to become self-supporting through her music. Could she do it with her violin? The depression was in full swing and the world didn't take too kindly to a woman violinist. On the other hand, there was always a place for a woman singer.

And that's how she decided to concentrate on her voice.

Then Fate stepped in to bolster up her decision. The next day, rushing into a train as the door was closing, a finger of her left hand got caught in the door and a joint was dislocated. The finger had to go into splints for several weeks and they thought for a time that the joint would be stiff permanently. The joint eased up in time, but when it happened Helen regarded the accident as an omen and knew she was right to lay aside her violin.

When the school gave a performance of The Beggar's Opera, Helen sang the leading role, that of Polly Peachum. And in that audience were three men who, one by one, were destined to play an important part in her life.

The first was Mr. Simon of the New Yorker. Again he was impressed with her voice. And several months later, when he heard that Rudy Vallée was selecting a chorus to support his vocalists, he told him about Helen. Rudy, too, liked her voice, and she sang with his chorus until he left for California. And when a vacancy occurred in Paul Whiteman's ensemble, Mr. Simon recommended her for the part.

The second man was a rotund individual with a ready smile and a keenly appreciative ear, Sigmund Romberg, America's foremost living composer of operettas. As she sang, he glanced at the program and read "Helen Marshall."

IME passed. Romberg, always busy TIME passed. Nonneers, and are and preparing operettas for the stage and the movies, was persuaded to take over an hour on the radio for a commercial sponsor. Established singers by the score fought for an opportunity to appear on this program.

All this while, Mr. Simon watched Helen's progress. At last he felt that she was ripe for an important profes-

As a favor to him because he was an old friend, Mr. Romberg consented to give Helen a special audition. She had sung but sixteen measures, when Romberg raised his hand as a signal to stop. In that instant, everything went black in front of her. If you've ever tried hard for something, only to be stopped just short of gaining it, you'll understand the dizzy feeling that came over Helen.

When she opened her eyes, Romberg was standing beside her, smiling. He put his arm around her shoulder and said: "Darling, you'll do! I remember you as Polly Peachum."

If you want more statistics on Helen, she dresses exquisitely, generally in white. It's her favorite color and her sponsor calls her the Lady in White. There are 122 pounds of her, all advantageously arranged. She stands five feet four, exactly the right height to a certain man's heart. (Remember, we told you there was a prince in the story). He's in the advertising business and an amateur musician. Maybe you've already guessed it-he was the third fateful man in that audience. And it was such a case of love at first sight with him that he scouted around for two weeks before he could find a mutual friend to introduce him to Helen.

It's a lot like a fairy tale, isn't it? Only I think this is much nicer than an ordinary make-believe story because it is the true story of a lovely girl.

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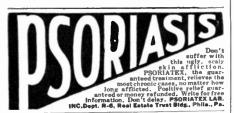
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Bridge Bites

[Continued from page 65]

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Starred dishes whose recipes are not given here will be found in our new "Bridge Bites For Every Month in The Year" leaflets or in other leaflets which Year" leaflets or in other leaflets which are available at 5 cents each. Cooky and cooky bar recipes will be found in the "Cookies From Prize Winning Bakers" leaflets. Rolls recipes are given in "Hurry-Up Hot Breads." Other recipes may be had for the asking if you inclose a stamped, addressed envelope with your request. Write Grace Ellis, Radioland Food Editor, 529 South 7th St., Minneapolis, Minnesota.

HERE'S WHO THEY ARE!

Now that you've tried your skill at identifying the photos or radio stars shown on page 58, read the answers below and see how perfect a score you have made:

That's not Fredric March in the upper left corner, but Dweight Weist, made up to resemble the movie actor for a part in Forty-five Minutes in Hollywood.

The white-haired gentleman below him is Lionel Barrymore, as he played the role of Scrooge over the air.

The Chinese lady and gentleman would you ever guess it?—are Fred Allen and Portland Hoffa.

And in the upper right corner, hiding behind mustache and sideburns, is Bing Crosby.

Below him, as he appears in Sweet Music, is Rudy Sherlock Vallee.

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You can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy by following this simple recipe: To haif pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. Barbo imparts color to streaked, faded or gray hair, making it soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.



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APRIL. 1935



Where is Phil Cook, the Man With Many Voices?—M. S. F., Laramie, Wyoming.

1

Phil Cook

Ans.—A good many of Phil's voices can be heard Saturdays at 8:00 P. M. Eastern Standard time over the WJZ network of the National Broadcasting Company.

Hasn't Captain Henry's voice changed? Or is there a new Captain Henry? Is Lanny Ross married? Can one still get a Tony Wons scrapbook through him? Wasn't Annette Hanshaw on the Showboat program?—L. J., Montrose, Col.

Ans.—There is a new Captain Henry and you will find his picture on page 24. Lanny Ross is unmarried. Tony Wons' Scrapbook is a vailable through him. Annette Hanshaw starred on the Showboat before going to her Camel program.

Is Rush of the Vic and Sade program a boy of twelve or thereabouts, or is he a man?—A. A. B., Fort Collins, Col.

Ans.—The part of Rush is played by Billy Idelson and he is just exactly 12. Watch for a story on this program in an early issue of Radioland.

Would you tell me the date of Bing Crosby's birthday? Is he any relation to Bob Crosby? Is Bob



Bob Crosby

Ans. — Bing Crosby was born May 2, 1904. Bob Crosby is Bing's younger brother. He is 23, unmarried, and does not

bear a very close resemblance to Bing, as he is dark-haired and somewhat heavier in build.

Does John Barclay of the Palmolive Beauty Box sing his own rôles?—N. B.

Ans.-Yes.

Will you please tell me the right name of Uncle Ezra?—E. A., Providence, R. I.

Ans.—Uncle Ezra's real name is Pat Barrett.

What has happened to Gene and Glenn? They were one of the best programs on the air.—P. M. W., Greenwood, R. I.

Ans.—Gene and Glenn are not at present on the national networks, but they can be heard locally over station WTAM, Cleveland, at 6:15 P. M.

Is Jackie Heller married? If so, to whom? How old is he?—O. M. A., Shawnee, Okla.



Jack Heller

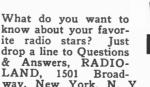
Ans.—Jackie is still heart-whole and fancy-free. He is 28 years old and just a wee bit over five feet tall—hence the "Little" Jackie Heller appellation.

Are Dorothy Page and Grace Hayes the same person?—

M. C., Lansing, Mich.

Ans.—Goodness gracious, no. Dorothy Page broadcasts from Chicago and Grace Hayes has her headquarters in New York.

What do you want to know



LAND, 1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y., and the answers will be printed as soon after receipt as possible in this column.

I would like to ask some questions about Ben Bernie. How old is he? Where does he live? What does



Ben Bernie

he live? What does he call the men who play in his band? Is he a friend of Walter Winchell?—W. S., Corona, N. Y.

Ans.—Ben Bernie is in his mid-thirties. His headquarters are in Chicago, though he does a lot of traveling around the

country. He calls his men by their names, as a rule. The old gag that he and Winchell hate each other was exploded long ago. They're really pals.

Is Margie Minter the daughter of Myrtle Spear in real life?—K. M., Brooklyn, New York.

Ans.—In real life Margie is Donna Damerel, daughter of Myrtle Vail Damerel who plays the part of Myrt and writes the script of the show.

I would like to know who takes the parts of Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson in The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes?— L. R., Abingdon, Penn.

Ans.—Sherlock is played by Louis Hector; in previous seasons Richard Gordon enacted the part. Leigh Lovel is Dr. Watson.

I would like to know what nationality Frank Parker is. What is his age? Is he handsome? Was

he handsome? Was he on the stage before he entered radio?—M. L. L., Thermopolis, Wyo.



Frank Parker

Ans.—Frank
Parker is of
Italian extraction. He is
about 28 years
old and we
would say he is
handsome; you
can judge for
yourself from

the accompanying picture. He was a chorus man in several stage shows before he started cultivating his voice for a radio career.

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Starring Louise Fazenda and Leo
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