RADIOLAND

November

15c

20c in Canada

RUTH ETTING'S LIFE STORY

Personality Stories on

Eddie Cantor
Kate Smith
Jane Froman
Stoopnagle and Budd

and other stars

NRA

BROADCASTING *the* BIG FOOTBALL GAMES

"He proposed to me on the  front porch -

-and he still loves me . . . . . *in the kitchen!*"

"Nowadays we modern girls have so many things to think about that we wait till we're married to learn about homemaking! But we don't disappoint our husbands—for we learn to be good housekeepers before they even have time to think about it. We know where to get expert help. For instance, the 'balanced' recipes I found in my bag of Pillsbury's Best made me a good cook—almost overnight. Believe me, my romance will never be killed in the kitchen!"

Inside your bag of Pillsbury's Best are two important things. Use these two things together, and your baking will be the envy of the neighborhood. First, there's a perfectly "balanced" flour. Second, there is a sheet of "balanced" recipes, developed and tested by a unique method. Here's a baking combination that's infallible—and simple as ABC.

How does a "balanced" flour differ from ordinary flour? In this way: If a flour is made from only one kind of wheat, it may work all right for one baked food, but not for another. Pillsbury's Best is made from a "balanced" mixture of fine wheats, blended to work *perfectly* for anything, from bread to delicate pastry!

What are "balanced" recipes? They are unusually simple, dependable recipes, created and tested by a special Pillsbury method. Twelve of these unusual recipes are in every bag of Pillsbury's Best.* You'll enjoy trying them, and you'll enjoy using Pillsbury's Best, because it works so perfectly for ALL baking!

Send for Everlasting Aluminum Covered Recipe Book with Visible Index

Pillsbury has developed an unusual loose-leaf recipe book. Will not soil or wear out—covered in everlasting aluminum—no heavier than an ordinary cover. Easy to use—every recipe is instantly visible on an index. When in use, only one recipe shows at a time. Best of all, it contains nearly 300 "Balanced" recipes—dependable, sure ways to make interesting new foods. Extra space for your own favorite recipes. You'll find it the handiest thing in your kitchen! Sent postpaid for only $1.00, which is less than actual cost. Send coupon today.

*If your sack of Pillsbury's Best does not contain this new recipe folder, just send us your name and address, and we'll gladly send it to you.

PILLSBURY FLOUR MILLS COMPANY
General Offices, Minneapolis, Minnesota

Pillsbury Flour Mills Co.-v-11
Minneapolis, Minn.
Please send me postpaid your aluminum covered visible index recipe book "Balanced Recipes." I enclose $1.00.

(Write name and address in margin below)

PILLSBURY'S BEST
The "Balanced" Flour

WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!

She Buys Grand Clothes . . .
But her Teeth are Cloudy . . . her Gums Soft
and she has "pink tooth brush"!

OF COURSE, this woman wears the smartest, most flattering clothes she can buy. But she should never forget that sparkling white teeth are far more important to her attractiveness and good-looks!

Today—just before you put on that pretty new fall frock—take a mirror close to the window, and look at *your* teeth and gums. Do your teeth *look* clean? Are your gums firm and healthy?

For, if your gums are soft and tender, if they often leave a trace of "pink" upon your tooth brush—your teeth will probably look gray and dingy. Moreover, "pink tooth brush" may lead to a serious gum disorder: gingivitis, Vincent's disease, or even pyorrhea. The best teeth you have may be endangered.

Your gums must be kept firm

Because today's soft, creamy foods do not exercise your gums sufficiently, you need to use Ipana Tooth Paste with massage to keep them healthy.

Get a full-size tube of Ipana, and clean your teeth the regulation way, brushing well. Then, with a little extra Ipana on your brush or fingertip, *massage your gums.*

Do this today—tomorrow—*every* day—every time you clean your teeth. Ipana has ziratol in it, and this ziratol, with the massage, stimulates circulation through the gums. As your gums become healthier and harder, your teeth brighten. And you can forget all about "pink tooth brush."

IPANA

The "Ipana Troubadours" are back! Every Wednesday Evening—9:00 p.m., E. S. T. WEAF and Associated N.B.C. Stations

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

RADIOLAND

VOL. 1
NO. 4

NOVEMBER, 1933

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

FEATURES

INTERESTING PEOPLE

PERSONALITIES

WOMAN AND HER PROBLEMS

By IDA BAILEY ALLEN

SERVICE DEPARTMENTS

GOSSIP

NEXT MONTH—What the Famous Radio Stars Really Earn

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"I wanted to be lovely like Carole Lombard

— then a Scientist told me about the beauty soap she uses"

says Lillian Kenton, of Great Neck, L.I.

"I can remember the time when I actually *cried*, I was so discouraged about my complexion! I wanted to be lovely —every girl does—and I knew my skin was to blame."

"Then I met a scientist. 'I'll tell you,' he said, 'what I told Carole Lombard. Skin grows old-looking through the loss of certain precious elements. Miss Lombard's gentle, readily soluble soap *checks the loss* of these elements, because . . .'"

"I began right away to use Lux Toilet Soap, as Carole Lombard does. My skin began to improve."

"I was so delighted! My skin grew clearer and lovelier every day just as I had hoped it would. And every day I grew happier. Men certainly are attracted by lovely skin. No more lonely evenings now!"

For *every* type of skin—dry, oily, "in-between." 9 out of 10 screen stars use fragrant, white Lux Toilet Soap. Try it today!

NRA

NOW IS THE TIME FOR EVERYONE TO STAND BEHIND THE PRESIDENT "WE DO OUR PART"

The Radio Parade

RADIOLAND cannot be responsible for unexpected changes in schedule. All time given is Eastern Standard Time

Variety Programs:

MAJOR BOWES' CAPITOL FAMILY—The first of the week and a first class entertainment. NBC-WEAF, Sundays at 11:15 a. m.

BOND PROGRAM—You can depend on a few "old fashions" by Frank Crumit and Julia Sanderson. Don Voorhees' orchestra supplies the music. CBS, Sundays at 5:30 p. m.

CHASE AND SANBORN HOUR—Eddie Cantor, Rubinoff and Jimmy Wallington—and they're still at it, but Rubinoff is a sport—and a fiddler. NBC-WEAF, Sundays at 8:00 p. m.

LINIT—An all star program with Jane Froman, Nino Martini, Julius Tannen and Erno Rapee's orchestra. CBS, Sundays at 9:00 p. m.

MANHATTAN MERRY-GO-ROUND—The exotic Tamara sings, also, David Percy, the Men About Town, and Gene Rodemich's orchestra. NBC-WEAF, Sundays at 9:00 p. m.

GULF HEADLINERS—George M. Cohan and a show—a good show, you can bet; the Revelers Quartet, and Al Goodman's orchestra. NBC-WJZ, Sundays at 9:00 p. m.

RICHFIELD COUNTRY CLUB—Grantland Rice, the sportsman; Mary McCoy; Betty Barthell; and music furnished by Jack Golden's orchestra. NBC, Mondays at 7:30 p. m.

A & P GYPSIES—Frank Parker, the romantic troubador and tzigan music directed by Harry Horlic. NBC-WEAF, Mondays at 9:00 p. m.

SINCLAIR GREATER MINSTRELS—Gene Arnold; Chauncey Parsons; male quartet and Harry Kogen directing. NBC-WJZ, Mondays at 9:00 p. m.

AN EVENING IN PARIS—Presents Agnes Moorehead in humorous adventure skits and Nat Shilkret's orchestra. CBS, Mondays at 9:15 p. m.

JACK FROST MELODY MOMENTS—One of the old favorites offering a delightful musical program, directed by Josef Pasternack, also guest artists. NBC-WJZ, Mondays at 9:30 p. m.

EX-LAX PROGRAM—Returns to the air with Lulu McConnell in dramatic sketches, Isham Jones' Orchestra, and Gertrude Niessen, blues singer. CBS, Mondays at 9:30 p. m.

ANDRE KOSTELANETZ PRESENTS—A distinctive musical program with Gladys Rice, soprano; Evan Evans, baritone; and a splendid chorus. CBS, Mondays at 10:00 p. m.

BUICK PROGRAM—A musical parade led by Gus Haenschen and his orchestra; Conrad Thibault, baritone; Arlene Jackson, soprano; Ohman and Arden, piano duo; Songsmiths, male quartet; Nightingales Trio and Arthur Boran. NBC-WEAF, Mondays at 10:30 p. m.

BLACKSTONE PLANTATION PROGRAM—Romantic musical reminiscences with Frank Crumit and Julia Sanderson. Jack Shilkret directs the orchestra. NBC-WEAF, Tuesdays at 8:00 p. m.

BLUE RIBBON PROGRAM—"Yowsuh," Ben Bernie, the ole maestro entertaining with gags and music—"so 'elp me." NBC-WEAF, Tuesdays at 9:00 p. m.

TEXACO FIRE CHIEF PROGRAM—Don Voorhees' band; soloists; a male quartet; and, perhaps, the Chief himself. NBC-WEAF, Tuesdays at 9:30 p. m.

CALIFORNIA MELODIES—On the West Coast with the cinema stars and Eleanor Barnes; Raymond Paige's orchestra furnishes the music. CBS, Tuesdays at 10:00 p. m.

OLDSMOBILE PROGRAM—Sporting it with Ted Husing, and you can dance, too, to Leon Belasco's music. CBS, Tuesdays and Thursdays at 10:30 p. m.

ROYAL GELATINE—Plenty of good gags by Bert Lahr, and George Olsen and his music. NBC-WEAF, Wednesdays at 8:00 p. m.

GULF PROGRAM—Our favorite humorist, Irvin S. Cobb, and Al Goodman's orchestra. Something the men will particularly enjoy. CBS, Wednesdays and Fridays at 9:00 p. m.

WHITE OWL PROGRAM—Guy Lombardo's Royal Canadians play—"Crazy People"—and then Burns and Allen enter. CBS, Wednesdays at 9:30 p. m.

OLD GOLD PROGRAM—Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians, the most popular band on the air, and Mandy Lou. CBS, Wednesdays at 10:00 p. m.

FLEISCHMANN HOUR—A galaxy of stage and movie stars with Rudy Vallée and his Connecticut Yankees. This program, directed by Mr. Vallée, personally, is the favorite of RADIOLAND. NBC-WEAF, Thursdays at 8:00 p. m.

CAPTAIN HENRY'S MAXWELL HOUSE SHOWBOAT—Charles Winninger, the Captain, takes you on board for a delightful hour of drama and music. Lanny Ross, tenor; Annette Hanshaw, blues singer; Muriel Wilson, soprano; Molasses 'n' January, comedians; Don Voorhees' band. NBC-WEAF, Thursdays at 9:00 p. m.

KRAFT-PHENIX PROGRAM—Al Jolson sings for you; Paul Whiteman and his orchestra play—and what a repertoire; and the well known music critic and composer, Deems Taylor, acts as m. c. NBC-WEAF, Thursdays at 10:00 p. m.

FRED ALLEN'S SALAD BOWL REVUE—Grand humor by Fred Allen with the assistance of his wife, Portland Hoffa; swell music by Ferde Grofe's orchestra; also, Roy Atwell and Phil Duey. NBC-WEAF, Fridays at 9:00 p. m.

LET'S LISTEN TO HARRIS—The new Romeo of the air with his orchestra, and Leah Ray renders the "blues." NBC-WJZ, Fridays at 9:00 p. m.

POND'S PROGRAM—Songs, music and laughter with Rose Keane and Charles Lawrence, Lee Wiley and Paul Small and Victor Young's orchestra. NBC-WEAF, Fridays at 9:30 p. m.

THE ARMOUR PROGRAM—Phil Baker being funny;

[*Continued on page* 70]

Delicious food-drink gives new strength and energy to thousands

Children show remarkable gains in weight

BEGIN at once giving your children Cocomalt mixed with milk. Drink it yourself. Serve it to your guests as a special treat. Cocomalt is *delicious!*

Prepared as directed, Cocomalt adds 70% more food-energy nourishment to milk. Every glass you or your child drinks is equal in food-energy value to almost *two glasses of milk alone.*

Equally important, Cocomalt contains a rich supply of Sunshine Vitamin D (under license by Wisconsin University Alumni Research Foundation). A glass of Cocomalt, properly prepared, is equivalent in Vitamin D content to two-thirds of a teaspoonful of standard cod-liver oil. This Vitamin D enables the body to efficiently utilize the food-calcium and food-phosphorus—richly supplied by Cocomalt and milk—in developing strong bones, sound teeth and sturdy bodies.

Sold at grocery and drug stores in ½-lb., 1-lb. and 5-lb. vacuum-sealed cans. But be sure you get the genuine Cocomalt, the Vitamin D food drink.

Special offer—Mail coupon (and 10c to cover the cost of packing and mailing) for a trial-size can of Cocomalt.

ACCEPTED AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSN. Committee on Foods

Cocomalt is a scientific food concentrate of sucrose, skim milk, selected cocoa, barley malt extract, flavoring and added Sunshine Vitamin D. It is accepted by the Committee on Foods of The American Medical Association.

R. B. Davis Co., Dept. CL-11, Hoboken, N. J.
Please send me a trial-size can of Cocomalt. I enclose 10c to cover the cost of packing and mailing.

Name_____

Address_____ State_____

City_____

Winners *in* Favorite Radio Feature Contest

THE first contest conducted by *RADIOLAND* to find the favorite radio features, resulted in comparatively easy victory for Rudy Vallee and the Fleischmann Hour. The Fleischmann Hour led by a wide margin. The Maxwell House Show Boat was second, some distance behind Vallee but far ahead of any other contender. The final lineup of the nine leaders in the voting was as follows:

1. Rudy Vallee
2. Maxwell House Show Boat
3. Fred Waring
4. Guy Lombardo and Burns and Allen
5. Amos 'n' Andy
6. Bing Crosby
7. Ben Bernie
8. Kate Smith
9. Seth Parker

One Vote For Cheerio

($15 Prize)

Who is my favorite on the air? Well, without the least hesitancy my answer is Cheerio. Perhaps it is because of his positive sincerity and determination to help his fellowman that endears Cheerio most of all to his listeners. Then, too, after listening to Cheerio for four years, I am firmly convinced he is doing something fine and unique and is actually accomplishing the purpose of his broadcast, that is, a good start for the day. His thirty minutes in the early morning, and his bright and cheery "Good morning" certainly chases away gloom and starts the day off just right for many of us. He comforts the sick and afflicted, and I unhesitatingly recommend him to those who are discontented with life. Listen to his reading of that beautiful poem "At Wit's End" and see if it doesn't give you renewed courage to pick up your burden and carry on. Also, his original idea of remembering the old folks—those who are ninety years "young," and the golden wedding couples, certainly deserves much credit in this day of young folks only.

He is truly radio's friendliest voice, and his program, judged from all standpoints, the very finest on the air.

GLADYS E. PEPER,
1401 Fairbanks St., SW.,
Atlanta, Georgia.

Inspired By Seth Parker

($10 Prize)

To really know my favorite radio feature, I immediately ask myself what program I should choose, if I were permitted to listen to only one. Unhesitatingly, I answer that "Sunday at Seth Parker's" would be my choice. I am not a fanatic upon religion, but that particular program has always proved a pleasant climax to my Sundays, bringing forth a deep religious fervor that many sermons fail to do.

The songs that are sung, recall pleasant memories around the piano in many homes that have been replaced for a different sort of entertainment. Listening to Seth's program without being a better person at the end of the broadcast seems impossible to me.

One Sunday during the month of June, I was stopping at a hotel in Washington, D. C., and when the time came for Seth Parker's program, I was surprised to see the number of men come within hearing distance of the radio. Seeing men put aside their personal and business affairs for thirty minutes to listen intently to such a program, convinced me that this broadcast proves that religion is not always confined within the church walls. I wished Seth Parker could have seen this interested audience in our busy capital city.

ELSIE N. CREEK,
Apt. 53, 527 W 121 St.,
New York City.

Never Misses The Goldbergs

($5 Prize)

My favorite radio feature? THE GOLDBERGS! Why? Because they are so natural! Every member of that cast renders his or her part with the greatest ease and with such perfect naturalness that it is a joy and comfort to listen to them. I hate to miss a program!

The theme of their programs is the home and family, a subject every one of us is vitally interested in, and they depict common, every day occurrences which might happen to any of us. That is what keeps us interested in their story night after night, and eager to hear the next chapter in their affairs. Love of their home and family and neighbors, and the devotion of each for one another, is felt by every listener! We rejoice with them in their happiness and grieve with them in their adversities! Jake's unreasonableness, Molly's perfect understanding of his every whim, Rosy's and Sammie's obedience and parental respect, and their little brother and sister "spats," are so real and so well portrayed! And then that gentle and loveable character, David! But best of all, Molly's delicious bits of philosophy are treasured by us all! May their wholesome programs be long continued!

MRS. ANNE E. ANDERSON,
59 Grove Street,
Wellesley, Mass.

Other Winners

Prizes of one dollar were awarded to the following:

Jean Pattison, 600 West 189th St., New York, N. Y. (Letter on Rudy Vallée program.)

Helen Hunter, 603 Bedford Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif. (Letter on Rudy Vallée program.)

Florence Ridge, 527 Fourth St., S. W. Canton, Ohio. (Letter on Armour Hour.)

Geraldine Cleaver, Anita, Iowa. (Letter on Cities Service Program.)

Harold Smith, P. O. Box 65, Dallas, Texas. (Letter on Rudy Vallée program.)

What Radio Has Meant To Me Contest

$15 Prize: Mrs. Lizzie D. Moody, 102 Center St., Athens, Pa.

$10 Prize: Mrs. Gladys Weimer, W. 1504 Shannon Ave., Spokane, Wash.

$5 Prize: Mrs. Lucie Gray, 1426 North West First St., Miami, Fla.

Turn to Page 71—for New Contest With Special Prizes

What color nails at the Ritz?

all colors

MRS. JULIAN GERARD
MRS. OLIVER CARLEY HARRIMAN
MISS BETTY GERARD

Lunching in the Oval Room of The Ritz, Mrs. Julian Gerard in black (as always) with the latest RUBY tint. Mrs. Oliver Carley Harriman in vivid green crêpe and silver fox—ROSE nails. Miss Betty Gerard in a soft beige with CORAL nails.

Natural just slightly accents the natural pink of your nails. Goes with all costumes, but is best with bright colors—red, blue, bright green, purple, orange and yellow.

Rose is a lovely feminine shade that you can wear with any color dress, pale or vivid. It is subtle and charming with pastel pinks, lavender blues . . . Smart with dark green, black and brown.

Coral nails are bewilderingly lovely with white, pale pink, beige, gray, "the blues," black and dark brown. Smart also with deeper colors (except red) if not too intense.

Cardinal is deep and exotic. It contrasts excitingly with black, white or any of the pale shades. Good with gray or beige . . . the new blue. Wear Cardinal in your festive moods!

Garnet a rich wine red, smart with the new tawny shades, cinnamon brown, black, white, beige, gray or burnt orange.

Ruby (new) a real *red* red you can wear with anything when you want to be gay.

ONE of the hoity-toitiest places to go "fashion-snooping" is The Ritz.

And the first thing you notice when you take your eyes off the most terrapin-y menu in town is the array of tinted finger nails!

All shades—from palest to deepest! Nobody's sticking to one tint! And everybody seems to be a whiz at picking the right shade for the gown.

World's authority on manicure perfects 7 shades

Now, if *you* aren't a serious nail tint fan already, better get going. It will make you feel gay and important. Just one warning so you won't commit Atrocities. The effect you get depends *entirely* on the Color and Quality of the polish you choose.

Smart women have discovered two things—that Cutex has the loveliest shades in or out of Paris, *and that they stay by you.* With Cutex you don't get to an important Hour in your life and find your nails all chipped or streaked or faded! Also, Cutex goes on smoothly and evenly and simply, and dries in no time. And the results are Something Grand.

If there's any dress hanging in your closet that hasn't got its special shade of polish to snap it up this winter, for heaven's sake go get it. And now that Color is making nails more Obvious, you ought to be very careful about the manicure.

THE COMPLETE CUTEX MANICURE . . . Scrub nails. Remove the old lifeless cuticle and cleanse nail tips with Cutex Cuticle Remover & Nail Cleanser. Remove old polish with Cutex Polish Remover. Brush on one of the lovely shades of Cutex Liquid Polish—the shade that best suits your costume. Then use Cutex Nail White (Pencil or Cream) and finish with Cutex Cuticle Oil or Cream. After every manicure, and each night before retiring, massage hands with the new Cutex Hand Cream.

NORTHAM WARREN, New York, Montreal, London, Paris

2 shades of Cutex Liquid Polish and 4 other manicure essentials for 12¢

NORTHAM WARREN, Dept. R. L. 11
191 Hudson Street . . . New York, N. Y.
(In Canada, address Post Office Box 2320, Montreal)

I enclose 12¢ for the new Cutex Manicure Set, which includes Natural Liquid Polish and one other shade which I have checked . . . ☐ Rose, ☐ Coral, ☐ Cardinal

_____

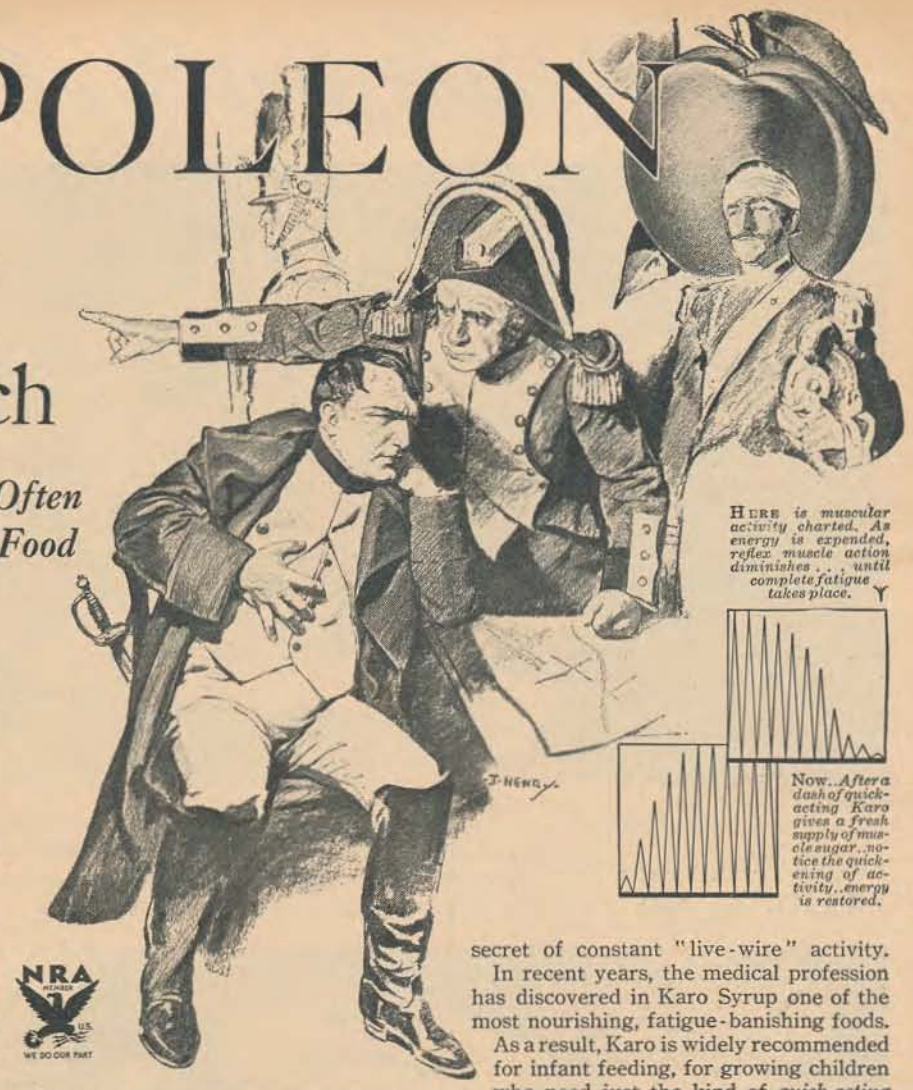
_____

Cutex Liquid Polish

Smart . . . Inexpensive

NAPOLEON *& that fatal* Green Peach

The "Battle of Life," Too, Often Depends on Quick-Acting Food



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.*

HISTORY REPORTS: following the battle of Dresden, Napoleon ate a green peach and suffered acute indigestion. In his distress, he neglected to direct the pursuit of the enemy. This fatal omission cost Napoleon the battle of Leipzig—which made his final defeat inevitable.

How often little things determine success or failure—common-place, every-day details no one would ever suspect of being even slightly important!

For instance, how many people realize that *everything* they eat and drink... a morsel of beef-steak... a bite of cheese, a swallow of milk, a slice of bread... each single ounce of food has its effect on every cell in the body? Nerves, muscles, glands, the heart, liver—*every* cell needs ENERGY.

The impulse that governs all physical and mental activity is ENERGY. When energy is expended, fatigue sets in, circulation is impaired, nerves grow taut, muscles are tired and vitality is at low ebb. What do we need most to restore ENERGY *quickly?* We need 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.

KARO 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 elements are utilized in the quick revival of poor circulation, of fatigued nerves, of flagging muscles.

Look 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.

"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.

Two tablespoons of Karo in a glass of milk improves its flavor and doubles its energy value.

Medical authorities recognize Karo as an ideal food for infants...Ask your doctor about it.

Your family will enjoy Karo served with cereals. Karo adds delicious flavor and nutrition.

Karo gives a new, delicious flavor to fresh fruits. Enjoy it with fruit cocktails, salads.

There are many ways to use Karo as a sweetener in baking. Write for illustrated recipe book.

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. RL-11 P. O. Box 171, Trinity Sta. New York

RADIOLAND

NOVEMBER, 1933

THE EDITOR'S OPINION

THE manufacture of radio sets has taken several definite trends since the depression first closed down upon America. The first was the development and perfection of the small table set. The second has been the growing popularity of the automobile radio. Merlin H. Aylesworth, president of NBC, estimates the number of receiving sets in this country at 17,000,000. "There are more than 400,000 auto radios in operation now," he says, "against 150,000 a year ago. Since there are 20,000,000 car owners in America, the market for this type of radio seems unlimited."

The car radio has many advantages. It keeps drivers and riders close to news events, eliminates road weariness, prevents the missing of favorite programs. The modern driver, thanks to his car set, is never out of touch with the world.

It is interesting to note that one new car—the Terraplane *De Luxe*—has a radio as part of its regular equipment.

Amos 'n' Andy, the boys who break air records, have been signed for another year

FREEMAN F. GOSDEN and Charles J. Correll, Amos 'n' Andy to you and me, have just had their contract renewed for another year by their sponsors, the Pepsodent Company. Amos 'n' Andy started on the air on August 19, 1929, and they have been going strong ever since.

Incidentally, they have a lot of records to their credit. Listen to this: They were the first fifteen minute program on the air; the first six nights a week program; the first pair to create and portray a host of radio characters (more than sixty have been heard on their programs) without using any voices but their own; and they have written more than 2,000,000 words for their sketches.

The congratulations of RADIOLAND go to Amos 'n' Andy. They deserve every bit of their great national popularity.

TALKING with a leading advertising agency executive—John V. Reber, vice president of J. Walter Thompson Agency in charge of radio—I was interested to learn his theories on the subject of radio comedy.

"The only comedians to succeed and to hold their success," he says, "are those who are fundamentally funny, who are basically amusing. The radio shows up its entertainers ruthlessly and completely. Just trying to be funny doesn't go. The comedian has to think and live his humor or the great listening audience detects the shallowness of his humorous veneer."

Thus the success of Ed Wynn, Eddie Cantor and Jack Pearl. And the quick failure of others.

MR. REBER also gives interesting insight into the great army of radio listeners. "The public is fundamentally honest and I have a case in point to prove it," he declared. "When we launched the campaign for Miracle Whip we promised that any dissatisfied customer could go back to the store and get *twice* the money he or she had paid. Over one million two hundred thousand

THE EDITOR'S OPINION

jars of Miracle Whip were sold under this guarantee, less than five hundred customers asked store keepers to make good on our double refund.

"However, we knew that the public was honest and we knew, too, that worthless products cannot last in popularity. An intensive campaign on the air and in newspapers and magazines will send sales skyrocketing and this sale will mount for a period of from two to eight months. Then, if the product is valueless, the sales collapse suddenly. All America seems to make the discovery at the same moment—and stops buying. We have watched this happen over and over with various worthless products pushed upon the market."

Mr. Reber, as do many prominent in radio, believes that the air waves are due for a wave of sentiment. The popularity of the comedian, and particularly the easily assimilated gagster, was due to the tide of depression worry throughout America. The harassed country wanted to laugh.

Now, with the tension relieved by the indications of business recovery, the country, radio executives believe, wants to enjoy an old-fashioned sentimental, romantic mood.

All of which seems logical enough.

SONG writers have come to believe that the popularity of a melody on the air is costly to them. The radio can set all America singing a song hit, play it to death and leave it—flat, palpitating and empty—all within thirty days.

At least that is the accusation of Ted Koehler and Harold Arlen, the authors of *Stormy Weather*. Apparently there is such a thing as having a song too popular. *Stormy Weather* had a tremendous vogue but remuneration for its creator, in royalties from sheet music and records, was nil.

Meanwhile the authors of *Lazy Bones* are shuddering. In fact, that number may be exhausted by the time you read these lines.

DR. LOUIS BISCH, the famous psychoanalyst who will contribute to RADIOLAND, says that one of the weaknesses of radio lies in a bad habit indulged in by many listeners.

These folks turn on their radio in the morning, let it run, aimlessly and blatantly, all day. The result, says the doctor, is a deadening of one's mental ability of reception; a wearing away of the nerves, due to the steady pounding of music and words; and, finally, a complete loss of any sort of discrimination.

The doctor is going to tell you all about this in an early article. And in an early issue he is going to explain what children should and should not listen to from their family radio sets. This is an article that should be of great interest to parents everywhere.

HAS it ever occurred to you the tremendous part radio plays in the homes of people with little money—too little money for outside entertainment? It is to these people that the air entertainment has proved a life saver. It has pulled these people out of their blues, their worries. Where a man used to go to a baseball game for diversion, he now cannot afford to spend the one, two, or three dollars for admission. But he is still able to follow the plays of his favorite ball players, *via* radio. And his wife knows where he is—at home.

RADIO has become of double purpose. Not only has it provided entertainment, diversion, and education, but it has also promoted family life in the home. Where husband and wife, son and daughter, used to seek individual pleasures outside the home, the radio now offers programs of such universal interest that all members of the family are happy and content to be together to enjoy like pleasures. The human interest programs—*The Goldbergs, Myrt and Marge, Amos 'n' Andy, Easy Aces*—have given us all a better understanding of each other's thoughts and emotions. The children's stories have served to make Junior more tolerant of baby sister as well as his playmates. Mrs. Doe realizes, after listening to the Aces, how ridiculous she must have sounded at last Wednesday evening's bridge game when she was talking about everything but bridge. We can go on interminably mentioning concrete examples. But the sum and substance of it all is that radio has become a vital part of the home life of American families.

—*Wide World*

Here we are folks, at the Yale Bowl, New Haven. 75,000 spectators are here, waiting to cheer Yale and West Point

How Football is Broadcast

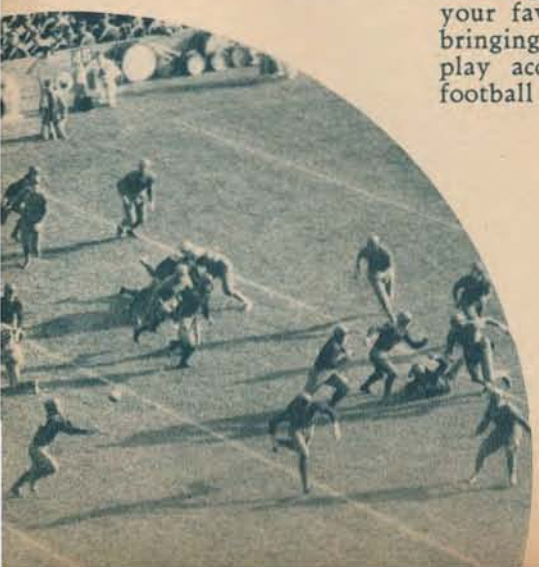
Your Favorite Sports Announcers tell what Happens when the Big Elevens line up against Each Other

By Edward R. Sammis

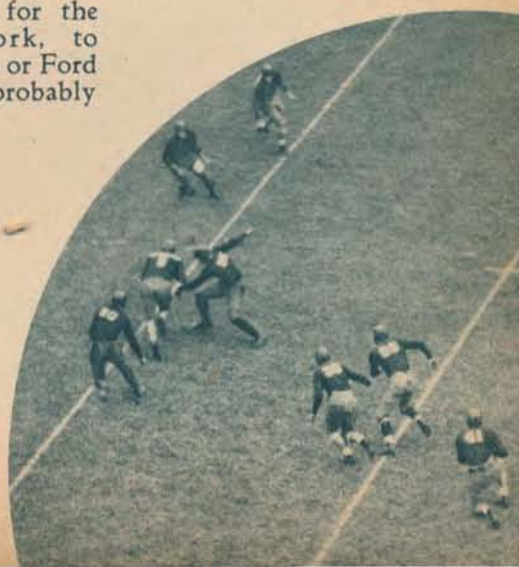
"IT'S a great day here at New Haven, everybody. We're perched right up here on top of the press box where we can see everything and tell you what's going on. The crowd is getting impatient now —just about time for the kick-off. And there goes the whistle!" Sitting home in front of your loud speaker, listening to the voice of your favorite announcer bringing you the play-by-play account of the big football games you are likely to shake your head and murmur enviously:

"Imagine getting paid for that! Think of those guys sitting up there with the best seats in the stands and nothing to do but talk about what's going on. Do they have a snap!"

But just make such a suggestion to Ted Husing, who will broadcast this year's football schedule for the Columbia network, to Graham McNamee or Ford Bond who will probably



What were the big thrills of the gridiron? What were the unforgettable moments? Who were the great stars? The veteran announcers, McNamee and Husing, tell all about their exciting experiences. You hear the cheers of the crowds over the air, here are the things you miss until television comes along



—*Brown Brothers*

The Yankee Stadium, New York, with Army lined up against Notre Dame

Ted Husing, CBS star announcer, who describes the big games

do the big games for the National Broadcasting Company and they will promptly reply:

"Says you!"

Brush aside for a moment the glamourous picture the announcer creates for you and see him as he really is. His vantage point is the best in the stadium, true. But it is also the most exposed. The rains beat upon him and the icy winds play tag with coat tails. In a sixty minute game he must talk for three and a half hours at a rate of two hundred words a minute, sometimes almost without interruption. In the wink of an eye, he must analyze the play, tell what happens while it is happening, penetrate the fake formations and the grandstanding, to get names and give credit where credit is due. When a play is called back he must know as soon as the referee does what rule has been broken and how. And that little metal disc before him connects him directly with hundred of thousands of fans, everyone of whom is eager and waiting to pick him up on the slightest error and shove it down his throat.

Like to have his job?

Those are just a few of the reasons why football is a two man event. Big league baseball, track, hockey, and championship fights can be handled by one announcer alone. But it takes two men to cover football.

PERHAPS you only hear one voice on the air. But the reason that voice is able to keep on talking so smoothly while crisis succeeds crisis, is because of the silent partner, the observer.

He is the announcer's "eyes," this partner, whose job it is to spot the names of the players and signal them to the broadcaster who fits them into his running fire of talk like missing pieces to a crossword puzzle.

Usually there are two observers, different men for every game, supplied by the colleges which are playing that day. These are sometimes members of the regular team who have been declared ineligible, sometimes they are student managers or simply football enthusiasts. But they must be experts. They must be ready to identify any member of the team on sight and they must be familiar with every play.

They sit on either side of the announcer with a schedule of the players and the substitutes drawn up in front of them. When the announcer says "The quarterback was just downed on the ten yard line by—" they indicate the name of the player on the charts before them and the announcer fills it in. They are placed on the same side of the announcer as the team they represent and when the teams shifts sides, the observers change likewise. Husing is the only exception to this method. He has worked with the same observer on every game for the past three years. But more of that later.

Every announcer has his own peculiar style of delivery, and because of that style his own following among the fans. McNamee, the old veteran, with well over a hundred and fifty games to his credit, paints the picture for you in well-chosen words, his lazy drawl rising to a crescendo in exciting moments. Husing, who will do his hundred and twenty-first game this fall, crowds in the facts in rapid-fire fashion, like a prosecuting attorney hammering home his case. Bond who was well-known to middle West football addicts before starting on the networks two seasons ago drives away breathlessly, concentrating on speed.

McNAMEE takes it the easiest of all. Football is an old story to him now. He used to play on a High School team when he was a kid, in St. Paul. He has covered every game of importance in the last twelve years or so.

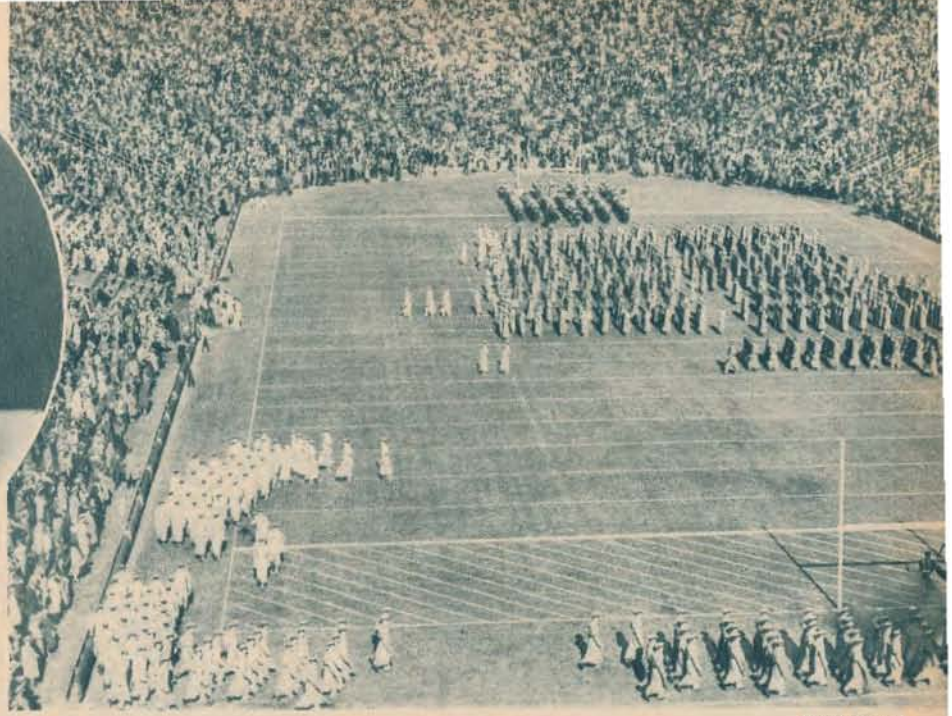
When nothing much is happening, he drawls along, picking out little incidents here and there, sometimes getting away from the progress of the game.

But his eye is always on the alert, and the minute a man breaks away for a long run and the stands go wild, then Mac goes wild too.

His capacity for getting excited which he has kept undimmed all these years is what makes him a valuable announcer, because he is able to get over the sensation to the stay-at-home listeners.

The thing that interests Mac most in football is sportsmanship. Nothing delights him like a grand gesture on the part of a coach who keeps a player in

Graham McNamee, NBC star, who has 150 games to his credit



—*Wide World*

The Harvard Stadium, with the West Point cadets on pre-game parade

the game after he has made a bad fumble, or a man who lets a team mate take the ball at a crucial moment and get the credit for a touchdown. That, he declares, is what makes football the great game it is.

"I was attending a post season banquet one time," he said, "a certain coach got up and told the crowd that he must look like pretty much of a failure to them because his team had made a pretty bad showing that year. Then he went on to say that one of the boys on his team hadn't been playing the game right in his own life, but after working with the boy he had been able to straighten him out. He said he was content to rest his case on that, because making a sportsman out of that one boy meant more to him than a string of victories for his team. That shows you the caliber of men we have for coaches in this country. One such exhibition of sportsmanship means more to me than all the spectacular games that were ever played."

FOOTBALL is still a game to Mac and not a business. And those little human incidents, those flashes of gallantry, which he watches for and transmits to the fans, do much to make his broadcasts popular.

Last season Mac worked the games with Ford Bond when they were on one network, and for the big games, when two networks were used, each worked the game straight through, on separate networks. This year they will very likely employ the same system.

"I have one objective in broadcasting football," Bond declared, "and that is to make the listener yell when the crowd in the stadium yells. In order to do that I try to put the play on the air right while it's happening, and believe me, that's some job.

"Several years ago, when [*Continued on page* 86]

—*Brown Brothers*

Soldiers' Field, Chicago. Here the greatest football crowds gather to watch their favorites

—*Hurrell*

Ruth Etting as she appears in Eddie Cantor's new film, *Roman Scandals.* A far step from the little Nebraska farm girl who sold milk and eggs for her grandfather, went to taffy pulls and straw rides, and dreamed of winning her way as an artist. She saved up her pennies, went to Chicago—and, of all things, landed a job as a hostess in Colisimo's famous resort

The Life Story of Ruth Etting

She Came from a Nebraska Farm to Chicago's Gold Coast—and won Success

By Grace Mack

THE story of Ruth Etting is the familiar story of the small town girl who went to the Big City to make good. She succeeded beyond her wildest dreams. But do not imagine that her ascent to success was made in an express elevator. Ruth went up on a local. Between the ground floor and the top she encountered levels of hardship and discouragement that would have caused a less courageous girl to abandon the trip. But Ruth comes of hardy stock. Her grandfather Etting crossed the plains in a covered wagon, to settle in the wilds of Nebraska. He suffered hardships and discouragements but he never thought of turning back because of them. The same quality of courage and persistence which characterized her pioneer grandfather is evident in Ruth. When she encountered difficulties and discouragements it never occurred to her to give up and go back home. *Ten cents a dance, that's what they pay me. . . .* There was more truth than poetry in that song which Ruth used to sing. And it was the experiences of those precarious days, before fame turned her bright cornucopia upon her, which put that heart-tugging note in Ruth Etting's voice. But I shall tell you about that later.

RUTH was born in David City, Nebraska. When she was three her parents moved to California for her mother's health. Her mother died when Ruth was five and her father brought her back to David City, to live with her grandparents and aunt.

Ruth's early experiences are being duplicated every day by hundreds of girls in other small towns. In the Winter she went to taffy pulls and on bobsled parties. In the Summer there was the circus and straw rides. Ruth's grandfather owned the ball park where the circus held forth. That meant she always had a pass. But because her grandfather didn't believe in youngsters staying up late, she had to attend the [*Continued on page* 90]

—*Wide World*

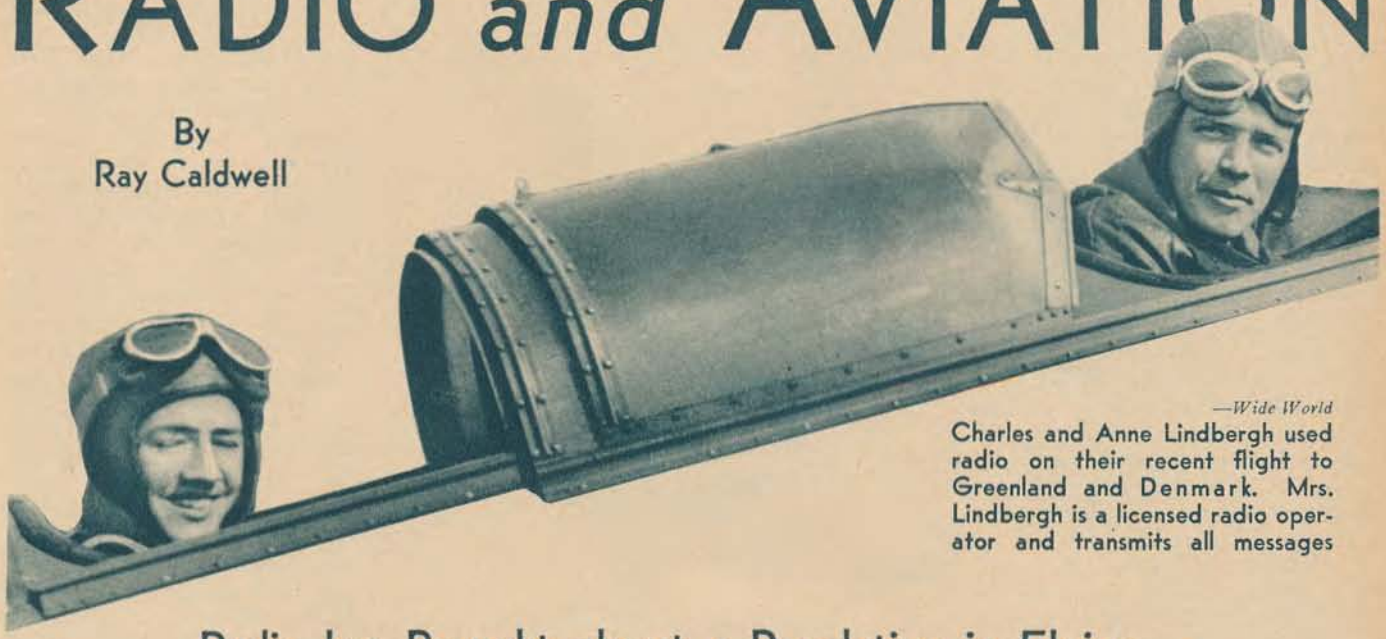
Ruth Etting, strolling down Hollywood Boulevard. By the time you read these lines, she probably will be back on the air. Or very soon

—*Seymour*

MUSIC IN THE AIR. Peggy Keenan and Sandra Phillips participated in the first successful broadcast from an airplane, two miles above Manhattan. Both have been ardent pianists since early childhood and started dueting together in vaudeville

RADIO and AVIATION

By
Ray Caldwell



—*Wide World*

Charles and Anne Lindbergh used radio on their recent flight to Greenland and Denmark. Mrs. Lindbergh is a licensed radio operator and transmits all messages

Radio has Brought about a Revolution in Flying—It Gave Success to Balbo's Mass Flight and Wiley Post's Adventure

WHEN a one-eyed, chunky, bashful ex-oil driller from Oklahoma set his plane down on Floyd Bennett Field, New York, at exactly one-half minute before midnight of July 22, 1933 he didn't realize he had accomplished a revolution in flying.

"Dog-gone it," drawled Wiley Post, "I oughta made that flight in two days less time!"

He was the first man to fly alone around the earth; he made it in 7 days and 20 hours; he clipped almost a day from the previous record made by himself and Harold Gatty; but the world of aviation, while honoring him for these achievements, was supremely interested in one thing—his radio equipment.

Wiley Post was making the first major test of two new devices which might determine the entire future course of aviation. They were the radio direction-finder, and the radio controlled robot pilot.

They succeeded beyond the fondest dreams of the men who installed them. Wiley Post himself scarcely comprehended what his flight meant to his fellow airmen. But once the full facts became known, the entire aviation world was seething with excitement.

—*Wide World*

General Itala Balbo took 24 seaplanes across the Atlantic and back again, thanks to his fine radio equipment

"This marks the new deal in aviation," exulted G. A. Bellanca, famous designer and manufacturer of airplanes. "Within a very short time, these radio devices ought to double the number of airplanes in use in this country."

"We can tell now which way aviation is going," commented Clarence Chamberlin, noted trans-Atlantic flier and technical adviser to passenger air lines. "Radio points the way."

The contrast between radio and non-radio airplanes was indeed startling. Consider, for a moment, what was happening in various parts of the world on that same fateful midnight of July 22, 1933.

WILEY POST, equipped with radio, was at Floyd Bennett Field, receiving the frenzied acclaim of the crowd.

Captain James Mollison and his wife, Amy Johnson, not equipped with radio, were somewhere out over the dark Atlantic, destined to crash at Bridgeport, Connecticut, sixty

Radio Equipment is the Difference Between Flying Failure and Success

miles short of their goal.

General Italo Balbo, commander of twenty-four seaplanes, each of which carried an installation of the most powerful radio set yet devised for airplanes, had completed the first half of the greatest mass flight in history, and was lost somewhere in the traffic around Floyd Bennett Field, trying vainly to get close enough to Wiley Post to shake his hand.

James Mattern, whose plane was not equipped with radio, was languishing in Alaska, impatient to get home, after he had crashed in the wilderness of Siberia while on an attempted flight around the world and had been given up for lost for almost a month.

—*Wide World*

Jimmy Mattern almost lost his life in the wilds of Siberia because he had no radio. Luck alone saved him

Charles and Anne Lindbergh, both of whom are licensed radio operators and whose plane is completely equipped with radio, were sleeping peacefully in the little village of Godthaab, Greenland, after having completed on that same day, July 22, 1933, the flight from Labrador, the longest ocean hop on their trip.

Now if this contrast between radio and non-radio equipped fliers strikes you as being almost a little *too* dramatic and *too* pat, listen to the comment of the non-radio fliers themselves.

Captain James A. Mollison, a most delightfully unassuming chap, who both looks and talks something like the stage and screen star, Leslie Howard, was interviewed at a luncheon given in his honor by the newly organized Trans-Oceanic Flyers Club in New York, shortly before Captain Mollison sailed on the return voyage to England.

"I am convinced that radio equipment is essential for long-distance flying," said Mollison. "The only reason that my wife and I didn't carry radio was that the equipment is fairly bulky, and we were sacrificing every possible ounce in order to extend the cruising range of our plane."

Captain Mollison smiled reminiscently and a bit ruefully, and then went the whole route in his endorsement of radio. "I shall certainly take radio on any future flights. I believe that if we had had radio on this present flight, we would have made New York."

There is not much that one can add to that statement!

ALSO present at that same luncheon to honor Mollison was Jimmie Mattern, a rangy, blonde and grinning Texan with an owlish sense of humor, still a prankish boy, for all his strapping height and weight. Mattern said he much preferred the landscape of Siberia when seen from the air, rather than from the fuselage of a wrecked plane, and he added, "Frozen fish may be ice cream to an Eskimo, but they are no treat to me!"

On the subject of radio, he became serious. "My plane was not equipped with radio, and I wish it had been. For one thing, I think I might have been rescued sooner. But that radio direction finder and the robot pilot that Wiley Post had are the real things for flying. Believe me, if I ever try another flight around the world, I'll take radio equipment."

Mattern's verdict is the verdict of the aviation world generally. Clarence Chamberlin, when interviewed on the subject, did a little predicting.

"We can now see the

[*Continued on page* 63]

—*Wide World*

Wiley Post landing at Floyd Bennett Field after his historic flight. Note the radio mike being shoved up to him. This landing went on the air—and into your home

—*Ray Lee Jackson*

Leah Ray is the up and coming blues singer who, with Phil Harris, completely captured Hollywood and the West. Then she came East and won the approval of everyone. When you listen to her voice, to the way she sings, it is easy to understand why her climb to success has been a speedy one

Radioland Presents

—Ray Lee Jackson

Jimmy Brierly became first known to radio listeners when associated with Guy Lombardo and his Roosevelt Hotel orchestra. He has been on the air with the Cliquot Club Eskimos ever since this program was inaugurated, more than four years ago. His popularity has increased steadily until now he is one of the best liked radio entertainers, although still a shy, young person. Any girl who meets him understands the reason

—Ray Lee Jackson

Conrad Thibault, baritone of the Show Boat Hour, has won the hearts of millions in America. While a floorwalker in a New York department store, young Conrad studied singing—encouraged by no one less than Calvin Coolidge. When the embryonic radio star was baritone soloist of a church choir in Northampton, Mass., the late Mr. Coolidge took an interest in the young man. This influence spurred Conrad Thibault to success

—Ray Lee Jackson

Portland Hoffa (Mrs. Fred Allen to you) is a necessary part of any Fred Allen program. Necessary because her husband refuses to be on any program without Portland. He claims she is his good luck charm. Hear ye, married cynics! Every Friday night the Allen family is heard on the program of the Salad Bowl Revue. And Portland Hoffa plays an important and amusing part. Fred says she is the best *straight man* on the air

—Ray Lee Jackson

Irma Glen has had a most interesting musical career. As early as 12 years of age she conducted an orchestra of twelve men on a Chicago theatre stage. Two years later she toured Europe and South America with an organized girls' orchestra. A graduate of the American Conservatory of Music, Irma is an accomplished pianist, organist, and composer. She is heard daily over a national radio chain out of Chicago as an organist

—Ray Lee Jackson

Tamara is the dark-eyed Russian blues singer who accompanies herself on a guitar. At the age of 12, this smart young miss was teaching school. At 13 she escaped from Russia and came to New York—in the midst of the Soviet upheaval. She became a featured singer because she failed as a chorus girl—failed to have the rhythm of jazz. She has other qualities—soulfulness, tenderness, and sadness, which are unusual and captivating

There's a reason why the blue tones of Mildred Bailey's singing reach your innermost cord. Here is a girl who has known deep heartache and great happiness beyond the conception of most people. She *feels* what she sings. Next month *RADIOLAND* will bring you a story about this girl whose great courage has carried her from despair to high hope; from nonentity to the spot in radio which she now enjoys

You can almost hear the music of Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians. This is one of the top money banks, often averaging $11,000 a week. "I try to run it exactly like the big business it is," says Waring. Right now there is a waiting list of 400

"THIS is one of the top-money bands in the amusement world. We are paid $7,500 per week for personal appearances, and $3,500 per week for a single broadcast. With an income like that, the orchestra becomes definitely a business proposition. I try to run it exactly like the big business it is."

The speaker is a modest young man, modestly recounting actual facts. He quite genuinely is not trying to boast. Let Fred Waring, friendly, collegiate-looking young man from Tyrone, Pennsylvania, tell you more about how he runs his famous orchestra, The Pennsylvanians.

"I keep everything on a strictly business basis," says Fred. "Sometimes I'm kidded about being a merchant of music instead of an orchestra conductor, but I don't mind. After all, the daily lives of some thirty-five individuals directly—and two or three times that number indirectly—as well as the fate of innumerable theatrical enterprises and radio broadcasts, are dependent upon the proper functioning of this orchestra. I mean to see that it functions properly."

And he does! The organization which Fred Waring has built up is one of the wonders of the modern show world.

Take the matter of housing, for instance. Most orchestras have no headquarters except the office of their manager or business representative. They rehearse in hotel rooms, dance halls where they happen to be playing, radio studios that happen to be temporarily vacant, private homes, hired halls, or any vacant space they may find available.

FRED WARING not only has a permanent New York office for his orchestra, but he has an entire floor in a Broadway building. It is laid out with all the skill and precision of an industrial plant.

First comes an outer office and waiting room where there is a receptionist, an attractive New York girl, to receive all visitors. This waiting room opens into a corridor along which are arranged the three general executive offices. These are occupied by John O'Connor, the general manager and sole booking agent for the band; by the controller of finance, who handles all bills, purchases and requisitions, makes up the payroll and handles

The Big Business BAND

That's why they call Fred Waring, who Plays over Radio's Largest Single Network, the Merchant of Music

By Tom Carskadon

all incoming and outgoing monies; and by Fred Waring himself.

Fred Waring's office is beautifully decorated with modernistic furniture in tones of black, silver and blue. There is a deep blue carpet on the floor, lighter blue hangings at the windows, and set against these are shiny metallic desks and chairs done in silvery chromium metal and black onyx tops. A corner of the office is lightened by a cabinet on top of which is a collection of gaily colored figures, blown in Austrian and Venetian glass, representing musicians in all sort of droll poses.

Beyond the executive offices lie the various departments of the organization. First comes the publicity department, with a separate private office for the publicity manager.

NEXT comes the music library, which is Fred Waring's particular pride. "Every number which the orchestra has ever played," says Fred, "is catalogued and on file here where it is instantly available. All the little novelties and musical tricks which have helped us toward popularity are marked on the orchestrations."

Next in line is the room where those little musical novelties are thought up. This is the arrangers' room, and these are the boys who write out the orchestrations to indicate what instruments take the lead—and where—in the music, where the "hot breaks," runs, and other trimmings are inserted, where voices come in, and how the piece as a whole is handled by the orchestra.

Beyond the music department is a large room for the stage carpenter who takes care of the scenery and properties used by the band in stage engagements. Next to this is the costume room, where the costumes of the band are altered, repaired, sent out to be cleaned, and [*Continued on page* 64]

A Day in the Life of an Orchestra Leader

Fred Waring tells what a radio broadcast day is like when Waring's Pennsylvanians are making personal appearances in a New York movie theater.

7:00 A. M.	Rise; breakfast, shave, bathe and dress
8:00 A. M.	Rehearsal, Carnegie Hall, three hours
11:00 A. M.	Smoking period
11:15 A. M.	Start dress rehearsal for sponsors
12:00 M.	Conference with sponsors for revision
12:50 P. M.	On stage for 50 minute show at theater
1:40 P. M.	Change to street clothes
2:00 P. M.	Rehearse revised script with Mandy Lou
3:00 P. M.	Luncheon—sandwich and a chocolate malt
3:30 P. M.	Second performance at theater
4:30 P. M.	Final rehearsal for radio program, two hours
6:50 P. M.	Third performance at theater
8:15 P. M.	Cold cuts dinner in dressing room
9:00 P. M.	Fourth performance at theater
9:50 P. M.	Taxis with police escort dash to Carnegie Hall
10:00 P. M.	Radio broadcast, half-hour
10:30 P. M.	Half-hour concert for broadcast audience
11:00 P. M.	Autographs
12:30 A. M.	Theater stage for photographs
3:00 A. M.	Home; to bed; to try to sleep
4:00 A. M.	Still trying!
4:43 A. M.	(Approximate) Made it!

The founders of Waring's Pennsylvanians: Fred Waring, Tom Waring and Poley McClintock. These three started a Boy Scouts drum corps in Tyrone, Pa.

Our Own STAR FANS

Eddie Cantor (above) is startled when he sees something about himself in *RADIOLAND*. Cantor is in Hollywood making *Roman Scandals*, in which he plays a banjo-eyed comic who is tossed to the lions

Claudette Colbert had just completed *The Torch Singer*, for Paramount when she was stricken with appendicitis. This operation will keep her out of pictures briefly. But she can catch up in her radio listening

Ruth Etting (left), the handsome star of our cover this month, is chuckling over a *RADIOLAND* feature. She, too, is in Hollywood, playing opposite Eddie Cantor in *Roman Scandals*

Out in gay Hollywood, where the Radio and Screen Luminaries Gather, RADIOLAND is the Favorite

Jean Harlow likes radio and *RADIOLAND.* Here she is between scenes of *Bombshell,* in which she appears with Lee Tracy. Miss Harlow likes crooners—and Rudy Vallee and Bing Crosby in particular. She has a weakness, also, for jazz bands, as who hasn't

Jack Pearl, the Baron Munchausen, is appearing in Metro's all star revue, *The Hollywood Party* after which he is to do *Meet the Baron*

Ed Wynn, the fire chief, is, appropriately enough, doing a film for Metro called *The Fire Chief.*

How RADIO Programs *are* Built

The Story of Rudy Vallee's Varieties Programs and How they are Created

By Edward R. Sammis

—*Jackson*

Rudy Vallee brought the Fleischmann Varieties Hour into being on October 6, 1932, with the aid of the J. Walter Thompson Company. Its hit was instantaneous

"*HEIGH ho, everybody! This is Rudy Vallée and company—*"

Those words, issuing out of the loud speaker at eight o'clock on Thursday nights, are sweet music to millions of radio fans, for they indicate the rise of the curtain on what is unquestionably the most varied and versatile program of entertainment on the air, Fleischmann Hour.

Incidentally, those words are sweet music to Rudy's ears, also. Especially the "*and company.*"

For him they represent another "vagabond dream" come true.

Some three years ago I interviewed him when he was at the very pinnacle of his crooning career. He was playing four shows a day in the movie houses, appearing with his band at a hotel, at his own night club, filling in with miscellaneous engagements, all in odd moments while doing his stuff over the air. It seemed enough to satisfy anyone.

I must have caught him in a bitter moment, for he surprised me by announcing that he was tired of it, that he certainly didn't intend to be known as nothing but a crooner, and that it was his ambition to acquire a more solid, dignified reputation in the show business, like the late John Phillip Sousa, who was a great idol of his. Perhaps there was a dash of Yankee shrewdness in his decision, too, for he must have realized that the life of the average crooner, even at best, is somewhat shorter than that of the humming bird.

At any rate, he has crystallized his ambition, hazy enough at that time, as impresario of the Fleischmann Hour. Rudy has carved a new niche for himself in the radio hall of fame as a showman, an innovator, organizer, and discoverer of talent for one of the really outstanding shows on the networks.

"The ear is probably the laziest of the human organs," says Rudy Vallee. "People would rather do anything under the sun than listen. So you've got to work like the devil to hold them."

The Fleischmann Varieties Hour represents another vagabond dream come true. Vallee wanted to make a place for himself as a showman. He wanted to be more than a crooner. So, as impresario of the Fleischmann Hour, he has crystallized his ambitions.

Frances Williams singing as guest star of the Rudy Vallee hour. Rudy is conducting. Note the glass curtain

NOT that he claims full credit for the development of the varieties program as it is today. It grew almost spontaneously with the various features added by executives and staff members of the J. Walter Thompson advertising agency handling the Fleischmann account for Standard Brands. But it does conform to his theory of radio entertainment.

"The ear," said Rudy, "is probably the laziest human organ. People would rather do anything under the sun than listen. So you've got to work like the devil to hold them. That is why we try to give them the absolute cream of ear entertainment."

And the cream it is —Grade A cream to boot—not only skimmed from the whole of radio, including stations, programs and performers that hardly anyone ever heard of before, but dipped from the Broadway theatre, the Hollywood studios, the concert stage, even from the sports world and the day's news. At Rudy's instigation, comedians and concert violinists, torch singers and dramatic stars present their best efforts for the benefit of the scattered listeners, most of whom would not have a chance to enjoy them otherwise.

"Back in 1929 when I wrote my book, *Vagabond Dreams Come True,*" Rudy went on, "I affirmed my belief that variety is the spice of life. I have always sought it in my presentations, varying each number from the one preceding in mood and key and tempo.

"The Fleischmann Varieties, therefore, does not differ greatly in intention from my old Fleischmann Hour, although its scope is now infinitely wider. I often had guest artists on my program, sometimes a new one every week, sometimes the same star for several weeks running.

Marie Dressler and Rudy Vallee before the movie star's broadcast on the Fleischmann Hour

"BUT after three years, the Fleischmann Hour was beginning to die on its feet from sheer inertia and repetition. Last Fall, the men at the agency, knowing my ambition to become a showman, began to cast about for a means of enlarging the sphere of my activities and at the same time adding interest to the program.

"The 'varieties' idea did not come into being all at once. The

How a Big New Revue is Created Every Week for the Fleischmann Hour

Mae West rehearsing *Frankie and Johnnie* for the Vallee broadcast. Elliott Jacobi, the arranger, stands beside Vallee in the left foreground. Miss West made an unusual hit in this single broadcast and she has had many offers since

various features were added piecemeal until we now have what we consider a well-balanced bill.

"With my own motion picture camera—taking movies is a hobby of mine—I have kept a pictorial record of the growth of the varieties program which I am showing at a banquet in October commemorating the fourth anniversary of the Fleischmann Hour.

"A part of it will be devoted to the men who have worked out this program with me. I call them 'the brain trust.' Not '*my* brain trust,' mind you, lest people get the idea I am trying to draw absurd comparisons, but '*the* brain trust.'

"Among them are John Reber, vice president of the agency in charge of radio and Hunter Ritchie, vice president and account executive on Fleischmann's Yeast, who are responsible for the basic idea of having a number of important guest artists on the same program; George Faulkner, who writes the script for the hour, and who has developed the dramatic 'spots;' L. Gordon Thompson, production man who puts the show together and has charge of rehearsals; Robert A. Simon, music critic and composer who is my musical idea man; Elliott Jacobi, my arranger; and Ben Larsen, production man for the National Broadcasting Company. The inclusion of noted instrumentalists was my own idea, as I have always tried to guard against too much vocalizing on my programs."

THE Fleischmann Varieties went on the air for the first time October 6, 1932. Almost immediately, the Crosley Co-operative Analysis of Broadcasting which is the accepted rating service, doubled its estimate of the Fleischmann Hour.

Every program must now include the following elements in order to achieve the desired balance: Two comedy acts, one of light, airy and more or less sophisticated nature, the other of the direct, sledge-hammer "gag" type: one dramatic spot, either a scene from a well-known play, or a one act play of distinction, usually featuring "name" players from Broadway or Hollywood; one instrumental and one vocal number.

There is a hard and fast rule for the selection of these last: They must have either name or novelty. They may be prominent personalities either on the air or in other fields of entertainment, or they may be unknowns from some obscure station who are given their first big break on the networks, provided they can offer a novelty of outstanding quality. [*Continued on page 74*]

—©Harold Stein

One of the few pictures of Rudy Vallee at play. Yes, he shoots a mean game, and left handed, at that

MIKE Says—

Gossip of the Broadcasting Studios. News and Facts you haven't Heard before about the Stars of the Air Waves

By Nellie Revell

JOHN FLORENCE SULLIVAN is back on the air. What, never heard of him? Oh yes, you have. Only you know him as Fred Allen, whose nasal nonsense made him a headliner in vaudeville, on the revue stage and now in radio.

When he was born in Somerville, Mass., his parents christened him John Florence Sullivan. Resolved to keep the name of Sullivan unsullied, he adopted Paul Huckle as his tag when he became a juggler in variety. But, as might be expected, no luck with that label. Then he transmuted himself into Fred James and sallied forth to conquer the world as a saxophone and banjo player. Although there was a shortage of such entertainers at that time—how times do change!—still he had no luck, which, perhaps is just as well. For he changed his name for the third time and became Fred Allen, comedian, and—well, you know the rest.

Speaking of right names, did you know Ed Wynn is really Edward Leopold, that Eddie Cantor is Edward Iskowitz and that Al Jolson is Asa Yoelson?

They were talking in the Columbia studios about this microphone-mad world. Dave Ross said he was constantly waylaid by people soliciting his aid to become broadcasters.

"Every barber is a baritone, every stenographer is a soprano, and every chauffeur is a crooner," remarked Ross sadly.

"Why, even the cop on the beat wants to get on the air," volunteered Ted Husing. "He wants to play the harmonica the worst way."

"Any way a policeman would play the harmonica would be the worst way," drawled Irvin S. Cobb, the sage of Paducah. "Just see how motorists shudder when a traffic officer performs on his mouth organ."

* * * *

MOST child singers on the air are a torture to all but their proud parents and doting relatives. Even other children weary of them. Still, Children's Hours, like crooners and static, are ever

Frank Chapman and Gladys Swartout (in real life Mrs. Chapman) are members of the Metropolitan Opera Company who star on the air. They return soon to radio from a concert tour

Frank Crumit and Julia Sanderson (we always worshipped at the feet of Julia) are as popular on the air as they used to be on the stage — and that was some popularity They are the delightful stars of the Blackstone Program

Jack and Loretta Clemens, who, by the way, are related to the late Mark Twain, are NBC sustaining features. They offer a pleasant and entertaining little harmony turn

with us. But why do the radio rajahs permit these juveniles to sing hotcha numbers? There is nothing so nauseating as these speakeasy songs sung in a childish treble. Of course, the kids don't get the implication of the leering lyrics but adult listeners do and they don't like the facts of life from the lips of innocent infants.

* * * *

SOME folks are air-minded and some are not. Included among the latter is the mother of Muriel Pollock, who with Vee Lawnhurst constitutes NBC's Lady Bugs, popular pianists. Mrs. Pollock is an old-fashioned lady who has never become quite reconciled to the new-fangled contrivance, the airplane.

So, when Muriel, just before sailing abroad early in August advised the mater that she would pass over the Pollock manse in New Jersey *en route* from New York to Philadelphia, the elder Pollock received that news with mingled motions. But at the appointed hours she was in her garden anxiously awaiting the coming of the sky vehicle.

True to schedule, the plane appeared. The pilot slowed down and circled low over the house. Muriel leaned out of the cockpit and waved a friendly greeting. Mrs. Pollock waved too but her arms revolved like a railroad semaphore suddenly gone haywire.

"Molly," she shouted, frantic with distress, "you come right down out of there this minute!"

Of course, Muriel didn't, otherwise this paragraph might have taken on a more tragic note.

* * * *

COMES the news that Columbia has adopted a new code for its ether emirs. No longer will announcers tell listeners, "You have just *enjoyed* the singing of Miss Whoosit." Rather, you will be told, "You have just *heard* Miss Whoosit sing SO-and-so." The idea is to make merely a clear cut statement of fact without any suggestion as to the quality of the offering or its reaction on auditors.

Some day, perhaps, commercial announcements will be subjected to the same careful editing. Then, most of the blatant ballyhoo will be cut out of broadcasts. But that is asking a little too much.

* * * *

Bits about 'em: In the privacy of his den and dressing room, Ted Lewis is a corn-cob pipe addict . . . Gene Arnold, of NBC's Chicago studios, is the Edgar Wallace of hymn writers. He wrote twenty sacred numbers in thirty days . . . Grace Moore started up the ladder to the operatic heights by winning third prize in a singing contest at a country fair . . . Jack Fulton, Paul Whiteman tenor, once ran a laundry in Phillipsburg, Pa. . . . Andre Baruch is the endurance champion among Columbia announcers. He made 27 appearances in one day before the mike last Summer . . . Singin' Sam (Harry Frankel) spends his spare time tuning in on other entertainers . . . In seven years of broadcasting Tony Wons has read over a hundred thousand poems on the air . . . Dave Rubinoff's signet ring is stamped with the "B Natural" music note . . . And Morton Downey carries good luck charms on both ends of a watchless watch chain.

* * * *

ACCORDING to French standards, Jacques Fray, of Fray and Braggiotti, Columbia ivory ticklers, is 1 metre, 84 centimetres in height and weighs 77 kilogs. That makes him 6 feet 1 inch tall and 160 pounds in weight in the English language.

Will Rogers is a living exemplification of the old adage that many a true word is said in a jest. So, when he made the suggestion that radio announcers might improve their technique by listening to President Roosevelt's broadcasts, it didn't set well with the mike-masters.

Then Irv Cobb added to their confusion by observing, "Even when he's gargling a sore throat a radio announcer sounds eloquent." The more the word-spouters analyze that phrase, the less they like it.

* * * *

JESSICA DRAGONETTE, one of the first ladies of the air—by many she is regarded as *the* first lady—and Howard Marsh weren't always members of the Mutual Admiration League of Radio Stars, assuming, of course, such an organization could exist.

Back in the days before radio, they were playing opposite each other in one of the numerous "Student Prince" companies, and a mishap the opening night severely strained their professional regard. The action of the play required Jessica to kiss Howard, which she did leaving vividly imprinted on his cheek a cupid's bow, the offset from her well rouged lips.

This sign of affection, of course, didn't escape the spectators, who snickered during a scene calculated to excite other emotions. Naturally the players were chagrined and the balance of the season they were feudists rather than friends. Today, however, whenever they chance to meet they enjoy a good laugh in recollection of the misadventure.

* * * *

It is hard to convince theatrical producers that the unseen audience of the air isn't the same audience unseen in their theatres these days.

* * * *

"YOU'VE got a lot to think about when you stand in front of a microphone and you haven't much time to do it."

The speaker was Fannie Brice, stage comedienne who recently retired from radio to return to a Billy Rose revue. The reporter was seeking her reactions after several months experience broadcasting.

"Well, what do *you* think about?" pressed the interviewer.

"About anything and everything" answered Miss Brice. "You're almost crazed with doubt, wondering if the machinery has broken down and if you are just singing to exercise your tonsils. Is there static in Spokane and are the Kentucky kilocycles in tune with those in Maine? Why, you'd be surprised at all the anxieties you have. Take it from an old trouper who has done everything in the theatre except marry a property man, there is such a thing as mike fright, and it's no joke, either."

* * * *

IT WOULD appear from scientific study of the subject that the radio audience is growing up. Instead of having the mentality of a 13-year-old child as a certain college professor insisted a short time ago, dialists now display an intelligence far above that of the average adult. At least that's the conclusion reached by Dr. Frank N. Freeman, professor of educational psychology at the University of Chicago, after elaborate I. Q. tests of listeners. This information is respectfully called to the attention of radio gag writers.

* * * *

Life is like this: Rudy Vallee's boyhood ambition was to be a letter carrier. And to untold thousands of girls he became the ideal male man . . . Until a numerologist told her differently Betty

Ilka Chase and Hugh O'Connell are the *Mary* and *Wilbur* of the Pond's Program. Both come to the air waves from the stage, where they had numerous footlight hits to their credit

Phil Harris, the bass crooner from California, has been singing on the Pennsylvania Hotel roof in New York. His debut was one of the big events of the season in Manhattan and his New York success has been considerable

The *John Henry* sketches are notable features of Columbia broadcasts. They have unusual color. Above: Juano Hernandez (John Henry), Dorothy Caul and Jack McDowell

Jacques Fray and Mario Braggiotti constitute one of radio's foremost piano teams

Barthell, Columbia warbler, was Elizabeth Barthell. The day she changed to Betty she broke her hand mirror . . . Early in his career Budd Hulick, the Budd of Colonel Stoopnagle and Budd, was a clerk in a Buffalo bookstore. He lasted one day. Budd got fired because he tried to sell a bride a book to take on her honeymoon. The Volume was, "Travels With a Donkey."

* * * *

IF YOU write Jimmy Melton telling him how much you enjoy his singing and get a letter of sweet acknowledgment signed "Mary Booth Lawrence, Secretary," don't you believe it. There is no such person—at least, not in the household or on the staff of NBC's handsome tenor. But it is the *nom de plume* of Mrs. James Melton, who handles her husband's voluminous fan mail. Mrs. Melton, you probably know, is the former Marjorie McClure, Cleveland society girl and daughter of Marjorie Barkley McClure, the novelist. Jimmy met her at a soiree and married her after a whirlwind courtship.

* * * *

Which recalls an incident recently reported to me by Little Jack Little (known as John Leonard in his boyhood town of Waterloo, Iowa). According to this authority, who claims to have been an ear-witness, a dowager applied to the Columbia Artists Service Bureau for talent for a private entertainment she was giving. "I want to do something to bring out the conversational ability of my guests," she explained.

"Oh, that's easy," suggested the bureau representative, "just give a musicale."

* * * *

BEFORE Eddie East and Ralph Dumke organized themselves into the Sisters of the Skillet to confound harassed housewives with their helpful hints, they were vaudeville performers struggling for recognition. Bookings weren't regular nor were their meals: and more than once they cooked breakfast coffee on the gas jet of their Chicago rooming house.

One morning while so engaged a loud rapping on the door announced the arrival of their landlady.

"Is it here, you're making coffee?" she demanded.

"Yes, mam," feebly answered East.

Then, to their great relief, she exclaimed:

"Well, it smells so good I wonder if you'll give me a cup of it!"

* * * *

GLADYS RICE, Columbia soprano, is a child of the theatre. Her father was John C. Rice and her mother Sally Cohen, a generation ago vaudeville headliners. Their daughter, however, was reared away from the atmosphere of the stage and educated at a private school. But blood will tell and now she is a radio star.

Following in the footsteps of her parents she started out to be an actress and then discovered her voice. Her first job singing was as a member of the original Roxy's Gang. She has been on the air now about five years, specializing in ballads, character songs and light opera melodies.

Gladys is tall and stately. She studies music religiously and is of a serious turn of mind. She doesn't know what the inside of a night club looks like and for diversion reads detective stories and plays bridge.

* * * *

Idle thoughts between broadcasts: It isn't hard to pick out the best entertainers in radio. They help you do it . . . An astronomer has built a telescope that magnifies a star a million times. Most radio stars have press agents that perform the same function . . . There's a bright side to everything. After seeing what great minds in the ad agencies decide listeners want, nobody should have an inferiority complex . . . A Spanish [Continued on page 69]

Handsome Enric Madriguera, one of the better orchestra conductors heard on the airwaves. Enric was born in Madriguera, Spain. He was a child prodigy violinist and gave his first concert at fifteen before King Alphonso. He went to Oxford University before organizing his dance orchestra. He composes as well as directs, fences beautifully and has made flying his hobby. Dark and slender, with sombre, slumbering eyes, the youthful conductor is still a bachelor and swears he will remain in that blessed state

Kate Smith and her manager, Ted Collins. A pleasant Svengali is Ted, with an unbounded faith in his star. Collins was vice president of a phonograph company when he took up Kate's management

Kate Smith — *and her* Svengali

In the Two and a Half Years She has been Managed by Ted Collins, She has Become a National Idol and a Millionaire

By Tom Carskadon

HERE is the inside story of one of the most remarkable careers in radio.

It is the story of Kate Smith—and if you think this is any ordinary success-narrative, wait a moment. For this is also the story of her manager, Ted Collins. And the Kate Smith of today, topnotch star that she is, is just as surely the creation of Ted Collins as a picture on canvas is the creation of the artist who painted it.

Consider the facts. Kate Smith at 17 was 212 pounds of stage-struck girlhood with a booming contralto voice. A lucky break brought her a chance. After four years in show business she was still virtually unknown. She was disillusioned, disgusted and ready to quit.

Then she met Ted Collins. Where others saw merely a fat girl to laugh at, he saw a human being in distress. Where others saw an object [*Continued on page* 72]

Dispatcher Carl Vollmer, at New York Police Headquarters, checks the positions of radio cars while Dispatcher John McQuade receives phone messages. Each disc on the map represents a police car

Radio's War on Crime

It has become the most Powerful Weapon in Society's Fight against the Rules of Organized Gangdom

By Robert Eichberg

Special Photographs for RADIOLAND by Wide World

JUST as the automobile is the criminal's greatest aid, so is radio the most powerful weapon in the war which society is continually waging against crime. And just how effective is radio? Former Commissioner Edward P. Mulrooney, of the New York Police Department, who is responsible for the adoption of police radio in that city, states that in the first ten months of its use, major crime dropped seventeen per cent.

But perhaps the most graphic way of describing the whirlwind speed with which police cars respond to radio alarms can be given by citing a personal experience.

One evening, a short time ago, the writer was sitting in his apartment, his short wave set tuned to 2450 kilocycles, the frequency on which the New York police broadcast. Suddenly a weird wailing howl came from the loud speaker—it was the call the police use to attract the attention of the cruising cars. Then came the staccato voice of the dispatcher.

"Twenty-fourth precinct. Address, 98th Street and West End Avenue. A signal thirty-two. Cars number six two five; twelve eight seven and four nine three.—Twenty-fourth precinct. Address 98th Street and West End—"

Then it dawned on us. That was our address! We leaped from our chair and dashed to the window—thrust out our head. Already one police car was parked across the street, its two occupants entering the building, their hands on their holsters. Even as we looked,

New York has three police radio stations, one in downtown New York, one in Brooklyn, one in the Bronx. All radio alarms originate in police headquarters at 240 Center Street. 400 cars are equipped with receivers. The New York police department adopted radio in 1932.

84 American cities now use radio for police work.

If the racketeer meets his conqueror, it will be through the modern miracle of radio.

Like the famous Royal Mounted, the Radio Police Always Get Their Man

a second car sped silently around the corner—drew up—disgorged two more policemen.

We dashed for the elevator. Went down to the street. By the time we got there, the third police car had arrived, and a cruiser containing five detectives with sawed-off shotguns was pulling up to the curb.

In a few minutes the police left the building. We were waiting at one of the cars and asked whether they had caught the criminals. "Criminals?" said the cop. "There was a closet door banging in an empty apartment, and the people next door thought it was burglars."

But not every case is as simple as that. There are plenty of arrests and rescues made by the radio police, and down at headquarters you may, if you are lucky, get Superintendent William Allan to let Captain Gerald Morris show you the big, black Case Books, which contain detective stories far more thrilling than any which appear in the magazines. But more about that later.

NEW YORK'S police radio alarms originate in a large, dome-shaped room atop the Police Headquarters Building at 240 Center Street. It is much like other police radio rooms, located in some eighty-four cities throughout the United States.

To reach it, you pass through the nerve center of the police department, the room containing the switchboards where hundreds of calls dealing with crime and its prevention are received every day.

The radio room is quite unlike the average broadcasting studio. It is a tremendous chamber, with none of the usual accoustic treatment. As you open the door, the first thing you see is a mammoth, glass-topped desk, shaped like a horse-shoe.

Under the glass are spread maps of New York, divided into police districts, or precincts as they are called. Hundreds of little brass discs are scattered over the map. Each disc represents a police car, and bears a number, corresponding with that of the car for which it stands. The numbers on one side of the disc are white; on the other side, black. The discs normally stand with the black numbers uppermost, but when a car is sent on a call, its disc is turned so that the white numbers show.

Behind the desk there is a microphone on a table. When a call comes in, the man at the desk immediately turns over a few discs to show what cars have been told to respond. Then he goes to the microphone and throws a switch. Immediately a relay on the transmitting panel "goes in" with a crash. A tube glows with brilliant blue light, and the eerie wail of the "attention signal" breaks forth. It stops, and the officer speaks into the microphone.

WHILE we were there a call came in on a major crime. Here's the real story of what goes on in a police radio room—exactly as we saw it.

A door swung open. In dashed a blue-shirted telephone operator, his transmitter strapped to his chest, the cord trailing behind him.

"Man shot at 131st Street and Park Avenue!" he barked.

"131st and Park," repeated the dispatcher, as he turned three discs so that the white numbers on them were uppermost. An instant later he was at the microphone. The wailing attention call sounded. Then the dispatcher's calm voice.

"Twenty-fifth precinct. Address 131st Street and Park Avenue. Cars 7-9-2, 8-3-1, and 4-4-0. Signal 30." The alarm was repeated twice more. Then the dispatcher signed off. "Time eleven forty-three a. m. WPEF. Seventy-seven."

Then Dispatcher Seventy-seven repeated the message over the other New York police radio stations. There are three of them, all controlled from headquarters. Greater New York is so large that transmitters in widely separated locations are necessary to ensure strong signals reaching the cars in all of its police precincts.

After making his announcements, Dispatcher Seventy-seven (otherwise known as Gus) explained the routine. "We'll know all about this case pretty soon. When cars are sent on an assignment, they have to phone us their report within fifteen minutes. If they don't, we wait five minutes and then order them to call the dispatcher at once. If we don't hear from them then, we send additional cars to the scene, to give us a report on the trouble."

Just then the telephone rang. Gus answered it; hung up and turned to the microphone. Again the signal wailed throughout the room. "All cars," Gus ordered, "be on the alert for a colored man. No hat or coat. Right trouser leg torn. In the vinicity of 131st Street —1-3-1 Street—and Park Avenue:"

He had hardly finished when the phone rang again.

New York Police Dispatcher John McQuade transmitting message to precinct police cars. These alarms are sent out from police headquarters

Here is a New York police car equipped with radio receiving set. The officer is picking up an alarm from police headquarters. In a second he will be on his way to the scene of the crime. New York police cars average a minute and a quarter in responding to calls

After he had finished talking over it, he told us what had happened. The police got there—three carloads of them—in time to catch a colored woman who had shot her husband during a little misunderstanding they were having.

And the darkey with the torn trouser leg? Someone had seen him rush out of the building right after hearing the shot, and had reported it to the police. A radio car picked him up, too. The reason he ran was that he heard the shot and, as he said, "thought his fiancée's husband was comin' home."

PRETTY soft for the dispatcher, you think? All he has to do is send the other officers out on detail?

Not by a long shot! The boys all take turns in radio patrol work, dispatching, and other phases of police activity. Gus has been on a number of patrol assignments himself. He told us how the patrol cars take prisoners in. It seems almost impossible to get another man into the little roadsters, already filled to overflowing with two big policemen.

But it's really simple. If there's only one prisoner, he is jammed in between the two officers. If there are two, they are handcuffed together, and one put on each side of the car—sort of draped over the front mud guards. And if there are more, one of the officers holds them in a corner or a doorway, while the other sends in a call for a patrol wagon. Of course, if one of the detective cruisers arrives, the problem is immediately solved by stacking the prisoners up on the floor of the tonneau.

Captain Gerald Morris, who as Assistant Superintendent of the Telegraph Bureau, is an authority on police radio, explained the workings of his department.

"Although other cities have been using police radio for some time," he said, "New York first adopted radio cars only as recently as February 23, 1932, although prior to that, as early as 1915, we have used wireless (International Morse Code) to send instructions to police boats.

"But Police Commissioner Edward P. Mulrooney secured an appropriation of $100,000 for police radio work. With this money we have built three stations, WPEE in Brooklyn, WPEF in the Bronx, and WPEG in down-town Manhattan. We also bought four hundred and fifty receivers to be used in patrol cars. Nearly four hundred of these have already been installed. They are kept permanently tuned to our 2450 kilocycle wave."

Detective cruisers as well as patrol cars are radio equipped, says Captain Morris, who adds, "These cars have no marks to distinguish them as on police business. They are just ordinary sedans with regular license plates. Four or five plainclothesmen ride in each, and are armed with tear gas bombs and sawed-off shotguns, in addition to the usual police pistols or revolvers. They work three shifts, like the patrol cars, and so are in service twenty-four hours a day.

"When the cruisers are speeding to answer a call, and concealment of their real nature is unnecessary, a police department sign is put in the windshield, and a concealed siren is brought into operation, assuring the car a clear path, so that it can reach the scene of the trouble with all possible speed."

SUPERINTENDENT WILLIAM ALLAN, head of the Telegraph Bureau, under which the police radio operates, points out the fact [*Continued on page 76*]

Police Radio is the one Weapon that Puts the Racketeer on the Defensive

Married *for* 7 Years- *and* Still In LOVE

Ethel Shutta comes of real trouper stock. She started on the stage at the age of three. At six she was playing real parts. She met George Olsen when she was singing in Ziegfeld's *Follies of 1926* and George was conducting the orchestra

THE scene is a swank restaurant. The appointments are magnificent, the food of excellent quality and the waiters properly obsequious.

And then, a strange thing happens. The members of the orchestra file to the platform. The leader, George Olsen, picks up his baton. Ethel Shutta steps to the microphone and begins her soft intimate singing—and suddenly the room becomes warm and personal.

George is standing there, waving his baton ever so slightly, and looking at Ethel. You've never seen a man —particularly one who has been married for seven years —look at a woman like that. Gosh, they're crazy about each other and George is so doggone proud of Ethel he can hardly keep from turning to the audience and crying, "Look—that's Ethel Shutta—isn't she a fine girl? And she's my wife."

When the numbers are finished Ethel and George step from the platform and begin circulating amongst the diners. Watching them, you'd never for a minute believe you were in a club. They might be a very charming host and hostess greeting their personal guests in their own drawing room. And as they go from one table to the other chatting with their friends George, you'll discover, is holding Ethel's hand!

For that's the way the Olsens are—and don't let anybody ever tell you different. Ethel thinks George is swell. And George—well, that Ethel is just about the finest little girl in the world.

IT ALL began eight years ago when George Olsen's band was playing for Ziegfeld's *Follies of 1926* and Ethel Shutta was one of the featured singers. At the first rehearsal with the new orchestra Ethel stopped in the middle of her song.

"Listen," she said to the leader, "what's wrong with you? Can't you read tempo marks? You're playing much too fast for me."

The leader looked up at her and smiled.

The smile made Ethel madder.

"Well, why don't you say something?"

But the conductor didn't answer. He just kept on smiling. And then Ethel, the infectiousness of that grin catching her up, smiled back. And thus, from a first class bawling out, the romance grew. A few months later the two were married.

Ethel comes from real trouper stock. Her first bow to theatre audiences was made when she was three years old. At six she had a real part and her father used to hustle her in and out of the theatre through a mysterious exit to keep the Children's Society from handing him an order to keep the baby Ethel off the stage. From that time on she has been a part of the theatre.

Olsen's first recognition came when Fannie Brice found his band during a middle-Western tour. Olsen wasn't getting on so well. The vogue of the day was for wild, inharmonious jazz—"hot" I believe is the

Moreover, George Olsen frequently holds Ethel Shutta's Hand Right Out in Public. Which Makes them one of the Real Romantic Couples of the Radio World

By Nan Campbell

word for it. But George liked music that was soft and sweet better—and played it. Fannie liked this kind of music, too, and wired Ziegfeld that she wanted Olsen for her next show.

That fateful telegram brought Ethel and George together. And they haven't been separated since. She and Olsen worked together in the same show until just four months before their first child was born. And then Ethel retired. The two kids—whom they both adore—are Charlie, six, and George, Jr., four.

And around those kids the real life of the Olsens centers. George is busy, of course. He handles all the business for both himself and Ethel, signs all contracts, takes care of all details. That leaves Ethel a good deal of free time with the kids. And in spite of the fact that she and George seldom get to bed before three A. M. she is always up at nine-thirty when four little fists begin pounding at the door and the kids begin yelling, "Mamma, come out and play with us."

Now they're all living on Long Island and the boys are brown as a couple of Indians and can—Ethel tells you this with a note of pride in her voice—swim like seals. [*Continued on page 96*]

George Olsen was discovered by Fannie Brice when he was in the Middle-West. Miss Brice liked his orchestra and wired Flo Ziegfeld to sign him up. That brought the Olsen band to Broadway—where the Olsen brand of music caught on very quickly

Fore! The Olsen family is coming! George and Ethel, as well as Charlie, age six, and George, Jr., just four

People Thought They Were Mad

But that was when Lemuel Q. Stoopnagle and Budd first started. Now People know it. So what? They're a Success!

By John Loomis

Col. Lemuel Q. Stoopnagle himself. Otherwise Frederick Chase Taylor of Buffalo. "The Colonel," says Taylor, "is a definite character—the prize stuffed shirt of the ages. The sort of guy who cuts ribbons for new bridges"

"THERE was a time," remarked Colonel Lemuel Q. Stoopnagle as he settled his impressive bulk comfortably in his non-swivel uneasy chair, "when, if a man made a mousetrap better than his neighbor, the world would beat a pathway to his door.

"But alas!" the Colonel continued with a sigh, "how things have changed. Why, do you know Budd and I had to invent all those contraptions—" with a wave of his hand he indicated rapidly from left to right the revolving goldfish bowl for tired goldfish, the round dice for people who would rather play marbles, and the renowned wet envelope to do away with stamp licking, "we had to invent those before anyone would so much as point a footprint in our direction.

"Would you believe it—when we first went on the air a lot of folks actually thought we were crazy. Now they all know we're crazy. So what? Success-y!" he finished triumphantly.

From the next room in the Colonel's office came the sound of crooning. The Colonel sat up, listening.

"That's Budd," he said, "but you mustn't mind him. He's imitating one of the imitators of his inimitable imitation of Rudy Vallee. I've got to watch that boy. He'll be imitating me next.

"But I know you're bursting to hear the story of our achievement," the Colonel apologized, "how we finally convinced a doubting world that we really were crazy and could not be held accountable for anything we said. Do not think it was easy. There were dark moments when scoffers doubted our insanity. However, by sheer grit we have won through to that dizzy pinnacle where we have keepers stalking us with nets.

"So now if you will kindly step up to my personally patented See-back-o-graph you will observe the record of our struggles unfolded before your eyes."

THE room grew dark. A whirring sound commenced as we stood with eyes glued to the See-back-o-graph. And this is what we saw:

Up in Buffalo, along about the time the world war was really getting under way, a chubby lad who had been dutifully entered on the flyleaf of the family Bible as Frederick Chase Taylor, was getting quite a reputation among his classmates at the Nichols school for being a card. They followed him around, waiting for him to say funny things. Not content with that, he found

Stoopnagle and Budd as they really appear while broadcasting. They used to *ad lib* their stuff. Now they work from a script that they prepare themselves. They try out their laughs on members of the orchestra at rehearsals. "If you can get a laugh out of them," says the colonel, "you can get a laugh out of anybody"

further outlet for his playful slant by drawing cartoons and writing pieces for the school paper. And still not convinced that he was being as funny as he could be, he got out his own paper, illustrating it with pictures from the magazines under which he wrote burlesque captions, and passed it around for the entertainment of his friends.

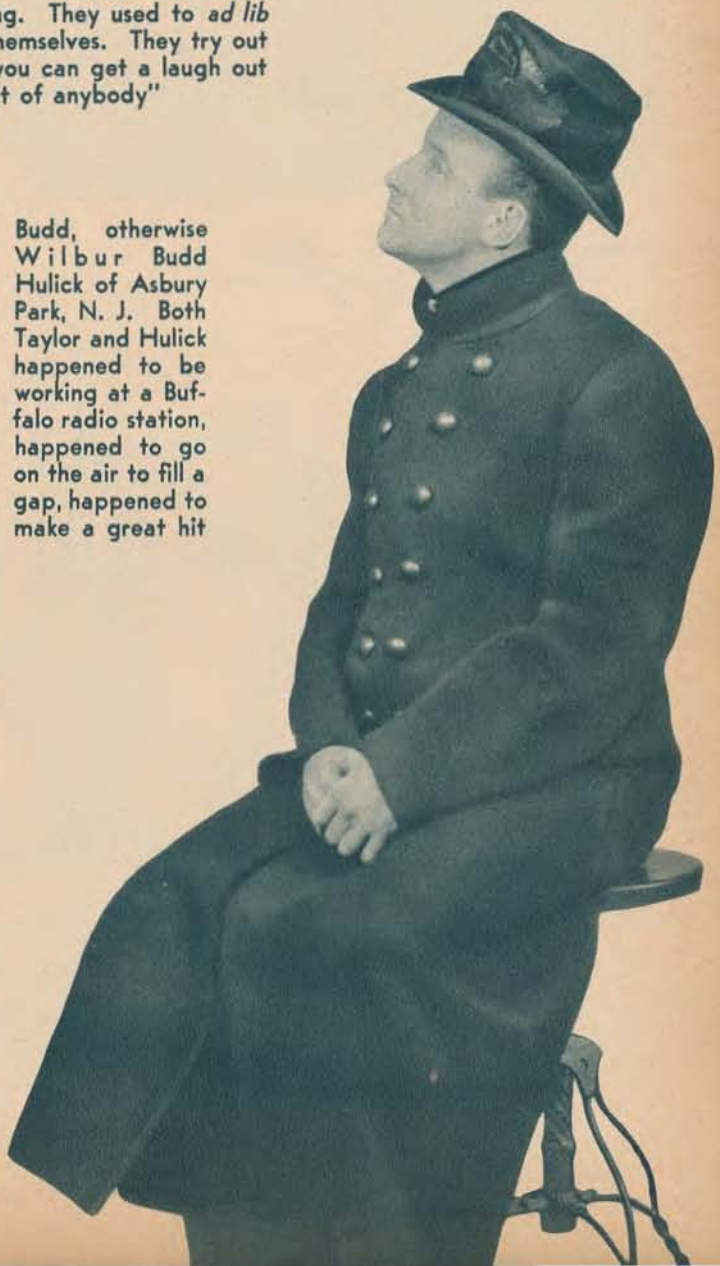
At the same time, in Asbury Park, New Jersey, an impish looking youth still in knickers, trying hard to live down the imposing name of Wilbur Budd Hulick, was entertaining *his* classmates by mimicking teacher, and of evenings gaining an entering wedge into the musical world by passing out programs whenever Arthur Pryor and his band gave a concert.

Thus, at this early date, they had already started on converging paths which were to lead to the fulfillment of their common destiny as the world-famous comedy team of Stoopnagle and Budd. But these paths were to have many turnings before they finally met.

TAYLOR, after putting in several years at the University of Rochester, and three minutes at an art school on a passing impulse to be a cartoonist, enlisted in the naval training station at Harvard, was thrown out the night before graduation because he was under age, and returned to Buffalo to enter the lumber business. All Taylors entered the lumber business. It had been in the family for generations. But a few months were enough to convince him that here was one Taylor who was not going to stay in the lumber business, and he went into bonds.

That was a great thing for the country. For it was out of this contact with "big business" that he got his desire to deflate the stuffed shirts which he was to use later at a time when all of us were anxious to see them deflated.

The solemn conferences of [*Continued on page* 66]

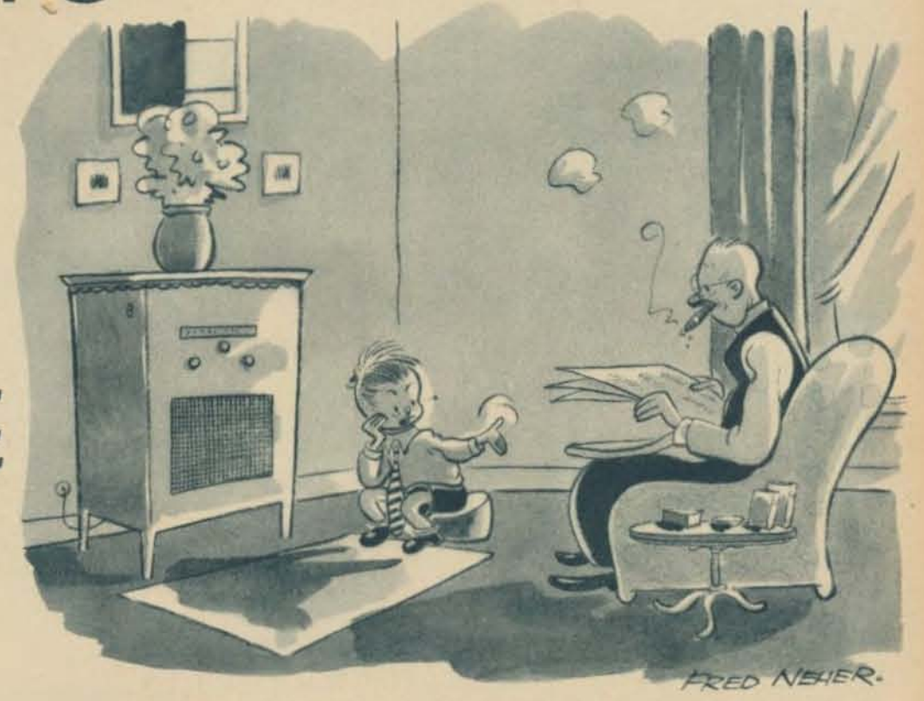


Budd, otherwise Wilbur Budd Hulick of Asbury Park, N. J. Both Taylor and Hulick happened to be working at a Buffalo radio station, happened to go on the air to fill a gap, happened to make a great hit

Taking RADIO *for* a RIDE

"More pep, Hawkins. I'm afraid you are neglecting my setting-up exercises"

"Isn't Niagara gorgeous? I could spend my whole life watching it"



"Say, dad, do we have to listen to mamma broadcast the kiddies' hour?"

"What's keeping the leader? He was late twice last week"
"Didn't you hear? He became so interested in his job he's taking music lessons"

Friends, Romans, Countrymen! The noblest Roman of them all is Eddie Cantor, just as he appears in the classic toga of his new talkie, *Roman Scandals.* Ruth Etting, also of radio fame, appears opposite Mr. Cantor. *Roman Scandals* is a musical extravaganza based on the legend of Androcles and the lion, celebrated by George Bernard Shaw

We Want CANTOR!

Some Things You Didn't Know About the Little East Side Orphan Who Fought his Way from Singing Waiter to Comedy Stardom

By Everetta Love

Eddie Cantor himself. Eddie likes to have his radio programs carry far reaching special messages. Read this article and see how Cantor has influenced the lives of many radio listeners

EDDIE CANTOR is more than a comedian, a mere entertainer, whose lines are forgotten the moment he finishes a song. Eddie Cantor is doing more for the New Deal through the medium of radio than any other artist on the air.

Do you doubt it? Do you see him only as a jester who wisecracks, sings silly songs, rolls his banjo eyes, cuts up hilariously?

Then, you do not understand the true Eddie Cantor, the man with a sincere purpose who is concealed behind the comedian. In the midst of his maddest moments on the air, when he has his audience in the best of moods, he stops to put across an idea that has far-reaching and wonderful results.

For instance, do you remember that phrase—"Drive carefully—We love our children?" It was coined by Eddie Cantor and adopted overnight by organizations throughout the nation that were conducting the campaign for safety last spring.

"I WAS speeding across Central Park one day," Eddie told his radio audience, "and a cop stopped me. He gave me a stiff lecture. He told me I might have killed a child, and that struck home. It might have been one of my own children."

Thus, in simple words he carried his message to the hearts of his listeners. Letters poured in to him from all sections of the country, commending his speech and pledging support of the safety campaign.

On another occasion, without any thought of compensation, Eddie felt called upon to urge his audience to provide for the future by carrying plenty of life insurance. Imagine the surprise and delight of the insurance companies when renewals and new policies began to come in to them by the hundreds through the influence of that speech.

Eddie Cantor produced results because his followers are sold on him not only as an entertainer, but as a man who has seen life from every angle and whose advice is worth listening to.

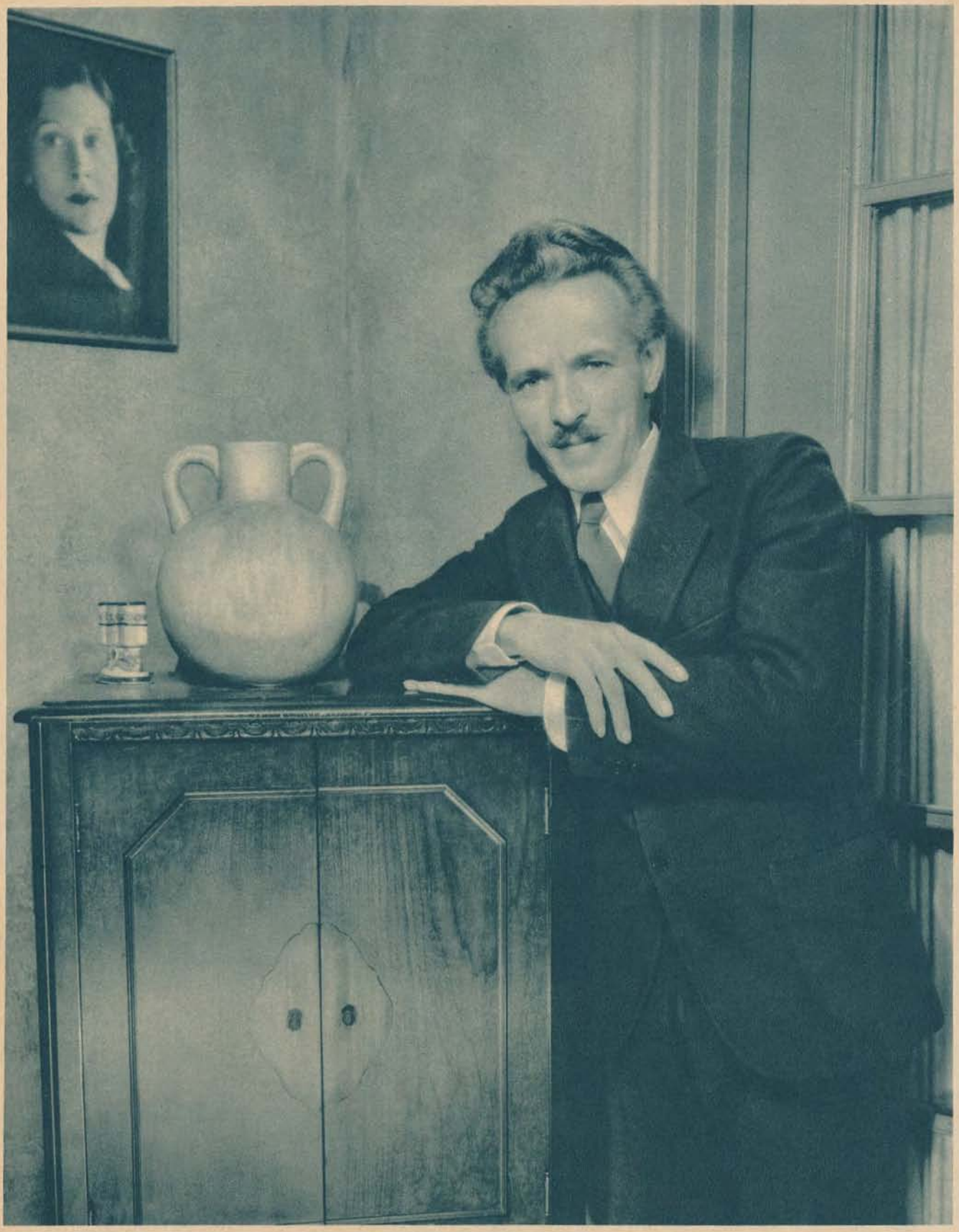
Now, perhaps you are asking, "Is he on the level? Is he really sincere? What is he like, anyway?"

Well, come with me and let me show you Eddie Cantor as I last saw him, just before he left for Hollywood.

IT IS Spring. We are walking on West Fifty-fourth Street, New York, between Fifth and Sixth Avenues. This section of the street is lovely and tree-lined. Orderliness and a quiet dignity pervade the atmosphere.

As we walk, I try to make you look back through the years and see the contrast between this setting and the raucous East Side life of Eddie's childhood. I picture for you an undersized but plucky street urchin—an orphan who, nevertheless, insists before his taunting neighborhood gang that he has a father who is a fireman . . . "He rides the hook-and-ladder and everything!"

He likes to perform for the public even at an early age, this little orphan who has nobody in the world but his faithful "Grandma Esther." We see him standing on a street corner, making funny faces at the people who pass by. At first they are startled, then they laugh and applaud him and encourage [*Continued on page* 65]



—©Harold Stern

Here he is! David Ross, the announcer with magic in his voice. So much magic, in fact, that the movies have stolen him for travelogues which require an accompanying narrative. But Mr. Ross has not deserted his first love, the radio, for he continues his announcing

She Studied Singing To Stop Stuttering

By Jerry Wald

And What a Cure it Worked in Ellen Jane Froman

She was an Athlete in the Good Old College Days

—Maurice Seymour Studios, Chicago

Jane Froman made her first broadcast in St. Louis in 1907. It was a loud wail and even the doctor didn't realize its rare radio possibilities. Miss Froman made her first stage hit in Chicago

YES, the title of this article is the truth. Jane told me so herself recently, while we played golf out at Garden City, Long Island, where she lives. That is, Jane played golf, and I plodded along the course carrying her clubs, and plying her with compliments . . . and questions.

Let's be highly original, then, and start from the beginning.

Ellen Jane Froman, radio's glamourous singer, made her first broadcast November 10, 1907, in St. Louis, Mo. Her mother and father were her audience, and even now insist that she cried with an obligato second chorus on her natal day.

Ellen Jane inherited her musical aptitude. Her mother majored in piano and voice at the Chicago Musical College and was at one time soprano soloist with the world-famous Chicago Symphony. In her childhood, Jane suffered a severe impediment in her speech. She stuttered uncontrollably. A St. Louis specialist recommended that she be taught to sing because the careful breathing and perfect enunciation necessary to proper vocalizing, would do much to counteract the stuttering tendencies. And that's how it all began.

In High School, Jane developed her love for the theatre. She was featured in all the playlets and musicals given, and later on starred in the college theatricals at Missouri University, from which she was graduated in 1928. Preceding Missouri U were six years spent at Christian College, Columbia, Mo.

Jane is probably one of the best educated as well as admittedly one of the most talented and personable of all air performers. Her musical desires during the years at the higher institutions of learning were seriously threatened by a deep-rooted yearning to write, and for a time she earnestly believed that it was in journalism that her Fate lay.

The trim figure that moved so rhythmically when Jane swung her golf club, is a natural result of the years of basketball, swimming, and golf, which the songstress put in while at college.

WLW, the "Nation's Station" in Cincinnati, gave Jane her first professional break, in 1930. Two years of indifferent results came next. Then, in December 1932, Jane made her first appearance on the stage, at the Oriental Theatre in Chicago, and was held over for weeks. This semi-success encouraged her, and she worked harder than ever on her voice. In March of this year, she came to New York.

Five feet six inches and 120 pounds of femininity, personality, exuberance and charm. Brown hair, blue eyes, full red lips. She is married to Don Ross, a singer.

Jane has three pet superstitions. She carries her own music to a broadcast, leans on a music rack when she sings, and sings only into the left side of a microphone. She believes that if her voice fails at any time, she could duplicate her radio reputation as a newspaper feature writer.

Anything that has a dangerous element, fascinates her. She can fly a 'plane, loves to be at the wheel of a fast-moving car, and has paid for her daring with a broken arm, a fractured leg and other trivial injuries. While in Chicago on a commercial program, she had to be carried into the studio for [*Continued on page* 69]

The Battle of the Salad Bowl

By John Reynolds

Fred Allen, in the act of thinking about that rival mayonnaise. Fred, however, is aloof from the war

Paul Whiteman isn't speaking to Ferde Grofe, who once was his arranger. That's how hot is the war

CIVIL war has broken out in radio. The tocsins have sounded the call to microphones.

Sherman's celebrated march to the sea never stirred up such animosity or incurred such complications as the bitter strife now raging between opposing camps of salad dressing minions.

Advertising agencies are baring their teeth—and not for the sake of their tooth paste accounts. Orchestra leaders are at batons' points. Brother announcer has been set against brother announcer—yea—and husband against wife. Mayonnaise has flowed like water in behalf of the cause.

And incidentally it has resulted in two very swell and expensive programs for the listening audience. Even the other Civil War hasn't accomplished that.

It all started when the renowned Kraft Cheese people decided to have an addition to the family, in the form of a new salad dressing. Now they already had a product known as Kraft's Mayonnaise. So they decided to name the new child Miracle Whip, after his maternal grandfather, who had been a whip in the Democratic party, because his older brother, Kraft's Mayonnaise, had his own way to make in the world, and started raising the devil of a fuss when he saw this young upstart coming along.

Then Miracle Whip was pushed out into the world with the slogan: "One-third less." But the Best Foods folks, who also make Hellmann's Mayonnaise, among other products, resented the intrusion of the Little Stranger.

They cried: "It's not cricket!"

The Kraft crowd retorted: "Of course it's not cricket. It's mayonnaise!"

The Best Foods folks came right back with: "Mayonnaise by any other name would make your salad taste terrible!"

Song of the Fighting Men of J. Walter Thompson

"We'll do or die or get the pip
For incomparable Miracle Whip"

The Great War of Miracle Whip Vs. Mayonnaise is on—and all Radioland seems likely to be drawn into the Struggle. Orchestra Leaders are at Batons' Points. The Battle is on

Do you think the Kraft people were going to take *that* lying down? I should say not! They went to the public with it. They said in their advertising that if people didn't think Miracle Whip was as good as any salad dressing that ever came out of a bottle, they could run, not walk, to the nearest delicatessen and get *double* their money back.

Now that, in the drear dark days when everyone was trying to think up so many ways of turning an honest dollar that the eagle was getting cross-eyed, was a sporting proposition. It was taking a long chance. But the Kraft people gambled on the honesty of the average man. And they won, by long odds. Out of some one million two hundred thousand bottles sold, there have been fewer than five hundred bottles returned.

They thought that settled it once and for all. But they reckoned without the Best Foods folks. Their fighting spirit had been aroused. The Best Foods blood was up.

Slowly, throughout the land, the pages of newspapers began to blossom like the desert under a rain with paid pæans singing the praises of Hellmann's mayonnaise.

The Best Foods folks entered the fray according to a gentleman's code. They didn't say, in print, what they thought of Miracle Whip. Possibly it wasn't printable. So they contented themselves with polite skirmishing.

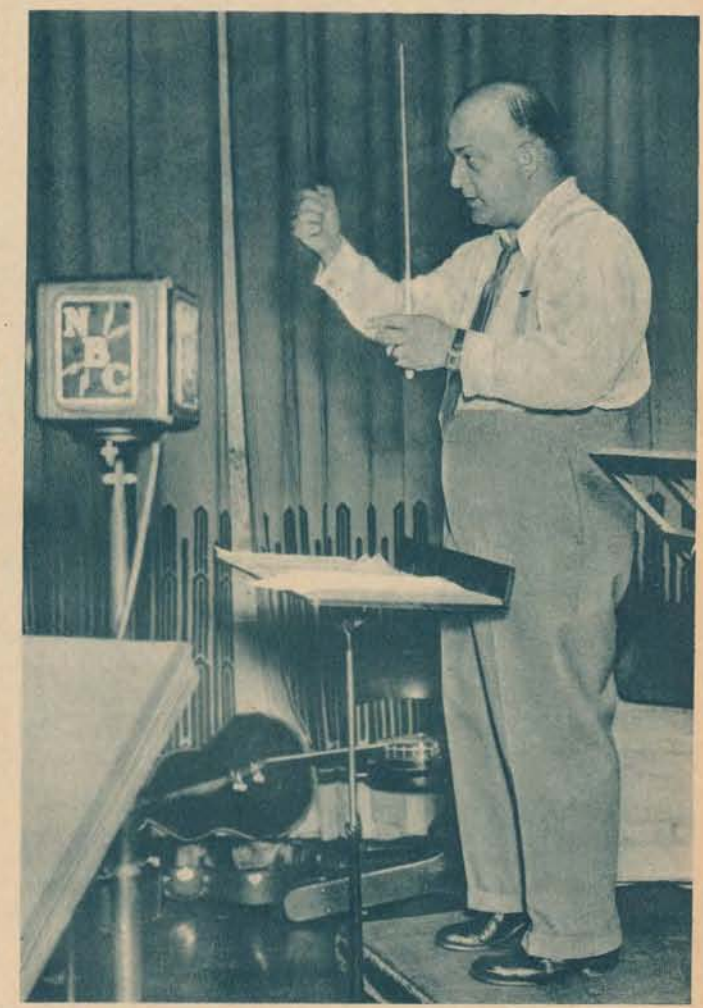
They indulged in a rhetorical lifting of eyebrows towards the Little Upstart, stating in large type such gentle remonstrance as "ONE-THIRD LESS—NO WONDER!" Or "THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR MAYONNAISE."

To clinch the advantage, they got Hollywood on their side. They arranged with Warner Brothers to allow them to run pictures of their stars, beaming, in the same layout with a jar of Hellmann's Mayonnaise. While these stars didn't come right out and *say* that Hellmann's was just the duckiest mayonnaise they had ever tasted, the expressions on their faces inferred as much.

Well do you think the Kraft people were going to take *that* lying down?

They went to their advertising agency, the J. Walter Thompson Company, in a state of high concern. Drastic measures must be taken to defend the honor of Miracle Whip. What to [*Continued on page* 68]

Al Jolson, star of the Hellmann program, was surprised to find his wife advertising Miracle Whip



Ferde Grofe has grown sensitive over the salad bowl war and now he is glaring at his old pal, Whiteman

The Battle Cry of Benton and Bowles:

"Through all our days we'll sing the Praise
Of glorious Hellmann's Mayonnaise"

—*Joseph Melvin McElliott*

Elaine Melchior. Could you believe this sweet-looking girl would be a villainess in the ***Buck Rogers in the Year*** 2033 program? But it is true. It is pretty Elaine who steals Buck's sky-rocket ship at the moment of his escape. In real life, she's a lovely girl

Away With TAN

Now is Time to Mend Complexion and Hair from Ravages of Summer

By Wynne McKay

—Drawing by JANICE WATHEN

THE modified Edwardian mode, which has descended upon us in the form of plumed picture hats, elaborate velvet gowns and much fur and feathers, is so utterly feminine that it is causing a determined reaction among women against their summer tans, freckles and that general look of the outdoor, athletic type. So, suggestions on how to get rid of your remnants of tan and make your skin smooth, white and velvety and how to recondition your streaked hair is very much in order, I feel. Of course, if you have been a canny creature and protected your skin and hair during the Summer, your reconditioning work will be negligible; but if you have *not*, then you must reap your harvest of neglect and resolve to take our advice next Summer.

If your sun tan was acquired by hours upon hours of basking in the sun daily, without benefit of protective creams or oils, you have two problems to cope with. One is getting rid of that baked-in brown color and the other is banishing the rough, coarse texture the sun baths gave your skin. You can use a bleach cream if your skin is inclined to be dry, and a bleach pack in addition to the cream, if your skin is oily and not at all sensitive. Apply the cream and pack as often as three times a week, or even four times if your skin reacts nicely. Some delicate, fine skins rebel at too frequent use of even the mildest bleaching cream. In cases like that, the bleach should be used for a shorter time and tissue cream or muscle oil applied freely after each bleach treatment. Do *not* apply cream or oil on the skin before using a bleach cream because it will nullify the action of the bleach, and your trouble will have been for nothing. If you are uncertain which is the best bleach or freckle cream to use, write to me. I can give you this information.

For the dried-out condition of the skin that causes it to look leathery, creams and more creams are the remedy. There is an excellent line of preparations on the market that merits a place in the scheme of everyone who is battling dry skin, whether it is a chronic condition or the temporary result of too much summer vacation. This line includes a thorough, pore-deep cleansing cream, a mild skin tonic, and a tissue cream that is rich in nutritive oils. There is also an anti-wrinkle cream that is just the thing to use around the eyes where tiny lines may have appeared as the result of constant squinting in strong sunlight.

Here is a beneficial routine to follow, with these preparations, if your skin is dry and rough: Cleanse the skin at least twice a day with the cleansing cream, then apply the skin tonic to tone up the skin and stimulate circulation. During the day, if you have the opportunity, and always at night, apply a thick layer of the tissue cream, massaging it into the skin gently, so that the coarsened epidermis will absorb it and become softened. On the lined portions of the skin, usually the areas around the eyes, forehead and mouth, apply the anti-wrinkle cream and leave it on for an hour or so. Before going to bed wipe off the excess cream, leaving on just enough to form a light film. The next morning you will find that your skin is much softer and smoother in texture. If you wish the name of this line of emollient creams, just write me a note.

It frequently occurs, when one is "roughing it" in the mountains, the country or at the seaside, that there are inadequate facilities for cleansing the skin. It is often difficult in these places to [*Continued on page* 69]

—Apol

Deciding suddenly upon a stage career Gertrude Niesen, blues singer, selected a theatrical agency from a telephone book. Lady Luck was with her—and now she is a Columbia star

Woman *and* Her Problems

By Ida Bailey Allen

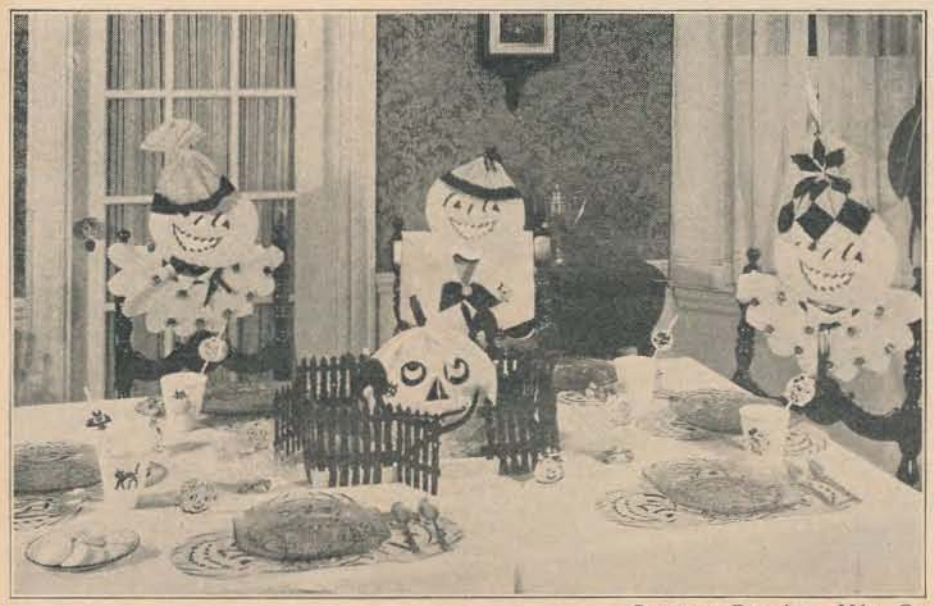
Witches, Ghosts *and* Hallowe'en Parties

WITCHES, apple-bobbing, Jack-o'-lanterns—the weird business of ghosts and black cats and fearful incantations—you may believe to be only the concoctions of a generation no more remote than your grandmother's. As a matter of fact their roots are more ancient than Christianity, for they are entwined in the druid mysticism of old Ireland, when the 31st of October was the festival of Saman, Lord of Death—an eerie night of bonfires and strange apparitions. The practice of bobbing for apples and lighting up Jack-o'-lanterns were contributions of Roman origin grafted later on to the druid ceremonies with the Roman invasion of England. These Latin additions, however, had no supernatural background but were simply the means by which the Romans celebrated the annual harvest. So there you have it all.

Of course you improvised on the general Hallowe'en theme when you were younger, devising innumerable pranks of your own. Remember what a dead shot you were with split peas and a tin blowing tube? And whose gate was it you hung on the lamp post? You used to dress up and parade the streets, you know, or run wild with your gang, the constable two leaps behind. And the parties—remember them? Maybe you consider yourself too grown-up to indulge in them now,

—*Courtesy Dennison Mfg. Co.*

Cellophane and crepe paper excellent for a formal Hallowe'en dinner, saves your best linen



—*Courtesy Dennison Mfg. Co.*

A perfect table for a child's party. Costumes, used as decorations at first, are worn later

but if that's your feeling you had better start looking around for a nice cane. You're growing old.

Hallowe'en, like New Year's and Valentine's, may be a twenty-four hour festival. You've seen in the news reels the grotesque figures, the dancing, the gay costumes worn in celebration of European holidays—they do those things up right on the Continent. But it takes a tremendous impetus of an armistice to make us lose enough self-consciousness to do the same. Hallowe'en should be a wide-spread, gala festival, despite its spooks and goblins, and age should decree merely the kind of party.

[*Continued on page* 80]

The Indians Showed Us How to Eat

The dietetics Followed by the Redmen Should Guide Us to Healthy and Delicious Meals

FOR centuries before the coming of the white man the North American Indian lived a simple life in a robust environment. Columbus, John Smith, Père Marquette and the Plymouth Pilgrims may have found a race of red-skinned people who were frequently cruel and not always hospitable; but they certainly did not find a race of weaklings. From toes to teeth the average American Indian was a proud physical specimen.

Teeth were a stronghold of his physique, just as they are all too often the loophole through which civilization attacks the health of its own ardent sponsor, the white man. Professor Charles F. Bodecker has made extensive investigations of the teeth of the Indians who lived eight or nine hundred years ago in New Mexico and has found that they were splendid and strong, despite the fact that they were as subject to decay as those of any person alive today. He says that the major reason for their soundness is that the Indian never ate any of the soft, sticky foods so popular today, those insidious and delectable foods which breed decay by clinging and collecting in the myriad tiny crevices of the teeth. However, there was an even greater reason for the Indian's strong teeth, and that was his *diet*.

Pineapple Bran Upside-Down Cake—a modern version of an Indian dish, healthful and tasty

—Courtesy Post's Whole Bran

The Indian's Mixed Diet

OF COURSE, the red man was not completely a vegetarian. He hunted the buffalo for its juicy meat and cured all that he did not eat fresh for the lean months of winter. Tribes of the far north ate pemmican, a mixture of finely pounded moose meat and berries, mixed perhaps with a little bear fat, and the Indian canoes not only carried warriors on the warpath but took them to the fishing grounds. But the plain everyday foods on which the Indian pinned his hope of health were fruits and vegetables.

The Indian was no amateur as a cook. Even over his open fires and on hot flat stones he could prepare delicious dishes: Small cakes of corn-meal, succotash, baked yams and delicious soups made of walnuts and hickory nuts. Nature provided berries and fruits. The ingredients for his main dishes he cultivated himself.

He raised both white and sweet potatoes, the latter being sometimes classed as yams (the former is one of the best preventatives of acidosis known, for it is rich in vitamin C, while the latter has a high calory value and more vitamin A than the white potato); then there was the sugar corn, carefully dried and used in making succotash, an original Indian dish; of string beans he cultivated some fifteen varieties; then there was the tomato, whose vitamin value is as great as that of any fruit; chicory he found acceptable both raw and as a cooked vegetable; peanuts, of course, were grown and eaten by tribes in the south and southwest—and no vegetarian food could combine greater economy and nutritive value. For sweets he gathered wild honey and boiled down into syrup the sap of the maple tree, both natural sugars rich in minerals.

So far we have not mentioned one of the most famous Indian foods: The Indian corn (or maize). It waved near the Indian villages from Florida to a latitude fifty degrees north and stretched from the Atlantic Ocean far west of the Mississippi. From maize, after the slow and patient pounding by the Indian squaws, came golden cornmeal.

Eating To Preserve The Teeth

THESE then are the varied foods that formed the basis of the diet of the Indian and which were responsible for his remarkably strong teeth. Emulating his example, and calling on modern dietetics, how can we work out a diet that will help to preserve our teeth? It must be balanced in the usual way to include the requisite constituents to furnish energy and reserve force to build muscle and replenish the constantly wearing tissues as well as to provide twice as much alkaline as acid-reacting food. It must [*Continued on page 78*]

Let's Have Another Cup of Coffee

A Delicious Beverage if made Properly and Served with Appropriate Accompaniments

First step in making drip coffee is the filter paper

Next, measure right amount of properly ground coffee

Then, *measure* in right amount of boiling water

—*Courtesy Maxwell House Coffee*

EVER since the reigns of Queen Elizabeth and Charles the Second, when coffee shops were the intellectual centers of the British nation, coffee has been considered more provocative of good cheer and more conducive to a feeling of well-being than any other food. Perhaps I should hasten to say "good coffee," for there is no other beverage so often poorly made.

During the years that I have been privileged to do chain broadcasting all sorts of food and diet problems have been sent me for solution. Out of every hundred letters that arrive I can almost always be sure that several will contain questions about coffee like the following:

"My coffee tastes stale. What is the difficulty?"

"How much water and how much ground coffee should I use to get a good strong beverage?"

"Is boiled coffee harmful?"

"Is there any way coffee can be made so it won't cause insomnia?"

"What is the best method to use in making coffee?"

Because there is such a wide-spread interest in the subject I should like to take time in this article to make the salient points clear. Difficulty in making good coffee may usually be traced to some of the following causes: The use of a poor brand; the use of stale, rancid or improperly ground coffee; the use of a worn-out or improperly cleaned coffee pot, or one that is not efficient; to over-cooking; to using the coffee grounds a second time; to using insufficiently hot water; or to using too small a quantity of ground coffee to produce a beverage of sufficient strength.

—*Coffee Service by Int. Silver Co.: China, B. Altman*

Muriel Wilson, Mary Lou of Show Boat, serves guests after-dinner coffee

The Coffee Berry

THE coffee berry itself is a complex little fruit. In both green and roasted coffee there is a bland vegetable oil which is similar in color, odor and taste to olive or peanut oil and which probably belongs chemically to the same group. A

[*Continued on page* 84]

House Cleaning *the* Modern Way

Are Papered and Painted Walls Difficult? Spotted Woodwork and Rugs a Problem? Here are Helpful Hints

—*Courtesy Johnson's Floor Wax*

There is nothing to give your home that "new" feeling so much as a highly polished floor

NOT LONG ago, on a corner of a busy New York street, I saw an unusual little truck fitted with many interesting gadgets and tools, each in a special niche of its own. On the side was painted the name of the city's electric power plant; and as I watched the young driver jump out and start to remedy some difficulty with a nearby light, I realized that the truck must be equipped with all the tools and materials needed for ordinary repair work. In other words, the city's efficiency department was practising the business truism that *time saved is money saved.*

A block farther down the same street is located one of the largest house furnishing stores in the country. In one of the windows was displayed not an efficiency truck for electrical repair work, but a household gadget that carried out the same idea: a housemaid's tray. This is a good-sized basket-like metal tray fitted with a handle and divided into various compartments to hold dusting and cleaning cloths, scouring powders and flaked soaps, furniture and metal polishes, spot removers, tacks, and many little adjuncts needed when cleaning is to be done. The manufacturer of this device realized that *time saved is energy saved.*

In the same window with this appliance stood a sturdy wheel tray, with rubber-tired wheels and two shelves, bounded with a substantial wooden moulding to prevent the articles on it from sliding off. On it stood a scrub pail, brushes of various types, a can of liquid wax, one of solid wax and some floor oil. Beside it were arranged a dry floor mop; a wet-mop with a self-wringing handle, a small step-ladder, an electric floor waxer and a vacuum cleaner. In other words, the window featured the appliances needed for cleaning in every household where the necessity for time, money and energy saving is recognized.

The Question Of Fall Cleaning

THERE is no doubt that the old days of house-cleaning orgies are past, along with the many other disagreeable features of housekeeping, for today's methods stress day-to-day cleaning with the vacuum cleaner and other adequate appliances, plus a thorough weekly going over. Today the old-fashioned carpet beater, splitting the air with its rhythmic whack, is an object for an antique museum.

But in spite of a daily cleaning regime every house needs a thorough renovating at least every six months and all possessions need a determined going over. If during the month of September you followed the suggestions for preparing the house for Fall given in this department of RADIOLAND, [*Continued on page* 82]

—*Courtesy Lux*

For taking spots out of rugs, a scrub brush and lukewarm suds made with soap flakes are excellent

Radio and Aviation

[Continued from page 20]

aviation of the future," said the man who made the flight to Berlin in 1927, with Charles A. Levine as passenger. "What is coming will be Diesel engines, stratosphere flying and radio control."

"Why Diesel engines?" he was asked, "Are they more efficient than the present motors?"

"In many ways, yes," he replied, "but one of their great values is that they give less interference to radio."

There it is again, the emphasis on radio, and it is about time now to see what was this radio equipment carried by Wiley Post that caused all the furore.

In the first place, his radio direction finder enables him to tune in on any broadcasting station anywhere along his route and find out exactly in what direction he is traveling. He has a chart, prepared in advance, showing the location of broadcasting stations and the wave lengths on which they operate.

He selects a station and sets his receiver at that wave length. BUT the receiver will not work until the revolving antenna on top of it is set exactly and directly in a straight bee line facing the broadcasting station. Wiley Post gets the station, gets the direction, faces his plane in the same direction, and then as long as that station keeps coming in his receiver, he knows he is on his true course.

Thus, shortly after Wiley Post left Cape Race on this side of the ocean and got out over the Atlantic, he began to pick up signals from Station G2LO in Manchester, England, and followed those signals right straight across the Atlantic. Similarly, radio broadcasting stations guided him across France, to Berlin, to Moscow, and he had arranged with stations in Siberia to give him weather reports in English as he followed their radio signals across that vast wilderness.

With directional radio of that kind, the ancient bugaboo of distance fliers—accurate navigation—is reduced to a minimum. The mental hazard it takes off the minds of fliers is tremendous.

The second device which Wiley Post carried goes the next step further. This is the robot control, or automatic pilot.

The details of this machinery remain a military secret of the United States Air Service. Army engineers at Wright Field, Dayton, Ohio, installed the automatic pilot, and in functioning perfectly throughout Wiley Post's flight around the world, this device passed triumphantly the most exhaustive test that could possibly be given it.

Lacking any positive knowledge of the machinery, one may hazard a guess that the automatic pilot is a modification of the gyroscope principle, attached to the controls of the plane and so geared that when a wing tips up or down, or the tail tips up or down, or the body swerves, the plane is automatically righted and brought back to its true course.

Further, it is known that this robot pilot or automatic control works with and is governed by the radio directional control. Thus when a flyer tunes in a radio station and gets his direction and then turns on the robot pilot to manage the controls, the flyer is perfectly free to sink back in his seat and go to sleep.

Which is exactly what Wiley Post did! He astonished everyone by his freshness and lack of fatigue when he landed in New York.

RADIO listeners remember vividly the night that Post landed. Throughout that day the NBC and Columbia networks were putting on the air bulletins telling the progress of his flight, and also were broadcasting weather reports in the hope that Post would pick them up. Post's manager had arranged with Herbert Glover, technical director of the Columbia Broadcasting system, for Post to pick up the programs of station WBBM to guide him into Chicago and then station WABC to take him on to New York.

For sheeer beauty and spectacle, General Balbo's mass flight with twenty-four planes to the United States and return remains the most breath-taking event in the history of aviation to date.

That was a radio flight every inch of the way. From the time General Balbo first lifted his planes from the waters of Lake Ortobello until he returned to Rome, he was in constant and complete communication with both New York and Italy and all major points between.

All twenty-four planes in his squadron carried identical radio equipment. The flagship was flagship by courtesy only, any one of the twenty-four planes being equally capable of taking radio command of the squadron. In flight, General Balbo could communicate with any one of his planes, and they, in turn, could communicate with him, or with each other.

International messages were sent out only from the flagship, and Mussolini was in constant communication with the flight. Each plane had powerful trans-oceanic sending and receiving apparatus for the dot and dash code, and each plane had the radio direction finder, such as that with which Wiley Post was equipped, and which aided the squadron mightily in navigation.

Now one way in which radio helps aviation is much less spectacular than direction-finding and automatic piloting, but it is equally vital, if not more so. This is in the gathering and transmission of weather reports.

"Without accurate weather reports, trans-oceanic flying could not exist," says Dr. James W. Kimball, head of the United States Weather Bureau in New York, and sensible aviators everywhere agree with him absolutely. Balbo, Post, Mollison, the biggest and best fliers, all wait for days and sometimes weeks and even months until the weather man gives them the final signal to start their major flights.

"Radio and radio alone makes possible the gathering of accurate data from outlying stations and ships, so that on any day of the year we can present a flyer with an accurate weather map reflecting atmospheric and weather conditions over the ocean," says Dr. Kimball. The public doesn't know much of this white-haired, genial official, but believe me, the ocean fliers know him and place the utmost reliance on his advice.

UNTIL Post and Balbo made their amazing demonstrations of radio this summer, the previous high mark for radio in aviation was set by Rear-Admiral Richard E. Byrd. He is the only man who has flown over both the North Pole and the South Pole, and in addition he has flown the Atlantic from America to France.

"Admiral Byrd would never thi of starting any flight without radio equipment," says Lieutenant George O. Noville, who was relief pilot and second in command on the Byrd North Pole and Trans-Atlantic flights. The whole country remembers the broadcasts to and from "Little America," Byrd's base camp on the South Polar Expedition.

The radio revolution in aviation, started by the flight of Wiley Post, already has the next step in view. This is a device for "blind" landing in a fog, so far tested only by the United States Army, but just about ready to be launched generally.

This is an extension of the principle of the radio direction finder. A miniature broadcasting station is set up directly on the landing field itself. But whereas ordinary broadcasting spreads out equally in all directions, this is "beam" or directional radio, which is sent up at a definite angle, exactly as the beam from a searchlight is thrown into the sky.

The flyer, wrapped in fog and totally unable to see the landing field below him, circles about until he catches this directional radio beam. It is coming up at an angle. He tilts his machine downward at the same angle. He follows the radio signals down to a perfectly safe and accurate, although completely "blind" landing.

This is known in aviation as "sliding down the beam." Watch for it, because it is the next big step forward in aviation. Wiley Post said, after completing his world flight, "I already have the radio direction-finder and the automatic pilot, and they worked mighty fine. Now if there were landing fields equipped with this beam radio so a flyer wouldn't be delayed by fog, I think a man might fly around the world in four days!"

In the path of pioneering "stunt" flights across the ocean, there slowly develop trade and passenger routes. Charles and Anne Lindbergh spent most of the summer surveying such a possible route over the extreme North Atlantic where there would be a minimum of ocean and a maximum of land flying, broken up into short, comparatively stabilized hops.

The Lindberghs operated from their supply ship, the Jelling, as a base. They were equipped with directional radio, and were always able to get their bearings from the ship. Both the Colonel and his lady are licensed radio operators and they kept in constant communication with the ship.

The Big Business Band

[Continued from page 29]

Poley McClintock, who sings "like a parrot with laryngitis." His goofy voice has helped make the band famous

kept in perfect order. Completing the floor is a large, soundproof and completely equipped rehearsal hall.

"Here is where the real work of the orchestra is done," says Fred Waring. "I tolerate no nonsense or monkeyshines during rehearsal. We are there for business, and our business is to learn to play a number in the best possible manner that we can work out.

"We spare no pains to get things exactly right. Sometimes we rehearse a single piece of music, a single piece of stage business, a single portion of a radio broadcast as much as twenty-five times until we get every last detail worked out just exactly the way we want it."

This extreme care readily shows in Fred Waring's broadcast over the Columbia network. His cigarette sponsor corrals the largest single network in radio, 77 stations on one hook-up, for this Wednesday night program on which Fred Waring and his Pennsylvanians constitute the stellar attraction. All surveys indicate this to be one of the most popular programs on the air.

GETTING into Fred Waring's organization is almost a life career in itself. There are exactly 400 applicants on the waiting list, all of them having been given preliminary try-outs and found worthy of further consideration.

"We rarely take on a new man until we have had him under observation for a full year. This may seem to be overdoing things a little bit, but in an organization of this kind perfect co-ordination, perfect timing, perfect teamwork, are all-important. Vacancies rarely occur in our orchestra, and when we do take on a new man we must be absolutely certain that he will work harmoniously with the rest of the organization." Such is Fred Waring's view of the matter.

"We specifically avoid taking on individual stars," Waring continues. "Featured stars disrupt unity, and ever and always it is the band as a whole that we feature. We stand or fall together."

That is an excellent and idealistic principle, but the public, unfortunately, loves

Evelyn Nair dances with the Pennsylvanians when the band plays behind the footlights. She is a charming solo dancer

stars. Thus it is that certain individuals in the Pennsylvanians stand out, whether the orchestra would prefer to have it that way or not.

First, there is always the black-haired, blue-eyed, smiling Fred Waring himself who stands out in front with a long white baton and starts the music with a sudden downward jerk like the cracking of a whip. Fred introduces the numbers, introduces the singers, teases the players, leads in bits of stage comedy and joins in vocal choruses. Fred Waring not only has business ability and musicianship, but also a great deal of his orchestra's success is due to his own excellent stage presence and showmanship when out in front of an audience.

Next on the list of personalities is brother Tom Waring. He looks like Fred, has the same black hair and blue eyes coloring, but he is slightly heavier, less nervous, more inclined to be philosophical, and is less the business man than the artist. Tom Waring sings romantic songs in a rich baritone voice, plays one of the two pianos in the orchestra, and indulges in oil painting in his spare time. He is the composer of a song, "So Beats My Heart For You," which the orchestra made very popular.

When Waring's Pennsylvanians broadcast from a radio studio, or from Carnegie Hall in New York, as they do at present, the band has to be split up and strung out so that the various instruments will be the proper distance away from the microphone. But when the band is on the stage there is a big, smiling black haired drummer who is right in the center and right down front.

HE IS Poley McClintock, next door neighbor to the Warings back in Tyrone when he and the Waring brothers were in the Boy

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The honey blonde Rosemary and Priscilla Lane, sisters of Lola Lane, contribute close harmony

We Want Cantor!

[Continued from page 51]

him to do the pranks that in later years make him famous.

At thirteen, he is on a soap-box talking himself hoarse for young "Mr. Al," Alfred E. Smith, of Oliver Street, and basking in the attention of a spell-bound audience. But, at thirteen, also, we see him lying on a tenement roof in the rain, crying his heart out because he has been called a "no good" and forbidden the company of Ida Tobias, the belle of Henry Street. In after years, he is to win Ida for his wife, but now the future looks dark and hopeless. He is a skinny, lonely orphan, ill-fed and neglected.

THE pluck of his nature and his genius will not be downed, however, and we watch his star as it rises rapidly from his days as a singing waiter in a Coney Island saloon (where Jimmie Durante is the piano-player), his trouping days with Gus Edwards' juvenile actors (where begins his remarkable friendship with Georgie Jessel, whom he watches after like a big brother and where he meets the lassoing Will Rogers), to that magic evening in 1917 when he makes his début with the Ziegfeld Follies. He is a big hit and Will Rogers comes to his dressing-room to congratulate him, expecting to find him jumping around the place with glee. Instead, he sees a lean young fellow doubled up in a chair, with his head bent over the make-up shelf, crying as if his heart will break. His tears are for Grandma Esther. His success is empty because she who struggled so hard for him, is not there to enjoy it. She has died a short time before.

But Eddie finds a way to make up for the ache in his heart. He remembers his old friends of Henry Street. They flock to the stage door after the shows, seeking his aid, and he empties his purse to them. He has a heart as big as he is. He cannot turn a careless ear to suffering because too well he remembers his own miseries of the past. He listens to the problems of his friends and he understands them. He wants to help them.

Now, do you see why people feel his sincerity and are touched by it, even through the microphone? Oh—but here we are at Eddie Cantor's home of the present day—a fashionable but unpretentious apartment house, typical of this section of the city.

We enter the lobby and stop at the desk to announce ourselves. Mr. Cantor says to come right up. We do so, and ring at his door. Immediately it is opened and a pleasant young man, a secretary, greets us and shows us into the living-room. Eddie Cantor is there, talking with a man. He jumps up and receives us cordially.

"I'm sure we must be intruding," I say. "Shall we wait outside?"

"No, indeed," he assures us. "Stay right here. We are discussing plans for my boys' camp and you might be interested in hearing them."

THE Eddie Cantor camp for poor boys of the East Side is on the site of the one that he attended when a small boy at Cold Springs, New York. Every year he sends a group of slum boys there and at least once during every season, puts in a personal appearance to entertain them.

But, I see, you are more interested in watching Mr. Cantor than in hearing about his camp. You are amazed because he looks exactly like his pictures and his voice is exactly the same as the one you have been hearing on Sunday nights over the air. His goggle eyes are the same. They never seem to smile and yet they remind you of nothing but humor. They give his face an alertness that is most in keeping with his quick and energetic actions.

The man from the camp leaves and Mr. Cantor asks us if we would like tea. We would, so he calls his daughter, Marjorie. He has five daughters, you know. Marjorie comes in. She is dark and attractive, with very much of her father's look. He tells her to order tea.

"But, Mr. Cantor, won't you miss your radio audience?" I know that he will because I have seen him with tears in his eyes at his last broadcast.

"Yes," he says, soberly. "Yes, I feel as close to them as if they were my own family. And, I feel that they have a deep affection for me, too. That's the reason I'm not afraid to go away and leave them for three months. I know they'll miss me and be glad to have me back."

At that moment, tea arrives and, since "Ida"—yes, the belle of Henry Street, who is now Mrs. Cantor—since Ida is away for the day, Mr. Cantor serves us himself.

"TO CONTINUE about radio," he says. "I think that radio should be a medium for something besides entertainment. I think we should use it for bettering the welfare of our people, and that's what I try to do.

"Why, not long ago," and here that sentimental quality begins to creep into his voice, "I had a letter from a man who wrote me his troubles and asked my advice about divorcing his wife. He thought that he was in love with another woman.

"That letter weighed on my mind and the next Sunday night during my broadcast, I said a few words to the man. 'Your wife is not as young as she once was and not as pretty as when you married her, but she has cooked for you, she's got down on her knees and scrubbed for you. You'll never find another woman who loves you that much. If you're wise, you won't divorce your wife. You'll stick by her.' Then, I sang *Try a Little Tenderness*.

"Well, as soon as the program was over, a man came up to me in the studio. His face was all worked up with emotion. 'Mr. Cantor,' he said, 'I've been separated from my wife for many years and I want you to know that I'm going to call her long distance tonight and tell her I'm coming back to her.'

"I felt a thrill when he told me that and my thrill lasted for weeks, when letters began coming in from separated and divorced couples all over the country, telling me that because of my speech, they were back together again. The man who had asked my advice, wrote, too, and said he had decided to stay with his wife.

"Oh, Marjorie," Mr. Cantor calls, "bring in some of those divorce letters."

We glance over dozens of them, all testimonials to Eddie Cantor's influence, and as we are reading, Baby Janet comes bursting into the room with her nurse. She is an adorable little girl of about five years.

Eddie Cantor's face lights up instantly.

"This is my baby," he says, and, as he introduces us, Janet shakes hands, politely.

"Now, get out," he roars, in mock sternness, "I have company."

"But, I'm not bothering you, Daddy," she protests. She stays and bounces a big rubber ball complacently.

"You keep perfect discipline," I say, with a laugh.

"Yes," says Mr. Cantor, his eyes twinkling. "You see, she's staying."

We rise to take our departure and he walks with us to the door. Outside, you are enthusiastic.

"Why, of course he's sincere. Of course, he means what he says over the radio. How could anyone doubt it!"

Yes, so now you see why I say that Eddie Cantor is not only a comedian, but he is doing more for his country through the medium of radio than any other artist. . . . Crooners and jazz bands die of the moment, but his influence definitely lives on in the lives of his listeners.

New Question *and* Answer Department

How old is Rudy Vallée? Where was Colonel Stoopnagle born and what is his real name? Do Molasses 'n' January appear on the air under any other names? Lanny Ross is a graduate of what college?

You have questions to ask about your favorites on the air. Send your queries to QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS, RADIOLAND, 52 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York, N. Y.

No questions can be answered by mail. All inquiries will be answered in the columns of RADIOLAND and will be published as soon after receipt of query as possible.

People Thought They Were Mad

[Continued from page 47]

pompous executives filled him with inward glee. Then and there he declared war on the windbags of the universe.

But his reputation as a card still dogged him, and his former classmates who remembered him at Nichols prevailed upon him to provide the comic relief for the Junior League shows. His reputation grew until he was known practically as a scream. Now and then friends of his at the Buffalo Broadcasting Company would drag him off to panic the public for ten minutes or so at the microphone. Although the comic urge was still an insistent itch, he had accumulated a wife and child, so he went right on selling bonds.

While this was going on, Wilbur Budd Hulick had drifted off to Georgetown, developing into something of a singer and orchestra leader. He wanted to see Europe, so he organized his own band and went touring. On his return, he wandered about the East and finally landed what seemed to him a good job as department manager for a telegraph company in Buffalo. The next week the department folded up under him and Budd became a soda quirt at Huyler's on the night shift. One evening he overheard a man say that there was to be a tryout for announcers at Station WMAK. In four words, he got the job. And so the paths of Taylor and Wilbur Hulick finally merged.

THEY took to each other at once. Taylor was sort of an unsalaried "life of the party" around the old studio in the basement of the Lafayette Hotel. Hulick was on the payroll. Sometimes Hulick would fill in as master of ceremonies at a night club. He got in the habit of taking Taylor along to kid the customers.

Once Hulick took him along when Captain von Gronau, the German flyer, arrived at a local airport. The captain was scheduled to speak over a rival station. But something went wrong with the reception committee. When the captain stepped out of his plane, everything was in confusion.

"Vot iss diss?" said his aide. "Vere do ve go?"

Taylor was standing nearby.

"Why, to WMAK," said Taylor promptly.

And delighting in his rôle of unauthorized greeter, he commandeered the official car and with shrieking police sirens roared off through the city, the kidnaped flyer in his custody, and put the captain on the air much to the chagrin of the rival station.

The crash came, the bottom fell out of the bond business, and Taylor went to work for the Buffalo Broadcasting Company, acting, announcing, writing fifty or twenty scripts a week, sometimes getting paid for them more often not.

It was while writing a script for the Smack Doughnut people that he originated the character of Colonel Lemuel Q. Stoopnagle.

"I had a lot of silly characters I was using," he said, "like Mr. Fiddlestuffer and Isaiah Unh. Then one day I used the name Stoopnagle. Louis Dean, who announces our Pontiac program, was announcing for me then. All of a sudden I noticed he wasn't saying a word. I looked over and saw the tears running down his cheeks. He was in stitches at the bare sound of the word. I thought if it could make him laugh like that it would make others laugh, too. So I used it some more.

"THE Colonel is a definite character—the prize stuffed shirt of the ages. I stand off and look at him as though he were a person I knew. The title of Colonel just sets him off—too smart to be a lieutenant and not big enough to be a general, although the term has no military implication. It's just one of those high-sounding empty titles that people like to hang on themselves —especially people like Stoopnagle."

During this time Hulick was making something of a reputation for himself, not as a comic, but by making people cry. He had created this character of an old Civil War veteran on the "Plain Folks" program which people around Buffalo still recall with affection. Stoopnagle and Budd still hope to revive him some day, but so far they have never gotten around to it.

He had also married after a whirlwind courtship—a singer named Wanda Harte, whom he had introduced to the audience at the Palais Royal and then to himself. Taylor was best man. A few weeks later she played the part of Taylor's wife on one of his programs.

All the while, mind you, Hulick and Taylor had never played on the same program nor had they been connected in any business way.

Yet both were preparing the ground unawares for their collaboration—Taylor turning out scripts with both hands, inventing his idiotic characters—Hulick developing as a mimic and all-around "ad lib" announcer, able to improvise for minutes on end, on any given subject.

Hulick claims the record for extemporaneous announcing on radio. It happened one afternoon when they were holding the line open for some Transatlantic flyers who were overdue. For five and a half straight hours he held the microphone, describing everything down to the feathers on the ladies' hats. The flyers never did arrive.

Here he became familiar with the famous voices which he was later to imitate, statesmen, flyers, entertainers, for as standby announcer he had to spend long hours listening to them. Then he used to mimic them for the benefit of the others in the studio.

Good friends though they were, Taylor and Hulick might never have worked together, had it not been for the sheerest accident.

ONE noon when a network program was due to come through, lightning struck the wires and put them out of commission. Hulick was announcing. As a rule, in such an emergency, he simply put on an electrical transcription record. But that day somebody had mislaid all the records. Wild-eyed, he rushed down the corridor and nabbed the first person he came to and dragged him before the microphone. That person was Taylor. He explained that he wanted Taylor to *ad lib* with him for fifteen minutes and they started in.

The amazing thing about it all is that then and there on the spur of the moment they devised the rough framework of the program that has gone on for months and months over the national networks—the characters, Colonel Stoopnagle and Budd, the halting, hesitant, apologetic style of delivery, Budd's imitations—even the gaspipe organ.

There was an old melodion kicking around the studio. On the way in, Taylor, something of a two-finger artist on the piano, grabbed it, dragged it to the mike and began to hammer out:

"I love coffee, I love tea,
I love the girls and the girls love me."

This has been their theme song ever since. It confuses listeners sometimes. They think it's "Chop Sticks." But it isn't.

They got through that fifteen minutes somehow, wiped their foreheads and forgot all about it.

The next day twelve letters and three old ladies appeared at the studio. The letters demanded more of the same. And the old ladies wanted to see "those crazy men." So they had to put them back on, same time, every day.

The letters increased. So did the number of people who wanted to see what the goofy pair looked like. Their first studio was the size of a telephone booth. It was soon packed with people who wanted to see what they looked like so they got promoted to a larger studio and before long three or four hundred people were coming to see them every night.

Then they hit on the stunt of putting a telephone right in the studio. The boys from the police station or the engine house or the corner delicatessen would call up and the Colonel and Budd would kid with them offhand on the phone right in front of the mike.

BY THAT time the people in the studio began to think they were crazy. It broke all rules. No one had ever done anything like that before. But people apparently wanted it, so they had to let them keep on.

After several months they sold themselves to the Tasty Yeast Company and on May 24, 1931, they went on the National Broadcasting chain as the Tasty Yeast Gloom Chasers. They got the "Gloom Chasers" out of a fan letter.

But their troubles were only just beginning. In New York studio officials were condescending towards their type of humor. They said it might be all right for the smaller stations, but the chains needed something snappier, and the sooner they thought

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Radioland's Pattern Service

Jane Froman has Selected a Gown Suitable for Street or Afternoon Wear with Newest Fall Ideas

Jane Froman's frock is of crepe back satin. The shiny surface is used as trimming on the body of the dress in crepe. This is a smart combination

THAT in-between-frock, the dress which is always suitable, is one of the most difficult models to find. Yet no wardrobe is complete without such a gown.

Jane Froman recognizes this need as much as you and I. She, too, requires a dress appropriate for wearing in a studio and which she may wear to tea afterwards. All satin is too formal for business. But combined with the crêpe side of satin, the gown Miss Froman has chosen is informal enough for business and dressy for tea or dinner or any one of the many engagements one may have for the evening.

The modified wide shoulders. The points and high neckline. The tight fitting sleeves. The skirt fullness below the knees. All these are Fashion's newest notes. Buttons, too, are smart.

Pattern L312 is designed for sizes 14 to 20 and 32 to 40. Size 16 requires 3⅞ yards of 39-inch fabric. If a dressier frock is needed, omit the sleeves.

IF YOU have not already ordered RADIOLAND'S New Fall Fashion Book, do so at once. There is no better way in which to plan your wardrobe. It contains a stunning collection of Fall and Winter styles, appropriate for every occasion. Suits, coats, sportswear, street frocks, and evening gowns are all included. And the child, miss, or matron will find most attractive clothes ideas. Ordered with the pattern, it is only 10c—a small amount for the great help it will prove to be. A well planned wardrobe is one which has no later regrets—regrets that short-lived extremes were followed. A reliable Fashion Book eliminates the possibility of waste.

Pattern L312 is becoming to the miss as well as the matron. This frock is attractive in wool as well as satin

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

For the enclosed ..... send me Jane Froman's dress, No. L312. Size ..... Fall Edition Pattern Book (check if wanted) .....

Name .....

Street .....

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

Pattern 15c Fashion Book 15c Combination Price 25c

The Battle of the Salad Bowl

[Continued from page 55]

do? What to do? Then someone suggested:

"Why not go on the air? Why not go on the air with the biggest, most spectacular program anyone has ever heard? Why not go on the air for two hours?"

The suggestion was hailed with cheers. But who to have on the program? Paul Whiteman's name came up. There was just the man! Not only was he one of the biggest names on the air, and capable of producing martial music to inspire the Kraft hosts to war, but in spite of his recent dieting, he still has that sleek well-fed look, implying that he subsists entirely on a Miracle Whip menu.

So the conference ended with all concerned locking arms and singing:

"We'll do or die or get the pip
For incomparable Miracle Whip."

About that time out in Hollywood, Al Jolson, the mammy-singer, had just added laurels in the field of fisticuffs to his crown by taking a swing at Walter Winchell. There was a man to defend a salad dressing to the last drop of certified oil. Wires were sent and Al was signed for the program, which started out for two hours on Monday nights, with Howard Claney of the NBC staff announcing.

In the meantime there was consternation in the Best Foods-Hellmann ranks. A council of war was called in the office of Benton & Bowles, *their* advertising agency. Were the Kraft people, they wanted to know, to be allowed to get away with that? A thousand times no!

It was decided that they would go on the hour likewise with an hour program which would be just as impressive. Since the Kraft people had Whiteman, they would go right out and sign up Ferde Grofe, who used to be Whiteman's arranger, and now had a band of his own. And since the Kraft people had Jolson, they would get a big comedian too. They would get Fred Allen.

The conference closed with everybody singing:

"Through all our days we'll sing the praise
Of glorious Hellmann's Mayonnaise."

Now Whiteman and Grofe had been at odds for several years, ever since the arranger broke away and went on his own. But when Whiteman heard that his old friend had deserted to the rival ranks, the feud broke out in earnest.

And Claney, the bantam weight announcer for the Kraft program, and Edmund "Tiny" Ruffner, who was selected to say things in behalf of Hellmann's Mayonnaise, hadn't been speaking for months. But since they caught the mayonnaise fervor, they have taken to making gutteral noises at each other when they pass on the street.

Jolson is pretty sore too, only he isn't quite sure who he's mad at. He goes around mumbling that he just wishes the Best Foods bunch would put Winchell in on their program. Then he could get really sore.

The great mayonnaise war has spread all down through the ranks. Copywriters of the two agencies lay awake nights thinking up things to say. Obscure members of the orchestra make rude noises on their trombones at sight of the members of the rival band. Even the rival control men are freezing each other.

Fred Allen is the only one who doesn't seem to be mixed up in it. Fred isn't mad at anybody. But that is making it rather hard for Fred. His colleagues are wondering if Fred has the true Hellmann spirit.

To make matters worse, the two factions both appear on the National Broadcasting Company network, and that means they are always bumping into each other.

For a while their rehearsals followed one another in the Times Square Broadcasting studio. But the situation grew so tense that they had to put a stop to that.

The Best Foods-Hellmann boys would start drifting in while Whiteman, his orchestra *et al* (Al Jolson), were giving all for Kraft's.

Jolson was going through his patter one day when a peculiar noise echoed through the studio. Everyone stopped but Jolson. It was so quiet you could hear a pun drop. At first they thought it must be escaping steam, but that didn't seem logical, for it was a warm day in August.

Then they realized that the Hellmann boys were giving them the bird. Jolson paused. He thought for a moment it was Winchell. There was an ominous movement backstage. Muscles flexed. Eyes glazed. It was Whiteman who averted an open break.

"No, men! Not here," he said firmly, "control yourselves for the sake of old Miracle Whip."

After that they rehearsed one program at Times Square and the other away up on Fifth Avenue. Although they have been doing everything to keep the two factions apart, there has been some sabotage.

One day Whiteman went to put on his best blue coat and found the right hand pocket full of salad dressing. He thought at first it was Miracle Whip (it's just as good and costs one third less) and he smiled indulgently at the boyish prank. But his suspicions became aroused, he had it analyzed, and found to his horror that it was not Miracle Whip at all, but mayonnaise, and Hellmann's Mayonnaise at that. He regretted then the day he had kept his boys in check.

The internecine warfare really reached its height, though, when it clove right through the center of one of Hollywood's happiest families.

Right after Al Jolson had gotten Miracle Whip religion, billboards and newspapers began to be filled with pictures of Ruby Keeler gazing rapturously at a jar of Hellmann's Mayonnaise. Or maybe she was just looking rapturous *alongside* of a jar of Hellmann's Mayonnaise.

Perhaps the photographer had handed Ruby a picture of Jolson and had said to her: "Think of Al." Then he snapped Ruby with Al's picture, thinking of Al and looking rapturous. Then afterwards they took out the picture of Al and put a jar of Hellmann's Mayonnaise in its place. Or something like that. At any rate it seemed to get over the idea that Ruby was pretty goofy about Hellmann's.

At the time nobody seemed to think much about there being sort of a connection between Al and Ruby, they being man and wife.

But when the papers popped out with the Ruby's picture alongside the jar of Hellmann's, the implication struck everybody with full force. Of course Al never said right out that he was just nuts about Miracle Whip and wouldn't use Hellmann's to shave with. But everybody knew how kindly he must feel towards an organization that was paying him all that money.

Then along comes this rival advertising insinuating pretty plainly that his own wife wouldn't have any truck with anything but Hellmann's. Think of that!

Al got Ruby on the long distance 'phone. She couldn't understand him very well—all that talk about mayonnaise. She thought the heat had gotten Al or something. So she hopped a plane for New York.

And the feud flared up hotter than ever. The Best Foods people bet that Al had been using Hellmann's all the time and never knew the difference. The Kraft crowd thought that was a fine way to do, coming between a man and his wife, maybe breaking up the only happy home left in Hollywood, and the Best Foods people ought to be ashamed.

Then there was a three-cornered parley between Al with the Kraft crowd lined up behind him, the Best Foods folks and Ruby. It seemed that Ruby didn't know about the warfare or that she was boosting Miracle Whip's deadly rival, that it had all been arranged through Warner Brothers, and if Miracle Whip was the salad dressing for Al, why that was the salad dressing for her.

But did that make the feeling any better between the Kraft crowd and the Best Foods folk, their agencies, orchestras, comedians and announcers? Not a bit of it!

The feud has spread far and wide through radio. People have got to taking sides. Wherever performers gather now, in the midnight hours at Lindy's, or waiting to go on the air, they talk, not of bands and crooners, but of the relative merits of salad dressings.

Not long ago, there was a riot on a kiddies' hour. It seems that a boy soprano had averred that Miracle Whip was zippier than Hellmann's, and a child violinist had socked him. That just goes to show the pass at which the state of affairs has arrived.

To date there have been no casualties.

But in the office of RADIOLAND there is a set-piece, awaiting the first victim. It consists of gates ajar, beautifully wrought in fresh lettuce leaves, across which will be inscribed "Rest in Peace" in large golden gobs of salad dressing.

Now—what to use—Miracle Whip or Hellmann's Mayonnaise?

She Studied Singing to Stop Stuttering

[Continued from page 53]

two weeks because an automobile tire played her false while driving at a mad pace and the car turned over, pinning her leg underneath it.

Other (fortunate) things for which Jane cares are: California and the country; operatic selections and Theodore Dreiser; studio visitors and Gary Cooper; diamonds and Edwin C. Hill; lobster in any form and Carl Van Vechten; Shelley's and Keat's poetry; Edgar Allen Poe's and Sinclair Lewis' prose; Mussolini, Einstein, Stalin and Roosevelt . . . and orchids.

Her dislikes include five shows a day at any theatre, fourflushers, crowds, noises, taxicabs . . . and New York.

Only her intimates (oh, fortunate human!) know her nickname. It's "Bunny-Nose." Don't ask me, or her either for that matter, why her nickname is "Bunny-Nose." It just is.

Let me let you in on the inside of interviewing. There's one question to ask which, if you get an answer at all, is sure to be a wow. We asked it next.

"Who would you prefer to be, Jane, if it were all possible to transplant identities?"

My favorite radio artist mused over that for a while. "I'll tell you, Jerry," she said finally, "I'd like to be Lily Pons . . . or a radio executive in charge of programs directing!"

Away With Tan

[Continued from page 57]

procure hot water twice a day for a good soap and water scrubbing, and as a result, cold water is substituted. This form of neglect never fails to bring the usual attendants of insufficient cleansing—blackheads and large pores. The remedy in this case is plenty of soap and hot water and a sturdy complexion brush, to be used three or four times a day. Check up on your diet, too, eliminating all greasy, heavy foods, pastries and candies, and drink at least eight glasses of water a day.

Blackheads and large pores are most liable, of course, to appear on the oily or normal skin. For that reason, it is advisable to cleanse dry skin with soap and water as well as cream. Most dry-skinned individuals insist that they cannot use soap and water on their skin because it irritates the sensitive tissue and makes it feel drawn and parchment-like. They would feel no such discomfort if they used the *right kind* of soap for their needs. A famous manufacturer, realizing that each type of skin requires special individualized care, has just introduced three excellent soaps designed for the three recognized types of skin—Dry, Oily and Neutral. The soap designed for dry skin is so bland that it actually lubricates and softens the skin. That made for oily skin, cleanses without coarsening the skin, flushes impurities from the pores and normalizes the exuberant action of the oil glands—exactly what is required by this difficult type of skin. The soap intended for use on a neutral skin, the oil glands of which function just as they should, is pore-penetrating, gentle and pure. It will help to preserve the most precious of possessions, a normal or neutral skin. These soaps naturally are a bit more expensive than ordinary ones. Four cakes cost $1.

ANOTHER deplorable way in which women grow careless about their beauty care during the Summer, is the *laissez faire* attitude they have toward their hair.

This neglect would be detrimental to any hair, but it is ruinous to hair that has been permanently waved. While permanent waving, when it is done with a modern method and by an experienced, ethical operator, is not in the least harmful to healthy hair, it does demand that the hair be given special attention that might not be needed by unwaved hair.

Naturally, if you have exposed your permanently waved hair to sun and wind all Summer, it must be pretty badly in need of reconditioning treatments now. I advise you to accomplish this with weekly or twice-a-week oil shampoos. There are one or two very reliable preparations of this type on the market. They have olive oil bases, and therefore have all the beneficial effects on hair and scalp that olive oil offers, and yet they have none of its disadvantages. If you have ever given yourself an olive oil rub, you know how difficult it is to get all of the closely clinging oil out of your hair. It requires so much shampoo lather and so many rinsings that the effects of the oil are often lost partially before the last trace of it is removed. But the newest oil or soapless shampoos are treated chemically so that they are soluble in water, rinsing out completely in two or three minutes. You merely apply the oil liberally on the hair and scalp, saturating every hair, then rub it into the scalp thoroughly. If it is possible, leave the oil on for at least an hour, and then rinse it out. If your hair is extremely dry and brittle, leave the oil on overnight and rinse it out the following morning. One of these excellent oils is obtainable in a fifty cent size. Write to me if you wish the name. You will find that your hair will be lustrous, soft and silky by the time you have used one bottle of the oil.

After you have put your hair in healthy condition by means of these shampoos, you can safely have a new permanent wave on the straight portion of your hair, grown out during the Summer. The new Fall coiffures, in tune with the feminine mode, boast lots of small curls. And of course a good permanent wave is necessary to produce these curls, for most of us. You should *not* have a new wave over the already waved ends. Just tell your hairdresser to wave the new growth. A clever operator can match the waves so that they fall in with your old ones perfectly. If you are undecided what type of wave to have, I can give you helpful advice. There are so many commercial types of waves that it is a bit difficult for patrons to decide which one to have, and it is not always wise to trust an operator's biased recommendation. I shall be more than glad to give you the benefit of my experience.

Mike Says—

[Continued from page 38]

toreador gave up bull-fighting to become an announcer. After all, it's just another way of throwing the bull.

* * * *

IDA BAILEY ALLEN was giving the recipe for one of her famous dishes on CBS. "It takes one hour to cook and serve six people," she said in conclusion.

"Ohmigosh!" exclaimed Colonel Stoopnagle, "how a cannibal chief would like that."

* * * *

IT REALLY is interesting how many singers started their careers at funerals. Lawrence Tibbett, Metropolitan Opera star frequently heard on the air channels, earned his first dollar singing at a mortician's chapel in Los Angeles. Twenty-two at the time, Tibbett was ambitious to become a Shakespearean actor and thought opera "the bunk." A few years later he sang Ford to Antonio Scotti's Falstaff at the Met and was a front page "riot" in the newspapers the next day.

The Radio Parade

[Continued from page 6]

harmony with the Neil Sisters; Merrie-Men quartette; and Roy Shields conducts the orchestra. NBC-WJZ, Fridays at 9:30 p. m.

BARON MUNCHAUSEN—Jack Pearl and his pal "Sharlie" return to the air on October 7. The Baron and his popular but ridiculous exaggerations. Music by one of the country's foremost orchestras. NBC-WEAF, Saturdays at 9:00 p. m.

BORDEN PROGRAM—Leo Reisman's orchestra, the rhythmic Yacht Club Boys and Vivian Ruth. NBC-WEAF, Saturdays at 9:30 p. m.

Dance Music:

WAYNE KING and his orchestra. NBC-WEAF, Sundays at 3:00 p. m. and Thursdays at 8:30 p. m.

EDDIE DUCHIN and his orchestra. CBS, Sundays at 6:00 p. m. and Saturdays at 6:45 p. m.

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

ISHAM JONES and his orchestra. CBS, Sundays at midnight, Tuesdays at 10:30 p. m. and Saturdays at 10:00 p. m.

TED LEWIS and his orchestra. CBS, Sundays at 12:30 a. m. and Wednesdays at midnight.

PHIL HARRIS and his Hotel Pennsylvania orchestra. NBC-WJZ, Mondays and Tuesdays at midnight.

JACK DENNY and his Waldorf-Astoria orchestra. NBC-WEAF, Mondays and Thursdays at 11:30 p. m.

LEON BELASCO and his orchestra. CBS, Mondays and Fridays at midnight.

CASA LOMA ORCHESTRA—CBS, Mondays at 11:30 p. m., Thursdays at midnight, and Saturdays at 8:15 p. m.

GEORGE HALL and his orchestra. CBS, Mondays at noon, Tuesdays at 5:45 p. m., Wednesdays at 1:00 p. m., Thursdays at 5:15 p. m., and Saturdays at 1:00 p. m.

MEYER DAVIS and his Hotel St. Regis orchestra. NBC-WEAF, Tuesdays at 12:05 a. m., Wednesdays at 11:00 p. m., Fridays at 11:00 p. m., and Saturdays at 7:00 p. m.

FREDDIE MARTIN and his orchestra. CBS, Tuesdays at midnight, Thursdays at 11:45 p. m., and Saturdays at 4:30 p. m.

BEN BERNIE and his Casino orchestra. NBC-WEAF, Wednesdays at 12:05 a. m.

MILLS' BLUE RHYTHM BAND. NBC-WJZ, Wednesdays and Fridays at 12:00 midnight.

HAROLD STERN and his Hotel Biltmore orchestra. NBC-WEAF, Fridays and Saturdays at 11:30 p. m.

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

More Serious Music:

SALT LAKE CITY TABERNACLE CHOIR—Renditions of sacred music by a renowned choir. CBS, Sundays at 11:30 a. m.

NEW YORK OPERA ASSOCIATION PROGRAM—Renowned stars from the Chicago and Metropolitan Opera Companies in selections from grand opera. WOR, Sundays at 10:00 p. m.

RADIO CITY CONCERT—The Radio City Symphony Orchestra conducted by Erno Rapee. Presentations by soloists and a large chorus. NBC-WJZ, Sundays at 12:30 p. m.

COLUMBIA SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—An excellent symphonic program conducted by Howard Barlow. CBS, Sundays at 3:00 p. m., Mondays at 10:45 p. m. and Wednesdays at 11:00 p. m.

NATIONAL OPERA CONCERT—One hour of operatic selections sung by well known soloists and Wilfred Pelletier directs the orchestra. NBC-WJZ, Sundays at 3:00 p. m.

CATHEDRAL HOUR—The Cathedral Choir and orchestra conducted by Channon Collinge, also soloists. CBS, Sundays at 4:00 p. m.

AMERICAN ALBUM OF FAMILIAR MUSIC—A delightful program of concert music with singing. Frank Munn, tenor; Elizabeth Lennox, mezzo-soprano; Ohman and Arden; Bertrand Hirsch, violinist, and the Haenschen Concert Orchestra. NBC-WEAF, Sundays at 9:30 p. m.

LIGHT OPERA GEMS—Charming selections of light opera with Channon Collinge conducting the orchestra. CBS, Tuesdays at 10:45 p. m.

CITIES SERVICE CONCERT—One of the oldest and most favorite hours offering a wide variety of songs and music—from operetta to jazz. Starring Jessica Dragonette and the Cavaliers. NBC-WEAF, Fridays at 8:00 p. m.

Dramatic Programs:

LIONEL PROGRAM—Dramatizations of railroad life. NBC-WEAF, Sundays at 4:45 p. m., and Wednesdays at 5:00 p. m.

ROSES AND DRUMS—Talent secured from the theatre dramatizing historical happenings. CBS, Sundays at 5:00 p. m.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CHRISTO—The thrilling adventures from Dumas' famous novel dramatized. WOR, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 7:30 p. m.

PAGES OF ROMANCE—Dramas with featured guest stars. NBC-WJZ, Sundays at 5:30 p. m.

GREAT MOMENTS IN HISTORY—Highlights of history. NBC-WJZ, Sundays at 7:30 p. m.

JOHN HENRY, BLACK RIVER GIANT—Roark Brad-

ford's stories, based on a negro legendary figure, interestingly interpreted by Juano Hernandez and Rose McLendon in the leading rôles. CBS, Sundays at 7:30 p. m. and 8:15 p. m.

SUNDAY AT SETH PARKER'S—An old-fashioned evening with the ole folks at home. NBC-WEAF, Sundays at 10:45 p. m.

RADIO GUILD—Famous dramas in concise form directed by Vernon Radcliffe. NBC-WJZ, Mondays at 4:00 p. m.

SOCONYLAND SKETCHES—Interesting sketches of rural life. NBC-WEAF, Mondays at 8:00 p. m.

ENO CRIME CLUES—Mystery drama with Edward Reese and John MacBryde. NBC-WJZ, Tuesdays and Wednesdays at 8:00 p. m.

CIRCUS DAYS—Dramatized stories of circus life by Courtney Riley Cooper. NBC-WJZ, Thursdays and Fridays at 7:30 p. m.

FIRST NIGHTER DRAMAS—First nights in a theatre dramatized. NBC-WEAF, Fridays at 10:00 p. m.

Comedy Sketches:

AMOS 'N' ANDY—The black faced comedians still going strong. NBC-WJZ, every evening except Saturdays and Sundays at 7:00 p. m.

CLARA, LU 'N' EM—Hanging over the back fence. The gossiping ladies are Louise Starky, Isabelle Carothers and Helen King. NBC-WJZ, every morning except Saturdays and Sundays at 10:15 a. m.

THE GOLDBERGS—Comedy and drama in the daily lives of a family in the tenements—and a bit of philosophy. NBC-WEAF, every evening except Saturdays and Sundays at 7:45 p. m.

LUM AND ABNER—The Ford dealers of the air in humorous skits. NBC-WEAF, Mondays to Thursdays at 7:30 p. m. and Fridays at 10:30 p. m.

POTASH AND PERLMUTTER—Montague Glass' comical characters. NBC-WJZ, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 8:30 p. m.

Featured Stars:

LITTLE JACK LITTLE—Accompanies himself on the piano. CBS, every day except Saturday and Sunday at 9:00 a. m.

SINGIN' SAM, THE BARBASOL MAN—An old timer from the legitimate. CBS, Tuesdays and Thursdays at 8:15 p. m.

THE MILLS BROTHERS—The versatile four Mills Brothers return to the air. CBS, Tuesdays and Thursdays at 7:30 p. m.

NINO MARTINI—The young, handsome tenor from the Metropolitan in solos. CBS, Tuesdays at 9:30 p. m.

MORTON DOWNEY—The popular high voiced tenor. CBS, Wednesdays, Thursdays and Fridays at 7:00 p. m.

KATE SMITH—Popular songs by a very popular star. CBS, Wednesdays at 9:15 p. m.

Children's Programs:

THE LADY NEXT DOOR—Sketches by the children—for the children. Directed by Madge Tucker. NBC-WEAF, Mondays to Fridays at 4:45 p. m. and Saturdays at 5:00 p. m.

PAUL WING, THE STORY MAN—Charming tales told by Mr. Wing that the youngsters adore. NBC-WEAF, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 5:45 p. m.

News Commentators:

H. V. KALTENBORN—A trip abroad with the international correspondent. CBS, Sundays at 7:00 p. m. and Fridays at 6:45 p. m.

EDWIN C. HILL—The "gentleman" reporter. CBS, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 8:15 p. m.

FLOYD GIBBONS—The high spots of the weeks news reviewed. NBC, Fridays at 10:45 p. m.

BOAKE CARTER—The news of the day with interesting comments. CBS, every day except Saturdays and Sundays at 7:45 p. m.

COL. LOUIS MCHENRY HOWE—The President's secretary interviewed by Walter Thumbell. NBC-WEAF, Sundays at 10:00 p. m.

WALTER WINCHELL—The news—slightly premature. NBC-WJZ, Sundays at 9:30 p. m.

LOWELL THOMAS—Today's news. NBC-WJZ, every day except Saturdays and Sundays at 6:45 p. m.

FREDERIC WM. WILE—The political situation in Washington. CBS, Saturdays at 7:00 p. m.

Specialty Programs:

IDA BAILEY ALLEN—Good advice on all matters relating to the home. CBS, Thursdays at 10:15 a. m.

CHEERIO—"The Circle of Friendship." NBC-WEAF, every day except Sundays at 9:30 a. m.

THE VOICE OF EXPERIENCE—Has helped solve thousands of listeners problems. CBS, every day except Saturdays and Sundays at 11:00 a. m.

TONY WONS—Homely philosophy and the well known scrapbook. CBS, Wednesdays and Fridays at 9:45 a. m.

MYSTERY CHEF—Cooking talk. NBC-WEAF, Tuesdays and Thursdays at 10:00 a. m.

WRITE A LETTER AND WIN A PRIZE

"Why I Like (or Dislike) News Broadcasts."

RADIOLAND wants to know what its readers think of the broadcasting of news. Does it interest you? Do you want more of it? Do you feel that it keeps you in close touch with the world?

Write your letters in answer to this question at once. For the best letter $15 will be paid, for the second best, $10; for the third, $5. Also five prizes of $1. In the event of a tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded. RADIOLAND reserves the right to publish any letters submitted and none will be returned.

Turn to page 8 and you can read the winning letters in RADIOLAND'S first contest. Then get to work on this question. Fame and a prize await you.

Address your letters to News Broadcast Contest, RADIOLAND, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York, N. Y. All entries must be received by October 25. The winning letters will be published in the January issue of RADIOLAND.

Kate Smith—and Her Svengali

[*Continued from page* 40]

Kate Smith, her manager, Ted Collins, and Mrs. Collins, (left) on the golf links between broadcasts

for coarse comedy, he saw a singer, an artist, and an outstanding woman.

And he made the world agree with him!

Today Kate Smith gets $2,000 a week for broadcasting, $8,000 a week for personal appearances in theatres, $100,000 for each motion picture. If she merely mentions on the air a charity, a cake recipe, an invalid she wants people to write to, she is certain to get a minimum of 50,000 responses. She is a force in present-day America. If her current income continues, in about one more year she will be a millionaire.

All of this has happened in just two and one-half short years.

"And all of it is due to Ted Collins." Kate Smith herself is both emphatic and generous on that point.

"But, Kate, I couldn't have put you over unless you had the voice and the ability to start with. No matter how good a salesman a man may be, he can't sell a package that's empty."

Collins hands the credit right back to her. The relationship between these two is extraordinary.

Not one word of written contract ever has existed or ever will exist between them.

SO COMPLETE is Collins' control that Kate Smith can't even draw $25 for personal expenses without asking him. On the other hand, Ted Collins, builder of this financial empire, may be fired tomorrow and there isn't a scrap of paper in the universe to protect him.

Ladies and gentlemen, that is confidence!

Let Kate Smith tell you what she thinks about the arrangement. "If anything should ever happen to Ted Collins, I would stop singing right then and there. I would never go on without him."

Collins is equally forthright. He says, "When Kate Smith is through, I'm through. She represents my life work, and when her public career is over, I'm ready to retire."

This is tall talk from a pair of youngsters. Ted Collins today is thirty-two, and Kate Smith is twenty-four. By all laws and averages, the future should lie ahead of them. Yet here is Kate saying if anything should ever happen to Ted, she would stop, and Ted talking of retirement as glibly as a man twice his years. And they mean every word of it.

Many persons who hear this much of the story smile indulgently and think they have figured out the answer. Romance! They think Ted Collins and Kate Smith must be sweethearts.

But they are wrong. Ted Collins is happily married, and his wife and child are devoted friends of Kate Smith.

The answer is simply that Ted Collins believes that Kate Smith is a great singer and a great woman. He has used all of his outstanding ability to bring that artist and that personality before the public. And the overwhelming response of the public is proof positive that he is right.

KATE SMITH is as honest, as forthright and dependable as your mother's pie pan. Millions of people feel instinctively that she is one of them.

In morals, she is more than virginal, she is puritanical. She represents the rugged code of America's forbears.

Her great, wholesome voice rings out like a rallying cry to a country weary of sophistication. In her songs, clean, simple things live again. She likes to putter around in the kitchen, likes to dig her hands in the dirt in the garden, likes to sit on the porch and talk with the neighbors. She affirms the right to be good. She revives an older, simpler America. She honestly prefers ice cream cones to beer.

Katherine Elizabeth Smith was born in Virginia, just over the line from Washington, D. C. When she was two weeks old her parents moved into Washington, and her entire life, up to the time she went on the stage, was spent in the capital city.

She grew up to be a plump, tomboyish youngster with a gift for song. When Washington was filled with soldiers in war time, this friendly, fat-cheeked kid would sing for them, and they applauded with huge delight.

Later she sang with a more grim purpose. In hospitals and training schools there were men with twisted, tortured frames, still fighting a war that had ended years ago for the rest of the world. They were disabled veterans.

Kate sang richly, generously at their benefits, and as she grew into her teens she

was already something of a local celebrity in Washington as a singer.

Her father was William Smith—Bill Smith to everybody—and as an independent newsdealer his Capitol News Company distributed most of the magazines sold in Washington.

Maybe it was because she read so many magazines; maybe it was because such a desire is natural to any girl in her teens, fat or thin; maybe it was because of her singing at benefits; but whatever the reason, Kate Smith, after she graduated from High School and had a brief, unsuccessful try at nursing, decided to go on the stage.

Her father was a friend of the manager of the historic Keith's vaudeville theatre, on Ninth street. The manager gave her a chance. The headliner on the same program was Eddie Dowling, famous musical comedy star. He heard Kate Smith's voice and noted the astonishing lightness of foot with which she danced the Charleston.

Eddie Dowling returned to New York and two months later wired Kate Smith to come join his new show, *Honeymoon Lane*. She was then seventeen years old. Her opportunity had come, and she made the most of it.

She played in *Honeymoon Lane* for two years, one year in New York and a second year on the road. She followed this with a year in another big musical comedy success, *Hit The Deck*. For her fourth year on the stage, she was given a part in George White's New York hit, *Flying High*. Apparently she was getting along famously.

Actually her heart was filled with bitterness and disappointment. She was never given a real chance to sing songs in her own way, to show what she could do. She was a joke, a gag, a fat girl at whom comedians aimed their often cruel comedy. A comedian in *Flying High* was especially offensive. Under his breath he would direct coarse, foul jibes at Kate Smith that the audience couldn't hear, but which would make the people on the stage titter.

The situation was unbearable. Kate Smith thought over everything she had to gain and everything she had to lose, and made her decision. Even if she had to scrub floors for the rest of her life, she was getting out. She was leaving the show business.

AT THIS point Ted Collins enters. He was then—at twenty-nine—vice-president of the Columbia Phonograph Company. He was something of a sensation in the business world, but he happened to be in a business that was already dead on its feet, knocked out cold by radio. The head of his company couldn't see it, Thomas A. Edison couldn't see it, but Ted Collins could see that the business of making and selling phonograph records was knocked out—permanently.

It was a psychological time for him as well as for Kate Smith. He had known her slightly, but very favorably, because her records—the pure voice of Kate Smith, unclouded by stage horseplay—were outselling any other records on his company's list.

When Kate Smith told him of her difficulties, he went into action at once. Ted Collins is a very forceful young man. He interviewed the company manager and the offending comedian, and talked to them so vigorously, citing common decency and the rules of the Actors' Equity Association, that playing conditions were very much better from then on to the end of the show's run.

Then Ted Collins and Kate Smith made the big decision. The show business had turned sour on her, the phonograph business was knocked out from under him. Together they would invade radio.

"I'll be your manager," said Ted.

"That's all right with me," said Kate.

And that's all the contract there ever was or ever will be between them.

Things moved swiftly. Ted Collins, through his phonograph connections, had been for a time manager of Rudy Vallee. He arranged for Kate Smith to make a guest appearance on the Vallee program. The response was very favorable. That was in the Fall of 1929.

By January 1, 1930, the National Broadcasting Company put Kate Smith on a sustaining program three nights a week at 11 p. m. That was a late hour, but the program started to gain popularity at once. Then the Columbia Broadcasting System came through with a puzzling offer. They were willing to put her on *five* nights a week, and much earlier in the evening—but the hour was at seven o'clock, directly opposite Amos and Andy.

The blackface comedians were so tremendously popular that no big-time artist dared to touch that hour opposite them. Ted Collins proved the smartness of his showmanship by accepting Columbia's offer. The rest is radio history. Under Collins' guidance, Kate Smith became the sensation of 1930 and was given one of the most lucrative commercial contracts in radio.

THAT sentence reads "under Collins' guidance," because he has supervised every move she has made from that day to this, he okays the selection of every number she sings, he is in the studio at every broadcast she makes, he is on the stage at every show of every day of every week of personal appearances, he writes every line of manuscript she uses on her programs, he is present at every interview she grants, he arranges every detail of every commercial contract she enters into without even consulting her!

That's why many people in radio refer to him as "the modern Svengali." The original Svengali, you will remember, was the hypnotist in Du Maurier's immortal romance of the artists' quarter in Paris, *Trilby*. Under Svengali's spell, the beautiful artist's model, Trilby, became a great singer, and when the spell was broken she could sing no more.

Collins would vigorously dispute the "modern Svengali" parallel because (a) he does not use Kate Smith's singing for selfish advantage, and (b) he would insist that she was a great singer and a great artist to start with.

Nevertheless the presentation of Kate Smith to her rightful public, the building her up as a national figure, the enabling her to realize her own fullest potentialities, remains solely the work of Ted Collins.

What kind of man is he? Come into his office and meet him. Ted Collins will talk to you man to man.

"What do you want to ask about me for?" he says. "Kate Smith is your real story. I could tell you I was born in New York on 46th Street between 8th and 9th Avenues, I could tell you that I used to chase fire engines as a kid, I could tell you that I graduated from college here in New York City; I could tell you that phonograph records were a life-long hobby with me and as soon as I got out of college I started selling them and eventually got to be vice-president of the company—but what would all of that mean?

"I'm here as the manager of an artist. Even you don't realize the full extent of her achievements. She's the most popular woman singer on the air—but that's only the beginning. Kate Smith in person is the greatest attraction any theatre can announce today. And her presence in the cast will insure the success of any movie."

Ted Collins' voice carries the ring of utter conviction. He speaks with the zeal and fervor of a prophet. He himself is a sturdily built young man, verging on plumpness, has a strong, decisive mouth, tip-tilted nose, brown eyes and black hair. His expression is forceful, but warm-hearted, candid and friendly.

"Think of the hold on people that Kate Smith has," he continues. "She mentions a lonesome little boy in an 'iron lung' respirator in a hospital and asks people to write to him. In ten days he gets 76,000 letters. She casually says she has just baked a chocolate cake for supper, and thinks she has the best chocolate cake recipe in the country. She offers to send it to anyone who wants it, and 53,000 people write in.

"I tell you a woman who can wield an influence like that is a genuine power in the country. Her charities, her visits to hospitals and orphan asylums, her appearances on countless benefit programs, are real. She wants to do those things, wants to help her fellow humans."

TED COLLINS points to a handsome cabinet in a corner of his office. "In that cabinet are silver cups, trophies presented to Kate Smith for breaking all attendance records at such theatres as the Palace in New York, the Hippodrome in Baltimore and the Palace in Chicago. She is an honorary member of hundreds of organizations, fire departments, police departments, service clubs, veterans' posts, and has been given the keys to many large cities.

"Through it all she remains her natural, unspoiled self. Even hard-boiled Hollywood succumbed to her good nature and her good will when we went out there to make a picture. She is fond of outdoor sports, and loves to go vacationing with Mrs. Collins and me.

"At home she is very domestic, and her constant companion is her mother. She spends a great deal of time conscientiously reading—and answering—her fan mail. Kate Smith is herself always. She loves to cook, loves to eat, and has no desire to diet."

Kate Smith has just gone on a nation-wide hook-up as a sustaining program of Columbia.

How Radio Programs Are Built

[*Continued from page 34*]

Behind the glass curtain of the NBC theater is Rudy Vallee. "Heigh ho, everybody!" says Rudy. "This is Rudy Vallee and company"

The problem of the Fleischmann Varieties is unique. There must not only be a whole new show each week, comparable to a complete Broadway revue, but there is usually a whole new cast each week, many of whom have never been on the air before and must be broken in to the mike.

This brings about two difficulties—a never ceasing search for new talent, and a last minute rush in putting the program together, because it can never be determined just what artists will be available very far in advance.

THE job of scouting for talent is equally divided between Rudy who watches the radio field and the agency which keeps an eye on the stage and the movies.

Wherever Rudy finds himself, there is a radio set, which he uses to tune in on small stations, close at hand. He has one in his home, in his dressing room when he is appearing at a theater, even in his car. He spends a good share of his spare moments that way looking for new numbers.

It was through his short wave set that he ran onto the Hertz Brothers. One Sunday afternoon he was driving down to Rye Beach for a swim. He wasn't thinking much about business, but he kept twiddling the dial on his radio just out of force of habit. Suddenly he became conscious that he was listening to a swell saxophone and accordion act. He held them on, waiting impatiently for the station announcement, not having the least idea what station he was listening to, and finally he learned that they were coming to him from a small station over in Jersey City. The next day he phoned the station and invited them to appear as guest artists on the Fleischmann Hour. In the same manner he discovered Frances Langford, the singer, while he was vacationing down in Florida. She was singing over a local station which he picked up on his short wave set.

Rudy's experience appearing on the stage and on movie house presentation programs has also proved invaluable to him in searching for talent. Barbara Blair, whose characterization of Snoony has become a byword made her first radio appearance as Rudy's guest. This ambitious young lady wrote and appeared in her first Snoony sketch in George White's Scandals of 1932. Rudy was in the same show. Later he remembered what a hit her sketch had made with the Scandals audiences and he sent for her. As a result she was signed for the Socony Vacuum program on the Columbia network with Solly Ward.

THE scouting job is easier for the agency men. They rarely need to stir out of their offices in the Graybar building which towers above roaring Grand Central Station. Almost every artist of note in every field has an agent. And these Mahomets all come to the mountain. The sedate reception room which resembles a private library, is often crowded with them. The telephones ring to their insistent clamor as they seek auditions for their clients.

The auditions are usually granted in the private broadcasting studio which the agency maintains for tryout purposes. They go on all through the week. Rudy usually drops in two or three times to put his final O. K. on acts which have already been approved.

That is the easy part. The hard part is rounding them up for the particular program on which they are wanted. It is especially difficult with the movie stars, always good drawing cards, who pop into town for a week or so at the most and rush right back to Hollywood. And if you've ever tried to catch up with a visiting star intent on buying a new gown or getting a hooker of genuine Scotch at a speakeasy, you'll know that putting salt on a rabbit's tail is a cinch compared to it.

THE guest artists would often be willing to appear on the radio gratis for less publicity than they get on the Fleischmann Hour. But here they are paid and paid plenty. The reason is that when stars appear for publicity they think they are doing enough if they just step up to the microphone and say "Hello everybody! I'm certainly glad to see you all looking so well." Or something like that.

But an appearance on the Fleischmann Hour, especially in the dramatic spots, means good downright hard work, with two or three days of hammering rehearsal. So in order to get this work out of them, the agency has to pay them, and pay them plenty.

This naturally runs the cost of the program up at an appalling rate, so in order to

equalize the expense, they cut down on the size of the cast by using some good old wheel horses time after time.

One of these is Harold Vermilyea, whom you may have heard in *Great Moments of History* or *Roses and Drums*. Vermilyea is a veteran stock actor and used to changing his parts with his beard. He may be called upon to play anything from leading man with a Broadway star to angry voices outside the palace window, and he is always ready.

Another is Jimmy Wallington, who announces the program and doubles in brass as stooge for all the comedians. That's a job in itself, for every comedian demands a different type of stooge. One wants a stooge to play up to him, another wants a stooge to belabor him.

Jimmy won't tell how he does it. He says his formula is so darned simple that if he gave it away the studios would be overrun with stooges tomorrow. But he will admit that he learned most of his stooging secrets at Eddie Cantor's knee.

Then Rudy himself usually takes one of the singing parts in the tabloid musicals and that helps.

Let us assume that a typical Fleischmann Hour program is now ready for casting. The talent has been auditioned, approved and listed.

THE dramatic spot must be picked first, because that requires the most preparation. The initial step is to run down the list of stage and screen stars and see which ones will be in town at the time, for most of the stage stars have now acquired the habit of bounding off to Hollywood.

After the stars have been engaged, a vehicle must be prepared for them. This is usually a scene from one of their outstanding stage or screen hits, adapted for the radio.

This tender job falls to George Faulkner of the agency radio department, not many years out of Colgate who spent some time in the picture business before going into advertising, and it is not as easy as it sounds.

To begin with, about ninety per cent of the Broadway plays are unfit for radio consumption, because the theater is not the home and the broadcasting officials feel that the kiddies, who might be listening in, are wise enough as it is, and they do not care to contribute to their education in the Facts of Life. This rules out some of the biggest scenes, but almost every play has some good scene which can be made fit for home consumption. It is Faulkner's job to find these and whip them into shape.

ALL scripts must pass the National Broadcasting Company's censorship board. Whenever there is any objection it is usually not over the whole scene, but over a single line which must be deleted or changed. For example in a scene from *Once in a Lifetime* one of the characters had the line: "Well, no one ever gave birth in the aisle." This was changed to: "No one ever had kittens in the aisle." That made it all right.

In adapting the scripts, the entire scene must of course be painted by words, and all visual effects must be translated into sound effects, which sometimes seem well-nigh impossible.

The style of the dramatic presentations is flexible always subject to change. When Adolphe Menjou and Katharine Hepburn appeared on the program, it was decided to use them in Sutro's one act play, *A Marriage Has Been Arranged*. This proved so successful that one act plays have been used frequently ever since.

Another job which must be done in advance is the selection of the comedian. Not because any particular preparation is necessary, since a comedian usually offers his own routine, and one that is familiar to him. But because a good comedian at liberty is fast becoming about the rarest bird in radio. Almost any comic who can bring forth even a chuckle has been able to land a commercial contract which prevents his appearing on any other program. So far they have always managed to land a comedian of some importance, but they can foresee the time when they may have to dig into obscurity for them as they do for the vocal and instrumental novelties.

THE musical end of the program is more closely supervised by Rudy himself. Here the starting point lies with Robert A. Simon, music critic on *The New Yorker*, and composer, who is Rudy's ideal man. In his long experience as critic and student he has made himself familiar with the store of the world's music of every type.

It is up to Simon to suggest a group of songs or instrumental numbers that will make a compact, pleasing presentation on the program and which will come within the required limitations. His ideas will be thrashed out in conference with Rudy and Elliott Jacobi, Rudy's arranger, and the three of them will select the artists for the interpretation.

They are not always in agreement.

"I like the men who work with me on the program to argue with me, to stand by their opinions," Rudy said, "but sometimes, when we come to a deadlock, I'll go on and do it my way and take the blame on my own head if it doesn't click."

Once the numbers and the artists are agreed upon, Jacobi's real work begins. The guest artists usually play or sing their numbers as they are written, except for time cuts. But the numbers sung by Vallée or played by him and his orchestra are usually "arranged." Every popular orchestra leader adapts his music to his own style, and it is Jacobi's job to put the particular Vallée stamp on the selections.

Rudy, of course, supervises the arranging. But the actual detailed work is an exacting job, requiring the full time efforts of one man.

ALTHOUGH the dramatic spot is "set," when possible, on the Friday morning preceding the Thursday performance, the rest of the performance is not put together until Tuesday. It is left until the last possible moment, first because of the performers involved and the fact that their plans are likely to be upset, which makes it impossible to plan too far ahead, and second because a desirable speed and pace and spontaneity seems to result from this last minute rush.

It is nerve racking for those who put on the show. Informal rehearsal on Wednesday and dress rehearsal on Thursday are pandemonium. They have made it a rule that the final complete script is never to be written until after the dress rehearsal which may come to an end anywhere from two hours to fifteen minutes before time to go on.

More often than not the script is still being typed after the curtain has risen and is rushed to Rudy in "takes" by the page boys.

Instead of dealing with seasoned performers, the producers of this program are frequently working with newcomers prone to suffer from "mike fright" who must be instructed in the business of broadcasting. Rudy, who is a mine of radio lore, patiently does a lot of this coaching himself, and many artists who have later become network veterans owe their initiation into the tricks of the trade to him. Sometimes the voices of these newcomers give trouble. Walter Hampden's for one. The Shakespearean actor couldn't refrain from booming, and he sent the control room into a dither.

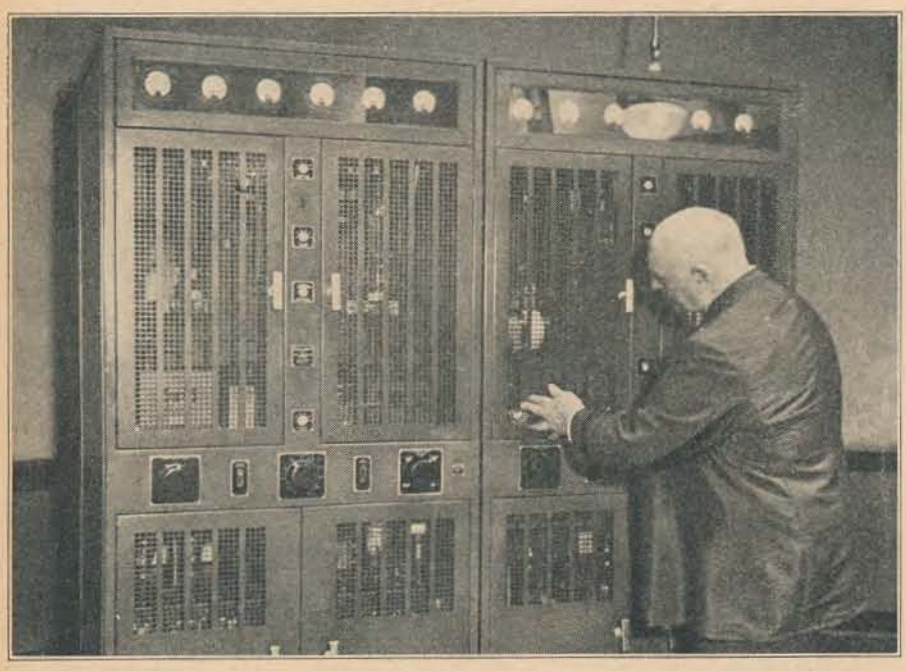
It is also hard to impress the novitiates with the sacredness of time. One young lady went to a restaurant to get a cup of coffee and became so absorbed in her script that she lost all track of minutes. When

[*Continued on page 94*]

Program Sponsor: "She'll reach high-C tonight, or I'm a so-and-so!"

Radio's War on Crime

[*Continued from page* 43]



William Allan, superintendent of the New York Police Telegraph Bureau, is shown at the radio transmitter at police headquarters

that radio has made the patrolman even more alert than when he covered his beat on foot. Says Superintendent Allan, "The radio system, besides being an ultra-rapid means of giving assignments to officers on duty, has made them even more watchful of the public's safety than formerly.

"Only a few days ago, one of the men in a patrol car saw a man drop a package down a sidewalk grating, and run. Their suspicions aroused, the men in the car gave chase, and found the fugitive hiding in a lumber yard. They took him back to where he had dropped the package and recovered it. It contained a loaded automatic, so they took the man to precinct headquarters.

"A few minutes after they got him there, the owner of a fur store called up, to report he had been held up and left bound in his shop—he had just managed to free himself. He described his assailants, and was asked to come to the station. When he got there, he readily identified the man who had dropped the gun as one of the hold-ups, and after being questioned, the prisoner confessed."

Just think of it! A criminal arrested even before his crime had been reported—and simply because two radio patrolmen had their eyes open and their wits working.

That is not an isolated instance of police efficiency, either. The big, black case books in the radio room contain hundreds of pages. And each page tells the story of some crime committed—of some criminal brought to justice.

Open the book at random.

HERE'S a story. Mrs. ——— came home and found a man going through her sideboard. Her entrance startled him. He snatched up a bag containing all her silverware—among it some irreplaceable heirlooms—shoved her out of his path, fled to his car and was gone. But Mrs. ——— was a quick-witted woman; she noticed the license number of his car and phoned it in to the Radio Room.

Immediately, the call went out, and the hunt was on. "All Cars. Signal Thirty-one. A man in a green coupe. License Number ———. Last seen in the vicinity of Tremont Avenue and ———Street."

As provided in regulations, the officers not only kept a sharp watch for the car described, but also reported the alarm to all traffic officers and all garages.

Seventeen minutes after the burglar had fled the house, he was back there again. But this time his hands were manacled, and there was a strong grasp on his shoulder. The woman identified his loot, and he was locked in a cell less than half an hour after committing the crime.

Turn the page.

Here is a crime of another sort—one of the most cowardly and fiendish of all.

Someone heard a woman screaming in a vacant lot at 2:20 A. M. and telephoned the police. At 2:43 A. M. three rather battered young men were trying to "explain things" in the station house, and a scared young girl, who had gone out late to get medicine for a sick brother, was calling down blessings on the man who had invented radio—and on the two radio patrolmen who had rescued her from the attentions of the "mashers".

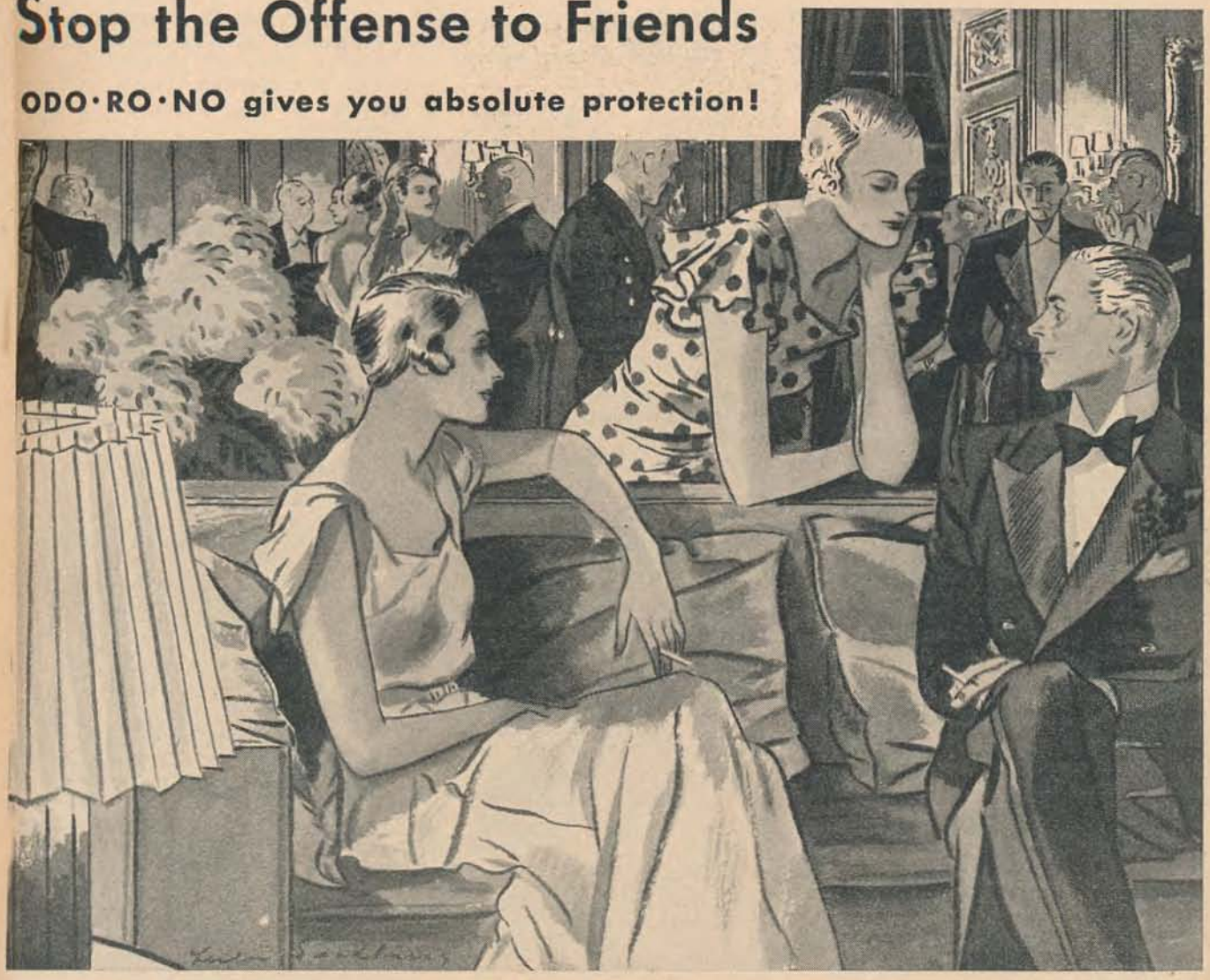
THE case book has its touch of humor, too. A young wife telephoned that she and her husband were being "besieged" by burglars. A radio car dashed to the apartment, only to find an elderly gentleman, who had looked upon the 3.2 when it was red, poking hazily at the keyhole and mut-

[*Continued on page* 92]

Dispatcher Carl Vollmer shown at the frequency monitor which checks wave lengths. This is a part of the New York police radio equipment

• Halt the Ruin of Gowns
Stop the Offense to Friends

ODO·RO·NO gives you absolute protection!



Odorono saves your dresses and spares your friends from perspiration and odor

Who is the girl so wealthy—and careless—that a perspiration stain on a well-loved gown is something she can look upon without despair?

Where is the girl so highly placed in society that people will like her, whether she offends with the odor of perspiration or not?

In this year of 1933, it's sound economy to prevent the damage perspiration can do to dresses. And it's socially imperative to banish the odors that offend friends.

Today, no smart girl should jeopardize her social charm or her dresses, when Odorono can so easily, so surely, prevent offensive underarm moisture.

Odorono is a physician's prescription for safely checking needless perspiration. Whatever other measures you use, you still need Odorono. For perspiration *must be prevented*, if you want both to guard your dresses and spare your friends. And powders, sticks, perfumes, greasy creams and soaps can't save you.

And Odorono is certain! It keeps your arm-pits dry and odorless for days at a time. Use it regularly, and your poise will never fail you. Forget to use it, and you endanger your frocks and your friendships.

Choose either the famous Odorono Regular (ruby red) or the newer Instant Odorono (colorless). Both now have the original Odorono sanitary applicator. It's washable, unbreakable, and it can't come loose.

2 KINDS OF ODO·RO·NO

ODORONO REGULAR *(ruby-colored) is for use before retiring. It gives 3 to 7 days' protection against underarm perspiration and its odors.*

CHOOSE EITHER ONE

INSTANT ODORONO *(colorless) is for quick convenient use while dressing or at any time of day or night. It gives 1 to 3 days' protection.*

RUTH MILLER, THE ODORONO CO., INC.
Dept. 11-R3, 191 Hudson St., New York City
I enclose 8¢. Please send me samples of Odorono Regular and Instant Odorono. (In Canada, address P. O. Box 2320, Montreal.)

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

ODO·RO·NO Saves Clothes

The Indians Showed Us How to Eat

[Continued from page 60]

further contain plenty of calcium and phosphorus. These minerals are present in most vegetables. It must have an abundance of chewy foods like cereal grains, bran, raw fruit and toast or coarse crackers to give exercise to the teeth and gums. It must contain honey and maple syrup, those natural sugars. And last, it must be well balanced in mineral foods: the whole grains, bran, fruits, all vegetables, eggs and milk—the greatest source of minerals. A quart a day should be provided for a child and a pint for an adult.

Sound Teeth Through Food

IF YOU wish to prepare a special diet to build strong teeth or to arrest decay if the teeth are in poor condition, here are two days of menus which provide some suggestions.

First Day

BREAKFAST: Hot shredded wheat with top cream; scrambled eggs with tomatoes; broiled bacon; poppy seed rolls; coffee; grapefruit.

LUNCHEON or SUPPER: Cottage cheese club sandwiches; cookies; tea; fresh pineapple ambrosia.

DINNER: Chopped onion soup; roast beef; oven-roasted potatoes with the skins left on; young kale; bran dinner rolls; maple Spanish cream; tea (adults); milk (children); celery hearts.

Second Day

BREAKFAST: Whole wheat pancakes; maple syrup; coddled eggs; coffee (adults); milk (children); halved oranges.

LUNCHEON or SUPPER: Escalloped corn; cream cheese and celery salad; whole wheat bread and butter; tea (adults); milk (children); apples baked with honey.

DINNER: Tomato cocktail; kidney stew with carrots, turnips and dumplings; romaine and watercress salad with French dressing; entire wheat bread and butter; upside down pineapple bran cake; coffee (adults); milk (children); apples.

In these menus a new note has been introduced: each meal ends with a food exerting an alkaline influence to discourage the growth of the bacteria which cause tooth decay.

The Indian living the full outdoor life has had an advantage over all whom circumstances keep indoors. But diet is even greater as a factor, and this is within the control of everybody. The eating of more vegetables, fruits and whole grains will make our diet akin to the Indian's, and so lay a secure foundation for strong teeth and permanent health.

Some Mineral-rich Foods

All Measurements Are Level
Recipes Proportioned For Six

Maple Spanish Cream

- 1½ tablespoons powdered gelatin
- 3 cups milk
- 1 cup maple syrup
- 3 eggs
- Few grains salt
- ½ teaspoon vanilla

Let the gelatin stand five minutes in the milk; then scald it. Beat the egg yolks slightly; mix with the maple syrup; and add to the milk. Cook in a double-boiler like a custard, stirring often. When slightly thickened, remove from the heat and add the salt and vanilla. Pour into the egg whites, beaten stiff. Transfer to one large or several small moulds rinsed with cold water; and chill a few hours until firm. Serve plain with top or whipped cream.

Apples Baked With Honey

- 6 red apples
- Grated rind ½ lemon
- ½ cup honey
- ½ cup water

Wash the apples; core and half peel them. Place peel-side down in a baking-dish; and pour in honey and water. Add the lemon rind. Cover; and bake in an oven at 375 degrees F., until the apples begin to soften; then uncover to brown. Allow about forty-five minutes for the cooking. Serve very cold with the honey syrup.

Kidney Stew

- 3 beef kidneys
- 4 tablespoons flour
- 3 tablespoons butter
- 2 tablespoons minced onion
- ⅓ cup chopped green pepper
- 1 pint solid canned tomatoes
- 1 cup boiling water
- ½ teaspoon sugar
- 1½ teaspoons salt
- ⅛ teaspoon pepper

Remove the fat from the kidneys and let them stand in cold salted water for an hour. Drain; and fry in the butter with the onion and green pepper until slightly brown. Then add the flour; and when well mixed in, pour in the tomatoes and water. Add the seasoning. Cover; and simmer until tender. Serve on buttered toast or brown rice with a garnish of carrots.

Whole Wheat Pancakes

- 3 cups coarse whole wheat flour
- 1 cup white flour
- 3 teaspoons baking powder
- ½ tablespoon honey
- 1 pint milk
- 1 egg
- ½ teaspoon salt
- Frying fat

Combine the dry ingredients. Beat in the milk, preferably with an egg beater; and add the egg, beaten light. Heat a griddle or heavy frying-pan until almost smoking hot. Brush with the frying fat and drop the mixture by tablespoonfuls onto the griddle. When full of bubbles, turn to brown the other side. Allow about three minutes to bake. Serve with honey or maple syrup.

Scrambled Eggs With Tomatoes

- 6 eggs
- ¾ cup solid canned tomatoes
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon sugar
- ⅛ teaspoon pepper
- 1 tablespoon butter

Beat the eggs until light. Add the seasonings and tomatoes. Melt the butter in a frying-pan; pour in the egg mixture and cook slowly, scraping up the egg as fast as it coagulates. When creamy, serve plain or on hot buttered toast.

Chopped Onion Soup

- 1 pint finely chopped raw onion
- 1 pint boiling water
- ½ teaspoon sugar
- ½ teaspoon salt
- Few grains pepper
- 1 quart milk
- 1 tablespoon butter

Combine the onion, boiling water and seasonings; and boil until the onion is tender, but not mushy—about twenty minutes. Add the milk; bring to boiling point; season with the butter; and serve with strips of buttered toast.

Pineapple Bran Upside Down Cake

- 1 cup sifted cake flour
- 2 teaspoons baking powder
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- 1¼ cups whole bran
- 2 eggs, well beaten
- 1 cup granulated sugar
- ⅓ cup water
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- ⅓ cup butter
- ½ cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 4 slices canned pineapple
- 7 maraschino cherries

Sift flour, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift together. Add whole bran and mix well. Beat the eggs, add the sugar, and continue beating until well mixed; then add water and vanilla and fold in the flour mixture. Next, melt the butter in a ten-inch frying pan over a low flame. Add the brown sugar and stir until melted. On this arrange the pineapple slices and cherries carefully (see illustration); pour the cake batter over the contents of the skillet and bake in moderate oven (350 F.) 50 minutes, or until firm and of a golden brown color. Loosen the cake from the sides and bottom of the pan; place upside down on a plate and serve at once. Garnish with whipped cream, if desired.

PABST
BLUE RIBBON
Best of the Better Beers

The ever increasing demand for good old Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer is an unmistakable indication of its outstanding quality. Wherever you go, you'll find it recognized as the best of the better beers

© 1933 PREMIER-PABST CORP.

Witches, Ghosts and Hallowe'en Parties

[Continued from page 59]

Children's Hallowe'en Parties

CHILDREN, of course, will have the grandest of all the celebrations. They have no inhibitions, no fear of appearing unsophisticated. There is no limit to the games they can play or the costumes they can invent. And therefore their Hallowe'en parties can be made to fit any circumstance or budget. They may be lavish or simple. In any case the games should be active, planned ahead so there will be no waits in between, and they should be of a type in which all the young guests can participate. Old fashioned stage coach, the game of gossip, Simon says: "Thumb up!", a peanut hunt, blind man's buff, "Thimble! Thimble! Who's got the thimble?", pinning the tail on the donkey, bird, beast or fish, and spin the platter are still as much fun as when we were children.

Perhaps the children will want to dress up in strange costumes of their own creation, or they may be invited to impersonate a character from their favorite book or one from the Wizard of Oz series, with a contest and a prize to the boy and girl guessing the largest number of costumes. This sort of thing is always excellent to start off a party with a bang. Of course paper costumes may be provided to be slipped on over the children's regular clothes.

The accompanying illustration shows two types of paper costumes, one for boys, the other for girls. The sailor suits and bertha collars are fashioned from orange crêpe paper, and can be cut out easily by referring to the picture. The decorations on the collars and suits are simply gummed seals of Hallowe'en figures. These and the pumpkin faces and caps can be purchased. Practically everything shown, however, can be made with the help of colored crêpe paper, a pair of scissors and a paste pot, or it can be bought at a party shop. Gummed seals are used to add contrast and to decorate paper cups and straws.

As for the table decoration itself the entire centerpiece—the Jack-o'-lantern pumpkin, the witch's picket fence, the crêpe paper moss-covered base, and the cat cut-outs—may all be purchased in a ready-made packet. The pumpkin place mats—so effective against a plain white cloth—are cut out from the pumpkin napkins (four pumpkins to each napkin) and may be purchased for a trifling sum in packets of twenty-four. The picture shows merely one kind of table setting and only one type of costume. But there are innumerable ways and means by which a grand Hallowe'en atmosphere for the younger children can be achieved.

You can make little ghosts out of pipe cleaners to hang from drop cords. Witches and cats are easy to cut out of black paper and have many uses. Of course all the decorations will appear more ghostly if the only lighting is supplied by candles or tapers, or by partly covered or colored electric bulbs. Green ones, for instance, make a weird light like that used in the stage version of *Dracula*. If you put some sort of paper shapes in front of a light so that grotesque shadows are cast on the walls, you can simulate a very eerie atmosphere indeed. And *atmosphere* is what you must have for the games and fortune-telling and ghost stories of Hallowe'en. By the way, remember to be careful as far as the last are concerned. Little children in the party group are readily frightened.

Parties For The Teens

NOW for the older parties, those for young people in the late teens and early twenties. Plans may be made along either formal or informal lines. If formal, the decorations should be in keeping. The second illustration shows a very modern type of table decoration—a Jack-o'-lantern cellophane table in tango and black, excellent to use if one wishes to safeguard the best linen from stains and cigarette burns, or if one does not own a cloth that is large enough. This is a good example of more formal decoration that can be used for Hallowe'en dinner or supper parties.

For the table cover use three full widths of cellophane cut in any length desired. Place a strip of the tango in the center and one of black on either side, overlapping it one-fourth inch and seaming with the strips of Scotch transparent tape. It is a good plan to reinforce both ends with tape to prevent splitting.

The place mats can be purchased at a party shop or they can be made by using light-weight black cardboard or heavy paper trimmed with a one-inch ruffle of orange crêpe stitched on by machine. The Jack-o'-lantern and cellophane centerpiece is easily made. A roll of black cellophane, a roll of tango cellophane, and a spool of wire are needed for the cellophane ruffles. To make them cut four ruffles of tango cellophane and four of black cellophane twenty inches wide and twenty inches long. Fold each piece seven and one-half inches down from one edge. Then insert a ruler or knitting needle and shirr the cellophane on the fold. When the eight pieces have been ruffled, place a piece of spool wire around the gathered center and, alternating the colors, tie the ruffles together to form a circular centerpiece.

A Jack-o'-lantern pumpkin made of crêpe paper is placed on top of the ruffles. This can be purchased or made at home on a wire frame. If desired, it may contain a ghostly favor for each guest. These are given out, Jack Horner pie fashion, when dessert is served, and each guest is required to tell a one-minute impromptu mystery story about his favor.

Hallowe'en refreshments are not complete without nuts, and cups for plain cracked or salted nuts can be quite decorative. Those shown on the table are made by stretching a piece of light amber crêpe around the nut cup. Decorate with a tango cellophane ruffle three inches wide and twenty inches long, gathered through the center and tied around the paper cup with spool wire. Next wrap a short piece of wire or a toothpick with orange crêpe paper. Paste two Jack-o'-lantern seals back to back on one end and insert the other end into the edge of the cup.

Hallowe'en Game Suggestions

PROGRESSIVE games, arranged room by room, are suited to almost any age. The guests are given score cards and are then conducted in pairs to the first game room: when they have played the game and received their score, they are conducted to the next room and so on until they have made the circuit. This should take about an hour. For the games I would suggest spoon golf with small worsted golf balls, tea spoons for clubs and a ridiculous course consisting of a pillow for a tee, chairs for bunkers, and a cup for a hole; tiddledy winks; ring-toss; pinning clothes on a line with the teeth; jack straws; marbles; eating a doughnut from a string; guessing objects or looking at a table containing about thirty articles and writing them down from memory; pushing a peanut around the table edge with one's nose; and so forth. But keep the games simple and see that everyone plays.

Next I would suggest the telling of serial ghost stories in which the theme is picked up and amplified by one person after another. Of course dancing is always in order at some time or other during the evening. In this case include some of the older dances—as the polka or caprice, and a Paul Jones with a broom dance figure. In this last, one of the men dances with a broom. At the sound of a whistle partners change and the lone man left dances with the broom—a solo dance at that!

Hallowe'en Menus

BUT one can always think of enough games to insure a good time. Clever menus, judging by the letters I receive, are more difficult. Tradition, of course, decrees the inclusion of apples in some form, pumpkin pie, doughnuts, cheese, nuts, fruits, popcorn and cider—in other words the natural foods of the Harvest Season. So these have been emphasized in the following menus. All measurements are level.

A Hallowe'en Bridge Dinner

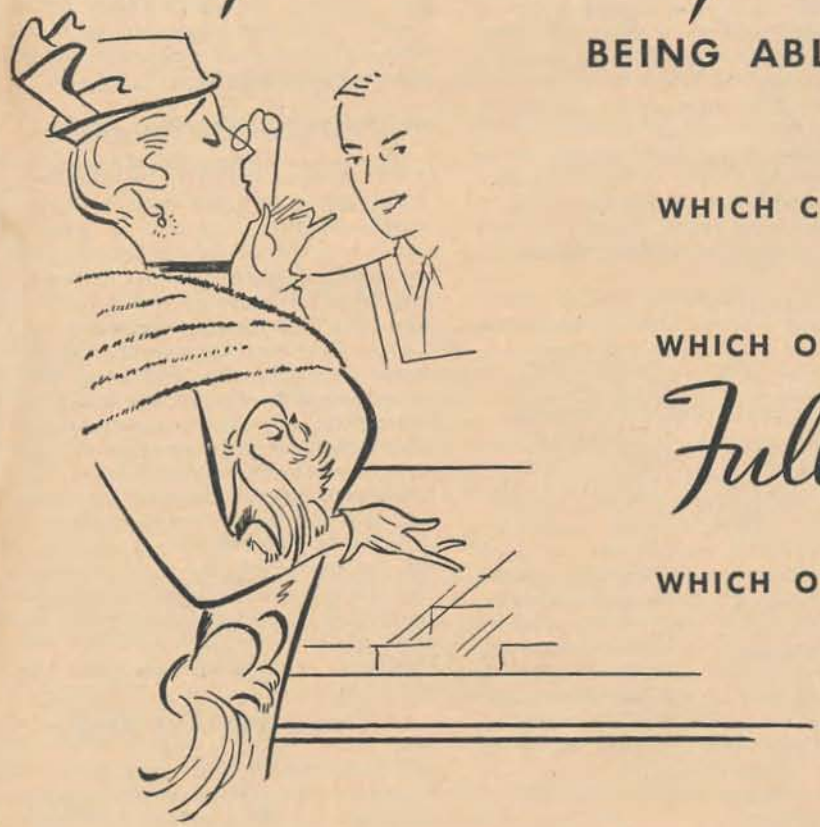
Cracked Hickory Nuts Crabapples
Sweet Pickles
Radishes Devilled Raisins
Mushroom Canapes
Cream of Corn Soup Crackers
Broiled Chicken with Wild Rice
Broiled Tomatoes
*Orange Jack-o'-lantern Salad
Maple Bavarian Cream Demi-tasse

*ORANGE JACK-O'-LANTERN SALAD: Allow for each person one medium sized thick-skinned orange. With a sharp knife

[Continued on page 95]

Perspicacity includes

BEING ABLE TO TELL, RIGHT OFF



WHICH CHEESE IS *Sharp!*

WHICH ONE IS *Full-Flavored!*

WHICH ONE IS *Mild!*

IT COSTS precious shopping time, and it's certainly no sign of erudition to have to *ask* which cheese is sharp . . . which is full-flavored . . . which is mild.

So for hurried, but efficient shoppers, we should like to suggest a little guide that is literally as simple as one, two, three.

For sharpness choose Kraft Creamed Old English. It has the mellowed zest cheese lovers prize in fine English Cheddar; and it spreads like butter. Which explicitly means Creamed Old English is perfect for appetizers.

For the only packaged, pasteurized American with *full, natural flavor,* get the new *Kraft* American! It has a lingering richness you've never tasted in packaged American before in all your life.

For mildness pick Kraft Velveeta. It's the delicious cheese food that's as digestible as milk itself—the very thing for midnight pantry parties. An excellent food for the children, too. And they love it.

These perfect examples of sharp, full, and mild flavor can be found at any thriving cheese counter. Try their different effects in sandwiches; and in cooked dishes see how quickly and smoothly all three of them melt. You'll probably decide to stock your ice box with the whole delectable trio.

KRAFT

Copr. 1933 by Kraft-Phenix Cheese Corporation

NRA
WE DO OUR PART

The World's Finest Cheeses are made or imported by Kraft

House Cleaning the Modern Way

[*Continued from page* 62]

you are now ready for the Fall cleaning.

There are two ways to do this efficiently: clean one or two rooms a week, stretching out the process; or, by a concentrated effort, clean the whole house. If you have a busy household and no help, the first method is preferable; if your days are practically free, and some members of your family or a maid can work with you, the complete method gives more personal satisfaction.

Before the actual cleaning is commenced all needed supplies and appliances should be assembled and all special tasks should be done. By that I mean the sorting out and the dusting and relining of bureau drawers; the reassembling and discarding of clothing and the thorough cleaning of closets and washing of closet floors. All draperies should be vacuumed, whether to be left up for the winter or changed; window shades should be unrolled, dusted and turned if necessary; mattresses should be vacuumed and disinfected; feather pillows should be vacuumed and if lumpy, the feathers should be transferred into new ticks by means of the vacuum. All bits of bric-a-brac should be washed or polished and placed in another room while the cleaning is going on; pictures should be dusted and the glasses cleaned—a new dry cleaning preparation has just come out for this purpose as well as for mirrors and windows.

Cleaning Walls

AFTER this preliminary preparation, the room is ready for the major cleaning. First, consider the walls. If papered, they should be dusted down with a wall-brush or with a clean Turkish towel fastened to a broom.

If the wall-paper is soiled, balls of soft bread or an art eraser will often remove the dirt; talcum powder may be thickly dusted on and left overnight to absorb grease spots. If the paper is torn, it can easily be mended if a few scraps have been saved. If they have not, moisten a section back of the piano or in some place where it will not show, carefully slide a flat knife or pancake turner under the paper and enough can be secured to repair the tear.

If the walls are painted, a small section may be carefully washed at a time with a mild soap powder, soap flakes or an oil soap. It should be immediately wiped off with a clean cloth wrung out of warm water. If the work is so rapidly done that the edges of the space being cleaned do not dry, and if the water is not allowed to trickle down the wall, the paint will not become streaked. By the way, walls covered with cold water paint cannot be washed. If soiled, they should be resized and painted.

Panelled walls should be washed with a mild soap and water, wiped dry and then rubbed to glow with liquid wax and a rough cloth—a process which, if it is done gradually, is not at all difficult, and which pays for the trouble over and over again in added beauty and consequent freedom from dust.

The Care Of Woodwork

NEXT comes the woodwork. Whatever the finish, it needs a thorough washing with a mild soap, a quick wiping with a cloth wrung out of warm water and a final drying. Scouring soaps should not be used unless to remove very obstinate spots. The woodwork of an entire room may be in excellent condition with the exception of the baseboard and window sills; in this case it pays to refinish them. If by any chance the woodwork is very shabby and soiled, as it is in many old houses, painting is often easier than cleaning, and productive of better results.

Stained or varnished woodwork should have a final rubbing down with liquid wax.

The Treatment Of Floors

The treatment of floors is important, for a shabby floor gives to a room the same effect that shabby shoes give to a costume. If the floor is bare, washing is probably necessary. But it must be kept in mind that water causes wood to swell and dries out its natural oils; so the work should be done rapidly. The best method is that of using a mop wrung as dry as possible out of mild suds, wiping the floor and following with the mop, wrung from clean water. Very soiled spots should first be scrubbed. Waxed or varnished linoleum should be cleaned by wiping with a cloth wrung from cold water; the same treatment may be used for painted floors.

Wax is of great assistance in preserving and accentuating the beauty of wood and painted floors and of linoleum. In addition, waxed floors are easy to keep clean and worn places can be refinished as necessary. Paste wax should be used on all wood floors that are not varnished; the newer liquid wax finish may be quickly applied with a brush to varnished surfaces and linoleum.

Probably at house-cleaning time you may be confronted with the problem of a waxed floor that needs special attention. First, dust up the floor. Next, apply a little rottenstone mixed with turpentine to any pronounced spots. Then dampen a cloth in wax and rub it over the floor by hand to clean it thoroughly and to leave a thin film of wax. Finally, polish the floor (if you do not own an electric waxer, one can be rented by the hour cheaply from a house furnishing or hardware store).

If the floors in your home are painted and need redoing, seize this opportunity for floor painting is difficult when Winter comes. I find that a quick-drying enamel, followed by a coat of water-proof varnish, provides a durable finish.

The Care Of Furniture

THE furniture should be considered next. All stuffed furniture needs a thorough vacuum cleaning. If a piece is soiled, go over it with one of the new fire-safe cleaning fluids. If spotted, make a dry suds of soap flakes; scrub quickly with a brush and wipe off with a cloth wrung out of warm water. Furniture upholstered in leather should be rubbed over with lemon oil to prevent cracking—but be sure to rub it in thoroughly. Liquid wax is the best polish to appy to wood furniture—especially table tops, because it is practically water-proof. Before applying it, wash the furniture with mild soap and warm water and wipe it dry.

Silk lampshades should be dusted. If they are very soiled, and not too elaborate, they can be quickly brushed with dry suds, rinsed with cold water and set in a current of air to dry. Varnished parchment lampshades may be wiped off with a little lemon oil.

Regarding The Rugs

IT IS an economy in the long run to send rugs to a cleaner. However, if they are vacuumed regularly, and the particles of dust that cut the fibers are taken out, then every year or so is often enough. The spots and surface soil may be easily removed at home by scrubbing the rug with a mild suds of soap flakes, a square foot at a time, then wiping it clean with a cloth wrung out of warm tepid water (hot water might cause the colors to run).

The windows come in next for polishing—and don't forget to try one of the new dry window-cleaners for this when the time comes.

With a final shining of any metal objects in the room, the hanging of the draperies, and the putting in place of the new bits of furnishing made ready in September, the stage is set for another act in that famous drama *Family Life*—with a minimum expenditure of money and energy.

How Near Is Television?

All about this most discussed subject in the radio world in next month's RADIOLAND. How near is television? Is it just around the corner? Is it practical? Are moderate priced sets about to be marketed? Here are all your questions—answered for the first time.

9 OUT OF 10 WOMEN

Suffer Pain—Needlessly

•

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

•

What Pain Is

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

New Method of Relief

HEXIN—an amazing new formula—relieves pain simply, quickly, and properly by relaxation—the newest and safest scientific method. As HEXIN relaxes the taut, cramped fibres and tiny muscles, (1) blood again starts to flow normally, (2) Capillary congestion is relieved, removing pressure from your nerve-ends, (3) pain vanishes like magic—quickly, safely and naturally.

Don't confuse HEXIN with old-fashioned tablets which drug your nerves into insensibility and encourage acid stomach. HEXIN relieves pain safely by relaxation. Its alkaline formula will not injure the heart nor upset the stomach. Don't take a chance with old-fashioned tablets. Modern science has long since discarded them in favor of HEXIN.

Originally Developed for Children

Give us a formula—mothers asked—that our children can take with safety. Give us a relief for pain and fever that is milder and better adapted to the delicate systems of children than ordinary tablets so strong and so acid.

HEXIN—an alkaline formula—was, therefore, developed for children originally. Its action had to be gentle and safe. What's mild enough for your child is better for you. But don't be misled about the effectiveness of HEXIN for adult use. The action of HEXIN is immediate for children or adults.

To Sleep Soundly

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

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

Take HEXIN for Colds

Doctors may differ as to the cause of colds but all agree that the resultant distress is directly due to congestion. HEXIN relieves congestion safely by relaxing taut tissues and reestablishing the normal flow of blood.

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

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

Most people find that 1 HEXIN tablet with water every hour until a total of 6 or 7 have been taken keeps a cold from starting or greatly relieves one that has started.

How to Test HEXIN

The only test of any pain-reliever that means anything is how it acts with you. Make this test yourself. Take 2 HEXIN tablets with a glass of water. At once tense nerves start to relax. At once HEXIN starts to set up an alkaline reaction in your stomach. You'll never know what quick relief is till you try HEXIN. Insist on HEXIN today at any modern drug store. Nothing else is "just as good". Or make your personal test FREE by mailing the coupon NOW.

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

**HEXIN IS *ALKALINE* (non-acid).

HEXIN, INC.

8 SOUTH MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

HEXIN, INC., 8 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago RO-5133

Please send me a generous FREE sample of HEXIN.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

Modern Druggists Prefer HEXIN

Buy a box of HEXIN *today. If your druggist should not have it on hand, insist that he order it. You can buy* HEXIN *in convenient tins containing 12 tablets and in economical bottles of 50 and 100 tablets. Don't let your druggist give you anything but* HEXIN. *Nothing else is "just as good".*

Let's Have Another Cup of Coffee

[Continued from page 61]

second type of fatty substance found in both roasted and unroasted coffee is a hard wax which is soluble in boiling water and which attaches itself to the coffee-making utensil to such an extent that only a thorough scrubbing and scalding can remove it. It is safe to assume that this fat is undesirable from both the digestive and flavor viewpoints. These oils have an important bearing on the flavor and aroma of coffee.

Making Good Coffee

THE beginning of the recipe for good coffee-making reminds me of Mrs. Glasse's famous recipe for making rabbit pie. It starts in this way: "First catch your hare—" The basis of a soul-satisfying infusion is coffee of a good grade, fresh, and ground as fine as ordinary cornmeal. Just what type of roast you prefer depends on your own palate; but in any event the coffee must be freshly ground or packed in a vacuum container. It should not be the lowest in price, for cheap coffees are grown in the lowlands and have a flavor that I can describe only as "muddy" or "thick." If the ground coffee is stale or old, the fats have turned rancid and impart a clouded flavor to the beverage. If the coffee is ground coarse, the water used in making the beverage cannot penetrate to the center of the particles to extract the flavor without overcooking, and boiling out of the coffee the undesirable fats; if it is ground too fine, the water stays on the coffee grounds so long that the same unsatisfactory result is achieved.

The fatty substances that food chemistry of the past few years has discovered in coffee make clear the reason why our grandmothers instinctively advocated the scouring and sunning of the coffee pot; and the fact that coffee contains certain acids explains why the beverage should come in contact with metal as little as possible.

The Best Way To Make Coffee

AFTER considering the facts, I believe it is obvious that the best method to follow in making coffee is the one that extracts coffee flavor without extracting the undesirable fats; in other words, the same common sense attitude must be taken as in preparing other foods (like the separation of bones from meat, the parings from vegetables, or the shells from eggs). As boiling releases the undesirable fats and causes them to be present in the beverage, both percolating and the old-fashioned boiled method are *tabu*. The drip method is the only one left. It is the method that has been followed by coffee connoisseurs for years because it produces the finest flavor. It is the method advocated by scientists because the boiling water does not come into contact with the coffee, thus releasing undesirable fats and acids; therefore the purest flavor and the finest beverage are produced.

What is considered the best coffee pot? Sarah Tyson Rorer, famous home economist of the last generation, contended that she could make perfect coffee by the drip method by placing a double thickness of *clean* cheese-cloth over a *clean* utensil, measuring the ground coffee into this and pouring through the right amount of water at boiling point. This method still holds good and is the principle upon which some drip coffee pots have been made. But it is unsatisfactory in that the water passes through the coffee so rapidly that full flavor is not extracted, and consequently too much ground coffee for economy has to be used.

To overcome this, most modern drip pots are designed for the use of filter paper so made that the coffee trickles or drips through slowly. Paper napkins or rounds of letter paper cannot replace filter paper. It is inexpensive and essential in the making of drip coffee by most methods. All good house furnishing stores carry several varieties of drip pots; if you are having trouble with coffee making, I should advise a visit and purchase of a good model.

Given, then, good coffee of the right grind and an adequate pot, what is the next step? The use of *the right amount of coffee*. After investigating the quantity of ground coffee used per cup in the best hotels, restaurants and dining cars, I found that the reason most home-made coffee is too weak is because too small a quantity of ground coffee is used. Most recipes call for a heaping tablespoon of ground coffee for each coffee-cupful of water and one for the pot. Just how much coffee is in a heaping tablespoonful? No two people measure alike. And how large is a coffee cup? They vary in size from a pint (or sixteen ounces) down to six ounces!

After considerable experimentation I have found that two *shaken-off level standard tablespoons of coffee ground as fine as cornmeal (about one-half ounce) to a standard half-pint measuring cupful of boiling water produce a beverage of adequate strength and delicious flavor*. This amount makes one average sized cup of coffee, or about six ounces.

The procedure is simple:

1. Fit the filter paper into the pot.
2. Measure in the amount of ground coffee to be used.
3. Set the drip pot in a pan of water over a low heat, so the direct heat at no time comes in contact with the dripping coffee, causing it to boil and change chemically as well as in flavor.
4. Pour in the correct amount of freshly boiling water (by the time it reaches the coffee grounds it has cooled so it is *below* boiling point at about 185 degrees F., which is the right temperature).
5. Cover the pot to keep in the aroma and let the water filter through the coffee (if the ground coffee is not packed in too tight this takes about six minutes).

Café Au Lait

IN PREPARING café au lait (coffee with an equal quantity of milk) as served in France, scald the milk but do not boil it. In serving coffee as is sometimes done in Italy, put a beaten egg in a large coffee cup and fill the cup with café au lait; add sugar if desired. With a roll and fruit this is a completely balanced breakfast—one that I can recommend to any adult who must eat and run.

After-dinner coffee (or demi-tasse) is made by the drip method, only a third more ground coffee is used to the boiling water. The beverage is served in after-dinner coffee cups after the dessert course at dinner. At formal dinners it is usually poured by the hostess in the living room. Sugar is passed; cream is not provided except in rare instances when the demi-tasse is served Viennese style with sweetened whipped cream. Usually cigarettes and cigars only are passed with after-dinner coffee, although salted nuts or unusual candies may be provided.

The use of coffee and some simple accompaniment for a late morning snack after a committee or Board meeting is coming more and more into favor and coffee is being served commonly as a second beverage at afternoon tea.

As I review the coffee question as a dietitian, and after considerable research, I have come to the conclusion that coffee, when made properly by the drip method, and when taken in reasonable quantities (just as one enjoys other good foods), is beneficial as well as delicious. If it does not agree, coffee should be avoided like other foods that cause digestive disturbances. As to the caffein content: coffee made by the drip method contains only enough for mild stimulation—approximately half the amount present in percolated or old-fashioned boiled coffee. For this reason, hostesses regarding their guests' comfort should serve only drip coffee at evening parties.

Considered by and large, coffee is a delightful beverage, used with benefit by civilized nations the world over. Properly prepared and served it makes a real contribution to the joys of living.

Some Interesting Coffee Accompaniments

All Measurements Are Level

Quick Pinwheel Rolls

2	cups flour
4	teaspoons baking powder
½	teaspoon salt
4	tablespoons shortening
¾	cup milk
2	tablespoons melted butter
⅓	cup sugar
½	teaspoon cinnamon
¼	cup raisins

Sift the dry ingredients together; work in the shortening with the back and edge of a spoon; then add the milk. Transfer to a slightly floured board; and pat into an ob-

long shape, one-third inch in thickness. Brush with the melted butter; and sprinkle with the raisins, sugar and cinnamon mixed. Roll up like a jelly roll; place folded side down on the moulding board; and cut in crosswise slices a half inch thick. Place nearly touching on an oiled pan and bake twenty to twenty-five minutes in an oven at 375 degrees F. Serve hot.

German Cheese Pastries

- 1¾ cups moist cottage cheese
- 6 tablespoons sugar
- ½ cup top cream
- 1 tablespoon melted butter
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- Grated rind and juice 1 lemon
- 3 eggs
- ⅓ cup currants
- ¼ cup finely sliced citron
- Rich pastry

Rub the cheese through a seive; and combine it with the sugar, cream, butter, lemon, the eggs well beaten, and the fruit. Line small patty pans with the pastry; fill with the cheese mixture; and bake fifteen minutes in a hot oven, 375 degrees F., or until the filling is firm in the center and browned on top.

Swedish Cookies

- 1 cup shortening
- 1 cup light brown sugar
- 2 eggs
- 3 cups cake flour
- ¼ teaspoon baking soda
- 1 teaspoon baking powder
- ⅓ teaspoon salt
- ¾ teaspoon cinnamon
- ¼ teaspoon cloves
- ¼ teaspoon nutmeg
- ½ cup finely chopped almonds, walnuts or pecans

Stir the shortening till creamy; gradually work in the sugar and the eggs well beaten. Sift together the dry ingredients; and stir into the first mixture. Form the dough into a roll two inches in diameter; wrap in waxed paper or cellophane; and chill till firm enough to slice. Then cut in the thinnest possible slices; transfer to a well oiled cookie sheet; and sprinkle the tops of the cookies with the nuts. Bake in a hot oven, 375 degrees F., for ten minutes, or until a delicate brown.

Roasted Nut Meats

Nut meats of any kind may be prepared by roasting for tid-bit service. Almonds, walnuts, hazelnuts, pistachio and pine-nuts, brazil nuts and paradise nuts should first be blanched by covering with cold water, bringing to boiling point and rubbing off the skins. The nut meats should then be well drained. This is not necessary with pecans. Place the nuts in a pan which has been thickly buttered, or rubbed with a good grade of nut margarine; dot with a tablespoon of butter or nut margarine to each cup of nut meats; and roast in a moderately hot oven, 350 to 375 degrees F., stirring every few minutes to distribute the fat and insure even cooking. When a pale brown, dust sparingly with salt.

Definite Increases In Height and Weight

Result When Iodine Is Added To Diets Lacking That Element

Scientists discover that, by preventing goiter, iodized salt promotes growth!

FOR years mothers have known that giving children iodized salt protects them from goiter caused by insufficient iodine in the diet.

And now Dr. Percy Stocks of London University has discovered that, by preventing goiter, *iodized salt definitely increases both height and weight!*

Dr. Stocks made his investigations in Switzerland, where iodized salt is widely used. There he found, as also did Hunziker in Germany, that children who receive iodine regularly are superior in growth to those who do not.

If you want *your* children to escape the physical as well as mental backwardness that accompanies goiter, begin to use iodized salt at once! But be sure to get a reliable brand, for (according to the Journal of the American Medical Association) health department tests of iodized salts showed some to be so deficient in iodine that they were utterly worthless.

The fact that Morton's Iodized Salt has been accepted by the American Medical Association's Committee on Foods is ample assurance of its reliability. It is neither a drug nor medicine, but just a pure white table salt containing a trace of tasteless iodine.

Get this salt *today* and use it regularly, both on the table and in cooking. You will like it for the protection it gives your children and also because "When it rains, it pours."

10c

WHEN IT RAINS—IT POURS

MAIL FOR FACTS
ABOUT GOITER NEAR YOU!

MORTON SALT CO., Dept. RL-11
218 W. Washington St., Chicago.

Please send me government statistics as to the prevalence of goiter in my part of the country and further facts about this common cause of improper development among children.

Name.....

Address.....

How Football Is Broadcast

[Continued from page 15]

I was in the Middle West, I noticed that most announcers would describe the play *after* it had happened. That meant that the listeners would get the yell on the next play right while they were listening to the description of the previous play. Then they would get all confused. So I have tried to do away with that.

"I concentrate on what I'm saying, not how I'm saying it. If I stop to feel for words I'm lost. I find if you just follow the game play by play, it takes care of itself and the thrill of it gets over. Fortunately there are the delays for lining up and the time out which gives me a chance to go over it again and analyze it in more detail.

"Then I always give the listeners a layout of the field with the East goal and the West goal, placing myself on the South side of the field. That keeps me from getting confused and makes it easier for the listeners to follow. That way they can keep a chart of the game, too, if they want to.

"Last year I tried giving an analysis of the defense on every play as well as the offense, and I've had more letters on that than anything else. But you've got to be careful in analyzing defensive play because there you get into purely technical football. It's hard to follow, and you've got to be accurate every minute."

Because of his other studio engagements, Bond doesn't have much time to get out and study the teams first hand before the game. But he reads everything he can get his hands on about them. Then on the morning of the game he does a lot of cramming. He talks with the coaches and the captains of the teams. Then in the two hours or so before the game, he goes over everything with his observers.

BOND has only had one bad experience with the observer system. That was at the Penn-Cornell game in 1931. When the teams changed sides, he switched his charts. But the observers got confused and switched them back, so that he was announcing a Cornell man being tackled by a Cornell man.

"Fortunately time out was called after the play," he said, "so I had thirty seconds in which to decide what to do. I could either admit my error and retrace the play or manufacture mythical progress of the game to bring the ball up to where it actually was. But to do the former would have confused the fans worse than ever. So I invented two plays that never took place and brought everything out even. Those were certainly tough moments, though."

While the game is in progress, Bond can never think back more than two plays at a time. But when the half is over, the whole thing comes back to him and fits perfectly into his mind. The thing that strikes him about football is that unlike other aspects of radio, you never develop any automatic technique for it, and every game is as tough as the first time he went on the air. He gets nervous before a game, but that goes away as soon as he starts to talk and he never has any trouble from then on. But right after every broadcast he feels very low, thinks it's the worst job he has ever done. His face muscles get so tired from talking that they ache for twenty-four hours afterwards. Except for the one time when his observers got mixed up, he has never been called for inaccuracy. He attributes it in part to an ancient battered derby hat which he wears to every broadcast. He declares the derby brings him luck.

There is another man who will work with the NBC staff. He is George Hicks, who does the "color story." Hicks is a special events announcer, picked because he is skilled in description. He will paint the picture for the listeners as he sees it, then turn the microphone over to McNamee or Bond for the action play.

OF ALL football announcers, Ted Husing probably goes at it in the most detailed scientific way. But one can hardly speak of Husing's football announcing without mentioning his observer, Les Quailey, because the two of them have developed the system together.

Husing and Quailey used to play football together on the old Commerce High School team in New York. Later, Husing went to Florida and Quailey went upstate to play football at little Albert University, and to coach a High School team in Buffalo. Three years ago Quailey dropped into Ted's office to say hello. They got to talking about the problem of covering football and Husing persuaded Quailey to stay on as his observer. They have worked every important game together since that time.

The mechanics of their reporting depend upon what Husing calls his light box. Quailey sits at a table at his elbow. Before him is a list of the players' names with a button opposite each. When he presses one of these buttons, the name immediately lights up on a similar list before Husing. Various plays are also signalled by means of this box.

"I invented this box several years ago," Husing said, "but Quailey has improved it. It was pirated a while back and sold to other announcers around the country, but none of them have been able to use it because they thought the box would work itself, whereas it depends upon a code. The secret behind the use of that code is the secret of our speed and accuracy and I'm not going to give it away because it is so simple that if I told about it in print every announcer could be using it tomorrow."

HUSING arranges the Columbia game schedule himself. In doing so, he tries to distribute the games over the country so that ever section will have a big contest of local interest. He prides himself on having brought a number of comparatively obscure teams into national prominence, including Michigan, Southern Methodist and Pittsburgh.

Quailey does all the scouting. He goes out weeks in advance and makes the tour of the colleges, studying the plays that will be used during the season, familiarizing himself with the players. Very often in the days before the game, Husing will put on his jersey and go and work out at scrimmage with the teams which are to play.

On the Friday before the game, they have before them a long list of data which they have compiled concerning the teams and the individual players.

Then Husing writes his own "color story," the general story before the game, in which he predicts in detail just what style of attack will be used and what the probable result will be when considered in the light of the defense arrayed against it. Afterwards he likes to compare the outcome of the game with his predictions. He hits it right an amazing number of times, for the reason that these stories are based on an exhaustive first hand study of just what each team has in the bag.

When the play begins, they are able to keep abreast of every move, because they know what it means and where it is going to lead.

"Most announcers broadcast from sight," Husing said. "We broadcast from knowledge. There are a lot of things to watch at once in football, and if you know what the essential ones are going to be, you can eliminate the nonessentials. For example, when a kick-off goes straight down the center of the field, we know it has got to be received by one of the backs and all we need to do is to watch them. Then we are ready to put the name on the air the second the man receives it.

"You've got to know all the little intricate quirks of a team to be sure of what you're talking about. Now most people would think that when two men are sent in to take out an end that means that the end is strong. But there are some coaches who will send two men after an end regardless. When you know which ones they are, the moves takes on an entirely different significance. And how many people know that Notre Dame invariably sends every man down on a kick? Those are the things that go to make up your background of the game."

QUAILEY and Husing work so well together that Husing went through one game without seeing a thing and even the visiting coaches who were in the press box were none the wiser. That was in the Yale-Harvard game of 1931. Just as the game started, Husing broke his glasses and he can't see fifty feet without them. The field was all a blur, but Quailey saw everything and they never missed a play.

Quailey had one bad moment during the same game. A Harvard man figured in a play, but his jersey was so smeared with mud that he couldn't make out his number. But he reported that the quarterback was the only man available, and it must be he. Then the man kneeled and since he knew that only the quarterback would kneel he was able to identify him from that as Marting of Harvard.

Husing's fetish is giving credit where credit is due. It is easy for the broadcaster,

or any spectator, for that matter, to be deceived by the grandstander. The really great football player sometimes does the essential job, the difficult job without attracting much notice.

Coaches are naturally reluctant to express any opinion as to the relative merits of their men, so the announcer must be ever on the alert to watch out for the important play. Many times credit for a touchdown should go not to the man who carried the ball, but to the man who took out the opposing tackler at a crucial moment, and the announcer has got to watch that, too. Husing is proud of the fact that he has given more credit to the interference than any other announcer.

He devotes a good deal of attention to line play now. Knute Rockne taught him how to do that. He met Husing one day in New York some three years ago, told him how much he liked his broadcasting and pointed out that the weak spot of all football announcing was line play. Then he invited him out to Notre Dame for some special coaching in that subject. Quailey and Husing spent the better part of a week with him, while he carefully went over the subject and expounded his ideas of how football should be put on the air. Husing says he owes a good deal to that rigorous training course.

HUSING also directs the blending of voice and crowd noises, signaling with his hand to the man at the control board down in front. No word is ever spoken during a game. Husing and Quailey communicate with each other entirely by signals. Three microphones are used in the Columbia setup, one by Husing and one at either end of the field to pick up the crowd noises and the bands. The NBC people work with two, one for the announcer and a parabola microphone down in front, so-called because of the parabola sound deflector which picks up noises from any part of the field and throws them into the microphone which faces it.

Husing has only been in one major jam. That was several years ago when he incensed Harvard by referring in an excited moment to one of the players as "putrid." He was barred for a season and a half. Then he went to the Harvard authorities and straightened it out. It's a closed book now, and he is welcomed at all Harvard games.

Every game is a new story, loaded with opportunities for the unexpected. But there are, of course, certain games that stand out, high-lighted, against the long procession.

McNamee thinks that the greatest game he ever witnessed was the day when Army and Navy played to a 21-21 tie at Soldier's Field, Chicago, in 1926, with victory almost within the grasp of either side right up to the final second of play.

"Navy led off 14-0. Then Wilson and Cagle ran wild, tying the score at the half. In the third quarter Army took the lead. Then Allan Shapely crossed Army's goal line and kicked, tying the score once more. That last quarter, played in semi-darkness, was the most thrilling I have ever seen. Right at the end of the game, an Army man

[*Continued on page* 88]

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ONE VOTE IN 10,000
was cast against this soup!

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How Football Is Broadcast

[*Continued from page 87*]

plucked the ball out of the air and started to streak toward Navy's goal. It looked for a moment as though he would make it. But the pistol cracked, he was stopped, and the game was over.

"Another great contest was the Albie Booth-Al Marsters duel in the Yale Dartmouth game of 1929. Yale was leading at the half 10-0, having scored on a fumble by Marsters. In the third quarter Marsters redeemed himself magnificently by leading an attack which gained two touchdowns in five minutes and made the score 12-10 for Dartmouth in the final quarter. With only a few minutes to play, Yale made a last minute desperate attempt to win by sending in Longnecker, who spiralled to Ellis, the fastest man on the team. Ellis caught it and ran the field for the touchdown, winning 16-10 for Yale.

"The most flabbergasting moment in football I have ever known was in the California-Georgia Tech game at the Pasadena Tournament of Roses, when Roy Riegles, captain-elect of the California team, got mixed up in the center of the field and ran sixty yards towards his own goal line to be tackled on the three-yard line by his own man, enabling Georgia Tech to go over for a touchdown shortly after and win the game 8-7.

"When I saw Riegles cut loose, I couldn't believe my eyes. I wondered if I could be wrong, and for seconds I was afraid to put it on the air. Since then I have thought that the wonder was not that it happened then, but that it hasn't happened more often. I don't see why more players aren't confused when they are spun around in the middle of the field that way."

FORD BOND got his greatest thrill out of the Yale-Harvard game in 1931 when Harvard uncorked the quick kick for the first time. It was a magnificent play and at that time an absolute surprise.

Husing thinks the greatest exhibition of football he ever saw was at South Bend in 1931, after Rockne's death, when Anderson's first team faced Southern California.

"It was an all-star game if there ever was one. What a battle both teams put up, marching back and forth up and down the field. Notre Dame started off with a 14-0 lead. Then California came back with 13 points. Finally, when it seemed as though the game would end that way, Baker of Southern Cal. was called to kick a field goal from the 18 yard line. It was a perfectly impossible angle, but he made it, and won the game 16-14 for Southern California.

"But the most spectacular, colorful and absolutely cock-eyed game I ever saw was between Southern Methodist and Army at West Point in 1929. Each side made a touchdown that was called back. Things like that happened all through the game. Army had Red Cagle who was playing a beautiful game. Fincher was a whirlwind for Southern Methodist. Army had made two touchdowns and was leading 14-0, when Fincher on whom Southern Methodist was pinning all its hopes, was taken out with a broken leg. But absolutely undaunted the college announced on the field that it would now send in a man who was even greater than Fincher. That was Redman Hume, and what did he do but make two touchdowns right off the bat, bringing the score to 14-13. It stayed there, but what a battle Army had to win!

"The whole set-up was colorful too. Southern Methodist had sent a rooter section of 750 to the game. They had a band of 150 with about 80 hot trumpets, led by a big guy in a ten gallon hat. Every time the team faltered the band would play "The Eyes of Texas are Upon You", and they'd go right through. Keep your eye on that team, by the way. Next year they'll be one of the greatest in the country."

HERE are some more of Husing's post mortems:

Greatest single play: when Dick Gentle, Penn captain ran 102 yards for a touchdown against Cornell at Franklin Field in 1929.

Finest band: the Army's.

Favorite spot for broadcasting: the new Notre Dame Stadium, with the announcer's spot right on the edge of the field up on the roof.

Greatest upset: when Pittsburgh beat Notre Dame 12-0 in 1931.

Funniest telegram: from Joe Lewis who said, "So you won't talk, eh?"

This is going to be a great football year, with a good many seasoned teams going into the field. It's a hard year to dope. There are going to be a lot of upsets.

With inter-sectional football swinging the circuit from coast to coast, it's a hard job for the most ardent fan to witness many of the big games.

It's a comfort then to know, that these veteran announcers will be on the job making the game as real, as vivid for you stay-at-home fans as though you were sitting right there in a box seat on the fifty yard line.

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and many others. Beside a half dozen important and absorbing feature stories about radio and radio activities.

The Big Business Band

[Continued from page 64]

Scouts. They organized a Scout fife and drum corps which was the nucleus of the present day orchestra. The corps went to Penn State College together, added Frank Buck as banjoist, and that group, called "The Scrap Iron Quartet" grew directly into a student dance orchestra which began as Waring's Pennsylvanians and has retained that name ever since.

Poley McClintock has capitalized a small boy trick of talking way down in his throat, seemingly below his vocal chords, until he sounds, as someone suggested, "like a parrot with laryngitis." In the midst of a seemingly serious number, Poley will burst out with that goofy voice, and the audience, whether it be theatre, ballroom or radio audience, howls with laughter. Poley also sings in that same crazy voice, although his ordinary speaking voice when he is off-stage is perfectly normal and natural.

Featured on the radio program with Waring's Pennsylvanians and also on all their stage engagements are two beautiful little sisters of a beautiful big sister. They are Rosemary and Priscilla Lane, of Indianola, Iowa; California; New York and points between; sisters of Lola Lane of the movies; and now singing stars in their own right. They are two little honey-blondes whose close harmony makes them popular on radio today and whose beauty causes one to murmur prayerfully, "Television, speed thy coming!

There is another cute blonde on the program, Blanche "Babs" Ryan, the little Southern girl who has a most delectable way of singing jazz songs. She is featured in harmony singing with her two brothers. The feminine contingent of the band is completed by the beautiful Evelyn Nair—a brunette, for a change!—who has a chance to do some swell dancing when the band makes stage appearances, but who finds it a bit difficult to register dancing via radio.

Despite Fred Waring's business and organizing ability, his personal life is necessarily a somewhat hectic one. When an orchestra plays a dance engagement one week, a theatre engagement the next week, makes an out-of-town tour the next week, all with a radio program once a week, it is impossible to work out a fixed routine. Thus Fred Waring works sometimes as high as eighteen hours a day in order to get through all his obligations for that day.

"THAT is the reason I insist upon a complete organization, with a man in charge of every department and every contingent that may come up," says Fred Waring. "We are always ready to move or alter our schedule on short notice, because there is one man who knows it is his duty to look after railroad tickets and hotel accommodations, another to look after stage properties, another to look after costumes, another to take charge of the music, and so on. When I give the word the entire organization starts to function."

And when Fred Waring raises his baton the public knows it is in for some swell music!

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The Life Story of Ruth Etting

[Continued from page 17]

afternoon performance. Their home was near the circus grounds, however, and in the evening she would sit on the porch with her grandmother and her aunt, listening to the band and re-living the afternoon performance. In imagination she was the beautiful bareback rider, performing daring feats on the back of a milk white horse, galloping around the ring to the strains of *Over the Waves*.

For at least a week after the circus had departed she "played circus" in the backyard. On one occasion she cut up her aunt's satin petticoat to make herself a pair of tights, so she could better impersonate the bareback rider.

Nobody in David City ever thought of Ruth as a future Galli Curci. She didn't shine as a singer, either in school or church. In fact, she confesses that the first time she ever felt music-conscious was when she heard the Swiss Bell Ringers play *Narcissus* on a Chautauqua program.

The one thing that distinguished Ruth from her playmates was that she was always doing things to earn money. In the Summer she picked cherries and sold them at so much a bucket. She sold milk to the neighbors and her grandfather allowed her a percentage on each quart. She also got a percentage on the egg sales. But the most exciting way of earning money was trapping the gophers and moles which dug up the fields and the yard. Her grandfather paid her five cents apiece for each one she trapped.

"Any fool can earn money," her grandfather told her, "but it takes a smart person to save it."

Ruth made up her mind to be one of the smart persons. Instead of spending the nickels and dimes she earned on candy and the like she stowed them away in a little china pig bank which her grandfather had given her. I mention this because it was this childhood ambition to earn money, and the habit of thrift instilled in her by her grandfather, which formed the foundation of Ruth Etting's success.

SHE wasn't particularly bright in school. But that was because she spent most of her time drawing faces and figures on the margin of her books instead of studying. In fact, she had a perfect mania for drawing. Nell Brinkley was her inspiration. She would sit for hours, holding the Brinkley drawings against the window and tracing over them with tissue paper. She finally became so adept that she could draw a pretty good imitation of them without the tissue paper.

By the time she was sixteen she had definitely made up her mind that she wanted to become a commercial artist. (She had heard that they made big money!) After considerable pleading she succeeded in persuading her father to let her go to Chicago to study.

Her aunt accompanied her and saw to it that she was established at the Y. W. C. A. where she would be safe. Had she dreamed what was ahead of Ruth it is doubtful if she would ever have left her there alone. But that is getting ahead of the story.

Ruth attended the Chicago Academy of Arts for a year, specializing in designing. Her school work did not take up all her time so, running true to form, Ruth decided to earn some money by working afternoons. She got herself a job in a costume shop, doing fashion drawings.

THE celebrated old Marigold Gardens was getting ready for a new girl show. They wanted something original in the way of costumes. Some of Ruth's fashion plates were submitted. Other drawings were submitted but it was Ruth's designs that attracted attention. They sent for her to come out to the Marigold Gardens to talk them over. She met Mrs. Beck, the wife of the manager, who handled the costuming end of the show. And a few evenings later, when she was delivering the revised drawings, she met the manager himself.

"Why don't you come out and take a look at the show," he suggested. "That will give you an idea what the girls are like. It'll help you with your designs."

"I'd love to," enthused Ruth.

Remember she was just a green kid from Nebraska. She had never even seen a cabaret show. The girls, the lights, the music opened up a glittering new world to her. And while Ruth was taking in the show, the manager was taking in the little flaxen-haired fraulein from the country and thinking that she was just the type he liked for his shows.

"How would you like to go into the chorus?" he asked her.

"How much do chorus girls earn?" she asked.

"I'll give you $25 a week to start."

Ruth did some rapid calculating, added $25 to the $15 she was getting at the costume shop, and said yes.

"I had never had a dancing lesson in my life," says Ruth. "I scarcely knew one foot from the other. But fortunately for me dance steps weren't as complicated in those days as they are now. The director was patient with me and I soon caught on."

A designer by day and a chorine by night! She tried to sandwich in her school work, too, but soon found that she had to have some time for sleep. So she said goodbye to the art school. Incidentally, she said goodbye to the Y. W. C. A., too.

Chorus girls, of course, are supposed to sing as well as dance. But Ruth couldn't reach the high notes so she just moved her lips and pretended to sing. The cabaret entertainers were changed at frequent intervals. After Ruth had been at the Marigold Gardens about a year it so happened that a young baritone was engaged. This meant that the numbers had to be played in a lower key. When Ruth discovered that the songs were within her range she made up for lost time and sang at the top of her voice. In fact, she sang so loud that one day during rehearsals the director called a halt in the middle of a number.

"WHICH one of you girls is singing louder than the principal?" he demanded. It turned out to be the little girl from Nebraska. "Go ahead and sing the number," he ordered. It was a snappy little thing called *Hats Off to the Polo Girls*.

When she had finished the director decided that Ruth had a better baritone voice than the man to whom they were paying $175 a week. So he let him go and gave Ruth the job.

That night she literally stepped into the ex-baritone's boots. They were too big for her, of course, and she had to stuff them with cotton to keep them from flapping. But that kept her knees from knocking together when she stepped out into the spotlight.

"Look at the women when you sing," the director had told her. "If they like you they'll see to it that the men bring them here often."

And so Ruth sang to the women. "Isn't she cute?" they asked their men. The men agreed and the applause which followed the polo girl number convinced the management that the girl baritone was okay.

The next day Ruth was given a $15 raise—and a dressing room all to herself. The increase in salary met with Ruth's hearty approval. But the idea of having to dress in a room all by herself, even if it did have a star over the door, didn't appeal to her at all. Finally she went to the manager with tears in her eyes.

"I don't think I want to be a star," she wailed.

"Why, what's the trouble?" he asked.

"I don't like being shoved off in that dressing room all by myself. I'd rather be back in the big room with the other girls."

When the manager found that she was really serious he allowed her to move back to her old make-up shelf. It is probably the only case on record where a chorus girl objected to occupying the star's dressing room.

For a time Ruth continued her part time job at the costume shop. And then one day she took stock of the situation. She had been keeping her eyes and ears open. There was more money to be made in show business, she decided, than in costume designing. Her ambition you see had not changed. She still wanted the same thing that she had wanted back in her little girl days in Nebraska: *To earn money*. And so she abandoned the idea of becoming a fashion designer and began to focus her attention on show business.

But the voice with which Ruth Etting entertained the patrons of the old Marigold Gardens was a very different voice from the one you have learned to associate with *Music That Satisfies*. The most that could be said for it was that it was a loud, happy voice: the voice of a carefree girl of seventeen whom life had not yet touched.

AND then the thing called prohibition happened. Being unable to sell liquor, places like the Marigold could no longer

afford an elaborate floor show. Ruth woke up one morning to find herself out of a job.

With the optimism of youth she began her search for work. As a cabaret entertainer. But Chicago was flooded with cabaret entertainers, looking for work. Ruth took the only thing that was offered her. A chance to sing at Colisimo's, one of the most notorious hotspots in Chicago. *For tips.*

Singing at Colisimo's was a stiff course in salesmanship. Ruth was one of eight entertainers. *Hostesses,* they were called. They went on duty at seven and worked—drudged is a better word—until the last customer had gone. The dawn was usually filtering through the heavy velvet draperies when their night's work was over.

There was no floor show. The girls visited the tables which were herded in a ring around the waxen dance floor, and without waiting for an invitation, sat down and began to sing, with just enough volume to carry to the folk about the table. And that's where crooning was born, according to Ruth.

"More often than not we weren't wanted," she says. "But that made no difference. Our job was to make them want us. I had to learn to pay no attention when somebody said, 'Run along and peddle your papers, little girl. We don't want to be entertained.' I had to school myself not to hear the insulting remarks that were made about my voice, and to keep on singing just the same."

WOMEN particularly resented Ruth; resented her youth and freshness. She was too potent a reminder of what they had once been. And the sad, sentimental songs she sang made them remember things they preferred to forget. Sometimes they flung wine in her face and ordered her to leave the table.

Night after night she sang in a room so filled with smoke that she could scarcely see the faces of her listeners. Danced with men who were so drunk they could scarcely stand. Men who pawed at her with predatory hands and whispered things which made her face flame crimson. Many a time she fled from a table to hide tremblingly in the ladies' room, only to be sought out by the establishment's bouncer, and brought back to the customers. "Listen, kid," he would remind her, "you're workin' here! Don't forget that!"

There were times when homesickness for the clean, fresh, sweet-smelling air of Nebraska was like a sharp pain in her heart. She could have gone home. She could have written to her family for money and had it on the next mail. But that would have been admitting failure and Ruth had made up her mind to succeed. She had never let her family know that she had abandoned her art career for show business and she was determined that they mustn't know—until she could tell them that she was a success.

And so she kept on dancing with men who stunk with liquor . . . *Ten cents a dance, that's what they pay me* . . . sat at tables where she was not wanted and sang such songs as *Gee, I'm Mighty Blue* . . . *Melancholy Baby.* And the sob in her voice

[*Continued on page* 98]

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The perfect mascara

Radio's War on Crime

[Continued from page 76]

tering. "'S funny. Never had thish trubbl wi' lock b'fore!"

The officers helped him downstairs and delivered him to his own residence, then returned, reassured the young couple, and helped them set the furniture straight.

Another case on the report was not concluded so speedily. A man was walking down a lonely street, when a car pulled up next to him. A gun was pointed at him, and he was compelled to hand over his money. Then the hold-up man drove away.

But the victim of the hold-up had a good description of the car and its driver. He hurried to a telephone and called headquarters. An alarm was broadcast.

Forty minutes later and two miles from the spot where the crime had been committed, a radio patrol car stopped the hold-up man on suspicion. He acted nervous and was searched. When the police found his gun and the stolen wallet, they knew they had the right man, and arrested him.

Rescues form another amazing division of these reports. To cite only one out of several hundred, somebody saw a man jump off a dock, intent upon suicide. The witness immediately phoned the police, and a radio car was sent. It arrived so quickly that the would-be suicide was fished out of the water before he had gone down for the third time. The average time it takes the cars to respond to a call is one and one-quarter minutes.

From The New York Police Manual

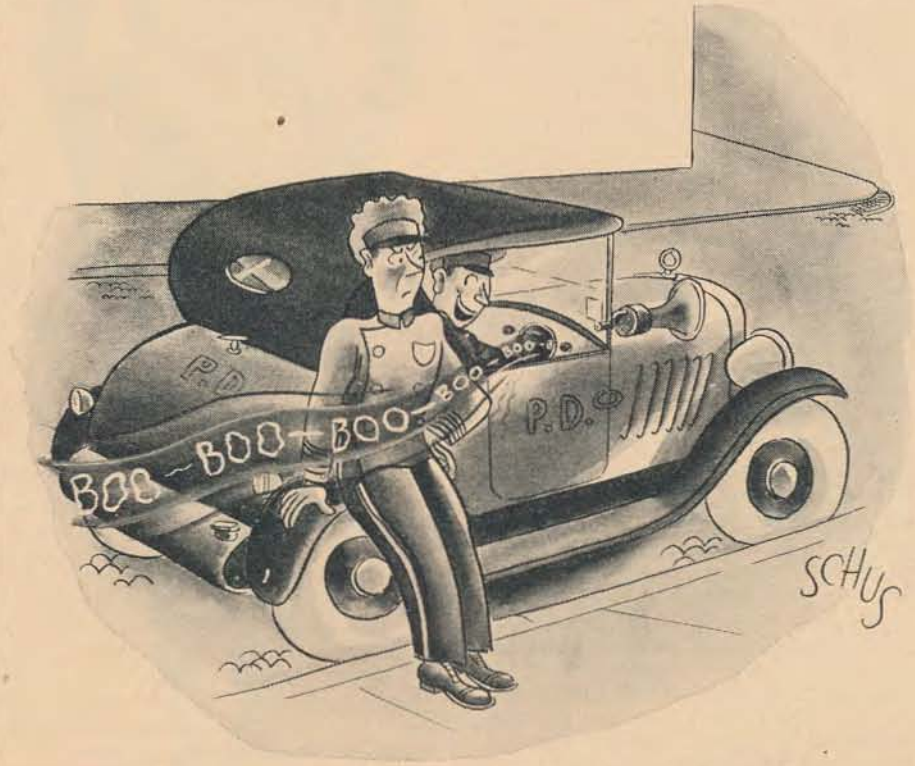
30. Cars directed shall report forthwith to the location given, to investigate reported Robbery, Shooting, Stabbing, Assault, etc. Arrest perpetrators, preserve evidence, detain material witnesses and take other police action as required, pending arrival of Precinct detectives.

31. Arrest for felony (occupants of automobile) dangerous persons. Be cautious.

32. All cars (or cars as directed) investigate occupants of auto, suspicious persons, abandoned suspicious cars, apparently intoxicated operators of cars, etc.

But perhaps the nicest compliment ever paid the radio police was uttered by Mr. Mulrooney, then police commissioner. He kept a short wave set in his car, and always responded to a radio alarm if it occurred near where he was riding. Said Commissioner Mulrooney to Superintendent Allan, "I have a pretty fast car, but as often as I have answered a radio alarm, I have always found a patrol car got there first. Congratulations!"

So, perhaps that modern evil, the racket, has met its conqueror in that equally modern miracle—radio.



"The sergeant is tight again and thinks he's Bing Crosby!"

What New York's Police Code Signals Mean

THERE are only three signals, and they are not a secret code. They are simply a means of giving the most information in the fewest words.

SIGNAL THIRTY—"We have a report that a crime has been committed at the address mentioned. Go there and take all necessary steps to preserve evidence, question any available witnesses and, if possible, arrest the criminals."

SIGNAL THIRTY-ONE—"Arrest the person described. He is wanted by the police. Bring him to your stationhouse immediately. Use all force necessary. A felony has been committed."

SIGNAL THIRTY-TWO—"There is a report of suspicious persons at the address mentioned. Proceed quietly so as not to frighten them away. Question them. If there is reason to believe that they have committed, or are about to commit a crime, arrest them. Otherwise, release them."

In all cases, each car sent on a call must report to headquarters within fifteen minutes after being despatched. If no report is heard, the order to call the despatcher is broadcast. Should the radio patrolmen then not call, another car is despatched to investigate the trouble.

In addition to the cars ordered out, all cars within five blocks of an address broadcast are expected to respond, as is the nearest detective cruiser.

The code given above is used by the New York police. Other cities employ similar codes, and still others employ no code. For example, in Washington the despatcher will say "Go to the corner of 15th and Blank Streets. A drunk." Or "A fight." Or "A man is stabbed," and so forth.

In other cities, the order may include many details, as, "A boy is attempting to steal a sign from a bakery," or "Arrest the occupants of a large blue sedan, license number unknown," followed by a detailed description of the men wanted.

Police Radio Stations

Alphabetically—By Cities

City	Call	Kc	Watts
Akron, Ohio	WPDO	2458	100
Arlington, Mass.	WPED	1712	100
Auburn, N. Y.	WPDN	2458	50
Bakersfield, Calif.	KGPS	2414	50
Beaumont, Texas	KGPJ	1712	100
Berkeley, Calif.	KSW	2422	400
Buffalo, N. Y.	WMJ	2422	500
Butler, Pa.	*WBR	257	300
Cedar Rapids, Iowa	KGOZ	2470	50
Chanute, Kansas	KGZF	2450	5
Charlotte, N. C.	WPDV	2458	50
Chicago, Ill.	WPDB	1712	500
	WPDC	1712	500
	WPDD	1712	500
Cincinnati, Ohio	WKDU	1712	500
Cleveland, Ohio	WRBH	2458	500
Columbus, Ohio	WPDI	2430	200
Dallas, Texas	KVP	1712	150
Davenport, Iowa	KGPN	2470	50
Dayton, Ohio	WPDM	2430	150
Denver, Col.	KGPX	2442	150
Des Moines, Iowa	KGZG	2470	100
	*KKHO	2506	400
Detroit, Mich.	WCK	2414	500
	WPDX	2414	500
East Lansing, Mich.	*WRDS	1574	1000
East Providence, R. I.	WPEI	1712	50
El Paso, Texas	KGZM	2414	100
Flint, Mich.	WPDF	2442	100
Fort Wayne, Ind.	WPDZ	2470	100
Framingham, Mass.	*WMP	1574	500
Fresno, Calif.	KGZA	2414	100
Grand Rapids, Mich.	WPEB	2442	100
Greensburg, Pa.	*WJL	257	500
Grosse Point Village, Mich.	WRDR	2414	50
Hackensack, N. J.	*WPFK	2430	200
Harrisburg, Pa.	*WBA	257	300
Highland Park, Mich.	WMO	2414	50
Honolulu	KGPQ	2450	100
Houston, Texas	KGZB	1712	100
Indianapolis, Ind.	WMDZ	2442	300
Jacksonville, Fla.	WPFG	2442	100
Kansas City, Mo.	KGPE	2422	400
Klamath Falls, Ore.	KGZH	2442	25
Kokomo, Ind.	WPDT	2470	50
Lansing, Mich.	WPDL	2442	50
Lexington, Ky.	WPET	1712	100
Los Angeles, Calif.	KGPL	1712	500
Louisville, Ky.	WPDE	2442	200
Memphis, Tenn.	WPEC	2470	400
Milwaukee, Wis.	WPDK	2450	500
Muskegon, Mich.	WPFC	2442	50
New Orleans, La.	WPEK	2430	100
New York, N. Y.	WPEE	2450	400
	WPEF	2450	400
	WPEG	2450	400
	WPY	438 & 500	200
Oklahoma City, Okla.	KGPH	2450	250
Omaha, Neb.	KGPI	2470	400
Pasadena, Calif.	KGJX	1712	100
Philadelphia, Pa.	WPDP	2470	500
Phoenix, Ariz.	KGZJ	2430	100
Pittsburgh, Pa.	WPDU	1712	400
Portland, Ore.	KGPP	2442	500
Richmond, Ind.	WPDH	2442	50
Rochester, N. Y.	WPDR	2458	200
Salt Lake City, Utah	KGPW	2470	100
San Antonio, Texas	*KGZE	2506	500
San Diego, Calif.	KGZD	2430	100
San Francisco, Calif.	KGPD	2470	400
San Jose, Calif.	KGPM	2414	50
Saginaw, Mich.	WPES	2470	50
Seattle, Wash.	KGPA	2414	250
Sioux City, Iowa	KGPK	2470	100
Somerville, Mass.	WPEH	1712	100
St. Louis, Mo.	KGPC	1712	500
St. Paul, Minn.	WPDS	2430	500
Syracuse, N. Y.	WPEA	2458	400
Toledo, Ohio	WRDQ	2470	200
Tom's River, N. J.	WPFF	2430	50
Topeka, Kansas	KGZC	2422	50
Tulare, Calif.	WPDA	2450	150
Tulsa, Okla.	KGPO	2450	100
Vallejo, Calif.	KGPG	2422	7.5
Washington, D. C.	WPDW	2422	400
West Reading, Pa.	*WMB	257	300
Wichita, Kansas	KGPZ	2450	250
Wichita Falls, Texas	KGZI	1712	50
Woonsocket, R. I.	WPEM	2470	50
Wyoming, Pa.	*WDX	257	300
Youngstown, Ohio	WPDG	2458	50

*Indicates State Police

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How Radio Programs Are Built

[Continued from page 75]

they located her and rushed her back to the studio, she had exactly two seconds to spare before time to go on. Since then they have ruled that everyone must check in fifteen minutes before the program begins.

LET us go on a Thursday night to the Times Square Theater of the National Broadcasting Company. This studio is a real theater, formerly Ziegfeld's famous New Amsterdam Roof. The broadcasting is done before a full house, an invitation audience. It is from here that the Fire Chief, Eddie Cantor, Al Jolson and other stars come to you.

Broadcasting from this stage presents peculiar problems. Experience has shown that while some audience noises are desirable, such as applause at certain points and laughter for the comedians, that they can also prove disrupting at other moments, especially during the musical numbers.

Therefore a glass curtain is dropped between the performers and the audience while the dramatic and musical offerings are on, raised at appropriate points to let the applause come through, and kept up altogether for the comedians. When the glass curtain is down, the audience hears everything through a loud speaker.

Another problem arises from the fact that the control room, which usually adjoins the studio so that the man who mixes and governs the sounds can see everything close at hand through a glass panel, is located in what was formerly a movie projection booth high up in the balcony.

This means that the announcer, instead of conveying his wishes to the operator by a word or the nod of his head must resort to an elaborate signal system. He signals with his hand, using a terminology that is universal in radio. For example, a wave of the arm means "fade." If the program is running too long he holds up three fingers. That indicates that the band leader will skip the second chorus of a song and wind up on the third. A raised fist means the quarter hour chimes.

THE operator has two lights, like traffic lights, to signal back. When he flashes the red light, that means that the man at the microphone is too far away, or too close, singing, talking or playing too loud or too soft. The performer makes an adjustment, and the operator flashes blue. That means that everything is all right.

Wallington steps out and gives a little talk to the audience. He goes behind the glass curtain and makes his announcement. The glass curtain goes up to let the applause come through and lowers again as Rudy launches into his theme song, *My Time is Your Time*.

Rudy is wearing a white linen suit, for the night is hot outside and fairly blistering under the white glare of the lights. He starts off conducting informally with a sweep of his empty hand, standing directly in front of the orchestra. Later, for the featured numbers, he will ascend the rostrum and take his baton. When Rudy is singing Jacobi takes over the conducting.

The numbers change at a nod of his head or a lift of the finger. No word must be spoken, for these microphones are supersensitive and pick up every sound. There is a different one for every artist, except in the dramatic spot where two or three people sometimes speak into the same mike.

In the conference room adjoining sit the members of the "brain trust." They cannot see the stage, but the program comes to them through a loud speaker.

WHEN the show is over they are either down in the dumps, ready to snap at each other, or like school let out. There is no half way business about it. They either consider the show a flop or a smashing success. They need no one to tell them. They know. Very often they file into the conference room with long faces after a particularly helter-skelter disorganized rehearsal to be amazed by the smoothness of the performance itself as the participants react to the magic of being on the air.

Aside from being popular with the fans, the Vallee program has made quite a name for itself with the profession. It is to radio what the Palace Theater once was to vaudeville. Any one invited to appear on it is practically "made." The record of both unknowns and names from other entertainment fields who have made their initial appearance under Rudy's aegis and remained to become fixtures on the networks is surprising.

Among them are Greta Keller, whom Rudy discovered when she was fresh from Germany, Gertrude Niessen, the singer, Burns and Allen, Phil Baker, Bert Lahr, Lou Holtz, Fannie Brice, Ken Murray, Joe Penner, Milton Berl and even President Roosevelt's aide, Col. Louis McHenry Howe.

Through Rudy's efforts on this hour, many a successful song has caught the fancy of the public overnight. Among them are *Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?*, *Stormy Weather*, and *Lazy Bones*.

In addition, Rudy has brought to the microphone such outstanding persons as Marie Dressler, Helen Hayes, Walter Hampden, Mme. Schumann-Heink, Helen Morgan, Irene Bordoni, Paul Robson, Walter O'Keefe, Lenore Ulric, and a host of others.

Of these, those working on the program remember Helen Hayes as the most winning, Walter O'Keefe as the funniest, Marie Dressler as the most nervous, and Katharine Hepburn as the most upstage.

Other sponsors, agencies and scouts listen in when the Vallée hour is on the air. Even movie house managers have taken to borrowing individual acts, and in one instance the entire Fleischmann Varieties program intact for their presentations.

Why?

It is because Rudy Vallée, whom we knew as a crooner, was always a showman at heart, and they have discovered that when he picks 'em, with that unerring showman's instinct of his, they must have something.

Witches, Ghosts and Hallowe'en Parties

[Continued from page 80]

carve on one side a Jack-o'-lantern face, which will show clearly against the white inner skin of the orange. Cut a slice from the top, and scoop out the orange pulp, leaving an orange cup. For eight servings, make up the contents of a package of prepared lemon gelatin, adding a tablespoon of lemon juice, the shredded orange pulp, a chopped tart apple, a fourth cup chopped pecans or other nut meats, and a half cup shredded Malaga grapes. Chill till the gelatin begins to thicken; then transfer to the Jack-o-lantern cups. Serve arranged in nests of lettuce, each Jack-o-lantern topped with a spoonful of stiff whipped-cream mayonnaise.

A Hallowe'en Midnight Supper

Devilled Tomato Bouillon
*Pimiento and Cheese Roll Salad
Sardine Pinwheel Sandwiches
Little Pumpkin Pies Topped with Walnut Ice Cream

Buttered Popcorn Peanut Brittle
Cider Cup

*PIMIENTO AND CHEESE ROLL SALAD: For each person, allow a whole canned pimiento, well drained. On each, place diagonally a roll of well-seasoned cream cheese about two inches long and a half inch thick. Roll up cornucopia style; chill; and arrange for service in nests of lettuce. Pour over French dressing, and dust thickly with any kind of chopped nut meats.

Hallowe'en Afternoon Bridge Refreshments

*Candle Salad

*Open Hallowe'en Cream Cheese Sandwiches
Jack-o'-lantern Cakes Coffee

*CANDLE SALAD: For each person, allow a slice of canned pineapple well seasoned in French dressing to act as the candle holder. In the hole of the pineapple stand half a small banana to serve as the candle. Top the "candle" with a bit of maraschino cherry to act as the flame. Serve individually, each salad surrounded with sprigs of watercress. Pass mayonnaise.

*OPEN HALLOWE'EN SANDWICHES: Cut two and a half inch rounds of white, entire wheat or rye bread. Spread smoothly with a little butter mixed with snappy cheese. Form on each sandwich a Jack-o'-lantern face with shreds of ripe olives.

A Hallowe'en Supper For Tots

Scrambled Egg Sandwiches
Cream Cheese Sandwiches
(Cut in animal shapes)

Ice Cream in Orange Jack-o'-lantern Cups
*Hallowe'en Cookies Frosted Cocoa Shake

*HALLOWE'EN COOKIES: Combine a half cup shortening, a cup of sugar, the grated rind of an orange, a tablespoon of lemon juice, a beaten egg and an egg yolk; and cream till light and fluffy. Beat in cake flour till the dough is stiff enough to knead, about four cups. If possible, chill for a few hours; then roll very thin and cut into rounds, diamonds, or any desired shape. Place the cookies on an oiled pan; brush with an egg white, slightly beaten with two tablespoons of cold water; and decorate with witches, Jack-o'-lantern faces and other Hallowe'en designs made from nuts, raisins, dates or candies. Bake from eight to ten minutes in a moderately hot oven, 350 to 375 degrees F.

An Evening Hallowe'en Party Supper For The Teens

*Ham Biscuits Toasted Cheese Dreams
Pickles Olives Salted Nuts
Sugared Doughnuts Pumpkin Pie
Grapes *Apples on a Stick
Popcorn in bags Cider

*APPLES-ON-A-STICK: Select medium sized red apples, as perfect as possible. Wash and dry them. Make a glacé by combining in a small saucepan one pound (2 cups) granulated sugar, one-eighth teaspoon cream of tartar, and three-fourths cup water. Stir only until the sugar dissolves; then cook to 320 degrees with a candy thermometer, or till a little of the mixture, when dropped in very cold water becomes instantly and completely brittle. Add to the glacé two drops of red vegetable coloring, and a fourth teaspoon cinnamon extract. Stick a skewer in the stem end of each apple; dip each at once in the glacé and place on a lightly buttered platter to become firm.

In RADIOLAND Next Month

IDA BAILEY ALLEN will give expert advice on Thanksgiving dinners, with menus, recipes and suggestions on table arrangements.

Mrs. Allen also will contribute an interesting page on the modernizing of old fashioned dishes, detailing how famous old time recipes can be brought up to date and become unusual features of every-day meals.

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The Truth About Radio Stars' Salaries. Watch for this Feature in Next Month's RADIOLAND.

Married for 7 Years—and Still in Love

[*Continued from page* 45]

WITH their mother they feel more at ease, since they see her more often than they do their father. So one afternoon when George was home early Ethel told the oldest boy, Charlie, that he must talk to his father. "I want to go in swimming instead," he protested.

"Hush," said Ethel, "here comes your father now. Go up and talk to him.

Shyly, Charlie approached Olsen. "How are you, father?" he asked politely.

"I'm fine," said Olsen.

"How's the new place doing?" Charlie asked and before Olsen had a chance to answer he called out to his mother, "Now can I go in the water, Mamma? I talked to father."

It's very seldom that the kids have a chance to hear their mother sing over the air. Once when she was on a seven-thirty program, however, they could listen every night, their ears glued to the radio. And they're such loyal little devils that whenever they hear another radio performer singing a song that Ethel has sung they scream out, "Shut it off fast. She's singing Mamma's song. She shouldn't be singing it. That's Mamma's song. It's terrible for anyone else to sing it." And so much for professional jealousy in the Olsen household!

It was odd how Ethel started singing over the air. She had thought, after the two boys were born, that she would retire from public life, but one night when she was at the Club Richman listening to George's band broadcast George came over to her and said, "Just sing one little number, honey, over the microphone. Come on—just try it once."

Ethel thought that sounded easy enough and she stepped before the microphone, just to please George, and sang a number.

George said later, "That, honey, is the beginning of your radio career!"

Ethel laughed. If George wanted her to sing over the radio—well, fine. It was easy enough. But she was soon to discover that it was not nearly so easy as she had thought and that instead of doing an occasional number George's ambition for her stretched farther. He had a special loud speaker attached in one of the upper rooms so that he could listen as she broadcast, and he began to point out to her all the radio tricks.

For instance, he would say: "The low tones are fine, but you should pull your high ones down," or, "I could see you weren't taking much interest tonight, honey. Don't you realize that millions of people are listening in?" And slowly his ambition for her caught Ethel up in a wave of excitement and she discovered that what she had thought was easy—just standing before a little black box and singing—was not so easy after all, and that, in order to become a radio artist, she must listen to George's teachings and profit by them. And so she was ready when the opportunity came for Olsen, the Jack Bennys, and Ethel Shutta to broadcast for Canada Dry Ginger Ale.

THEY were all perfectly happy then. George worked at his arrangements for those programs as he had never worked before. They became great friends with the Bennys and when the contract was finished and the night when the four sang, "Here we are again, happy as can be, all good friends and jolly good company" for the last time there were tears in the eyes of all of them.

For now both Ethel and George knew that the radio was their forte. George's "sweet" music that had once almost caused his failure came over the air perfectly. And Ethel, who did not take radio seriously at first and had complained that she missed her audience, found that when she broadcast from the New Amsterdam Roof and there was an audience there she paid no attention to them. She sang just for that microphone and the millions it represented.

Together the Olsens have always been. Even when they were in California and Ethel was working in the Eddie Cantor picture, *Whoopee*, George's band was supplying the music and George was also playing at the old Plantation—which took the name of the George Olsen Club.

This Winter they will be professionally separated for the first time. Ethel is working on a program very much like the old Canada Dry program with Walter O'Keefe and Don Bestor's band for Nestle's chocolates, while Olsen and his boys are spoken for by the Chase and Sanborn Tea Hour.

They hate being separated—for the Olsen's are like that—but there's just one good thing about it. They won't be broadcasting at the same hour and I'll make you a little bet that every time Ethel goes on the air George will be at the studio and that when George is waving his baton in front of the microphone Ethel will not be far away.

For "going on eight years"—Ethel's words—they have been married. The course of their lives has run in the same path. Ethel's thoughts are George's—his opinions she shares.

Ethel Shutta and George Olsen are much more like one person than two, and if you ever saw them together you could never doubt the love they bear each other.

In RADIOLAND Next Month

A Striking Human Interest Story on

LOWELL THOMAS

The Ace News Broadcaster

People Thought They Were Mad

[Continued from page 66]

it up, the better. And when the boys from upstate insisted that they had a brand of humor people wanted and stood squarely on the rights of their contract, then the studio officials thought they were crazy for sure.

The same thing happened all over again when they went over to the Columbia chain as a sustaining program. They had to fight to keep on with their fantastic clowning that baffled executives. But the letters kept pouring in. Then with their famous burlesque of the March of Time program, the tide turned. Their popularity grew until, last Fall, they were voted the most popular comedy team on the air. And those who had criticized returned to applaud.

They battled for their rights because they felt they had something to say. There is a message of sense behind their nonsense.

"I GUESS I've always been something of a critic," said the Colonel in a more serious mood as he switched off the See-back-o-graph, "the pompous, strutting boys who go around cutting ribbons for bridges they had nothing to do with building, or unveiling statues that would better be left veiled, all the large scale perpetrators of hooey and hocum get under my skin. I love to tear them down, to puncture their inflated egos. At the same time I like to build up the insignificant guy who yearns for his place in the sun and never attains it, like the unsung hero who first thought of blowing on eye-glasses before you clean them.

"It isn't exactly satire. We won't want to hurt anyone's feelings. We have dropped some of our favorite characters on account of one letter from an injured listener. I suppose lampooning is the best word for it. We just present the windbags as we see them and let them kid themselves.

"But don't think we take ourselves too seriously. Our chief purpose is to entertain, to make you forget your troubles for fifteen minutes or half an hour. We were never more pleased than when an English professor from Harvard came up to shake hands with us one night and tell us how much he enjoyed our program because he didn't have to think."

The Colonel originates the ideas for the act. He haunts the newsreel theatres gloating over the scenes depicting the laying of corner stones or the welcoming of visiting celebrities. He keeps his pockets stuffed full of old envelopes, and jots down ideas on the backs of them as he prowls about the streets. He gets a lot of ideas in restaurants. Sometimes he goes absolutely stale. Then he rushes into a conference with Budd and Nelson Hesse, their manager, and something usually comes out of it.

For a long time they *ad libbed* their stuff, because of the fresh, spontaneous comedy they got out of their hesitancy and correcting each other's mistakes. Now they've done it so long that they just write it into the script. It makes the timing easier.

THEY try out all their laughs on members of the orchestra at rehearsal.

"Musicians," says the Colonel, "are the most hard-boiled guys in the world. They are always blowing down their clarinets or tuning their fiddles or thinking about time and a half for overtime. If you can get a laugh out of them, you can get a laugh out of anybody."

Budd's genius is interpretation. Out of the people the Colonel has met in radio and on the stage, he feels that Budd is the only one who could deliver the lines the way he wants them delivered. Budd is no mere straight man or stooge. The Colonel gives him as many punch lines as he gives himself.

They are continually surprised at the number of letters they get from people who speak their language.

"About half of our letters are from people who follow right through with us," said the Colonel, "the other half comes from people who still want to know what it's all about. And that's the way we like it because we know their curiosity is aroused and if they follow us long enough they'll be speaking our language too.

"Many of those who write in send us ideas and don't understand that we can't use them because our type of humor, such as it is, is entirely our own. We do get some ideas for crazy inventions out of the mail, although only about one to 500 suggestions."

OUTSIDE of working hours, the Colonel and Budd are inseparable companions. They like to go fishing together in odd moments.

The ironic part of it is that the Colonel looks as pompous and imposing as the bigwigs he likes to deflate, although he is actually a very simple, humble guy with a secret desire to pal around with the boys like Corey Ford, Frank Sullivan and S. J. Perelman, whom he considers the real humorists. He has never even met any of them.

It's a big job now, keeping their stuff fresh week after week. Occasionally they long for the carefree days back in Buffalo when they clowned for the fun of it and people looked on them tolerantly as a couple of harmless nuts.

Maybe some day they'll go out to some local station and try it again as unknowns, just to see if they can recapture that old, never-to-be-forgotten, first kick.

Anyway, there's a lot of fun ahead for these boys who convinced the skeptics that their insanity had its place, because the world we live in is slightly crazy too.

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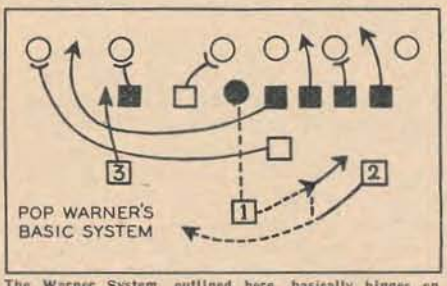
The Truth About Radio Stars' Salaries

Watch for this Sensational Feature in Next Month's

RADIOLAND

Which Football System Will Win This Fall?

The Rockne System ?
The Minnesota System ?
The Warner System ?



The Warner System, outlined here, basically hinges on deception. "Keep 'em guessing," says Pop.

Do You Know That out of the hundreds of systems for playing football, three have become recognized as being basically successful? The Rockne system is based on backfield versatility, the Warner system on strategy and deception, the Minnesota system on line power. If you want to know which stands the best chance of coming out on top in this season's exciting schedule of games

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MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

The Life Story of Ruth Etting

[*Continued from page 91*]

was a real sob. The sob of a homesick little girl. Small wonder that her songs often brought tears to the eyes of those who heard her. Small wonder that the women of the underworld and the hard, brittle girls from Chicago's gold coast who frequented Colisimo's, forgot their resentment of her as they listened to her sing. There was something so sincere about her. They began to realize that she wasn't after their men; that she was just a nice kid, trying to earn her living. You see Ruth had remembered the first advice that had been given her: *To look at the women when she sang and not at the men.* The women became her real boosters. When she'd finish a request song they'd nudge their men and say: "Give the kid a nice tip. She's earned it." One night when Ruth had finished singing *The World Is Waiting for the Sunrise* the notorious gambler, Nick, the Greek, brushed a tear from his eyes and tossed Ruth a fifty dollar bill.

The tips which the girls received during the evening all went into a black tin box that was kept on top of the never-quiet piano. And when at dawn the last guest had gone, the girls and the pale, tubercular boy who played the piano with grubby hands stained brown with nicotine, gathered around a table, "broke" the tin box, and divided the evening's spoils equally. Then they would drag their tired feet home and fall into bed . . . exhausted.

It was a bitter apprenticeship. But it turned the simple, innocent young girl from Nebraska into a deep-souled woman. An artist. When the late Flo Ziegfeld heard her voice on a phonograph record, he demanded it. He brought it to Broadway and all New York acclaimed it. Radio gave it to the nation.

END OF FIRST INSTALLMENT

(Next month I am going to tell you how Ruth got into the Follies. About the mash note she received from a young, unknown orchestra leader by the name of Rudy Vallée. And intimate details about the Ruth Etting of today.)

THE TRUTH ABOUT RADIO STARS' SALARIES

Just what do your favorites receive? For the first time anywhere, *RADIOLAND* will tell you all the facts next month.

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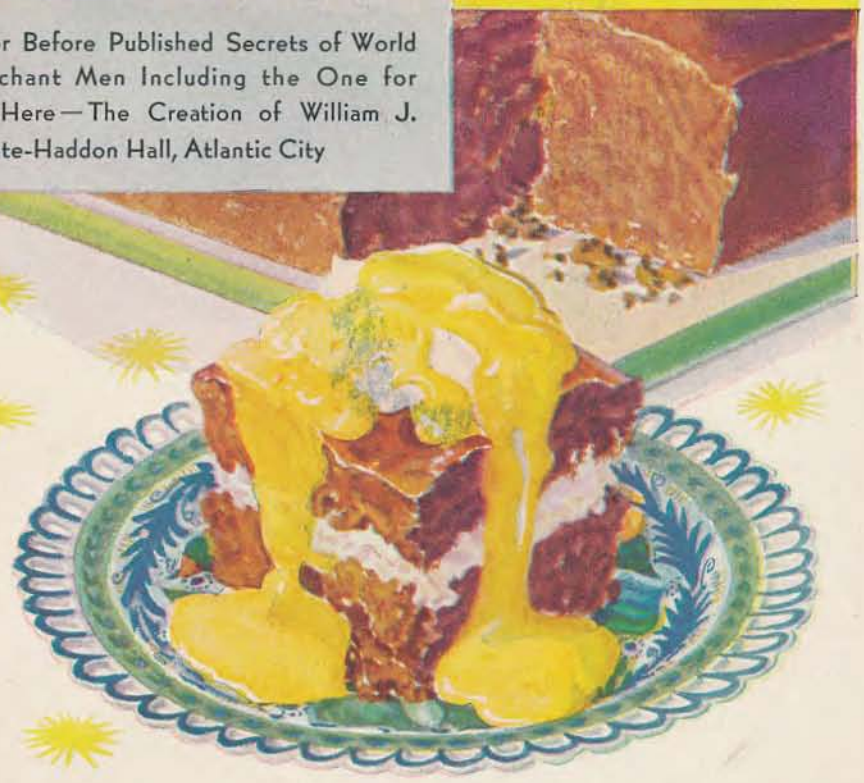

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Try the inspiration of William J. Holmes—Haddon Hall Gingerbread shown here. The recipe—with 19 others—is given FREE *inside* every size sack of GOLD MEDAL *"Kitchen-tested"* Flour.

What your husband has to say about this Haddon Hall Gingerbread will bring the roses to your cheeks. And you'll find baking this way a thrilling adventure.

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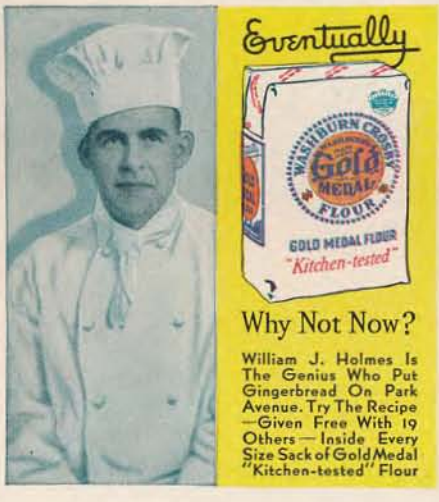

Why Not Now?

William J. Holmes Is The Genius Who Put Gingerbread On Park Avenue. Try The Recipe—Given Free With 19 Others—Inside Every Size Sack of Gold Medal "Kitchen-tested" Flour

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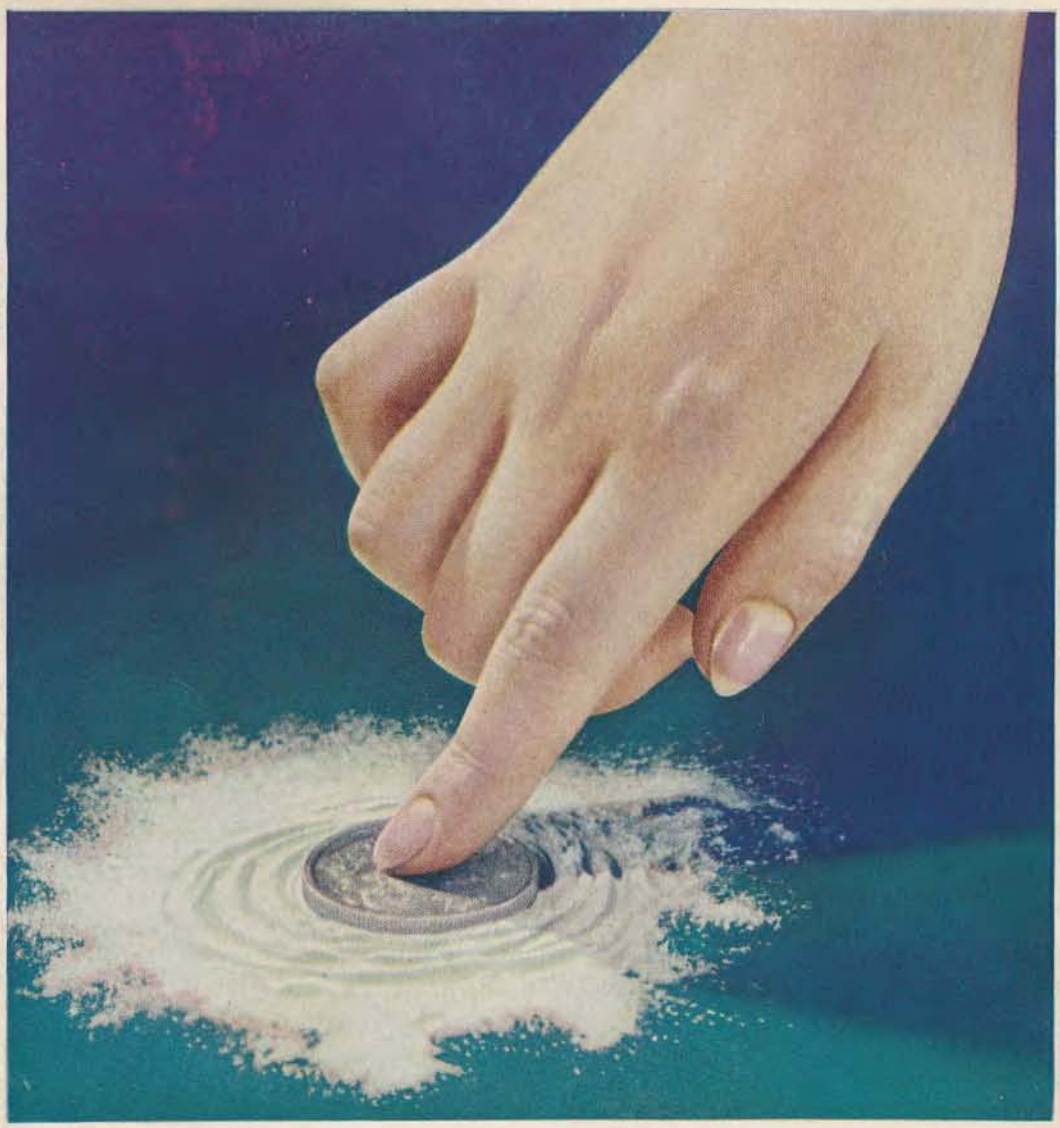

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