



Radio MIRROR

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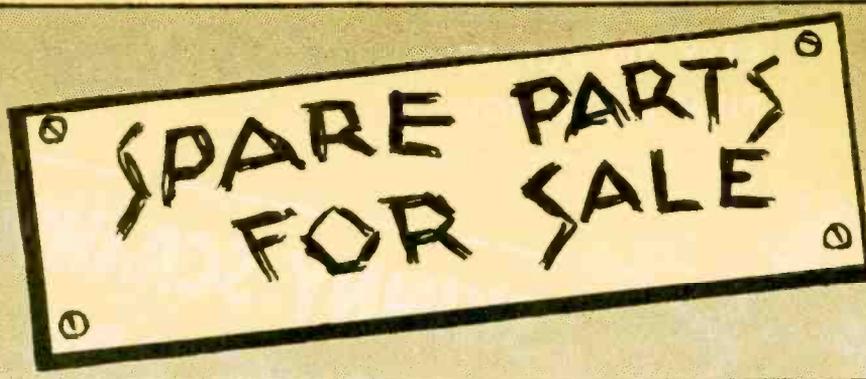
NOVEMBER



Gracie Allen Takes
a Dial Ride

From Mammy to Mike
By AL JOLSON

Aylesworth Sees Radio As the Voice of the People



Would You Like to Buy— a brand new stomach—perfect lungs— a fine heart—normal blood pressure?

WHEN a "part" on your car wears out—you throw it away and get a new one. But when a "part" in your own physical machine "goes bad" you can't possibly replace it. Nowhere can you buy a new stomach—two good lungs—a fine heart—normal blood pressure or any other vital part of the human body.

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question of health, sickness, and disease.

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It is now possible for every home to be protected against the ravages of disease. It is now a simple and easy matter for every member of the family to have expert health advice instantly available every hour of the day and night—through Bernarr Macfadden's great new Home Health Library.

Notice

Encyclopedia Owners

Do not confuse this new Home Health Library with our De Luxe set of books "The Encyclopedia of Health" which is in 8 volumes. Full information on Encyclopedia of Health will be gladly furnished upon request.

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will be ready for shipment about October 15th. Only a limited edition is being published at this low price—so be sure to reserve your set now.

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Flesh—Add 8 Pounds In
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Doctors know how vitally necessary are natural food minerals often so woefully lacking in even the most carefully devised fresh vegetable diets. Unless your system gets the proper amount of these minerals, many of them needed in only the tiniest quantities, even the best food fails to nourish you, fails to build rich, red blood, firm flesh and sturdy muscles. This lack of mineralization results in the failure to digest starches and fats in the normal diet. It makes no difference whether your appetite is good or bad, your food is converted into poisonous wastes instead of firm flesh and tireless energy.

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Radio MIRROR

VOL. 1 NO. 1

NOVEMBER • 1933

JULIA SHAWELL • EDITOR

BELLE LANDESMAN • ASSISTANT EDITOR

WALLACE HAMILTON CAMPBELL • ART DIRECTOR

s p e c i a l

We Have With Us



Mary Margaret McBride, famous biographer and author, this month interviews Merlin Hall Aylesworth, President of the National Broadcasting Company and relays his views on the future of radio broadcasting.

Miss McBride has written a dozen books, including her successful "Paris Is A Woman's Town," "London Is A Man's Town," "New York Is Anybody's Town," as well as biographical studies of Owen D. Young, David Sarnoff, Prince Christopher of Greece, Anne Morgan and the Paul Whiteman book, "Jazz".

Before he turned author, Herb Cruikshank started on a law career, became American Consul to Ireland and then forsook the diplomatic service to do some prolific word-juggling. This issue of RADIO MIRROR contains his vivid pen portrait of Phil Harris, the radio Romeo of the newer baton wielders on the ether.



Considered one of the most astute of the radio commentators, Mike Porter's daily column appears in some of the leading newspapers of the country. Mike is an habitue of the broadcast studios and in his current story he wields his sharp pen on the inimitable Showboat Hour of the air.

Alex Gard with his satirical lines and angles gets "under the skin" of his subject and brings to the surface his amusing impressions of famous microphone artists. This month the clever caricaturist has caught Kate Smith, Walter Winchell, Ben Bernie and Bert Lahr in the studios.



Then Jerry Wald has recorded Al Jolson in the Mammy Singer's style, telling why he has returned to the radio world after having announced last year he was through with broadcasting forever. There are hearty laughs in every line of Gracie Allen's amusing effort at radio reviewing as she takes a dial ride; Thomas H. Cowan, in an unusually interesting episode of a new series, looks back to the beginning of broadcasting and his own radio career; Bing Crosby answers some very personal questions in a very personal way; there are a hundred items of brand new gossip and news in the "Hot and Airy" feature.



And that's not the half of what you may read about your favorites of the airwaves in this number—of your new magazine RADIO MIRROR.

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ROOSEVELT and RADIO LINE UP THE NATION

A VOICE, breaking through the cold air of last March, sent out its promise of hope and work and bread, permeating thick clouds of a national pessimism and saved the crumbling fabric of a representative government from what appeared to be a general attitude of approaching collapse. In millions of homes within the four borders a discouraged country heard the voice, heeded and the ray of hope reflected.

The Rooseveltian New Deal has passed from its seemingly impossible and far-fetched promise of last winter into a working practicability of this autumn.

Even the most optimistic experts will not as yet dare to predict to its ultimate and successful conclusion. But it has turned millions of jobless men from a feeling of hopelessness into an idea that they have found a leader who may show them a way out of chaos into a better economic condition.

When it proves itself, NIRA will be one of the magic words of political history.

The world stands by watching, and in the meantime over a national network of airwaves at various and epoch-making crises the lone voice of Roosevelt has been heard, sounding its message of hope. One of the greatest assets which this president has brought to his office is his radio personality. He is, undoubtedly, the outstanding broadcaster of this era, with the enviable ability to get over to citizens of all classes his own belief in his New Deal.

Just how different the story would have been, had Roosevelt the flat, dull tones of a Hoover or the word-saving attitude of a Coolidge will never be known. But he has the unusual gift of selling his own heartening principles by word of mouth to all those who in a desperate attitude gave him the thankless job of bringing them out of their difficulties.

In an article of this issue, Merlin Hall Aylesworth, president of the National Broadcasting Company, sees radio as the future voice of the people. He visions a hundred microphones scattered over the nation turning a great country into a town meeting with all problems discussed and worked out as they are confronted, and with every citizen taking an active interest. He sees it

ultimately as the debunking of political expediency and his premise for this is the material result already achieved by the direct appeal which President Roosevelt has on several occasions made to his constituency.

Roosevelt has given a political importance to radio until his administration unconsidered, and in return, radio has given to the President a direct and far-reaching medium for contact with a whole country, undreamed of by any other political leader in any other age.

Historical events have moved rapidly from the dramatic night when a patriot rode his horse and covered his limited mileage, sounding an alarm that saved an infant colonization. Today, a president steps before a microphone and sends his voice into the kitchen of the most isolated farmhouse, gives his encouragement to the industrial worker in the east, the planter in the south and to more jobless hordes along the Pacific. He believes what he says and they believe him. The farmer is encouraged beyond his last financial strength to plant another crop, the mill worker looks for a job and gets it, the planter is convinced his product will be sold.

BECAUSE A VOICE THAT TELLS OF SOUND PRINCIPLES, born of a desperate condition, offers a plan that reaches down into a crippled structure and promises rebuilding of a weak foundation on a scale that will bring a wider distribution of the profits of national resources, fair returns for fairly given labor, a disruption of the system that concentrates wealth for a few while denying the right of work to the many. It promises to remove the ignominy of a thousand breadlines for men who can't get jobs.

In a fateful time and using super-human measures, it was radio, originated little more than a dozen years ago as a pleasant medium of entertainment, which provided an able man with the instrument of contact. If broadcasting did nothing more, it has served in this tempestuous and critical year for

ROOSEVELT AND RADIO TO LINE UP THE NATION.

THE EDITOR.

GEORGE WHITE, producer of the world-famous "Scandals" revue, is peddling an air show composed of feature bits from his productions over the past ten years. That is, he's attempting to sell it, but the \$7,500 weekly price he has put on the idea and material is prompting all the sponsors he has approached to say "nothin' doin'". . . . Ben Bernie the only radio artist of prominence whom you've never seen on the screen (ever think of that?), put thumbs down on the deal in which he was to be starred in an RKO feature, regardless of what you may read elsewhere. . . . The days when NBC and Columbia had the radio world all wrapped up in cellophane are definitely over, with serious competition threatening from the new WMCA chain headed by Al Smith and backed by plenty millions, as well as from the new Amalgamated Broadcasting System, directed by President Roosevelt's son-in-law, Clarence Dahl.

Russ Columbo, whose sullenly melodic chants created a six-month sensation, last year, is being beckoned back to broadcasting by NBC. . . . Even if Guy himself does not know it yet, the Lombardo band will not be at the Roosevelt hotel, their homing-spot for the past four winters, this year, but will travel the major picture-theatre and vaudeville circuits instead. They will continue broadcasting, however, which is something to be thankful for. . . . Abe Lyman's lapse of memory cost him \$65 at Agua Caliente, Mexico, last month. Abe arrived at the races there, and couldn't remember why he hadn't been able to find his white broadcloth suit that morning, so he called his hotel in Los Angeles, and had his valet go through his entire wardrobe, while he held the 'phone. After a half-hour, the valet reminded Abe that he had sent the suit to the cleaners the day previous, but the 'phone toll charge was \$65! . . . Within a few hours after word was received from Los Angeles of an accident that sent Marge Damerel of "Myrt and Marge" to the hospital with a broken arm, headquarters of the program sponsor received a cable from Myrtle Vail, coming from Mendoza, Argentine, which read: "Snowbound in Andes Mountains. Expensive delay upsetting our schedule, but can't move." P. K. Wrigley, sponsor of "Myrt and Marge" program, wired both girls that he would stand all expenses in facilitating their return to Chicago for the Fall and Winter series of broadcasts which already have been begun. . . .

Still Flying High

Believe you me, if Ted Husing isn't on the air, he's up in it! Ted is one of aviation's newest and strongest boosters and spends every available moment touring the skies in a plane piloted by the world famous stunt flyer, Al Williams. Ted has had enough hours in the air now to take a solo flight, but refuses at the present writing, to go up alone, because he's recently acquired a new commercial!

He's taking no chances, Ted says, because commercial sponsors don't come along every day in the week.

When, as and if Ted's sponsors withdraw from the air-waves, Husing vows he will lose no time in getting a pilot's license and clip a couple corners off the clouds, alone!

As We Were Saying

Ethel Shutta, whose first triumph was made in Ziegfeld's "Whoopee" musical, may return to the musical comedy stage this fall to star in a new revue, although she will continue her radio broadcasts. . . . Hollywood is certainly raiding radio for names, with the Boswell Sisters, Lannie Ross, James Melton and Lennie Hayton recently



by MERCURY



being signed to join Jack Pearl, Eddie Cantor, Ruth Etting, et al on the coast. They better hide the page boys at NBC and Columbia, when movieland runs out of radio names!

Keep your ears open, and your eyes peeled for a blues-shoutin' youngster named Marilyn Mack, ten-year-old miss, who is as definitely slated for radio stardom as sure as you know! Marilyn, in addition to singing her songs in a fast-moving style, also makes her own "trick" arrangements, quite an accomplishment for a ten-year-old. . . . Just a mid-paragraph laugh. David Ross, whose dulcet announcements on the Oldsmobile radio programs, have induced thousands to buy that type of car, rides around town in a Chevrolet! . . . Under the capable direction of Joe Hoffman, one of Radio Row's best-liked managers, the Funnyboners, for

News that's hot
and airy gossip
round the big
mikes

HOT and AIRY



"All Alone" might be the title of Rudy Vallee's pose in his own bedroom. Left, the Bing Crosbys and their baby, Gary Evan Crosby.

arranger, and Jane Vance, an Eddie Cantor film eye-ful, don't care who knows they don't care any more. . . . That comeback by B. A. Rolfe, after all the "wise" boys had labelled him through, is being hailed as the return to the position in which he belongs, of an artist, a gentleman, and a real good guy! . . . Rumors are current that Amos 'n' Andy will be replaced by Pepsodent, their sponsor, with the tooth-paste firm auditioning plenty of new artists! . . . Dan

Landt of those microphone men, the Landt Trio and White, has been married in the "hush-hush" manner for the past three months.

Ah There, Cupid

Ol' Man Cupid is playing havoc with some of radios better known. For instance it's just a matter of time before Harriet Hillard, (who sings pretty melodies with Ozzie Nelson's music crew) and Ozzie, himself, will make a Mister and Missus tie-up. . . . Mildred Bailey, the rockin' chair lady, and Paul Whiteman still don't talk to each other, despite the efforts of friends to re-kindle the spark of friendship between the two. . . . The off again-on again romance between Graham McNamee, the NBC word-slinger, and Ann O'Brien, the pulchritudinous model, is on again. That is, it is on as this is being written, but a day makes a difference with those darlings, so we make no guarantees! Who was it that said that "true love never runs smooth? . . .

my money the funniest comedy-singing team on the air, are slated for bigger and better broadcasts this fall! . . . Frank Crumit and Julia Sanderson one of radio's best-known teams, and another Mr. and Mrs. combination off-radio, have succumbed to the lure of the camera and Kleig lights, and will be starred in a series of shorts this fall. . . . Billy Jones and Ernie Hare, yesterday's Happiness Boys and Interwoven Pair, have deserted the microphone to concentrate on the production of programs and the grooming of new artists for the air. . . .

Imagine That!

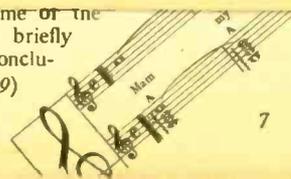
With some 3,500 people visiting the Old Gold program, and about 800 seeing the Fleischmann, Chase and Sanborn and Miracle Whip broadcasts each week, why wouldn't it be a swell idea to charge a nickle admission, and turn the moneys over to the unemployment relief division of the NRA! Well, why not, NBC and Columbia, let's hear from you! . . . Ted Pearson, the word slinger, and the ex-Mrs. Ted Fiorito, former wife of the dance band director, are planning a joint January jaunt to the justice! . . . Dick Stabile, Ben Bernie's first saxophone player and chief

PPETER and Aline Dixon, one of Radio Row's most talented Mr. and Mrs. combinations, write and act in those very popular "Raisin' Junior" skits, which as you know, until very recently were sponsored by the manufacturer of a breakfast cereal which we will dub "Cerina". That's close enough to it, anyway.

Well, the night that Mr. and Mrs. Dixon received word that their sponsor was withdrawing, they returned home depressed, to discuss their next move.

David, six year old son of the Dixons, was awake and overheard the conversation of Peter and Aline. He interrupted with an Indian war-cry. (Continued on page 48)

Without mentioning the name of the artist to follow, he very briefly sketches his career. At its conclusion (Continued on page 59)



Three months ago Jolson quit the radio. He said he was through with air entertainment, and when Jolson says a thing, he means it. In the past, he had

A NEW ROMEO COMES OUT of the WEST

IF you're courting trouble call Phil Harris a crooner. Phil used to be a drummer, and from the tilt of his chin, the glint in his eye, the breadth of his shoulders, he is well able to beat a tattoo on the schnozzle of anyone referring to him as a radio Romeo. He just doesn't want to be a "Darling of the Debbies". When you have a head of blonde, wavy hair, far-away blue eyes, a cleft chin, a voice that makes the air waves throb, and a gift for making music in the Phil Harris manner, that's something to guard against. And to make the romantic threat still worse, Phil's homeland is in the soft, and sunny South—Nashville, Tennessee, suh! But his reputation was made in the West, and California always claims him.

It was, indeed, in this adopted country of New York mammy singers, that young Mr. Harris sounded his first rat-tat-tat on what proved to be the drums of destiny. He beat 'em in a prep school band, and if he never learned another thing, the fact illustrates the value of our modern educational system. If Phil had played hookey, he might have grown up to be just a movie star or something, rather than a troubadour whose notes are golden in more ways than one.

Phil is dangerously near being a movie star anyway. You remember his three-reeler, "So This is Harris", and you'll recall his starring venture in "Melody Cruise". But so far Phil has turned a cold shoulder on the Cinema Satan; and remains true to the radio regiments that write him from Alaska to New Zealand, and points West.

"Sure, I'd like to make movies if I ever get the time. But I'm so darned busy", says Phil, "In 'Melody Cruise' the only chance I had to study my part was on the way to the studio in the morning. As soon as the day's work was over, the night's work began at the 'Cocoanut Grove'.



When the baton-wielder goes vocal.

"Strangely enough," Phil continues, "a movie star is really responsible for me being in the music business. (It is typical of this unassuming youngster that he refers to his art as 'the music business.')

If it hadn't been for Ruth Stonehouse playing the home town on a personal appearance tour, I might still be the drummer in the local orchestra. At that time Ruthie, now retired and happily married to Felix Hughes, Rupert's brother, was a big shot in the movies. When she heard our kids' band in Nashville, she just told the whole bunch to pack up and come along. What a girl! You can imagine how a lot of high-school boys jumped at the chance to troupe with a real, Grade A film star! We toured with her wherever a movie theatre stood, and it was Ruth's homesickness

for Hollywood that first gave me the idea that California must be a pretty wonderful spot." Phil says these were the days when a band was just about the last word if it had a fellow who could stand on a piano and play a saxophone. That was something sensational. Of course things are different now. To be a sensation Helen Morgan had to sit on the piano and play with a handkerchief. But what young Mr. Harris means, is that the world was on the verge of discovering "personality" in bands, and bandsmen, and even drummers. In due time it discovered this quality in the eighteen-year-old Nashville lad.

This is how that happened. Touring as the "Stonehouse Grenadiers", or whatever Ruth called 'em, the boy bandsmen seemed to have made a hit wherever they tooted their horns. And one impresario they encountered offered them an engagement in Honolulu. At that time Hawaii was pictured as a Paradise of steel guitars, goona-goona and plenty of leis. For once the picture was pretty nearly right. What a time the boys had on that (Continued on page 54)

by HERB CRUIKSHANK

A movie star gave Phil Harris his first break and he's now one of the favorite sweet-note serenaders among the flicker celebrities



PHIL HARRIS

He may look like a crooner, but he used to be a drummer, and he hits like a heavyweight, so watch out before you talk lightly of his microphone warbling.

I'M TAKEN *for* a DIAL by GRACIE AL

Little Gracie spends an evening at home to lend her ear as Radio Mirror's Reviewer, and puts a laugh in every line



Of course it's very hard for me to review radio fairly. It's embarrassing. You see my father's been on the radio for three years now. He figures this way. If the radio is big enough for Paul Whiteman and his whole band to get on, it's certainly big enough for him. And we wouldn't mind so much if it wasn't that when my father got on the radio he sat on the dial. So now, in order to turn the dial, you have to turn my father.

Well, anyhow, the other night we were all sitting around turning father from station to station when all of a sudden his nose pointed right to 660 and there was a fellow named Al Jolson. And I think it's terrible. This Mr. Jolson is nothing but an imitation of that fellow who used to go under the name of Mammy and sing songs like "There's a Rainbow Round My Shoulders." Whatever became of him?

Why this Jolson even sang that very song. But it isn't that so much. This Jolson also copies Rudy Vallee because Rudy doesn't play the violin and neither does Jolson and if they're both not going to play the same instrument, how's anyone ever going to tell them apart? I think it's confusing. Don't you think so?

So you can see for yourself that it's very hard for me to review radio on account of father. With him on the radio it was always very hard to get different stations because it sort of made father dizzy until my nephoo had the idea of putting up an aerial on father. And it goes very nice with his little blue hat. But we still can't get anything on father. But my brother says it's silly for us to try because the police already have gotten enough on father to hang him. Which only goes to prove we made a mistake in hanging the aerial because if the police hang father what do we need the aerial for? All we have to do is call the police and ask them what they've got on father and they can tell us about it and then we can let my uncle have the radio because he wants to go to China. And I heard my mother say that Morton Downey went a long way on the radio. And if travelling on a radio is good enough for Morton Downey then it's certainly good enough for my uncle.

And another thing . . . take hill-billies. I think they're dangerous. I know a man hit my brother over the head with a hill-billy once and it pretty near broke his skull. The hill-billy was in the hospital for seven weeks and when he came out he sued my brother, which only goes to show how ungrateful some people can be. Because the hill-billy wasn't working anyway and you might's well be in a hospital as any place else when you're not working. I know because my sister Hazel was in a hospital once when she was not working and they fired her, which shows how foolish people are. Why should a nurse have to work in a hospital when a hill-billy doesn't? Then my sister got a job as a nurse on a boat going to Europe but she had to give it up. She couldn't nurse on a boat because she was a train nurse. And then my poor nephoo was arrested for work-

Gracie takes a shot at herself, only it turned out to be somebody else.

RIDE

LEN

ing in a hospital. He was working the combination of the safe. I guess they arrested him for working after hours. Which only goes to show it doesn't get you anywhere but in jail to be a clock-not-watcher and work after everyone else has gone home. Why my nephoo even tied up the night watchman because I guess he wanted to help my nephoo but my nephoo always says he works better alone when he goes out on a job.

And it's a funny thing how different jobs take longer than others. He did a job in a great big meat market that only kept him away from home thirty days. And then he entered the banking business and it kept him away for five years.

BUT to change the subject I suppose I'm silly to say this because I suppose everybody feels the same way I do and I suppose if everybody feels the same way I do that I'm silly to say this . . . but what I don't like best about radio is all that singing and music that the people who put on programs sort of put between those interesting talks about the different things that you can buy. I feel this way, after all, that's what people really want to hear and if that's what people want to hear why should they have to listen to Eddie Cantor or Bert Lahr or Fanny Brice or The Four Mills Brothers or the Four Marx Brothers or The Four Boswell Brothers or the Four Lombardo Brothers? Why should there be so many brothers anyway? I know my brother isn't on the radio because my father is, but I haven't got four fathers on the radio.

And another thing I don't like is all those comedians like Boake Carter and Lowell Thomas and Floyd Gibbons. Who wants to sit and listen to their silly jokes all the time. Life is serious enough without having it made brighter with their jokes. You'd think a person should have a moment to himself. That's why I don't like Boake Carter and Lowell Thomas and Edwin C. Hill and Floyd Gibbons because if they're going to tell jokes I think that they should tell jokes that everybody knows and not try and make up jokes about things everybody can read in the newspapers, anyway.

But there's one person on the radio I think is pretty good . . . that is, not counting my father. We never count my father and that's why he's always hungry. When mother does the buying for dinner she counts everybody but my father and he doesn't get anything to eat. And the reason my mother doesn't count my father is because she says my father doesn't count. And if he doesn't count he certainly



Some bicycle, says Gracie, and it goes with her little brown coat.

wouldn't understand what she was counting about. So it would just be a waste of time. Don't you think so?

Of course I've never heard this girl but from what I heard everybody say about her she is the only person on the air who makes any sense at all. Because I've heard people say some of the things she says . . . and then laugh. Which only goes to prove what I mean. So I would advise you not to listen to the big foolish talk that a lot of comedians like Boake Carter and Edwin C. Hill give out and try and listen to this girl Gracie Allen. I've been trying to hear her for two years now. But it always seems that when it gets to be around 9:30 in the evening when she's supposed to go on the air, I'm always some place else. I must remind George Burns to remind me to remind him that I want to stay home some evening and listen to Gracie Allen on the radio because I think everybody must be wrong and I'd just like to prove it.

And this is the thought I'd like to leave with you. . . . Early to bed and early to rise makes you healthy, wealthy, wealthy and healthy.

HERE COMES



Lanny Ross, who provides the heart interest.

Softly spoken love,
languorous music!
Moonlight romance that's for
your ears only.
Read why!

THE lady in the back row stood up, folded her canvas chair, carried it to the rearmost wall of the studio, opened it again, and with dignity-demanding determination, stood up on it and craned her neck. "Damn it all!" she hissed to her companion, a little, bespectacled gent, who frowned his disapproval, "why don't they turn around and sing so we can hear 'em!"

A dozen other spectators turned and glared at the dissatisfied customer. But she was undaunted.

"All the way from Dobbs Landing," she complained, "for this! And you can't hear 'em. So this is Showboat! Who are all those strangers? Where's Lanny Ross hiding? My God! I thought that Ross boy knew how to make love."

What the young lady from Dobbs Landing was saying, might have been found in the thoughts of ninety percent of the audience in Studio H. of the National Broadcasting Company. Disillusioning oneself is such an unpleasant experience. The Showboat broadcasts had seemed to the folks up at Dobbs Landing to be smooth and romantic; the love interest was perfect. The singers were versatile and could leap from script to lyric with such nonchalance.



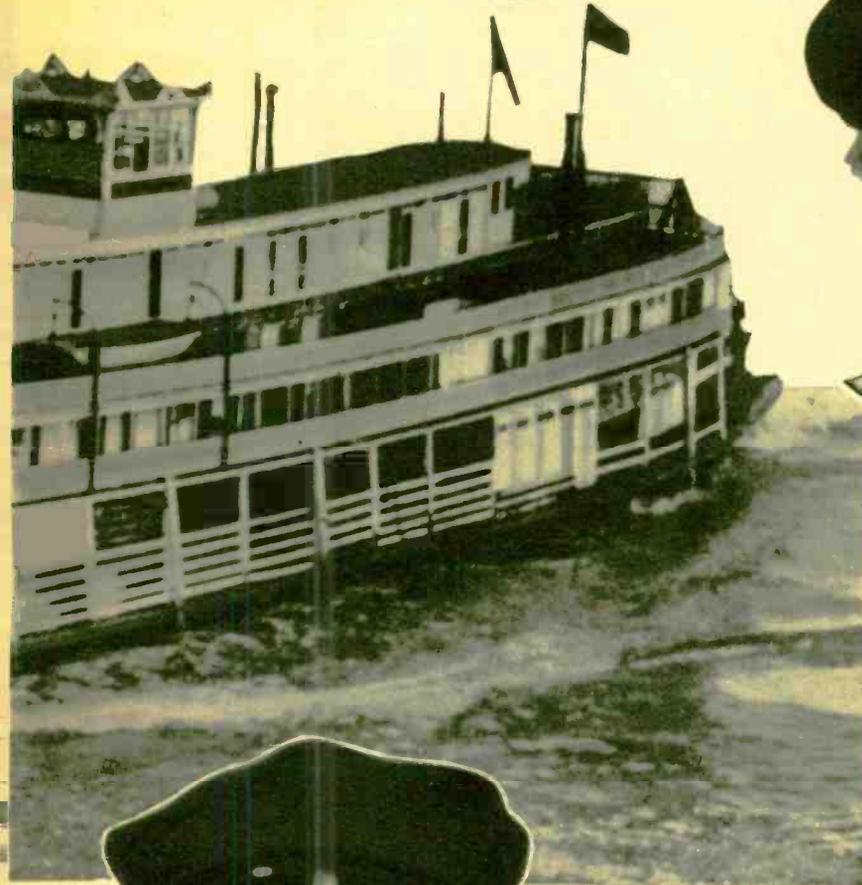
When the heroine sings sweet words it's Muriel Wilson's voice you hear.

The drawlin' lazy humor of January and Molasses makes you think you're on the levee, sure 'nuff!

But here, as the lady said, while gritting her teeth, nothing seemed on the level. Just a big crowd of people, an orchestra with brass that seemed certain to deafen one, a bushy haired gent with a lead pencil, grinning and waving and otherwise annoying performers, many of whom didn't seem to have any identity for regular radio listeners—the only chap in the place with any atmosphere being old Cap'n Henry. He really looked like he might be a showboat skipper. There was the jolly smile, the round, red face, the white, wavy hair, and the gusty manner of the old time Mississippi showman. But the rest of the business—phooey!

Why, when Lanny Ross stopped singing, and the turtle-dove business between him and the sweet heroine, Mary Lou, started, there were Mary Lou and Lanny sitting in opposite corners, twiddling their thumbs, while a pair of hitherto unnoticed people, who might have been from Dobbs Landing also, strolled up and began the billing and

THE SHOWBOAT



Delightful old
Cap'n. Henry
Charles Winner
who makes it all so
real.

by MIKE
PORTER

Annette Hanshaw contributes the blue notes.



cooing for them.

"Phoocy!" repeated the lady from Dobbs Landing.

"Shush!" everybody else was thinking. "It's better if you stay home!"

That is really and truly what the Maxwell House Coffee people think who pay all the bills for Showboat broadcasts. They put on the show for the entire

country, and not the measly hundred folks who crash the WEA-F studio every Thursday night.

And that should be a lesson for radio fans. If you want to enjoy yourself, stop, listen, but don't look!

The very life and success of a dramatic radio broadcast depends on the picture it conjures in the mind of the individual eavesdropper. If only once, those who listen, deliberately destroy the natural gift of illusion which a kindly nature has bestowed, the dumb, drear, and annoying realities of the studio will persist forever. Listening, like love, must remain blind.

You might adore Lanny Ross, for instance, on the stage. Or on the screen, where soon you'll be seeing him. He has the looks, the youth, and physique—and the singing voice. But Lanny Ross has no histrionics in the studio. He never has made love in real life. He (Continued on page 56)



WHO WANTS

b y G E O R G E

The Comedian who blankets the nation with a Sunday night laugh takes his listeners seriously



When all the Cantors take the air, it's quite a gathering.

THE butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker—all want Cantor. Pop-eyed Eddie, the five foot six inch funny man, provider of laughs for forty million people a week, is one of the most sought after entertainers in the American scene today. The title by which he has been known for years, "The Most Lovable Guy on Broadway," explains why, after seasons of success, in vaudeville, the stage, pictures and radio, he is still wanted. It is no accident that Eddie is still wanted. That the sun has never set on his popularity, as it has on so many who rose with him and even after him, is due to two things: first he knows his business, that of being a comic, and second, because he is and always has been kind and lovable to all his people. This last reason should be given first perhaps, for many people in the theatre claim that Eddie, were he less talented, would still be great because of his inherent kindness.

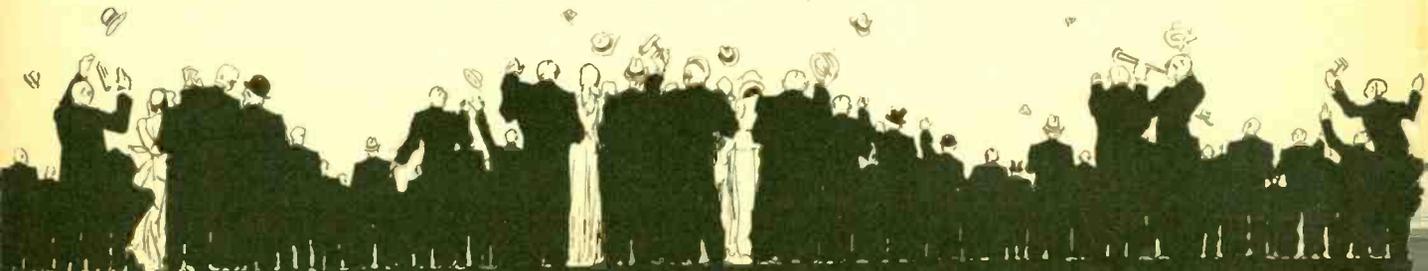
He doesn't like to talk about it, or even hear others talk about it, but whenever he is pinned to the question his answer is always the same. As a kid on the lower East Side of New York, Eddie's birthplace, where there were three kinds of kids, tough, tougher and toughest, he learned the

value of kindness. The smallest kid in the neighborhood, Eddie was no match for his pals in settling arguments with fists. Thus while running with his gang on Eldridge Street he learned to avoid arguments and hurting peoples' feelings. A scar in his forehead, still visible, keeps this lesson in mind.

Cantor has never forgotten the value of kindness and consideration of other people's ideas. From the night in Miner's Bowery Theatre, when still wearing short pants he won the amateur's first prize of \$5.00, to the days when his income was several thousand dollars for a week, the spirit of helpfulness, kindness and consideration of others has been his dominant characteristic. It is the big WHY behind the slogan, "We Want Cantor".

Few comedians, in fact few people in American theatrical history, have enjoyed the following Cantor possesses. Statistical surveys in radio place his Sunday night audiences at an average of 40 million listeners. That means that one out of every three people in the country listens in to the antics of this famous clown each Sunday night.

Unlike most figures in the limelight Cantor looks upon



CANTOR?

H. COREY



He's only showing the cigars!



Cantor lost two millions in twenty minutes, so he's singing his way back into a second nest egg.

this following as a great responsibility. No tradesman ever cared for his customers with greater care than Cantor looks upon his public. Nothing is too good for it. Nothing gets by him that might hurt any part of it. No wise crack, no matter how funny it might be will pass Cantor if he suspects there is any possible way it might hurt the feelings of any single group.

One feverish afternoon, a few hours before the Chase and Sanborn radio hour was to go on the air, Eddie sat looking over the material he had ready and pondering its presentation. "It won't do!" the comedian suddenly yelled. He was referring to a gag that previously he had thought very funny. It was built around a story that he had found a system to help laundry owners. According to Eddie, a few minutes' work with a pair of scissors and he could take all the buttons off his shirts before they went out to be washed, thereby saving the laundries a lot of trouble.

As Eddie's blue pencil blotted out this joke, he explained to the interested circle in the studio, "that may be funny to you and you and you, but there are a hundred thousand laundry owners in this country who wouldn't think so, and

whose feelings might be hurt; now here's something to fit in place of it."

Another show, a few weeks later, brought Eddie's blue pencil through a whole batch of short gags. He was planning to take a blast at old man depression in his broadcast. Too many towns in the United States sounded like depression terms. Take Red-Ink, Pennsylvania, Loss Angeles, California, Niagara Falls. These should be changed, went the joke, and prosperity names be given to all towns. When Eddie became President, it would be Moneyapolis, Minnesota, Dollars, Texas; and Los Angeles would be Gainsborough. Delivered in his inimitable style this rapid fire of cracks sent the studio staff into fits of laughter, when with a suddenness suggestive of someone having pressed a button, Cantor grew serious and said it was out. They stretched their imaginations and still the boys couldn't figure his angle on this cut. But, he has his angle and a pretty sound one, too. "What good is a laugh," said Eddie, "if it's going to hurt a lot of people's feelings? That's what those cracks will do to lots of people in the towns we are kidding. If a hundred people in (Continued on page 61)



Mr. Aylesworth vacationing in Bermuda with Roxy beside him and Rex Cole, prominent manufacturer, in the front seat.



Broadcasting has fostered mass interest in public affairs and still is adult entertainment he believes

Aylesworth Sees Radio

AS THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

WHAT will be radio's most important contribution to America in the next few years?" I asked Merlin Hall Aylesworth.

"The arousing of a sense of personal responsibility for justice and good government resulting from a nation-wide dissemination of the truth about public events, simultaneously with their happening," promptly replied the energetic president of the National Broadcasting Company.

In other days there may have been constitutional amendments, legislative changes and even wars without the informed consent and approval of all the people but Mr. Aylesworth is sure those days are gone forever simply because receiving sets today keep modern inhabitants of the remotest village and farm up to the minute on every phase of every national problem. The President and Congressmen of the United States are made well aware of this by the showers of blame and praise which pour in upon them every time a move of theirs is recorded on the air.

For three years, according to Mr. Aylesworth, the appetite of air audiences for the presentation of current events and addresses on public questions has been steadily growing.

"And that growth to my mind," the executive adds, "is the greatest and most far-reaching radio event of the decade. Six years ago when we put news on the air, we found that most people switched off their radios whenever

a speaker, no matter how important, was announced. At first we weren't sure why, but finally we figured out that listeners suspected any speaker on factual topics would be dull. They, on the other hand, wanted to be amused. That was their idea of radio's mission and they resented any deviation from it. Music seemed to be a language they could all understand and while some wanted one kind and some another, they united in a demand for more music and fewer speeches.

"In spite of the protests, we felt that news on the air would develop into something big and so we kept offering speakers on public questions. Only we began to choose them more carefully, to limit their time more rigidly and to make sure that they were presenting their facts in an interesting way. Also we started dramatizing news events to make them more exciting and realistic.

"The result—well, did you happen to see a recent cartoon titled 'An Interview with the President', picturing a man sitting in front of his radio with his coat off listening absorbedly to a broadcast? The drawing expressed exactly what the President's radio messages have become to the average man throughout the country. And a good part of the credit, I must say, goes to President Roosevelt. He knows more about the use of the radio than any other man I've known in public life.

"He calls a town meeting on the air that is really a nation meeting—and he calls it only when he has something important to say, then says it briefly, earnestly and to the point. His voice is pleasant and he talks as intimately as if he were actually sitting across the table from a single trusted listener. That friendly voice with its steady effect on the nation has helped to save us from nobody knows what chaos and confusion."

Mr. Aylesworth paused for a moment, looking out the window of his fifteenth floor office with alert dark eyes that obviously saw nothing of the skyscrapers on view but only some inner vision of his own.

"The newspapers have done a wonderful work in the depression but I believe I'm safe in saying that radio has done more," he continued at last, thoughtfully. "Until we had radio, we were not even a nationally conscious, much less internationally conscious people. Citizens had never demanded of their small-town and country newspapers that

by MARY MARGARET MC BRIDE

Although listeners have increased, adverse criticism of programs, Mr. Aylesworth says, has declined in the past two years. He deduces from this that the public is now aware of some of the problems of production not understood before—for instance, that in the nature of things there must be a diversity of program to suit varied listeners.

"It is apparently clear to informed audiences," he concludes, "that there must be times when any listener tuning in on his favorite station will find something that does not please his ear because at that moment other listeners with different tastes are being catered to in their turn. After all, the individual takes in the newspaper, sees the play, hears the music that appeals to his fancy, ignoring the newspapers, music and plays that do not so appeal. The radio, on the other hand, must have something for everybody during its eighteen hours a day but can hardly be expected to please each one all the time."

Mr. Aylesworth believes that scoring of advertising plugs in sponsored programs has lessened because the plugs have become more interesting and newsy.

"Radio in its presentations simply took a leaf from the book of the newspaper and the magazine," he pointed out. "Both of these include in each issue editorials, news, features and finally advertising to support the whole. Their editorial items are independent of their advertising and so are ours. Even those who have said the most against advertising in radio programs would scarcely think of barring a magazine or newspaper from their home because it carries an advertising section. Yet they think it fair to shut off a radio program because the sponsor of it takes a small amount of time to speak of his product."

Subtly reminding us of our debt to the sponsor, Mr. Aylesworth went on to predict that it will never be necessary here to tax the receiving set owner for the upkeep of the radio. The sponsored program, (*Continued on page 60*)

It was a quailless hunt the broadcasting president had with John N. Wheeler.

Mr. Aylesworth pauses on the course with W. A. Jones, president of Cities Service and Kent Cooper, general manager of Associated Press.



they print international or even national news. Thousands of men and women were entirely content with the items in their small local weekly or semi-weekly. They read no national dailies and knew and cared little of what went on in the nation and the world. Radio has brought the world to them in a very real sense so that they recognize themselves as part of it and today, literally no national question can be settled without the consent of the people. Theoretically, of course, that always has been true, but only in the past three years has it become true in practice.

"Incidentally, America has taken to radio faster than any other country. There are 18,000,000 sets in use in the United States and that is as many as in all the other countries combined. Many of our homes have radios in every room and in a few years eighty per cent of the automobiles will have receiving sets as a matter of course. Already the motor car equipped with radio is a popular vehicle on Main Street."





Deep blue tones in
the throaty Niesen
voice comes to you
over the WABC
chain.

GERTRUDE *N*IESEN

HOWARD *M*ARSH

The singer of love
songs bring his
golden notes into
your loud speakers.



Ramona

One of the most successful of all the song-birds Paul Whiteman has discovered, she plays as well as she warbles on the Jazz King's programs.



Leah Ray

Hearing is only half the show when she steps before a Mike, but the pretty Dixie singer is increasing her popularity with every NBC broadcast.



● J O E P E N N E R

Meet Joe Penner, newest addition to the laugh-baiters on the ether waves. Cigar and all, Joe makes fun on WJZ every Sunday night.





● T A M A R A

She sings of the cold Russian plains but there's luscious warmth in Tomara's voice and in her eyes when she faces the NBC microphones.



● V I N C E N T L O P E Z

The prince of dance rhythm has been broadcasting for years, and his programs are still among the best on the air.

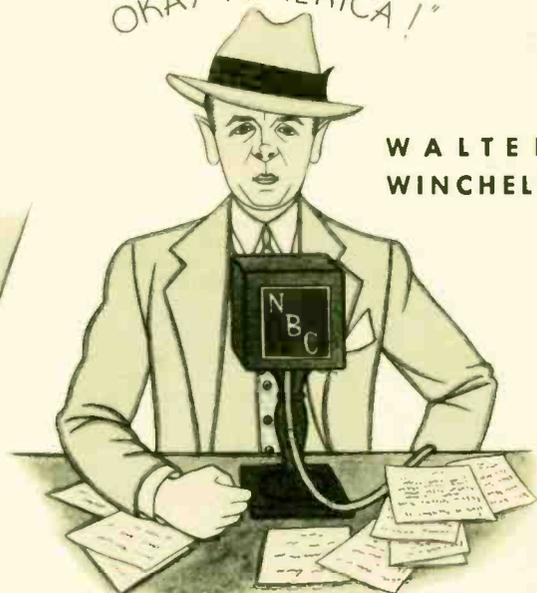
GARD'S CHOSEN PEOPLE

KATE SMITH



OKAY AMERICA!

WALTER WINCHELL



BEN BERNIE



BERT LAHR



RADIO'S FIRST LOOKS BACK

by THOMAS H. COWAN

RADIO telephone broadcasting was born in the Fall of 1921, an epoch-making year, when the exhilarating aftermath of the World War left everyone more or less restless and anxious to try new fields. I myself had spent most of my working life in the manufacturing industry, and had reached a point where the factory whistle was not the most intriguing nor the sweetest sound in the world. I was ready to give it all up and join more artistic endeavors, when the executives of the Westinghouse Company of Newark, N. J., told me, "We are going to try something here in the Fall, however the plans are very vague, and we cannot say very much about them, but feel sure you will be interested." The plan took definite form towards the end of September 1921, when it was announced that a RADIO TELEPHONE BROADCASTING STATION was to be installed on the roof of the Westinghouse plant.

"What is a radio telephone broadcasting station?" I asked, very much puzzled as to where I would fit into the picture.

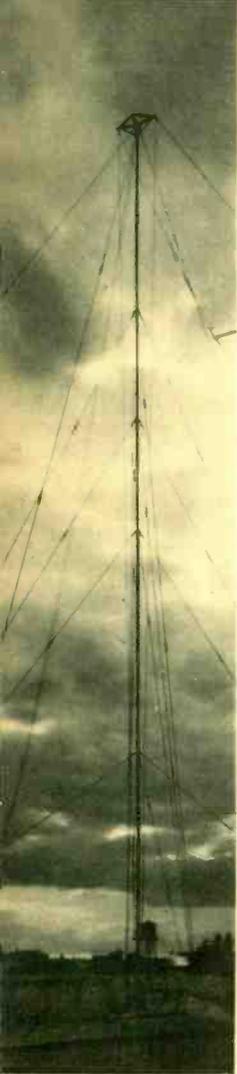
"So far, we know as much about it as you do, but we feel that inside of a year or so it may prove to be a very interesting job," replied the Powers That Be.

So I decided to stay in Newark, give up the Opera business and see what this "radio" thing was all about. I little dreamed what I was in for.

Finally the transmitter arrived, and a young Greek operator, George Bliziotis, who had been scuttled twice by "U" boats during the World War, deciding to try dry land, was appointed in charge of technical arrangements, with Harry Hiller. Both were doing some special testing on radio apparatus of another kind in the Westinghouse plant.

A radio shack was built on the roof of the plant to house the Radio Transmitter, with a few telephone transmitters adapted as "Mikes" for testing purposes. We did not plan any elaborate music. In fact, speech was the principal medium of broadcasting after we got a few wires hooked up and we could produce any kind of a noise.

The antenna was erected and at last we were about to begin, and, right here in the proceedings, the very first



The first song-birds to warble into the original mike were Nellie and Sara Kouns with Mr. Cowan plugging in.

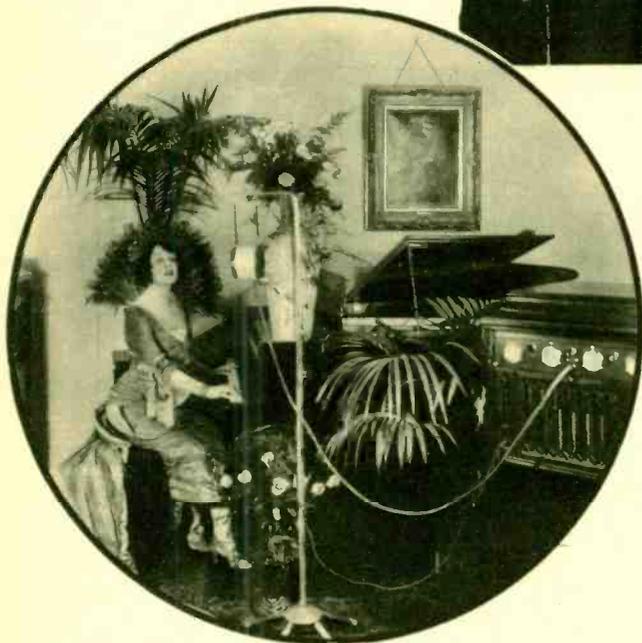
ANNOUNCER WARD

A twelve-year-old experiment has become the world's greatest entertainment medium. What an infant!



Ex-Mayor John F. Hylan, above, when he was the city father, dedicating radio opera to Brooklyn, back in 1925.

Left—Olga Petrova, the first stage star to take a dose of WJZ air, back in 1923.



attack of radio temper developed. Hiller took his radio regulations very seriously, as I guess he was supposed to. However, he decided that as I was not a radio operator I had no right in the radio room. Naturally, I was not interested in operating as I was on the program, and as yet we felt no need for a studio, but I was making the announcements the only place I could, in the radio shack. Hiller and I declared war, with Bliziotis very much pained at the feud, trying to act as peace-maker. I leave to your imagination the choice bits of repartee that passed between the first radio announcer and one of the first radio operators. Hiller had been to sea, and therefore he had some advantage over me, but I made up for it with other expedi-

ents. And thus was born that traditional rather mixed regard that announcers and operators still have for each other.

Starting October first that year saw us all tuned up and ready for a real test of RADIO TELEPHONE BROADCASTING. I had procured an Edison Diamond Disc phonograph and some very carefully selected records, and, despite our schism, we jointly put the first music on the air that afternoon.

The following Wednesday we were to attempt to broadcast the World Series, which was to start that day. The technique of the first World Series broadcast is interesting.

The telephone company would not lease us lines to carry the broadcast into WJZ; we had just got our call letters. It seemed the rule was that no telephone line could be connected to any other sort of apparatus. At any rate, there was the World Series in New York, and here was WJZ in Newark. Through the co-operation of a Newark newspaper, arrangements were finally consummated. A telephone was installed in a box at the ball field, where a sport specialist was to observe the game, and another phone was installed in the radio station where I was to be, to re-broadcast observations as they were telephoned from the ball field. (Continued on page 50)



SO THEY WENT

But the Boswells came right back, for there are no



MRS. J. MORTIMER WHIFFINGTON, of the Brooklyn Whiffingtons, looked up from her newspaper, scowled at her husband who had taken off his shoes, and sighed:

"I think I shall become a radio artist."

Mr. Whiffington merely grunted. He had learned long ago of the non-committal value of a grunt.

"Mortimer!" Mrs. W. raised her voice, and Mortimer looked at her over the rims of his spectacles.

"Humph! A radio artist, eh?" he mumbled. "Yes, yes, of course. Sing or dance?"

"Travel," snapped his wife. "I could broadcast recipes. My mother taught me cooking. I could—"

"Of course," agreed Mr. W. resuming his reading. "Those apple pies. You could call your hour, 'How to reduce population—'"

"Broadcasting is incidental," scolded the wife. "Radio artists travel. I've just been reading about the return from Europe of the Boswell Sisters. And Morton Downey's just recently back. And Duke Ellington. I'd like that. I'll bet those Boswell girls went to Paris, and shopped and shopped. And went sight-seeing, and—"

If only Mrs. Whiffington knew! And she probably does by this time, though she is quite certain to disbelieve Mr. W. whom I had the pleasure of setting right on this European travel.

The Boswell Sisters, it is quite true, went recently to Europe, as most radio entertainers eventually do. Like-

Martha, Connie and Vet arriving home—and glad of it; left, talking it all over with their mother.

wise Morton Downey, as Mrs. Whiffington had noted, and Duke Ellington, and any number of entertainers. But I'm willing to wager that if Mrs. W. were to chart herself a similar course, and follow the routine of American artists abroad, she would much

prefer, in the end, to remain at home with Mortimer and the apple pies.

Connie, Vet and Martha Boswell, on their return from London, were quite frank about their disappointment. They went over for two weeks of vaudeville to play at the famous Cafe de Paris. That, if the American reader knows what I mean, is quite, to put it expressively, "the nerts!"

IT is Connie, as most patrons of the Boswells are aware, who does the melody in the trio, and also who interpolates frequent solos. Without Connie, it's no secret that the Boswells are not exactly the Boswells. And it was Connie, who had made most of the social and sojourning plans for the trio while abroad. But what happens? There's the usual routine and annoyance, of course, of rehearsals, dickering with stage managers, autographing pictures, and getting settled in a hotel. In England there are song pluggers too, who haunt popular Americans, demanding representation for their songs. There are an equal number of chisellers, and pests. Professional courtesy demanded that everybody be treated cordially. And there was no time for recreation. On top of all this, Connie began to feel a bit ill, and on the morning when they were to go into dress

TO LONDON!

air lanes like the home waves to our radio celebrities



The British Broadcasters have a lot to learn, as Mortan Downey found out.

rehearsal at the cafe, Connie took a look at herself in the bathroom mirror.

Connie is the slightest of the trio—she weighs less than a hundred pounds, and on this A. M. she caught her reflection and smiled. She called Vet and Martha.

"See," she said, pointing to her image, "the climate has made me feel kind of funny. The fog makes me cough, but I must be thriving. See how full my face is. Why, I'm actually plump."

Ten minutes later, Connie was abed with a fever. A doctor quickly diagnosed Connie's plumpness. The drinking water and the change of food styles, the exhaustion of the trip, and nerve-wracking routine, all had combined to floor Connie. But what was worse, she had a case of entirely prosaic mumps. And in case you don't know, when an adult gets mumps, they are MUMPS!

That meant, on the best medical authority, two weeks and no work for the famous Boswells, who by the way actually are descendants of the famous British character.

Thus Connie was put out of action. When she had been cared for—well, let Martha explain what happened:

"We decided to make the best of it, and leave Connie with a nurse, because she was in no danger, while Vet and I shopped around, and saw something else than Trafalgar Square. We wanted to cross the channel from Croyden, spend a couple of days in Paris, and have as good a time as was possible.

From now on, the Boswells will do their shopping in New York.

"So I said to the doctor, 'can you get us a nurse?' and he said, 'Certainly, but why do you need a nurse. You will be here to attend your sister.'

"'No,' I told him, 'we're going to travel around a bit!'

"The doctor smiled. 'You're going to stay right here for a fortnight,' he said. 'You're quarantined for two weeks!'

So that was that.

Connie finally got well and the Boswells worked a week. And then, because of advance bookings, they had to rush to Holland. You may think they bought up a lot of feminine gear. But don't bet on it. By this time, they were fed up on travel.

"We bought only two things in London," Vet said. "Martha got a white fox evening wrap and I got a brown one. Outside of that we didn't have time or the inclination to purchase a postal card. We didn't even buy a single sheet of music in Europe. Over there, they play a preponderance of American songs. Very little of English music is original, and what is, is, as the boys on Broadway say so descriptively, lousy! They make everything fit in London. You can't buy a ready-made dress. Even a ten-dollar dress has to be fitted to you by a dress-maker, who takes her own good time making it."

The girls stopped in Paris for one whole day. Thrilled?

Not at all. They didn't even look the town over. That was because they didn't know anybody and they were afraid to take to the streets with escorts. They re-

(Continued on page 63)

by RHODA HAGUE



The Crumits have a patio now, and here they are ensconced in a corner of it.

WHEN COMES CRU



In between broadcasts, Julia and Frank rush back to this delightful home in a suburb of Springfield, Mass.

AUTUMN TO THE MITS



It's a blue room up in Long Meadows' Mass., from which Julia Sanderson and Frank Crumit wave you a happy hello.



Silver birches form a frame for this lovely portrait of the Crumits on the lawn as they welcome in October.

WHAT WILL WE GIVE THE CHILDREN ?

HELLO, it's Skippy". . . . In how many homes is that being heard every day through the loudspeaker? Or if not that salutation there are many more greetings—forewords of dozens of children's programs floating in confusion over the air waves—all fighting for permanent popularity with the Juvenile Radio Audience of America. The Willies, Marys and Janes pestering their parents to buy this mush or that jelly—refusing to eat only a certain brand of bread or crackers—balking at the toothbrush unless it is covered with Whosis toothpaste or what have you, have caused a family revolt. The consequences being—"if the radio advertisers are going to drum into the kiddies' heads to demand certain products—then we will tell them the kind of a program we don't want our children to listen to"—say the parents.

And to make things worse the youngsters retaliate by saying—"if we can't listen to our own programs we'll listen to the adult programs." Then up bobs the sponsor again and they point out what the kids have approved and ask. "See what you've started, Mr. and Mrs. Parent?"

It all came about this way. Local Parent-Teacher groups under the by-laws of the National Congress of Parents and Teachers Association decided to take a rating of the numerous children's radio hours, to judge each program's fitness as to what children should be allowed to hear. One of these Parent-Teachers Associations up in Scarsdale, with a chairman and group of ten women, reviewed all programs between 4:45 and 8:45 P. M. to which children listened and the result of these critical reviews was made known for the benefit of other parents who wished to attempt to guide their children's tastes in such matters. Children in that locale were asked to fill out a questionnaire so that the committee could



Popular Uncle Don with some of his admiring listeners.

Little Lester Jay has appeared with all the big stars on the major networks these past two years.



● Parents pick the programs
but the youngsters have
their own ideas

ascertain what programs the average child listened to—therefore, the committee's report that followed was interesting—

The only program reviewed at that time at 4:45 P. M. was "The Lady Next Door" on three times a week and it was rated 'fair.' Bobby Benson at 5 P. M. Monday, Wednesday and Friday was rated 'poor' while Roses and Drums on Sunday same hour rated 'excellent.' Paul Wing, story man, at 5:15 Monday, Wednesday and Friday also drew a rating of 'poor.'

Of the programs to which children seemed to listen at 5:30 "The Singing Lady" was judged 'good' for young children; Skippy was rated as 'poor' and the "Flying Family" also on three times weekly Monday, Wednesday and Friday rated 'fair.'

The Lone Wolf Tribe at 5:45 on Monday, Wednesday and Friday rated 'good.' Secretary Hawkins same hour on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday rated 'fair.' Adventures of Safety Soldiers, Friday, rated 'fair.' Little Orphan Annie on every night at this time except Saturday and Sunday rated as 'very poor' while the Discoverers' Club on Monday and Wednesday was rated 'very good.'

Uncle Don at 6 every night but Sunday was rated 'poor' while Current Events on Tuesday and Thursday drew the classification of 'excellent.' Detectives Black and Blue at 6:30 P. M. Monday, Wednesday and Friday rated 'very poor' and Betty Boop on Friday same hour 'poor.' Today's News at 6:45 every evening except Saturday and Sunday received a rating of 'excellent.' Just Plain Bill same hour rated 'poor.' Sports by Ford Frick at 7 o'clock every night but Sunday rated 'very good' while Amos and Andy were classed as 'fair.'

Mert and Marge on at the same time rated 'very poor.' Buck Rogers at 7:15 every night except Saturday and Sunday drew a rating of 'good.' Ray Knight every evening but Friday and Saturday rated 'fair' and the Jesters Trio pulled a rating as 'fair'. On the 7:30 P. M. period a Wayside Cottage thrice weekly rated 'fair', while Great Moments in History rated 'excellent'. The Five Star Theatre on Monday rated 'poor' as did Charlie Chan, detective.

The Goldbergs at 7:45 each evening except Saturday and Sunday were rated 'good'. Chandu, the magician, at 8 P. M. nightly except Saturday and Sunday



It was only a step from the movies to the mike for the famous young Mitzi Green.

by
**RAOUL
MARLO**

An exciting moment in a broadcast of the Penrod and Sam series over WJZ.



rated as 'poor.' Eno Crime Club on Tuesday and Wednesday rated 'poor' while the Dramatic Sketch on Monday nights rated 'irregular' some of them 'good,' others not. Fu Manchu at 8:30 Monday was characterized as 'fair' but recommended for more mature children. Rin Tin Tin Thriller on Thursday at this hour rated 'fair.' Dramatized News Events on Friday rated 'excellent' while The Shadow on Wednesday rated 'very poor.'

Howard Thurston Magician at 8:45 P. M. on Thursday and Friday was rated by the group as 'very poor' while Eddie Cantor on Sunday evening got a rating of 'good'. King Kong over WEA, Jack Dempsey's Gym over WABC and Tarzan of the Apes over WOR were rated 'poor', 'fair', and (Continued on page 53)



There's only one Irvin Cobb
and at last he's on the
radio.

Look WHO'S

● S U N D A Y

11:15 A. M. MAJOR BOWES' CAPITOL FAMILY—soloists and guest artists; orchestra direction Yasha Bunchuk. WEF and associated stations.

Ether old-timers from way back with new names occasionally to provide a pleasant surprise.

5:00 P. M. ROSES AND DRUMS, (Union Central Life Insurance Company). WABC and associated stations

Hearts and flowers, soft music and strong drama; and don't they love it!

5:30 P. M. FRANK CRUMIT AND JULIA SANDERSON, (Bond Bread). WABC.

Frank still has the Texas touch, a smooth way of singing the songs you like to hear, and Julia's lovely laughter still tinkles over the waves.

6:00 P. M. EDDIE DUCHIN and his orchestra. WABC and associated stations.

The boy with "it" in his finger tips and how he plays that little old piano; keeps the younger generation daffy about his rhythms.

6:30 P. M. SMILING ED MCCONNELL, (Acme White Lead). WABC and associated stations.

You can't see the smile but you get the idea when you hear him.

7:00 P. M. THE GAUCHOS, Vincent Sorey's Orchestra and Tito Guizar, Tenor. WABC and associated stations.

Get out your big Mexican hats and go find a semi-tropical moon, for this one will make you think of Lupe Velez. Or don't you think of Lupe Velez?

7:00 P. M. VARIETY PROGRAM with guest stars and orchestras, (D. L. & W. Coal Company). WEF and associated stations.

A couple of laughs, sometimes three or four laughs, snappy music by people you've met before.
7:30 P. M. JOE PENNER—The Baker's Broadcast, (Fleischmann's Yeast) with Harriett Hilliard and Ozzie Nelson's orchestra. WJZ and associated station.

This comedian's been funny for years, only the broadcast moguls are just finding it out. Ozzie Nelson's music has its way with the flappers.

8:00 P. M. EDDIE CANTOR and Rubinf's Orchestra, (Chase and Sanborn Hour). WEF and associated stations.

The ducky one is back again and are his sponsors happy! But Rubinf isn't so keen about all that razzing. Oh, Davey be yourself!

9:00 P. M. JANE FROMAN and orchestra (Linit program) WABC and associated stations.

The Linit people really ought to have television when they use a gal like Jane on their air shows.

9:00 P. M. MANHATTAN MERRY-GO-ROUND; Tamara, Russian blues singer; David Percy; orchestra direction Gene Rodemich. (R. L. Watkins' Lyons Company). WEF.

A darn good orchestra with Tamara letting you hear how they carry the torch along the Volga.

9:00 P. M. THE REVELERS QUARTET; Al Goodman's Orchestra; guest artist (Gulf Headliners). WJZ and associated stations.

The best quartet on the "raddio," after all these years, too.

9:30 P. M. WALTER WINCHELL (The Andrew Jergens Co.) WJZ and associated stations.

Ah there Walter, are you good! And don't you know it.

10:00 P. M. ANGELO PATRI (Cream of Wheat). WABC and associated stations.

Mr. Patri has his claim to attention if you are interested in what he has to say.

10:30 P. M. FREDDIE RICH; Mildred Bailey; Jack White, Comedian; Do Re Mi Trio; Eton Boys and Orchestra. WABC and associated stations.

Rockin' Chair Milly with her insinuat' songs and our old favorites the Eton Boys up to their old tricks that nobody can quite imitate.

10:45 P. M. SETH PARKER's Program. WEF and associated stations.

This has been going on for years, making Seth rich and a lot of people happy.

11:00 P. M. GUY LOMBARDO and his Royal Canadians. WABC and associated stations.

Taking his time in dishing out swell music that gets into practically every home.

12:30 A. M. TED LEWIS and his orchestra. WABC and associated stations.

"Everybody happy?" Lewis back again stronger than ever with horn and high hat. The hat's worn out but the music's good.

● M O N D A Y

9:00 A. M. BREEN AND DE ROSE—vocal and instrumental duo. WEF and associated stations.

They've been at this since "Mike" was a baby but their ardent fans still send them strawberry jam, hand-embroidered pillows and gobs of praise.

9:00 A. M. LITTLE JACK LITTLE. WABC and associated stations.

Another veteran who gets around the dial with his one-man show.

9:15 A. M. GOLDY AND DUSTY and the Silver Dust Twins. WABC and associated stations.

A bright little tidbit for you-alls who'd like a little Dixie atmosphere with your orange juice.

10:15 A. M. CLARA, LU 'N' EM—Louise Starky, Isabelle Carothers and Helen King, gossip. (Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co.) Daily except Saturday and Sunday. WJZ and associated stations.

Designed for the lucky ones who have time to be entertained at such an hour. (Cont. on page 64)

HERE

● T U E S D A Y

9:15 A. M. **GOLDY AND DUSTY** and the Silver Dust Twins—WABC and associated stations.

You heard us before.

5:00 P. M. **SKIPPY**. WABC and associated stations.

As we were saying yesterday—

7:05 P. M. **GYPSY NINA**. WABC and associated stations.

Maybe it's the accordion but this lady sure has an appealing microphone personality.

7:30 P. M. **THE MILLS BROTHERS**. WABC and associated stations.

Welcome home and how we've missed this air combination.

8:00 P. M. **Love Songs**—**GLADYS RICE**; Charles Carlile. WABC and associated stations.

A pleasant romantic touch while you're waiting for something else.

8:45 P. M. **TRADE AND MARK**, Billy Hillpot and Scrapy Lambert. (Smith Bros.) WJZ and associated stations.

Behind those beards we still know you.

9:00 P. M. **BEN BERNIE'S Blue Ribbon Orchestra**. (Premier Pabst Sales Co.). WEF and associated stations.

The old maestro, the one and only Bernie. You don't have to hope we like it any longer, Bennie; we certainly do.

9:30 P. M. **The Texaco Fire Chief Program**—**ED WYNN**, the Fire Chief; Don Voorhees and orchestra; male quartet; Graham McNamee, master of ceremonies and announcer. (Texas Company). WEF and associated stations.

We'll take five gallons of Ed Wynn, you old funster, you!

10:30 P. M. **TED HUSING**; Leon Belasco's orchestra; Barbara Maurel, Contralto; The Humming Birds. (Oldsmobile). WABC and associated stations.

Mr. Husing gets excited about things he's seen. Maybe you do, too.

10:30 P. M. **MADAME SYLVIA** and movie stars, (Ralston Purina Co.). WEF and associated stations.

The lady who makes movie stars sylphlike and tells you how to look like a movie star in case you'll forget about some of the things you like to eat.

11:15 P. M. **LITTLE JACK LITTLE**. WABC and associated stations.

Well, we've had our say early in the week.



Jessica Dragonette's delightful voice has been heard for several years.



● W E D N E S D A Y

9:15 A. M. **GOLDY AND DUSTY** and the Silver Dust Twins. WABC and associated stations.

10:45 A. M. **WILL OSBORNE** and his orchestra; Pedro de Cordoba. WABC and associated stations.

7:00 P. M. **MORTON DOWNEY**—Monday, Thursday and Friday. WABC and associated stations.

The way this man puts a song over and no tricky business getting the melody muddled up, either.

7:15 P. M. **MACK DENNY'S** orchestra; Jeannie Lang and Scrapy Lambert. WABC and associated stations.

8:00 P. M. **The Chase and Sanborn Tea Program** with **BERT LAHR**; George Olsen and his music. WEF and associated stations.

A picture of the Lahr physiog perched on your receiver helps you appreciate this comedian and then there's the Olsen contribution which is always up to George's standard.

8:00 P. M. **Royal Fruit Flavored Gelatin** program. WEF and associated stations.

8:30 P. M. **Dramatic Program** with name stars. (Fletcher's Castoria). WABC and associated stations.

8:45 P. M. **TITO GUIZAR**, Tenor. WABC and associated stations.

9:00 P. M. **IRVIN S. COBB** and Al Goodman's Orchestra. (Gulf Program). WABC and associated stations.

It's a shame we've had to wait all this time for a performance like Mr. Cobb offers. He's perfect radio material.

9:30 P. M. **GUY LOMBARDO'S** Canadians with Burns and Allen. (White Owl Program.) WABC and associated stations.

This is one program we'll never miss, you crazy pair, and there are millions more who feel just that way.

10:00 P. M. **FRED WARING'S** Orchestra; Harry Richman and Milton Berle. (Old Gold). WABC and associated stations.

If it isn't Mr. Richman again with a vocal delivery to make you ask for more and Mr. Berle giving some of his complaining rivals a few tips on snappy wordage.

10:30 P. M. **BOSWELL SISTERS**. WABC and associated stations.

There are lots of sister teams but these will do for us and Connie can match her solos with the best of them.

12:00 Mid. **TED LEWIS** and his orchestra. WABC and associated stations



Thursday, Friday and Saturday programs
will be found on page 62.



Rosemary wears a new net black gown, and Priscilla's is black sauvage velvet by Madame Jeanne.

Metal dots glimmer through the hand-woven black suit Rosemary wears with the new velvet beret.



Two GET THEIR

WHAT girl wouldn't look her best in such stunning clothes as Madame Jeanne, famous New York modiste has chosen for the beautiful Lane sisters on these pages?

Rosemary's black suit of imported, hand-woven wool and Persian lamb has the new shoulder line carried out in the fur collar on the tightly belted coat with its cutaway front. With it she wears the new velvet beret, diminutive and extending out in the front over one eye.

Both girls are ready for a formal evening, certain they will be the most smartly dressed at the party; Rosemary's net gown, made with a train and fashioned with bias bands of the material all over the skirt in a tricky circular effect. Priscilla's dress of sauvage velvet showing off her slender figure to advantage, like her sister's also, boasts of an engaging train, the skirt edged with a gathered ruffle and the belt featuring a glittering buckle of two square mirrors.

Rosemary looks at herself in this brocaded taffeta evening gown.

When Priscilla dons her





Over her velvet dress, Priscilla wears a white satin lined wrap with luxurious white fox collar and cuffs.



Over her net evening dress Rosemary wears her new ermine jacket with black chiffon.

SONGBIRDS PLUMAGE

long black velvet evening coat with its luxurious collar and cuffs of white fox, she wants you to see the shimmering satin lining while Rosemary cuddles into a jacket of ermine, tied in at the waist with wide bands of black chiffon.

An autumn wardrobe such as the two girls suggest to you would be incomplete without the adorable street frock of Priscilla's in dark blue velour jersey, as soft and clingy as street velvet, fashioned with the youthful cape effect, and like her sister's suit, tightly belted at a high waistline. The deftly tied bow is of a lighter blue in the same material and with it Priscilla wears the new Marlene Dietrich hat.

No wonder Rosemary takes several more glances at herself in the mirror as she wears a new stiff brocaded taffeta evening dress in lovely shades of gold, brown and orange with scattered leaves of a delectable green. It has the fashionable angel-wings extending from each shoulder, this winter's adaptation of a bustle and the full folds of the skirt that give a swishy train effect in the back.

Rosemary's new fall suit is black with Persian; Priscilla's autumn street frock of velour jersey is in two shades of blue.



AIR WAVED INTO

Even the biggest stars have their culinary moments and try their talents with the mixing bowl when away from the mike

by SYLVIA
COVNEY



Miss Covney will reveal household secrets of radio stars each month.



If Kate Smith likes you, she'll cook your dinner any day.

LIFE isn't all ether for stars of the broadcasting world. They may thrill millions with their talents on the radio but they have their culinary moments and any number of famous women of the air whose weekly incomes run into four figures find some of their recreation in the kitchen.

Kate Smith likes to make her cake as well as eat it, too. Gracie Allen saves her foolishness for her public, but when it comes to preparing an occasional dinner for her husband George Burns, puts a seriousness into the effort that might surprise her horde of admirers. That look of satisfaction seen so often on Mr. Burns' genial countenance is as much a matter of Gracie's thick steaks and caramel puddings, as the inimitable repartee she gives him when they're on the job before the microphone.

Grace Moore, the beautiful songbird with her brilliant record on the concert and operatic stage might suggest something too ethereal for the mixing bowl, but Miss Moore is as anxious for that perfect golden brown of one of her pet oven dishes as she is to achieve the golden high notes when she is performing on the air.

Success hasn't stifled their domestic instincts and some of them might give a pointer or two to the country's housewives on how to prepare a perfect salad dressing, beat up a delectable fudge icing or turn out an irresistible wild rice dressing for the Sunday chicken.

It is interesting to learn the favorite concoctions which the radio headliners find most savory. Each month this department will offer a few of the pet recipes gathered from air stars when they forget their "mike" manners and slip on an apron in their own kitchens. The choices range all the way from breakfast dishes to rarebits for guests who may drop in at midnight.

Of course Kate Smith's chocolate cake is known in thousands of homes already. One afternoon when the Songbird of the South was being interviewed on the radio her questioner in a facetious mood suggested she looked as though she might like cake. And right off Kate told

THE KITCHENS

him she could turn out a darn good chocolate cake in case he wanted to know. Within a week Miss Smith learned that about 13,000 women also wanted to know. They wrote in anxiously for her recipe. But she has other cooking secrets, too, and this mixed compote combined with cottage cheese is her selection this time. Kate's accomplishments as a cook are as exciting as her vocal record. Here's one evidence:

MIXED FRUIT COMPOTE COMBINED WITH COTTAGE CHEESE

- 1 slice pineapple
- 1 stewed prune
- 1 canned apricot
- 1 preserved fig
- ½ pear (cut in 3 slices)
- ¼ cup cottage cheese
- 1 maraschino cherry
- 2 lettuce leaves
- 3 sprays watercress
- 1 tablespoon mayonnaise

In the middle of bed of lettuce place pineapple slice, filling center with cheese, topped by the cherry. Place slices of pear around pineapple, lengthwise toward edge of plate, alternating with prune, apricot and fig placed near edge of plate with sprig of watercress or parsley, separating them from the pineapple slice.

JEANNIE LANG whose voice comes to you over the Columbia network, is very fond of sweets as many of you may have conjectured. She enjoys eating between meals but has definitely started a campaign to rebuke this inclination. Jeannie offers this Apple Betty as her most luscious indulgence.

APPLE BROWN BETTY

- 3 cups bread crumbs
- ¾ cup butter, melted
- 1½ quarts apples
- ¼ cup sugar
- ⅛ teaspoon nutmeg
- ½ lemon, juice and rind
- ¾ cup hot water

The crumbs and butter are mixed lightly with a fork, then fill the bottom of a buttered dish with crumbs and spread with half the apples; sprinkle with half the sugar, nutmeg, lemon rind and juice which have been combined together. Repeat once more and cover with remaining crumbs and water. Bake 40 minutes in a moderate oven (350° F). Cover the dish for first fifteen minutes



Grace Moore, above, in a domestic moment, browning a bird. Left, Jeannie Lang, in a costume she doesn't wear at cooking.



to prevent crumbs browning too rapidly. This is served with sugar and light cream.

Grace Moore's pet dish is this inviting Devised Chicken:

- 1 chicken
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 5 tablespoons butter
- ¾ teaspoon vinegar
- ½ teaspoon paprika
- 1 cup soft buttered crumbs, scant

¾ teaspoon prepared mustard
Wash and wipe the chicken well with a clean towel. Sprinkle chicken with salt and pepper. Broil in broiler for about seven minutes. Cream butter, add mustard, teaspoon salt, vinegar, and paprika; spread this mixture on the (Continued on page 58)

AIR WAVED INTO



You ought to taste Graham McNamee's soup.

THEY CAN COOK TOO



Morton Downey loves chocolate ice cream, but Amos and Andy prefer more substantial food.

IT may be quite a step from directing an orchestra tuned in on a million receivers to a kitchen table with all the ingredients for a supper dish spread out for the maestro's clever hands. But all the men of the air whether they are embryonic cooks of their own experimenting or leave the actual job of preparing their favorite dishes to the little wife have definite likes and dislikes in foods. Amos and Andy are much more adept at switching voices in their own Harlem manner than in playing the role of cook for the evening, but both have their ideal dishes for their wives to prepare.

MRS. AMOS MAKES THIS BREAD PUDDING

2 eggs, lightly beaten	½ cup sugar
2 cups bread crumbs, scant	Salt, pinch
3 cups milk	1 cup of seedless raisins,
2 tablespoons butter, melted	chopped nut meats combined

Beat the eggs until light and frothy; add the bread crumbs, milk, butter, salt, and mix well. To this add the raisins and chopped nuts. Pour mixture into a buttered baking dish, and bake in a moderate oven 350° F., until custard is firm.

Andy's food liking goes not to sweets as his partner's, but to this recipe of especial delight.

STUFFED PORK CHOPS

3 chops	1½ cups bread crumbs
Salt	1 tablespoon minced onion
Pepper	Poultry seasoning
3 tablespoons canned tomato pulp	

Use chops about 1½ inches thick, sliced down part way to form a pocket. Season with salt and pepper, and stuff with a mixture made of the soft bread crumbs, minced onion, poultry seasoning, and tomato pulp. Moisten with the tomato juice, press into pockets of the chops, fasten the edges together, and bake basting with more tomato juice.

Bing Crosby, the eminent radio and screen crooner is also very fond of lobster. He eats sweets frequently be-

tween meal schedule. Lobster creamed for patties is his specific temptation.

LOBSTER PATTY FILLING

3 tablespoons butter	½ cup heavy cream
1 tablespoon chopped onion	½ cup tomato sauce
½ cup boiled rice	Salt, cayenne
1½ cups lobster	Celery salt
	Soda

Cook butter and chopped onion stirring constantly for five minutes. Add lobster, rice that is hot, and cream. When heated add tomato sauce to which has been added a few grains of soda; season according to taste with the salt, cayenne, and celery salt. The tomato sauce is very simple. Use 2 cups canned tomatoes, 1 slice of onion; cook for fifteen minutes, and strain. Brown 3 tablespoons of butter and three of flour. Blend the two well and add tomato. Bring to boiling point and season to taste with salt and pepper.

GRAHAM McNAMEE, the NBC announcer who talks so vividly to you on the radio wants you to be pleasantly aware of his Puree of Chestnut specialty. This is quick and yet very likeable.

PUREE OF CHESTNUTS

Soak the chestnuts in water overnight and then boil in salt water. Add one or two onions while the nuts are cooking, and when the substance is sufficiently soft, press through a large sieve. Place the entire mass in a saucepan with a piece of butter, stir in a cupful of milk and serve hot.

For those of you who enjoy a real Italian dish Mario Braggiotti, that young man who with his brother is responsible for the popular and classical piano duet recitals, gives this as his contribution to cookery. He is an adept cook, and experiments quite often. This dish is his company dinner.

SPAGETTI WITH MEAT BALL SAUCE

1 pound meat	½ can tomato paste
3 pieces of garlic	(Continued on page 51)

THE KITCHENS

Even a bride can make a
savory meat loaf by tuning
in

**MRS.
BARTON
MAKES IT
EASY**



Hearing is believing, but this is how it looks.

IT IS no longer fashionable or even amusing to hear of the young bride who knows absolutely nothing about domestic management. Many girls, and husbands too, told their friends that the young lady couldn't boil an egg or make a drinkable cup of coffee if they were literally starving. Now regardless of your place in society life demands that every female should know some requisites of satisfactory cooking. Perhaps because the number of wealthy men are diminishing more and more; the old cry of marrying a millionaire is not so frequently heard; but it is true that the homes where servants are most competent are under the guidance of a woman who knows how to plan interesting menus, how these foods should be cooked, and how to garnish them most attractively; so for those who have not yet abandoned this fantastic yearning we also suggest this advice.

One young bride told us that the living expenses of her husband and herself could easily be coped with but that dinners for the two were difficult to work into an already



When Jimmy bakes a cake like mother makes.

crowded budget. For each week that item totaled \$8.40 for seven dinners with no meal averaging more than \$.50 apiece, and the tip not exceeding \$.10 each. A friend of hers managed on \$4.00 a week and served dinners with more elaborate courses and entertained as often as twice a week. It was just the case of one individual prepared for the predicament and the other at a complete disadvantage and loss. That is why Frances Lee Barton gives her cooking lessons for the beginner as well as the competent housewife; it is the latter who is on the alert for

new recipes and suggestions for better management while the former is more in need of the material.

Many of you readers have probably heard Frances Lee Barton's lessons on the air, and thought that her lectures were all manuscript reading, but this is not so. The room for the broadcast might have been your kitchen. There was a small white table in the center of the room, a few chairs placed at advantageous positions, a stove, an automatic refrigerator, and an immaculately (Continued on page 55)

HOW DO YOU LIKE IT?

THIS FIRST ISSUE OF YOUR NEW RADIO MIRROR

And what do you think of your radio programs anyhow? What's wrong with them, what would you like to hear that you don't get on your loud speakers? Too much singing? Too much jazzing? Not enough drama? How about the gags? And the speeches?

WHAT'S YOUR IDEA OF A BETTER BROADCAST SHOW?

NOT ONLY DO WE WANT YOUR OPINIONS BUT WE'LL PAY YOU FOR THEM!

● **TWENTY DOLLARS** FOR THE BEST LETTER, ten dollars for the second best letter and one dollar each for the five next letters of constructive criticism on broadcast programs, as well as what you think of us.

FOR this magazine is yours, for YOU and YOU and YOU, all the millions of listeners, so that you will know more about your air favorites, their personalities and their pleasures, their ambitions and their accomplishments.

How they got there, why they broadcast, what they did before they became air-minded, what they do and where they go when they're not facing the batteries of microphones! **THE HUMAN BEINGS BEHIND THE VOICES THAT THRILL YOU!**

SPEAK OUT! Or rather, write out your judgment in letters of not more than 150 words. Remember it's only through learning what you listeners want—from you—that the broadcast stations can send it into your homes!

And only through your expressed opinions can **RADIO MIRROR** be your magazine **AS YOU WANT IT TO BE!**

Write **RADIO MIRROR**, 1926 Broadway, New York City—and remember, not more than 150 words.

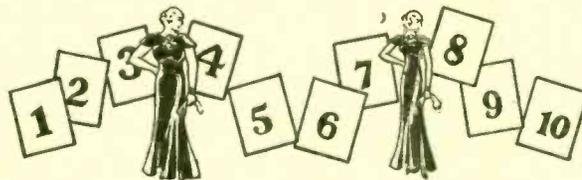
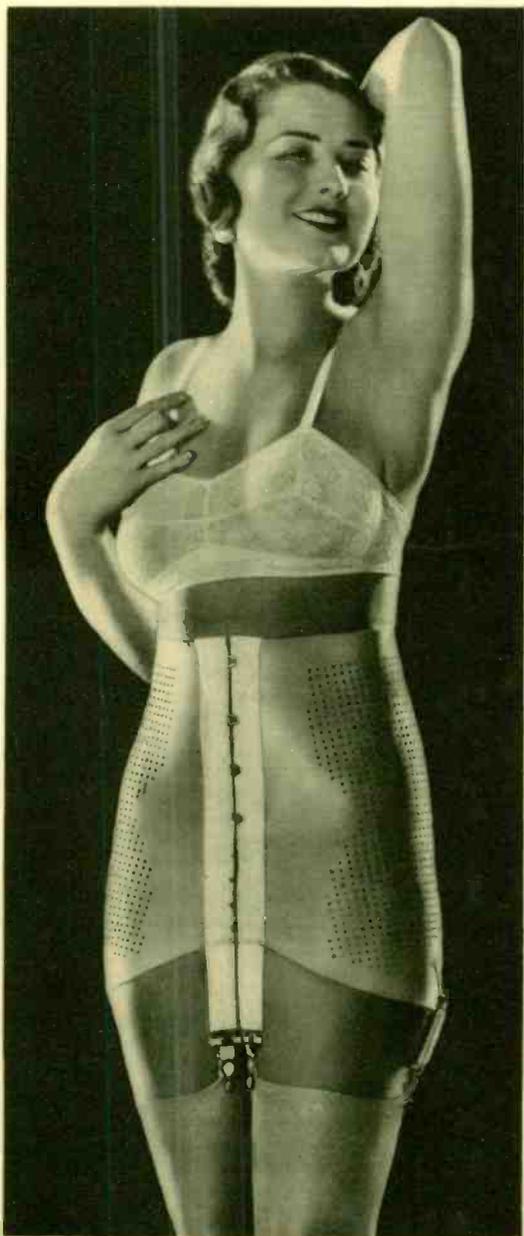
The quality of letters will be judged upon the basis of constructiveness, interest and clarity.

To be considered in this month's contest your letter must reach us on or before October 30, 1933.

Address—Criticism Contest Editor, Radio Mirror, 1926 Broadway, New York.



TEST the Perfolastic Girdle for 10 DAYS AT OUR EXPENSE!



You will find this the **IDEAL** way
TO REDUCE...
YOU can be your **SLIMMER SELF**
without **DIETS, DRUGS** or **EXERCISE!**

"I **REDUCED MY HIPS 9 INCHES**"...
writes Miss Healy... "It massages like magic"... writes Miss
Carroll... "The fat seems to have melted away"... writes
Mrs. McSorley... "I reduced from 43 inches to 34½ in-
ches"... writes Miss Brian... and so many of our customers
are delighted with the wonderful results obtained with
this **PERFORATED RUBBER REDUCING GIRDLE**
that we want you to try it for 10 days at our expense!

WE GUARANTEE TO
REDUCE YOUR WAIST AND HIPS
3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS
... or it won't cost you one penny!

Massage-Like Action Reduces Quickly!

- This Famous Perfolastic Reducing Girdle is ventilated to allow the skin to breathe and works constantly while you walk, work, or sit... its massage-like action gently but persistently eliminates fat with every move you make.
- The Perfolastic may be worn next to the skin with perfect safety, it will not chafe, itch or irritate you for a special inner surface of satinized cloth protects the body. So soft and smooth, it prevents any friction. So porous, it actually absorbs perspiration. This "inner surface" keeps your body perfectly cool and fresh.

Don't Wait Any Longer... Act Today

- You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely in 10 days whether or not this very efficient girdle will reduce you. You do not need to risk one penny... try it for 10 days... then send it back if you are not completely astonished at the wonderful results... and your money will be immediately refunded, including the postage!

**THE COUPON BRINGS YOU FREE BOOKLET AND
SAMPLE OF THE VENTILATED PERFOLASTIC RUBBER**

SEND TODAY... NOW... FOR FREE 10 DAY TRIAL OFFER

<p>"REDUCED HIPS 9 INCHES" It seems almost im- possible, that since last May when I first started wearing your corset my hips have been reduced 9 in- ches. This reduc- tion was made with- out the slightest diet. Miss JEAN HEALY</p>	<p>"FAT MELTED AWAY" Before wearing the Perfolastic girdle, I was so heavy about the hips — after its continued use for a year the fat seems to have melted away. It prevents the accumu- lation of fat around hips and waist. K. McSORLEY</p>	<p>"MASSAGES LIKE MAGIC" Have really reduced five inches through the hips and two and one-half inches in the waistline — the most marvellous secret in that it massages like magic, even when you are breathing. Miss KAY CARROLL</p>
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PERFOLASTIC, Inc.
Dept. 911,41 EAST 42nd STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Without obligation on my part, please send me **FREE BOOKLET** de-
scribing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Reducing Girdle, also sample of
Perfolastic Rubber and particulars of your 10-day **FREE Trial Offer.**

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Post Card

Hot and Airy

(Continued from page 5)

"Whoops," he screamed, "that's great, now I don't have to eat 'Cerina' anymore!"

Hold That Pose

Oh Girls! Rudy Vallee has a new love!

Honestly!

Wait a second, though, girls before you give up hope!

Rudy's constant arm companion these days is a motion picture camera, of all things. If you think you'd recognize Rudy off-stage, get a pass for either the Al Jolson, Fannie Brice, Bert Lahr program or in fact, any of the larger programs, and it's a fifty to fifty chance that you'll spy Rudy in an obscure corner taking pictures of the microphoners as they work.

Incidentally, in Vallee's apartment on Central Park West, there's a collection of motion picture "shots" of celebrities snapped in informal poses which is worth a fortune!

He's Sore

Those of you who think that Dave Rubinoff may well feel hurt at the constant ribbing and kidding he's received, first at the hands of Eddie Cantor and later by Bert Lahr over the air, may be interested to know that Dave doesn't just feel hurt. No siree, he's burning up!

Dave's so sore at the constant pokes that have been flung at him on those coffee programs that he complained to the sponsors on three separate occasions, claiming the taunts hurled at him by the comedians hold him up to ridicule.

To appease him, the Chase and Sanborn people have signed Gregory Ratoff, the screen star, to act as Rubinoff's brother on the broadcasts, and defend him verbally from Cantor's poignant gags! In other words every time Eddie casts a slurring remark about the fiddle player, Ratoff, as his brother, will pop on the air and defend Dave.

Of course, the dialogue between Cantor and Ratoff will be well worth listening to, but for our money, we'd like to hear a program of discussions between Rubinoff and Ratoff. Both of them have accents that couldn't be pierced with knives.

In Lighter Vein

Rudy Vallee's kid brother, Bill, works on the *Daily Mirror*, New York tabloid newspaper. . . . Ralph Mills, youngest of that quartet of Mills Brothers, is a recent bridegroom, if you care to know! . . . Bob Andrews, who authors those swell "Skippy" air shows, last month received a present from the "Skippy Club", which is composed entirely of youngsters who have not as yet reached their teens. The gift, of all things, was a cocktail shaker! . . . The new Amalgamated Broadcasting Company headed by Curtiss Dahl, son-in-law of President Roosevelt, is making offers to radio's better knowns. . . .

Just Gossip

Art (Street Singer) Tracy's squabble

with Columbia over contracts has split up the broadcasting station and the singer, with Tracy now searching for new air-waves to go singing on! . . . Paul (not-so-fat) Whiteman, who reduced his waist line but still retains his position at the tip-top of all band leaders, is achieving new laurels. He and Mrs. Whiteman (Margaret Livingston of Film Fame) are now acknowledged leaders of radio's social kingdom, and an invitation to a Whiteman party these days, is your passport as one of those favored few who really belong. . . . That swell disher of words, John S. Young, is singing the "torch song" for that very pretty stage Miss. . . .

There was a reunion in Hollywood for Dave Rubinoff and Iris Cypher, the blonde movie player and former heart quickener of the fiddler, when Dave went Coast-ing to make music there for Chase and Sanborn. . . . Just as soon as Abe Lyman gets back to New York again, there'll be plenty of microphone men and maids who will have a place to spend their evenings, for it's at Lyman's suite at the Warwick that the who's who on the airialto gather to dish the dirt nightly.

* * *

They tell the story about the two-year-old son of Freddy Martin, one of the popular CBS orchestra pilots.

Freddy, Jr., was toddling around the living room when, all of a sudden, he felt himself falling. His chubby hands grasped out and fastened in a scarf which he pulled down with him.

There'd be no story except that the scarf had been resting under a pile of Freddy, Sr.'s own phonograph records, and they were all shattered. It looks to us like there is no use in attempting to outline a career for Junior. He's destined to be a music critic, and that's all there is to that!

* * *

Frank Luther, one of the "Men About Town" quartet which is heard on several radio programs, had occasion to call Milton Biow, head of one of New York's larger advertising agencies. Mr. Biow wasn't in when the 'phone rang but Mrs. Biow was.

"Hello," began Frank. "This is one of the 'Men About Town' . . ."

"So what?" answered Mrs. Biow, thinking someone was being funny. She hung up.

Luther called back. "Don't hang up," he begged. "This is really one of the 'Men About Town' . . ."

"Listen," yelled Mrs. Biow, "I don't care how many men about town you happen to be. If you don't stop pestering me, I'll phone the police. Good-bye!"

Fortunately for the message Frank had for Mr. Biow, his third call straightened every thing up swell.

He Would

Tony Wons whose radio programs feature his own homespun philosophy, and who continually preaches about

the joy of living where flowers scent the breeze and the lark trills an unobtrusive "good-morning," lives in a midtown New York hotel where the only aroma comes from nearby restaurant kitchens and the only "birds" are those given by musicians to each other as they pass!

* * *

Yascha Bunchuk, conductor of those Capitol theatre programs from NBC Sunday mornings, was rehearsing the accompaniment for Tommy McLaughlin, the baritone star. Major Edward Bowes, director of the Capitol broadcasts and who is known throughout the country for his "Good Morning, Family" announcements, was an interested looker-on.

McLaughlin was concluding a specially-written song at the rehearsal, and "took" a major note at the finish, believing that was the way the melody was written. Bunchuk, however, insisted the final note should be in a minor key. They discussed it heatedly for several minutes, until Bunchuk grew exasperated.

"Don't argue with me, Tommy," he yelled. "The last note should be minor. The hell with the major!"

Bowes, who heard only the last sentence, sat up abruptly. You can imagine the explaining Yascha had to do!

* * *

Just so you'll know Ben Bernie's real name is Benjamin Ancelowitz.

* * *

These Charming Band Leaders!

Meyer Davis was court reporter for two Washington, D. C. dailies before he became a band leader. At the annual reporter's ball, Meyer, in fun, played the violin and led the orchestra. He stole the show and his newspaper friends who covered the event gave him the best notices. On the strength of that, he organized a collegiate band and was a hit from the very beginning. He quit his newspaper work, quit his night course at the Washington Law School, and went into his music in earnest. Today after 17 years, Davis is a multi-millionaire, owner of more than 125 bands, largest individual radio booker, has five gorgeous homes, cars and everything a man might desire. There must be a moral in this somewhere.

For years, Fred Berrens was an actor in the Jewish theatres of the east side. His father was the star of most of these productions. At about that time, band leaders and pharmacists were looked up to by the east siders. If your boy became a band leader or owned a drug store, he was sure to be rich. Freddie was a good violinist and the gossip went to his head. Away went the theatrical career and young Berrens organized his own band—a young bunch of ham musicians. It proved a good move. Freddie went up by leaps and bounds and now he is CBS's chief musical director. He leads more than ten of their bands.

Rudy Vallee, a small town boy, went to Yale for more knowledge. He didn't

have much money, but he did have a saxophone and twenty lessons under his belt. He formed a small band at school and went looking for work. Milan Welch, at that time sporting editor of a powerful Connecticut sheet, got him several lucrative bookings; political and social parties. Vallee was on the up-grade. He came to New York. Met a woman who backed him and placed him in a club. He married her. That was over quickly—the marriage, I mean—and then Vallee zoomed upward. Welch, his aid to success, lost his job and became Rudy's press agent. You know the rest. A potential country judge is now a band leader.

The Ted Husings have moved. That in itself, I'll grant you, is not so important. But listen to HOW they moved. One evening Ted came home from a broadcast, looked around his four-room apartment, and called to his wife, "Come on, Bubs, we're moving". So Ted, the missus, and eight-year-old Peggy Husing walked out of their erstwhile home, leaving every piece of furniture, every bit of linen, cutlery and cosmetics, and took an apartment at 25 Central Park West, where everything is brand new, from the can-opener to the Queen Anne bedroom suite, inclusive!

Three Dot Stuff

Fred Waring has dropped the baton to carry the torch for Evelyn Nair, the dainty dancer . . . What has happened to the Happiness boys, Wendell Hall, Arnold Johnson, Sylvia Froos, Eddie Thorgeson, Henry Burbig, and Vaughn de Leath, all of the stars of yesterday? . . . May Singhi Breen and Peter de Rose, radio's best loved couple, have a practical jokers' paradise in their home at Larchmont, New York . . . They have chairs that collapse, glasses that leak, spoons that bend, rolls that squeak when you attempt to eat them, match boxes that contain a small battery that shocks anyone that tries to lift them and a million other pleasant rest inducers! . . . Harold Stern, whose band played at Manhattan Beach, New York this summer, went swimming in the pool one day, but he forgot to take his clothes off . . . Well, he didn't exactly go swimming or forget to disrobe, the truth is that a couple of boys from Radio Row didn't like the sartorial ensemble sported by Stern, and threw him in the pool!

Peggy Loeb, a Philadelphia society sweet, and Leon Belasco, the internationally-favored dance maestro are twosome-ing together nightly . . . Despite the \$5,000 bait offered by a prominent radio sponsor, Odd McIntyre, the swell scribbler, turned down the request to go on the air, which makes him very odd, indeed! . . . What's in a name? The head usher at the Columbia studios in New York is Jack Page! . . . One way to get on the air is first to be elected president of the United States! Herbert Hoover is being solicited by a sponsor!



Posed by professional model

Special QUICK WAY TO PUT POUNDS ON FAST!

Astonishing gains with new double tonic. Richest imported brewers' ale yeast now concentrated 7 times and iron added. Gives 5 to 15 lbs. in a few weeks.

NOW there's no need to have people calling you "skinny", and losing all your chances of making and keeping friends. Here's a new, easy treatment that is giving thousands healthy flesh and attractive curves—in just a few weeks.

As you know, doctors for years have prescribed yeast to build up health for rundown people. But now with this new discovery you can get far greater tonic results than with ordinary yeast—regain health, and in addition put on pounds of solid flesh—and in a far shorter time.

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

Concentrated 7 times

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from special brewers' ale yeast imported from Europe—the richest yeast known—which by a new process is concentrated 7 times—made 7 times more powerful!

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

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

Skininess a serious danger

Authorities warn that skinny, anemic, nervous people are far more liable to serious infections and fatal wasting diseases. So build up quick, before it is too late.

Results guaranteed

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

Only be sure you get genuine Ironized Yeast, not some imitation that cannot give the same results. Insist on the genuine with "IY" stamped on each tablet.

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body", by a well-known authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Dept. 4911, Atlanta, Ga.



Radio's First Announcer Looks Backward

(Continued from page 29)

I arrived at the radio station very much ahead of time so that we might rehearse the telephone lines. We tested through and all was in readiness awaiting the start of the game.

Hiller was in the station to operate it. We had not patched up our difficulties. I was still "just a radio announcer" to him. We didn't even say "good afternoon". I was very nervous and so was Hiller. I sat there waiting and whistling to myself, not even realizing what I was whistling. All of a sudden, Hiller walked over to me and queried, "Where did you hear that music?" I had to stop and think where I did hear that music.

"Oh!", I replied, "That's 'Koenigkinder', Humperdinck's Opera," rather amazed at his interest in the matter.

"Where did you ever hear it?" Hiller asked.

"I had a small bit in it when it was produced at the Metropolitan in 1910", I replied.

"I WAS in that too," he said in utter amazement, "and here we are again together in a stranger production".

Then we fell to reminiscing, and all animosities evaporated. We forgot everything unpleasant, and when Bliziotis came into the radio station from lunch, he found Hiller and me the best of friends. With actual tears in his eyes, he remarked, "The first radio miracle, God be praised, we are all friends again".

Just then the phone call came through from the ball field. The game was ready to start. I slapped the head piece over my head, Sandy Hunt on the other end passed me the first play, and the first radio World's Series was on.

Were we thrilled? And to think that I didn't even see the game I was broadcasting.

Phones were ringing. In fact the place was a madhouse.

The next day, the mail boy went down to the Newark General Postoffice to get the usual sack of mail. In a short time the phone at the Westinghouse plant rang, and the mail boy asked for a truck. "What for?" "There's a carload of mail here, and I can't carry it all." After much explaining the truck was finally despatched. The mail boy was right. There were sacks and sacks. In fact, it took hours to find the sack that actually contained the Westinghouse business correspondence. I can still see the officials gazing bewildered at the pile of mail.

"It's that nonsense up on the roof that is responsible for this," remarked Col. E. F. Harder.

Just imagine being the only radio station on the air. Imagine, if you can, the furore of interest that swept over the country. How little the people involved were prepared to meet the demand for radio receiving apparatus that would bring in station WJZ.

The sudden stardom of the humble catwhisker.

The mad quest for W-D-11 tubes, when radio sets became so daring as to boast of one tube.

The mushroom radio stores.

Lines and lines in front of them especially at Christmas time in 1921.

The irony of Mr. Miller's final instructions to us when we organized, that our jobs might prove interesting in a year or so.

And now, after three days of World Series broadcasting, the whole United States was writing letters to the Westinghouse Company, not forgetting lovely Lydia Lypkowska of the Metropolitan and Chicago Opera Companies, who wrote me a letter from Shanghai, China, addressed it to Mr. Cowan, WJZ, U. S. A., and it came through.

All the world revolved around Newark, N. J., and when we consider high pressure publicity of today, the naivete of all of us at the source of this interest, was appalling. I admit I felt some responsibility to posterity; did actually get photographers in for some of the opening scenes and paid all the bills myself. The company considered me inclined to be sensational, but after all, here was a sensation at their very door, and they had the aloofness of Poo-Bah.

The public was at our heels. We had no studio, no programs, and the World Series was over—what to do?

"Gentlemen, we must have a studio," said I.

Already the executives were disgruntled at the way their tranquil business procedure was completely disrupted by "this nonsense on the roof", as Col. Harder called it. And he was the chief executive at Newark.

Our first brilliant program idea was a bedtime story for the kiddies, as that was a "talk" proposition which could be done in the shack on the roof. There was a clever young lady who wrote the bedtime stories on a local paper, and it was decided to have her present them on the air. Over she came, gallantly climbed the iron ladder through the hatch to the roof, and then in front of the microphone proceeded to have hysterics. Her escort, Bill McNeary, who has done so much for radio, looked at me in alarm.

"What will we do?" said Mac.

"**W**HY don't you talk to the dear little kiddies?" said I, as we were trying to revive the lady authoress.

"Nix," said Mac, "Here's the material, I'll have to try to get her home."

"Oh! She'll wait," I answered, "We promised the children these stories and we must give them to them."

Just then the phone rang. It was the big boss wanting to know what was causing the delay on his receiving set. He had heard us announce the bedtime stories, and then nothing had happened.

"She's fainted," I said.

"Well, some one of you do it," said the boss.

"Here Bill", I told Mr. McNeary, "You do it, after all it's your paper's project." And, down sat McNeary at the "Mike", and the famous "Man In The Moon" was created. Everyone who remembers radio in its beginning,

remembers the "Man In The Moon". The Ziegfeld Follies had a burlesque on it. But the kids loved it, and we were telling every child to "take your medicine, Johnny," "eat your cereal every morning, Vivian, and you will be a fine big beautiful lady, etc., etc." How funny it all seems now.

How am I to recapture the scene of those interesting days, for the incidents were fast, furious, and tremendously thrilling.

The first radio studio—what was it like?

The management selected a spot nearer the front entrance. I got some cotton flannel, had it dyed a very dark red, and proceeded to have the walls "tastefully" hung with it. We had arranged to have the use of a Duo-Art piano, and H. B. Schaad of the Aeolian Company had promised some of their artists, both vocal and instrumental.

On November 3rd, we opened the first radio studio with the then Shannon Four, now the famous Revellers. Not a photographer, not a reporter was there. For once the newspapers were not interested. "Mikes" were awful—not half the program was intelligible, and nothing could modulate the music. Next came the Happiness Boys, Billy Jones and Ernest Hare. They had a huge success because of their fun and banter, and the fact that they burlesqued music.

"**T**RA, la, la, la, la, there's music in the air," chanted Sara and Nellie Kouns, the two first women to appear before our Mikes. They were scared to death. As we were leaving their apartment in New York, their manager called me aside and wanted me to assure her that there was no "risk" in "this radio thing," for she had heard that there was very high power used, the girls had a concert tour all mapped out for them, and "this infernal experiment of yours might cripple them". I assured her that I was not taking the sisters to Sing Sing but none of them felt very easy about the matter.

My next prey was the dashing Olga Petrova. She was all interest. She even assured me that "My husband, Dr. Stewart, is a great doctor, and I fear nothing." Where they all got the idea of the "risk", was a mystery to me which they never explained. I guess it was seeing the pictures of high towers and much wire in the antenna system that gave them all the idea that they were going to be shocked to death. However, their cooperation was fine in every instance.

Petrova was a wonderful broadcast, and I am amazed that she never followed up her first interest in radio. As I was anxious to get some pictures in our new studio, I asked Petrova to wear her first act dinner gown that she used in the show in which she was then appearing. When she finished her first broadcast, she remarked, "I think you are all spoofing me, I haven't the least idea that I was appearing before an audience". I had temporarily thrown the switch, and throw switches we did

in those days. However, when Madame began to discuss her radio appearance, I slyly reached over and threw in the switch.

"Madame, if I were to invite everyone who has heard you this evening to a reception on the stage after your next performance, would you go through with it?"

"It's old stock stuff," she said, "but as long as they pay to see the show I'll stay there all night if need be till I have seen the last visitor."

"All right. Ladies and Gentlemen, you have heard Petrova's invitation, you must all come over," said I over the radio.

"Was that thing on?" screamed Madame.

"'Twas," said I, "and I have a sneaky feeling they'll all be over."

Petrova was at the Broad Street Theatre that week, in Newark, and the next performance was the Wednesday

matinee. Did she hold a reception! Sagerson, her press agent, called me up at the radio station about 6 P. M. and asked me if I realized what I had done. "Come down here to the theatre right away, but keep out of Madame's way, she has just ordered your execution." Mail and people, that was the history of Petrova's radio debut; and after she got into the spirit of the thing, she surely did play the game. Best of all, she won a bet with Mr. Schlessinger, the manager of the theatre, that she'd make money that week, for he did not care very much for "The White Peacock" as a show, which was the vehicle in which the intriguing Petrova had arrived in Newark. And all this before the "radio thing" happened. After the broadcast, the story changed. People came to see her in mobs.

(The second installment of Mr. Cowan's interesting reminiscences will appear in December RADIO MIRROR.)

Air Waved Into the Kitchens

(Continued from page 44)

Few pieces of parsley
1 cup cracker meal
2 tablespoons Italian grated cheese
1 can tomatoes, large can
¾ cup olive oil
Salt, pepper
1 egg

Put tomato through a sieve and boil in pan while meat balls are being prepared. The meat is placed in a large mixing bowl with the finely chopped garlic, minced parsley, egg, cheese, salt and pepper according to taste, and added cracker dust. Mix all these ingredients thoroughly. Roll into size balls you desire to serve. Fry them in very hot olive oil till brown. Add tomato paste to the oil and cook one hour; while this is being done the meat balls are added to the tomatoes. When the olive oil and tomato paste are cooked combine with the meat balls mixture. This is cooked for 3 or 4 hours. As in ordinary macaroni, add spaghetti to water which is boiling. Taste to see when spaghetti is cooked, then strain. Have a platter with grated cheese arranged with gravy, and pour on spaghetti. Repeat with more cheese and gravy. This may be served on individual plates if desired, preparing plates in same manner as the large platter.

Morton Downey's favorite is this combination dessert of chocolate ice cream and mint ice for his pretty little wife Barbara Bennett to make. Morton likes any kind of ice cream, eats between meals and occasionally tries his skill in the kitchen.

CHOCOLATE ICE CREAM

2 cups milk
2 tablespoons cornstarch
1 cup sugar
2 ounces unsweetened chocolate
3 egg yolks
1 cup whipping cream
1 teaspoon vanilla

Melt chocolate. Scald the milk in double boiler; add the cornstarch and sugar well mixed and cook for 10 minutes, or until thick, stirring only occasionally. Add melted chocolate; then pour mixture over slightly beaten egg yolks, return to double boiler and cook 3 to 5 minutes longer, or until mixture thickens. Cool; add vanilla and then fold into whipped cream. Freeze. This makes 1 quart.

MINT ICE

1 quart water
2 cups granulated sugar
2 lemons, juice
Mint flavoring
Green food flavoring
¼ teaspoon salt
2 egg whites.

Cook sugar and water to a thin syrupy consistency. Cool; add mint flavoring to desired taste, add 2 green food flavoring tablets, add lemon juice and allow to freeze. Remove to a bowl and beat with egg beater until mixture becomes quite light. Then fold in egg whites, which have been beaten and salt has been added. Allow mixture to finish freezing. If the ice tends to be a little watery on the bottom stir and put back in refrigerator to freeze.

WHAT'S TO COME IN RADIO?

William S. Paley, President of Columbia Broadcasting Company, looks into an airy future and makes an amazing prophecy in the December RADIO MIRROR.

THE NEW MASCARA
THAT IS
actually
NON-SMARTING
TEAR-PROOF
AND ABSOLUTELY
HARMLESS



YES, WE KNOW—you've read many claims advertising eyelash darkeners—only to have an evening ruined because a tear smudging your mascara and the resultant smarting spoiled your make-up—one of life's little tragedies! But it need never have happened! It can't happen when you use our NEW improved MAYBELLINE mascara. Quickly and easily applied, it instantly makes your lashes appear longer, darker and more luxuriant—and it keeps them soft and silky, too! MAYBELLINE gives that much-to-be-desired natural appearance of eye beauty—the color, depth, and expression of the eyes are intensified by the soft, dark fringe of lustrous lashes. These are the reasons that millions of women are using the NEW MAYBELLINE regularly with most gratifying results. Try it today, you'll be delighted!

Black or Brown

75c at all toilet goods counters

Maybelline

EYELASH DARKENER

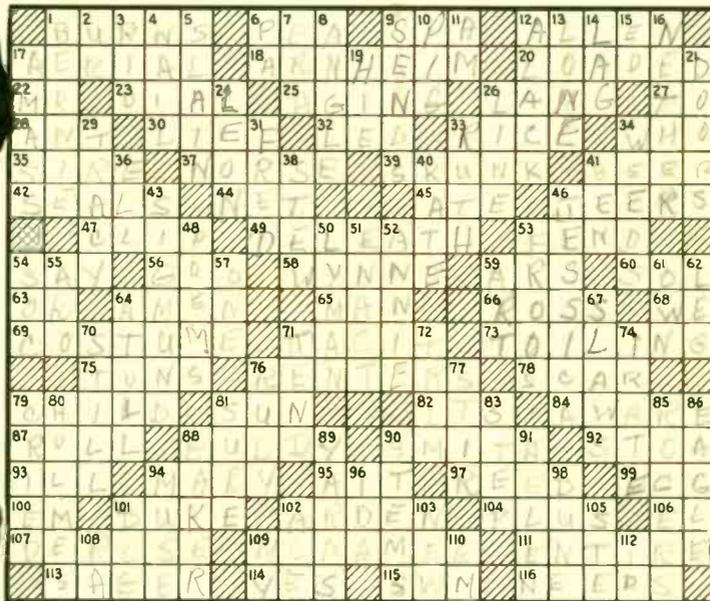


MAYBELLINE CO.
CHICAGO

RADIO MIRROR CROSSWORD PUZZLE



33 Down.



58 Across; 15 Down.



88 Across; 85 Down.



49 Across.

ACROSS

- ✓ 1. Gracie Allen's radio partner
- ✓ 6. Garden vegetable
- ✓ 9. Mineral spring
- ✓ 12. Radio star with the lost brother
- ✓ 17. Radio equipment to get distance
- 18. Orchestra leader
- 20. Burdened
- 22. The husband of Mrs.
- 23. What you turn to get another station
- 25. Growing old
- ✓ 26. Baby talk singer with Jack Demmy's orchestra
- 27. Toward
- 28. An insect
- 30. Willingly
- 32. What the orchestra leader did with his haton
- 33. Radio sports commentator
- 34. Popular song of seven or eight years ago
- 35. Father
- 37. Scandinavian
- 39. An animal that smells bad
- 41. This can now be advertised on the radio
- 42. Animals that give fur for coats
- 44. Something that holds a girl's hair in place
- 45. Took food
- 46. Scoffs
- 47. Paper fastener
- 49. First woman singer on the radio
- 53. To ward off
- 54. To speak
- 56. Sticky substance (slang)
- 58. The Fire Chief
- 59. European measures of area
- 60. The sun

- 63. A radio program is usually this
- 64. The last word in a prayer
- 65. Human being
- 66. Singer in the "Showboat" hour
- 68. You and I
- 69. Radio actor needs not wear this for a role
- 71. Unspoken
- 73. Working
- 75. Units of weight, for coal, etc.
- 76. Lessees
- 78. Mark caused by injury
- 79. Immature human being
- 81. Where our heat and light come from
- 82. Possessive pronoun
- 84. Conscious of
- 87. Kind of bread
- ✓ 88. Ex-movie star who now leads his own orchestra
- ✓ 90. Stout girl who sings about the moon
- 92. Greek portico
- 93. Not well
- ✓ 94. Jack Demmy's radio partner
- 95. River island
- 97. Coarse grass
- 99. What a hen lays
- 100. Printers' measure
- 101. Famous colored orchestra leader
- ✓ 102. Onman's co-star on the piano
- 104. Additional
- 105. Means of transportation (abbrev.)
- ✓ 107. May Singhee Breen's co-star
- 109. Famous announcer
- 111. All
- 113. Wiser
- 114. The opposite of no
- 115. Japanese coin
- 116. Requires

DOWN

- 1. The Old Maestro
- 2. Abraham's birthplace
- 3. To free from
- 4. You use this in making a radio cabinet
- 5. Killed
- 6. Mat's husband
- 7. Age
- 8. A corner
- 9. Broadcasts
- 10. An animal used for food
- 11. Part of to be
- 12. Exclamation of woe
- 13. Solitary
- 14. To fall behind
- ✓ 15. The Fire Chief (first name)
- 16. Lower
- 17. Accumulate
- 19. To hasten
- 21. Exits
- 24. An orchestra leader (first name)
- 26. Telephone wire
- 29. The Street Singer
- 31. Comedian on Hellman's Mayonnaise hour
- 33. Famous woman torch singer
- 34. Plants you don't want in your garden
- 36. A wing of a house
- 38. To hoil slowly
- 40. She sings about the moon (first name)
- 41. First name of 1 down
- 43. The Tune Detective (first name)
- ✓ 46. Soprano on Cities Service hour
- 48. What a poet will gladly read you
- 50. Famous orchestra leader
- 51. To pass a law
- 52. Little Orphan -----
- 53. Popular radio woman singer
- 54. Bag-like membrane
- 55. Fuss
- 57. A number
- 59. Creative skill
- 61. To possess
- 62. A limb
- 64. Coral reef
- 67. Cabbage salads
- 70. Silent
- 71. To nurse or care for
- 72. To decorate
- 74. Angry
- 76. The original crooner
- 77. To move
- 79. Wept
- 81. Positive
- 83. Pace
- ✓ 85. Last name of 88 across
- 86. National bird of the U.S.A.
- 88. Accordion playing comedian on the radio
- 89. Tales
- 90. What flower: grow on
- 91. Torch singer famous for sitting on pianos
- 94. To meditate
- 96. Girl's name
- 98. A sand lill
- 101. A pet animal
- 102. You'll hear this mentioned in bridge talks
- 103. Born
- 105. Female saint (abbrev.)
- 108. Sun god
- 109. Possessive pronoun
- 110. Printers' measure
- 112. Small European fish

What Will We Give the Children?

(Continued from page 35)

'very poor' respectively.

The programs reviewed were for children of elementary school age. Some of the above programs have since been taken off—the majority, however, are still being broadcast. Then to check up on these findings along came one of the national advertising agencies and they took a broad vote from one thousand children of the ages of 8 to 14 years in ten different schools scattered here and there throughout the country, and here is where the children took a slap at the Parents and Teachers review... for they voted 799 votes for the mystery melodrama entitled Chandu as their popular program choice.

So the problem is on. It's a deep one and a dangerous one. Perhaps taken collectively radio needs a New Deal especially between the hours of 5 and 9 P. M. for the kiddies' sake at least.

However, the broadcasting company that sponsors Uncle Don points to thousands upon thousands of letters received weekly the year 'round proving his popularity with his audience. A very young audience 'tis true, but read some of his fan mail and it wouldn't seem that his rating by the Parent Teacher Committee was justified. Hundreds of parents have requested him not to get away from the imaginative ideals their children have woven about him as an air personality.

ONE letter reached him from a parent saying their youngster had turned up his nose at eating ham and cabbage and ended with a plea to say in his next broadcast how good it is. The next night this artist started to brag during his broadcast that he was going to have ham and cabbage for dinner, but when he came to the word 'Ham' realized that thousands of adolescents listening in were Orthodox Jews who had been taught that ham was not strictly Kosher, so quickly changed his words to 'corned beef'. This might sound far fetched to a casual reader, but it is not. It is his business to encourage his child audience to eat foods that are strengthening especially where they do not conflict with religious scruples.

Just visualize this child listener saying to his parents, "Uncle Don eats ham, why don't we have some?" As a consequence any answer the parents might have made about the ham would have destroyed such ideals. There have been many instances where doctors have been helped in instilling fight into afflicted children. One case happened in New York where a girl of seven had almost severed an arm in falling on a broken bottle. The arm became infected and operation after operation left the arm stiff after it had healed. Warned by the doctor that if she did not keep bending her elbow constantly that the stiffness would become permanent meant little to the victim, because it pained her when she carried out the doctor's instructions.

Appraised of the facts Uncle Don

Who else wants to learn to play....

at home without a teacher, in 1/2 the usual time and 1/3 the usual cost?

Over 600,000 men, women and children have learned to play their favorite instruments the U. S. School of Music way! That's a record of which we're mighty proud! A record that proves better than any words, how *thorough*, how *easy*, how *modern* this famous method is.

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You study in your own home—you simply can't go wrong. First you are *told* what to do. Then a picture *shows* you how to do it. Then you do it yourself and *hear* it.

Learn to Play by Note

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Ukulele Organ

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Hawaiian Guitar
Piano Accordion
or any other instrument

Fun—Popularity

You'll never know what good times are until you play some musical instrument. If you can play, many invitations come to you.

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dinner hour. After fifteen minutes lower heat to a moderate temperature. Unmold salad on lettuce leaves and serve with mayonnaise.

SAVORY MEAT LOAF

- 2 slices salt pork, diced.
- ½ cup tapioca.
- 2 cups canned tomatoes
- 2 pounds round steak, ground
- ½ onion, chopped finely
- 2½ teaspoons salt
- ¼ teaspoon pepper

The slices of salt pork should be in 2-inch thicknesses. Try out until golden brown. Add pork and dripping to other ingredients and mix thoroughly. Bake in loaf pan in hot oven (450° F.) for fifteen minutes; then decrease heat to moderate (350° F.) and bake 30 minutes longer, or until done. Serve hot. Garnish with parsley.

CARROT AND CABBAGE SALAD

- 1 package Lemon Jell-o
 - 1 pint water, warm
 - 2 tablespoons vinegar
 - 1 teaspoon salt
 - 1 cup raw carrots, grated
 - 1 cup raw cabbage, shredded
- Dissolve Jell-o in the warm water. Add vinegar and salt. Chill; when slightly thickened, fold in carrots and

cabbage. Turn into mold. Chill until firm; unmold on lettuce and garnish with mayonnaise.

AMBROSIA

- 3 oranges, thinly sliced
- ½ cup powdered sugar
- ½ cups cocoanut

Arrange layer of orange slices in serving dish and sprinkle with sugar and cocoanut. Repeat until all ingredients are used, topping with cocoanut.

Leftovers should no longer perplex the modern home manager now that we know salads are so essential for our proper nutritional requirements, this is one way of using them to great advantage with a wide scope of recipes for variation. Soups are made far more attractive and more important body builders with these additions. All of your soups may be made before hand and then reheated a little before dinner.

With all the week-end guests we seem to accumulate after summer visiting there should no longer be three days of drudgery in cooking and planning menus for that period. There is nothing that impresses more than the hostess who may be with her guests during their stay, and not always in the kitchen getting ready for the next meal; but then when served find the food

tasting, yes and looking marvelously.

Frances Lee Barton suggests the next time you plan cup cakes for Saturday luncheon, and a fruited layer cake for Sunday night supper, you prepare your batter for the two from the same recipe the Friday morning before they arrive. Does this seem incredible to you? By using a double acting baking powder and placing the batter in an electric refrigerator that is 50 degrees in temperature, you may safely use the mixture several days later. Naturally there must be some precautions. Moisten a piece of cheese cloth and cover the bowl, then cover again; this time with wax paper kept tightly on with elastic or kitchen wrapping cord. This is a marvelous save for the habitual entertainer and the housewife who does a great deal of cooking.

In closing Mrs. Barton wants to remind you that no good cook can become haphazard in her measuring of each addition to her mixture, in cooking as in any work the new constituent must be carefully and adroitly made. Cooking may become as joyful and successful as you make it, or it may become a dreadful and mechanical ordeal. To Mrs. Barton the feeding of ten people daily, three times a day has delights that have no bounds.

Here Comes the Showboat

(Continued from page 13)

just can't voice the tender passion into a chilled-steel mike. He lacks the warmth and ardor. Lanny is a matter-of-fact lad, endowed with very little emotion. And if it were really his voice one heard, cooing into the shell-like ears of Mary Lou, I'm afraid, and so are the sponsors and producers, that the whole works would fall flat. Therefore, that old roué and perennial lover of the kilocycles, the man, who while eating pretzels, if unseen, could cause any girl's heart to flutter with his sugary verbal tricks—the old timer, whom we know as Alan Joslyn, ghosts for Lanny Ross, when the turtle dove episodes occur. And it's Rosaline Greene, one of radio's foremost actresses, who does the heart stuff as Mary Lou.

Most everybody knows, if they don't get into the studio, that Muriel Wilson is the singing Mary Lou. Muriel is plenty good-looking enough to make love, but, like Lanny Ross, she has been found to need the vocal double.

Charlie Winger is the only on-the-level character that one spots. Gruff, but kindly of voice, with a flair for mispronunciation, ruddy of face and snowy of hair, robust and likeable, he passes the test for realism. In fact, he's the Cap'n Andy of Edna Ferber's play, and he wouldn't be out of place, or even out of character, on the deck of a twin-funneled wood-burner plowing along Old Man River. He's Cap'n Henry on the air's Showboat, just as Mary Lou is the Julie of the stage-and-screen opus.

You expect comedy in an extravaganza like Showboat. And you get it, but whether you like it or not is another question. There are those who

say Pick Malone and Pat Padgett, who resemble Amos 'n' Andy facially as well as in dialect, are great as January and Molasses. You'll find their adherents are mostly in the rural sections. In metropolitan areas, Pick and Pat, to be quite frank, don't seem to get as far in their negro characterizations of Molasses and January as they do on WOR, as end men in a routine minstrel broadcast. Yet, to be fair, one must admit that their dialect is virtually flawless.

But when you see them in front of a mike, and are lucky enough to hear them, you don't seem able to accept the illusion. A couple of good-looking white men, in sport clothes, drawling like levee stevedores give you a shock. And it is to avoid this identical kind of shock that Amos 'n' Andy, who know something about show business, never permit a spectator to be present while they are doing their stuff. That's one secret of the perennial qualities of the Pepsodent characters.

There's no disillusionment, happily, about Annette Hanshaw, who, on the Showboat program is just what she is supposed to be—a blues singer, who seldom speaks a part, but who can, when necessary.

Annette, by the way, has played in ill-luck. It has been her ambition to see, at least once, her name in glaring lights on Broadway. She has turned down many vaudeville offers because she didn't want a second-rate billing. She hoped that when Showboat had properly exploited her, she could get a headline place on the Broadway stage.

A place was offered her a few weeks ago, and she accepted. But she fell ill,

and, as this is written, is in a sanitarium—her big opportunity gone, and a substitute in her place when the calliope rings up the Thursday night curtain.

When Annette dropped out of the cast, it was awkward. They had to get rid of her somehow in the script. One of the geni of the production staff thought it would be swell to have her kidnapped along the imaginary route of the Showboat. And so the script was altered, but with sudden fury the National Broadcasting Company, which frowns these days on crime episodes, kicked out the idea, and so they merely announced that Annette was ill, and replaced her with a little singer who gets no billing.

Cadwallader is the villain of the piece. They don't bill him either, because he is in and out, and can be, and often is, a different character actor. The one I saw, as the lady from Dobbs Landing bewailed the fact that she couldn't hear Lanny Ross sing, looked more the country clergyman than a deep-dyed doer of dark deeds.

In perfect motif with the general disillusionment of attending a performance of Showboat is the monicker of Tiny Ruffner, the announcer and general superintendent of the show. Tiny is his name, but, if you ask me, Tiny is nearly seven feet tall, and as lean as a reed, giving you always the impression that he's going to buckle up and fall over on you. The Tiny was bestowed upon him, as you may suspect, in a spirit of nice, clean fun. Tiny is affability itself, as he addresses the audience in the studio and tells them idly that he intends using them as props. That is, they must supply

the applause and the hisses. To insure this, Tiny directs the fuzzy-haired production man to hold up signs at the proper moments.

You read "APPLAUSE" and clap hands. You read "HISS" and you take it out on the villain. You read "MUTTER" and you become part of the angry mob. And it all works out very well.

Back stage, or in the control room, to put it with more accuracy, Mr. Ruffner is not quite affable. He may be forgiven his short temper, however, or his naive manner of diverting you to someone else, when you figure it all out that Tiny is burdened with the responsibility of the broadcast, and is completely disillusioned at five rehearsals and a broadcast per week.

The other characters in the show are Conrad Thibault, who walks in and out and sings; and Maria, theatrical sister of Cap'n Henry. There have been several Marias, I believe, and Muriel Wilson is the third Mary Lou, which again is somewhat puzzling to a steady studio visitor. Mr. Thibault, too, has a ghost talker, which gives him a sort of rating. No self-respecting vocalist on the Showboat Hour could uphold or maintain his dignity if he didn't have his ghost. It's a sort of mark of honor.

Showboat, I hope you'll believe, if you don't already know, is one of the

better radio hours. It is sure-fire and full of illusion if you listen and don't look. And it costs plenty of money. I wouldn't be surprised if it costs the sponsor just a little under \$15,000 for each broadcast. And although the brass will give you the jitters even if you sit with the lady in the last row, Don Voorhees' music is nicely and scientifically balanced for microphone filtering. Voorhees is one of the few musical wise men in the radio business, and is a stickler for precision, pace and balance.

Taken by and large, Showboat is swell entertainment—if you don't get too close. The secret of its hold on the American listening public is that, like Amos 'n' Andy, the Goldbergs, and a very limited few other serial presentations, lies in its ability to hold by mild theatrics the interest of the listeners. Showboat is never sensational radio fare; neither is it ever palpably poor entertainment. Its creators have taken types of characters and by having them perform as they are expected to perform, have enabled them to worm their way into the affections of the listeners. But this has not been accomplished with sudden or immediate methods. They have been permitted to grow, and along with their growth have increased the hold they have on listeners—which is the innate secret of good radio.

Ted Husing Kicks Off

(Continued from page 39)

conflicts contain a tremendous sectional interest.

With these three ideas in mind, we selected its football schedule:

- Oct. 12—Boston College vs. Centre.
- Oct. 14—Northwestern vs. Stanford.
- Oct. 22—Michigan vs. Ohio State.
- Oct. 28—Army vs. Yale.
- Nov. 4—Fordham vs. St. Mary's.
- Nov. 11—Army vs. Harvard.
- Nov. 18—Northwest'n vs. Notre Dame.
- Nov. 25—Yale vs. Harvard (Yankee Network).
- Nov. 25—Army vs. Navy (Dixie Network).
- Nov. 25—U. S. C. vs. Notre Dame (West and Basic)
- Nov. 30—Brown vs. Colgate (A. M.)
- Nov. 30—Penn vs. Cornell (P. M.).
- Dec. 2—Army vs. Notre Dame.

The schedule-makers within the colleges have made the selections difficult for broadcasting. Particularly is this true on November 25th, when three games, all having tradition, sectional interest and potential championship possibilities, and usually chock-full of glamour are listed. Therefore the Yale-Harvard game will be aired over the New England stations of the Columbia Network, with the Army-Navy battle over the Southern wires. At their conclusion these stations will switch over to the N. D.-S. C. game at South Bend, Indiana. This game will have the Mid-West and Far-West stations on throughout the entire conflict.

Les Quailey, my assistant and observer, and myself travel together on all our jobs. We eat, drink and sleep

football. Last fall, while I was covering the World Series, he went out to Ohio State, Northwestern, Notre Dame, Michigan and Cornell in order to scout these teams. He made notes of everything that happened, he discussed the system with each coach in order that we might be right "on the play" when we "aired" these teams in later battles. In order to be on your toes to broadcast three hours of a football game, one has to be thinking football every minute. As soon as a game is completed, we're delving into notes on the teams that we are to "air" the next Saturday. In football team work wins games; in broadcasting the sport, the same thing occurs. Les Quailey knows what I expect him to do, and vice versa. Also our engineer, Les Farkas, knows the gridiron game. He gains and mixes the microphones on the field, for crowd noise and my own; a device especially designed by myself in order to prevent any obstruction of my view of the field. Our "Annunciator," which has been in operation three years, is an electrical apparatus to facilitate the identification of the twenty-two players and also to avoid any whispering between Les Quailey and myself. After experimenting with several methods of player identification, I finally hit upon this idea. Since then Quailey and Jack Norton, my engineer two years ago, aided in improving upon this mechanical device. In the past I have written exhaustive material on the method of operating the machine; however, I've taken a leaf out of the coach's book by

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keeping mum on any more explanations on its operation. You know, a football coach will give you lots of information before a game, such as the starting line-up, the system he uses and the positions of the players. However, not one of them will tell what method he will use to defeat the opponent.

The background of our crew is the equal to any other in radio broadcasting with respect to football. Les Farkas is 23 years old and has been in the engineering field of Radio for six years. Three of these he has worked for the Columbia Broadcasting System.

His experiences in remote control work have earned him the right to work on all our football games this fall. In 1931-32 he assisted George Walker, who engineered our broadcasts in those years; as a result, Les Farkas will be in complete charge of this part of our work this autumn. Les Quailey has been my observer for three years. He has played football in high school and college, besides coaching for two years after he completed college work. He has worked on more than forty grid-iron conflicts with me, which makes him a valuable assistant to again manipu-

late the "annunciator buttons" this coming season. In fact, Les has been at my side at track meets, polo, tennis, swimming, basketball and numerous other sports. As for myself, I have "aired" more than 140 grid struggles that have taken me to almost every state in the country. Besides this, Les and myself have attended the Rockne coaching school at South Bend, Indiana, and also Dick Hanley's summer school for coaches. We have gleaned a lot of important knowledge from their teachings that has helped us no end in bringing the game to you.

Air Waved Into the Kitchens

(Continued from page 43)

chicken, then sprinkle with crumbs, bake until chicken is tender and crumbs a desired golden brown.

Oven 450° F. for first 15 minutes, and then reduce to moderate heat 350° F. Baste for first time at reduction of heat and continue basting every ten minutes until poultry is cooked.

Olga, Countess Albani one of our radio friends who is really a connoisseur of food, brought this recipe from France when on one of her many tours. We suggest this unusual procedure tried on the Thanksgiving Turkey.

TURKEY EN DAUBE

Take a turkey and place it in a large pan, on a bed made of strips of bacon fat, herbs, onion, carrots, thyme, bay leaf, salt, pepper, nutmeg, and spices. Blanket the turkey with the same ingredients, then cover the pan tightly and let it cook for three or four hours, depending on size of the turkey. When cooked remove the entire mass from the pan; strain the liquid from the seasoning through a fine sieve, and serve; pouring this gravy over the meat. When cold the gravy becomes a thick jelly and is very delicious.

That convincing singer of the air, Julia Sanderson, cooks the grandest American chop suey you have ever tried. Miss Sanderson cooks often for her friends and this is the most favored request.

AMERICAN CHOP SUEY

- 1 pound macaroni
- 1½ pounds round steak, ground
- 5 large onions, sliced
- 2 cans tomato soup

Cook the macaroni twelve minutes, strain and pour over with cold water. The round steak is cooked until tender.

the onions are fried in butter in a separate pan to a delicate brownness. Then add the macaroni and onions to the meat; pour the tomato soup over the mixture and cook slowly for about ten minutes. Season to taste and serve very hot.

Lobster may be served in many ways, and two of your radio artists enjoy this fish better than any other food; although each has a different manner of preparation. Barbara Maurer, popular contralto, is very careful of her diet, and never eats during the day, but Barbara may be easily tempted to forget her radio program and go home and cook Lobster a la Newburg.

LOBSTER A LA NEWBURG

- 2 cans of lobster, regulation size
- ½ cup butter, melted
- 2 tablespoons Newburg sauce
- ½ cup cream
- 2 egg yolks
- Salt, cayenne
- Nutmeg

Break up the lobster meat in medium size pieces, cook in butter 3 minutes. Add the sauce, cook 1 minute; add the cream, seasoning and egg yolk, that have been slightly beaten. Stir constantly until thickened, or desired consistency.

Ruth Yorke, who plays the role of the princess on the air, finds this Hawaiian Fruit Cup as regal an offering as any of her microphone performances. This recipe makes 10 servings.

HAWAIIAN FRUIT CUP

- 5 oranges, cut in sections
- 5 cups crushed pineapple

- 1¼ cups pineapple juice
- 1 pint of strawberries, or cherries
- ½ teaspoon salt

Arrange sections of orange (use six if small) and halves of cherries alternately around sherbet glass. Fill the center with crushed pineapple, and pour over the pineapple juice to which salt has been added. It may be necessary to add some sugar to the pineapple, although it is preferable to have a tart fruit cup. Garnish top with sections of orange and pineapple; mint leaves may also be used if garnishing is not complete. Serve cold.

That colorful organist Anne Leaf's domesticity falls to the making of extraordinary hors d'oeuvres. Her most intriguing are Dexter Canopes.

DEXTER CANOPES

- Anchovy butter, egg whites
- Tomato, olives
- Mayonnaise, green peppers
- Anchovy Butter
- ¼ cup butter
- Onion juice
- 1 teaspoon anchovy paste
- Lemon juice

As for all canopes the bread is cut in ¼-inch slices, and toasted on one side. The bread should be cut into desired shapes before toasting. Butter and spread the untoasted side. For the anchovy butter, cream the butter, add the anchovy paste, and a few drops of onion and lemon juice. Spread the surface of toast with the anchovy butter. A thin slice of tomato is placed on next, cover this with mayonnaise; sprinkle edges with very finely chopped egg whites. Garnish with thin strips of green pepper and slices of olive. Parsley may be used in place of green pepper.

Soooo!

There's still a lot about Ed Wynn that his fans haven't heard. Mike Porter tells all about this ace comedian of the air in the December Radio Mirror.

From Mammy to Mike

(Continued from page 7)

that Jolson voice begins. Like the roar of a million motors the applause starts, rising steadily until it is almost deafening. No need for artificial prompting here—the mere appearance of Al Jolson is enough. The artist smiles, a wide smile . . . a beam. He is conservatively and immaculately dressed in a double-breasted suit, and stands away from the microphone, singing, acting, living his song. Finishing the first line of the lyric, Jolson tugs at his necktie and opens his collar. He's beginning to work!

A hand fumbles with the button of his coat, and in a second it is open. The vest buttons are tugged away from their encircling holes. Jolson's hands, so docile only a moment before, sway in rhythm to the melody. His eyes are half-shut. Then as the middle of the chorus is reached, Al stops singing to talk a few lines. He's living the song, there is no doubt about that, and as if the incident the song described really occurred to him, he feels that those lines should be spoken, not sung. The melody flows on.

And then the climax! Jolson's right foot beats out the tempo heavily. His body seems straining to break away and throw itself at the microphone. His hands are extended pleadingly. All the while his voice, coining nuance after nuance, instills itself deep in the thoughts of his listeners, until the last note, punctuated with the world-renowned Jolson slur, ends the number.

His debut on the ether waves occurred some six years ago. Perhaps you remember the Dodge Victory Six program, which, for the first time in radio history, enlisted five big "names" of stage and screen. Jolson got \$12,500 for that evening's work. Others on the program were Paul Whiteman, who radioed from New York, Will Rogers, microphoning from the Coast, and Fred Stone, airing from Chicago. Mind you, all of them were playing in different cities, whence their performances were piped into New York and blended into a single broadcast.

Al has his own version of studio audiences. He doesn't know whether he likes them or not!

"I gotta have somebody around when I'm workin'. I'd die if I had to keep starin' at that little black box and have to give out personality to it. Don't get me wrong, though. Just because people at the studio laugh or applaud, don't think that I believe everybody gets the same reaction. They SEE me work, and get the entire picture, while the listener only HEARS me and has to guess at how I'm selling it.

"I wouldn't be a bit surprised if the average radio listener feels a little cheated that he can't see the artist. As long as a studio audience has to be reckoned with, a performer has to slip plenty of mugging and gestures into his work. Naturally this is lost on the air, so I say that it's no criterion of an artist's work if the studio fans applaud.

"You still want to hear more of my

ideas? Well, you ain't heard nothin' yet! Sooner or later they're gonna ban studio audiences for one big reason. Suppose a scene is being portrayed before a microphone, and the action calls for kissing to be done by two sweethearts. The studio gang sees the man at one mike pucker his lips and make a kissing sound, while, across the room, the girl does the same thing into another mike. The audience is bound to laugh, and bango, the illusion is gone!"

Thursday nights he's on the air. The following day he starts to work on the next program, worrying about the script, rehearsing, dressing up gags, going over yesterday's favorite songs. It really is quite a job, he admits, if you do it conscientiously. Jolson never does anything any other way!

"I've got a million suggestions to make," he said when he returned to his hotel after the broadcast, "in order that programs would move easier."

"First off, they ought to conceal the mikes. It's tough to have to work staring into that black box. In the movies we hid them and the actors were more at ease. They'd find the same thing would happen if they'd hide the microphone, so that we all wouldn't have that nervous feeling all the time. Not only that, but a show shouldn't go on the air until at least four weeks have been spent in preparing for it.

"The American public has a right to the best in entertainment, regardless of whether it pays for it or not. It's not getting it now, let me tell you, although so far as I've been able to find out it's nobody's fault.

"I'm not holding myself up as a Moses to lead the radio industry out of chaos. Don't get me wrong. Radio did all right without me, I know. I just see things that are wrong and I'm telling you what I'd do if I were running things. This might sound foolish, but I'd never let a program on the air without at least four weeks' preparation. It would take that time to get it whipped properly into shape, just as it takes that long to put on a musical show."

The appearance by Jolson on his present program came about in quite a strange manner. Jolson definitely believed he was through with radio when one Sunday morning a long-distance call awakened him. Let's try to understand the frame of mind he was in. For three days previous he had received no offers of any kind, and he was beginning to wonder whether or not his popularity was waning. You know the greatest satisfaction actors receive is getting offers from people and being able to say, "Sorry—no can take." No offers had been in the offing and Al was beginning to feel disappointed with the show business in general. Then, out of a clear sky, came the merry tingling of the 'phone.

Relief at finding that someone still wanted him to work for them added immeasurably in Jolson's saying O. K. All he asked them was whether he could do what he wanted to do, whether

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they would blue-pencil his continuity and songs . . . and, of course, how much he was to receive. Al is human, you know!

All the answers being in accordance with his demands, Jolson signed for forty-two weeks. It was not egotism that prompted his demanding everything his own way, or "no go" on the program. He is sincere (there's that word again), believes that his twenty-two years of theatrical experience assures him the knowledge of what ma-

terial is to be used and how best to use it. Personally, I think that telling Al how to sing is like telling Ford how to build an automobile, but that's another story.

His principal trouble is controlling a desire to "ad lib." "Ad libbing" is adding to the part written for you on the stage with your own interpolated remarks. On the air, he sticks strictly to the script, and it is a tribute to his acting ability that his words come over the air exactly as if he were making

them up as he goes along.

"What can you get into the article about Ruby?" Jolson asked as two o'clock rolled around, all too quickly for me. "Get her in it some place, will you, like a good guy?"

I told him that the article was for a radio magazine, and that he was the only one to be concerned in it.

"Be regular," Al pleaded, and you know how he can plead! "Get her name in anywhere, I don't care where, even at the end."

Aylesworth Sees Radio as the Voice of the People

he feels sure, will continue to take care of that.

Just here I recalled the charge often made that radio has not developed any new type of entertainment. Mr. Aylesworth admitted that air musical and dramatic programs follow more or less the general style set by the stage. Yet the method used, he insists, is different, whether the public realizes it or not.

"Comparatively few stage or motion picture people have been of lasting interest to radio," he declared. "Thus, in the main, we have had to rely upon our own efforts to develop entertainers and certainly in the programs of Amos 'n' Andy and the Goldbergs who carry on night after night for years, you get a kind of entertainment such as never was and never could have been known before radio."

ASKED about television. Everybody does, of course, expecting to hear that it is just round the corner. Mr. Aylesworth, for a wonder, doesn't think so. "I can only say that it is still in the laboratory," he told me, "and not due to emerge very soon, so far as I can see. It will come, but there must be many improvements in technique first. Besides, there is no great demand for it from the public. First of all, people haven't the money just now to buy sets and besides, they don't seem to be particularly interested in seeing pictures on the radio. We have grown so accustomed to depend upon our ears aided by our imaginations for manufacturing our own scenery that we do not seem to feel a great need for television.

"Before radio, we were eye-conscious to the point that we had lost some of the value and a lot of the power of sound. Today we have grown so ear-conscious that sound means more to us than it ever did to anybody except savages."

This wide-awake executive is, as you can see, not a bit hidebound in his ideas. Just as he does not hesitate to disagree with the prophets who see television being quickly perfected, so is he equally frank about his rather unorthodox views on radio and education.

"Radio's primary place in education, I've come to believe, is not in the schoolroom," he told me. "Unless the broadcasting is local, there is great difficulty in finding programs that will

(Continued from page 17)

fit all schedules and variations in time also make it difficult. At the same time, the music program of Dr. Frank Damrosch has certainly been a national success as an educational feature but then Dr. Damrosch is the exception to most rules. He supplements the teacher's work, never tries to direct it and he has a knack for easy, clear exposition.

"My interest in radio as an educational factor is for the adult. Look, for instance, at what it has done for the farmer, how it offers him crop, market and weather news every day, thus completely revolutionizing his entire work program. Then during the Farm and Home Hour which we originated, men in the U. S. Department of Agriculture who have performed great but little-known feats with animal and plant diseases and in the warfare against insects, get a chance to tell the farmer of their work. In other words, when he comes in for his noonday dinner after a busy morning in the field, he hears the whole of his problem analyzed from the national aspect.

"Oddly enough, as many letters come in from city dwellers as from farmers about the Farm and Home hour. You see, the city housewife, as she moves about preparing lunch, listens to the program, too, and it gives her an entirely new conception of the farm."

The churchman is another who has been educated by radio, Mr. Aylesworth believes.

"In handling religion we have attempted to give some of our most valuable time to the various groups", he comments. "All we've asked in return has been that they should not attack one another. The handling of programs is in the hands of committees representing Protestants, Catholics and Jews. These committees have developed real showmanship for religion and that was one thing the churches certainly needed. I feel that I can speak with some knowledge about that because I am a minister's son!"

Mr. Aylesworth became president of the National Broadcasting Company just after the network was formed nearly seven years ago. He was managing director of the National Electric Light Association when Owen D. Young and his associates decided he was the very man to organize radio and adapt it to the needs of the public.

Born in Iowa, Mr. Aylesworth grew

up in Colorado, was graduated from the University of Denver Law School and after whirlwind legal and political triumphs in the West, came to New York to win new laurels as a business executive.

They tell a story about him that, whether it is true or not, is typical of the way his mind works. When he first became president of NBC, realizing that he must learn the amusement field from the ground up, he went to one of America's best-known theatrical men.

"What entertainment do the American people want?" he asked in a business-like way. His naivete amused the theatrical man.

"If I knew, my dear young man," he answered. "I should be worth a billion dollars today. The public itself doesn't know what it wants except that it must always be something new."

So the new president had to work the problem out for himself. NBC is the monument to his ability. Today he understands the mechanical side of radio but leaves most of the technical details to his associates. Organization and the people who listen to radio are his chief interests. He wants to know what they are hearing and how they like it. In every room of his home, in his office and in his automobile are high-powered receiving sets. Wherever he is, a radio is usually going. He has learned to listen with one corner of his mind while dictating, conferring or planning. He asks everybody for an opinion of his pet interest from his friends at his favorite golf club to his chauffeur. He sees the letters that blame as well as those that praise and uses the information both kinds bring to him.

WHEN you talk to him you get an impression of inexhaustible energy and so you are not surprised to hear that he often works eighteen hours a day, yet takes time to keep himself fit with golf and other forms of athletics. He often plays golf in a famous foursome that includes Bobby Jones, Bruce Barton and Grantland Rice; is married; has two children and lives in a duplex apartment on Park Avenue, having moved in from the country to be near the office!

NBC will celebrate its seventh birthday on November 15th in its new offices at Radio City. One of the studios will seat 1200 spectators and all are built so that the public can see and hear without disturbing the performers.

Who Wants Cantor?

(Continued from page 15)

Reading are annoyed by our referring to the town as Red-Ink, Pennsylvania, the joke is not worth while."

The millions who want Cantor have been moved to give this dynamic entertainer a place in their hearts by still another thing during the past three years. On the radio, the screen and even in his recent stage appearances, Eddie has been able to give every member of his audiences the feeling that the perilous economic condition of the country involved him just as much as it did the fellow who borrowed a dime to sit in the gallery to see him. This was no bit of acting on Eddie's part; he was concerned about the country's welfare—more so than most of his public. In October, 1929, he was worth two and a half million dollars. Six months later, Wall Street had broken him. With twenty years' savings wiped out in twenty minutes, as he described Wall Street's cleaning process, he started to work on another fortune.

When, over the radio, Eddie suddenly turned serious and, through an anecdote or story, urged millions of radio listeners to stand by the President and have faith in the country, there was no suggestion of theatricalism to his words. He meant it.

So it is with whatever Eddie drops his comedy for and gives serious thought. No one knows when he is apt to do it, or what moves him to it. Out of a clear sky, one Sunday night last winter, he dropped his comic dialogue and, with a quickness that was startling turned a pleading, earnest voice into the microphone, urging motorists to drive more carefully that children might have a better chance of living. What it was in his voice, or what he said, no one is quite certain, but in those few seconds he did more to promote safe driving than several years' work of organized safety committees. That was six months ago. Editors, magazine writers, heads of safety councils are still writing in asking for reprints of Eddie's brief but heart-rending appeal for safe driving.

A famous Broadway commentator, not an admirer of Cantor himself, summed up why Eddie is the much

wanted man today. Eddie, he believes, while an ace of comics, has enough of the human qualities, good and bad, the kind that make up the average man, to do a capital job of entertaining and yet not disassociate himself from the commonplace emotions of ordinary people. Thus, when Eddie talks about his wife Ida, his childhood sweetheart, or relates a story about one of his five daughters, it stirs millions of people because of its sheer sincerity, if nothing else.

He never talks about his family, as an actor or as a figure in the public eye usually refers to this side of his life. Eddie talks about them like any one of the millions of fathers and husbands in the country might talk of their loved ones. When he tells you a story of Marion, Janet, Marjorie, Natalie, or Edna, it is not one of America's highest paid actors talking, it is just a father, like the one upstairs, or next door, telling you about his children. It takes no press agent for the public to know that Eddie is one of the outstanding family men on the American stage. When asked why he was working so hard, at so many things last winter, Eddie told his interviewer that he wanted to retire with five million dollars. One for each of his five daughters.

In Marjorie, Edna, Natalie, Marion and Janet we have five eager people who want Cantor. That they might hear his broadcast, Eddie has been known to turn the executive offices of a great transcontinental railway upside down. It was last fall when Eddie, after finishing "The Kid From Spain," came to New York to resume his broadcasts. Ida, his wife, and the children followed him a few weeks later. On Saturday, the day before his opening the broadcast, Eddie discovered they would be on the train between Chicago and New York at the time he was broadcasting. Twenty people were rushed into action by the dynamic Cantor. Long-distance calls to railway executives, station masters and electrical engineers resulted in a radio being installed on the train, so that the five who want Eddie most of all could hear his first broadcast of the season.

You Ask Him Another

(Continued from page 18)

A. Swimming, football, baseball, handball, basketball, water polo.

Q. Did you participate in any extra-curricular activities?

A. Glee club, debating, dramatics.

Q. Who, more than anyone else, has aided you in your radio work?

A. The association with Paul Whiteman and his orchestra probably got me started. Since then, my wife.

Q. What was the first job of any kind you ever held and what, if you don't mind telling, was the salary?

A. Selling a weekly magazine at one cent per copy.

Q. Where, and in what capacity, did

you make your debut as a professional entertainer?

A. In a theatre in Spokane, Washington, as the bass in a broken-down quartet.

Q. At what age?

A. Eighteen. Very nervous.

Q. Are you married?

A. Yes, to Dixie Lee, September 28, 1930. I met her at the Cocoanut Grove, Los Angeles.

Q. Have you ever composed music? Please mention any which were published?

A. I wrote lyrics to "I Surrender, Dear," "From Monday On," "That's

Make me PROVE that it is Easy to learn at home to fill a GOOD JOB in RADIO

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Spare-time set servicing pays many N.R.I. men \$290 to \$1,000 a year. Full-time men make as much as \$40, \$60, and \$75 a week.



Television
Television is the coming field. You can get ready for it through N. R. I. training.

Clip the coupon and mail it. I'm so sure I can train you at home in your spare time for a good job in Radio that I'll send you a sample lesson free. Examine it, read it, see how clear and easy it is to understand. Then you will know why many men with less than a grammar school education and no technical experience have become Radio Experts and are earning two or three times their former pay as a result of my training.

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It's hard to find a field with more opportunity awaiting the trained man. Why in 1931—right in the middle of the depression—the Radio Industry sold \$300,000,000 worth of sets and parts! Manufacturers alone employed over 100,000 people! Industry, 16,000,000 sets in operation that need servicing from time to time! Over 600 great broadcasting stations. There's opportunity for you in Radio. Its future is certain. Television, short wave, police Radio, automobile Radio, public address systems, aircraft Radio—in every branch, developments and improvements are taking place. Send the coupon now. Read how easy and interesting I make learning at home. Read the letters from graduates who are earning real money in this fascinating industry. Read how I trained them in a few hours spare time each week.

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My book also tells how many of my students made \$5, \$10 and \$15 a week extra in spare time, soon after they enrolled. I give you plans and ideas that have made good spare-time money—\$200 to \$1,000 a year—for hundreds of fellows. My Course is famous as "the one that pays for itself."

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NAME..... AGE.....
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Grandma," "Blue of the Night," "Waltzing in a Dream," "Love Me Tonight," "At Your Command."

Q. What form of travel do you most enjoy?

A. Boat.

Q. What sports?

A. Golf. I like to watch football, horse-racing, hockey and baseball.

Q. Granting freedom of choice, where would you prefer to live?

A. California.

Q. If you were able to be someone else—who would you prefer to be?

A. Any good author.

Q. In order of preference, what were your early hobbies?

A. Marbles, baseball, skating, fishing.

Q. Do you believe in "breaks" of fortune?

A. Decidedly—but would rather describe such fortuitous circumstances as the workings of Providence. Seventy-five per cent of my present standing (if any) is directly due to the force of "breaks."

Q. Do you like to dance?

A. Not in the ballroom. I like to hoof.

Q. Do you like crowds?

A. No.

Q. Do you believe in sudden intuitions or "hunches"?

A. Sometimes bet a hunch on a race-horse.

Q. Do you eat between meals?

A. Yes, occasionally sweets.

Q. Any eccentricities of dress?

A. Tend slightly to the bizarre. So they say.

Q. What radio artist do you most admire?

A. Burns and Allen.

Q. What is your favorite popular song? Classical number?

A. "Sweet Sue." "L'Après Midi d'Un Faun."

Q. Please list your favorite authors in order of preference?

A. Somerset Maugham, Ernest Hemingway, Aldous Huxley, Warwick Deeping, Christopher Morley, Ring Lardner.

Q. What do you consider the three greatest books written?

A. "Of Human Bondage," "Point Counter Point," "Farewell to Arms."

Q. Whom do you consider the outstanding figures in the world today?

A. Mussolini—political. G. B. Shaw—literary. Maurice Ravel—music. Babe Ruth—sport. Barrymores—theatre.

Q. Who was your favorite actor among the very early movie stars?

A. Bill Farnum. Bill Hart.

Q. Today?

A. Lee Tracy, Helen Hayes.

Q. On the stage?

A. Alfred Lunt, Katharine Cornell.

Q. Comedian today?

A. Jimmy Durante.

Q. Any favorite dishes?

A. Lobster.

Q. To what type of individual of either sex are you most attracted?

A. Someone with a sense of humor—a raconteur.

Q. Will you tell us five things in life of which you've never had enough?

A. Fishing, champagne, golf, travel (abroad), clothes.

Q. Do fans ever misspell your name?

A. Yes; for instance, Byng Crosby (from England), Bim Corsland, Bang Crosby, Max Crosberger (from the Bronx).

Q. Who is your favorite fan?

A. My mother. She's most sincere and never hesitates to criticize when criticism is due.

Q. If you were able to retire the rest of your life, what would you do?

A. I'd go to California, buy a home, a boat, a car, and take up some light work—possibly break down and write a novel. I'd raise a small family.

Q. Do you own anything with which you would hesitate to part?

A. A couple of broken down hats.

Q. Do you have any pet expressions?

A. Yeah, man!

Q. What are they?

A. You said something when you said Dixie! Some stuff! How'm I doin'?

Look Who's Here

(Continued from page 37)

The mammy-singer and Lose-a-Pound-a-Day Whiteman together. Who'd ask for more?

Friday

7:00 P. M. MORTON DOWNEY, WABC and associated stations.

7:15 P. M. JACK DENNY'S Orchestra; Jeannie Lang and Scrappy Lambert. WABC.

8:00 P. M. ETHEL SHUTTA, Walter O'Keefe and Don Bestor's Orchestra. (Nestle's Chocolateers). WJZ and associated stations.

There should be more of Mr. O'Keefe who's been away too long, and we still like Ethel Shutta.

8:00 P. M. Cities Service Concert—JESSICA DRAGONNETTE, soprano, and the Cavaliers; Henry Shope and Fred Hufsmith, tenors; John Seagle, baritone; Elliot Shaw, bass; Lee Montgomery—Rosario Bourdon's orchestra. WEF and associated stations.

Not too highbrow without a bow to the lowdown-blues-vogue that's getting such a play over most of the wave-lengths.

8:45 P. M. ROCKING CHAIR MEMORIES—Southernaires, Negro male quartet; Eva Taylor, crooner. WJZ and associated stations.

You could close your eyes and be sitting on a levee listening to this one.

9:00 P. M. PHIL HARRIS and his orchestra with Leah Ray, blues singer. (Northam Warren Corp.). WJZ and associated stations.

The up-and-coming Harris with the come-hither voice and arrange-

ments worth hearing.

9:00 P. M. FRED ALLEN'S Salad Bowl Revue with Portland Hoffa, Roy Atwell, Phil Duesy and Ferde Grofe and his orchestra. (The Best Foods, Inc.) WEF and associated stations.

A nutty salad with that half-mad Allen getting into a new stride and of course the Grofe music which should have been here long ago.

9:30 P. M. POND'S PLAYERS Present Vanity Fair—with Ilka Chase and Hugh O'Connell, comedy team; Lee Wiley and Paul Small, singers; Victor Young and his orchestra. (Lamont Corliss & Company). WEF and associated stations.

A laugh, a song and Victor Young with a baton in his hand. What more do you want?

9:30 P. M. The Armour Program featuring PHIL BAKER; Harry McNaughton; orchestra direction Roy Shield; Merrie-Men, male quartet; Neil Sisters, harmony trio. (Armour and Company). WJZ and associated stations.

The best thing Chicago ever sent out in ether doses, thanks to Phil Baker and his playmates.

11:30 P. M. GUY LOMBARDO and His Royal Canadians. WABC and associated stations.

Saturday

7:15 P. M. MILDRED BAILEY. WABC and associated stations.

7:30 P. M. U. S. Tobacco Co.—monologues by well known Broadway actors; quartette. (Dill's Smoking Tobacco). WEF and associated stations.

(Continued on page 64)

Thursday

6:30 P. M. MILDRED BAILEY—songs. WABC and associated stations.

Miss Bailey going solo on us and you know you like it.

7:00 P. M. MORTON DOWNEY. WABC and associated stations.

7:15 P. M. BABY ROSE MARIE (Tasty-east, Inc.) WJZ and associated stations.

The girl really has a way with her.

7:30 P. M. THE MILLS BROTHERS. WABC and associated stations.

8:00 P. M. RUDY VALLEE and entertainers. WEF and associated stations. (Fleischmann's Yeast).

The master showman of the air is Mr. Vallee, giving us a little less of Rudy and guest programs that can't be beat.

9:00 P. M. Presenting MARK WARNO; Gertrude Niesen. WABC and associated stations.

The Niesen gal is stepping up fast.

9:00 P. M. Captain Henry's Maxwell House Show Boat—CHARLES WINNINGER; Lanny Ross, tenor; Annette Hanshaw, blues singer; Muriel Wilson, soprano; Molasses 'n' January; Don Voorhees' Show Boat Band. (General Foods Corp.) WEF and associated stations.

This is the most consistently smooth and entertaining program you'll get tonight no matter how you twist those dials.

10:00 P. M. AL JOLSON; Paul Whiteman and his orchestra and Radio entertainers; Deems Taylor, master of ceremonies. (Kraft Phenix Cheese Corp.) WEF and associated stations.

So They Went to London

(Continued from page 31)

mained in their hotel until it was time to get the boat train, and then to sum it all up in Connie's economic use of words—

"We came home!"

Morton Downey's stay in London was not as eventful or as annoying, but he came back to America with a heart aching for his old time pal, Jimmie Walker, former Mayor of New York. It happened that the Economic Conference was in session when Downey hit London. Mort knows his way around, even in the fog, for he has been there many times, and is as well known to the limeys as Noel Coward or Harry Lauder is to the victims of theatritis in America.

One of the first things that Downey attempted when he had got settled in his hotel, was to get into touch with Jimmy Walker, who was covering the conference for a string of newspapers.

When Jimmy was Mayor of New York, even his closest friends had to wait for him to come to the telephone. But when Downey called Jimmy, and Betty Compson Walker answered, Jimmy rushed to the telephone to greet his old friend.

It was rather affecting, so I've heard, to see Walker, an expatriate, "hang on" to anybody whom he knew in America. His heart seemed hungry for native companionship. One could see, so they say, that Walker was fed up on foreign life. He talked of nothing but New York and the probability of coming back to America to live.

Downey and Walker were inseparable while the singer was in London. There was no sight-seeing, or shopping. They merely visited and talked and talked. Walker hung upon every word, upon every morsel of news that might drop from Downey's lips. The old wise-cracks were gone, as was much of the fire and merriment that once lighted the Walker eyes. Jimmy seemed to have aged and to be bent with a sudden senility. London, as it does everyone, depressed him after a few days, and next to the prospect of coming home, Walker was haunted by the yearning to get back into the sunny regions of the Riviera, where he has been trying to write a book.

Downey and Walker lived through three weeks of reunion that was all the more depressing because of the imminent departure of the tenor, who had promised himself a bit of holiday in Ireland. Morton went, and kissed the Blarney Stone, and sang and sang, but he couldn't sing the memory of the saddened and chastened Walker out of his mind. And so Downey came home, too, and was glad.

To top off the unpleasantness of his trip, Downey was hailed by the British pressmen (reporters to you) as a crooner. They asked him point blank what a crooner was, and if he were actually one of the tribe.

"Not me," shouted Morton. "I'm a tenor. Too many crooners spoil the pudding." He then told the journal-

ists that crooners didn't like the title as applied to them.

What struck Mrs. Downey, who went along with Mort, was the curious fact that all the English and Irish papers referred invariably to the singer as "Mr. Morton Downey."

Broadcasting in London, as Duke Ellington, Downey and the Boswells all remark, is quite a different experience than wafting something or other on the American kilocycles. Downey brings back the best description of one experience. He was watching the clock in the London studio and was all set to go on the air. Preceding him was a chap all wrapped up in a speech about trees and the unfriendly beetles and locusts that were playing heck with them at the time.

"Do you know," Morton asked the official studio host, "that this guy is two minutes over his allotted time?"

"Yes, yes, we know," the host—who was also an announcer, said, "but he is very popular with the listening public and we let him go on and on."

"Does that mean," Downey inquired, "that I won't have to rush my job so as to finish on the minute?"

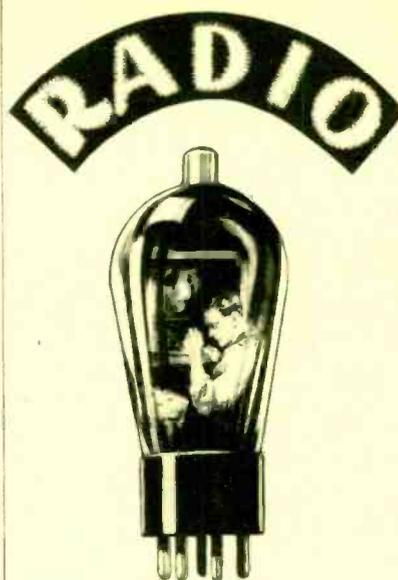
The host smiled. "You just go on and take your time," he said. "Take as much time as you want. American artists over here can't give our audience enough. They like your songs and the way you deliver."

So Morton ran over fifteen minutes.

There are no great lovers or singing idols in England. No native singer enjoys the prominence and the adoration given Bing Crosby, Rudy Vallee and Kate Smith in America. And the professional radio artists in England don't draw more than poorly paid vaudeville artists, which is probably because the English programmes are subsidized and made up by a branch of the government and have no advertising phases. However, it is much simpler to grow famous, because there is no idol whose feet must be revealed as clay, but the fame is different. It must be shared by the many.

Three years ago, if Duke Ellington had tried a London appearance he would probably have shared the general criticism with Ted Lewis and other pioneers who went too early to convert the staid public to jazz rhythms. As a matter of fact, both Ambrose and Jack Hylton have pretty well out-classed American orchestras in their own field. But Ellington, to use a Broadway phrase, slew the audiences on this trip, and scored quite a triumph. He, too, was fed up on the booking routine and the great number of shows one must stage in a day. He was glad to get home, just as Mrs. Whiffington would be, even if, with her beloved Mortimer, she might have had opportunity to see the wicked night life of Paris, to buy gorgeous creations, which she couldn't wear in Brooklyn.

It's just as Mr. Whiffington says and it goes for radio artists too, "The place for a woman is in the home."



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Look Who's Here

Saturday

(Continued from page 62)

9:00 P. M. Lucky Strike Hour—Jack Pearl, Cliff Hall; Al Goodman's orchestra; Howard Clany announcing. WEAF and associated stations.

If you want to know our pet program any night, here it is. The Baron and Sharlie please take two bows.

9:30 P. M. Borden Sales Co., Inc.—Leo Reisman's orchestra; Yacht Club Boys; Vivian Ruth. (Non-Such Mince Meat). WEAF and associated stations.

Monday

(Continued from page 36)

6:54 P. M. THE KING'S HENCHMEN; Jane Froman; Charles Carlile, tenor; and Fred Berrens' Orchestra (King's Brewery). WABC and associated stations.

A glass of beer, a song from Mr. Carlile, one look at Jane and there you are.

7:00 P. M. AMOS 'N' ANDY, (Pepsodent Program). Daily except Saturday and Sunday. WJZ and associated stations.

Who'd ever thought it would go on like this, which just goes to show this pair know their black-face appeal.

7:15 P. M. JUST PLAIN BILL (Koly-nos). Monday through Friday. WABC and associated stations.

Whose job is to remind you what you should put on your tooth brush.

7:15 P. M. JACK DENNY'S Orchestra; Jeannie Lang and Scrappy Lambert. WABC. (Silver Dust).

I'll take this Denny music and you can have your little Jeannie.

7:30 P. M. GRANTLAND RICE; Mary McCoy; Betty Bartel; double quartet; Jack Golden's orchestra. (Richfield). WJZ and associated stations.

A sporting touch to well-balanced music.

7:45 P. M. THE GOLDBERGS—Gertrude Berg, James Walters, and others, (Pepsodent Co.). Daily except Saturday and Sunday. WEAF and associated stations.

Dialecticians who know their business in situations that make you think they're real.

8:15 P. M. SINGIN' SAM the Barbasol Man. WABC and associated stations.

Slow, drawing vocalizing that gets over.

8:30 P. M. POTASH AND PERLMUTTER—Joseph Greenwald and Lou Welch. Monday, Wednesday and Friday. (Health Prods. Corp.) WJZ and associated stations.

There are those as likes these gentlemen very much, thank you.

9:00 P. M. SINCLAIR GREATER MINSTRELS—minstrel show with Gene Arnold, interlocutor; Chauncey Parsons, tenor; male quartet; Bill Childs. MacCloud and Clifford Soubier, end

There may be better orchestras than the Reisman aggregation but we've never heard them.

10:00 P. M. The Saturday Night Dancing Party with B. A. Rolfe and his Terraplane Orchestra. (Hudson Motor Car Co.) WEAF and associated stations.

Good substantial music that will never disappoint you with an off-night.

11:30 P. M. Cuckoo Program with Raymond Knight; orchestra direction Robert Armbruster. WJZ and associated stations.

They're crazy and they admit it.

men; band direction Harry Kogen. (Sinclair Refining Company). WJZ and associated stations.

You'd never think this old stuff would have a public, but they're one of the biggest things on the air.

9:00 P. M. A & P GYPSIES—direction Harry Horlick; Frank Parker, tenor. (Atlantic & Pacific Tea Company). WEAF and associated stations.

It's not the taste of tea that counts but the music that lingers, and this has been going on for a long, long time.

9:15 P. M. AN EVENING IN PARIS—Nat Shilkret and his orchestra; Agnes Moorehead. (Bourgeois). WABC and associated stations.

It's to make you think of perfume but they do it in a skilful way.

9:30 P. M. JACK FROST'S MELODY MOMENTS—guest artist; Joseph Pasternack's orchestra. (National Sugar Refining Co.). WJZ and associated stations.

A standby for your Monday evenings at home.

9:30 P. M. ISHAM JONES and his Orchestra; Lulu McConnell. (Ex-Lax). WABC and associated stations.

Just in case you'd rather not go on a fruit diet.

9:30 P. M. CAPT. DOBSIE and His Ship Of Joy. (California Packing Company). WEAF and associated stations.

A pleasant little trip on the chance you'd like to take it.

10:00 P. M. Andre Kostelanetz presents GLADYS RICE, soprano; Evan Evans, baritone; Mixed chorus and orchestra. WABC and associated stations.

More good music and we'd really miss Gladys, wouldn't we?

10:30 P. M. GUS HAENSCHEN'S PARADE OF MELODY—Ohman and Arden, piano duo; Conrad Thibault, baritone; Arlene Jackson, contralto; Songsmiths, male quartet; Nightingales, girls' trio. Arthur Boran, impersonator. (Buick Olds Pontiac Sales Co.). WEAF and associated stations.

The Ohman-Arden pair just won't let you forget them and the rest of the program keeps you tuned-in.

10:30 P. M. LITTLE JACK LITTLE. WABC and associated stations.

As I was saying, here he is again.

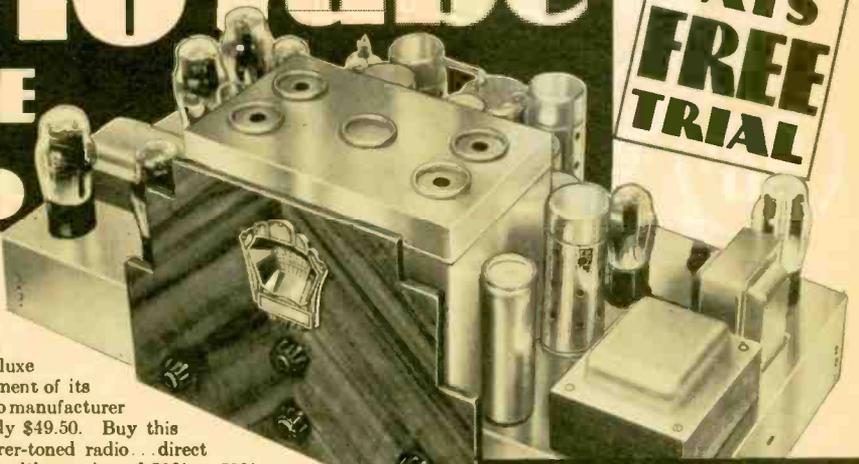
 <p>Never Seen Equal "Logged several Central American and Mexican stations, short and long waves. Get FYA, France. Never seen anything to equal this new Midwest-16 for ton-fidelity and consistent sensitivity."—T. N. Stewart, Vero Beach, Florida.</p>	 <p>Beyond Expectations "You certainly know how to build All-Wave Radios. I am pleased beyond all my expectations; have been listening for two hours to GSB in England, 12RO, and Pontoise, France."—Dayton H. Lasher, 267 Sylvan Ave., Waterbury, Conn.</p>	 <p>No Other Set Compares "The Midwest 16-Tube Radio is all you said and more (a world-wide receiver). I don't believe there is another set on the market today with the tone and selectivity of a Midwest 16-Tube Radio."—Mr. C. L. Giesl, 415 E. S. Grand Ave., Springfield, Ill.</p>	 <p>Fine Results "I am well pleased with the Midwest-16 and have had some fine results with it. Sunday afternoon we were listening to a Rugby game between Ireland and England, being broadcast from London."—B. J. Hart, 41 West St., Cromwell, Conn.</p>
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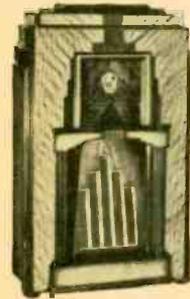
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