

THE NEW MAGAZINE OF THE AIR

# RADIOLAND

SEPTEMBER

The Romance  
and  
LOVES of  
Rudy Vallee

15¢

20c in  
Canada

*Rudy Vallee*



RADIO AND THE NEXT WAR





QUALITY SKY-HIGH

"Because  
Pillsbury's Best"

Have you ever made good bread, and poor biscuits, from the same sack of flour? This expensive trouble comes when you use a flour which is not properly "balanced".

When you buy Pillsbury's Best, you have a feeling of real security. For Pillsbury's Best is made of a blend of wheats which is "balanced" for unfailing success in all your baking—bread, biscuits, cake or pastry. First for the sake of your pocketbook, and then for your own peace of mind, be sure you get this "balanced" flour—the standby of millions of women for over sixty years.

PILLSBURY FLOUR MILLS COMPANY  
General Offices: Minneapolis, Minnesota



Husbands all agree that there's no breakfast as good as pancakes—and no pancakes as good as Pillsbury's.  
Wives agree there's no good breakfast as easy to prepare—simply add milk or water, stir and bake.  
Everybody agrees that these Pillsbury pancakes are different.  
They are light. They are tender. They are better, in every way. Remember—Pillsbury's!



If we say that Pillsbury's Cake Flour will improve your cakes, you may not believe us—for you're probably making fine cakes by your present methods. But, believe us or not, it's still a good idea to try a package. For we might be telling the truth—and a cake flour which makes a better cake for the same money is worth finding!



"Rough stuff" in society is frowned upon—but in the diet, it's highly desirable. Most of us need more roughage in our food. One of the finest sources of this necessary roughage is natural 100% bran—Pillsbury's Wheat Bran. Fortunately, this kind of bran makes the most delicious muffins you ever tasted. Try the famous Pillsbury recipe—on every package.



# WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!



**Worries over a Gray Hair  
But She Neglects Her Teeth and Gums  
and she has "pink tooth brush"!**

**S**HE gets panic-stricken about a gray hair—and yet nobody else would ever know she had one! Scarcely anyone, however, can glance at her without noticing how gray her teeth look—how dingy and dull.

If your teeth are dull-looking—if your gums are sensitive—they need *Ipana and massage*.

"Pink" upon your tooth brush is an indication of too-tender gums.

And this bleeding of the gums threatens the sparkle and soundness of your teeth—the charm of your smile!

For "pink tooth brush" may not only lead to serious troubles of the gums—gingivitis, Vincent's disease, and pyorrhea—it may even endanger sound teeth.

Keep your gums firm and healthy—and your teeth clean and bright with *Ipana and massage*.

Restore to your gums the stimula-

tion they need, and of which they are robbed by the soft modern food that gives them so little natural work. Each time you clean your teeth with *Ipana*, rub a little more *Ipana* directly on your gums, massaging gently with your finger or the tooth brush.

Start it tomorrow. Buy a full-size tube. Follow the *Ipana* treatment regularly and faithfully and you need have little concern about "pink tooth brush." You'll be rid of it!

## IPANA



**A Good Tooth Paste, Like a Good Dentist, Is Never a Luxury**

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. JJ-93  
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

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

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



# RADIOLAND

VOL. 1  
NO. 2

SEPTEMBER, 1933

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH, *Executive Editor*    ROSCOE FAWCETT, *Editor*    MIRIAM GIBSON, *Associate Editor*

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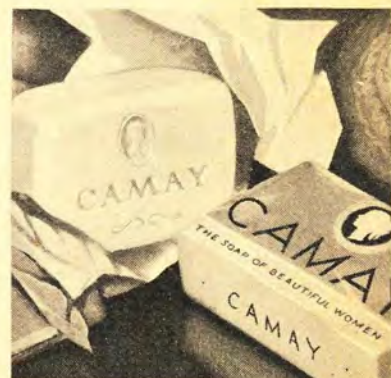
# This Soap . . . Camay . . . Can Help a Girl in All her Beauty Contests



Maybe you think it's going a bit far to say, "You, Madame, are competing in a Beauty Contest!" But so you are—every day you live. The curve of your lips, the contours of your cheeks, the very texture of your skin—all are visible to the searching, judging eyes of men and other women.



● *Camay is a mild beauty soap that gives abundant lather in both hard and soft water. Ideal for the complexion, and delightful in your bath. Try it today!*



● *Make a rich, creamy lather with Camay, a soft cloth and warm water. Apply it generously to your face and neck. Then rinse with cold water.*

Copyright 1933, Procter & Gamble Co.

*How satisfying—to be the object of admiring eyes! This is but one reward of having a lovely skin.*

Your friends see it—your husband sees it—the world at large sees your skin better than you do. And the impression others get of your beauty depends upon the care you give your skin.

Use Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women. Not on the word of some society lady or movie actress. But because Camay improves the skin of every girl who is smart enough to use it—because Camay is

milder, more luxuriant of lather, more delicate on the feminine complexion.

## THE "GOOD TASTE TREND" IS ALL TO CAMAY

In the past six months thousands and thousands of clever girls have changed their old soap habits. They've taken up Camay.

Camay should cost more than other soaps. It doesn't—it costs you less! Check that up and see what a surprise is in store for you!

# CAMAY

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN



# Become A Contributing Editor to Radioland



Watch for next month's issue of *Radioland*. It will carry a cover of Bing Crösby and offer many sensational features

**R**ADIOLAND offers two splendid opportunities for you to become one of its contributing editors, at the same time winning fame and a prize!

Everybody listens to the radio. Everybody has ideas about the radio. Here is your chance to write your idea to RADIOLAND, do your part in bettering broadcasting and, at the same time, win some money.

RADIOLAND is not seeking literary discoveries. It wants *ideas*. RADIOLAND wants your suggestions about the sort of things you like to hear over the air, how you think broadcasting can be improved, just what is wrong and right about the programs you hear every day and every night.

Each month RADIOLAND will ask a specific question. All you have to do is to sit down and write—in your own way—your own ideas upon this question. RADIOLAND doesn't want you to attempt fine writing. Just tell your ideas simply and directly. Only the ideas count.

Here is the first question:

## Prizes and Fame Await You—Here Are Two Big Opportunities For You!

*Who or what is your favorite radio feature and why?*

Your answer must be in 200 words. If you can typewrite it, so much the better—but that is not imperative. Write your answer on one side of a single sheet of paper, with your name and address in an upper corner. Attach the coupon on this page, or your own tracing of the coupon.

Address all letters in answer to this contest to:

My Favorite Radio Feature Contest, RADIOLAND, 52 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York, N. Y. All letters must be received by RADIOLAND by August 30.

**H**ERE is the other opportunity for RADIOLAND readers:

RADIOLAND knows that the radio has meant a great deal in a moral and spiritual way to listeners in many parts of the world. Consider for instance, the joy that it has brought to shut-ins everywhere.

RADIOLAND believes that there

are human interest stories to be told about this humanitarian service of radio and that these stories can help others. If radio has helped you, made life a little finer and a little happier, if it has aided you in meeting your daily problems—RADIOLAND wants you to sit down and write your experiences.

You may be a bed-ridden New Yorker in the heart of teeming Manhattan. You may be a lonely listener in the Arctic Circle. You may be far out in the sun-baked Arizona desert. You may be one of the World War's ex-soldiers for democracy, still fighting for recovery. Whoever and wherever you are, tell us how radio helped you.

Letters must be within 200 words in length, written on one side of a single sheet of paper, must carry your name and address in an upper corner. If possible, typewrite them. As in the Favorite Radio Feature Contest, your entry must be accompanied by the coupon on this page or a duplicate of your own making. All letters must be addressed to: What Radio Has Meant to Me, RADIOLAND, 52 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York, N. Y., and must be received by this office by August 30. Editors of RADIOLAND will be the sole judges. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties.

Be sure to note that you can not enter both contests. You can enter one or the other, but NOT both.

In both contests the prizes will be as follows. First prize, \$15; second prize, \$10; third prize, \$5. Also five prizes of \$1. RADIOLAND reserves the right to publish any letters submitted. No letters will be returned.

The winners will be named in the November issue of RADIOLAND.

(To be pasted or pinned to your contest letter)

Attached is my letter in your

- My Favorite Radio Feature Contest  
 What Radio Has Meant to Me

(Check contest in which you are entering)

I agree to abide with the contest rules.

Name .....

Address .....

.....



BROWN AS A BERRY • YET SMOOTH AS SILK!



Sun tan no longer ruins the skin kept luscious, supple, fresh, this natural way!

Now . . . thanks to Woodbury's . . . you can have your berry-brown skin . . . long, lazy days in the sun in the most unrestrained of beach suits! Without the price of Dry Skin . . . and its ugly sisters . . . Roughness, Peeling, Coarseness.

A new Element, known as 576, has recently been introduced into Woodbury's Cold Cream. Always a help in keeping the skin exquisitely soft and smooth, with the new ingredient this cream possesses increased power to overcome Dryness.

Element 576—unique with Woodbury's, no other cream can boast of it—has properties akin to those of vitamins in foods. It energizes the skin, arouses it to new activity in its own defense, helps keep the little oil glands busy, vigorous, despite the drying influence of the sun.

With this new Element—so precious to the skin that is thin and sensitive, easily dried—Woodbury's Cold Cream now cleanses the pores more thoroughly, heals sunburn more swiftly, invigorates and

stimulates the skin to throw out the oil it needs to keep the surface fresh and soft. Use it and fearlessly go out for tan. You'll keep a smooth, unlined, supple skin as well! In jars, 50c; in tubes, 25c.

*Follow this treatment daily*

*Before Breakfast*—A cold plunge—in the sea, the lake, the river, the pool—or under your own shower! To harden the muscles under the skin, get up the circulation.

*Before the Sun-bath*—As they do at all the smart beaches, oil yourself all over—except where that postage stamp bathing suit covers you—with Woodbury's Cold Cream. Leave it on as long as you can—fifteen minutes. Wipe off. Over the most exposed and sensitive parts of your skin—especially face, arms, throat, hands—apply a *very* thin film of Woodbury's Facial Cream—and Woodbury's

Facial Powder. Now, fearlessly face the sun!

*Before Luncheon*—More Woodbury's Cold Cream—laid on with the grand gesture—*largesse!* And this time, let most of it stay on even at the risk of a shiny nose at lunch.

*Before the Swim*—More Woodbury's Cold Cream—leave it as long as you dare. Wipe off! Facial Cream next. And now to the briny!

*For the Evening*—Cleanse with Woodbury's Facial Freshener, apply Facial Cream, and Facial Powder in Rachel, Brunette or Radiant shades to match "your golden shoulder."

*And so to Bed*—A bath with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water, rinse with cold. Then a Cold Cream massage—and watch your stroke! Leave on what hasn't been absorbed. And now off with you! Sleep the "sleep of the shameless" for at least you've played fair with your skin!



**FREE SAMPLE** Send coupon for tube of Woodbury's Cold Cream free—enough for several treatments. Or send 10 cents (to partly cover cost of mailing) and receive charming Loveliness Kit, containing samples of Woodbury's Cold and Facial Creams, new Facial Powder and Facial Soap.

John H. Woodbury, Inc., 6733 Alfred St., Cincinnati, O. In Canada, John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ontario

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

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

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# The Radio Parade

RADIOLAND cannot be responsible for changes in schedule. All time given is Eastern Daylight Saving Time

## Variety Programs:

**MAJOR BOWES' CAPITOL FAMILY**—One of radio's first variety programs with songs and music and the fatherly-voiced Major acting as m. c. NBC, Sundays at 11:15 a. m.

**CHASE AND SANDBORN HOUR**—Bert Lahr, gifted gagman, battling for Eddie Cantor; with Dave Rubinoff's orchestra. NGC, Sundays at 8:00 p. m.

**SINCLAIR GREATER MINSTRELS**—Modern minstrel show with Gene Arnold, interlocutor and Harry Kogen, orchestra director. NBC, Mondays at 9:00 p. m.

**JACK FROST MELODY MOMENTS**—No stranger to the airwaves. Musical program with guest artists; orchestra directed by Joseph Pasternak. NBC, Mondays at 9:30 p. m.

**A. & P. GYPSIES**—An old favorite. Musical numbers directed by Harry Horlick; Frank Parker, tenor. NBC, Mondays at 9:00 p. m.

**KRAFT-PHENIX PROGRAM**—Paul Whiteman in a two-hour show presents a melange of modern American music and popular jazz; with his specialty entertainers and Deems Taylor as m. c. NBC at 9:30 p. m. Mondays.

**BLACKSTONE PLANTATION PROGRAM**—Julia Sanderson and Frank Crumit in solos and wisecracks. Incidental music directed by Jack Shilkret. NBC, Tuesdays at 8:00 p. m.

**PABST'S BLUE RIBBON PROGRAM**—Ben Bernie, the "ole maestro" with gags and dance music. NBC, Tuesdays at 9:00 p. m.

**TEXACO FIRE-CHIEF PROGRAM**—Taylor Holmes, the Fire Chief's "uncle" battling for Ed Wynn with Graham McNamee as announcer and stooge. Music by Fire-Chief band. NBC, Tuesdays at 9:30 p. m.

**CHASE & SANBORN TEA PROGRAM**—Featuring that funny girl, Fanny Brice in comical patter and the satisfying music of George Olsen and his band. NBC, Wednesdays at 8:00 p. m.

**THE WOODBURY PROGRAM**—Donald Novis, full voiced tenor, started in this one with musical background furnished by Leon Belasco's men. NBC, Wednesdays at 8:30 p. m.

**FLEISCHMANN HOUR**—Rudy Vallée presents one of the best balanced variety shows on the air with his Connecticut Yankees and prominent guest stars. NBC, Thursdays at 8:00 p. m.

**BEST FOODS MUSICAL GROCERY STORE**—Tom Howard as the dumb clerk; Jeannie Lang in squeaky songs; Ted Bergman; Herbert Polesie and Harry Satler's orchestra. NBC, Fridays at 9:00 p. m.

**PONDS PROGRAM**—Comedy patter by Ilka Chase and Hugh O'Connell; Lee Wiley and Paul Small, singers; Victor Young and his orchestra. NBC, Fridays at 9:30 p. m.

**THE ARMOUR PROGRAM**—With the jesting Phil Baker as m. c.; harmony by the Neil Sisters; male quartet and orchestra directed by Roy Shields. NBC, Fridays at 9:30 p. m.

**CAPTAIN HENRY'S MAXWELL HOUSE SHOWBOAT**—An elaborate air production with Charles Winninger as the Cap'n; Lanny Ross, tenor; Annette Hanshaw, blues singer; Muriel Wilson, soprano; Molasses 'n' January, comics; and Don Voorhees' band. NBC, Thursdays at 9:00 p. m.

**GOOD GULF PROGRAM**—Featuring that ace story teller, Irvin S. Cobb with Al Goodman's music makers. Columbia, Wednesdays at 9:00 p. m.

**WHITE OWL PROGRAM**—With George Burns and Gracie Allen in mirth-provoking dialogue; musical background furnished by Guy Lombardo's orchestra. Columbia, Wednesdays at 9:30 p. m.

**FRIGIDAIRE PROGRAM**—The pleasing voice of Jane Froman, soprano; the Snow Queens and music by Jacques Renard's orchestra. Columbia, Wednesdays at 10:30 p. m.; Fridays at 10:30 with Howard Marsh.

**CHESTERFIELD PROGRAM**—A well balanced variety show with Lou Holtz and Shawowsky, comedians; Grace Moore, operatic soprano; and Lennie Hayton's music. Columbia, Fridays at 10:00 p. m.

**OLD GOLD PROGRAM**—A fast-moving program with smooth and peppy music by Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians and skits by "Mandy Lou" and other special entertainers. Columbia, Wednesdays at 10:00 p. m.

**WOODBURY'S RADIANT REVUE**—Roxanne and her music makers; Al and Lee Reiser, piano duo; Jack Arthur, baritone. WOR, Sundays at 7:30 p. m.

**RICHFIELD COUNTRY CLUB**—Grantland Rice chats about sports; Mary McCoy, soprano; Betty Barthell, songstress and Jack Golden's orchestra. Columbia, Fridays at 9:30 p. m.

## Dance Music:

**WAYNE KING** and his orchestra on the Lady Esther Serenade program. NBC, Sundays at 3:00 p. m.; Tuesdays at 8:30 p. m.; Thursdays at 9:30 p. m.

**MEYER DAVIS** and his Hotel St. Regis orchestra. NBC, Mondays at 12:00 midnight; Wednesdays at 11:00 p. m.; Fridays at 11:00 p. m.; Saturdays at 6:45 p. m.

**TED BLACK** and his Village Barn orchestra. NBC, Sundays at 12:00 midnight; Tuesdays at 6:00 p. m., and Saturdays at 12:30 a. m.

**RUDY VALLEE** and his Hotel Pennsylvania orchestra. NBC, Mondays at 7:30 p. m.; Saturdays at 11:00 11:00 p. m.

**HAROLD STERN** and his Hotel Biltmore orchestra. NBC, Wednesdays at 12:05 a. m.; Saturdays at 12:30 a. m., 1:30 p. m. and 11:30 p. m.

**SAM ROBBINS** and his Hotel McAlpin orchestra. NBC, Wednesdays at 12:30 a. m. and Thursdays at 11:15 p. m.

**BERT LOWN** and his Park Central Hotel orchestra. NBC, Tuesdays at 12:30 a. m.; Wednesdays at 12:00 midnight and Thursdays at 6:05 p. m.; WOR, Thursdays at 11:02 p. m.; NBC, Saturdays at 7:00 p. m.

[Continued on page 68]





"I wonder **WHY**  
this soap actually  
makes my skin  
younger-looking?"

"I don't know why...  
but we've all been  
using it for years  
because it does..."

"Here's **WHY**, Miss Bennett!"

*SCIENTISTS NOW EXPLAIN...*

"This soap contains  
precious elements  
Nature puts in skin  
to keep it *youthful*..."

**JOAN BENNETT**  
Lovely Fox star. Scientists now tell her *why* this soap is such a wonderful aid in keeping her skin young-looking.



**MARIAN NIXON**  
Fascinating Fox star who is one of 686 out of the 694 important Hollywood actresses who use this beauty soap.

THINK OF IT! Scientists find this beauty soap actually contains precious elements skin itself has—and *must* have to stay youthful!

Here's news of vital importance to every woman who ever has said: "I *wish* I could keep my skin radiant, *young-looking*."

**The Secret of Youthful Skin**

Nature puts certain precious elements in every type of skin. Youthful skin is rich in them. But, as the years go by, these elements are gradually lost, making skin dull . . . old-looking.

But here is good news: Scientists now say, you can *check the loss* of these precious elements!

Lux Toilet Soap, with its complete freedom from harshness, its ready solubility, and its content of precious elements, is a wonderful aid in keeping skin young-looking, they declare.

No wonder screen stars are so devoted to this fragrant, white soap. 686 out of 694 important Hollywood actresses use it. And it's *official* in all the big film studios.

**A Lovelier You**

Why don't *you* let this scientific care keep *your* skin exquisite? Get two or three cakes of Lux Toilet Soap—start today to use it—and watch your skin grow lovelier.



"No wonder the stars like this soap..."

... says Miss Barbara Foltz, of Indianapolis, Ind. "I read the enthusiastic praise that Hollywood stars give Lux Toilet Soap. So I tried it. Now I just wouldn't use any other."

**For EVERY Type of Skin... dry... oily... "in-between" — BEGIN TODAY!**





*"Such delicate blonde skin" all Washington exclaimed when she made her debut*



*Years later, all her friends are saying "Her skin is simply exquisite—really lovelier today than ever before"*

*She herself says:*

**"I could enthuse indefinitely over the creams I use. I do believe they take care of your skin more effectively than any others."**

**MRS. GEORGE GRANT MASON, JR.**

*Pond's two famous face creams and new face powder*



dust and make-up are removed!

**For Summer Protection:** Pond's silky Vanishing Cream prevents burned and peeling skin.

**For an Even Tan:** Use Pond's Cold Cream. Its fine oils give your skin a rich, smooth color.

**For Smooth White Hands:** Pond's Vanishing Cream, used several times a day, keeps hands white and smooth.

**And Try Pond's New Face Powder!** Mrs. Mason says: "Pond's New Face Powder has such a variety of shades! And the texture is perfect—it clings beautifully."

**MRS. MASON'S** exquisite loveliness is outstanding. After six years in a tropic land, her flawless skin still wins the admiration of everyone.

How does she keep her skin so glamorous? She has learned that *two creams* are absolutely essential to wise skin care. "I have used Pond's Two Creams for ages," she says. "I like them more than ever."

**Follow this Easy Method**

Night and morning, or oftener, give your skin a thorough cleansing with Pond's pure oil Cold Cream. It removes every speck of dirt without destroying natural skin oils, and makes your skin wonderfully fresh and clear.

To keep your face youthfully free of lines, leave a fresh bit of this rich cream on overnight.

Next comes protection. Before exposure smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream. It is softening and protective, and gives a creamy tone. And as a powder base, it is simply indispensable!

**Some Favorite Uses**

**For Nightly Cleansing:** Never go to bed without cleansing your skin thoroughly with Pond's Cold Cream and soft Tissues. This is the first step to a clear skin.

**After Travel:** Clogged pores and tired muscles are relieved by a quick cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream . . . How refreshing when

**Send 10¢** (to cover cost of postage and packing) for choice of free samples

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. RL7  
100 Hudson Street . . . . . New York City  
Please send me (check choice): *Pond's New Face Powder* in glass jar. Naturelle ; Light Cream ; Rose Cream ; Brunette ; Rose Brunette ; Dark Brunette .  
OR *Pond's Two Creams, Tissues and Freshener.*

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

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

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**TUNE IN on the Pond's Players Fridays, 9:30 P. M., E. D. S. T. . . . WEAF and NBC Network**



# RADIOLAND

SEPTEMBER, 1933



*—Wide World*  
To President Franklin Delano Roosevelt this inaugural issue of RADIOLAND is dedicated. Because President Roosevelt is essentially a radio president. Because he is the first chief executive of our land to realize the enormous part that radio plays in our national life, the first statesman to utilize radio to mould and weld public opinion



# RADIO and

By Robert D. Heint

*EDITOR'S NOTE: This article contains the views of the key men of the government in military radio, those who would be in actual charge if we were involved in a great war today. Obviously, because the discussions involve National Defense, the names of these officials cannot be revealed. Nevertheless, they talked freely with Mr. Heint, who has their confidence, and who has specialized in radio news for many years, and, in fact, was probably the first Washington correspondent to give his whole time to the subject.*

THERE seems to be a popular impression that if we were suddenly involved in a great war, that the first thing the Government would do would be to silence the country's entertainment broadcasting stations. That this would be done, just as lights were turned off and cities were plunged into darkness in the World War, seems to be taken for granted. The idea of silencing broadcasting stations probably arises from the fact that mobile radio transmitters are frequently closed down to prevent the enemy from discovering their location. When maneuvers were held in the Pacific early this Spring, the wireless on every ship was stilled,

otherwise the position of any ship transmitting radio messages could have been readily ascertained.

After discussing the subject of wartime closing down of the broadcasting stations with the men in Washington who would be called upon to advise the President with regard to radio, I arrived at quite a different conclusion. It is that Government officials in their present National Defense plans contemplate disturbing the country's broadcasting stations as little as possible. But, of course, a great deal would depend upon whom we are fighting. If the enemy should be thousands of miles overseas, it would be one thing, but if they were pounding us on both of our coasts, it would, of course, be quite another. Also, if they had succeeded in landing in some adjacent territory, say Mexico, and had established broadcasting stations for propaganda purposes, and had set up listening posts, greater discretion would have to be exercised with regard to which of our stations could operate and which could not.

EVEN if both of the coasts of this country were besieged, the opinion was ventured that only as an extreme measure would the broadcasting activities of

# the Next WAR



—Brown Brothers

stations and chains is \$47,879,249. The gross receipts of the same group for a year was \$77,758,048, and the expenditures \$77,995,405, of which \$20,159,656 was for talent.

One of the great radio experts declared that it is unlikely that we could entirely prevent the broadcasting of enemy propaganda into the United States by any form of electrical interference, such as simultaneous broadcasting on the same frequency as the enemy. Because of the probable use of mobile broadcasting stations, high-power transmission and constant changing of wavelengths by the enemy, this would be very difficult. Indeed, he added, it may not even be desirable to interrupt our own internal broadcasting system in order to destroy the enemy's efforts.

The wiser policy might be to seek to counteract rather than to destroy broadcast propaganda. Otherwise, the cure might be worse than the disease, in the loss of public confidence. To attempt to interfere, for instance, with enemy broadcasting, might create rumors

the two major networks be curtailed. The reason for this would be the advantage of having the people listening to American stations rather than to highly colored enemy reports of imaginary victories and adverse propaganda.

"Quite aside from the value the stations would be to us in keeping up the morale of the people," an official declared, "we would not want to jeopardize the investments in the stations, throw their employees out of work or deprive their talent of revenue."

MILITARY officials are not usually given credit for thinking of such things in consideration of war but the combined total investment of the independent



Would the Radio Stations and the 17,000,000 Receiving

RADIOLAND

Sets of the United States Be Silenced If War Came?

SEPTEMBER, 1933

13



# Military Radio Experts Say That the Next War Will be the Greatest Era of Listening the World Has Ever Known

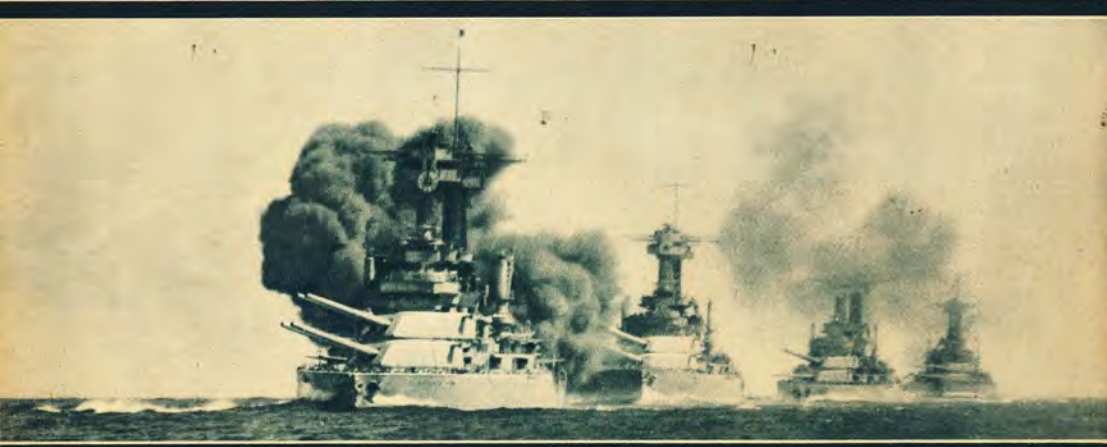
of disaster and panic much more injurious to our national morale than the garbled report transmitted to us.

ONE of the highest military officials in Washington told this writer that he could conceive of no situation whereby the Government would attempt to seal up the 17,000,000 or more radio receiving sets in the homes of the United States.

This coincides with the prediction of a well-known radio authority, in civil life, who declared that in the next war we may expect each set in the home to be a

tempting to communicate with the enemy by short wave.

"In the next war, greater vigilance will have to be exercised than ever before in listening to what goes over the air," he said. "It will be the easiest thing in the world for someone to set up a shortwave set in a basement or a little hall room. Due to the type of apparatus used by the average program broadcasting station, there are several harmonics, that is to say, the program of that station is heard at several places on the dial. Therefore one broadcasting station is really the equivalent in its use of frequencies to three or four.



target for enemy propaganda. Either through high power or short wave transmission, it is probable that the enemy will attempt to flood American homes with false reports of disaster at the front, with victories won before the microphone, but not by the enemy on the battlefield, and with garbled or manufactured reports of our diplomatic and political position abroad.

One theory was that there would be so many demands for frequencies in time of war that we might have to close up our broadcasting stations in order to give the Army and Navy these channels. Of course the military needs would come before anything else, but it was the opinion of several military radio experts that there would be plenty of frequencies available for communication purposes without going into the broadcast band.

EXCEPTION was taken to this by an outstanding military communications authority who seemed to think the broadcast band might have to be drawn upon for additional telegraphic frequencies. Furthermore, he believed that it might be necessary to close down broadcasting stations to clear the air to listen to those at-

"If spies are trying to communicate with the enemy country, it will be necessary to keep the spectrum as free as possible. Therefore, in order to clear the air of conflicting sounds, such as program and speech, so that there may be no interference in listening to enemy operators, I believe many of the broadcasting stations would have to be closed down.

"I think in the next war we are going to see the greatest era of listening the world has ever known. We will probably have hundreds and thousands of men in the Intelligence Service listening over the radio day and night, copying down messages of one kind or another which are being broadcast and then endeavoring to see if the communications have been sent secretly in code."

However, all experts were in agreement that there would be great additional demand by the Services for trained radio personnel such as operators and technicians. A fertile field for these people would be to the broadcasting stations. Thus some of the staff might be so depleted as to cause certain stations to close down, at least temporarily.

One point which a high officer in Washington emphasized was that whatever supervision or taking over

# Would War Bring Censorship? Could Spies Use Short Wave Sets or Send Code Messages Over Air Programs?

of broadcasting stations was necessary in time of war, there need be no fear on the part of the radio industry that drastic or arbitrary action would be taken by the Army and Navy.

IT WAS made clear that if the Government took over the broadcasting activities, which to a certain extent would have to be done, it would be by the President at the request of the Army and Navy. However, he would not act until duly authorized by special Congressional legislation. This action would probably

THIS leads up to the question of the possibility of our broadcasting stations being used to carry information to the enemy. While it is believed that this could probably be largely offset by censors, precautions would be necessary. For instance, a singer might sing a certain song or an orchestra might play certain tunes. For example, if the band played, "Dixie," it might mean that a transport was sailing from a certain port with a Southern name. Just so "Iowa Where the Tall Corn Grows," "California Here We Come," or "On the Banks of the Wabash" could be used to convey in-



—Brown Brothers

create a civilian commission, something like the Committee on Public Information in the last war, and would work in close conjunction with the Army and Navy and the Federal Radio Commission.

"Although the Army and Navy would be supreme in time of war insofar as communications are concerned, they would not attempt to take over the radio," the officer said. "Rather they would work through the President who, in turn, would deal with the civilian radio body. The President of the United States is the civil head of the Government and at the same time the Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy. This would make him the logical man to clear through. He would be all powerful, nevertheless, in the case of drastic radio action, but only exercise his power in strict conformity with the law. Rest assured the government wouldn't suddenly go 'hay-wire' in this.

"There would probably be a radio censor for the broadcasting stations, but neither would he work under the direction of the Army. Instead this censor would be under the civilian radio administration and would only exercise such censorship as to prevent information from getting to the enemy."

formation with regard to ships bearing names suggested by those songs, or troop divisions from those localities.

Or if someone sang, "Way Down on the Suwanee River," it might mean that the Transport "Suwanee" was sailing. Thus thousands of lives could be put into jeopardy.

It seemed to be the consensus of opinion, however, that about the last place an enemy would want to take a chance going to would be to a broadcasting station because of its being so closely watched.

UNDOUBTEDLY, a rigid censorship would be exercised in the case of our 30,000 to 40,000 radio amateurs because they use short waves which, under favorable conditions, may sometimes be heard half-way around the world. In the last war they were silenced and it may be the same in the next great conflict. If this is done and anyone took a chance and broadcast in defiance of the ban, it would be a comparatively easy matter for a censor to locate his transmitting station and that would be the last of him.

However, rather than contemplating trouble from the amateurs, the Army and [Continued on page 94]



# RADIOLAND Welcomes RADIOLAND



NBM200 7+PZ CHICAGO ILL 22 127P  
CAPTAIN ROSCOE FAWCETT, FAWCETT PUBLICATIONS  
52 VANDERBILT AVE  
CONGRATULATIONS AND WISHING EVERY SUCCESS FOR RADIOLAND  
ANDS AND ANDY.

**WESTERN UNION**

Received at 41 East 40th St., New York, N. Y.  
JUN 20 AM 11:00  
NBM110 8=CP NEWYORK NY 20 1104A  
FREDERICK JAMES SMITH CARE RADIOLAND  
52 VANDERBILT AVE

WISHING YOU MUCH SUCCESS IN YOUR NEW VENTURE  
RUDY VALLEE.



Received at 41 East 40th St., New York, N. Y.  
JUN 20 PM 5 14  
NBM37 17+ NEWYORK NY 20 506P  
CAPTAIN ROSCOE FAWCETT, RADIOLAND  
FAWCETT PUBLICATIONS 52 VANDERBILT AVE  
VERY BEST OF LUCK AND GOOD FORTUNE TO YOU AND YOUR NEW  
QUOTE RADIOLAND UNQUOTE SUCCESS  
GRAHAM MCNAMEE.

**WESTERN UNION**

Received at 41 East 40th St., New York, N. Y.  
JUN 22 PM 5 36  
NBL5 2+SA CHICAGO ILL 22 417P  
FREDERICK JAMES SMITH, CARE FAWCETT PUBLICATIONS  
52 VANDERBILT AVE

WISHING YOUR NEW EDITORIALSHIP A HUGE SUCCESS  
MAY IT REACH THE PEAK AND I DONT MEAN A WINCHELL  
KINDEST REGARDS  
BEN BERNIE.



**WESTERN UNION**

Received at 41 East 40th St., New York, N. Y.  
JUN 21 PM 12 15  
NBM165 13 3 EXTRA=BZ NEWYORK NY 21 1205P  
FREDERICK JAMES SMITH RADIOLAND FAWCETT PUBLICATIONS  
52 VANDERBILT AVE

HERES TO RADIOLAND MAY IT LIVE LONG AND PROSPER ALWAYS  
AND ANOTHER SINCERELY  
KATE SMITH.  
335P



The New National Magazine of  
the Air Gets an Avalanche of  
Welcoming Telegrams and Cable-  
grams from the Lads and Lassies  
Who Ride the Kilocycles



**WESTERN UNION**

Received at 41 East 40th St., New York, N. Y.  
JUN 23 1223P  
JMB6 32 CNT DASHES= NUJ NEWYORK NY 23 1223P  
CAPTAIN ROSCOE FAWCETT, RADIOLAND MAGAZINE  
FAWCETT PUBLICATIONS 52 VANDERBILT AVE

SUCCESS SUCCESS SUCCESS AND SUCCESS S-O-O-O-O  
SAYS THE FIRE CHIEF  
ED WYNN.

**Postal Telegraph**  
THE INTERNATIONAL SYSTEM

Received at 41 East 40th St., New York, N. Y.  
JUN 23 1933  
N105 14+ NEWYORK NY 23 1933  
FREDERICK JAMES SMITH  
RADIOLAND 52 VANDERBILT AVE

EVERY BEST WISHES FOR THE SUCCESS OF RADIOLAND FROM ONE SMITH  
AND ANOTHER SINCERELY  
KATE SMITH.  
335P



**WESTERN UNION**

Received at 41 East 40th St., New York, N. Y.  
JUN 25 PM 6 08  
NBL1 4+EB NEWYORK NY 23 553P  
FREDERICK JAMES SMITH, EDITOR OF RADIOLAND MAGAZINE  
52 VANDERBILT AVE

MR FREDERICK JAMES SMITH AS I DONT KNOW YOU AND I  
WOULD LIKE TO CONGRATULATE YOU ON THE OPENING OF Y  
NEW MAGAZINE WHO CAN YOU SUGGEST THAT I CAN CONGRA  
WHO KNOWS YOU STOP GIVE MY REGARDS TO GEORGE BURNS  
GRACIE ALLEN.



Received at 41 East 40th St., New York, N. Y.  
JUN 23 PM 9 3  
NBM198 26+ NUJ NEWYORK NY 23 30P  
CAPTAIN ROSCOE FAWCETT, RADIOLAND  
52 VANDERBILT AVE  
THE BOYS AND MYSELF WISH TO TAKE THIS OPPORTUNITY TO  
CONGRATULATE YOU UPON RADIOLAND STOP IT WILL BE A  
WELCOME ADDITION TO THE RADIO FIELD SINCERELY  
GUY LOMBARDO.



Received at 41 East 40th St., New York, N. Y.  
JUN 22  
NBM163 20+ BZ NEWYORK NY 1 1205P  
CAPTAIN ROSCOE FAWCETT, RADIOLAND FAWCETT PUBLICATIONS  
52 VANDERBILT AVE  
CONGRATULATE YOU ON THE ADVENT OF YOUR INITIAL ISSUE OF  
RADIOLAND AND EXTEND BEST WISHES FOR ITS HUGE SUCCESS  
JACK PEARL.











Recognize the chap emerging from the forest of orchestral instruments? Many who have thrilled to his songs on the air have seen him in *College Humor*, in which he sings *Learn to Croon*. Thought you weren't a crooner, Bing? Yes, it's Bing Crosby. Rumor says his new contract with Paramount calls for \$270,000 a year, which is pahlenty—even in inflated coin





## *The* Alarm Clock Philosopher

Above is NOT a picture of the world's laziest man nor is it a photograph of Omar Khayyam for that jug contains nothing more potent than spring water. Those who do not recognize him should go to the foot of the class but the majority of you know that it is Will Rogers snatching a few winks at his Hollywood home. At left he is shown studying. Despite his slow drawl and his penchant for afternoon naps, Will's life is crammed with action and he is ready at the first brr-r-r of the alarm clock to dash off a piece for the newspapers, start work on a new picture or hustle to a broadcasting studio. Will's homespun humor on the air has made him an outstanding favorite of the dial twisters





—Ray Lee Jackson

The chap giving you that quizzical double O is none other than Phil Baker, the Armour Jester, whose giggle-provoking gags and accordion solos are the high spots of the elaborate radio musical show he presents over the NBC web. Years ago Phil ran away from home and made his first 50 cents by appearing in an amateur show in Boston. That first 50 cents was big money to Phil then but he has since rolled it into a \$5,000 a week pay check





—Ray Lee Jackson

Jeanne Colbert registering contentment, happiness—or what do you think? Jeanne is a dramatic actress whose voice has become familiar to thousands of the arm chair audience who have followed her roles in NBC productions. An actress of distinction even before she came to the broadcasting studios, Jeanne is recognized as one of the real beauties in Radioland. One glance at the above picture and you can't help subscribing to that general opinion





—Ray Lee Jackson

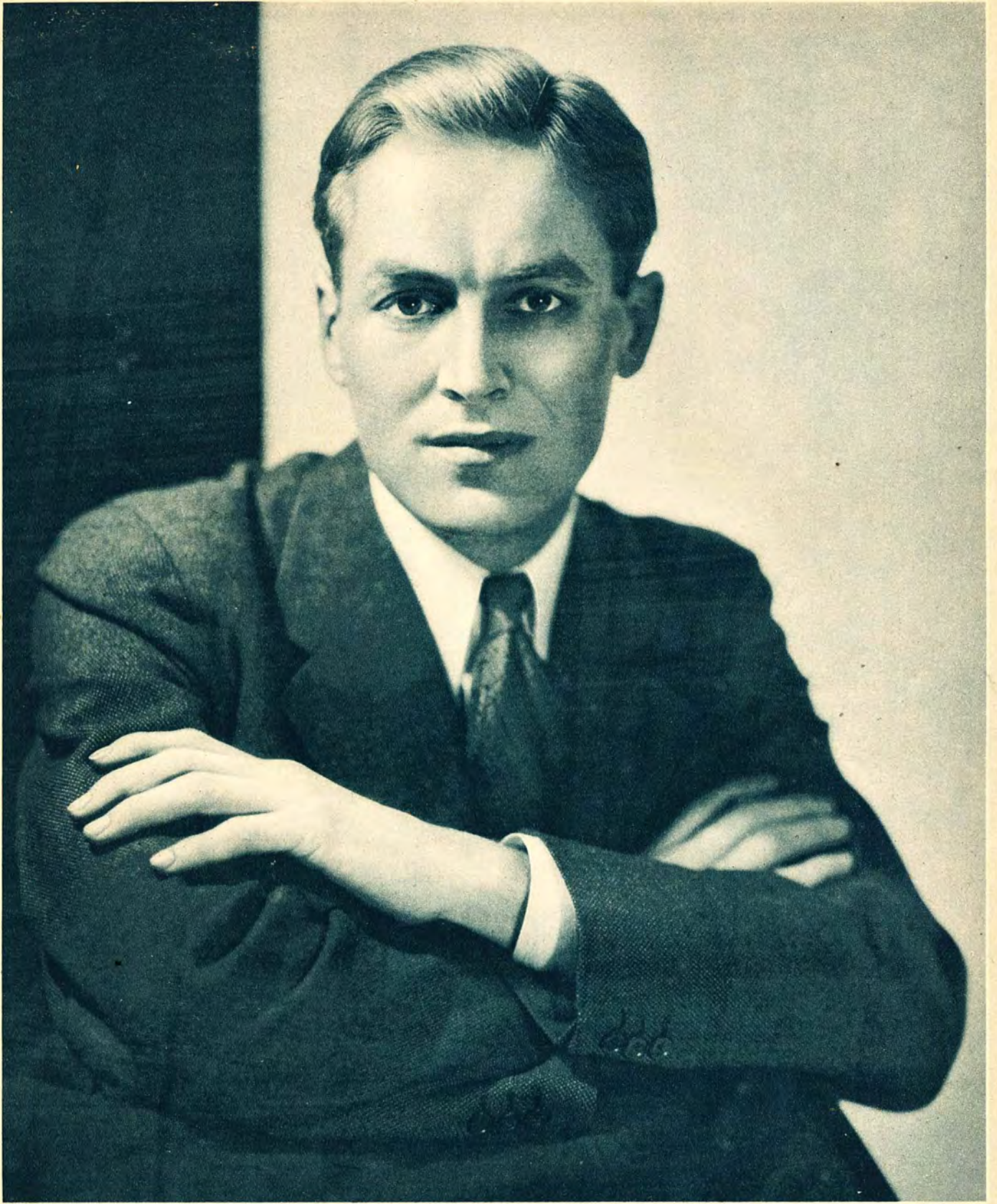
Peggy Allenby is another radio actress who made the jump from Broadway to broadcasting. Pegs, as she is known along Radio Row, attended convent schools but the death of her parents forced her to work. She tried the stage and worked her way up from stock to featured roles on Broadway. Her radio debut was in Soconyland Sketches where she met her husband, John McGovern, an NBC dramatic actor





The Street Singer in person, vagabond costume, accordion and all. In case you don't know, the Street Singer is Arthur Tracy. His novel programs and the facility with which he sings in many different languages have made him a definite favorite with thousands of listeners. Tracy struggled for eight years in the theatre before his spectacular success in radio. He gave up acting to study singing at the suggestion of Gigli, the opera star





*—Valente*  
This is Lancelot Patrick Ross. Who's he? Well, perhaps you know him as Lanny Ross. Anyway the tall, blond heart-throbber is one of the most popular singers on the air. Each week he receives hundreds of fan letters, many of them mash notes. O, yes, he's still single—too busy to think of marriage. Like Rudy Vallee, Lanny attended Yale University where he was a star athlete and leader of Yale's famous glee club





—Ray Lee Jackson

An unusual pose of an exotic person. This is Ramona (that's the only name she uses professionally), the singing pianist who became familiar to radio fans throughout the country when she was featured on Paul Whiteman's programs. Previous to that she had been a favorite vocalist with dance bands in the mid-west. Incidentally she is one of the tallest girls in radio. Tall, sophisticated, inscrutable—that's Ramona



## Out of the Wisconsin Back Woods Came Radio's Exponent of the Calm and Simple Life, Tony Wons

By Darrell Ware

**M**ENASHA, WISCONSIN, cradled a new human being in 1891 who, some years later, was to say "Are ya listenin'" and "All is well" in a soft, sentimental voice which would make people hitch their easy chairs up close to the radio and relax to listen with closed eyes. Tony does the homing pigeon act each year and revises the Eagle River country during the Summer, and this interview was possible only because he paused in Chicago to audition a radio show while en route.

Tony Wons reached the height of his present fame when he became associated with the Camel hour, over the Columbia network. He had a slow-speaking, full-toned voice, which he kept low pitched—and it made him famous. He had a philosophy of life, an appreciation of poetry, a firm conviction that people were interested first in their home, second in hopes and dreams for the future, and third in dogs, and playing upon these three themes brought him success. They were things he liked to talk about, and no-one has ever challenged the sincerity of Tony Wons.

**I**N THE realm of literature and drama, he loves Shakespeare, and in the realm of all other things he likes the Eagle River country and fishing. His stubborn acknowledgement of his passion for Shakespeare has brought him most of his success. On his first radio appearance, in 1924, he left his job in a lock factory in Waukegan, Illinois, long enough to give a Shakespearian reading over station WLS, the Prairie Farmer station in Chicago. If there had been more available talent in those early days of radio, this reading probably would never have been given, but a shortage of entertainers overbalanced the scruples of the station's executives and Shakespeare had his inning. It seemed audacious to broadcast this classic for the benefit of the nation's farmers, but a week later the station wrote Mr. Wons that the



—Maurice Seymour

In 1924 Tony Wons gave up his job in a Waukegan, Ill., lock factory and made his radio debut over the Prairie Farmer Station in Chicago

amazing total of 250 letters of appreciation had been sent from small towns. 250 letters was "amazing" in 1924. I saw this letter which led directly to prominence beyond Mr. Wons's most intimate dreams.

For three years Tony indulged his love of Shakespeare for an hour a week over WLS, and then he began a series of notable programs including the "Scrap Book," which he still does on occasion, "The Little Brown Church," minstrel shows and "Lucky Sambo," a  
[Continued on page 86]

# Are Ya Listenin'?





"I've tried and tried . . . but it's no use! The minute they get up to a microphone, they get stage fright!"



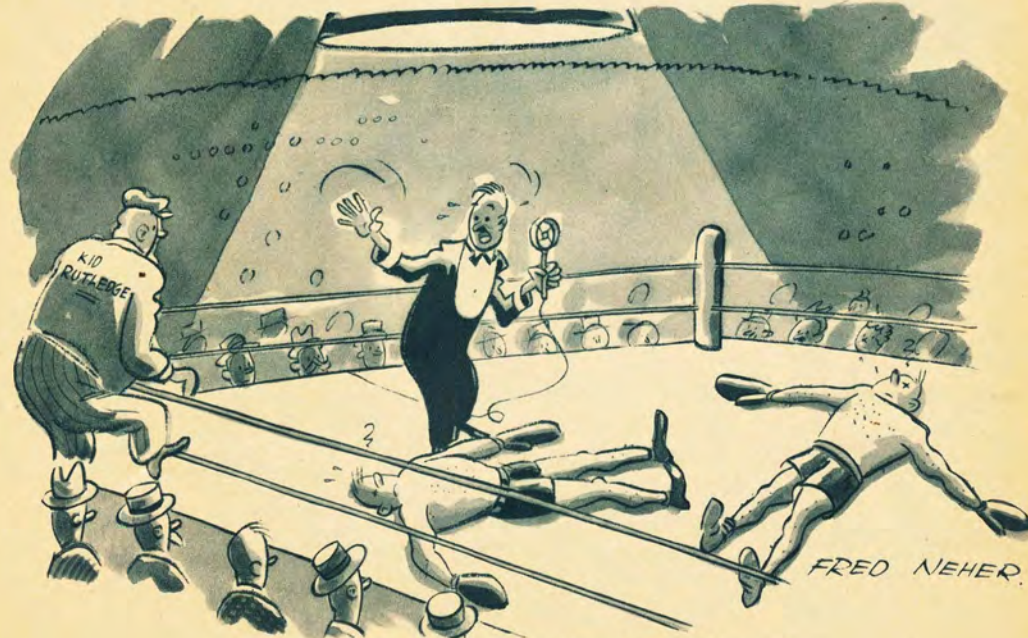
"It may be a little flat, dear. You see they had to cut the recipe short because of an S.O.S."

RADIOLAND

# Summer TATIC



"Now what the devil did I do with page three?"



"Bring one of them to—someone's got to say hello over the radio!"

SEPTEMBER, 1933





—Ray Lee Jackson

**Dave the Fiddler.** Yes, its David Rubinoff playing, perhaps, a lament for Eddie Cantor whom he missed so much during the Summer months when Eddie was off the Chase and Sanborn program. Dave and his fiddle were kidded unmercifully by Eddie but Dave can take it



# The Romance and LOVES of Rudy Vallee

The Life Story of the  
Vagabond With the New  
England Thriftiness, the  
Dreamer Who Made His  
Dreams Pay Dividends

*By Nan Campbell*

**I** CAN tell you the story of Rudy Vallée's life. I can sketch his career from the time when he used to dole out sodas and pills in his father's drug store in Westbrook, Maine, until the mayor of that same town issued an official proclamation that the day his first motion picture was shown was to be a holiday to honor "Westbrook's most illustrious son"; from the



Hubert Prior Vallee was less than four years old when this picture was made. He was born in Vermont in 1901, his parents being English-Irish and French-Canadian. His childhood was that of the average boy



Rudy Vallee as he is today. He is that rare star—a personality that has climbed to the top and steadily grown with radio

time that he, an almost unknown musician, stood watching a crowd go mad over Rudolph Valentino until he, himself, received from thousands of women the same sort of idolatry; from the time when he paid fifty dollars of his own money to make a phonographic recording of his saxophone playing until he was the outstanding hit of the record companies; from the time when he first stepped before the radio microphone to pinch hit for a singer who had not pleased the manager until his voice was known all over the world and his melodious crooning brought dreams of romance to millions of romance-starved girls.



## Rudy Tended a Soda Counter in His Father's Drug Store



Rudy Vallée at fourteen months. The Vallées lived in Vermont when this picture was made. They moved to Westbrook, Maine, when Rudy was two years old

day have the store is a much more valuable member of society than a second rate saxophone tooter, isn't he?

One must also ferret out the reason why his first year at Yale was the most miserable of his life when, playing for college dances, he watched the other men float dreamily by with beautiful, lush girls in their arms—girls whom Rudy knew were—for him—unattainable.

In order really to understand Vallée and the phenomenon of his success one must know these things, must see him through his life.

With the average celebrity there are invariably two lives to recount—the private life and the professional life. With Rudy Vallée the two are intertwined. He and his work are as closely knit as the stitches of a sweater. Self-taught, musically, as he is, you will find as this story unfolds that he moulded his own destiny. And that the yearning, intimate quality of his voice that reached out across the ether waves and made a million women fall in love with him is a direct result of his own yearning and loneliness which almost devastated him during that unhappy year at Yale.

His outstanding characteristics are intensity, industriousness (a New England industriousness which makes him impatient of anyone without it and prompts him to discipline those who, working for him, find it impossible to do, as he does, ten different things in ten minutes) decisiveness and tenacity. With these qualities he was born and you will see how they have been the tools that shaped his fate. Bear this in mind and see with what fineness he has hewn to the line.

Hubert Prior Vallée, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Vallée (the mother English-Irish, the father French-Canadian) was born in Island Pond, Vermont, July 28, 1901. Two years later the family moved to Westbrook,

I can tell you all that but, in a life story like Rudy Vallée's, there is much more than a chronical of events, a setting down of one fact after another. One must look deep to discover why he has done what he has done; what has carried him to the high place he now occupies; upon what wings he has flown.

One must, for instance, find out why it was that he was not content to remain in his father's drug store when he knew that eventually he would own the store and be a worthy, important citizen in a nice, flourishing little town. In the final analysis a well paid clerk who will one

The first Connecticut Yankees with Rudy Vallée in 1928. The outlook for the Yankees seemed dark but Rudy had that rare will to succeed that goes hand in hand with greatness



RADIOLAND

## When a Letter Changed the Whole Course of His Career

Maine. There are a younger brother, Bill (who now lives with Rudy) and an older sister (now Mrs. Kay Vallée Lenneville who teaches piano in Westbrook).

They were an average, conservative small town family—thrifty, fairly well-to-do, respected. Young Vallée's childhood was very much like that of thousands of boys in just such families. It followed the ordinary pattern until one day when, still in grammar school, his individuality asserted itself.

He had been working after school and during Summer vacations in his father's store. And it wasn't such bad work. Boy-like as he mixed the sweet syrups in the soda fountain he tasted the rich chocolate mixtures and this, in some measure, compensated him for having to dash out in the cold Winter evenings to measure out gasoline. (There was a filling station in connection with the store.)

In fact, Rudy was comparatively happy until the day when he had an argument with the head clerk. Rudy had done something (he even forgets now what it was) that the clerk thought was wrong. The man gave the boy a severe scolding for it. And without a word Rudy turned on his heel and walked out of the store—his father's store—never to return, as a worker, again.

**H**E WALKED straight to the Star Theatre and applied for a job—which he got.

His new task was much more arduous than his old one for in that small-town movie house he had to sweep the floor from lobby to balcony, rewind the film, help put up the posters, polish all the brass and assist at taking tickets. But he had no regrets. He had made his decision and there was no going back.

There are two elements at war in Rudy's nature. He loves the word "vagabond" and all the idle, romantic pictures it conjurs up in his mind, but his New England thriftiness and his New England thiftiness have kept him from vagabondage. If he were merely the dreamer, merely the sentimentalist he would not be earning

thousands of dollars a week now. He has had dreams—but he has made them all pay dividends.

Had you seen him bicycling along the road from Westbrook to Portland when he was a lad you might have thought him a youthful vagabond. But the real reason for these bi-weekly jaunts was to save the sum of twenty cents.

Amongst his duties at the theatre was the exchanging of the comedy reel twice a week. The management allowed him twenty cents car fare to perform this task, but Rudy preferred to earn the money by peddling the twelve miles.

And then came the great thrill—when he was allowed to run the poorer of the two projection machines and with a movement of his own arm make it possible for the glamorous and glorious creatures of Hollywood to come alive on the screen. Thus was he compensated.

But Rudy Vallée wanted more than that. He needed many compensations. Not a handsome boy, he had, withal, a will to be noticed. The thrill of the projection room was not the average thrill a boy would feel in being given a fairly responsible position. His joy lay

in being able to stand there alone in that hot, stuffy room with the perspiration pouring down his face as he played "power being the throne." Without him the stars could

[Continued on page 76]

—Acme  
Fay Webb has played a vital part in the life of Rudy Vallée. This picture was made in 1931 at Atlantic City, N. J., when the radio idol and his bride journeyed down for a one-day honeymoon. Contracts held Rudy in New York





# How RADIO Programs are Built



A drama-and-song climax of the Showboat hour with part of the radio audience and six of the principals. Left, Pick Malone and Pat Padgett, the Molasses 'n' January. Center, Charley Winninger and Annette Hanshaw. Right, Lanny Ross and Muriel Wilson. Note the mikes

**"HOWDY, howdy, howdy, folks! Welcome aboard Cap'n Henry's Showboat!"** Every Thursday evening this genial greeting, going echoing out over the ether is a signal for several million radio fans to flop back in the old easy chair and

lap up that somewhat different program of musical comedy known as the Maxwell House Coffee Showboat Hour.

But how many of you to whom Mary Lou and Lanny, old Cap'n Henry and Maria, and even that dastard Uriah Cadwallader (with the handlebar mustache) are as real as the folks next door, ever gave a thought to how they got that way?

Did it ever occur to you that someone is in a constant lather trying to figure out what's going to happen to them next? That the whole skillful blending of drama and comedy and music into what amounts to a complete Broadway production fresh each week is not just a happy accident but the result of fevered inspiration, hair-tearing conferences and long hours of hammering rehearsals?

In the development of this, as of every radio program, there is a miracle of creation, a drama behind

Charles Winninger (left) is Cap'n Henry of the Showboat. He is a real showboat man, for he served his apprenticeship on the old *Cotton Blossom*. Right, Annette Hanshaw, the blues singer of the Showboat hour



This shows you how a broadcasting studio looks in action. Cap'n Henry's Maxwell House Showboat is anchored in the studio and an audience of 225 plays its logical part on the program. The imaginary itinerary is so carefully worked out that few fancy the hour as it really is

the drama. In order that you may better appreciate your radio entertainment, you are about to be given free box seats at the unfolding of this drama of how a program idea comes into being.

The curtain rises on the conference room of Benton & Bowles, Inc., advertising agency for the Maxwell House Coffee account of General Foods. The executives are in a huddle.

The time is the Winter of 1931. If some of you graybeards can remember back that far, you will recall that the account is already represented on the air by the Maxwell House Quarter Hour, featuring Lanny Ross and Don Voorhees orchestra.

Now the agency has been given the jolly assignment to think up something new, neat and novel in the way of a full hour's entertainment—something so closely related to the product that the commercial message will be delivered to the listener in a way that is practically painless.

**A**N ORIGINAL musical comedy is suggested, in which the principals, actors, blues singers, comedians and others will all be related to a thread of plot running along from week to week. It is a radical departure. Heretofore radio programs had been modelled on the revue idea with the individual numbers unrelated to each other or to any plot. A musical comedy it is then.

Next, a musical comedy must have a setting. The first notion is to use the Maxwell House, that famous Nashville hostelry from which the coffee takes its name. The Maxwell House, suh, is practically hoary with tradition, having been part and parcel of the Old South since 1856.

## The Story of How the Showboat Hour Come to be Created and How the Imaginary Cruise of Cap'n Henry Up and Down the Mississippi River Has Grown Into a National Institution

By Edward R. Sammis

It was there that the late "Cunel" Theodore Roosevelt, of all people, is alleged to have set down his cup, smacked his lips and uttered those historic words, "Good to the Last Drop," which have come ringing down the years on magazine pages and billboards and more recently over the air waves.

But a hotel is hard to dramatize. There's nothing very intriguing about the clatter of dishes for sound effects. Furthermore it can't very handily be moved around from place to place.

Then one of the conferees remembered having heard



Lanny Ross, the crack collegiate quarter miler who crooned his way through Yale and Columbia, is the tenor of the Showboat hour. Ross is a veteran of the old Maxwell quarter hour, being graduated to the part of Showboat Hero



# How the Maxwell Showboat Came to be Launched and How It Steams Up and Down the Rivers of the Air



Al Sinton, the sound effect expert, as Old Man Showboat himself. Mr. Sinton is tooting the steamboat whistle and operating the boat paddle which revolves in a small tank of water. Below you see the bell which indicates the rise of the curtain and the chain of the showboat anchor

a broadcast of dance music over Station WLW from a showboat moored in the Ohio River near Cincinnati.

A showboat—one of those grandiose floating theatres that used to ply the inland rivers, offering *East Lynne*, *The Orphan Heiress*, a soul-stirring repertoire with villain and hero coming out to do a clog dance together in the oleo by way of comic relief—there was a setting for the musical comedy of your dreams rich with southern glamour.

"Why not," said this conferee, "bring the showboat to New York, tie her up in the East River and broadcast a real old time showboat program from there?"

"Better yet," said another, "why not create a showboat right in the studio—a showboat of illusion out of music, dialogue and sound effects to go steaming up and down the rivers of the air?"

Right then the Benton & Bowles

people let themselves in for something. If you think that manufacturing the illusion of a showboat is any easier than working with the real thing, guess again.

Magicians who saw obliging ladies in half or make live canary birds in cages disappear up their sleeves have a cinch compared to the lads who create illusions in the studios. But this illusion has proved so successful that disappointed fans have written in that they waited for hours on the levee for Cap'n Henry's Showboat to come puffing 'round the bend and wanting to know "what happened, anyway?"

WELL, the conferees still conferring, figure that a showboat won't get very far without a captain. Enter then, at this point (alarums and steamboat whistles), Cap'n Henry himself, in the person of Charley Winner of Broadway theatrical and Hollywood fame.

In Charley they have a find. Bluff, hearty, with the snowy hair of a patriarch and the round, red, mischievous face of a particularly devilish cherub, Charley is not only the animating spirit of the cast, but the unimpeachable authority on matters of local color.

For Charley is an old showboat man in the flesh, having trouped in his

[Continued on page 78]



Brunette Muriel Wilson is the third Mary Lou of the Showboat Hour. Miss Wilson is a veteran of light opera although she is but twenty-four years old

# Here is the Real Story of How Cap'n Henry's Showboat Comes Puffing 'Round the Bend of a Fanciful Mississippi



One of the story and production conferences in preparation for the Showboat broadcast. Left to right: Don Vorhees, the orchestra leader; Mr. Bowles, of the agency, Benton and Bowles; Marion Harper, vice-president of General Foods in charge of Maxwell House; William Bacher, who writes the continuity; Tiny Ruffner, the announcer; Mr. Hobler, of Benton and Bowles.



Edward Tiny Ruffner (left) is the tallest announcer on the air. He is one of the veterans of the kilocycles. Above, Pick Malone and Pat Padgett, the Molasses 'n' January of the Showboat Hour. They also are known over WOR as Pick and Pat and specialize in blackface comedy. Burnt cork isn't necessary for the broadcasting illusion, of course





This beaming mother is Mrs. George Olsen whom you probably know as Ethel Shutta, former Follies girl and now a radio star in her own right. She's shown teaching her sons, Charles, 6, and George Jr., 3, how to row (long "o", of course).

"Happiest family in Radioland," is what they say about the George Olsens and the camera's lens gives eloquent testimony to the truth of that statement. The famous band leader and his family were snapped sunning themselves at Long Beach, New York



# The Olsens at Play

Whee-e-e! Ain't *this* fun! Life is just a lark to the Olsen youngsters, seen at right making it just that with their mother, Ethel Shutta. Below the Olsens arriving at Long Beach, New York. Incidentally, in Ethel's new program she appears on the air without George for the first time



Photographs exclusively for RADIOLAND by Wide World







Fire Chief Ed Wynn seeks a little dashing off some gags. Ed is the dian to write his own material. He ing system for jokes, glances at the card index and—presto— he has a new gag fresh air after only come- keeps a fil-

# Gagging Their Way Through LIFE

By Tom Carskadon

**C**ERTAINLY the big comedians on the air are funny. The whole country rocks with laughter at Eddie Cantor, Jack Pearl, Burns and Allen.

But who makes them funny?

Right—the boys who write their jokes!

These are the big Bonanza Boys of radio. Like the lucky prospectors who discovered the original Bonanza mine in California, these boys have struck gold. These joke writers make more money than any typewriter-pusher ever dreamed of making in radio.

They've got the topnotch stars at their mercy. Broadway comedians rule the air waves just now, but they have to have fresh material or they die. Not just a new show once a year, or a new act once a season, but every week, every time they go on the air, they have to have a brand new line of jokes.

The demand for material has skyrocketed prices. An ordinary radio drama manuscript can be bought for from \$15 to \$75. A comedian's radio program costs him anywhere from \$350 to \$1,000. Those aren't national debt figures. Those are cold, hard American dollars paid out week after week for one

comedy program. A mere handful of writers supply most of the topnotch comedians on the air. Come in and meet some of the boys.

Meet the genial David Freedman, whom Eddie Cantor calls his other self. Meet the dapper, nervous, electrically-charged Billy K. Wells, creator of Jack Pearl's immortal character of Baron Munchausen. Meet that old-



Eddie Cantor calls David Freedman (left) his other self. Dave writes all of Eddie's radio material. "In fifteen short minutes you play to forty million people," says Freedman. "Once used, the material is gone forever. The next program must be just as good. Comedians can't afford to take chances and they buy from a small group of known writers. They don't dare do anything else"



# The Comedians Rule the Air Waves and They Consume Hundreds of Jokes Weekly. Result: High Salaries For the Expert Broadway Gag Writers Who Work 24 Hours a Day

line San Francisco newspaperman, John P. Medbury, who has had a weekly contract with Burns and Allen since they first went on the air. Meet that suave Broadway bachelor, Eugene Conrad, now also under contract to Burns and Allen and other stars. These four stand at the top of their profession. Along with a half-dozen or more of their fellows, such as Harry Conn, Al Boasberg, Harry Prebble and Jack Yellen, they supply most of the big comedians on the radio today.

COME in and meet the big four—and don't let that silly laughter that's going on outside bother you. Do you know who is doing that tittering? Ed Wynn! No wonder he titters—the "Perfect Fool," as he calls himself, is one Broadway comedian who writes his own material on the air.

Yes sir, Ed himself writes all of his own programs. He has an elaborate filing system for jokes, he has other people to do research for him and make suggestions, but in the final analysis Ed Wynn does the writing himself. And do the people love it! Look in any popularity poll anywhere and you are certain to find Ed Wynn's broadcast over the NBC-WEAF network among the first ten. When he represents the Fire Chief and comes dashing in with those silly costumes and that high pitched laugh and tells Graham McNamee, his announcer, that the program is going to be "dif'runt" tonight, the average listener just sits back and prepares to howl. Ed Wynn knows how to write—and deliver—jokes to make him howl.

Sooooooooo. . . . .  
Let's leave the Chief for a moment and get back to the joke-writing boys. Here's David Freedman, for instance. If you have ever laughed at one of the programs of that goggle-eyed



George Burns and Gracie Allen buy their material from John P. Medbury (left) and Eugene Conrad (right). Medbury is also the creator of Mandy Lou, the colored servant girl of the Old Gold broadcast. Conrad says the radio is developing its own comedy technique, "a more difficult technique than the stage." Comedy is no mere string of jokes. "Comedy passages are now definite scenes, definite episodes," he says

## The Gagmen Pick Their Best Gags

DAVID FREEDMAN

(CANTOR IMPERSONATES RUBINOFF, THE VIOLINIST)

GIRL: I'd like to interview you, Mr. Rubinoff. Ah, what a beautiful name. Is Rubinoff your real name?

CANTOR: No, my real name is Quinn.

GIRL: Quinn? Q-U-I-N-N?

CANTOR: No, no. Quinn. C-O-H-E-N. Co-win!

BILLY WELLS

offers as the best gag he ever wrote, that immortal query of Jack Pearl in the character of Baron Munchausen:

Vass you dere, Sharlie?

JOHN P. MEDBURY

says the best gag he ever wrote was one he supplied to George Burns and Gracie Allen in one of their broadcasts.

GRACIE: I had more fun today, George—I was visiting some friends of mine who have a new swimming pool and I was diving into it all afternoon.

GEORGE: It must have been a pretty nice pool.

GRACIE: Yes, but it'll be much better when they get it finished and put water in it.

Broadway musical comedy and movie star, Eddie Cantor, the chances are that Freedman wrote it.

Let's go up and call on Freedman in his apartment in the West Seventies, near Broadway, in New York City. It is a sort of old-fashioned apartment, ample, spacious, comfortable-looking.

Freedman's wife opens the door. There are kids bobbing about the apartment. A small Punch-and-Judy show is tumbled unceremoniously in a corner of the living room. Obviously this is no mere show place. People really live in this apartment.

Freedman comes in. A heavy-framed, good-natured man in his thirties. A two-days stubble of thick black beard grizzles his chin. He is wearing a blue



# The Gentle Job of Writing Gags Exposed! Here's How the Gagsters Develop Their Air Laughs and Earn \$1,000 a Week. It's a Weird Life, this Business of Manufacturing Ether Chuckles

work shirt, open at the throat, and one of those leather jackets that campers wear.

"It's my hunting costume," he explains. "Hunting for gags."

His appearance startles you, at first. After you have met some other joke writers—or "gag men," to use the Broadway term—nothing startles you. They lead the most weirdly unreal lives in the whole writing profession. Four hours sleep is a good, long, healthy night's rest for them. Mostly it's two hours, or one hour, or no hours. They take their sleep where they can grab it—and the grabbing's none too good.

Freedman is deadly serious. All of them are, you eventually find out. Writing jokes or "gags" that will make you and me laugh is an expert, difficult business. "Gag," incidentally, is a very wide term, and includes the formal joke, or story with a humorous point; the question and answer or crossfire quip; any bright remark; or a miscellaneous wisecrack. In short, anything that is funny, and is used because it is funny rates as a "gag."

ONE basic difference between writing comedy for the stage and writing comedy for radio," says Freedman, who has done both, "lies in the choice of characters. On the stage, if the material is funny, audiences can be made to laugh at any sort of low character, grotesque or buffoon. You can't put such a character on the radio, however, because a radio character is a guest in the home. And people don't want to receive 'muggs' into their homes.

"That is why Cantor is always careful to choose material acceptable to the home circle. The good-natured kidding between Eddie Cantor, the comedian, Jimmy Wallington, the announcer, and Rubinoff, the violinist and orchestra leader, has made them welcome visitors in millions of homes."

Freedman and Cantor are indeed old friends. Freedman was the collaborator when Eddie wrote his autobiography, "My Life Is In Your Hands," and his two books of humor, "Yoo-Hoo! Pros-

perity!" and "Your Next President." Freedman's plays are *Mendel, Inc.*, *Sweet and Low*, *Crazy Quilt* and *Betsy*; he wrote the movies, *Palmy Days*, and *The Heart of New York*; and in addition to articles and short stories for leading magazines, he has written radio programs for Eddie Cantor, Fannie Brice, Lou Holtz and Jack Benny.

Eddie Cantor's fee from his radio sponsors includes an allowance of \$750 per week for buying a comedy manuscript. Most of this goes to Freedman. The pace is so terrific, however, that other writers are canvassed for jokes, and Eddie frequently spends substantial amounts from his own pockets on this source.

Commenting on this demand for material, Freedman said, "A smash hit show may last two or three years, a vaudeville act may last five or seven years. In that time they may play to a million people.

"But look at radio. In fifteen short minutes you play to forty million people. Once used, the material is gone forever. The next program has got to be just as good, or even better, or people will say the comedian is slipping. That's why comedians can't afford to take chances. They buy from a comparatively small group of known, successful writers because they don't dare to do anything else. Comedians, even the best ones, are often poor judges of material. They buy their comedy from known writers to make sure they aren't buying tragedy instead!"

PHREW! What a game, what a game! You bid goodbye to David Freedman and his friendly grin. He turns back to his comedy manuscript that must be completed on deadline that night, sleep or no sleep, shave or no shave.

Let's go up to see Billy K. Wells next. Perhaps he will  
[Continued on page 84]



Bill K. Wells (center) created Jack Pearl's super-liar, the Baron Munchausen, by accident. Now the Baron is his life work. He keeps pads and pencils all over his apartment, ready to jot down gags. Wells earns something like \$750 a week





—Rotofotos

The First Nighter program gets under way from the NBC Studios in Chicago. Charles P. Hughes, the first nighter, is at the left, cane in hand. Close by are George Rouse, announcer, Cliff Soubier, June Meredith and Don Ameche

# MIKE Says —

The Radio Stars Are Going Touring This Fall—When the Air Favorites Come Back—Gossip of the Boys and Girls Who Ride the Merry Kilocycles

By Peter Dixon

**I**F YOU get a real thrill out of seeing your favorite radio entertainer in person, you'll have a good time this Fall and Winter, for the radio folks are going a-touring in a big way. Not only are the singers and the orchestras going out on personal appearance tours but the network artist bureaus are planning to send out repertory companies such as the Radio Guild.

Smart showman have predicted a revival of interest in vaudeville and in road shows during the coming season and the radio performers want to share in the profits.

## Costly Courtesy

**D**ON'T be too disappointed if your favorite radio orchestra leader isn't able to play some tune of three or four years ago when you request it. Playing

special requests of yesterday's popular music is mighty expensive.

George Hall, whose music is on a fifty-station CBS network four or five times a week, told us why.

"When we get a request for a tune that was popular four or five years ago, we can't dig up the old music and play it as it was arranged in those days," he said. "Styles in dance music change as quickly as feminine fashions. If we played a 1926 tune in the 1926 manner people would think something was wrong with the orchestra. It is necessary to have a complete new arrangement. And an arrangement costs from \$25 to \$75. Since we get requests for at least fifty old tunes every week, you can see just how costly it would be to grant all requests."





Harriet Hillard, who sings with Ozzie Nelson and his orchestra, is shown above with her boss between broadcasts. Harriet, just 22, is one of the cuties of the air. She has been on the screen

in it. In a speech before a group of advertising men, Cantor called the critics a bunch of log-rollers and his remarks were printed in a theatrical trade journal. And were the Manhattan critics burned up! And are they waiting for another chance at Cantor! Eddie says he's not worried.

*This Summer's vacation will be long remembered by two Brooklyn damsels. It's high point was a story-book rescue by a handsome hero.*

*The two girls, vacationing on Long Island, went out on Long Island Sound in a small boat. Came a Summer squall and rain and waves almost swamped the boat. The girls bailed desperately but their boat was sinking when a sailing vessel came along. The skipper of the craft leaped overboard, made a line fast to the sinking small boat and then took the frightened girls aboard his own little ship.*

*The rescue should have been excitement enough but when the girls discovered they had been rescued by Lanny Ross, the Showboat Hour hero, it was almost too much!*

*Lanny didn't say anything to his studio conferees about the rescue but the two girls have been spreading the news all over Brooklyn ever since.*

### The Baron Again

**Y**OU can expect Jack Pearl back on the air in August, even if they have to take the microphone to the movie lots. And, all reports to the contrary, he'll continue as the Baron Munchausen. For a while it was planned to have Pearl radio reincarnated as his Cousin Hugo. Some thought was also given to having him burlesque Don Quixote. But the Baron is still too popular to discard.

Cliff Hall—Sharlie to all of us—will be with him, of course.

### Radio Lovers

**I**RATE parents and teachers have frightened sponsors of radio programs. The result is that there won't be many crime serials or horror stories on the air this Fall. Instead, the radio continuity writers will be instructed to write Romance with a big R. Already there is a demand for love stories suitable for broadcasting.

Actors and actresses with "It" voices will be featured and the radio casting directors are combing Broadway for pleasing juveniles and ingenues.



The Giersdorf Sisters (above) came from vaudeville to the air. They harmonize like the Boswells and the Pickenses—and they play practically every instrument from an accordion to a zither

Abe Lyman (below), when he isn't leading an orchestra wields a wicked racket. Lyman is one of the most popular of the baton boys of the country and *RADIOLAND* will tell you more about him in an early issue

Lou Holtz (below) has been a pleasant feature of the Chesterfield Hour over Columbia. Lou is an experienced comedian and he knows how to get his audience. Ask Shawowsky!

*David Freedman, who writes radio material for Eddie Cantor and Fannie Brice, has this to say about the jokes you hear on the air.*

*"The first time, it's originality; the second time plagiarism; the third, lack of originality; the fourth, history and the fifth, research."*

### Will Rogers Back

**P**OSSIBLY by the time you read this, Will Rogers will be back on the air. Or at least, an announcement will soon be made about his next radio series.

When Rogers left the air last June his sponsors managed to get a promise from him to do another series as soon as he had finished an important engagement with a movie camera.

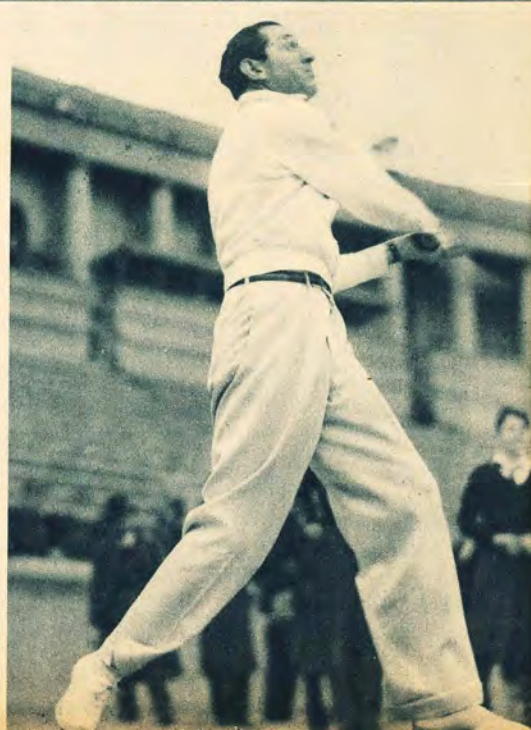
He'll bring his alarm clock with him.

Incidentally, one of the biggest manufacturers of alarm clocks made Rogers an attractive offer for radio but it wasn't accepted.

### We Want Cantor

**E**DDIE CANTOR returns to the air in September and you can write it down in your little book, that he'll be under a barrage of caustic criticism from most of the New York radio critics.

Just before he left New York for Hollywood in May, Eddie opened his mouth and put his foot



*May Singhi Breen and Peter De Rose, who have been broadcasting for years as "The Sweethearts of the Air," and who are really Mr. and Mrs., are well known for their practical jokes. But someone turned the tables on them recently.*

*This Summer they moved into a gorgeous residence in New Rochelle. They had just got the curtains up when visitors—all of them complete strangers—started dropping in for little social visits. They came by the dozens and May and Peter were polite but mystified.*

*Then they discovered a sign attached to the gate of the driveway. It said:*

*"May Singhi Breen and Peter De Rose. Come in and say 'hello.'"*

### O'Keefe Back

**W**ALTER O'KEEFE, last heard as a master of ceremonies on those Magic Carpet broadcasts will return to the air in August for a chocolate bar maker.

During the run of his former contract, the sponsor didn't let Walter sing very often. However, his new contract will permit him to warble two or three times on every program and he'll feature those very funny Broadway "Hill-billy" ballads.

O'Keefe came to radio from vaudeville and clicked with listeners from the start.





Vic and Sade and their boy, Rush, (above) are heard regularly over NBC in sketches of typical American life. Sade is Bernardine Flynn, Vic is Art Van Harvey and young Rush is Billy Idelson

Frank Black, NBC's musical boss, tells this story of the radio sponsor who wanted to make a big impression.

The sponsor paid the bills for an orchestra and a male quartet.

One day he appeared at rehearsal and called the quartet to him.

"Listen, boys," he said, "you'll have to get close to the microphone and sing loud. I've advertised a male chorus."

### Radio's First Lady

**I**F YOU happen to be one of the hundreds of thousands of listeners who have written to Jessica Dragonette sometime in the past few years, you've probably had an acknowledgment

of your letter from her.

Jessica, who starts her seventh season as a radio star of the first magnitude, this Fall is fanatical, almost, about her fan mail. She not only reads every letter and postcard she gets but she attempts to answer all of them. Of course she has two secretaries to help her and it is necessary to use special forms to answer the hundreds of letters that arrive every week but any letter that requires an answer or any form of acknowledgment is promptly taken care of.

Jessica, who consistently rejects all stage and screen offers, is easily radio's First Lady. She was a star before the microphone attracted the big names of Broadway and Hollywood



—Ray Jackson

You know Mary Livingstone (above) as Mrs. Jack Benny and for her help on the merry Benny broadcasts. Mary it is who imitates Mae West. "Pale and handsome, come up some time!"

Edwin C. Hill (below) is the star reporter of the air now that Floyd Gibbons is between big news broadcasts. Hill is interviewing J. Pierpont Morgan, the scene is the big Washington banking hearing

George Givot, the Greek philosopher, (below) is writing a radio broadcast with his secretary, Eve Leonard. George is the boy who bought a brand new dialect to the air heavily laden with dialects

### Best Dressed

**U**NTIL television comes along, it won't be so important but there is quite a lot of discussion in radio circles as to whom is the best dressed microphone star.

For actual smartness, it's hard to decide between Ethel Shutta, Barbara "Snoonie" Blair, Jane Froman and Ilomay Bailey. Irene Taylor in an evening gown—and she actually gets them in Paris—usually arrests all eyes when she enters a room and the cute Frances Langford is another breath-taker.

Among the men it is a simple matter to pick the Beau Brummel. He is John S. Young, NBC announcer, and his sartorial elegance is a byword. Funny thing is that John doesn't spend so very much money on clothes but he has a positive gift for selecting just the right thing for every occasion.



RADIOLAND



SEPTEMBER, 1933

and Broadway and Hollywood failed to produce one serious rival.

### Romeo Wins

**A**RE you listenin', Juliet? Perhaps that is how Tony Wons will be reading his lines when he returns to the air this Fall after a Summer at his Wisconsin camp. For Tony has almost realized an ambition—to present a series of Shakespearean dramas on a national network.

He takes his Shakespeare quite seriously, does this Wons fellow. And he is good at it. Just before he went away for the Summer, he made a personal appearance at the Capitol theatre in New York and what do you suppose he did? He portrayed Shylock in several scenes from the Merchant of Venice and the customers loved it.

Network officials were so impressed that for the first





Looks like a grocery store but is really the Armour hour as it is broadcast from the Chicago NBC studios. Center foreground, Alma Neal and Phil Baker. Close by on either side, Bottle and Beetle

—Rotofotos

time they took seriously Wons' repeated requests to do a Shakespearian series. Wons plan is to surround himself with capable actors and do hour programs based on the best known plays of the Bard.

*Ray Perkins, who was a boss song writer for one of the big film companies in Hollywood before he became a radio wit, tells this as his favorite yarn of the early days of the talkies.*

*An executive was listening to some music to be used in a certain picture.*

*"What's that tune?" he asked.*

*"Chopin's Funeral March," someone told him.*

*"Good!" said the exec. "We'll use a verse and two choruses."*

### Comédienne Jean

**DOES** the name of Jean Sothern mean anything to you?

Think back almost ten years to the days when the Gish Sisters played in *The Two Orphans* and an English accent wasn't an asset in Hollywood. Remember *The Mysteries of Myra* and other serials of that day. Jean Sothern was a movie star. Then for years she headlined vaudeville bills throughout the country. An illness in her family took her away from the stage for years. When she returned things had changed.

For two years, very quietly, Jean Sothern has been gaining radio experience. Today, though you don't hear her name very often in connection with broadcasts, she is the most sought after character ingenue in radio. She can impersonate any character from an old janitress to a ten-year-old school kid. Her command of dialects is amazing and, more than once, her skill has saved a

program though some highly paid star received credit.

Though Jean herself doesn't know it, several important people are watching her work. Before the snow flies, she may be sharing stellar honors with one of radio's biggest names. It is in the cards for Jean Sothern to become one of radio's best-liked comédiennes.

### Importing Tangos

**T**HE coming radio season may produce a series of interesting broadcasts from South America. Hugo Mariani, for years one of NBC's important musical executives, has left NBC and is now in Argentina organizing a broadcast system there. And one of Mariani's plans is to provide a series of programs reflecting South America for rebroadcasting to the United States. Mariani knows what Americans like, too.

*Sally Bell Cox, that demure young lady who makes a good living because she is the best baby-crier in broadcasting, has fun with her trick vocal chords.*

*Recently, in company with some college friends, she was making an over-night train journey. The friends persuaded Sally to start her baby imitations about midnight in the Pullman car. And Sally did.*

*Passengers woke up and complained. Finally, the conductor made an investigation because, according to his records, there wasn't an infant in the car. They never found the baby.*

### Many Aliases

**N**O ONE is sure what his name really is but it's actually Arthur Campbell.

As Arthur Campbell

[Continued on page 82]





"The Conquest of Time and Space," a striking modernistic bas relief designed by Gaston Lachaise, faces World's Fair visitors over the West entrance of the Radio and Communications Hall. The central figure of the relief is twenty-four feet high

# Radio At The World's Fair

*It Plays an Important Role at Chicago's Century of Progress Exposition on the Banks of Lake Michigan*

By Darrell Ware

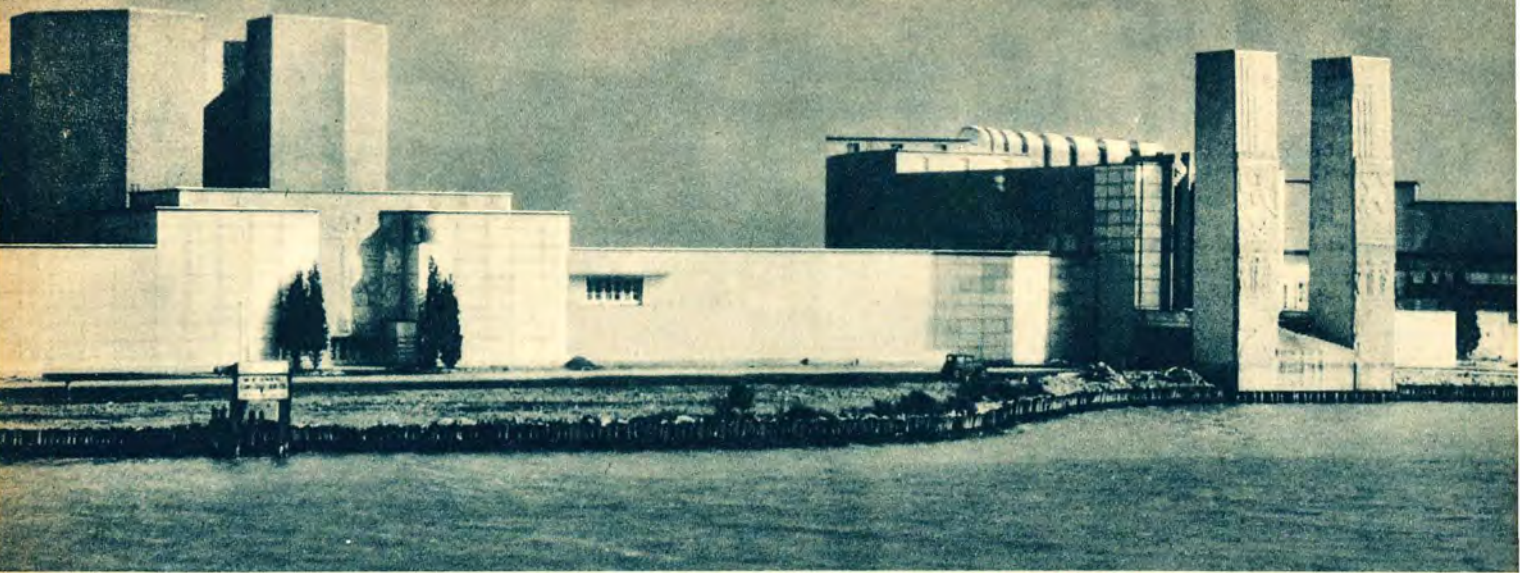
ON A sheet of paper no larger than a bowling alley score card the history of radio at the Chicago Century of Progress is written daily. This is the "Patch Board," listing all stations in Chicago and the studio and pick-up points on the Fair grounds. Programs are routed over these channels, and at present well over one hundred hours of broadcasting from the exposition grounds has been put through by Chief of Radio Hawes and his staff with-

out a mishap. This over new lines, with new equipment, personnel, and pick-up points.

Radio did not actually come into the Fair until the first of the year and installation brought with it some great and nearly insurmountable problems. Rival networks and rival stations must be satisfied, problems of organization, of power and power rates must be met in the face of an earlier opening date than planned. Authority was not yet well defined, and many

**114 Loud Speakers in 57 Locations Throughout the Exposition Grounds Provide a Never Ceasing Program of Music to the Throngs Visiting the Fair**





The Electrical Group at the Chicago's 1933 Fair, where visitors may view exhibits dramatizing the story of electricity and communication. The Radio and Communications Building, one of the most impressive on the exposition grounds, is at the left

toes were stepped on during the first hectic days, but the programs, according to the records, have come through without a mishap.

Even the greatest radio fan, entering the Fair grounds to watch radio broadcasts and to see the exhibits in that line, is first attracted by the Fair itself. His first two impressions will likely be (a) that the parade of buildings seems to have no end and, (b) that the architects went wild.

Both impressions are well founded. The Fair has arisen upon a vast stretch of stolen land—land wrested foot by foot from Lake Michigan—424 acres of it! And more than eighty miles of exhibits await the traveler's foot — or the wheel of his conveyance.

Then, as to color, the dominating ones are red, yellow and blue. The shades run the complete card—vermillions, purples, peach, plum and apricot. There has been no little criticism of this as vulgar, but eventually you come to feel that after all a Fair is a Fair and should be like nothing ever before seen by man. It should be gay and exotic, in these exotic if not gay times.

THE visitor passes the turnstiles, perhaps, at 12th street, and looks down a mile of gently sloping land to the Fair spread out before him. First he negotiates the truly impressive Avenue of Flags—a wide thoroughfare bordered by great streamers—and then approaches the twin towers of the Sky Ride, the highest edifice west of New York

city. From the observation tower of the Sky Ride he will see four states, atmospheric conditions permitting. The rocket car ride, so highly publicized, is said to be something of a disappointment. Cars cross a lagoon on cables between the towers of the attraction, but they move with much deliberation. Many investors have expected some sort of shoot-the-chutes.

The realization of the vastness of the Fair seems to work similarly in the breasts of visitors. They decide to leave for another day such prolonged exhibits as the Hall of Science and to more or less stroll the Fair and get a general view of it. With the approach of weariness, the visitor begins to enter an occasional concession, paying as much as forty cents for admission. Most of these are patently not worth the money, and give rise to a gradual conviction that the Fair is a "fake," an extensive misrepresentation, but such a conclusion is really unjust. Your fifty cents admission entitles you to avail yourself of the wonders of eighty-five buildings including such stellar exhibits as the Hall of Science, the Electrical Exhibit—in fact all the educational and worth-while portion of the Fair. When you spend money for Midway exhibits and similar concessions, then, you must be prepared to do it in the spirit with which you spend money at circus side-shows.



One of the 114 loud speakers in the World's Fair public address system

BEHIND the scenes at the World's Fair are 202 radio circuits reaching seventy-two points on the



grounds, and all coming into a control board in the Administration building. It is the first time that anything on so large a scale has ever been attempted. All broadcasts originating on the Fair grounds are sent by wire to the Chicago station, broadcast out over the air in the regular way, and returned to the Fair grounds to be picked up by the Public Address (P.A.) system. This marks the first time that radio programs, within and without an exposition grounds, have been picked up and re-distributed over a wired public address system through loud-speakers.

One hundred and fourteen loud-speakers, in fifty-seven separate locations throughout the grounds, have been installed on modernistic standards and are so spotted that as the volume of one grows less in your ears, another picks it up. This is the largest wired public address installation of the kind in the history of the world. Special equipment had to be worked out and installed to achieve all this record breaking. Also the quality of the P. A. tone is surprisingly perfect, lacking much of that mechanical twang which often mars such systems. Radio feeds 70% of the material broadcast over the P. A. system at the Fair.

Music thus flung out gives life to the Fair, and fits in with the policy which has been followed so far as is possible — animation. Everything that can be animated is so arranged. Another fact of the exposition policy strikes home as well when you view commercial exhibits: the Fair is in the interest of education rather than competition. Companies represented do not try to outsell each other, but instead attempt to emphasize manufacturing processes rather than products. In all cases, the theme of the Fair proper has been to show the growth of science during a century



The loftiest spot on the grounds of a Century of Progress, the observation tower of the Sky Ride, which is 638 feet high. The rocket cars were designed to carry Fair visitors across the Lagoon from the mainland to the Northerly Island



and the dependence of industry on scientific research.

Radio naturally claims an important place in any such theme. This has resulted in the Radio and Communications building, and, adjoined, the Electrical exhibit. The Radio and Communications building is given over largely to commercial exhibits, for the

The 1933 World's Fair is distinctly a night exposition. This view shows the exposition from the Sky Ride. The Hall of Science is in the foreground





A rainy night at the World's Fair, showing the graceful and symmetrical cascades that ornament the semi-circular facade of the Electrical Building. The effect is striking and modernistic, in keeping with the spirit of the Century of Progress Exposition

most part well staged and dramatically presented. Novel and "trick" sets, as well as displays of radio of the future, still in the experimental stage, holds interest for anyone who likes the technical side of radio.

For those more concerned about the entertainment side of the game, the broadcasting studios in "Hollywood," at the Southern tip of Northerly island, will be of interest. In addition to motion picture attractions, these exhibit grounds include two studios, one an indoor and the other an outdoor stage.

Using Columbia network equipment and outlets, the indoor studio is an 800 seat theatre, with broadcasts taking place on the stage. A great glass curtain comes down between the audience and the stage during an actual broadcast, but the blue theatre and the lighting aid in minimizing this separation. The audience hears the program on loud speakers.

**N**EARBY is the outdoor radio broadcasting studio, of NBC. It is a restful, cool spot, on the edge of the lake, also done in a quiet blue. At first such an

innovation as an outdoor studio was approached warily, but Mr. Hawes claims that much has been learned by its use. For one thing, wall vibration is eliminated and tonal quality improved. The greatest threat to the complete success of the outdoor studio in this spot seems to be Leo, the MGM lion, one hundred yards away. When Leo starts to roar, it seems certain that the sensitive microphone will advertize something besides the product being plugged.

These studios have been built on the theory that the public has shown great interest in attending "open-house" broadcasts in regular studios, and that many world's fair visitors, particularly those from small towns, will flock to witness a program being originated. It remains to be seen whether this expectation is realized. The Fair is to live for five brief months, while radio and "open-houses" will continue. Attractions of a temporary nature are quite likely to prove of greater appeal to visitors than broadcasts. This can be counteracted by the origination of a program with a big following in the Fair studios, something which has not yet been done. For the good of radio, it is to be hoped that the Fair administrators consider this.

So many attractions feature the Century of Progress that although the attendance has been two and one-half times that of the 1893 exposition on corresponding days, a crowd of even 200,000 people seem to rattle around in the grounds. Fear of crowds cannot be a reason for failure to visit the exposition, because once city traffic has been negotiated and the turnstiles passed, there seems to be more than enough room for everybody.

**T**HE sponsors of the Fair expect a total attendance of 50,000,000 people, based upon the "draw" of similar shows. The opening day saw 180,000 visitors with a total attendance of over a million in the third week. This, of course, does not approach the necessary average, but attendance is slowly showing a daily increase.

The impression during the first weeks of the Fair were that the exposition was being staged for the benefit of two places, the Pabst Blue Ribbon Casino and the Streets Of Paris. The Casino is well located, on the Southern tip of Northerly island, and features such sterling bands as Ben Bernie, Guy Lombardo, Buddy Rogers and Tom Gerun. This is self-explanatory. The Streets of Paris became popular when its premiere was noised about as somewhat rowdy. It is a vast catacomb of amusement and quite frankly seeks to give the sensation seeker what he craves.

Other concessionaires have met this situation by inventing attention-compelling stunts. An exhibit called "The World a Million Years ago," well worth-while, remodeled in such a way as to give the public a glimpse of the attraction within, [Continued on page 93]





—Ray Lee Jackson  
"Boy, O, Boy! Have you heard this one?" This goofy guy who is talking to you out of the side of his mouth is one of the dizziest clowns on the air. In case you haven't guessed he's Bert Lahr who has been making people laugh ever since he left school to become a big shot funny man on the toughest of streets, Broadway



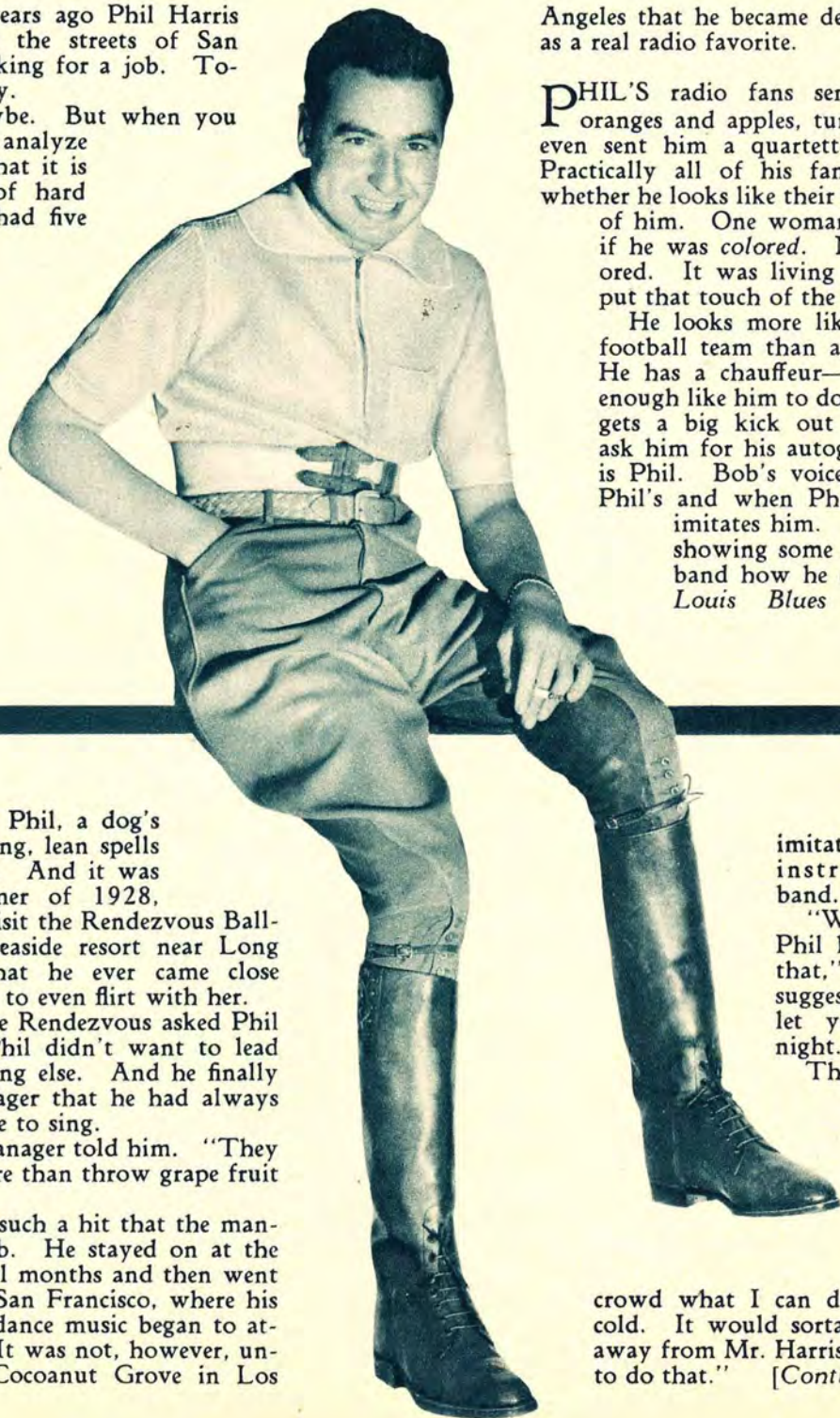
# So This Is Harris

What! A Crooner Who Sings Bass! Another Radio Lochinvar Rides Out of the West on the Air Waves

By Grace Mack

ONLY a few years ago Phil Harris was walking the streets of San Francisco looking for a job. Today he's in the money.

Luck? Well, maybe. But when you take luck apart and analyze it you usually find that it is made up of a lot of hard work. Phil Harris had five years of it, playing drums in theatre and dance orchestras all over the country. Part of the time he had a band of his own which he organized while he was attending the Hume Fogg Military Academy in Nashville, Tennessee. He took this band to Honolulu and later to Australia.



Angeles that he became definitely established as a real radio favorite.

PHIL'S radio fans send him crates of oranges and apples, turkeys, and one fan even sent him a quartette of stuffed dogs. Practically all of his fans want to know whether he looks like their mental conception

of him. One woman wanted to know if he was *colored*. No, Phil isn't colored. It was living in Tennessee that put that touch of the South in his voice.

He looks more like a fullback on a football team than an orchestra leader. He has a chauffeur—Bob—who looks enough like him to double for him. Bob gets a big kick out of having people ask him for his autograph, thinking he is Phil. Bob's voice even sounds like Phil's and when Phil isn't around he imitates him. One night he was showing some of the boys in the band how he could play the *St. Louis Blues* on his hands,

But it was, to quote Phil, a dog's life with plenty of long, lean spells between engagements. And it was not until the Summer of 1928, when he chanced to visit the Rendezvous Ballroom at Balboa, a seaside resort near Long Beach, California, that he ever came close enough to Lady Luck to even flirt with her.

The manager of the Rendezvous asked Phil to lead the band. Phil didn't want to lead unless he did something else. And he finally confessed to the manager that he had always had a suppressed desire to sing.

"Go ahead," the manager told him. "They can't do anything more than throw grape fruit at you."

Phil sang and was such a hit that the manager offered him a job. He stayed on at the Rendezvous for several months and then went to the St. Francis in San Francisco, where his nightly broadcast of dance music began to attract radio listeners. It was not, however, until he came to the Cocoanut Grove in Los

imitating the various instruments in the band.

"Why don't you let Phil know you can do that," one of the boys suggested. "Maybe he'd let you go on some night."

The chauffeur shook his head. "No, I wouldn't want him to do that," he said in all seriousness. "If I ever showed this Grove crowd what I can do, I'd knock 'em cold. It would sorta take the prestige away from Mr. Harris and I don't want to do that." [Continued on page 89]



# CONTROL ROOM

He Was an Officer on a Giant Dirigible. And She Loved Him. Read What Happened When the SOS From His Ship Cut Short Her First Broadcast

By Margaret E. Sangster

Illustrated by  
EVERETT SHINN

THE girl was nervous, the way newcomers are nervous. She fussed with the locket that she wore around her neck on a narrow black ribbon, snapping it open and shut. The young man at the piano said:

"Don't be scared. The audience can't see you. After you've done your first broadcast you'll realize how easy it is. This is your first broadcast, isn't it?"

The girl said: "Yes, I've given concerts and recitals, of course, but this is different. Do I have to wait much longer?" She snapped her locket open and looked into it.

The man at the piano said: "Only about four minutes to go. What've you got in that locket, anyway? Is it a magic charm, or something?"

The girl flushed.

"It's a picture of the man I'm going to marry," she said. "Every time I'm scared I take a peek at him. Know why I do? Because he's not afraid of anything! He's an officer, Jim is, on the Chicago—you know, that newest dirigible. He's had to go up in some of the worst weather; he's taken some awful risks, and yet he's never been afraid. Makes me ashamed to think how scared I am of a mike."

"Speaking of weather," said the man at the piano, "this is one lousy night. I hate thunderstorms. The static makes any performance sound bum, no matter how good it is."

"Do you suppose there'll be so much static people can't hear me?" asked the girl. She spoke hopefully. "Do you—"

A page boy, in uniform, came bouncing in.

"Miss Marsh here?" he asked, and at the girl's response, "Well, you're on in two minutes. Are you ready?"

The girl clutched the locket tightly in her hand and stepped toward the microphone. "Yes, I'm ready," she nodded.

A light flashed up in the control room—that tiny



Radio announcers told the world of the disaster. "The Chicago has crashed," said one. "It struck the water with a great explosion and went under immediately. Apparently there were no survivors"

boxed-off space at the back of the broadcasting studio. A man entered the room softly and sat down at a huge board that looked a trifle like a wireless apparatus. Two other men—stouter, more pompous—followed him. The man at the piano whispered:

"They're officials of the company; they're coming to get an earful of you. Remember that, kid, when you do your stuff."

The girl nodded again, albeit shakily.

An announcer had come into the studio on swift, noiseless feet. He took his place beside the girl, and spoke into a microphone.

"Hello, friends," he said, in a pleasant, measured voice, "this is Frank Fields announcing from the ABC studios in New York. I'm wishing you all good evening, although this isn't a very good evening, is it? I

## THE STORY OF A LOCKET THAT BROUGHT NO LUCK





EVERETT SHINN 1933

"I had planned a gay program but this isn't a time for gayety . . . I'm thinking of them, up in the sky, fighting the storm"



hope the thunder won't interfere with your reception; I hope the static won't make you miss one second of the fine program that you'll shortly be hearing. For tonight, ladies and gentlemen, you'll be welcoming a new comer—Miss Betsy Marsh. Miss Marsh is as pretty as they make 'em, and she's going to bring you twenty minutes of cheer and happiness. We could use a little of both on a night like this, couldn't we—" he paused, and the man at the piano played a bar of music, a bar that drifted into a thread of melody, and broke off.

"Meet Miss Betsy Marsh, friends," went on the announcer. "Give her a great, big hand. She's new at the game, but she's anxious to please you. She's giving a program of old favorites—no jazz stuff. You'll like her—"

The announcer stepped back, and bowed elaborately, his hand on his heart. He winked and the girl stepped forward, her face white and scared. Her fingers played with the locket; she cuddled it in the palm of one hand.

"My mother used to tell me," she said, slowly and carefully, speaking into the microphone, "that everybody needs friendship and brightness and courage. And she used to tell me that even the most sophisticated of us like the poems of yesterday, and the simple melodies and the good, comforting hymns. So I'm going to start off, following her advice, with a poem that I know you'll like — one that most of you have probably read. It's a poem about friendship, the kind of friendship that turns gently into love.

It's James Whitcomb Riley's poem, 'An Old Sweetheart of Mine.' As I recite it to you," she was beginning to be less nervous, "I want those of you who are young to think of your own sweethearts. And I want the older ones—who perhaps may have lost their dreams—to remember glad days. And if there are any youngsters listening. . . ."

The man at the piano played another bar of music—the lilting, lovely fragment of a waltz. And the girl began to recite:

*"An old sweetheart of mine, is this her presence here with me?"*

Very nearly, as she glanced down at the open locket in her hand, she said "his presence."

The stouter of the two officials nudged his companion, and said:

"She's got something."

The man at the keyboard pushed in a tiny lever and leaned back to listen.

THE girl was well into her poem—

*"I can see the pink sunbonnet and the little checkered dress  
She wore when first I kissed her and she answered the caress—"*

recited the girl.

She smiled, remembering the pink organdy frock that she had worn when Jim kissed her for the first time. "Oh, you're rumpling my dress," she had said. And

Jim had answered: "That isn't the half of it! You're rumpling my heart!"

The door of the broadcasting studio opened. The uniformed page boy looked in and caught the eye of the announcer and beckoned. The announcer tiptoed across the room and took a slip of paper from the boy and read it. The girl was finishing her poem when he came hurrying back to the microphone.

*"To greet the living presence of that old sweetheart of mine!"*

she said softly, and was conscious of being pushed aside. The pianist paused, his hands suspended above the keys, as the announcer spoke.

"Friends," said the announcer, "I'm breaking in on Miss Marsh's program to give you a special piece of news. It's big news, and it's of national interest. While you are listening to me—sitting comfortably in your warm homes—a giant airship is sending forth distress signals. Far out over the ocean this giant airship is in

distress. It's the dirigible Chicago, and it is being tossed and torn by wind and rain and hail. It's in a storm center—the lightning is working havoc with the rigging. The coast guard is rushing to the assistance. As yet our details are meagre, but we will give you bulletins as they arrive. This is Frank Fields announcing from Station ABC, New York. And now Miss Marsh — (excuse me, Miss Marsh, for the intrusion) — will give you another poem."

He stepped back and the girl, her cheeks ashen, her eyes wild, was again

in front of the microphone. Her fingers clutched the locket as if it were a living, responsive thing.

"Friends of mine," she said huskily, "I'm trying to tell myself that it's darkest just before dawn. Maybe, for all we know, the storm is breaking and the airship is safe—maybe the Chicago is stronger than any storm! It's in the hands of the bravest young men in the country," her voice broke, and in the control room one official whispered to another—

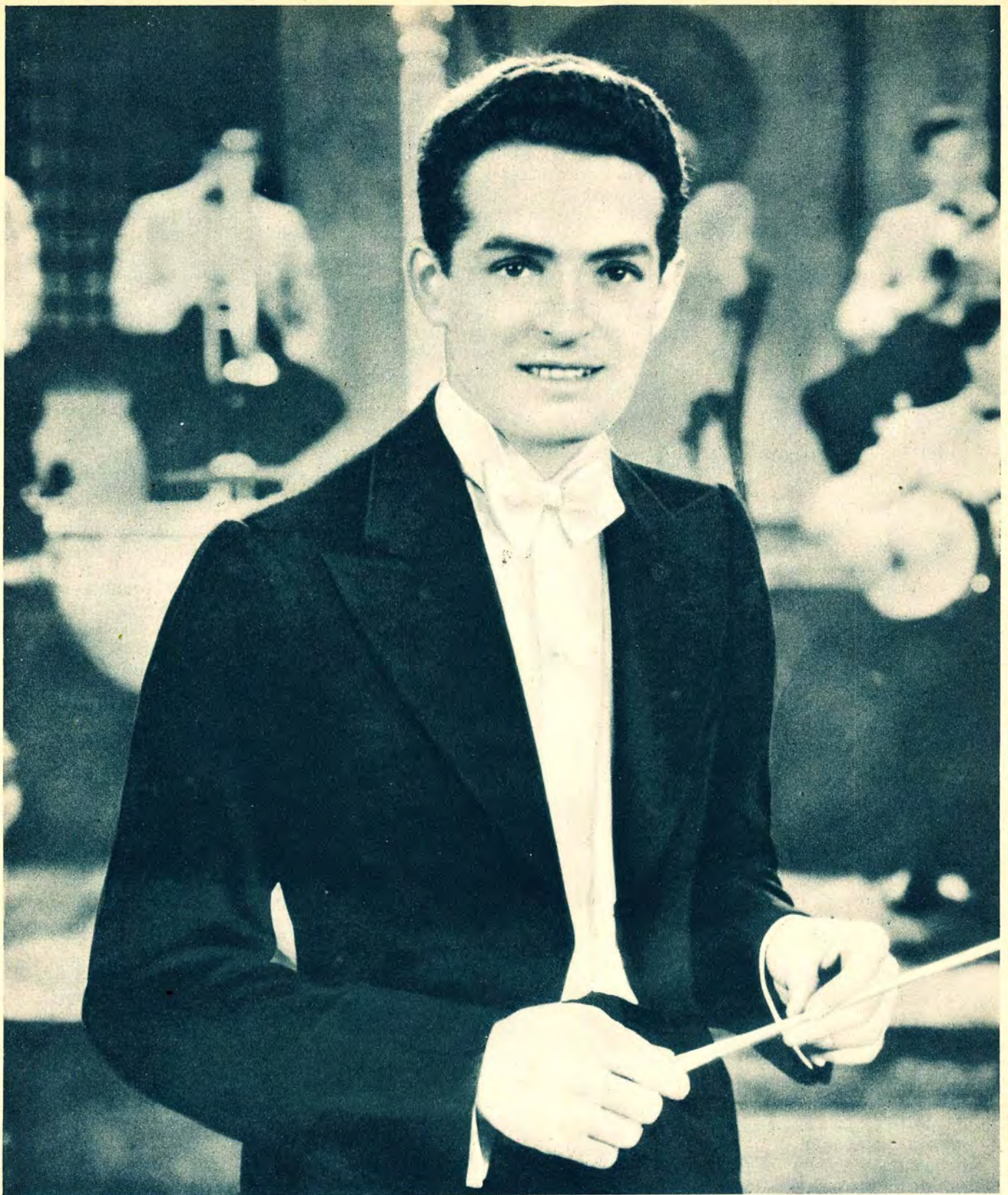
"She's nervous as hell. That announcement threw her off. When these youngsters get away from their routine patter there's no telling if they'll crack up, or not. . . ."

The man at the piano rested his hands lightly on the keys. He leaned forward, his eyes on the girl's face.

After the space of a heartbeat the girl went on.

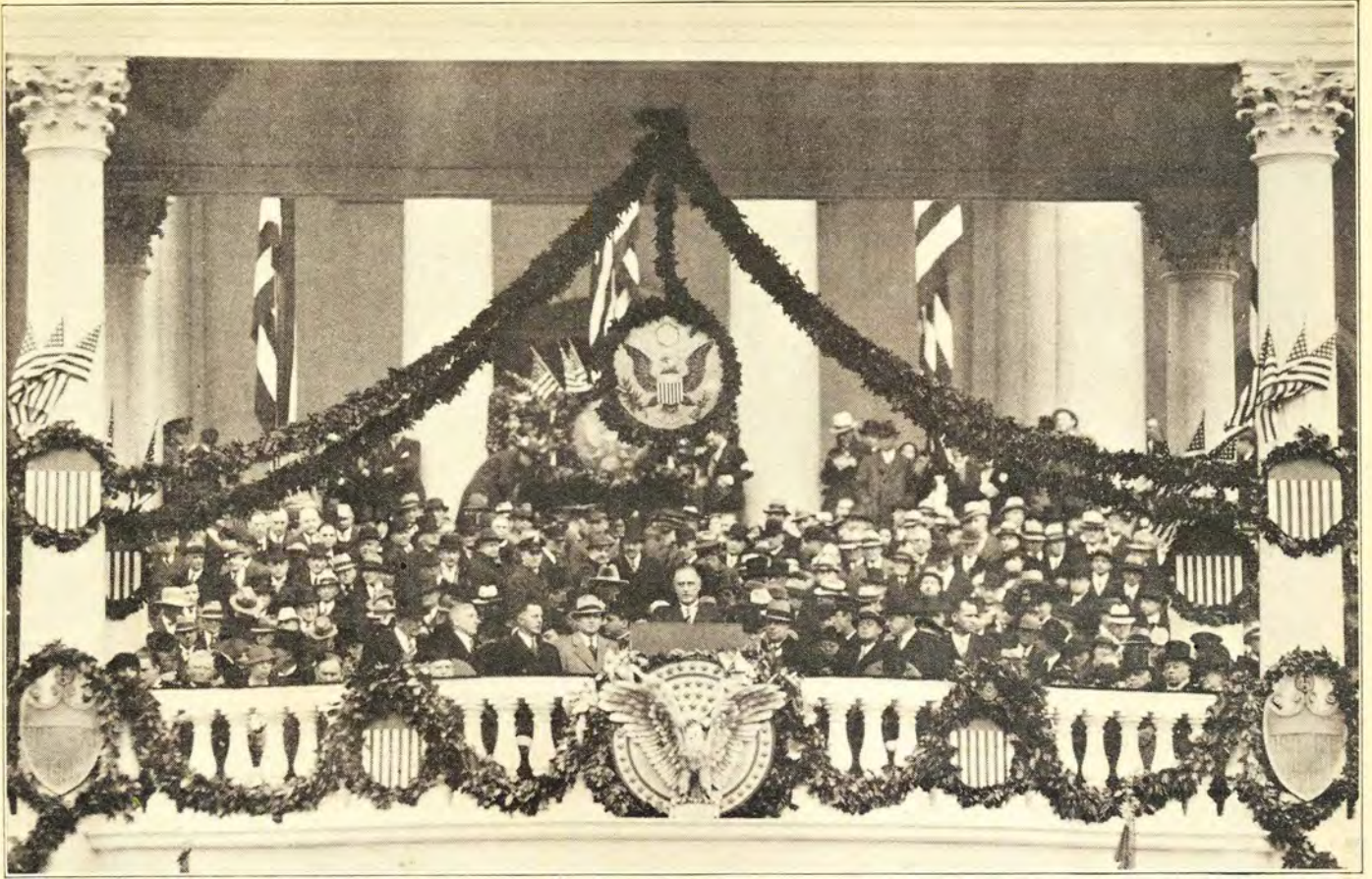
"Friends," she said, "this is a crisis. I had planned a gay program for you," she pulled her voice together with such an effort that you could actually feel it, "but this isn't a time for gayety. I can't recite poems, not now. I'm thinking of the mothers of those men on the Chicago, and of their wives, and of their children, and of their—their sweethearts. I'm thinking of them, up in the sky, fighting the storm. I'm wondering if we can't get together and say a prayer for them. In our hearts, if we daren't speak out loud. The only prayer I can think of is the one I used to say when I was a baby. Oh, don't—" no effort could keep the agony from her voice, "don't think [Continued on page 98]





This eager-looking chap is Fred Waring, whose baton beguiles bewitching dance music from his famous band, the Pennsylvanians. Fred, as a youngster in Tyrone, Pa., directed the Boy Scout fife and drum corps. With his brother Tom and two other local boys, he formed the "Scrap Iron Quartet." They sang their way to Penn State College where Fred and his pals organized the Pennsylvanians. After graduation, the band's fame spread until Old Gold lured it to the airwaves





—Wide World

The moment crowded with history: the inauguration of President Franklin Delano Roosevelt

# The Greatest Thrills of Radio

What Was the Greatest Wallop You Ever Got Out of Your Loud Speaker? Was It the Inaugural Address of President Roosevelt?

By Edward R. Sammis

**W**HAT is the biggest wallop you ever got out of your loud speaker?

What particular broadcast do you recall which left you weak and woozy with little chills chasing each other up and down your spine?

A first hand description of a national catastrophe? The turning tides of a great political convention? The welcoming of a world famous flyer after a daring feat in conquering the sky? A neck-and-neck horse race? A knock-down prize fight?

In these late hectic years with skilled eye-witness reporters and short transmitters to take Mr. and Mrs. John Public right to the scene of the most important national event of the moment while it is happening, thrill has followed thrill so fast it is hard to keep track of them all.

So in order to refresh your memory, we are going to

turn the microphone over to the boys who have been right on the scene of practically every major occurrence of recent years and let them tell you the inside story of what gave them the biggest kick of all.

Edwin C. Hill, famous feature commentator of the Columbia Broadcasting System and ace reporter, got the biggest thrill, not only of his radio experience, but of his long and varied career when he stood in front of the national capitol that raw, chill gray March day, the only reporter allowed on the Inaugural platform, and listened to President Roosevelt make his epochal address upon taking the oath of office.

**T**HAT was a great moment in American history," he says, "a moment to fire the blood and revive the spirit of every man and woman with an ounce of cour-





—Wide World

One of the gripping real life dramas of radio: when Convict X98, a negro lifer, described the Ohio State Penitentiary outbreak at Columbus, Ohio

age and a throb of love for country. As I looked out over the throng assembling in the plaza, I thought that in all my life I had never seen a crowd more hauntingly hopeful, more desperately expectant. Those were dark times. They looked to this man for leadership. He had to say something!

"The tenseness was vastly increased by the considerable delay, caused by the congestion of people, of the President-elect in reaching the platform.

"All at once there was a vast stir in the crowd which swelled back from the front of the capitol—acres and acres of people, all on their feet, heads bared, a hundred and fifty thousand pairs of eyes concentrated on the entrance to the stand. And then Mr. Roosevelt appeared, making his way slowly, on the arm of his eldest son James. He, was extremely pale as he crossed the stand. But it was the paleness of resolution. And over that white face, broke a marvelous smile as he grasped the hand of the Chief Justice and the Marine Band finished the last bars of 'Hail to the Chief.'

"The Chief Justice

ident, spellbound, hypnotized by something too great for comprehension. Something had happened to the American people in that dark hour, had given them new confidence, new fortitude to face their problems. They had found a man willing to lead. No one who witnessed that scene could ever forget it."

To Herbert Glover, technical director of the Columbia Broadcasting System, the most significantly dramatic moment in all radio was the time when McAdoo stood up at the 1932 Democratic convention in Chicago, Illinois.

It was stirring enough at the time, but in view of the subsequent events that hinged upon it, we can now see it as one of those moments that make history. There is a story behind that story too—a story of you got the word that Roosevelt was certain to be nominated.

"Picture if you can," says Mr. Glover, "the scene in that convention hall—the glaring white lights—the fierce wilting heat—the perspiring shirt-sleeved delegates—the roaring mob in the gallery—the grim fierce struggle plotted



—Wide World

One of the sensational moments of radio: when Commander Wiley told, in his tired, slow voice, of the tragedy that swept the giant Akron into the sea



by the campaign generals and carried to the convention floor.

"Smiling Jim' Farley had marshalled a strong solid Roosevelt vote, but—his delegates were only pledged to hold through four ballots and they were determined not to allow another deadlock. If Roosevelt couldn't carry then, it was anybody's ball game.

"In that famous all night session three ballots were taken and still Roosevelt failed to win the necessary majority. The crisis was approaching. It was long after daylight when the Roosevelt forces finally obtained a motion to adjourn to get a breathing spell and tighten up for the final test.

"The fight was carried from the convention hall back to the hotels. That afternoon former Mayor of New York John F. Hylan came into my office and used my phone to put in a call to William Randolph Hearst at his San Simeon ranch in California.

"I knew right then that the deal to deliver California and Texas in return for the vice presidency for Garner was in the works. But I could not take advantage of my friendship with Hylan to send that knowledge out over the air.

"I did tell my announcers, however, that as soon as they saw McAdoo stand up they were at liberty to declare the nomination of Roosevelt as assured.

"The delegates filed back into the hall at eight o'clock. Roll call began. Senator Walsh, the chairman came to California. The tall, lean, white-coated figure arose and started toward the platform.

ON THE way he paused long enough to cast an enigmatic smile of bitter triumph at his old enemy, Ex-Governor Alfred E. Smith, whose political doom he was about to seal. We all knew what he was going to say.

"In a ringing voice he launched into his long speech throwing California to Roosevelt. It was all over but the shouting then. But the real climax had come when McAdoo stood up. What a kick that was!"

For sustained, heart-tearing drama from the standpoint of the man on the job, the coverage of the Lindbergh kidnapping stands out in Mr. Glover's mind.

"I wonder if the public fully realized the grim painfulness of the scene that was enacted there. It is hard to get the complete picture without an understanding of the background—the mournful bleak loneliness of those raw bare Sourland Hills under the gray March skies.

"It was one of the hardest assignments radio ever had to cover. We got there in the cold dawn of the morning after the kidnapping. All telephone lines out of Hopewell had been commandeered by the police. The nearest we could get was Trenton where we set up our short wave apparatus.

"Then we set out with a rolling broadcasting station toward Hopewell. We ran out of wire. We pulled wire off of fences and used that. The army made us a present of two spools which saved the day. We finally got up to within two miles of the Lindbergh estate.

"For days we worked without sleep, without food. Our men came down with the flu. As fast as they crumpled we sent them off to New York hospitals by plane and replaced them with fresh hands.

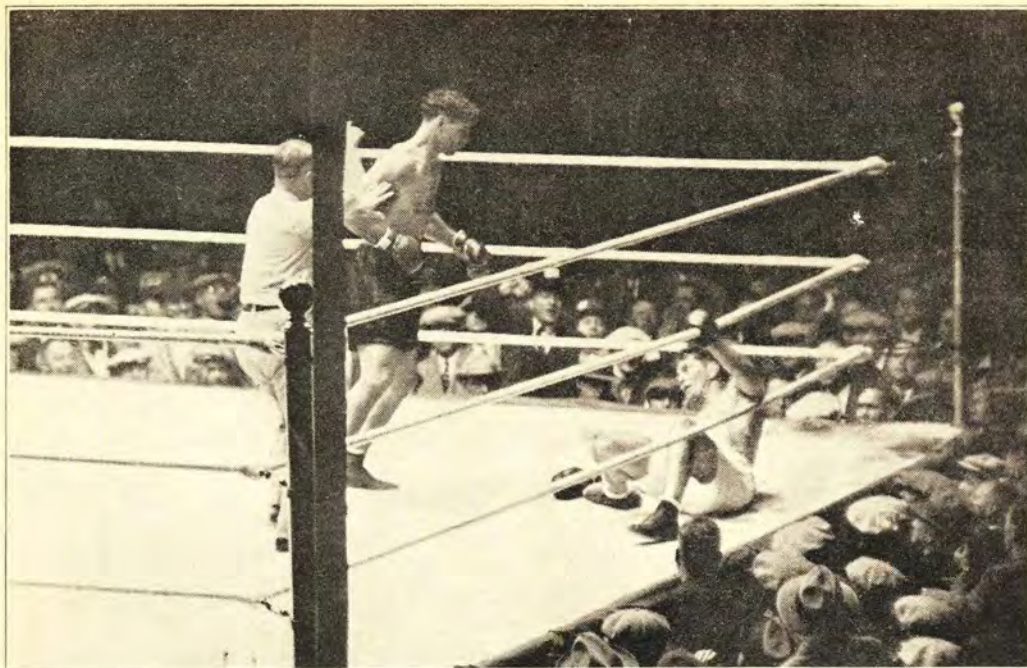
THEN came the most heart breaking experience I have ever known. It was on that rainy, chill March night, when with the co-operation of the Lindbergh's we broadcast the baby's diet, the cod-liver oil and the orange juice—the word that the baby had a



—Wide World

It has been Lindbergh's great, as well as tragic, destiny to have provided some of the unforgettable, as well as touching, moments of radio. There was his flight to France and his glorious return—and the search for his stolen child. These events ran the gamut of human emotion





—Wide World

Probably the greatest moment in all sport broadcasting: the knockdown of Tunney by Dempsey, in the famous Chicago championship fight. There was hysteria in that second

cold and the precautions to be taken against pneumonia. The announcers could hardly speak."

The most gripping real life drama that the radio audience has ever been privileged to listen in on, in the opinion of Columbia officials, was put on the air by sheer, lucky chance, aided by a dash of quiet heroism. We will let Herbert Akeberg, now director of station relations at Columbia, then an engineer, tell us about it.

"I was working late at the studio in the fall of 1931 when the flash came that there was a major fire and prison outbreak in the penitentiary at Columbus. I got the station manager at WAIU on the phone and he soon convinced me that he had something big enough to put on the network.

"I had been at WAIU myself, so I knew the setup. I recalled that the station had a line out of the prison chapel over which they used to broadcast a weekly program by the prison band. I told the manager to get someone out there right away.

"He sent Bill Orr of *The Ohio State Journal* who was doing some work for the station. Bill got through the police lines on the pretext that he was going after the broadcasting equipment and plunged into the prison proper which was then on fire.

—Wide World

This year the Kentucky Derby offered its greatest thrill, when the two horses crossed the line almost together, with rival jockeys snatching at each other



"Bill went on the air from the prison chapel. We had him on the national hookup. But he soon found he was running out of material, repeating himself.

"So he grabbed a trusty who had been sort of a fill-in announcer at the prison broadcasts. We will call him Convict No. X93. He was a negro lifer.

"**T**HEN they set the microphone up in the prison yard. And while the sound of crackling flames, the echo of rifle shots and the screams of enraged and terrified prisoners went out over the air and the whole nation listened in, Convict X93 stood calmly by and gave a graphic detailed description of the whole fearful occurrence, even to the identification of

his dead comrades who were being stretched out beside him in the prison yard. But after all we are only lucky enough to get something like that on the air once in a lifetime."

Graham McNamee, announcer for the National Broadcasting Company and one of the pioneer voices of the air has had a long and varied career so packed with thrills that he can hardly remember them all. But there is one he will never forget to his dying day.

That was when young [Continued on page 91]



# WOMAN *and* Her Problems

Ida Bailey Allen Brings Her Own Department to Help Solve your Questions in Making and Maintaining the Home

WHEN the Editor of RADIOLAND invited me to become a regular contributor to this magazine, which will go into the homes throughout the land, where my voice is heard, I suggested the general title of "Woman and Her Problems." Her varied problems in changing conditions of our national life were never more vital, never more pressing and certainly never more difficult of solution than in these transitional times of fighting our way out of the depression.

Tens of thousands of letters that I have received in the past twelve months establish that there is a new note of serious endeavor among our women. The home has again become an institution and the rallying point for the kind of effort that obtained when our country was in the making. The art of home-making once more has won its proper recognition.

And so in this and ensuing issues I shall endeavor to interpret for you the trends of thoughts in this field. We shall discuss the latest ideas in the simple entertainment that is in the order of the day. The answers to the problems of present day etiquette, of formal and informal events and of table decoration, as well as home furnishing, will be given. Contemporary news of the day when of interest to women generally, will be considered on these pages. And of course cooking and menus will not be neglected. You shall have the benefit of my own research as well as the results of the studies made by my staff of home technicians. And added to this, I shall include the experiences as set forth in the letters from readers of RADIOLAND and the thousands of radio listeners who write to me each month.

*Ida Bailey Allen*



IDA BAILEY ALLEN

IN THE field of home-making and the problems of women, Mrs. Ida Bailey Allen, who will be a regular contributor to RADIOLAND, has long maintained a supremacy. In this and succeeding articles appearing under the heading "Woman and Her Problems," she will discuss subjects of interest to women readers, embodying the results of many years of active study and experimentation in this ever fascinating but constantly changing field.

For the past two consecutive years, Mrs. Allen has won first place as the foremost broadcaster to women in the national poll of radio editors conducted by *The New York World-Telegram*.

Her mail from the radio audience totals more than two million, representing a cross section of feminine North America in every part of the United States, Canada and Alaska. She has been engaged by the foremost sponsors seeking to [Continued on page 90]



# Outdoor Entertaining

Breakfast, Luncheon, Tea and Supper on the Terrace or Lawn is Cool and Refreshing in Summer

**C**OOL-LOOKING green vines and blossoms of lavender or scarlet patterned against the blue sky form a perfect setting for outdoor meals, one in which even the simplest table appointments become charming. A gaily painted table may be quite bare, except for raffia mats in some harmonizing or contrasting colour; the plainest silver, the most ornate crockery may be used; yet in natural surroundings they will seem royally perfect.

Simplicity should be the aim of all outdoor appointments. If you go in for linen, there are delightful old hand-blocked Bavarian designs in deep

red and blue, with quaint figures in white; there are red and white checked gingham cloths that are fitting in any rough and ready setting; and for daintier service there are organdy sets with hand-run hems, or table squares in two shades of theatrical gauze, through which the colours of a painted table shimmer attractively. One can use napkins of the same material, or paper napkins of a good quality; it is quite correct to use them, and it is much more convenient.

On Mrs. Allen's penthouse terrace, Tom Howard keeps cool and happily entertains Ted Bergman and the Three X Sisters. Frosted coffee and World's Fair Sandwiches combined with outdoor breezes make tea enjoyable and cooling during the heat

The kind of outdoor entertaining you do, and the sort of food you serve, depend absolutely [Continued on page 72]





# Cold Entrees

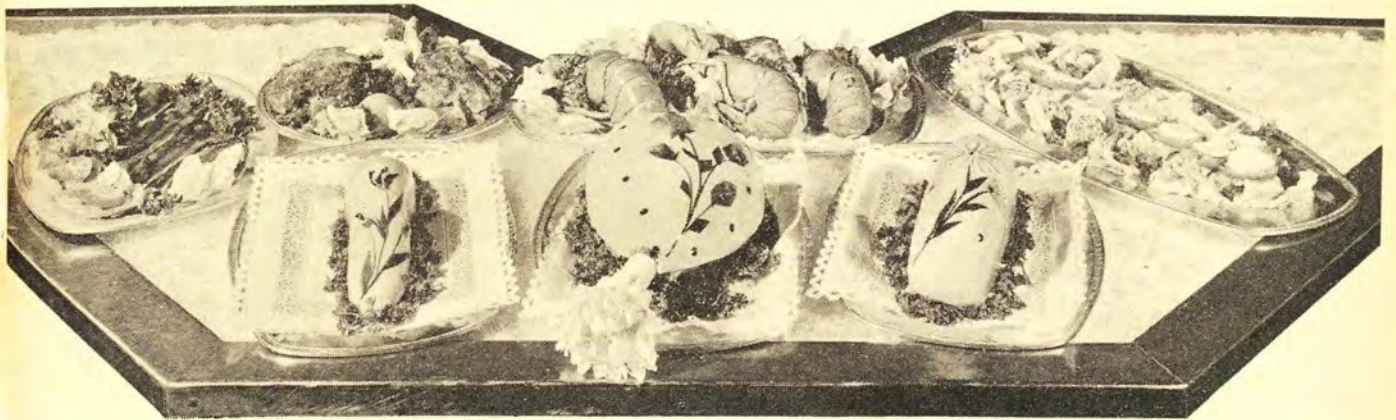
Hot Days Present the Problem of Appropriate Meals which are Appetizing as well as being cool

THE platitudes which have become a part of our speech are true throughout our lives; but some of them are especially true in youth, some in age. "The hand is quicker than the eye," I believe, has never been applied to food; but it is true in youth. Age, on the other hand, indicates the truth of another old food proverb: "The eye does half the eating." This last one is especially applicable to hot weather dishes, because in Summer, foods should be light and tempting enough to attract the eye itself.

Summer meals, therefore, must stimulate the appetite

through the use of interesting colour combinations, gay, light, amusing; Summer fruits and vegetables, cooling jellies and tid-bits must combine to make the array of hot weather foods really intriguing.

There is no doubt that of all the hot weather dishes cold entrées are among the most attractive. In this country we usually serve entrées as major foods or main dishes, for we prefer lighter meals than those served on the continent; but in France the entrée is brought in at the beginning of a luncheon or dinner to give zest to the appetite; and in England, [Continued on page 70]



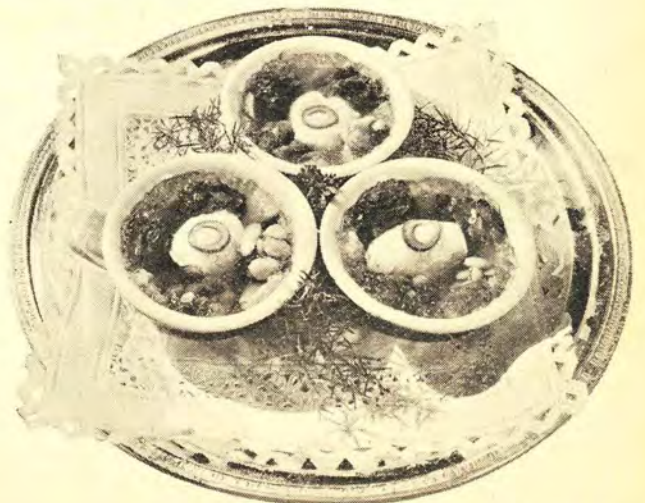
—Courtesy Roosevelt Hotel

A cold buffet showing several dishes delicious for hot Summer weather



—Courtesy Roosevelt Hotel

Chicken supreme with asparagus salad is tasty



—Courtesy Roosevelt Hotel

Poached eggs jardiniere in aspic for warm days



# Efficiency in the Kitchen

## One of the Most Difficult Kitchen Tasks is Dishwashing, but This May Be Remedied

A MAN who was almost a total stranger dropped into my office the other day. "I don't see why there aren't more divorces," he began belligerently. At first I feared he was a reformer, but as he continued talking I could see that the matter was more personal.

"Dish washing is enough to wreck any marriage," he

continued. By that time I was sure he was one of the new group of masculine homemakers, who do the housework while the woman has a job. Again, however, I was mistaken; for finally I discovered that he had a perfectly good income, but that his wife was away on a visit and he had been keeping bachelor quarters himself.

"Isn't there something that can be done about them?" he concluded. "Not only my dishes, but everybody's. Must it be so difficult to take care of them?"

"I don't see why more attention hasn't been paid to the subject. Dishes, in the first place, must be clean, and that takes time. And in the second place, the average woman spends at least two hours daily over the dishpan, and that's not only drudgery, but waste."

I agreed with him; but I did not realize the appalling amount of waste there was until he took a little card with figures on it out of his pocket.

"Assuming that there are 25,000,000 housewives in the country," he continued, "and that they spend two hours a day washing dishes, that's 50,000,000 hours, which is 6,250,000 eight-hour working days spent every twenty-four hours washing the country's dishes."

I agreed that something  
[Continued on page 69]



—Courtesy of Silver Dust

How often we hear that the only household task a woman really dislikes is washing dishes. This need not be disagreeable. There are innumerable ways in which dishwashing may be made speedy and pleasant



# Radio and the Home

The Problem which is facing Family Life at Present Must be Solved by Individual Tastes

**I**T USED to be the piano . . . one might even say harmonium (if he looked far enough back through the inverted telescope of memory) . . . about which the cluster of family and friends buzzed of an evening. The old upright at which Bobbie squirmed through hours of practice to the beat of the metronome, this keyboard down which the cat improvised its way, this studiously polished, maltreated, half-tone off key institution, this was the focal point of the family during hours of recreation. Circled round on a weltering summer Sunday would be that tense horseshoe of guests or relatives concentrating a polite, if dinner-



—Courtesy RCA-Victor

The radio is the instrument around which the family circle revolves. It has become a vital part of the home. Above, even small children are interested in Mr. Loudspeaker



—Wide World

drowsy, attention on the same Bobbie's enforced rendition of "The Cricket and the Bumble Bee," followed by the brilliant tinkle of Mary scrambling through "The Rustle of Spring."

On the music rack, besides some odd popular pieces and a few elementary classics, would be the volume of "One Hundred and One Familiar Songs," full of melodies capable of tugging the elders' heartstrings. Often these older folk would join the young people in their Sunday evening groups and lend their voices to the mixed chorus at the piano. Among the young

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# The Radio Parade

[Continued from page 8]

JACK DENNY and his Waldorf-Astoria orchestra. NBC, Mondays at 11:30 p. m.; Thursdays at 11:00 p. m.; WOR, Fridays at 11:30 p. m.; NBC Saturdays at 8:00 p. m.

SATURDAY NIGHT DANCING PARTY. B. A. Rolfe and his Terraplane orchestra. NBC, Saturdays at 10:00 p. m.

GUY LOMBARDO and his Royal Canadians. Columbia, Sundays at 11:00 p. m. and Thursdays at 11:30 p. m.

ISHAM JONES and his orchestra. Columbia, Sundays at 12:00 midnight; Tuesdays at 11:30 p. m.; Thursdays at 6:45 p. m.; Fridays at 11:30 p. m.; Saturdays at 10:15 p. m.

FREDDIE MARTIN and his orchestra. Columbia, Mondays at 6:15 p. m.; Thursdays at 12:30 a. m.; Fridays at 12:00 midnight.

LEON BELASCO and his orchestra. Columbia, Mondays at 12:00 midnight; Tuesdays at 6:45 p. m.; Saturdays at 12:30 a. m. and 8:15 p. m.

DON BESTOR and his orchestra. Columbia, Tuesdays at 12:30 a. m. and 6:15 p. m.; Thursdays at 6:00 p. m.; Saturdays at 12:00 Midnight.

OZZIE NELSON and his orchestra. Columbia, Wednesdays at 12:30 a. m.; Fridays at 12:30 a. m.

FREDDIE RICH and his Columbians. Columbia, Thursdays at 8:00 p. m.; Fridays at 10:45 p. m.

## Band Music:

GOLDMAN BAND—Concerts from the New York University campus with Edwin Franko Goldman conducting. NBC, Sundays at 9:30 p. m.; Tuesdays at 9:00 p. m.

U. S. NAVY BAND—Conducted by Lieut. Charles Benter. NBC, Mondays at 11:00 a. m. and Thursdays at 11:30 a. m. Columbia, Mondays at 8:30 p. m. and Wednesdays at 8:30 p. m.

U. S. ARMY BAND—Capt. William J. Stannard, bandmaster. Columbia, Thursdays at 4:00 p. m. NBC, Thursdays at 11:30 p. m.

U. S. MARINE BAND—Conducted by Capt. Taylor Branson. Columbia, Tuesdays at 12:00 noon. NBC, Fridays at 11:00 a. m.

## More Serious Music:

RADIO CITY CONCERT—With that master showman, Roxy, acting as m. c. The Radio City symphony orchestra presents classical selections with Enro Rapee conducting; soloists and a large chorus. NBC, Sundays at 12:15 p. m.

NATIONAL OPERA CONCERT—Operatic numbers sung by soloists and symphonic music played by orchestra conducted by Wilfred Pelletier. NBC, Sundays at 3:00 p. m.

CITY SERVICE CONCERT—Jessica Dragonette, soprano, one of radio's outstanding singers, stars in this program. Cavaliers Quartet and concert music by orchestra under direction of Rosario Bourdon. NBC, Fridays at 8:00 p. m.

SALT LAKE TABERNACLE CHOIR—Sacred music sung by famous choir; organ selections. Columbia, Sundays at 11:45 p. m.

PHILADELPHIA SUMMER CONCERTS—Classic and semi-classical music from Robin Hood dell in Fairmount Park, Pa. Columbia, Sundays at 8:30 p. m. and Saturdays at 8:30 p. m.

COLUMBIA SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Serious music presented by symphony orchestra under the capable direction of Howard Barlow. Columbia, Sundays at 3:00 p. m.; Wednesdays at 10:45 p. m.; Thursdays at 10:45 p. m.

LIGHT OPERA GEMS—This program offers what its title implies—selections from the best of light opera. Orchestra conducted by Channon Collinge. Columbia, Tuesdays at 10:45 p. m.

## Comedy Sketches:

AMOS 'N' ANDY—The daddy of all the comedy skits. These hardy perennials have been on the Pepsodent program for more than five years. Charles Correll as Andy and Freeman Gosden as Amos. NBC, every evening except Saturdays and Sundays at 7:00 p. m.

CLARA, LOU 'N' EM—Three girls get together and gossip. Louise Starky, Isabelle Carothers and Helen King. NBC, every morning except Saturdays and Sundays at 10:15 a. m.

THE GOLDBERGS—Gertrude Berg, James Waters and others in a comedy serial written by Mrs. Berg depicting the daily lives of a family from New York's Ghetto. NBC, every evening except Saturdays and Sundays at 7:45 p. m.

SISTERS OF THE SKILLET—Eddie East and Ralph Dumke in songs and nonsensical patter. NBC, every day except Saturdays and Sundays at 2:45 p. m.

POTASH AND PERLMUTTER—Montague Glass' characters come to life before the mike. Joseph Greenwald and Lou Welch are the comical cloak and suiters. NBC, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 8:30 p. m.

## Dramatic Programs:

ENO CRIME CLUES—Original mystery thrillers with Edward Reese and Georgia Backus in leading rôles. NBC, Tuesdays and Wednesdays at 8:00 p. m.

RADIO GUILD—Production of famous dramas under the direction of Vernon Radcliffe. NBC, Mondays at 4:00 p. m.

SUNDAY AT SETH PARKER'S—Phillips Lord, the author of the sketch, has attended these Sunday night "gatherings" of Down East folk for nearly five years. NBC, Sundays at 10:45 p. m.

SOCONYLAND SKETCHES—Tabloid dramas that have long been a favorite with the radio audience. NBC, Mondays at 8:00 p. m.

JOHN HENRY, BLACK RIVER GIANT—Dramatizations of negro stories by Roark Bradford with Juano Hernandez and Rose McClendon in leading rôles. Columbia, Sundays at 10.15 p. m.

TRIPLE BAR X DAYS AND NIGHTS—Western



dramas portrayed by Carson Robinson and his Buckaroos. Columbia, Fridays at 8:30 p. m.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO—Forhans presents dramatic sketches based on Dumas' famous novel. WOR, Mondays at 7:30 p. m.

### Children's Programs:

CHILDREN'S HOUR—One of the oldest programs for youngsters on the air. Vocal, instrumental and dramatic selections for the kiddies with genial Milton Cross as m. c. NBC, Sundays at 9:00 a. m.

THE LADY NEXT DOOR—Madge Tucker for the last five years has watched the children grow up in these skits acted by child players. NBC, Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Thursdays at 4:45 p. m.; Saturdays at 5:00 p. m.

COLUMBIA JUNIOR BUGLE—Child actors have a lot of fun singing and playing before the mike. Columbia, Sundays at 8:00 a. m.

TARZAN OF THE APES—The familiar jungle story portrayed for the kiddies by Heinz Rice Flakes Co. WOR, Mondays at 5:45 p. m.

### Featured Stars:

PHIL COOK AND HIS INGRAM SHAVERS—Phil puts on an entire vaudeville show by himself. NBC, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 8:45 p. m.

KATE SMITH AND HER SWANEE MUSIC—La Palina presents the famous songstress who retains her position as one of the most popular stars in radio. Columbia, Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays at 8:30 p. m.

SINGIN' SAM, THE BARBASOL MAN—Harry Frankel, whose old-fashioned songs have made him a popular favorite. Columbia, Mondays at 8:00 p. m.

THE STREET SINGER—Arthur Tracy with songs and an accordion. Columbia, Mondays and Wednesdays at 9:15 p. m.

LITTLE JACK LITTLE—The "Whispering Baritone" accompanies himself on the piano. Columbia, Fridays at 11:15 p. m.

NINO MARTINI—The latest addition to the Metropolitan Opera cast in tenor solos. Columbia, Tuesdays at 9:30 and Fridays at 8:00 p. m.

### News Commentators:

LOWELL THOMAS—Sun Oil Co., presents this interpreter of the day's news. NBC, every day except Saturdays and Sundays, at 6:45 p. m.

FLOYD GIBBONS—The Headline Hunter covers the World's Fair for radio listeners. NBC, Sundays, Tuesdays and Thursdays at 8:45 p. m.

EDWIN C. HILL—The human side of the news uncovered by this veteran reporter. Columbia, Mondays at 10:30 p. m.; Wednesdays at 10:30 p. m.; Fridays at 10:45 p. m.

### Specialty Programs:

IDA BAILEY ALLEN—Tips to housewives on making the home a brighter place to live in. Columbia, Thursdays at 10:15 a. m.

TOWER HEALTH EXERCISES—Arthur Bagley has been putting his radio listeners through their daily dozen for years now. NBC, every day except Sundays at 6:45 a. m.

CHEERIO—A program of cheer and inspiration by a man who prefers to keep his identity secret. For years a fixture on NBC, every day except Sundays, at 9:30 a. m.

## Efficiency in the Kitchen

[Continued from page 66]

should be done about it. "Of course," I told him, "it would be ideal if there were no dish-washing to be done at all; some day, when paper dishes have become more artistic and practical, that will be the solution."

"The paper used at the present time is not strong enough to hold hot foods," I said, "and often there is a paper taste."

"But until the great day when they become perfected, it seems to me there are two solutions: mechanical dish-washing, or a better organized method of hand washing."

"Up to now electrical dishwashers have been comparatively little used, for two reasons: the price has been prohibitive for an average income, and the machine has been made to fit the requirements of a large family only. Now, generally speaking, they are made in three sizes: a household size, a tea-room size (which is suitable for good-sized houses), and large, commercial machines."

"There are two methods of operation: one makes use of a 'vacuum spray,' the other a propeller mechanism to create a stream of water. In the first machine, a vacuum is created to draw the water to the top, from which point it is sprayed over the dishes. With this kind of a washer, it

is necessary to have special sprays, upon which cups and glasses may be hung, each to a separate spray.

"In the second type of machine, a revolving propeller, usually located at the bottom of the machine, sends a rotating stream of water over the dishes, up to the top of the washer, cleaning the insides of glasses and cups, and washing the outsides in the downward flow. The rushing water passes first over the large plates, stacked on the bottom rack; then over the saucers and smaller plates, and last over the cups and glasses on the top rack.

"It takes about eight of ten minutes. This includes scraping the dishes first. All you do is put them in the machine, and add a large tablespoon of soap powder. Then, after the dishes are washed, you drain the tank (the better machines have a mechanism so they can be automatically drained, the less expensive ones have pans underneath to be emptied), and then refill it with very hot water to rinse the plates thoroughly; then you drain it again, and open the top of the washer. The cold air striking the hot dishes dries them quickly. It is advisable, though, to dry glassware and silver by hand."

"On the whole, then, a mechanical dish-

washer is efficient, and does eliminate unpleasantness?"

"Yes. But if the task is handled intelligently, you can still wash dishes quickly, and avert much unpleasantness."

"That's what I'm most interested in," my caller said. "Can you tell me how to do that?"

"CERTAINLY," I said. "The first thing you need is a pail of clean, hot water. The next requirement is a sufficient supply of dish mops or spongy dish cloths, and of linen toweling for glassware and silver. Then you need brushes of various kinds, like bottle brushes, stiff scouring brushes, sink brushes and so forth; then silver polish, scouring bricks, washing soda, soap powder, soap flakes—or a mild soap; paper napkins or some other soft paper; copper mesh pads; a soap shaker for soap scraps; a sink strainer and a rubber dish scraper."

"You're sure that'll be enough, Mrs. Allen?" he asked.

I laughed. "The point is this," I said. "If you neglect one, you're going to neglect them all. By the way, there's one thing I forgot—a wire dish drainer, for china. It saves time and eliminates the soiled, wet dish towels."



# Cold Entrees

[Continued from page 65]

where the appetite seldom slumbers, it becomes a side dish, served either with a joint or between courses.

In a recent conversation, M. Jules Rondepierre, the famous chef of the Hotel Roosevelt in New York City, told me that the simple cold entrées he serves, which are composed of meats, fish or eggs in combination with aspic jellies of various kinds, with vegetables vinaigrette or with delightful salads, are proving to be the most popular luncheon dishes for hot days.

If you will take a moment to glance at the Cold Buffet Table of the Hotel Roosevelt, pictured on these pages, the reason for this popularity will be evident. The foods look and are really cold. The garnishes are simple and all edible. The combinations appear as delicious as they taste. The arrangements are simple.

These last four sentences could be made postulates for preparing cold entrées. This is not a complicated process: in fact there is not one of the pictured dishes that cannot be made in the average home. One can obtain maximum delight with minimum effort by using such entrées as these: Baked squab chicken with tomato and lettuce salad; braised tongue with chaufroid sauce; boned stuffed capon; sliced sirloin of beef with tomatoes and chopped egg dressing; halved boiled lobsters with egg and lettuce salad; fillets of boiled salmon with mayonnaise and vegetables in aspic.

If you were to chat with M. Rondepierre as I did, you would discover that tastes in foods really vary little, that the old fashioned chicken and lobster salad so much enjoyed in 1900 are just as popular today; and that aspic jelly is the basis of most of these delicious cold entrées.

## Regarding Aspic Jelly

**I**N SPITE of the name, which is somewhat misleading, aspic jelly has nothing to do with Cleopatra. It is made of cleared meat stock, white or brown, highly seasoned and spiced, and reinforced with plain gelatine so it is stiff enough to cut into shapes which can be used as a garnish; and it is of the right consistency to use in jellifying poached eggs, meat, fish or vegetables.

When it is to be used as a garnish, aspic jelly is allowed to cool in shallow pans first rinsed with cold water; and when firm it is cut into cubes or fancy shapes with very small cutters. The fragments are often beaten with a fork and piled around the food being garnished.

White aspic is usually employed in the preparation of special foods to create a particularly brilliant clear appearance; brown aspic is quite as delicious, but the foods covered with it take on, of course, the brown colour. A third kind of aspic, which has followed the vogue of tomato juice, is tomato aspic; and a fourth variety, used only when a sweet-sour flavour is desirable, is lemon aspic. Both white and brown aspic may be made in the same way; but to be successful the aspic should be clear;

so the directions given in the recipe on this page must be religiously observed.

## Favorite Cold Entrées

**T**HERE are three cold entrées which are favorites of the Hotel Roosevelt clientèle: Spiced beef in aspic, poached eggs in aspic, and a dish called "Chicken Suprême." The first two call for aspic; and a close study of the pictures accompanying this article reveals that the foods are most attractively arranged with vegetables for a garnish, and are embedded in, or covered by, aspic. This is easily accomplished. First a little melted aspic is turned into the dish, to the depth of about a quarter of an inch. Then the dish is placed in the refrigerator until the aspic is partly firm, when the main food is put into place (like the cooled poached eggs, as used in the illustrations). A little more partly melted aspic is then put in by means of a spoon. If the serving utensil is shallow, the food can be covered by the aspic, after which it must be chilled sufficiently so the décoration can be put in place.

The décoration should always be simple, and can often be made up of odds and ends of foods already in the refrigerator. The same principle applies to the garnishing of entrées as to the assembling of accessories to a costume: simplicity is the keynote. Therefore a little of anything goes a long way. A few cooked fresh lima beans or peas may be used to trace a border; a single carrot neatly sliced or cut in match-like strips, half a dozen asparagus tips, two or three stuffed olives, an onion, a tomato cut in sixths or a slice or so of lemon—any of these, judiciously used, will make the most mundane foods look important.

It is no trick to put the top décoration in place, but if the fingers seem a bit clumsy get a pair of tweezers and keep them for the purpose. In shaping vegetables, leaves and other foods use a pair of scissors, or buy some of the new little vegetable cutters that have recently appeared, several for a dime.

These simple cold entrées are served individually in the serving dishes in which they are prepared; but of course they may be arranged for family service in a larger utensil, like a shallow glass or earthenware casserole, or a low Spanish or Brittany bowl.

## Chaufroids

**E**NTREES, like the Ham a la Roosevelt, the tongue, and the Chicken Suprême in the illustrations, are often covered with a chaufroid sauce, which makes them more important in appearance than when they are served plain. The sauce, just as its name implies, is literally a sauce that is first hot, then cold. It is used only to coat cold meat and fish dishes, which are then classified as chaufroids. To be properly coated, the food must be perfectly shaped and covered smoothly with the chaufroid sauce,

which is reinforced with gelatine to make it stiff enough to hold the décoration in place and to give an attractive sheen.

There are two kinds of chaufroid sauce: One is light yellow in colour and is made with white stock; the second is a terracotta shade made by using equal parts of brown stock and tomato juice. Here are the general directions: Bring a pint of the desired stock, well cleared, to boiling point and stir in a tablespoon of granulated gelatine softened in cold stock to barely cover. Stir until the gelatine is dissolved, and pour into the slightly beaten yolks of three eggs just as the sauce is taken from the heat. Place the utensil over hot water and return to the heat for three minutes, stirring constantly until the sauce is thick like soft custard. Then chill. When the sauce is stiff enough to spread, it is applied smoothly to the food to be coated, which should be very cold. The food is then returned to the refrigerator until the chaufroid sauce is almost stiff, when the décoration is put in place. It is then chilled again and finally coated with a little plain melted white aspic.

The simplest foods may be used as the basis of chaufroids: Jellied veal loaf; jellied spiced beef; cold lamb loaf; salmon or tuna loaf; plain boiled tongue; or boiled ham like that in the illustration. The decorations may be very simple. The chef fashioned the rose decorating the Ham a la Roosevelt out of tomato skins and the stems and leaves of leeks; the daisy on the boned stuffed capon was made from sliced lobster claws; the nameless flower on the tongue, from hard-cooked egg whites and truffles.

Sliced radishes, rings from stuffed olives, fancy shapes from green peppers and carrots, and fans made from sliced pickles are just a few of the decorations any woman can use who wishes to doll up everyday foods into cold entrées.

## A Group of Cold Entrees

### White Or Brown Aspic

- 3½ cups white or brown stock
- 2 tablespoons minced carrot
- 2 tablespoons minced onion
- ¼ cup minced celery
- 1 sprig parsley
- 2 cloves
- ½ teaspoon whole peppers
- ½ bay leaf
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 1½ tablespoons gelatine
- White of 2 eggs
- ¼ cup lemon juice

Cook together for twenty minutes three cups of stock, the vegetables, bay leaf, cloves, whole peppers, and salt. Meanwhile, soften the gelatine in the additional half cup of stock. Strain the vegetables from the stock, return to the saucepan, add the softened gelatine, the whites of the eggs slightly beaten, and the lemon juice. Beat with a whisk until boiling-point is reached,

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# To Tan or Not to Tan

*Summer Sun Holds no Fear for Blonde or Brunette  
if she Follows Wynne McKay's Suggestions*

By Wynne McKay

THE vital Summer questions of what the sun will do to one's complexion has lost its terror for those who know. Nowadays it is what you *allow* the sun to do to your skin. With a little common sense and the use of special cosmetic preparations, you can tan in a light, medium or dark shade, or keep your complexion looking as it does in January. Or you can wear sun-tan make-up and appear one day looking like

a gypsy and the next like an alabaster statue. There are some girls who brown naturally and gradually. But there are others who, no matter how long they bathe in the sun, never succeed in acquiring anything but sunburn and freckles. Usually, although not in every case, the girl who tans easily has a dark complexion, or at least one that is medium in coloring, hardy in texture and a bit oily. The girl who freckles and burns is she whose

skin is fair, sensitive and dry.

My advice to you who *can* tan is to do it promptly. No matter how "tough" your skin is, however, you will not tan becomingly unless proper precautions are taken. You *must* use a good sun-tan oil *every time* you expose your skin.

Here are some timely pointers for you who want to tan nicely: Be sure to turn your torso and limbs around in the sun frequently in order to prevent more tan in some spots than in others. And *do* wear dark glasses

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Have you a personal problem to be held in strictest confidence? Wynne McKay will gladly give you free counsel if you will address her at **RADIODLAND**, 52 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York City. Enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope. (U. S. postage only.)

Gertrude Niesen applies sunproof powder to protect her skin from the sun.

Right, Helena Rubinstein's new Summer Beauty Kit is fitted to assist an even tan or protect from the burning sun





# Outdoor Entertaining

[Continued from page 64]

on the setting. For instance, tea in the Summer house of a formal garden is most appropriate, and so is beer under an apple tree; but beer in formal gardens, and tea under apple trees, are anachronisms. It is rather curious that in a supposedly democratic country we should have gone to the trouble of allotting caste to foods; yet we have done so. It would be the easiest thing in the world to make a list, an Almanach de gotha of foods, and there would be almost no disagreement about it: Crepes Suzette is an aristocrat, like tea; lamb stew is bourgeois; corned beef and cabbage is plebeian. These distinctions hold, of course, within the limits of the food world itself, with the premise always held in mind that all foods, properly prepared, are of the true royal line.

## Breakfast Outside

**B**REAKFAST is such an intimate meal that it deserves an intimate setting, perhaps in a nook on the piazza, or a little table in the pergola or grape arbour; and it can easily be served from the trusty tea-cart, repainted to match the breakfast set. You are fortunate if you have one of the latest models, however; these are in wicker, with a broad base, strong rubber wheels and two shelves, each fitted with removable copper trays.

The menu for an outdoor breakfast depends on the hour, the temperature and the distance from the house. On a broiling hot day, after a quick dip in the ocean about eight in the morning, the family or your guests would appreciate this:

Red Raspberries  
Crisp flakes with top cream  
Eggs au gratin      Hot Corn Sticks  
Coffee

This meal, besides being delicious, has the added virtue of being easily served, when the eggs are cooked in a shallow casserole, the corn sticks are red hot, wrapped in a napkin and carried out in a covered dish, and when the coffee is poured into a hot-cold jug. The problem of keeping outdoor foods hot has been solved by one hostess I know in this way: She purchased one of those food containers with a space beneath for a charcoal fire, like the ones carried by waiters in restaurants for hot breads.

If a large group is to be served at breakfast later on, the menu loses its early morning characteristics and becomes more like a luncheon. The easiest way to serve such a meal is buffet style, with each guest collecting his silver, china and food on a tray, carrying them to a near-by table, where he makes one of a small group with his friends. For warm July days I suggest such a menu as this, which is popular with my own Friday to Monday guests:

Iced Cantaloupe  
Eggs Benedict, or  
Little Pots of Boston Baked Beans  
Pecan Coffee Cake  
Coffee

## About Luncheons

**I**N EVERY well regulated home today luncheon, indoors or out, is a light meal, served usually between one and two. A friend of mine has become quite famous this season for her Basket Luncheon Parties, which are an adaption of the box charity parties of the Nineties, when luncheon for two was packed in one box, and auctioned off to the highest bidder. Of course, there are no bidders for my friend's luncheons—not that they aren't delicious—but I mean that the guests draw lots for them. After they get their luncheons, each packed for two, they wander through the spacious grounds, find some nook, and enjoy eating tete-a-tete. The food is arranged in wicker baskets lined with paper napkins, and in the basket as well are the necessary silver, paper cups with handles, saucers, and a hot-cold bottle for the drinks, hot or cold according to the weather.

A salad, interesting sandwiches and a fruit dessert is the pattern for her menus. This season her most popular luncheon included these dishes:

Tomatoes Stuffed With Crab Meat  
Ravigote  
Chopped Egg and Pepper Paste  
Sandwiches  
Little Deep Dish Raspberry Pies  
Iced Coffee

## Summer Teas

**A**S FOR tea in Summer, it must be both hot and cold: hot for the guests who believe hot drinks are cooling; cold for the ones who feel cool only when a cold drink is served. The easiest way out is to make hot tea into a strong essence, and dilute it with boiling water from a swinging kettle to serve to those who like it hot, and pour it into glasses half filled with ice cubes for those who like it cold. Sliced lemon, mint and sugar are the only correct tea accompaniments.

Perhaps your guests will prefer coffee. If they do, serve it strong and very hot, and pour it into glasses half filled with ice. Provide both plain and whipped cream; or use a little plain cream and a spoonful of ice cream.

If the group gathering around your Summer tea table is of all ages, you should always serve tea or coffee; for there are sure to be some of the older people who want one or the other. Often a second drink is provided: orangeade with mint and maraschino cherries, claret cup, or pineapple ade.

Always the accompanying foods should be simple: thin open sandwiches (nearly everyone is reducing, and has to watch out for too much bread), caramel icebox cookies and little Swedish sponge cakes, for instance. These are delicious and so light that they will not interfere with the enjoyment of dinner.

## Dancing On The Lawn

**I**F THERE are young people in your household they will enjoy a lawn party just as much as you did twenty years ago; and such parties are really simple to manage. You will not need many decorations. Japanese lanterns, fitted with electric lights, lend the right atmosphere. Comfortable seats on the porch with plenty of pillows are inviting to indolent guests; and others will appreciate tables for informal games or bridge. For the dancing, a large canvas stretched tightly over the ground by means of pegs makes a good floor; or a cement tennis court, the driveway to the garage or a wide verandah may be used. Whatever it is, the floor can be made slippery by sprinkling fine cornmeal on it. If some of the young people themselves do not want to furnish the music, a good phonograph is fine; and I understand they have recorded some of the old fashioned square dances, and even the Paul Jones. A Paul Jones is great fun. You probably remember how it starts: the boys go to one end of the dance floor, the girls to the other; at the sound of a whistle the two groups rush toward each other, and the boys choose a partner in the dark; when the whistle blows, they change partners again.

## New Recipes For Summer

### World's Fair Sandwiches

1 cup minced crisp cooked bacon  
1 tablespoon double-whipped mayonnaise

Thin slices white or rye bread  
Sliced rounds of pickle

Cut the bread thin and remove the crusts if desired. Cook the bacon crisp. Mince; and mix hot or cold with the mayonnaise. Spread on the bread, and garnish with the pickle.

### Walnut Ice Cream Cake

2 square layers sponge cake  
1 quart walnut ice cream  
Caramel sauce

Cut the cake layers to fit the freezing tray of a mechanical refrigerator. Line the tray with waxed paper, then fit a layer into the tray. Top with the ice cream, packing down smooth, then with another layer of cake. Freeze for one hour. Unmould, slice, and serve with caramel sauce.

### Eggs Au Gratin

8 hard-cooked eggs  
3 tablespoons flour  
3 tablespoons butter  
2 cups milk  
1 teaspoon salt  
1/4 teaspoon pepper  
3/4 cup grated cheese  
1/2 cup buttered crumbs

Make a sauce by melting the butter, adding the flour, milk and seasonings, and, last, the cheese. Slice the eggs crosswise. Butter

[Continued on page 96]



# Radioland's Pattern Service

*Ruth Etting has permitted us to Copy one of her New Fall Dresses for the first of this Series*

**T**HAT first Fall street dress is one of the most difficult problems of the wardrobe. The fear of being too dressy or too tailored prevents one from feeling certain that the choice made is absolutely right.

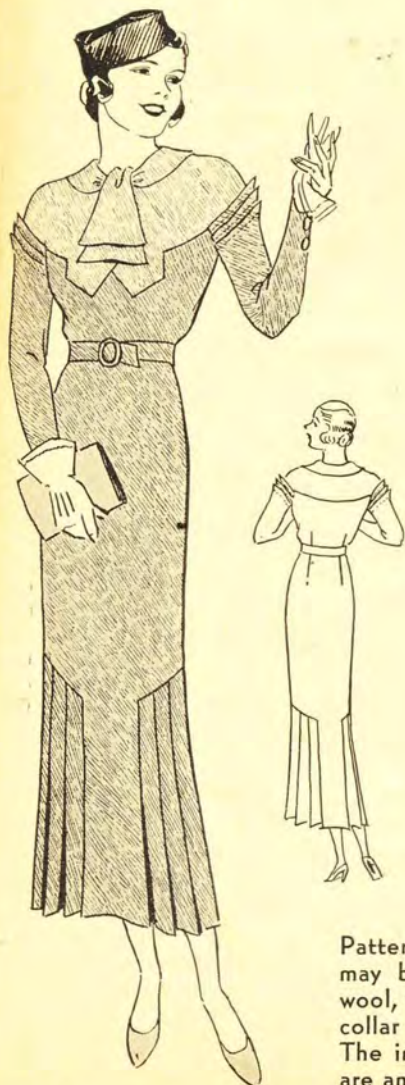
Right from all angles—appropriate, comfortable, and correct from the fashion viewpoint. Extremes are born at this season and they are something to be avoided. Wait until the style trend is definitely settled or your clothes budget will be ruined.

The dress that Ruth Etting has selected, and kindly allowed us to copy, is just right. The sleeves reflect the newest treatment, with inverted tucks just below drop shoulders. Another accepted mode for Fall and Winter, low placed skirt fullness, is embodied in this frock.

This pattern may be ordered in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, and 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, and 40. Size 16 requires 4 yards of 39 inch fabric if the frock is made in one color; with contrasting yoke and collar,  $3\frac{1}{8}$  yards of 39 inch fabric and 1 yard of contrasting material.



Ruth Etting's early Fall frock is perfect for street-wear. Made up in one of the new silks, simulating wool, this dress is both comfortable and stylish



**Pattern L310.** This dress may be made up in light wool, with the yolk and collar in a lighter tone. The inverted sleeve tucks are an important new note

**F**ILL out the coupon below and be one of the first to have this early Fall frock which is perfect in every detail. The yoke is fastened at center front with five perky buttons, and the seaming where the yoke joins the lower bodice is the height of chicness.

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

For the enclosed..... send me Ruth Etting's dress, No. L310. Size..... Summer Edition Pattern Book (check if wanted).....  
Name .....  
Street ..... State .....  
City .....  
Pattern 15c      Fashion Book 15c      Combination Price 25c



# Just Think! The big new Dodge "6" for only \$595\*

NO DODGE HAS EVER SOLD FOR LESS... DON'T WAIT  
... LET THE DODGE "SHOW-DOWN" PLAN CONVINC  
YOU... NOW... TODAY IS THE TIME TO SAVE MONEY!



Dodge has always been famous for ruggedness and dependability. This sand pit test (one of many) proves the big, fast, beautiful new Dodge "6" is as sturdy and rugged as ever.

**S**MART—but rugged! That's one of the reasons the big Dodge Six is hanging up new sales records every week. In motor-wise Detroit, where even the school-boys know the cars that are winners, and where talk about a new automobile spreads from door-to-door almost overnight, the sale of Dodge is 973.6% of the corresponding period last year!

### *Buy Now—Save Money!*

Remember, no Dodge has ever sold for less than \$595\*. Many people, aware of the trend in today's markets are asking, "How can this big, new Dodge "6" be priced so low?" Frankly, we say to you, better see this great car now... take advantage of today's almost incredibly low prices. This year of all years you want to be sure that the car you choose is the best the money can buy!

### *Actual Proof that Dodge Excels!*

That's why Dodge offers you the "Show-Down" Plan. It takes all the gambling out of car buying—lets you compare the new Dodge Six with competitors on a definite "Show-Down" basis. We couldn't afford to offer the "Show-Down" Plan to you

## *Big New*





The New Dodge Six Convertible Coupe—\$695 F. O. B. Factory, Detroit

if we didn't know the Dodge Six would win out! We'd just be selling some other manufacturer's car. With the "Show-Down" Plan you get actual *proof* of exactly where the big new Dodge Six excels. *You see with your own eyes many points of Dodge superiority.* You are your own judge and jury all the way.

And after all, isn't that the fair and square way to pick your next car—on merit alone? The Dodge "Show-Down" Plan enables you to do exactly that. Technical terms are put in simple, every-day language, so that no mechanical knowledge whatever is needed to understand all the features of this new Dodge Six!

### *You're Entitled to Know the Truth!*

You know there has been a lot of controversy among manufacturers—over various types of brakes, of frames, of bodies, and other points of a car's construction.

Dodge wants to put its cards on the table—wants you to *know* why its hydraulic brakes are so safe, so sure and so dependable. Wants you to *know* the facts about the Dodge

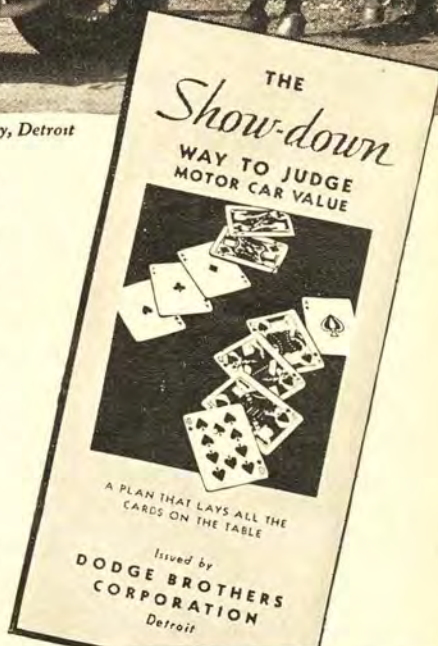
Mono-piece steel body. *Know* why the Dodge double-drop, X bridge-type frame is *ten times stronger than ordinary frame* construction. Wants you to get the inside story of Floating Power engine mountings—see for yourself that Floating Power gives the big new Dodge Six the smooth, vibrationless riding qualities rarely found in even high priced cars of more cylinders—yet retain the known economy of six!

### *Save Money with a Dodge!*

Dodge can show you 7 points of economy that mean direct savings—in actual cash—of from \$50 to \$150 on running expenses alone!

And remember that Dodge is a Six—more cylinders would naturally mean more expense. And Dodge carries no surplus weight. There's less weight per horsepower. That's important, because every extra pound means extra gas!

This great new Six is a product of Dodge precision methods, built by veteran Dodge craftsmen in the big, modern Dodge plant—a division of Chrysler Motors. Go to your Dodge dealer—now—and get the facts about this "Show-Down" Plan.



### GET THIS "SHOW-DOWN" SCORE CARD FREE

Ask the dealer for a copy of the Dodge "Show-Down" score card. It's free, and you're under no obligation. Take it home with you. With nothing but your own common sense to guide you, you'll get the whole story in plain black-and-white.



# DODGE "6" only \$595\*

AND UP  
F. O. B. FACTORY  
DETROIT

WITH PATENTED FLOATING POWER

115-INCH WHEELBASE



# The Romance and Loves of Rudy Vallee

[Continued from page 33]

not move languorously across the screen. He turned the handle of the wheezy machine. He, Hubert Vallée, moved and they obeyed his will. His energy, his force made it possible. This same energy and force made him completely bewildered when, years later, after a contract to play in the Paramount Theatres was offered, some of the members of his band doubted that they could stand up under the strain of two morning rehearsals, four and five shows a day and work at the night club where they were playing from eleven until three. I say Rudy was bewildered. He could not imagine their not jumping at the chance to be so completely busy and important.

So, as a boy, he realized—subconsciously, of course—how necessary it was for him to unleash his energies and to fix himself as an entity. He turned, therefore, to music.

**H**E STUDIED the cornet for ten weeks, giving it up only when, during Summer vacation, he took a job in a saw-

mill so arduous that not even he had time to give to his music. And it was at the sawmill that an incident occurred that might have ruined his life.

One afternoon he was working on the "edger" when suddenly the saw teeth struck a knot in the board and threw the saw back. He jerked his hand away in the flash of a second. And in that second of time saved it from being torn half off. Had the saw taken his hand his life story would be an entirely different one, since at that time he had no idea he could sing.

From cornet he went to trumpet and then—when he was a senior in High School—discovered the saxophone and Rudy Wiedoeft.

Sitting alone in a phonograph shop he heard a Wiedoeft record and immediately sped home to write the great one and ask him a few technical questions. But no answer came. In the meantime he bought a sax with money from his small savings and took a few lessons.

But these lessons were not what he wanted. They left him unsatisfied when

he heard Wiedoeft who was—at that time—the greatest saxophonist in the world. And Rudy Vallée was just a little High School boy in a small Maine town writing letters to him.

Imagine then what must have been going on in Vallée's mind on a night just a few weeks ago when, during the Fleischmann radio hour, Vallée stood between Wiedoeft and Benny Kreuger and on Vallée's own program the three of them played a saxophone trio.

When his father realized that young Rudy was in earnest about playing the sax he was furious and called him a "cheap faker" and refused to allow him to practice in the house—for which you can't blame him, since Rudy practiced four and five hours a day and ran one scale in which he held each note for almost two minutes at a time.

Parental disapproval meant less than nothing to Rudy. The only thing that worried him was where to practice. He looked about for another place and dis-

[Continued on page 97]



Rudy Vallee and his Connecticut Yankees in 1929, when Rudy's crooning began to become front page news. Even the depression did not hurt that remarkable popularity



# You'll do it better on Dated Coffee



Coffee is a recognized stimulant. You get out of it new strength, gay spirits, keener zest. But be sure your coffee is never stale.

**T**HE people who *do* things often seem to be the greatest coffee drinkers. They play a stronger game in sports, have greater endurance for work.

But some folks whisper: Coffee makes us nervous, gives us indigestion.

So research workers carefully analyzed coffee. This is their answer to the whole problem.

Fresh coffee is perfectly safe to

drink and enjoy, up to 5 cups a day, if you are a normal, healthy grown-up. But *stale* coffee contains a rancid oil, nearly half a cup to a pound. And if you are drinking *stale* coffee regularly, you are very likely to get indigestion, "jumpy" nerves, other ills.

Because it is so important that your coffee should be fresh, Chase & Sanborn instituted *Dated* Coffee.

Chase & Sanborn rush their

*Dated* Coffee to your grocer and put the date of delivery on every pound.

No grocer is allowed to keep a can of it on his shelf more than 10 days. You're bound to get rich, full-flavored, delicious *fresh* coffee when you insist on Chase & Sanborn's.

Order *Dated* Coffee tomorrow. See how it puts new pep into everything you do.

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# How Radio Programs Are Built

[Continued from page 36]



Charles Dickson, the sound engineer, who sees to it that the Showboat hour moves smoothly

earlier days, between spells ashore extolling the qualities of Dr. Reichter's Renowned Blood Purifier in a medicine show, with Captain Adams on his one and only original *Cotton Blossom*.

But Cap'n Henry couldn't talk to himself very long without getting jittery. So out of the wings stalks Edmund "Tiny" Ruffner in order that Cap'n Henry may have someone to talk to. They call him that because he isn't tiny at all—get it?—He is the tallest announcer in radio, so tall that he has to bend into a human question mark to get down to a microphone and he has been on the air since the year-one, A. M. (after McNamee). Tiny's rôle is that of advance man, or press agent, for the show boat.

Next there comes before the conference the subject of Young Love, for what is a musical comedy without a love interest? Now the love interest requires (a) a personable youth who can and will sing tenor at the drop of a hat, who will spend his odd moments wooing (b) a comely young lady who will burst into a lyric soprano on similar provocation.

Why, you may ask, must they be personable and comely? But you must remember that there are pictures to be taken for newspapers and magazines and the public likes to have its idols live up to its conception of them.

**I**N LANNY ROSS, the crack collegiate quarter miler who crooned his way through Yale and Columbia to a Bachelor

of Laws degree, with an unspoiled boyish manner and a school girl complexion, they already had such a tenor. For Lanny's sweetheart they created the character of Mary Lou. They tried out two Mary Lou's before they hit on the present one, brunette Muriel Wilson, who is a graduate of both light and grand opera, although she is only twenty-four.

Oh yes, and the villain. People like to have some one to hate as well as someone to love. Hence we introduce (champing of teeth and stomping of boots) the vile Uriah Cadwallader, proprietor of the rival show boat who will try to lure Lanny away from Cap'n Henry. In spite of his deep-dyed villainy we are to have a sneaking admiration for Uriah as we find out he is one boy who can Take It.

Mary Lou, of course, must have a mother. Naturally a nice girl like that doesn't go roaming up and down the river unchaperoned. So, enter Maria (Mother Machree, please, professor), who is also Cap'n Henry's sister, making Mary Lou his niece.

There will be other characters from time to time. Lanny will have a passing fancy for Annette Hanshaw, the tiny blues singer with the big voice whose records are favored by the Prince of Wales. Conrad Thibault, that romantic fellow who just can't keep from singing *Deep River* will wander aboard an unsuspecting baritone and remain to complicate the plot by falling in love with Mary Lou.

Now the agency executives have the

characters and the framework of the story. Into it will be dropped like missing pieces of a jig-saw puzzle, crooners and comedians, whole choruses and orchestras, all the varied entertainers that might go to make up a showboat program.

The showboat naturally must have an itinerary. So they write to towns and hamlets along the river bank for items of historic and geographic interest, for information on colorful local characters so as to make the illusion as exact as possible.

The preliminaries are now arranged. The scene shifts to the office of William Bacher, writer of the script, or continuity. Out of the conglomeration of ideas evolved in conference, he must fashion the story thread on which to string the episodes. The chief strand in this thread is suspense to keep you waiting breathlessly from one week to the next.

Bacher was first a successful lawyer, then a successful dentist before the writing bug finally got him down. He is one writer who looks the part with a wild mop of curly hair and a frenzied creative gleam in his eye.

After ruining reams of perfectly good white paper he has turned out thirteen scripts (radio contracts are always let in multiples of thirteen weeks).

But after the program has run three weeks he will throw the rest of the scripts away, finding that the characters have gotten quite out of hand. Never again will he try to plan for them more than three or four weeks ahead.

The first note of suspense is that Lanny is about to leave the show boat to go ashore and study law. This will keep up until a wailing chorus of radio editors cries:

"We want Lanny to make up his mind!"

After that Lanny never mentions it and the suspense is switched to something else.

**T**HE scene changes again to the rehearsal room of the National Broadcasting Studio. The illusionary show boat is still far from complete, so a special "sound effects" man is called in. It is his job to fill in the details of the mental picture by bewitching the listener's ear with his bag of tricks. He has rigged up a paddle wheel in a tank, which when turned by hand sounds through the microphone just like the paddle wheel of a real steamboat. He has about him a complete collection of bells, gongs, and steamboat whistles. He will be able to imitate any noise—well, any noise but one.

You may remember when the foundling was hauled out of the river. There was no mechanism in his kit that could make a noise like a baby crying. He was baffled. He even considered hiring a real baby and sticking it with a pin. Then along came Sally Belle Cox who makes a living caterwauling like a baby at about fifty dollars a waul. From then on she was the foundling. Sometimes the baby would be for-

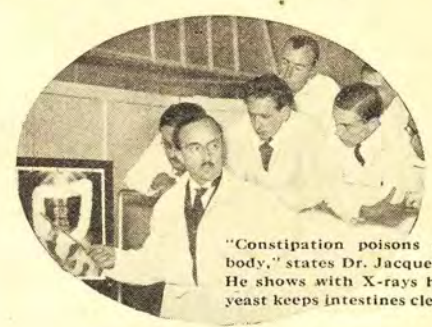
[Continued on page 80]



# We asked this Doctor—"What causes that constant tired feeling?"

**DR. JACQUELIN**

Dr. Charles Jacquelin is Chef de Service de Gastro-Enterologie à l'Hopital de Notre Dame de Bon-Secours, Paris, and the author of "Radiology of the Stomach and Duodenum."



"Constipation poisons the body," states Dr. Jacquelin. He shows with X-rays how yeast keeps intestines clean.

**"I**f wastes are held too long in the system, poisons form—filter into the blood . . . From morning to night you feel *tired*."

That is the prominent French gastroenterologist, Dr. Jacquelin, speaking . . . explaining the depressing effect of constipation on health!

"I have found," states Dr. Jacquelin, "that an ideal remedy in such cases is

. . . fresh yeast. Yeast softens the intestinal wastes, stimulates exhausted bowel muscles. Movements become regular. Intestines are freed of poisons. *Energy returns.*"

If you're weak or run-down—try this: Every day, for at least 60 days, eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's fresh Yeast.

Eat it plain, or dissolved in a third of a glass of water—before meals, or between meals and when you go to bed.

Soon, if you eat the yeast regularly, you should notice improved elimination. You should have a better appetite . . . better digestion. And if you keep it up you should begin to feel and *look* more vigorous in every way!

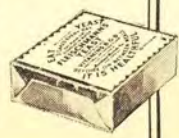
You can get Fleischmann's Yeast—rich in vitamins B, G and D—at grocers, restaurants and soda fountains. Won't you add it to your diet—today?



**"My doctor prescribed Yeast\* for me!"**

"I was trying to get over a nervous breakdown," writes Miss Dorothy Ann Pennington of Washington, D. C., "but wasn't making any headway. I had regular attacks of indigestion and headaches. My doctor prescribed Yeast . . . Soon my health started to pick up . . . My headaches disappeared. My food really did me good instead of turning to poison in my system."

**\*IMPORTANT!** Fleischmann's Yeast for health comes only in the foil-wrapped cake with the yellow label. It's yeast in its fresh, effective form—the kind doctors advise. Write for booklet, Dept. Y.K.5, Standard Brands Inc., 691 Washington St., N. Y. C.



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# How Radio Programs Are Built

[Continued from page 78]

gotten altogether for several programs and then listeners would write in, wanting to know if it had met with foul play.

Into the rehearsal room comes Don Voorhees and his orchestra. Voorhees is also the leader of the band on the Ed Wynn program. He is an ex-child prodigy who admits to playing the violin publicly at the age of six. But he now looks more like a successful broker.

It is up to him to work out the musical selections so that they will be in keeping with the program idea, to see that they are properly timed, and "cued" into the story at the right moments.

Here the conference takes place all over again, chopping, timing, building up, so that everything dovetails to the fraction of a second.

Now there is a pause for any of the specialty numbers such as the comedy team of Molasses 'n' January, who are also Pick and Pat the WOR Minstrels on another program, or "Scrappy" Lambert, the Rutgers boy who made good and his Show Boat Four.

When the first show has been whipped into shape and a skeleton of ensuing programs outlined, an audition, or tryout, is held for the approval of the advertising sponsor. This audition does not go out on the air, but only into the next room where the sponsor is waiting impatiently before a loud speaker. Everyone is on his toes, for he knows that many weeks work depends upon the success of this one broadcast.

The sponsor is pleased. Papers are

drawn up. The agency contracts for a full hour of time every Thursday night over the National Broadcasting Red Network with WEAJ as the key station and forty-nine subsidiary stations.

ON October 6, 1932, Cap'n Henry's Maxwell House Showboat is finally launched, on the air from Biloxi, Mississippi, and in New York from the vast, lavish gray and gilt Studio H on the fifteenth floor of the National Broadcasting Company, high above Fifth Avenue.

Every week the pandemonium starts afresh. On Tuesday, next Thursday's script after being checked and tested by the agency executives, Chester B. Bowles and Atherton W. Hobler, as well as by Marion Harper for the sponsors, is handed over to the actors.

They have until Thursday at one to get their delivery down cold. They read from scripts before the microphones but they must know their lines as thoroughly as though they had no script.

Informal rehearsal goes on until four. Dress rehearsal starts then and often lasts right through until time to go on the air. Every number must be timed until it dovetails exactly.

At the stroke of nine the studio goes dead quiet. The big doors are locked, everyone excluded except the privileged audience of those who serve as "background voices."

A red light flashes in the adjoining control room. Through the glass panel appears a hand upraised. The signal. The circuit is open.

The piano player who is seated at the toy calliope in the corner begins to toot away with *Here Comes the Showboat*. The sound effects operator mans his whistles and paddle wheel. Then the orchestra switches in with the theme song *Another Cup of Coffee* and "Tiny" Ruffner stoops to the mike announcing.

For the next hour the control operator switches from mike to mike picking up the orchestra, Lanny Ross, Cap'n Henry, Mary Lou and others, snatches of dialogue and bits of music, all in turn. A nod of the head, a crook of the finger are the only signals to keep the machinery running smoothly. The girls in crinolines, the orchestra in shirtsleeves, Lanny in white flannels, all pick up their cues on the second.

At ten o'clock when it is over, they are exhausted from the strain. But they must be back again at one in the morning to do it all over again for the Pacific Coast hook-up where time is three hours earlier.

Week after week this is repeated in ever varied form for your diversion.

All of this was in the beginning only a few scratches on a pad of paper; a half-formed idea, threshed out, developed in long harried conferences, finally coming to you fully clothed in glittering array of music and dialogue.

And that's how programs are born.



The Showboat Four, including Randolph Weyant, Scrappy Lambert, Lonard Stokes and Robert Movely



# "This Tooth Paste makes my teeth look Marvelous..

*yet I pay only  
25¢ a tube"*

Dear Mabel:

In spite of the depression, George and I managed to enjoy life during the last few months.

I guess I wrote you that George had taken his third salary cut and that we are now calling the old place on the hill "the-next-to-nothing-house" because we have next to nothing to keep it going.

But honestly, Mabel, it's been fun discovering how easy it is to get along without things we used to consider important.

I am dressing on about a tenth of what I used to. We are eating for about a third of what it used to cost. And if you were to see me in my bathing suit, which I made myself, you'd say it was a good thing (about the food, I mean) because I've actually lost just pounds.

And George beams on me as he hasn't beamed in years. We are really getting acquainted all over again. We are actually finding happiness in the depression.

By the way, I've found you can save money on tooth paste just as you can on toilet goods and groceries. Let me give you a little helpful home hint. Try Listerine Tooth Paste. It makes my teeth look simply marvelous. And, of course, the fact that it saves about \$3 a year, over 50¢ tooth pastes, is a particularly happy thought in these times. I don't know why I never tried it before. I've used Listerine all my life but somehow I never did get acquainted with the Tooth Paste until recently.

George wishes to be remembered and says that if you have still got your Chevvie it would be nice to have you dash down and take in one of the football games this fall.

Lots of love,

Helen

**At last! Bristles can't come out!**  
**PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC TOOTH BRUSH**  
with PERMA-GRIP (U. S. PAT. No. 1472165)



## LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE... 25¢

REMOVES FILM FASTER



# Mike Says

[Continued from page 48]

he started singing on the air four or five years ago. His grand baritone voice pleased listeners but a friend told him his name sounded too dignified.

So he changed it to Jack Arthur.

Then a sponsor came along and changed Jack Arthur to Johnny Hart.

And this Summer another sponsor suggested he develop a French accent and adopt the name of Rene Pettibois or something like that. He didn't.

## Those Negro Ballads

JACK PARKER, whose tenor voice is heard in solos and with the Men About Town quartet, has a really fine repertoire of real American negro folk songs. During the World War he had charge of a negro labor battalion and from them he learned their songs. But the versions he learned, though priceless to a collector of Americana, aren't the sort of lyrics that are done in polite society.

Vincent Lopez, whose right hand on a piano key board is equal to none, can give credit to a slave driving boss for the development of that hand, according to his old associates.

Years ago Lopez was a piano player in a Coney Island honkey-tonk. There were no rests for the hard-working youngster as he pounded the piano and he worked seven and eight hours at a stretch. When he needed food, he would order it, eat it with his left hand and continue pounding out tunes with his right. That right hand had to be good . . . and it still is.

## Bing Makes Good

THE talking picture people are still looking for star material in the radio studios. A lot of money and time has been spent trying to make screen stars out of microphone headliners and the results have not been very satisfying.

Neither Rudy Vallee, Amos 'n' Andy,

Kate Smith nor Seth Parker were any great shucks as movie attractions though they are terrifically popular on the air.

Bing Crosby is now more important in pictures than on the air and to date, he is the only radio performer who has become a more important personage by going from radio to the movie studios.

Madame Schumann-Heink, who is loved by radio audiences as well as by concert enthusiasts, has a pet little joke that she tells on herself.

It happened during one of her recent tours of the country and she was playing in a badly equipped theatre in a small city. She attempted to walk through the wings onto the stage but the space was too small. She stuck.

"Try it sideways," suggested the stage manager.

Schumann-Heink looked at him.

"Young man, there isn't any sideways," she said.

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## Cold Entrees

[Continued from page 70]

then set aside where the contents of the pan will keep hot but not boil for twenty minutes. Strain through doubled fine cheesecloth and add sherry flavouring to taste if desired.

N.B. To make quick stock for aspic use canned chicken broth or bouillon, or bouillon cubes or extract dissolved in boiling water.

### Fish Loaf

- 2 pounds halibut, cod or haddock
- 2 eggs, separated
- 1½ cups soft bread crumbs
- 1⅓ cups milk
- Grated rind and juice ½ lemon
- ½ teaspoon butter, melted
- 1¼ teaspoons salt
- ¼ teaspoon pepper

Boil the fish with a bit of bay leaf till tender. When cool, remove the skin and bones and flake the fish with a fork into bits. Cook the breadcrumbs and milk together to a paste. Add to the fish with the remaining ingredients, the eggs being separated; and add the yolks without beating and fold in the egg whites, beaten stiff. Pack into a well-oiled brick-shaped pan with the bottom lined with paper. Stand in a pan of water and bake forty-five to fifty minutes. Chill, unmould and decorate with chaufroid sauce; or coat with tomato aspic and decorate with sliced hard-cooked egg and stuffed olives; or serve plain with cubes of aspic, chopped vegetable salad and mayonnaise.

### Jellied Veal

- 5 pounds knuckle of veal
- 1½ tablespoon pickle spice
- 1½ tablespoon lemon juice
- 1⅛ teaspoon pepper
- 1 finely minced green pepper
- 2 teaspoons salt
- ½ teaspoon meat sauce

Order the veal sawed through the bone. Wash and barely cover with boiling water; add the salt and pickle spice tied in a bit of cheesecloth and boil slowly till the meat is tender, about two hours. Remove the spice, cut the meat from the bone and chop it fine. Add the green pepper, lemon juice, pepper, meat sauce and salt to taste. Boil down the veal liquor to make one cupful. Add to the meat and pack into individual moulds or into a long narrow loaf pan first rinsed with cold water. Place in the refrigerator until firm, then serve plain with a vegetable salad decoration, or decorate with chaufroid sauce.

### Spiced Beef

- 5 pounds pot roast of beef
- 3 cups water
- ½ cup vinegar
- 2 tablespoons salt
- ½ tablespoon pickle spice
- ¼ teaspoon mace
- 1 slice onion
- 1 slice carrot
- 2 slices lemon
- 6 cloves
- 2 sprigs parsley

Put all the ingredients together except the meat. Boil up once and then simmer for thirty minutes. Strain over the meat. Cover, and let stand for twenty-four hours, turning occasionally. Then remove the meat, drain and brown all over in beef drippings, together with three slices of lemon; half cover with boiling water containing one-half teaspoon salt and the strained liquid, drained from the meat, and simmer gently until the meat is tender—about four hours. Let cool in the meat liquor, then slice thin and serve with cubes of aspic and stuffed tomato salad, or transform it into Spiced Beef in Aspic.

### Chaufroid Of Suprême Of Chicken

- 6 or 8 cooked fillets of chicken
- Watercress
- 6 chopped cooked chicken livers
- 1 teaspoon minced chives
- Truffles or radishes
- Chaufroid sauce

Remove the breasts whole from boiled chicken or fowl and carefully divide each into the two natural fillets. Turn upside down and stuff with the chicken livers, mixed with the chives and mayonnaise to moisten. Then reverse and cover smoothly with a chaufroid sauce; cool and decorate each fillet as illustrated with a single sprig of watercress with a base of a strip of truffle or red radish skin.

All measurements are level. Recipes serve six unless otherwise specified.



"Helen's riding badly. Too bad she's so - er - plump! She's just your age — but you look years younger because you're still so slim!"

Does  
your figure  
reveal  
your  
age?



Stay  
slim

CLEVER PEOPLE nowadays know that figures must *subtract*—not add or multiply one's years! Eat Ry-Krisp—and your figure will say only flattering things about you! Ry-Krisp actually helps you to stay slim by helping to keep you fit.

These tasty whole rye wafers are perfect with every meal—deliciously satisfying—and *safe* to nibble between meals.



eat

Ry-Krisp

THE WHOLE RYE  
WAFER  
at *every meal*



# Gagging Their Way Through Life

[Continued from page 42]

tell us how he created that lovable explorer, adventurer and colossal liar of radio, Baron Munchausen. Wells is under exclusive contract to write for Jack Pearl, whose bubbly German dialect is heard in those Baron Munchausen broadcasts over the NBC-WEAF network.

It is five-thirty on a Summer afternoon and here is Billy Wells in dressing gown and slippers. You can't say he just got up, because he has never been in bed. Twenty-four hours without a wink of sleep.

He is a small, alert, fox-like man whose intent nerves and youthful buoyancy belie his silver-gray hair and the fifty years he confesses to. He is warm-hearted, generous, in the somewhat prodigal manner of the theatre. A grand guy.

"I'm trying my damndest to finish this script so I can go fishing tomorrow." You can scarcely believe your own ears. If there ever was a city-bred type, Billy Wells is it. One look at him, and you just know he was born in a theatre, eats grease-paint on his bread, and can't go out in the sun because any light but electric hurts his eyes. Yet, here he is, wanting to go fishing!

"Sure." He smiles at your bewilderment. "I'm a city guy—New York City. I was born up in Harlem, in the days before it became the colored metropolis of the world. I got my start writing comedy bits for burlesque shows. I worked up from that to some of the biggest shows on Broadway."

He's right. For ten years he wrote the successive editions of one of New York's greatest revues, George White's Scandals. He wrote shows for Clark and McCullough. He wrote *Manhattan Mary*. The movies he wrote include the greatest money-making talkie of all time, *The Cock-Eyed World*, as well as *Hot For Paris* and *Big Time*.

"But I still like to go fishing!" Wells is irrepressible. "I'm a lover of nature," he says, and believe it or not, that's precisely what he is.

A most contradictory person, this Billy Wells. Here are some facts about him . . . Beside every couch, chair, bed, bench, desk or stool in his apartment is a pencil and pad . . . No matter where he may be standing, sitting, resting, reading or catching a cat-nap, if a flash comes to him he can put it down . . . He is the father of four grown children . . . He is immensely proud of the fact that his two oldest sons both were graduated from New York University at the age of twenty . . . He was the discoverer and sponsor of the comedian, Bert Lahr . . . and of little Mitzi Green, of the movies . . . whenever he finishes a manuscript he breaks the pencil in two and throws it away . . . He originally conceived his radio character, Baron Munchausen, as a lazy blackface teller of tall tales . . . He took the manuscript to an advertising agency . . . The agency happened to be dickering with Jack Pearl, the former Ziegfeld Follies comedian, at the same time . . . They seized upon Wells' idea, converted the darkey dialect to German, combined it with Pearl's acting, and the resulting Baron

Munchausen broadcasts have made radio history.

SO MUCH for Billy Wells. Let's push on to see another writer in the \$500 per broadcast class. This is John P. Medbury. He lives over in quiet, fashionable Beekman Place, along the East River. Katharine Cornell, the glamorous stage star, is a neighbor.

He has a luxurious duplex penthouse apartment up on the eighteenth and nineteenth floors. Stunning chromium "modern" furniture. Colored servant in a white jacket. You find the master outside, on the wide terrace, sunning himself. Trust a Californian to do that!

You see at once that Medbury is "regular." Newspapermen hail him as fellow, and blood-brother. Not an ounce of pose or sham about him. He has the newspaperman's heavy-lidded trick of slowly thinking out his story for a while, and then turning directly to his typewriter to write it.

You repeat his name to yourself. John P. Medbury. You ask him, "What does the 'P' stand for?"

A glint comes in his eye as he answers, "Because it would look silly lying down."

Like most Californians, Medbury was born somewhere else. Utica, New York, has that honor. "But seldom claims it," he adds, with that glint again.

At the age of two, Medbury was taken to San Francisco, or rather, to Alameda, which is just across the bay. By ferry, and other easy stages, he eventually arrived at a newspaper job on the old San Francisco *Bulletin*. After an episode of war service in the navy, Medbury followed his editor, Fremont Older, over to *The Call*, started a column of newspaper humor and made quite a name for himself. Theatrical friends asked him to write material for them, and his career began.

Today he is one of the busiest and highest paid writers of comedy in America. When the vaudeville headline team of George Burns and Gracie Allen first went on the air with their crossfire comedy of George questioning the adorably dumb-dora Gracie, they asked Medbury to write some jokes for them. His material was such an instantaneous hit, they have had Medbury under regular weekly contract ever since.

That is one top-money broadcast for which he writes regularly. Another is the cigarette broadcast with Fred Waring's orchestra, which immediately follows Burns and Allen on the Columbia network and uses the largest hook-up in radio, 77 stations. This one features another character creation of Medbury, the slow-talking colored servant-girl, Mandy Lou.

John P. Medbury is still comfortably under forty, is happily married, has a fourteen-year-old son who wants to become a gag writer—and father hasn't the heart to tell him no!

TRAVEL back to Broadway now. To the clamor and rush of Times Square itself. In a hotel suite towering directly

above the bright lights, so close to Broadway's blare he could toss popcorn balls into it, if he had a mind to, sits Eugene Conrad. Here is his home, office and workshop.

He looks the part. He has the natty dress, sleek grooming and ready assurance of the theatre belt. The mark of success is upon him.

You walk into his suite. It is midday. There is a blazing sun outside. Yet every electric lamp in the room, wall bracket, overhead chandelier and floor lamps are going full blast!

"They help me to keep awake." That's Conrad's reason. He also gives the first explanation of the crazy hours that all gag men keep. "It isn't that we prefer to stay up all night. It's just that those hours are the only ones we can work without interruption. They are the only hours when people will let us alone."

He is right. Not one of the major gag-writers has his telephone listed in the directory. Not one of them can be reached by ordinary channels. Ferreting them out is a job in itself. There isn't a front-rank writer in the business who is not deluged with more requests and orders than he could possibly fill if he worked *forty-eight* hours a day.

Meanwhile there are thousands of obscure gag writers and would-be gag writers who are starving because the headline acts don't dare take a chance. They've got to play a sure thing.

Eugene Conrad objects to the term "gag writer." He says that "radio continuity writers" is a more accurate and suitable term. "Delivering a mere string of jokes is already a thing of the past in radio," says Conrad. "Comedy passages are now definite scenes, definite episodes. They require their own radio technique, a more difficult technique than the stage."

Conrad knows what he is talking about. He has written many editions of Earl Carroll's *Vanities*, and his very first play, *Top-Hole*, was a major Broadway success.

George Burns and Gracie Allen draw material from different sources for their radio act, and George welds it together, with contributions of his own. They liked Conrad's material so well they now have him under permanent weekly contract, and he went with them to Hollywood to write material they used in the big movie, *International House*.

Conrad also wrote the series of broadcasts for Solly Ward, another German dialect comedian.

Eugene Conrad was born in New York City, is now in his forties, and got his start as a salesman, under Bruce Barton as sales manager. He has never married. "Not that I would object to it," says Conrad, "but I simply haven't time for it."

There you are, ladies and gentlemen. The four front-rank gag men—the big Bonanza boys who got the first big money ever paid to anybody in radio except performers. There they are, I say. And what wouldn't any one of the four of them give for one good night's sleep!



# Want to feel like a "Fighting Cock"?

...America NEEDS the Enthusiasm and Eagerness of Vigorous People

Surplus Body Energy is the "Main Spring" of Ambition and Activity

**T**HE GAME COCK is alert, courageous and aggressive. That's why the expression, "Fighting Cock" so aptly describes the confident, ambitious, up-and-coming individual.

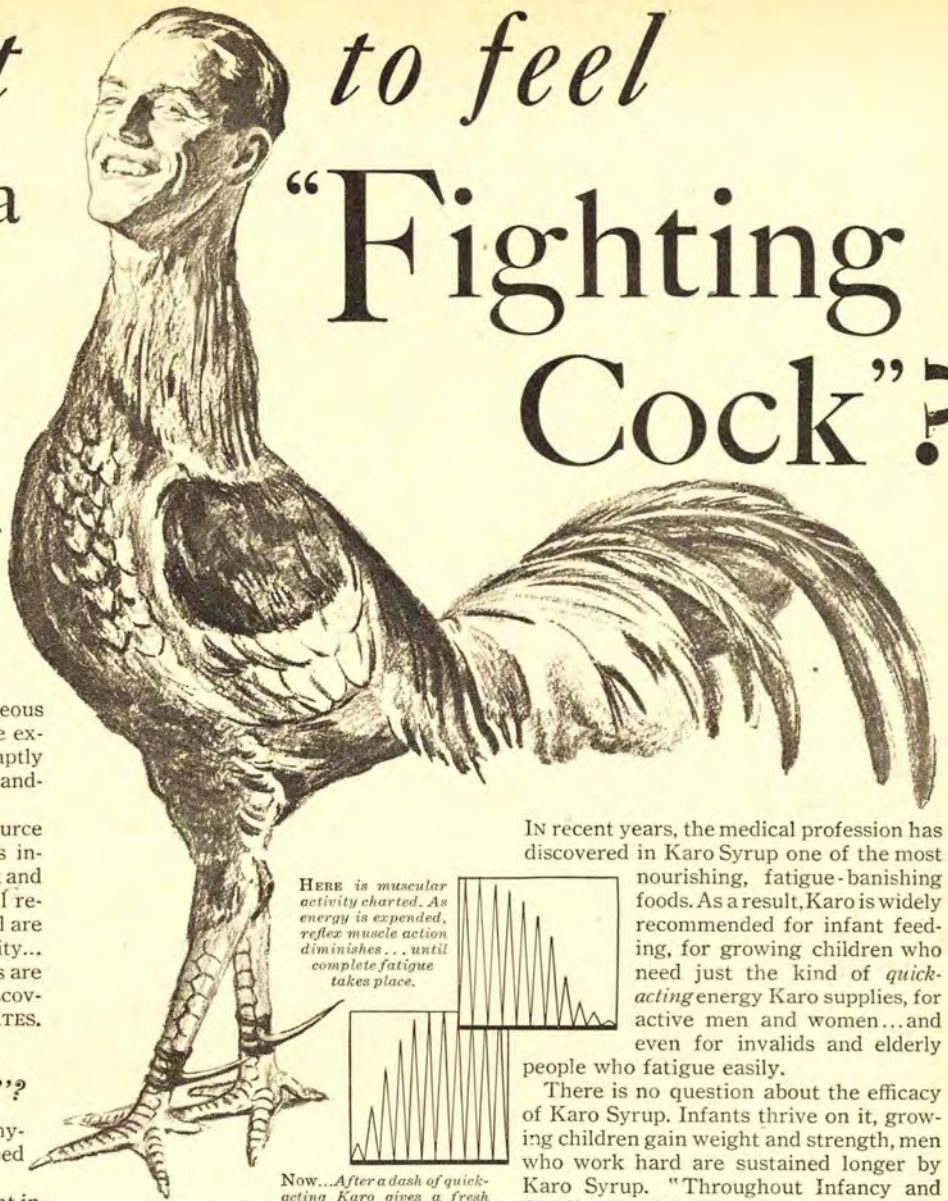
But if we intelligently trace the source of unusual energy and alertness, it is invariably revealed that the *FOOD* we eat and drink contributes most to the physical reactions of the body. Many kinds of food are needed to supply the demands of activity... but immediate among these necessities are what medical science has recently discovered to be QUICK-ACTING CAR-BO-HY-DRATES.

## What Are "Quick-Acting Carbohydrates"?

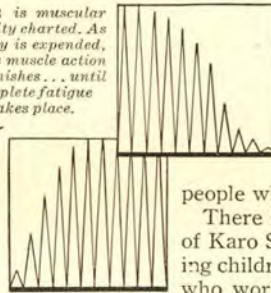
In plain language, "quick-acting carbohydrates" are to the body what high-speed gasoline is to a motor.

Slow-acting carbohydrates are present in many foods. But to provide an abundance of QUICK-ACTING CARBOHYDRATES we must eat or drink a food which contains these quick-acting carbohydrates in concentrated form. Fortunately, these quick-acting carbohydrates are the most easily digested of all carbohydrates. In fact, they are readily digested, transformed into body-sugar and utilized by every nerve, muscle, gland and tissue in the body.

**K**ARO SYRUP is this kind of quick-acting carbohydrate. In Karo Syrup is a high percentage of Dextrose, which is the normal blood sugar of the human system. Immediately Karo reaches the stomach, its remarkable energizing ele-



HERE is muscular activity charted. As energy is expended, reflex muscle action diminishes... until complete fatigue takes place.



Now...After a dash of quick-acting Karo gives a fresh supply of muscle sugar...notice the quickening of activity...energy is restored.

ments are utilized in the quick revival of poor circulation, of fatigued nerves, of flagging muscles.

**L**OOK AT the chart-pictures above. They clearly indicate what happens to muscular activity as the supply of muscle sugar is depleted...and then what happens after quick-acting Karo Syrup is supplied to the system. The greater the supply of such muscle sugar...the greater reserve of mental and muscular energy. This same striking stimulation applies to nerves as well as muscles. "Surplus Energy" is the secret of constant "live-wire" activity.

In recent years, the medical profession has discovered in Karo Syrup one of the most nourishing, fatigue-banishing foods. As a result, Karo is widely recommended for infant feeding, for growing children who need just the kind of quick-acting energy Karo supplies, for active men and women...and even for invalids and elderly people who fatigue easily.

There is no question about the efficacy of Karo Syrup. Infants thrive on it, growing children gain weight and strength, men who work hard are sustained longer by Karo Syrup. "Throughout Infancy and Childhood...from Childhood to Old Age" covers the entire range of Karo's contribution to the health and vigor of human life.

Every grocery store in America sells Karo Syrup. For more than twenty-five years, Karo has been known and served in homes everywhere. It is delicious in flavor, remarkable in its quick-acting nutritive qualities and very economical in price. Below are several of the many, many ways, Karo Syrup can...and should...be served as a daily ration.

If any member of your family...or yourself...tires quickly, suffers nervous irritability or generally "eats poorly", start on a Karo schedule today. Both Red Label and Blue Label Karo are equally effective in quick-acting results. Karo Syrup is rich in Dextrins, Maltose and Dextrose.



In all fruit drinks, Karo is a flavorful sweetener: try it with lemonade, orangeade, etc.



Serve Karo as a sauce or sweetener for desserts. It imparts a rare, delicious flavor



When it comes to waffles, biscuits, pancakes, etc. Karo is the American "Friend of the Family"



2tablespoons of Karo in a glass of milk improves its flavor and doubles its energy value



If you've never tried Karo on fresh fruit, you've missed a treat. Try it in fruit salads, too

## FREE!

"The Miracle of the Match" is a startling book which tells you in simple language why quick-acting Karo Syrup gives instant energy...also dozens of new recipes for serving Karo in many delicious ways.

Write to: CORN PRODUCTS REFINING COMPANY, Dept. R. L.-9, P. O. Box 171, Trinity Sta. New York



# WHAT ARE THE FACTS ABOUT CHEWING DENTYNE FOR MOUTH HEALTH AND WHITE TEETH



## READ THIS REPORT

Chewing certain tough substances every day is absolutely essential to the proper development of the teeth, gums, jaws and mouth structure:

- 1 To supply the masticatory exercise important to develop the mouth structure properly. This is now lacking due to the elimination of coarse, tough foods from our diet.
- 2 To exercise the jaws and improve the condition of the tooth sockets and teeth.
- 3 To increase the flow of saliva which helps keep the mouth and teeth clean.
- 4 To help keep the throat and mouth and gums in a healthy condition by exercise which insures a proper supply of blood to all tissues.

*Dentyne has exactly the right tough consistency to give you these results. Thus the regular use of Dentyne will keep the mouth healthy and the teeth white.*

### Why do teeth decay in spite of constant care?

The American people spend millions of dollars to keep their teeth sound. But it is of little use when the natural protective mechanism of the mouth does not work.

### Why did primitive man have no tooth troubles?

Primitive man chewed hard roots, wild grains, tough meats, and that chewing kept his mouth healthy, his teeth white.

### How does chewing improve the health of mouth and throat?

Read the report on this page. It shows you what doctors think of chewing as a most important daily exercise. It tells you how it increases the flow of fluids which protect the mouth, throat and teeth, how it develops the mouth structure and keeps the mouth healthy and the teeth clean

### Why isn't ordinary chewing enough?

The foods we eat today do not require any real chewing. We must chew some tough substance every day — make it a regular habit.

### Why is Dentyne exactly right to do this?

Dentyne was made for this purpose. It is not an ordinary chewing gum but is of a special consistency — exactly right for mouth exercise. And it contains ingredients which keep the teeth white. Also, Dentyne is delicious. You will enjoy this daily health habit and rejoice to see your teeth grow whiter.

**CHEW DELICIOUS DENTYNE . . KEEPS THE MOUTH HEALTHY . . KEEPS TEETH WHITE**



*Mrs. B. has spent hundreds on her teeth and has six fillings and a bridge. Like many women, she does not know the importance of chewing.*

*This Eskimo girl (untouched by civilization) has never spent a cent on her teeth but each one is perfect. Unlike civilized folks, she chews tough foods.*



## Are Ya Listenin'?

[Continued from page 27]

children's program. Then he went to WLW in Cincinnati for a year, did "Scrap Book" for a year on Columbia, and graduated to the Camel hour.

His fondness for the great English bard almost divorced Tony from his job recently, when he was asked to do thirteen weeks with the Camel show on tour of vaudeville houses. He agreed and when asked what he would do, said he would play the rôle of Shylock. The Reynolds tobacco company, the theatre owners, the vaudeville bookers, the radio executives attempted to change Tony Wons' mind, but he said "that or nothing." At length, in desperation, they allowed him to perform his favorite reading at the show's opening in St. Louis. There was a sad shaking of heads in the wings as the performance began—and Tony brought down the house. He scored such a clean hit that this was a decided feature of the show.

Fritz Leiber failed to make Shakespeare a "go" in New York this past season, and yet Tony Wons made the walls of New York's Capitol theatre echo and reecho with it. And here is the secret—he explains the character before he begins. If he is doing Shylock, he first makes the man human. He explains that Shylock fought against race prejudice and that he really was a sterling character, and he tells it in such a way that he holds and thrills an audience, even on Saturday afternoon when children are in the house.

HIS famous expression "Are Ya Listenin'" was an accident, as all such are. Tony included it because he had a mental picture of people at home, reading a paper while the radio hummed. He thought that perhaps they would listen, if he asked them about it. The farewell of "Goodnight—all is well" came about in an amusing way when Tony was working on Crosley's WLW. Crosley went to Cuba but wanted to be advised if business conditions were all right. Rather than cable routine good news, he told the station to have the seven o'clock announcer say "All's well" if such were the case. Otherwise to cable. And Tony Wons was the seven o'clock announcer. He told Crosley that "all was well" so often, and it sounded so good to listeners, that he retained the phrase.

Tony's philosophy is the modern one insofar as it relates to material things. Tony thinks that luck is an active and guiding thing. If he should cross the street, he might meet someone or see something of terrific importance to him; if he should walk ahead nothing might occur. He firmly believes, however, that so-called "lucky breaks" happen to those who put themselves in the way of the breaks. The sort of luck that gradually works into a pattern of success must have a little encouragement, for it will not spring up out of the blue.

Again, his philosophy might be termed old-fashioned in that he believes a calm and simple life, stressing the home, is far more satisfactory than the brittle pursuit of

[Continued on page 90]



## To Tan or Not

[Continued from page 71]

while in the sun. If you don't there will be a net-work of wrinkles in the delicate skin around the eyes, and those wrinkles will be difficult to erase in the Autumn. Always lubricate the upper and lower lids with sun-tan oil or a good eye-cream, too, even though you do wear glasses. Otherwise the *heat* of the sun (which penetrates the glass) will dry out the skin, making it look old and crinkly.

While gradually acquiring a deeper tan, be sure that your makeup keeps pace. As soon as you start to tan, buy a box of very deep brown powder and mix a bit of it with your regular powder, putting in more and more of the brown powder as your skin gets browner. Little or no rouge is needed when you are nicely tanned. Just a light coating of sun-tan powder, much lipstick and a good bit of eye-makeup.

Another caution to sun-tan addicts is this: Use plenty of lubricating cream immediately after your skin has been exposed, and also at night. It may be interesting to many girls to know that a good, gradual tan is an excellent treatment for over-oily skin and for acne (pimples and black-heads).

Do not think that if you use sun-tan oils and creams you have to look *greasy*. There are a number of greaseless creams as well as excellently blended oils on the market that are invisible when applied. One of the oils, at \$1, is lovely and a protective cream at 25 cents a tube is a real bargain.

**N**OW let us see what can be done to help the girl with milk-white skin who just can not step outdoors without becoming covered with freckles or an all-over magenta. My advice to you is to cherish, even exploit your fair skin. You probably can not remain quite as lily-white as you are in Winter, but there need not be enough change to matter. First, avoid exposing your skin to the sun *relentlessly*. You may lounge on the beach, too, but you must sit under a beach parasol and wear a broad-brimmed hat (very smart this season, fortunately) and beach pajamas.

In addition to avoiding over-exposure, wear a special sun-proof protective cream on your face, neck and arms all day to prevent the skin from tanning, burning or freckling. Over this protective foundation, you will require a sun-proof powder, too—one that filters the sun's rays. This foundation cream and powder are moderately priced at \$1 and \$1.50 each and are made by the same manufacturers. If you prefer lotions to creams, there is an excellent sun-proof one on the market.

Should you wish to become sun-tan for an evening, cover the exposed parts of your anatomy with a sun-tan powder lotion and a sun-tan powder, and, if well done, it will not be detected from the real thing. The manufacturer who makes the sun-proof preparations I have mentioned also has a delightful gypsy-tan foundation and a gypsy-tan powder for such occasions. Never attempt to apply sun-tan powder over a white or flesh-colored foundation.

**DON'T BE SKINNY!**

Posed by professional model

Read how thousands are gaining 5 to 15 lbs. in a few weeks with new double tonic. Richest imported beeryeast concentrated 7 times and combined with iron.

**NEW EASY WAY**  
*Puts on Firm Flesh Fast!*

**N**OW fill out that skinny, unattractive figure so quick you'll be amazed!

Everybody knows that doctors for years have prescribed yeast to build up health for rundown men and women. But now with this new discovery you can get far greater tonic results than with ordinary yeast—regain health, and in addition put on pounds of good solid 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, imported *beer yeast*, the richest yeast known, which by a new process is concentrated 7 times—made 7 times more powerful.

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

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast, watch ugly, gawky angles fill out, flat chest develop and skinny limbs round

out attractively. And with this will come a radiantly clear skin, new health—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. If you are not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money instantly refunded.

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

### Special FREE offer

To start you building up your health *right away*, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body", by a well-known authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Dept. 369, Atlanta, Ga.



# HE ALWAYS BROUGHT HOME PRESENTS ... AND AN ATTACK OF "ATHLETE'S FOOT"



Don't try to curb  
"ATHLETE'S FOOT"  
with cheap substitutes  
Delays can be dangerous

**I**T was always a happy evening when dad got home from a trip. There were candy or flowers for mother—new toys for the youngsters—and something else that he wouldn't *intentionally* wish on the family for worlds.

In his shoes he carried home a stealthy infection that spread tiny, watery, peeling blisters and *itching* to every toe in the house.

### Don't you infect others

You can pick up "Athlete's Foot" in the most spotless bathrooms and showers of the best hotels—in clubs or locker-rooms—anywhere that bare feet walk on wet floors. *And you can spread it in your own bathroom.*

Better examine your toes tonight. Is the skin turning red in spots? Are there blotches of dead white skin, stickily moist? Blisters? Skin cracks?

Start using Absorbine Jr. at once—for

these are the warnings of "Athlete's Foot."

### Absorbine Jr. kills the germ

"Athlete's Foot" is so difficult to kill that socks must be *boiled* 15 minutes to kill the germs once lodged there.

Laboratory tests demonstrate that soothing, healing Absorbine Jr. quickly kills the germ of "Athlete's Foot" when reached, without harming delicate tissues. Clinical tests also prove its effectiveness.

**Don't risk imitations!** Beware of weak and worthless imitations which have flooded the market to trade upon the proved success of Absorbine Jr. When you fail to stop "Athlete's Foot" it can run into even more dangerous infections. Thousands of grateful letters say Absorbine Jr. gets results. All druggists sell it, \$1.25. For free sample write W. F. Young, Inc., 419 Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass. *In Canada: Lyman Building, Montreal.*

### For SUNBURN, too!

For broken burning skin, Absorbine Jr. is cooling and healing. Not greasy. Pleasant to use.

# ABSORBINE JR.



For years has relieved sore muscles, aches, bruises, burns, cuts, sprains, abrasions, sleeplessness

## Radio and Home

[Continued from page 67]

people themselves song was an elixir, dissolving diffidence, evaporating bashfulness. It was the flux in the blending of personalities still too shy to escape self-consciousness. Popular songs of the day, old-time ballads, even hymns, anything not too difficult to be carried as a tune was familiar in the repertoire.

Those fortunate enough to be able to play the piano could be sure of a constant demand upon their abilities. And their slow but inevitable capitulation to coaxing was an art in itself. This was the end to which children of the family were trained. Lessons toward a control, if not mastery, of the piano keyboard were crammed into their lives like oatmeal and practice supervised with an iron hand.

Of course singing was not the only thing the piano sponsored within the intimate family circle. Dancing, with the impromptu business of rolling up rugs and shoving tables and chairs back to the wall as prelude, made the piano again important, a family necessity. It was the one instrument which solidified the family through its entertainment and became its greatest asset in social life.

**B**UT the greatest single influence upon family entertainment has been the radio. Nor has this been confined to entertainment alone.

If the radio has contributed greatly to what we may call the reorganization of the home by providing a common source of interest, entertainment, and education within it, this influence is still mainly a potentiality where the conflicting interests of those who make up the home cannot be gratified. Dad wants to hear politics or current events. Undoubtedly light opera selections or drama attracts Mother more. But the children want comedy or Ben Bernie. In other words since all cannot listen to programs of their choice at the same time the maximum enjoyment of the radio is lost. This, you see, is quite aside from another consideration: the fact that on various occasions different individuals within the family will not care to listen in at all and, moreover, insist that the family set be shut off.

If there were one or two extra sets in the house—small sets, let us say, of the inexpensive type sold by department and radio stores—anyone who wished could retire to the private enjoyment of the programs of his selection without disturbing the rest of the family. This would indeed be a boon in many households and all for a small expense which would pay a rich dividend in more harmonious living as well as in education or personal enjoyment.

However, our main thesis still holds. All in all, it would seem as though the radio might well play the greatest part in the re-establishment of the family as a strong institution. Surely several sets within a household—at least a minimum of two—would do more to bring out the potentialities of radio than anything else. The modern age goes in for extension phones, private baths, and so on. Why not radios?

RADIOLAND



## So This is Harris

[Continued from page 54]

And the funny thing is that Phil doesn't even suspect that the man who drives his car is hiding his light under a bushel out of loyalty to him.

Phil's hobbies are polo and baseball. He organized a ball team among the boys in his orchestra and they were challenged by Gus Arnheim's team. The game was played on a little diamond in Griffith Park, Los Angeles. There had been one casual announcement on the air about the game, but the boys never thought of anyone coming to watch it. To their amazement 5,000 people came to see the game.

But an orchestra leader hasn't much time to indulge in hobbies. Phil starts his setting up exercises for the day about noon. The afternoon is given over to rehearsals, trying out new numbers, going over programs with his own radio announcer, Tom Hanlon, trying out special lighting effects for different numbers. Somewhere between six and seven he has a light dinner with his wife. Sure—Phil's married. His wife is Marcia Ralston, an Australian beauty whom he met when he was playing in Sydney. You'll be seeing her on the screen soon as she's just signed a long term contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Incidentally, she looks a lot like Joan Crawford. At eight o'clock he's on the bandstand. And there he stays until one A. M., when his dance band folds up for the night. Just before his last group of numbers he orders a big thick steak and a green salad.

ONCE in awhile the orchestra gets together for a party. The last one was on Leah Ray's birthday. The boys took up a keg of beer and Leah's mother had fixed up a Dutch lunch. Phil arrived at the party in polo togs. And did the boys kid him! But Leah was on to him.

"He just wanted to let us see how handsome he is in his polo outfit. I'm surprised he didn't ride his horse over."

Phil Harris is the only bass among the singing orchestra leaders on the air. He goes for songs that have characterization possibilities. One of his most popular numbers is *My Gal Mame*. *Rocking Chair* and *Old Man of the Mountain* come next.

It was only natural that he should make many friends among the motion picture stars while he was playing the Coconut Grove. Somebody was always suggesting that he ought to try his luck on the screen but Phil was skeptical. He had worked hard to build up a radio following and he was afraid that if he branched out into pictures it might jeopardize his musical position. Finally, he was persuaded to make *So This is Harris*. *Melody Cruise* followed.

The boys in his band adore Phil. When he sung his swan song to the Coconut Grove many of them could have stayed on at more money but they would not think of leaving Phil. Harris took the entire band with him when he started East.

It is the first time that an orchestra leader from the West coast has gone East with a sweet radio contract tucked in his pocket. You'll be hearing Phil from the College Inn, Chicago.

# Why Brush Teeth In a Way That Doesn't Save Them?



## The Surest Way

To Save Teeth Is to Keep Them Free From Film

You brush your teeth, but does that brushing save them?

Don't your teeth discolor? Doesn't tartar form and decay sometimes get started?

Despite your brushing, aren't you often disappointed with your teeth's appearance?

You remove the debris, but not the film—that slimy film. Even after brushing you can feel it with your tongue.

That film is what discolors. It holds acid-forming bacteria in contact with the teeth. Acids are believed to be the cause of tooth decay.

Tooth troubles find their source in that film. So do stains and tartar.

There is now a way to keep free from that film. It is embodied in a tooth paste called Pepsodent.

This is to urge that you prove it. See for yourself how it removes the film which causes stain and tartar and leads to tooth decay. See how this germ-containing film disappears under its dainty touch.

Then you will know how to keep teeth whiter. How to help keep them tartar-free. How better to keep them sound.

## Prove That Pepsodent Ends That Film

Pepsodent is called the special film-removing tooth paste. When you use it, you will know the reason.

The basis is a special cleansing and polishing material. Its object is to remove film—safely, thoroughly.

Some cleansing materials remove film but scratch enamel. Others are safe but too soft to be effective. That fact made the development of the ideal material seem impossible.

But, after 13 years, the ideal material was developed. It is accepted as one of the truly great discoveries of the day. This new material is unique in film-removing power. It is twice as

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Let us send you a 10-Day Tube. Use it and watch the results. Note how your teeth whiten. Mark how the film disappears. Note how clean your teeth feel.

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You get more than *waves* in a Eugene Permanent Wave—you get *curls* . . . Permanent curls—framing the face, softening the neckline, peeping out beneath your hat. Not every waving method can give both permanent waves and indestructible curls!

Eugene, alone, by the combination of his new Reverse-spiral Winding and the standard Eugene Spiral Winding gives hairdressers the means to assure a profusion of permanent curls in addition to natural, rolling permanent waves.

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There's no mistaking the genuine Eugene Permanent Wave. Each Sachet (or waving wrapper) is identified by the Eugene Trade Mark figure, "The Goddess of the Wave." Look for it on each Sachet. Permit no substitutes. Remember, it's your hair—you're the one to be pleased . . . Eugene Ltd., New York and Paris.

e u g è n e  
permanent waves

## Woman and Her Problems

[Continued from page 63]

enlist the interest of women in their products.

Mrs. Allen is the author of "Mrs. Allen on Cooking, Menus, Service," "Vital Vegetables," "Your Foods and You," "Mrs. Ida Bailey Allen's Cook Book," "When You Entertain" and thirteen other standard works on food, nutrition and entertaining. The circulation of books, booklets and pamphlets written by Mrs. Allen aggregate more than ten million.

Prior to her advent in radio, Mrs. Allen was Home Economics Editor for *Good Housekeeping*, *Pictorial Review* and *Woman's World*; Diet Editor for *Medical Review of Reviews*; and she also founded the Physical Culture Institute. During the World War Mrs. Allen was appointed by Herbert Hoover as special lecturer for the Food Administration.

Turning to radio seven years ago, Mrs. Allen began experimenting locally with this medium. So great was her success that she embarked on a chain broadcast schedule over the Columbia network, adding to the prestige she had achieved through the pen and the lecture platform. RADIOLAND welcomes Mrs. Allen as a contributor.

The readers of this magazine are invited to visit Mrs. Allen in the charming surroundings in her modern home-making workshop she maintains in the penthouse atop 400 Madison Avenue, New York. Here she directs her force of dietitians and home economics experts, engaged in the never ending task of testing the latest wrinkles in home-making.



## Are Ya Listenin'?

[Continued from page 86]

pleasure. His readings of inspirational nature bring tremendous response, which is really nothing more than the ever-interesting story-of-success type of thing. So we see the three themes again, Family, Success, and Dogs, and he tells how canines inspire love and tranquillity in a book which he is now writing entitled "Dogs and Cats." The cats are secondary, and were not mentioned in the interview.

TONY WONS says that he has no immediate plans for the future except to spend five or six weeks fishing for muskies, with his wife and daughter, age eleven.

Tony has scrap books which, piled one on the other, reach to his shoulders, filled with letters and publicity, with poetry and readings. And when Tony reads for you, you live each word with him. He *thinks* every word and feels it. And that slow delivery of syllables, which has brought forth so many appreciative letters from partially deaf people, is really effective. "All is well," says Mr. Wons, and for the moment you are inclined to believe that it is.

RADIOLAND



# The Greatest Thrills of Radio

[Continued from page 62]

"Slim" Lindbergh came home, after his grand solo flight across the Atlantic to Le Bourget. McNamee went to Washington to meet him.

"It was a sizzling hot day. There were about two thousand marines and seven or eight thousand people at the Navy Yard when the cruiser came steaming up the Potomac with Lindbergh and his mother aboard. The bands were playing. I've never heard such cheering. It was a marvelous sight. I was right near the landing. Then the gangplank was lowered and they came down. The marines didn't have a chance after that. The crowd broke through, yelling and screaming. They smacked me flat on the ground. But luckily my line held. By miracle they didn't break that. I lay there on the ground, getting up, only to be knocked down again, but going right on. I guess I was a little crazy myself. I could hardly speak for days afterwards."

THE longest eight seconds McNamee ever lived was the time of the long count in the famous Dempsey-Tunney fight in Chicago.

"I was right outside the ropes, not six feet from Tunney when Dempsey knocked him down. For at least three seconds he was out cold. I could look right into his eyes and they were glazed. He didn't know a thing. Then slowly I saw the light of understanding come back into them again. He looked toward his corner for instructions. The referee was counting over him but I knew that Tunney would get up. I have always maintained that Tunney would have gotten to his feet again even if there had been no long count. But what Dempsey might have done to him then, is of course, a matter of conjecture.

"One of the grandest boots I ever got was in the world series of 1926, in the Yankee Stadium. Games stood three apiece. The series was at stake and the Yanks had started a rally. Tony Lazzari with the vicious bat was up. Then the Cardinals called great old Grover Alexander out of the bull pen. Gosh, it must have taken him ten minutes to walk to the pitcher's box. He warmed up like a slow motion picture. He didn't have any energy to spare. He wasn't wasting any of it. Then he just struck out Lazzari. That was all. The rally was over. The series was over, then and there.

"Oh, there have been others—this year's Kentucky Derby when Broker's Tip nosed out Head Play with the two jockies locking stirrups, snatching at saddle blankets, doing everything to win—the Tournament of Roses at Pasadena in 1929, when Captain-elect Roy Riegels of the University of California became confused in the center of the field and ran sixty yards the wrong way with his team in full pursuit to make a touchdown over his own goal line, even though tackled on the three-yard line by a California man, enabling Georgia Tech to win, 8-7; and the magnificent gesture of

the coach who refused to take him out of play.

THE biggest moment in the career of Jimmy Wallington, tall young NBC announcer, is tied up with one of the big technical advances in radio, the first "eaves-dropping" broadcast. Now when you hear two announcers talking to each other from plane to plane or from boat to shore, you think nothing of it. But Jimmy was in on the first experimental broadcast of this type in an incident that the marvel of radio is still sometimes affecting to those who work with it every day. Here's how Jimmy describes it.

"There was to be a presidential fleet revue off Hampton Roads. I was up on the flying bridge of the cruiser *Salt Lake City*. George Hicks, another NBC announcer was sailing on the dirigible *Los Angeles* out of Lakehurst to join in the fleet revue. George and I were to chat back and forth describing what we saw to each other and letting the public listen in. It was the first broadcast of this type that had ever been attempted and we had no idea how it would work out.

"Several times during the morning I called out to him 'Hello George, are you there?' I was wearing a pair of head phones so I could hear him, but no answer came. Again and again I tried but no luck. I was sick with disappointment. Time came for me to go on the air. I had to go into a straight description broadcast. Then I got word from the control man on shore to try him for the last time. And this time, in response to my call right out of the clouds came this magic voice as though he were there at my elbow calling, 'Hello, Jimmy! How's everything?' I sure got a wallop out of that and I got an even bigger wallop a while later when I touched the man beside me and said: 'In a few minutes now the *Los Angeles* is going to come sailing straight out of that cloud.' Then, on schedule the silver bag broke through the mist and what a sight it was.

"George and I chatted back and forth then, and incidentally his description of his sensations going along the eight-inch catwalk and dropping some four feet through space into the motor gondola is considered one of the finest pieces of reporting in the history of radio."

Jimmy had another great thrill, too, of a more personal nature. All the time Admiral Byrd was at the South Pole, every Saturday night Jimmy would broadcast on shortwave from WGY, Schenectady, letters from wives and sweethearts to the men in the expedition. They got to know his voice.

ON Admiral Byrd's return, Jimmy went out with the NBC crew to meet the *City of New York* at sea. They sighted her through a fog at 4:20 in the morning.

"She looked like a ghost ship," says Jimmy. "We got into the boats and pulled

[Continued on page 92]

# One Year From Today —What Will You Be Earning?

THIS may be the most important year in your life! Your whole future is apt to depend on how you take advantage of present business changes. For months—maybe years—companies will be able to choose whomever they want, out of the millions now unemployed or dissatisfied with their work and pay. Naturally they will pick the men with most ability. You should make yourself more valuable now—not only to protect what you have, but to win promotions, to make up salary cuts. It is being done by OTHERS—it can be done by YOU.

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The Perfect Mascara

## The Greatest Thrills of Radio

[Continued from page 91]

within sailing distance. I halloosed and Byrd called back. 'Is that you, Jimmy Wallington?' He recognized my voice."

Jimmy got a bang out of that which even obscures the thrill of the time he was trapped in a submarine rescue experiment and had to swim thirty feet to the surface from a patent tank, or the time he was describing the interior of the Akron at the launching ceremony and slipped and almost fell from the top catwalk.

Burke Miller, in charge of remote control programs for the National Broadcasting Company, recalls just one broadcast that had the boys in the control room by the ears. They are a bored lot as far as programs go. If the needle indicator shows that the sound is coming in all right, that's all they care about. But this one had them hanging on every word. It was Lieutenant Commander Wiley's description of the Akron disaster.

"That broadcast was so disturbingly vivid," says Mr. Miller, "that we received letters protesting the exploitation of such a tragedy. But we didn't seek it. We merely informed Lieutenant Commander Wiley that if he wished to say anything our facilities were at his disposal.

"He did. And his talk that night from the Brooklyn Navy Yard in his tired, slow, halting voice carried more clearly than the eloquence of any orator the picture of tragedy. And the boys in the control room didn't miss a word."

One little human incident has given him a great kick, too. It was when he took the kids next door through the Bronx Zoo, getting their reaction to the animals. He wanted to make the hyenas howl and had found out that a fire siren would do it. But though he blew and blew there was nary a howl. He found out later that the engine had gone by only an hour before and had taken all the howl out of them.

THERE are other high spots, too—the day the Graf Zeppelin came limping out of the clouds over New York with a battered fin when it was thought it might have been lost at sea—Jimmy Walker's gesture of defiance to the Governor of New York by casting his vote loudly and unnecessarily for Smith at the delegation poll in the Democratic convention—the first plane to plane broadcast.

Ted Husing, Columbia sports announcer, stumbled on his big moment quite by accident. It was a real bang-up slugging match—one of those fights you dream about. He had gone to Kentucky to announce the Derby and because he was in Louisville he was assigned the night before to cover a fight between Mickey Walker, then welter-weight champion (this was May 16, 1930) and one Paul Swiderski, a local light heavy-weight. The fight went out over the national network although it was just a routine affair and nobody expected much of it. Walker was out of condition and supposed to have an understanding with Swiderski for a nice, easy fight.

"Well, something went wrong," says Husing, "in the first minute Swiderski

swung on Walker and knocked him flat. Then Walker got up and knocked Swiderski flat. Then Swiderski knocked Walker down, jumped on him and fouled him. They had a local referee and he had made it plain that he was with Swiderski. In that first round there were four knock downs and three fouls. Someone rang the gong too soon. Then the crowd rushed the ropes. The managers started a fight all their own, over the fouls. Cops were called in. All lights went out except one high in the top of the Armory.

"Then in that dim light with cops with machine guns in the corners, a yelling mob swarming the ropes, began one of the greatest rounds of battling I have ever seen while Mickey, groggy and out of condition, fought to keep on his feet. He managed to last, Swiderski's blows on the neck seemed to bring him to his senses, and after that it settled down to a good steady fight ending in a draw. But it gave me about the most exciting moment I've ever had."

THE most terrific single minute he ever lived through was during the Yale-Army game at the Yale Bowl, October 25, 1931, when, in that brief span of time, he witnessed the extremes of human emotion from high triumph to dark tragedy.

It was at the beginning of the last quarter with the score 0-0. Army was right on the edge of Yale's goal. They went over on the first play, but failed to kick goal. That took perhaps twenty seconds. On the kick-off, Parker of Yale made a magnificent run of 88 yards for a touchdown, tying the score. But Yale likewise failed to kick. That took another twenty seconds. Then, in the next twenty seconds, Lassiter of Yale got the ball on a fumble, started on another sensational run and Dick Sheridan, Army end, went in to stop him. When the play was over, Sheridan was lying on the field with a broken neck, and taken off to die in the hospital a few days later. Ted never wants to live through another minute like that one.

There have, of course, been any number of sport thrills. Like the 1930 Penn Relay when Monroe of Harvard came from sixth position in the last eighty yards to win by a stride, a complete surprise to everybody. Or the personal kick he got out of persuading Columbia to broadcast the Intercollegiate Track Meet at Chicago last year on his prediction that five world's records would be hung up—and then getting the five world's records.

But for the most part he hasn't time to think about the kick of the event he's broadcasting. He's too darned scared and nervous about having everything go off right.

So they go, the thrills of yesterday. But tomorrow may come the greater thrill to dwarf them all, with new devices, new techniques to bring it to you more graphically at your fireside.

Radio makes thrill chasers of us all—as Shakespeare might have said if he had known about it.

RADIOLAND



# Radio At The World's Fair

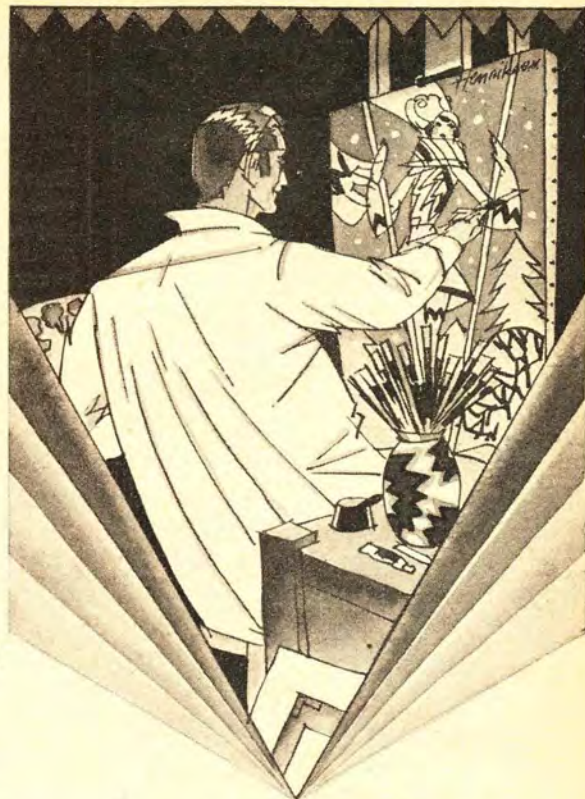
[Continued from page 52]

and business has responded. Others should follow suit, and the Fair should shortly emerge from its somewhat bewildered attitude of the moment, and settle down to a more coordinated existence.

It must be remembered that the project was a vast one, and completion of the exterior, so close to the opening date, left much to be done in the way of organization. In the light of this, the job has been brilliantly handled without cost to the taxpayer. The problem of the radio department has its counterpart in the problem of every other department, in that the rules and formula of normal procedure had to be abandoned to meet the special demands of so great an exhibit. During the test stage, Chief of Radio Hawes came in for so much blame as one phase or another of the new equipment buckled in being joined, that he invented a meter which tells the complete story of what happens from one moment to the next. It shows the time the program goes on the air, who is talking, whether the voice is male or female, the type of program—every last detail. This meter allocates the trouble and saves heated words.

IT IS well agreed that the Century of Progress is a night show. The cool of the evening and the glittering Fair make nice partners, and the result is seen in the crowd gaiety, which reaches its peak at midnight and ebbs about one-thirty in the morning. The Fair, when lighted, is a breath-taking spectacle. In fact, the use of electricity suddenly appears to be the backbone of this exposition. It is responsible for the gleaming neon signs, the futuristic lighting, the animated exhibits. Research has shown, for instance, that the Hall of Science alone uses more electricity than the entire 1893 Fair. The total electricity burned by the present exposition, in fact, exceeds that used by all Chicago in 1893.

Planning to see the Century of Progress in one day has a parallel in the man who took a running jump at a mountain. The effort is gallant but futile. Planning to see the complete exposition in a week would still be adventurous. But whether you are a radio fan or a radio technician you will, in all probability, find more than you can absorb in the realm of radio and its associated sciences, regardless of the time at your disposal.



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## Radio and the Next War

[Continued from page 15]

Navy look forward to them as a valuable asset in the time of war. To begin with they are a first-class body of citizens, many of them young men and others, who as youngsters, pioneered in bringing radio to its present high state of development in the United States.

While the parents are sitting downstairs marvelling at the fact that they can hear programs in Chicago, Denver and San Francisco, the young amateur who is long past that, is probably sitting up in the attic communicating with somebody in China.

The amateurs are enrolled in the reserve units of our fighting forces and can be depended upon to give a splendid account of themselves if there is another war.

Our problem will be entirely different in a future conflict than it was in the World War. At that time, the broadcasting networks, which today we take for granted, were unknown. As yet commercial messages were not being flashed across the Atlantic, much less transoceanic radio telephone calls.

THE day after the United States declared war, a presidential proclamation directed the Navy to take over all the radio stations in this country. The allies had cut all cables connecting central Europe. Germany was depending upon the German-controlled station at Sayville, Long Island, for her principal means of rapid communication with the outside world, but we took that over also.

The radio-compass, or direction finder, came into being and through this instrument the British Royal Navy learned ahead of time of the departure of the German High Sea Fleet, just prior to the Battle of Jutland.

The Germans, unaware that the Allies had perfected complete radio compass systems, employed the radio on their submarines and ships freely, enabling Allied Ships equipped with radio compasses to plot their positions, warn cargo and troop ships away and send men-of-war after the submarines.

The radio compass was also found useful in the front line trenches. According to General James G. Harbord, it is probable that the location of more enemy divisions, corps and armies were obtained in this way than by all other means combined.

An attempt at propaganda by radio broadcast was made by the Germans in the last months of the struggle. Station POZ at Nauen sent out daily bulletins in German, French and English, giving a highly colored report of German successes and minimizing the German losses. Only a mere handful of radio operators were equipped with sets to hear.

Having gone through the great war with such a brilliant record and having since become an outstanding figure in the radio world, General Harbord's opinion as to



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Look for the new patterns of frocks worn by movie stars and the glamorous stories on Mae West, Jimmy Cagney, Maurice Chevalier, Carole Lombard and others and a host of other incomparable features.



If your newsdealer is sold out, send 10c in stamps or coin to SCREEN PLAY, 529 S. 7th St., Minneapolis, Minn., and a copy of the September issue will be rushed to you immediately.



what use the radio will be put to in the next war should be of exceptional value.

**T**HERE will be a struggle of morale, with radio taking a leading part in carrying each country's story to its own and neutral people and enemy countries trying to break through with reports that will shake the courage of those at home," the General declared. "Luckily the primacy of our own broadcasting, both in range, power and scope, would place the United States in an exceptional position to combat this. But a new problem of censorship will be created—an attempt to interfere too much with enemy broadcasting might cause rumors of disasters more destructive to morale than the garbled reports the enemy transmits."

Another man eminently qualified to express an opinion as to the use radio will be put to in the next war is David Sarnoff, President of the Radio Corporation of America, a radio genius of international fame, and a Colonel of the Signal Corps Reserves.

"The experience of the last war amply proved that temporary defeat of an army at the battle front may be of less serious consequence than the destruction of the nation's morale behind the lines," Mr. Sarnoff said. "The next war will thus involve a great problem of mass education, in which radio must play a predominant rôle.

"The primacy of our broadcasting system, both in power, range, and scope, would place us in an exceptional position in this respect. Even now some of our broadcasting stations are frequently heard in Europe and Latin America and regularly by our neighbors across the border lines. It is to be expected that within the next five years, by the use of suitable wave lengths and adequate power, we shall be able to make ourselves heard in any part of the civilized world."

It is a fascinating thing to hear what General Harbord and Mr. Sarnoff have to say with regard to the application of latest radio developments to military operations which will probably take place in the next great war.

"Maps and photographs made in air-planes may be sent instantly by radio facsimile and facsimile messages at the front, receivable by radio sets tuned only in a pre-arranged manner, are well within the range of possibilities," General Harbord said. "High-speed facsimile transmission may solve the problem of secrecy for military dispatches and do away largely with the necessity for coding and decoding. Facsimile information would carry its own proof of authenticity and would place a permanent record in the hands of those receiving it.

"Remote control by radio already has been demonstrated and we may imagine tanks of the future, with no men in them, crashing through barbed wire entanglements and crushing down the protection around machine gun nests. Aircraft loaded with explosives, with no human pilots aboard, might be sent out over enemy territory. The fact that television will emerge from the laboratory stage within the next year could give some color to a still more fantastic possibility—if its development continues as we believe it will—the radio piloted plane carrying the television apparatus which will place on a screen before commanding officers a moving picture of their advancing troops and the enemy territory into which they are advancing."

**W**E CAN imagine a fleet of scout planes, each with a photoradio transmitter, its lens directed to the ground, sending automatically photoradio maps of the territory which it traverses," Mr. Sarnoff declared. "The fact that the aircraft would move forward during the five or ten seconds of photographic exposure should not destroy the sharpness of the map. It would simply mean that the extreme right of the picture was made ten seconds later than the extreme left. The map nevertheless would be of great military value.

"It may also become possible for the staff at a military base to follow the progress of an air raid more or less accurately by comparing the photoradio maps transmitted with photographs previously taken of the same ground. Thus the progress of the fleet could be plotted and the aircraft steered by radio so that bombs might be dropped when the desired position was reached. After their work had been performed, the craft might be steered to return. But even if driven to their destruction they might accomplish their purpose by exploding their charges after they had been brought to the ground.

"As the principles of remote control by radio already have been determined, it is not impossible to conceive the radio-controlled tank of the future, without human pilotage, being driven toward the enemy's lines."

Then, touching on the possibilities of television, as General Harbord did, Mr. Sarnoff concluded, "Perhaps it would be too fantastic to consider the part that might be played by direct television in the war of the future, but it is not too early to consider the direction which laboratory development should take in its application to military uses. It is conceivable that a radio-television transmitter installed in an airplane might be useful in transmitting a direct image of the enemy's terrain, thus enabling greater accuracy in gunfire."

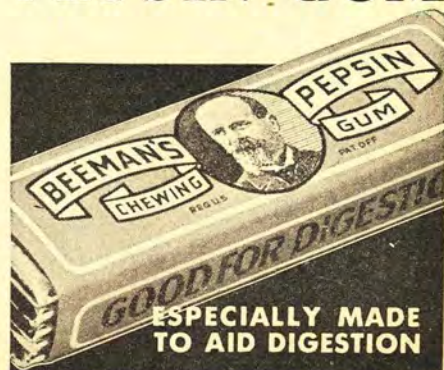


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**BEEMAN'S  
PEPSIN GUM**



The October **RADIOLAND** Will Tell You  
How the Next World Series Will Be Broadcast

**WATCH FOR THIS FEATURE!**



# Outdoor Entertaining

[Continued from page 72]

## Crab Meat Ravigote In Tomato Shells

- 6 peeled tomatoes
- 1/2 pound canned or fresh crab flakes
- 1/3 cup French dressing
- 1 teaspoon minced parsley
- 1 teaspoon minced chives
- Mayonnaise
- Lettuce
- Olives

Chill the tomatoes and hollow to form cups. Combine the crab flakes, French dressing, parsley and chives; and fill the tomato cups. Turn upside down in nests of lettuce and serve with a garnish of mayonnaise and olives.

## Eggs Benedict

- 3 English muffins
- 6 thin rounds broiled ham
- 6 poached eggs
- 1 cup Hollandaise sauce
- Bits of truffles or pimientos
- Watercress

The rounds of ham should be the same size as the English muffins. Split and toast the muffins. On each half place a round of ham. Top with a poached egg, spread with the Hollandaise and garnish with the bits of truffles or pimiento and the cress.

## Orangeade

- 2 cups sugar
- 1 cup orange juice
- 1 quart water
- 1/3 cup lemon juice

Boil the sugar and water ten minutes with the orange rinds. Remove the rinds; chill the syrup; add the fruit juices and dilute to taste, with iced or charged water. Serve very cold with a bit of orange or mint as a garnish.

## Caramel Ice-box Cookies

- 1 cup shortening
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 eggs
- 3 cups flour
- 1 teaspoon baking powder
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- Chopped nuts
- Cocoanut
- Chopped candied orange peel

Cream the shortening, add the sugar and the eggs, beaten light. Stir till fluffy, then beat in the flour, baking powder, and vanilla. Let stand a few moments. Shape into a long roll, cover closely, and keep in the ice box until needed. Then slice as thin as possible, dust with the nuts, cocoanut, or candied peel, and bake in a moderate oven, 350 degrees F., about ten minutes.

All measurements are level. Recipes portioned for 6.

a shallow casserole, and put in a layer of the eggs; cover with sauce and repeat until all is used. Cover with the crumbs mixed with two teaspoons of melted butter and put in a hot oven to brown.

## Pecan Coffee Cake

- 2 cups scalded milk
- 1 1/2 compressed yeast cakes
- 1/4 cup tepid water
- 2 eggs
- 1/2 cup melted shortening
- 1/2 cup sugar
- Juice and grated rind 1 lemon
- 5 cups bread flour
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 cup pecan nut meats
- Sugar and cinnamon

Scald the milk, and when cooled add the yeast dissolved in the tepid water, and two cups flour to make the batter. Let rise till light and spongy; then add the other ingredients in the order given; the eggs well beaten, and flour to make a dough that can be kneaded. Knead till elastic, then cover and set aside till light. Cut down and put into oiled pans making the dough an inch and a half thick. Let rise till double in bulk, brush over the top with melted butter, and sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon mixed together, and the pecans. Bake about a half hour in a moderate oven, 350-375 degrees F.

## Corn-Sticks

- 1 cup homeground cornmeal
- 1 cup bread flour
- 2 tablespoons sugar
- 3 teaspoons baking powder
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 egg
- 1 1/4 cups milk
- 3 tablespoons melted shortening

Measure the shortening in a mixing-bowl or stew-pan and melt it. Add the other ingredients in the order given; beat thoroughly and bake in well oiled corn-stick pans for twenty-five minutes in a hot oven, 375 degrees F.

## Swedish Sponge Cakes

- 4 eggs
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 teaspoon orange extract
- 1/2 cup potato flour
- 1/2 teaspoon baking powder
- 1/8 teaspoon salt

Separate the eggs and beat the whites stiff. Add the sugar and fold in the flour mixed with the baking powder. Fold in the egg yolks, well beaten, and the flavoring; turn as quickly as possible into un-oiled cup cake pans and bake slowly about twenty minutes at 325-350 degrees F.

J. E. Smith President National Radio Institute

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Radio is making flying safer. Radio operators employed through Civil Service Commission earn \$1,620 to \$2,800 a year.



Spare time set servicing pays many N. R. I. men \$5, \$10, \$15 a week extra. Full time men make as much as \$40, \$60, \$75 a week.

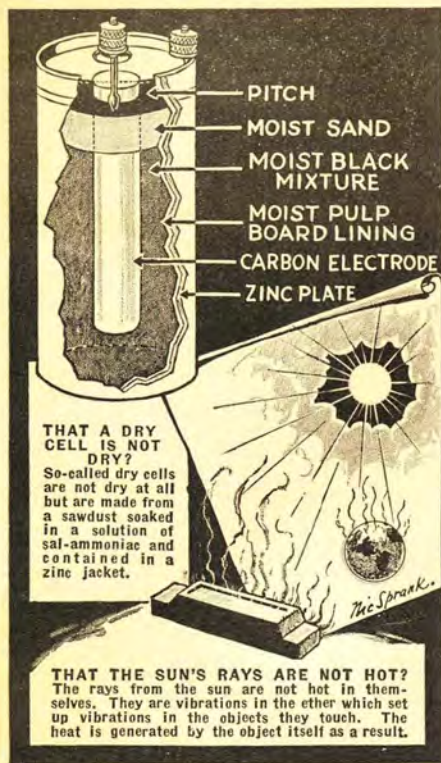


Television is the coming field. You can get ready for it through N. R. I. training.





# Do You Know—



### THAT A DRY CELL IS NOT DRY?

So-called dry cells are not dry at all but are made from a sawdust soaked in a solution of sal-ammoniac and contained in a zinc jacket.

### THAT THE SUN'S RAYS ARE NOT HOT?

The rays from the sun are not hot in themselves. They are vibrations in the ether which set up vibrations in the objects they touch. The heat is generated by the object itself as a result.

## Or Why

- the only "blue-bloods" are reptiles?
- copper can be bent but not straightened?
- waterproof glue is 80% water?

—these and other true

## Oddities of Science

are contained in the current issue of

# MODERN MECHANIX AND INVENTIONS

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**JACK DEMPSEY'S SYSTEM OF BOXING**  
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## The Romance and Loves of Rudy Vallee

[Continued from page 76]

covered that the old Scenic Theatre was closed and he could hold notes for ten minutes there if he chose.

It was while he was recuperating from an appendicitis operation that he wrote Wiedoeft the ninth letter and—perhaps the hospital address touched the great man's heart—received an answer!

**N**OW he was sure in what direction his career lay. That letter was the turning point in his life. Nothing could stop him. He even played the saxophone, against the doctor's orders, when he first got out of the hospital, thereby weakening the muscles in his side. This folly cost him another operation two years later.

There was only one digression from his steady persistent climb up the music ladder. And music caused that. During the war, when he was just sixteen, he heard a martial band playing a patriotic number and joined the Navy, but when they discovered how young he was they sent him back home.

Now instead of working at sawmills during the Summer he played in various bands at resorts and pavilions and eventually won his father over by being soloist one Sunday afternoon at a Y. M. C. A. entertainment and playing "The Palms" at church on Easter Sunday.

I have told you these facts to let you see in what way Rudy's career was built. You will find, in this recounting, an absence of boyish pastimes, childish pranks, juvenile scrapes—incidents that pepper the lives of most celebrities. The reason for their omission is because there weren't any.

Rudy found his pleasure in practising, his joy in at last forcing Wiedoeft to write to him, his will to power (which prompts most boys to get themselves into trouble) in hearing the applause when he played solos. See how straight his life goes? How clear is the path of energy! How true to his ideal (and that ideal is music) he has been? Even then, as a boy, he poured himself out in his music and worked to the exclusion of all else.

Next month I am going to tell you how he conquered the city, how he first began to sing and why his marriages have been unsuccessful.

Watch for the October  
**RADIOLAND**  
Striking Cover of  
**Bing Crosby**  
and Dozens of  
Interesting and Timely Features

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POPULAR STAR



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I enclose 10c for sample of Golden Glint Shampoo.

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Dept. R. L. Stillman Co., Aurora, Ill.

October RADIOLAND Will  
Tell You  
How the Next World Series  
Will Be Broadcast  
Watch For This Feature



# Control Room

[Continued from page 57]



## How an Ex-Cowboy Has Become Hollywood's Social Leader!

Read the amazing story of how Gary Cooper has succeeded Mary Pickford as the leader of Movietown's highest society! You'll enjoy this and many other equally absorbing stories in—

SEPTEMBER

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MAGAZINE

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You'll laugh over the amusing story of Franchot Tone's escapades when a student at Cornell. Other high spots include stories on Joan Crawford in which she says, "I have no regrets," declaring everything that has happened to her has been a stepping stone upward; Joan and Constance Bennett, Dick Powell, Pert Kelton, Karen Morley and many other favorites. SCREEN BOOK is always new, different, sparkling.

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I'm silly. Say the prayer with me. Now I lay me down to sleep; I pray the Lord my soul—"

The page boy had come back to the door. Again he handed a slip of paper to the announcer. The announcer crossed, with quick, cat-like strides, to the microphone. As he took the girl's place her sick eyes implored him.

"Folks," said the announcer, "this is Frank Fields, of Station ABC, New York, giving you news of what will soon be, unless there's a miracle, the Chicago disaster. The giant dirigible, hanging between earth and sky, is completely out of control. Its radio has gone dead, but the moment before it went the operator sent a last message. He said the officers and men were standing by for a crash. He said they were under perfect control—that there was no sign of panic. . . . While we wait for further news, Miss Betsy Marsh will go on with her program. Here she is, folks, Miss Betsy Marsh. Making her first radio appearance—" He stepped back and as he did so, he bent close to the girl's ear.

"For gosh sake," he hissed in the lowest possible voice, "give 'em something lively. This news is glum enough. Cut the prayers, Baby—"

The girl took her place at the microphone. Her face was a mask that might have been carved, cameo like, from stone. She was hearing Jim's voice, with a chuckle in it, telling her of the way his airship had played tag with a blizzard.

"It was like being an immortal," he had said, "darting up and down among the clouds. Beating the elements at their own game. Terrified, you say? Hell, no! I loved it."

"At a time like this—" said the girl, aloud, into the microphone. "I'm thinking of how the soldiers sang when they went off to war. I was a tiny girl, then, but I remember columns marching and men singing. One of the songs was 'Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag—'"

The pianist, watching her lips, caught the cue and began to play softly.

"And smile, smile, smile!" sang the girl.

The least stout of the two officials, in the control room, spoke aloud. His voice didn't matter—it was shut off from the rest of the room.

"She hasn't much in the way of volume," he began.

"But she has tenderness," said the other official. "That's something, eh, Joe?" he was addressing the man at the keyboard.

"Sure," said the man at the keyboard. "if you say so, she's got tenderness. I don't guess those guys on the Chicago have a chance, do you?"

THE page boy was back at the door. The announcer had snatched the paper from his hand almost before the door was fully open. This time he read it through, twice, before he took his place at the microphone. He didn't have to push the girl aside, now—she moved from his path like an automatic thing. The pianist tried to catch the girl's eyes, and his mouth framed noiseless words.

"Buck up—" is what a lip reader would have translated.

The announcer spoke.

"A message," he said, "has come from the coast guard cutter, 'Sea Gull.' The Chicago has crashed. It struck the water with a great explosion and went under immediately. Evidently it fell apart in mid air, and apparently there are no survivors, for there isn't a shred of wreckage to be seen! The coast guard boats will stand by. The 'Sea Gull' wireleses that the storm is abating; that there are signs of clearing in the western sky. And now, Miss Betsy Marsh will finish her program—and, folks, she has only a few minutes left. Give her a big hand, folks. This is Frank Fields, announcing from Station ABC, New York. Ah, Miss Marsh—"

The girl had stepped forward. Save for the shaking of the hands that held a locket she might have been anybody, casually addressing any audience. Her white face was composed, her eyes were dry and level.

"I want you to listen while I sing one of the oldest and dearest hymns—" she said.

She began without further preamble, and the pianist, a half measure behind, caught at the unaccustomed rhythm.

"Lead Kindly Light," sang the girl, "amid the encircling gloom—Lead Thou—me—on . . . The night is dark—"

One of the officials said to the other: "She won't do, not by a long shot. She's got something but she seems to have an idea that she's leading a revival service."

The other one said: "Well, Seth Parker has a following—laugh that off. And she sings the hymn as if it really means something."

The man at the keyboard said: "My God! She's fainting . . ."

WHILE the pianist and the announcer carried the girl away—and they walked on tiptoe—four men entered the room. Each one had a banjo and they all wore Stetsons. One of them swaggered, but soundlessly, toward the microphone.

"This here," he said, "is the Cowboy Quartette, just in from th' sagebrush country. Howdy, ever'body! how're you doing? Say, I'm goin' to introduce my gang . . ."

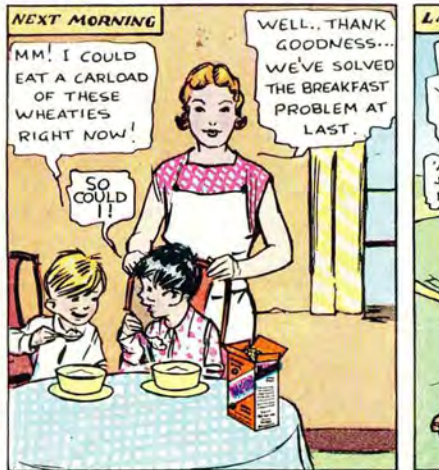
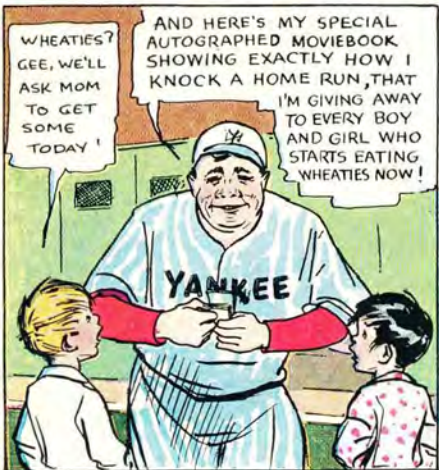
THE END

In RADIOLAND for October—  
**THE FIGHTING CRUSADER OF THE AIR**  
A Remarkable Story About Father Charles Coughlin



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How Wheaties and **BABE RUTH'S** FREE Home Run Moviebook Turned the Trick



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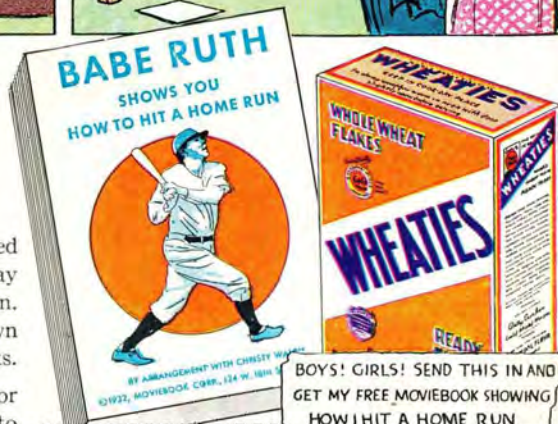
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