

★ Radio MIRROR

10¢

APRIL



WHERE THE BLUE OF THE NIGHT MEETS THE GOLD OF THE DAY

What Mrs. CANTOR
Thinks of EDDIE

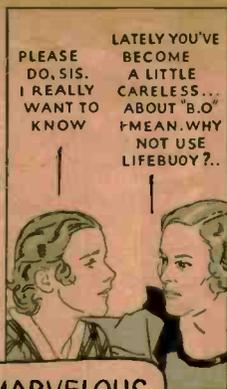
COHAN'S Still the
Yankee Doodle Dandy

BING CROSBY Tells His Own Love Story



MR. CARR NEVER CALLED BUT ONCE. I WONDER WHY MEN LOSE INTEREST IN ME SO QUICKLY

SHALL I SPEAK FRANKLY, DEAR



PLEASE DO, SIS. I REALLY WANT TO KNOW

LATELY YOU'VE BECOME A LITTLE CARELESS... ABOUT "B.O." I MEAN. WHY NOT USE LIFEBOUY?..



HOW FRESH AND CLEAN LIFEBOUY MAKES ME FEEL! NO CHANCE OF "B.O." NOW



"B.O." GONE - romance comes

MAMA, I SAW MR. CARR KISSING AUNTIE

THAT'S ALL RIGHT, NORA. MR. CARR AND AUNTIE ARE ENGAGED



LIFEBOUY IS MARVELOUS FOR THE COMPLEXION, TOO!

LIFEBOUY'S bland, creamy lather gives that thorough, pore-deep cleansing that is the foundation of all complexion beauty. Massage this rich, soothing lather well into the pores; then rinse. Do this nightly—watch your skin

grow clearer, fresher — lovelier than ever!

Its very scent is different!

Clean, fresh, vanishing as you rinse, Lifebuoy's pleasant, hygienic scent tells you this delightful toilet soap purifies pores, gives extra protection against "B. O." (body odor).

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau.



HOW BETTY SAVES MONEY ON WASHDAY



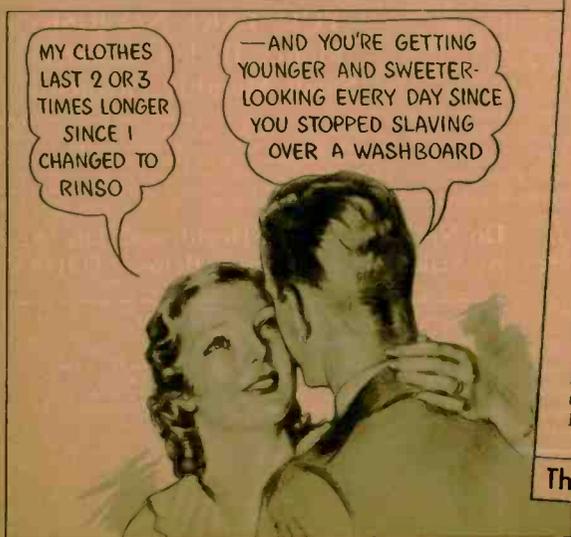
BILL, I'VE SAVED AT LEAST \$100 SINCE I THREW OUT MY WASHBOARD

HOW, BETTY?



BY SOAKING CLOTHES IN RINSO SUDS INSTEAD OF SCRUBBING THEM THREADBARE AGAINST A WASHBOARD

THAT'S FINE



MY CLOTHES LAST 2 OR 3 TIMES LONGER SINCE I CHANGED TO RINSO

—AND YOU'RE GETTING YOUNGER AND SWEETER-LOOKING EVERY DAY SINCE YOU STOPPED SLAVING OVER A WASHBOARD

RINSO WASHES CLOTHES WHITER?

YES - 4 OR 5 SHADES WHITER!

Approved by Good Housekeeping Institute.

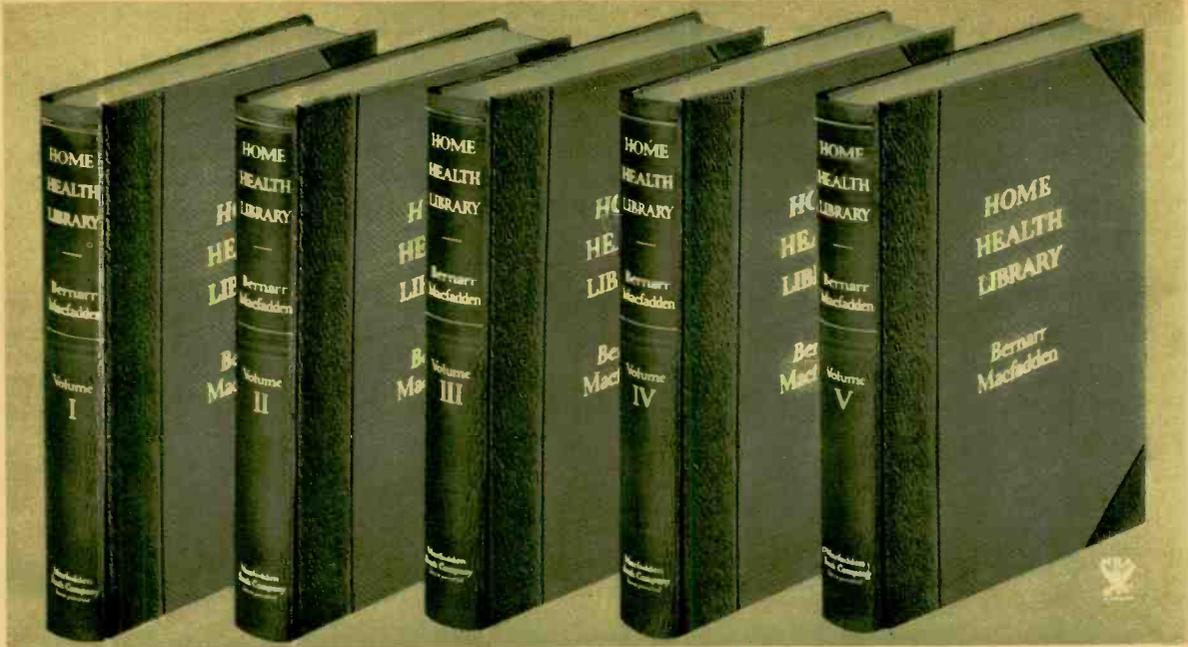
Be clever! Use the soap that saves scrubbing and boiling—that does away with the old-fashioned washboard.

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Radio MIRROR

VOL. 1 NO. 6

APRIL - 1934

JULIA SHAWELL • EDITOR

BELLE LANDESMAN • ASSISTANT EDITOR

WALLACE HAMILTON CAMPBELL • ART DIRECTOR

s p e c i a l

NEXT MONTH



The outstanding radio personality of the past year, both from the important timeliness of his many appearances and far-reaching effects of his broadcasts is President Roosevelt. The radio has been his most important medium in reaching a larger number of his people at one time than has been afforded any other president in the history of this country. Mary Margaret Mc-

Bride has spent time with the Chief Executive at the White House and has discussed with him his reaction to broadcasting and his contemplated future activities on the air. In the May issue of RADIO MIRROR she writes the most important story this magazine has yet presented in which she presents facts and plans of ROOSEVELT IN RADIO. DON'T



MISS IT! Kate Smith has been absent from the airwaves for several months, making a country-wide personal appearance tour, building up her already wide radio public. But she's coming back and in the meantime she has written her own life story for RADIO MIRROR, telling of her childhood, her adolescence, her sudden rise to fame—

all her disappointments, her frustrations and her victories. It's filled with human interest and thrills and it starts in May RADIO MIRROR.

Several years ago Will Rogers flopped in broadcasting and he thought he was through with air entertainment forever. But he came back, tremendously successful, this internationally popular figure whom the censors couldn't frighten, and next month Herb Cruikshank writes the real story of the real Will Rogers.



From a standpoint of musical accomplishments and general popularity, Lawrence Tibbett is the best known operatic figure who has been taken into the homes of all kinds of people. Rose Heylbut writes from long association with the opera stars and her article in May RADIO MIRROR presents a side of Tibbett

you never knew. Then Bing Crosby concludes his revealing and informal story of his own marriage, what it did for his career and how he feels about love right now. Your singing idol has a lot to say about Dixie Lee in this installment and more to say about his private life.



Vincent Lopez is presented informally and accurately in a different story about this veteran radio pilot and that's only the beginning of what May RADIO MIRROR offers you.

Don't miss the score of new personality stories, a more gorgeous portrait gallery than you've ever seen, new homemaking advice by Sylvia Covney, Gard's caricatures, fashions, hot news and latest gossip.

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I LIKE the radio—honestly! I enjoy a large number of the broadcast programs I hear on the air, and while it's my business to know as much about them as possible, even if it weren't, I'd still tune-in. Since I was sixteen I've been around the studios, and believe me I know how much they've improved during that time. Before I was old enough to realize what it was all about I was interviewing people on the air via the old WOR Newark studios, and if my questions were slightly dumb, some of the answers were more so. And in all that time I've never voluntarily witnessed a radio show. I take my air entertainment out of the loud speaker. I know definitely that the air programs are for my ears, not for my eyes, and at times I've been slightly impatient with people who were so anxious to be on the scene of one of the big broadcasts. I knew they were doomed to disappointment. I've seen television experiments, I've even been an unsuspecting victim, and yet I'm not at all curious about it. I realize that the current crop of radio artists, even the present technique of broadcasting, is not adaptable to visual appreciation. The whole system must be revolutionized before it is an eye-filling spectacle. And the big brains of the industry know it, too.

Seeing is not believing in radio. In listening, only, is there satisfaction. Personally I'd rather hear Kate Smith and Mildred Bailey, than watch them perform. Admitting of course, the human curiosity which is what fills theaters all over the country when Kate Smith makes a personal appearance; or whenever a prominent artist of the air goes on the stage, for that matter.

I recall several years ago an occasion when Charlie Chaplin broadcast. He made a few innocuous remarks, then said, "I shall now play the violin." A man with a fiddle stepped up to the microphone and played a soulful melody which was quite impressive. Then Mr. Chaplin, after a few more remarks said, "I shall now play the saxophone." Or maybe it was the piccolo. Anyhow, another artist proficient with the wind, did his bit, and so on, until the period allotted to the famous comedian was over. I thought the whole idea was quite a flop until the

next day when all my friends said how much they had enjoyed Mr. Chaplin, and how they never had realized how accomplished he was. In deference to Charlie, I kept still, and realized at that time how much more I, too, might have enjoyed his efforts had I been at my own receiver. Chaplin may have been joking about his musical attainments, but his listeners certainly took it seriously.

Now, I take my air entertainment as it should be taken—at the receiving end on the air waves. As an impresario on any hour, I would choose Rudy Vallee. He is, without question, the master showman of radio today. I've never heard a program of his on the Fleischmann hour that didn't have some feature of outstanding merit.

Among the individual artists who get by on their own vocal merits, Bing Crosby is unquestionably the most popular. He hasn't of course, the gorgeous voice of Lawrence Tibbett, but he has an air personality unrivaled among the men. With the women it's a matter of choice between Ruth Etting or Kate Smith. I think Miss Smith, over a long period of time,

has been consistently the best broadcaster of her sex, bowing, of course, to Miss Etting's vocal ability.

Among the comedians I would choose Jack Pearl and yet I realize there are thousands of Cantor fans who will protest. Getting into the class of orchestra leaders, Ben Bernie, probably does more for his sponsors in the way of good weekly entertainment than any of the baton wielders, and yet on a question of musical merit, both Paul Whiteman and Vincent Lopez surpass him. To say nothing of Leo Reisman who is the technician of them all, but whether it's his own fault, or circumstance, he hasn't been at his best on the air.

George Jessel of the airwaves has never gotten into the stride that makes him the inimitable toastmaster at a professional banquet, and to my mind, Bert Lahr is most entertaining across the footlights.

There are millions of listeners, and they're divided as to the relative merits of every program, which is what makes it possible for all the stations to sell the same time and claim a nationwide listening public.

Julia Shawell

WITH THE SWEETHEARTS OF THE AIR

If you think those phone conversations between Fay Webb Vallee and Gary Leon, printed in the papers, were pretty hot stuff, you should hear the parts of the recorded conversations that the newspapers didn't dare run. . . . As Mercury forecast last month, Helen Morgan quit her night club job to please her hubby, Buddy Maschke, who entertains the old-fashioned notion that a wife's place is in the home—especially after 2:30 A. M.

* * *

These are days when the broadcasting barons have an ear carefully attuned to the White House. Let a whisper come from Washington and they hear it and heed it. So when the hint came that President Roosevelt thought radio impersonations of him took the edge off his own talks, Columbia promptly cut the Chief Executive out as a character in its March of Time news dramatizations. The axe also de-

HOT *and* AIRY

*Singhi Breen
is the best
icken you
ever ate*

*Sisters
sed-cause they're
re dark*



The cast of "Circus Days" which brings the sawdust and the ring thrills into your living room

scended on the President's ghost, William Perry Adams, best of all the actors impersonating the President on the air. Mercury hears he will be continued as a member of the March of Time company but will simulate the voice of other personalities.

SPEAKING OF BING

Since Bing Crosby's voice has been coming over the ether and keeping the adoring gals in their own living rooms on Monday nights, the only complaint seems to be there isn't enough of Crosby. Somehow or other the sweet young things who hang on to every low note and sigh over last syllables could do without any of these orchestral interludes during their idol's broadcast.

And it seems to be the sponsors are missing a great

bet when they don't build up some sort of romantic continuity around the Crosby program. They should give him a characterization after the fashion of his movie roles and build up situations which would give him a chance to air more of that personality that has the feminine world so ga-ga.

Most of the listeners are crying for more drama on the air waves; they like the serial-type of play acting before the microphone and Crosby seems to be the ideal type around whom a plot with not too much action, but plenty of love interest, might be convincingly developed. He can talk effectively as well as sing. How about it, Bing?

* * *

It costs forty cents to make a tour of NBC's sumptuous studios in Radio City but that (Continued on page 50)

There's

Bing Crosby has a million girl friends he's never met, but Dixie Lee's the only one, as he tells here



Bing has a charm all his own, aside from his thrilling voice

BACK in Spokane, my mother used to confuse me by crying at weddings. The Lohengrin march was always accompanied by an obligato of sniffles. I remember thinking that it was very unreasonable to weep since the two being joined together were evidently having the time of their lives!

Later on, in Hollywood, I noticed that nobody shed so much as a tear at nuptials. Indeed, the chime of wedding bells were apparently not taken any more seriously than the tinkle of champagne glasses. And I concluded that, paradoxically enough—the crying marriages were successful; the laughing ones failures!

Well, I want to say right now that my marriage with Dixie is not a typical Hollywood affair. I think we have proved that pretty conclusively. The evidence is three years of compatibility, our son, Gary Evans Crosby, and the fact that we have just moved into our own home in Hollywood after months of various apartment houses and hotels.

There were plenty of doubters who predicted that, sooner or later, our marriage would go on the rocks. But for the very reasons that these critics forecast failure, our union has succeeded!

In the first place, becoming Mrs. Crosby positively wrecked Dixie's promising career as an actress, for reasons I will state later on. Her parents, who had great ambitions for her, and the company to which she was under contract, nurturing plans for her development as a star, all objected to my intrusion upon the scene. For when Dixie and I fell in love, she was enough of a woman to fall in

love 100 percent, and to want me ahead of a career. Keeping a date with me was more important than showing up for publicity pictures, and not many Hollywood men can claim *that* sort of a sweetheart!

However, when Dixie began to substitute real-life love interest off the set, for make-believe love on the set, gossips said she would regret it some day. Nevertheless, 1934 finds Dixie perfectly content to remain my better half, and to bring up our son and heir.

Certainly, it is lucky for me that she feels that way, because I know I have her full support and interest in my work, whereas, if she were involved in a career of her own, we would both be pulling in different directions.

I admit that at the time of my marriage I was pretty unpromising material as a husband. I was mostly concerned with having myself a good time, and consequently I had achieved the reputation of being one of Hollywood's most inveterate men-about-town. As a soloist at various night clubs of the film colony, I saw the whole panorama of after-midnight life, and was introduced to many a glamorous blonde in rhinestone and satin. All I asked of life was a pleasantly lazy existence, and all I asked of people was that they be good company.

My love affairs were short-lived, never getting their roots very deeply into my heart. Judging by my actions, no woman in the world who acted on pure reason would have dared depend upon me. But Dixie and I fell inextricably in love, and that strange avalanche swept both of us off our feet.

She took a great chance when she married me, but it turned out that my experience as a Gay Lothario had been all to the good. For I realized that I didn't feel "married", or anchored, or straight-jacketed. I had completely lost my appetite for the life of a wandering boy. It was altogether out of my system. My search was over.

In order to understand what mammoth changes the little woman wrought in me—I had better turn back the clock and present a picture of myself through late adolescence.

I never had any patience with things in life which were not colorful, amusing or romantic. For instance, when I read books as a kid, the characters I admired were Robin Hood and Francois Villon. In fact, I had an overwhelming desire to be as swashbuckling, and as daring as they.

only ONE Marriage for Me by Bing Crosby

It was difficult for my parents or teachers to understand my frame of mind, or to analyze the reason for my non-conformist attitude. So I was occasionally expelled from class-rooms for alleged misconduct, pranks, idleness, and general all-around orneriness.

Through the early 'teens in Spokane, I was strictly a man's man, and ganged around with several other fellows who were as unruly as I. During summer vacations from school, we would all earn some pin-money by working in various orchards near the home-town. Then we would go to the picture show together, snort derisively at love scenes, and cheer Tom Mix in western pictures.

My clique was very stoic in regard to girls. We thought they were a silly lot. We'd refuse invitations to the home-town parties, and the young swains who escorted girls to the high school dances were not in our class. We would stand in the stag line and gaze critically at the couples on the floor, making them all feel as uncomfortable as possible. All in all, I guess my gang was as outlawed as Robin Hood's!

THEN, like a bolt out of the blue, came my first attack of puppy love! I was about fifteen at the time. I thought Margie was the prettiest creature I had ever seen. She had brown eyes and pink cheeks.

What let me down about Margie, however, was her baby talk! She appealed to me with that helpless expression which is supposed to do wonders toward snaring mankind, but which I consider, and always have considered, strictly the bunk. For a while I thought she was cute enough to pardon the baby talk. Then came the climax of my First Love!

It was winter, and there was swell skating, so of course the outdoor man in me demanded a sojourn on the ice, frozen ears or no frozen ears! When I suggested it to Margie, she gave a pathetic little yip, looked completely helpless, and said.

"Oh Bing! I can't skate. . . ."

"Well, it's time you learned." I

laughed, "It's easy if you know how. I'll teach you."

She moaned, and curled up in a chair as disarmingly as a kitten.

"But Bing-o, it's so co-o-o-ld! Let's stay home and play the victrola," she hesitated, then dangled, as an irresistible bait, "I'll make some fudge."

I was absolutely disgusted. I told her that I didn't see why she couldn't be a sport about it, even if it was a trifle chilly.

Margie got huffy. Boys, she (Continued on page 58)

Here's the popular Bing with his lifemate and real love, pretty little Dixie Lee

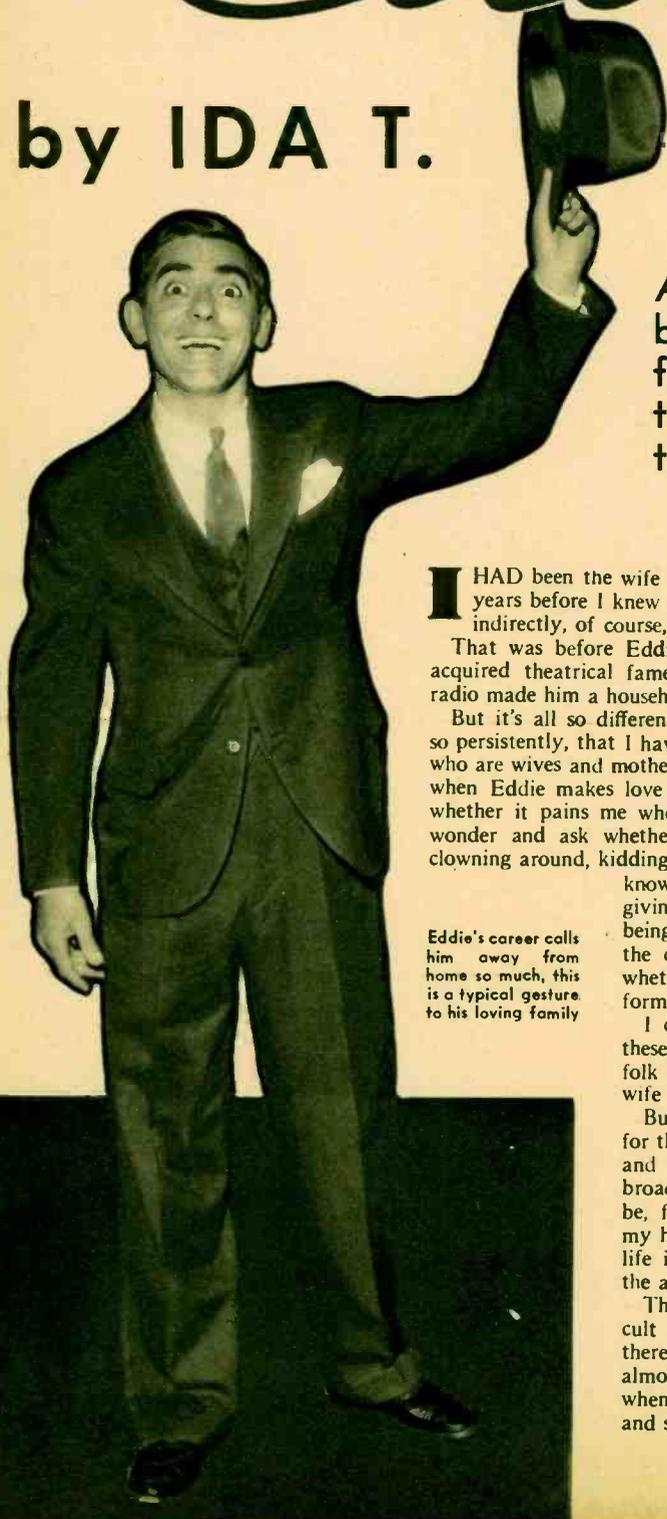


WHAT I THINK OF

Eddie

by IDA T.

CANTOR



After seventeen years of being Mrs. Eddie Cantor, the famous comedian's wife still thinks he's a swell husband and tells why in this thrilling story

I HAD been the wife of Eddie Cantor, the comedian, for nearly seventeen years before I knew what a stooge was—and then I found out that I was, indirectly, of course, playing the role of one.

That was before Eddie Cantor went on the radio, and although he had acquired theatrical fame, up until then, I never had shared it. Until the radio made him a household name, nobody ever bothered to ask me questions.

But it's all so different now, and the questions come in such deluges, and so persistently, that I have decided to answer them all at one sitting. Women, who are wives and mothers themselves, insist on knowing whether I get jealous when Eddie makes love to other girls in the radio skits. They must know whether it pains me when his fan mail is full of amorous proposals. They wonder and ask whether life is unendurable with a mate who is always clowning around, kidding me and my daughters. Others, who have a bit more

Eddie's career calls him away from home so much, this is a typical gesture to his loving family

knowledge of the routine of a comedian's life, insist on giving me their sympathy because they feel that I resent being left alone with my children while he travels all over the country. The men who write are curious to know whether Eddie is as funny at home as he is when performing.

I could, in the phraseology of the theatre answer all these queries with one sentence. The theatrical and movie folk would understand when I replied simply, "I am the wife of a trouper."

But radio is newer. That answer would hardly suffice for the stay-at-homes, the people out in the remote regions, and it is to these people that my husband directs his broadcasts. Therefore, I must be specific, and I want to be, for I want the entire radio audience to understand my husband as I understand him. And that our domestic life is not a great deal out of joint with the routine of the average married couple.

There was a time, I will confess, when I found it difficult to "take it." When Eddie and I were sweethearts, there were moments when his kidding and clowning almost prompted me to slap him down. On occasions when he would look at my hair, which is honey-colored, and swear that I had bleached it, and when he would look



The whole Cantor family in a happy holiday mood—Mr. and Mrs. Cantor and their five lovely daughters Marjorie, Natalie, Edna, Marion and Janet

me over sadly and declare that I was becoming ungainly and weighty, I felt like weeping. It required years for me to learn when Eddie was serious and when he was clowning.

Eddie Cantor, like most husbands, is just a child at heart. Like a lot of other wives, it is part of my work to tie his ties for him, to buy his clothing, to regulate his diet and to understand his kibitzing. He is a natural kibitzer, and one just simply has to put up with it.

But I must be truthful. I am not at all resentful or jealous of the professional romancing of my husband. I am, as I said, trouper enough, to know that it's all in the script. And I know my Eddie. Basically, he is a family man, like those to whom he directs his appeal. If women send him amorous proposals, I take it as a compliment. I love him, and if he has qualities which appeal to other women, that merely supports my theory that he is a pretty good fellow. Do I get red in the face, when, during the broadcasts, he enumerates the little faults of the family—myself and the girls? I do not. It is Eddie's way; he does it at home, he does it in public, and on the air. It is an outcropping of his frankness. He means no offense, therefore, we do not take offense. If Eddie wants to have his broadcasts full of "Ida and the daughters", that's what Eddie wants, and since I have unlimited faith in his showmanship, whatever goes over with him, is all right with

me and the kids. In mentioning us so often, he deliberately caters to family groups. If one may judge from the response, families like to see and hear themselves reflected in the entertainment world. It all adds realism and sincerity. And besides, I am always fortified by the knowledge that Eddie will

not use material that could in any way hurt ours or other people's feelings. I think it is a bit silly for folks to ask me whether I resent his kidding. I ought to be used to it after twenty years. It really took me about four years, however, to get accustomed to it. So when I hear it over the air, it seems no different than if Eddie were home.

The folks in show business can understand all this, because they knew Eddie and myself rather well. I don't think we ever have ceased being sweethearts. If I may become a bit confidential, I'd like to say right here that I cannot conceive of myself being married to anyone but Eddie Cantor. I can't picture him in any other profession. No matter how much excitement and heartache our hectic living brings with it, I realize that it is the only life for Cantor. When we hear 'em saying, "We Want Cantor" we are comforted to think that the audiences like him as we do. Being the wife—and inaudible stooge for his Sunday shows, is the only life I want, and my daughters feel the same way.

I have, however, regretted being the wife of a trouper, but only once. Then I honestly (Continued on page 53)

YANKEE



Cohan's newest portrait as he appears in the Theater Guild's "Ah, Wilderness"

IT'S neither Cohen, Cohn, Conn nor Kann. Indeed, no variant of that ancient and honorable name that fills so many pages in the Telephone Company's handy reference guide. The name is Cohan. Hyphenate it and accent the last syllable, then you'll be among the minority pronouncing it correctly. "Co" as in National Broadcasting Co. And "han" as in the han' that rocks the cradle. The name is Cohan. It's Irish.

These thirty years, more maybe, George M. of the clan, as man and boy, has run the theatrical gamut from the lowly but exciting plane of vaudeville to the austere and rarefied heights of the Guild where he now perches philosophically in "Ah, Wilderness." Men still reckoned youthful, by themselves at least, and girls not yet too aged to shake a wicked castanet, will recall with relish that far-famed vehicle of "The Four Cohans." "The Governor's Son." George M. was the son. Jerry Cohan, his Dad, was the Governor. And his mother and sister filled the feminine roles.

Perhaps you remember "Little Johnny Jones," the American jockey, who warbled nasally about being a "Yankee Doodle Dandy, Yankee Doodle Do-or-die." That was Cohan too. Perhaps you recall "Forty-five Minutes From Broadway," the show that made America suburb-conscious. It was Cohan's gift to the sub-divisioners. "The Tavern,"

with its mad comicalities, its unforgettable line, "What's all the shootin' fer?" bore the Cohan hall-mark. And have you forgotten, then, so soon the joys of "Broadway Jones," "The Little Millionaire," "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford" and the delightful mysteries of "Seven Keys to Baldpate?" Cohan, all Cohan.

He wrote 'em, played 'em, produced 'em, directed 'em. He was "George Washington, Jr.," first in the hearts of his countrymen. He carried the banner, and how he waved it! He popularized patriotism. He set a nation singing "You're a Grand Old Flag." And when the Eagle screamed he piped a million men to arms with "Over There." Give us a star-spangled banner with George M. Cohan to wave it, and we'll lick the whole, wide, ruddy world!

He's fiftyish now. But time hasn't mellowed him, thank God! He still has an office which is the last place in creation to look for him. He's still as nervous, restless, as un-pin-down-able as when the other three of "The Four Cohans" had to get some one to double for him in a group picture, and later super-imposed George's roguish features on the other feller's shoulders.

Some men seem to improve by being aged in the wood, so to speak. But Cohan is bottled in bond. He's still Broadway's boy-friend, nimble-kneed and nimble-witted, effervescent, nasal and irrepressible as in the long dead days

DOODLE DANDY

when one could sing sentimentally about Herald Square, and do his hocking with the generous Mc-Aleenans without making a sleeper-jump down-town. Ask Dad, he'll remember weeping in his beer if he ever got as far afield as Brooklyn and heard the nostalgic phrases of "Give My Regards to Broadway, dum-de-dum-de Herald Square!" If there ever really were any good, old days, George M. Cohan made them so!

A lesser man might have outlived his day and generation. The world changes, and Broadway most of all. But champagne, wine agents and sound money passed. Synthetic gin, bootleggers, inflation came. Then the Prohibition error passed, too. And viewing the procession stands George M. Cohan, looking thirty prematurely silvered, ruddy visaged, clear eyed, a song 'n' dance man enjoying the heady wine of the Theatre Guild and Eugene O'Neill, indeed a potent combination.

And not content with this, our "Beau Broadway," casting about for new worlds to conquer, has lithely, blithely lavished some spare talents on that latest entertainment medium, radio. And in this new venture, too, his genius blazes undiminished. The nation thrilled again to the



Cohan's career has made him the popular national flag waver

when Durante's schnozzle was just something to blow. Then he'd go into his dance. And like as not his audience would join him.

Just to make things complete Cohan took a fling at films, as you'll remember if you saw "The Phantom President." They have a way in Hollywood of creating order from chaos, of suddenly, unexpectedly transforming sows' rears, or is it ears, into silken purses. That's what happened in the movie debut of screen star Cohan. "The Phantom President" pleased everyone but its hero. He regards it as—well, this is a family paper, so let us say—one of his distinctly minor achievements. That sounds better than lousy.

Cohan had some odd experiences among the Coast defenders. No one who ever visioned the warm, delightful, charming smile that spreads itself so readily over the Cohan features can doubt that it reflects the genial heart of the man. But there are limits to human endurance, and in Hollywood George M. reached 'em. For three decades, the best-beloved personality in the American theatre, star, director, producer, author, playwright, manager, composer, undisputed leader, Mr. Cohan, upon his arrival out-where-the-West-begins, was approached in (Continued on page 59)

Through his new medium, radio, the theater's grand old man still makes them happy and leaves them with a smile

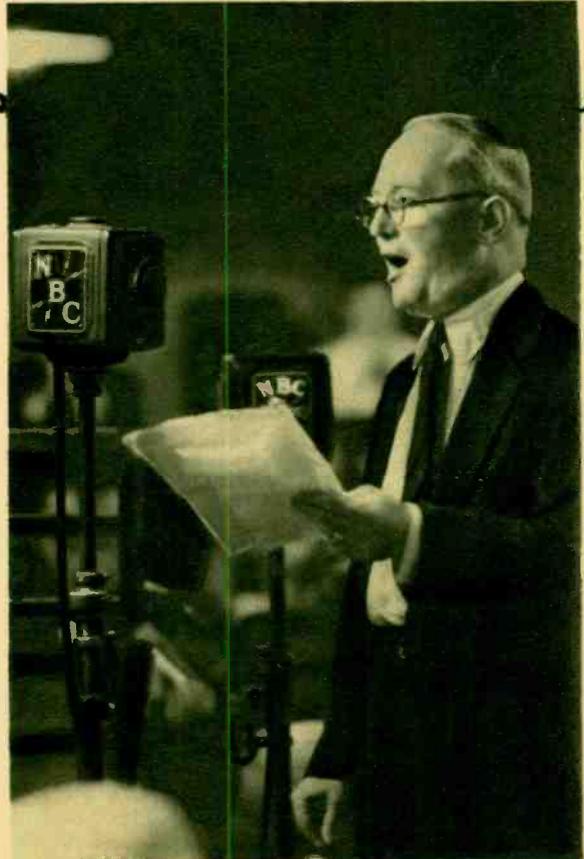
by Herb Cruikshank

Cohan melodies, old and new, rendered on the air by the one-and-only George M. And the wires sobbed congratulations from Boston to the bayous.

"I never sang so much in my life," he insists. "Gee, fifteen minutes at a stretch! And am I scared of that 'mike!' Every time I face the thing, the old pipes freeze up solid!"

But coming from Cohan perhaps these statements best be taken with a dose of salts, as Hollywood adapts the Latin phrase, for it is inconceivable that he has ever felt fear. He'll fight at the drop of the hat. Indeed, there's no need to bother dropping it. He battled with the entire theatrical profession, resigned from the club which he headed, stuck to his guns against all odds, over a difference of opinion.

And as to singing, well, in strictest confidence, he never really sang a note. Cohan is no Caruso. He never was a Mario who "with tenor notes could soothe the souls in Purgatory." He'd cock a rakish hat over a roguish eye, bend a checkered knee, toy with a bamboo cane, and from the southeast corner of his mouth drawl that "Mary Is a Grand Old Name." He didn't sing it. He didn't croon it, Heaven forbid! He just intoned the lyrics as the band played on. And he spoke 'em through his nose then as he does now. Cohan glorified the nasal appendage



Gertrude Niesen looks exotic but she's a Brooklyn girl and learned those weird notes at home before she walked right on the stage

Out Niesen

NEXT to the breadline, the most pathetic spectacle that I can associate with the city of New York is the daily pilgrimage to the radio temples, of the hopelessly hopeful neophytes, looking for a "break" on the air waves.

The officials at the major studios inform me that the average number of men, women and children, the latter mostly accompanied by avaricious parents, who apply for auditions wherein to display their talents, with the idea of becoming stars, is about a thousand a week, throughout the year.

I have watched these pilgrimages, and also the tolerant, kindly manner in which those not obviously ungifted, are given hearings, and I have seen them turned away with kindly words, but nevertheless, with their hopes blasted, temporarily, at least.

The statistics show that in 1933, more than 50,000 persons, who thought they could sing or play, or act, swooped down on the studios—and that of this vast number, less than 22, most of whom were already professional entertainers, attached themselves with any degree of permanency or success, to the microphone. In the previous years, because the depression was greater, the number was nearly a hundred thousand applicants, and less than two dozen made the grade.

Thus we have, out of a hundred and fifty thousand souls, just about forty-six who fitted into the radio picture. This gives a fairly accurate idea of the scarcity of talent, or, looking at it from another angle, it affords a striking picture of the rocky road to fame.

In the past decade, I don't think more than half a dozen radio personalities escaped the rigors of their climb to the heights by having fame and success thrust upon them. Cantor, Pearl and Ed Wynn, all from the stage, were among the most recent. But the outstanding instance of a personality, who had no idea nor desire to click on the radio, but who was literally dragged into the business, and by sheer velocity, hurtled to stardom, was that of Gertrude Niesen, contralto and torch singer, who incidentally, is the only adult to rise from almost complete obscurity to the peak of radio popularity, within 24 months.

No outstanding woman performer was added to the radio roster in 1933. Gertrude Niesen, who became technically a baby star in 1932, rose high in the firmament in the declining months of 1932, and seems, at the moment, headed for the center of the female

Miss Niesen is one of the most important radio finds of the past year, and is as much surprised as her public at the critical praises she's been given

by MIKE



of the Parlor

constellation, where Kate Smith once waxed brilliant, and as she most likely will do again, within a few months.

You look at Gertrude Niesen, and you see a girl just a bit more than 21 years old, and you wonder if she is wearing the make-up of an oriental. If you were given three guesses, you'd wager that radio found her on the stage, or on the picture lots, or perhaps in "Madame Butterfly."

The stage would be nearer the truth, but broadly, it would be proper to say that she went from her own parlor to kilocycle glory almost overnight.

So exotic does she seem, that you'd imagine, if you didn't know better: There's a woman who has traveled the wide world, who has seen and done things, and knows her way about. She brings you zephyrs from the far corners of Asia. She'd fit into the frame of a picture of cherry blossom time in Japan. She wouldn't seem out of place in a Javanese temple. With equal grace she could don a hula skirt on Waikiki Beach.

But the truth is, she hasn't been West of Chicago, nor East of Gotham, and has spent most of her life in the prosaic acres of Brooklyn.

You hear her sing in a low, passionately modulated voice, and watch her as she gestures with all the finesse of a consummate actress, and you imagine that you are looking at a woman who has spent years behind the footlights; you see a woman with real theatrical poise, an ease of manner, smooth as suede, and an aura of sophistication that completely deceives you. Gertrude's stage career was as brief, and as amazing as her sudden rise in the radio realm.

To me, whose days and nights are occupied watching the progress of radio figures, and living their lives with them, Niesen, or as we boys of Radio Row call her, La Niesen, is a startling person, astonishingly impervious to criticism, and perhaps one of less than half a dozen artists who can take it on the chin with the same grace that she can accept a bouquet.

I am writing this about Gertrude on January 4, 1934.

It was on January 4, 1933, that she made her debut on WABC, and the Columbia network. But Columbia did not discover her for the air. Columbia merely recognized unusual talent, and gave her a flying start. It was Louis Sobel, a metropolitan columnist who first saw that La Niesen was radio material, and he borrowed her from a Broadway act, and had her sing as a guest.

(Continued on page 57)

All dressed up for a personal appearance, Gertrude appears to have stepped out of the Orient, but her story of a Brooklyn girlhood tells you otherwise



PHIL - THE

Phil Baker is Chicago's ace comedy contribution to the broadcast waves

"IT'S a girl, and she's all mine," said the proud daddy of Margot Eleanore Baker. "And I thought new babies were hard to look at, but this one has personality." And is Phil Baker happy? I'll say. And it's been one of his greatest desires to have a child of his own.

The Armour Jester is a regular Friday night feature over an NBC-WJZ network from the Chicago studios, where he stages his antics to the equal delight of his ether fans and his visible audience. There is many a chuckle that doesn't get over the air, for during the whole show, Phil is never still. He is either dancing around to the tune of Roy Shields' twenty-five piece orchestra or he is comically gesturing to the amusement of his audience. Phil does not do this for effect. It is spontaneous and he really enjoys himself.

However, there is a serious side to Phil Baker. He says radio work is the hardest thing he has done in his life. It's not an easy matter to dig up material to make the same people laugh each week—and the material has to be different each week. He has taken his radio work so seriously, that in order to give a really fine show, the entire cast live in one big house where they get together at all hours of the day and night. The residents of this house, which is situated in a suburb of Chicago, are Phil himself, his pretty English wife Peggy Cartwright, Miss Albertson, his phantom butler, "Bottle", and his two script writers.

At the age of ten, Phil used to frequent the musical instrument shop owned by his father's friend. While snooping around one day, he pounded upon an old concertina and inveigled his old man into buying it.

From then on he drove the family frantic with his continual pumping of the concertina. Before long, however, Phil worked out the combination for himself and from listening to the hurdy-gurdies on the streets, he learned how to play his inimitable "Poet and Peasant", "William Tell", and many others. Soon he was entertaining the neighbors on the fire-escape. Then the family bought a piano and decided that Phil take lessons. After five months, his teacher gave up in despair, admitting that Phil knew every piece before he had

THE PROUD BAKERS WITH THEIR NEW HAPPINESS, BABY MARGOT ELEANORE



Accordion MAN

by DORIS ASHE

an opportunity to teach it to him. You see, the girl next door was a pupil of the same teacher and started to take lessons before Phil. He would hear her practicing her pieces and then would play them by ear. That was the extent of his musical education.

When Phil was not quite fifteen, he teamed up with another chap for a ten months vaudeville tour on the Pantages Circuit. He played the piano while his partner fiddled.

It was while on this tour that he became acquainted with some Italian troupers who taught him how to master the accordion. He immediately wrote back home to big sister to send him an accordion. Big sister's pet was Phil and so she invested \$80 in a second-hand instrument, and since then has never regretted her investment. Phil's accordions now range into several hundred dollars. He owns about ten at a time.

When on tour, everytime Phil got himself a new accordion he would give his old one away as a souvenir to the Mayor of the town in which he was playing.

LATER, when Ben Bernie, the "Old Maestro" of today, heard that Phil was in vaudeville he made it his business to get together with his childhood chum, and so the team of "Bernie and Baker" came into existence. They split up when Ben Bernie became interested in organizing an orchestra. And then came the war. Phil joined the navy. His sight-seeing through a port-hole is another story. However, Phil says, "That did wonders for me, I never had the nerve to speak a line on the stage until I put on that uniform. And now—well—even Beetle can't keep me quiet." I can't imagine Phil ever being quiet.

Although Phil has become famous as a comedian, he can go from the ridiculous to the sublime with the snap of a finger. He loves to play classical solos on his accordion. Only recently, he was invited to appear as guest accordionist for the Boston Symphony orchestra, but Phil reluctantly turned the invitation down on account of his being tied up with his radio contract.

Phil is the idol of the children of Evanston, Illinois, where he resides. He likes kids—pitches in and takes part in cornerlot football games or marble contests. He carries a pocketful of coins and gives away hundreds of (Continued on page 61)

PHIL AND HIS ACCORDION IN A SERIOUS MOMENT ON HIS PROGRAM



Hollywood takes the air



Joan Crawford who's considered likely radio material

John Boles' voice is an asset to any air program



EMMMA GLUTZ of Hokeville, Mo. borrows carfare from the old folks or hitchhikes and get herself to Hollywood where on the strength of a beautiful face and a figure that lends itself easily to lasting marble likenesses—plus plenty of nerve and a few breaks—reaches the movie closeups. With the aid of beauty experts, clever modistes, good directors and a publicity campaign she emerges on the screen a glamorous creature named Glorine Lee or Mora Morgan or Thais Tamara. And there are vague stories, undated and illusive of close checkup which associate her with a cultured, thrilling past in the protectorate of her aristocratic home and proper finishing schools—usually with a few years at some obscure convent thrown in.

In due time, or so it was in seasons past, she eventually reached the microphones where she was interviewed on the radio for her dear, dear public and usually in these byplays of words she told, also a trifle undated and illusive, little details of her childhood in the old family manor. If she had taken on a Russian personality, her father inevitably had been a general in the White Russian Army but if her speech had the practiced dulcet tones of magnolia blossoms then she was always one of the Lees of Virginia, my deah!

Sometimes Emma Glutz sang a thrilling little thing about the swallows, doing her best on three months' vocalizing she'd had from the Hollywood teachers who taught her as best they could, and against great handicaps, how to open her mouth. The job of teaching her how to close it and when to keep it closed was up to the studio press agents, no more a sine-

Many of the famous stars who've made their reputations on celluloid are now turning to the ether for a medium. What can they offer, how far will they go on the air?

by R. H.
ROWAN

cure than the poor singing master's. And somehow when Emma got on the air the things which her public heard from Emma didn't go over so well with the fans. They could read, if they wanted it, all about what Emma's family had done for their country and how much they had tried to protect little Emma from any harsh contact with the big bad world and how art and her ambitions had prevailed.



Fifi D'Orsay, a successful Hollywood contender

"Stay home and hear me sometime" is Mae West's advice



It is no wonder that for a long time the conviction was held in the radio industry that there was better talent to be found elsewhere and for less money than in the cinema colony. A feeling which M-G-M understood and reciprocated in return to the radio people this year after having paid a trainload of New York broadcast talent to come out and have a try at the camera work.

The failure of early movie efforts on the ether was not entirely the fault of the poor Hollywood recruits suddenly confronted with a new medium and darn poor material with which to present their talents. Sappy interviewers would make any object of their foolish questions seem that way themselves. The stars couldn't be blamed for snatching at a few thousand dollars for five minutes, either when it came to commercials even if it entailed doing something they were unfitted to do.

All that has changed and in the past several months we have been treated to some interesting air periods, contributed by flicker celebrities and gradually the prejudice against movie actors and actresses on the air has diminished. For this change of attitude the Fleischmann hour can take a bow as it was this program which showed the other broadcasters the right way to give the movie (Continued on page 52)

TAMARA

Her real name is Tamara Drasin, she was born in Russia, loves pickles, wants to be a dramatic actress, says hard work makes success, and Ronald Colman is her favorite movie star

The lovely Tamara whose success in radio has been duplicated this season before the Manhattan footlights

YOU
ASK HER

Another

Q. What's your full name in private life?

A. Tamara Drasin.

Q. Where were you born?

A. Odessa, Russia.

Q. Do you want to say when?

A. No.

Q. What was your childhood ambition?

A. I always dreamed of the stage and thought of dancing and dramatics. I didn't think I had much of a voice.

Q. Have you fulfilled your ambition?

A. No, I have not come anywhere near it. My ambition is to be a dramatic actress of some worth.

Q. Are you married?

A. No—o—o.

Q. How did you get your first break?

A. Some friends were in a show and asked me to sing a song or two and accompany myself on the guitar. That was the beginning. Then I did night-club work. I appeared in "Crazy Quilt" with Phil Baker, in "Americana," and now in "Roberta".

Q. Which do you prefer, your stage work or your radio work?

A. I like both—Through radio I reach people all over

the country. On the stage I am happy to see my audience.

Q. If you could be somebody else beside TAMARA who would you want to be most?

A. Not that I am so well pleased with myself, but I'd rather be myself.

Q. What do you think brought you success—looks, brains or talent?

A. A little bit of everything, but mostly hard work.

Q. What do you enjoy doing most when you are not on the stage or on the radio?

A. For a long time my radio (Continued on page 55)

★ Radio Mirror's Gallery of Stars ★



VIRGINIA CLARK

This pretty lass, whose voice is heard out of Chicago, plays the lead in the "Romance of Helen Trent" over the Columbia network. She impersonates a thirty-five-year-old divorcee who still finds a love interest in her life

CHARM OUT OF A
TEACUP IN THE
FORM OF ROSA-
LINE GREENE, ONE
OF RADIO'S BEST-
KNOWN DRAMAT-
IC ACTRESSES.
SHE'S THE SPEAK-
ING VOICE OF
MARY LOU IN
THOSE SHOWBOAT
LOVE SCENES



ROSALINE GREENE



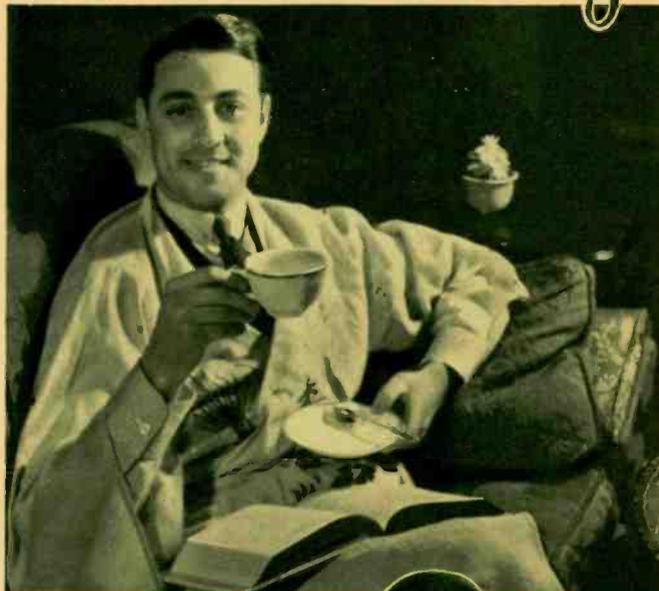


ROXANNE *W* WALLACE

AN EXOTIC POSE
OF ROXANNE
WALLACE WHO
WAS ONCE A
ZIEGFELD FOLLIES
SINGER AND
WHOSE CONTRA-
LTO VOICE MAKES
THE BEST OF THE
POPULAR SONGS
OUT OF THE MAN-
HATTAN STATIONS



TIME OFF WITH *the* Bachelor Singer



Conrad Thibault handsome (and single!) baritone of the Showboat hour at the gate of his Manhattan apartment bids you welcome



(Above right) Wouldn't you like to have a cup of coffee with Mr. Thibault? (Right) Conrad dons apron and cooks himself a dinner in his own kitchen. Aren't you hungry?

Pappy, Zeke, Ezra and Elton singing the songs of their own Ozark Mountains far away in the New York broadcast studios. They bring mountain music to the big town which still has them awed when they venture out



WHAT ARE *HILL*-BILLIES MADE OF?

FROM out of the Ozark Mountains they came, directly to the big city. From the heart of the quiet hills where tumultuous events in world affairs never touch their lives, into the hectic, pulsating life of a large metropolis—New York. Do they like it? Pappy, Zeke, Ezra and Elton unanimously declare: "We do."

They are unemotional, these four hill-billies who have built a tremendous following of radio fans from their broadcasts over WMCA. Being unemotional, of course, is a definite characteristic of people from the interior of the country. Perhaps their attitude might be summed up in the words of seventeen year old Elton, who after leading a simple, unworldly life in the backhills was wafted to New York in a large, tri-motored airplane. Up until this trip he had never even seen a train, nor any of the other means of conveyance that even the tiniest child in the city is familiar with. Asked how he enjoyed the thrill of the airplane ride, he replied: "It's all right, I guess."

Their language is unique, strange sounding words that even to their countrymen sound meaningless. "Athreatnin.

besterem, hotelly, and holla" are but a few of their odd vernacular. When their words are not understood, Zeke, whose wild bush of black hair and careless clothes mark him exactly for what he is, just rolls his eyes in amazement and says: "City folks shur are comical, ain't they?"

In meeting them and talking, a Thesarus or a Webster's dictionary is useless for reference. One just has to listen to them, and trust to luck.

Realizing that all their lives have been spent among jagged hills the first question that comes to mind is their impression of the New York skyline.

Zeke, who is the most talkative of the lot, gives his impression.

"Wall," he drawled, "ya could shore roost a right smart flock a hens on them thar high snags. And them thar windys in the tall houses shore look like a lot of ovygorn sieves that makes me wanna aim to pour off a mess a mash."

Ezra, whose side-whiskers are his pride and joy, attempts to explain Zeke's remarks, but that only makes matters worse.

(Continued on page 62)

b y A N T O I N E T T E S P I T Z E R



Here's Mrs. Pennyfeather (Adelina Thomason), known to every listener

WHO'S

Raymond Knight and his madcap playmates of the "Cuckoo Hour" brighten the air waves with their silly humor for the amusement of their vast radio public

by
**C A M I L L A
J O R D A N**

THIS is station KUKU broadcasting on a wave length of six and one-half inches." Ready, Aim, Fire!

Bang.

The Cuckoo is dead—Long live the Cuckoo.

"By a recent ruling of the Confederate of Radio Omission we are only allowed thirty minutes every week to broadcast. It is necessary, therefore, to condense a week's activities into the following half hour. Presenting Professor Ambrose J. Weems, who will explain how one week's activities can be canned—I mean condensed. Mr. Weems is Professor of the College of Assorted Nuts, Salted Nuts and Cracked Nuts—Professor Weems."

"Good evening Folksies—this is Ambrose J. Weems, the voice with the diaphragm eeeenunciating—period. Because of the strain on radio listeners we have positively been refused more than thirty minutes on the air, and I regret you will not be able to hear more of our upsetting program. However, I have in a small way, after no thought at all, solved the problem as to how to give you double the amount in less than half the time. We will begin with Conductor Armbruster, of our unsympathetic orchestra, who was ruffled because his first musical selection on the program tonight required four minutes. Well, four minutes was out of the question because only two minutes were scheduled. So I arranged for one side of the band to start at the beginning of the composition and play to the middle, while simultaneously the other side of the orchestra start at the end and play backwards to the middle. That way, you see blindly, we will cut the four minute selection down to two minutes and still please Conductor Armbruster."

So run the openings of Raymond Knight's, (alias Ambrose J. Weems) who is irresponsible for The Cuckoo broadcast over an NBC-WJZ network at 10:30 every Saturday night.

Thus big broadcasters have learned to laugh at themselves, and as a result, radio listeners are laughing with them. The Cuckoo program is the oldest on the air and Raymond Knight, an NBC production man, writer and director cherishes his brain child. Yet life is not all comedy for him and outside the broadcasting studios, his friends and business associates know him as a serious but whimsical man of 33, very much determined to stay ahead in the world. Mr. Knight's home town is Salem, Mass., and a long, lanky New Englander he is with an extraordinarily pleasing voice. For two years he practiced law and was unhappy in his work. Then he turned towards dramatics which so absorbed him that he threw away his law shingle and went back to college this time to learn playwriting and other theatrical arts. He took law at Harvard and later went to Yale.

TODAY Mr. Knight is the NBC's expert on broad comedy and burlesque, for before he entered radio he wrote skits for revues. Among the travesties he has written for the air are "Embarrassing Moments in History," and "Tridramas." In 1927, he won the Drama League's prize for the best one-act play of the year. It was titled "Strings" and was broadcast in this country and short waved to England by NBC.

The Cuckoo program is a hilarious lampooning of all the established practices of the broadcasters by the staff of Station KUKU. This staff, ably manages to convince

Cuckoo NOW?

listeners that it lives up to the spirit of the program and cuckoo it is. Knight himself is Weems and in addition to that rôle sometimes assumes several others. Mrs. Pennyfeather, THE Mrs. Pennyfeather, in real life is Adelina Thomason. Other characters heard regularly include, Miss Estelle Garrymore, director of the Radio Gilded Theater of the Air, played by Miss Virginia Gardiner; Fetlock Soames, the Scotch detective, played by Eustace Wyatt; and Dolly Gray and the Duchess Clair de Vere, played by Gladys Shaw Erskine and Miss Gardiner. While as many as fifteen characters occasionally are heard in the programs, Knight and his staff of four actors handle all the parts.

By special arrangement with the weather bureau, Professor Weems arranged to have the past April 1st fall on Saturday, April Fool's day, thus making his Cuckoo program appropriate for once.

The Cuckoos held a conference to decide just what type of program to broadcast over mythical Station KUKU on All Fools' Day. Other air features go nutty on April 1st, but their broadcast was nutty anyway, so they almost solved the problem by the simple expedient of selecting a normal and rational program.

KNIGHT assigned the task of building a program to Mrs. George T. Pennyfeather, who immediately went to work in her experimental laboratory while Knight boarded a train for Canada where he had been studying the beer situation.

But Mrs. Pennyfeather, whose advice to perturbed people has never helped anyone yet, confused her formulas and blew her kitchen stove through the roof. In the meantime everyone else forgot the original program idea. Professor Weems as usual stepped in and saved the day by giving a talk proving that April Fools' Day is merely an invention of the coal and oil industry. Following which, Eugenia Skidmore, poet laureate, read a psychopathic poem entitled, "I'm Nobody's Fuel."

Professor Weems and Mrs. Pennyfeather will solve any of your problems. In fact they will prove in no time that you have no problems at all—you will be neatly behind bars, in a nice warm cell with a strait-jacket for your overcoat—all provided for you by the State.

Mrs. Pennyfeather, for instance tells you how to live on nothing a year—and after a very long explanation on the simplicity of the matter, she reads you as an answer to the quandary, her unpaid grocery bills, light, rent and gas bills, dating from 1890. That's Mrs. Pennyfeather's solution.

As for the Professor, he usually tackles more difficult problems, scientific and ones in the interest of better business. Weems once startled the scientists with his version of the invention of radio. He proved, without a doubt, that the first receiving set was perfected by none other than Professor Ambrose J. Weems, while temporarily insane. It happened this way.

Way back long ago, when the Professor was but a mere boy and budding scientist, he invented an instrument called the microphone. Came the night for proving his invention a success. From up in the dusty attic, where he had his workshop

so he could listen to the birdies sing as he worked, he called his Irish mama and his Southern pappy to come see. His family assembled, the current was turned on and the test of the invention began.

"1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8," said young Weems into the mike.

"7, 8, 7, 8," the mike repeatedly replied.

No further could he get, so he threw the switch in the other direction and commenced again.

"A, b, c, d, e, f, g," he said.

"A, b, a, b," mumbled the mike's voice in a much lower tone.

"Sure now, son, it's wonderful," said his mother.

"No, it isn't quite right yet, I'll try again. It's only giving the first part and the two ends must meet.

"New York, Rochester, Schenectady," called Weems.

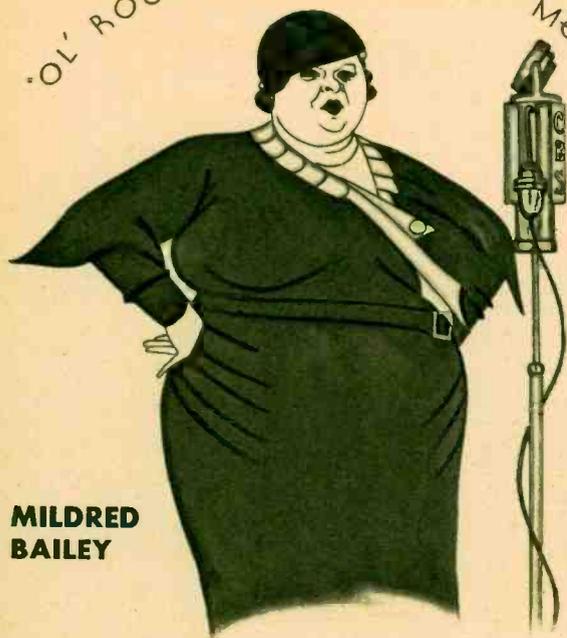
"N-e-w-Y-o-r-k," spelt out the microphone, "R-o-c-h-e-s-t-e-r, Sch—S-c-h—S-c-h— (Continued on page 60)

And this is Raymond Knight, himself, all ready with more laugh-bait



GARD'S CHOSEN PEOPLE

"OL' ROCKIN' CHAIRS GOT ME"



**MILDRED
BAILEY**

"SO-U-OH!"

**ED
WYNN**



"RHAPSODY IN BLUE"
"STORMY WEATHER"

**ETHEL
WATERS**



**PAUL
WHITEMAN**



FUNNY *Fred* ALLEN IN SERIOUS MOODS



● Fred Allen, one of radio's ace comedians gets paid for being funny but he has his serious moments away from the microphone, and in these interesting studies, the photographer has caught some typical Allen expressions away from his laugh-baiting broadcasting career

WE HAVE

● SUNDAY

11:15 A. M. MAJOR BOWES' CAPITOL FAMILY—Waldo Mayo, conductor and violinist and guest artists. WEAf and associated stations.

Pleasant music and easy platitudes with Papa Bowes' brood.

12:15 P. M. BABY ROSE MARIE—Songs (Tastyeast). WJZ and associated stations.

A jazz precocity who gets paid for it.

12:30 P. M. TITO GUIZAR'S MIDDAY SERENADE—(Brillo Mfg. Co.) WABC and associated stations.

Moonlight tidbits for the midday tuner-inners.

12:30 P. M. RADIO CITY SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Chorus and soloists. WJZ and associated stations.

A worthwhile luncheon roundup of the better air offerings.

1:30 P. M. THE MALTEX PROGRAM—Dale Carnegie, "Little Known Facts About Well Known People"; Harold Sanford's orchestra. WEAf and associated stations.

Things you should have known with good music thrown in.

2:00 P. M. BAR X DAYS AND NIGHTS—romance of the early West. (White's Cod Liver Oil Tablets). WJZ and associated stations.

Hard-riding and soft words out of a Buffalo, Bill world.

2:00 P. M. "BROADWAY MELODIES" with Helen Morgan, Jerry Freeman's Orchestra and chorus. (Bi-so-dol.) WABC and

associated stations. La Morgan's love wails than which there is no better.

2:30 P. M. OHMAN & ARDEN—Arlene Jackson, Edward Nell, baritone. WJZ and associated stations.

Expert piano playing and companions who serve well as musical associates.

2:30 P. M. THE BIG HOLLYWOOD SHOW, with Abe Lyman's Orchestra and "Accordiana". (Sterling Products, Inc., Philips Dental Magnesia). WABC and associated stations.

The kind of music the movie stars like—and so do you.

2:45 P. M. GEMS OF MELODY—Muriel Wilson, soprano; Fred Hufsmith, tenor; Harold Sanford's orchestra. (Carleton & Hovey Co.) WEAf and associated stations.

Mary Lou in another rôle—just as easy to take.

3:00 P. M. LADY ESTHER SERENADE—Wayne King and his orchestra. WEAf and associated stations.

Smooth rhythm by the so-styled waltz king.

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

Magnolias and crinoline lend themselves to wartime romance.

5:00 P. M. BIG BEN DREAM DRAMA—dramatization. (Western Clock Co.) WEAf and associated stations.

How do you awaken in the morning, my friends?

5:30 P. M. GRAND HOTEL—dramatic sketch with Anne Seymour. (Compana Corporation.) WJZ and associated stations.

You've been asking for more drama. Are you satisfied?

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

Old favorites who still know their public—and how to please it.

6:00 P. M. THE CADILLAC CONCERT—symphony orchestra, guest conductor. WJZ and associated stations.

Those who like real music can tune in now.

6:00 P. M. SONGS MY MOTHER USED TO SING. With Jacques Renard's Orchestra; Oliver Smith, tenor, and Muriel Wilson, soprano. (Hill's Cascara.) WABC and associated stations.

7:00 P. M. THE TRUE STORY COURT OF HUMAN RELATIONS—dramatization (TRUE STORY MAGAZINE.) WEAf and associated stations.

Thrills from real life tales, ably presented with realism and dramatic suspense.

7:00 P. M. REAL SILK SHOW—Ted Weems and his orchestra; guest artists. (Real Silk Hosiery Mills.) WJZ and associated stations.

The music's for your ears, the sales talk for your ankles.

7:00 P. M. THE AMERICAN REVUE, with Ethel Waters and Jack Denny's Orchestra. (American Oil Co.) WABC and associated stations.

Hot stuff from Harlem and don't we enjoy it!

7:30 P. M. BAKER'S BROADCAST, featuring Joe Penner, comedian; Har-

EASTERN STAN



Mary Small, one of the most popular youngsters on the air had her start with Rudy Vallee

Gene and Glenn, comedians of the ether came from the Cleveland studios of the NBC



WITH US—

riet Hilliard, vocalist and Ozzie Nelson's Orchestra. WJZ and associated stations.

The Ducky One gets better with each air appearance and the Nelson music's fine.

8:00 P. M. CHASE AND SANBORN HOUR—Eddie Cantor and Rubinoff's Orchestra. (Chase and Sanborn Coffee.) WEF and associated stations.

A comedy ace who knows his public and always gives them what they want. But Eddie do you have to be serious?

8:00 P. M. AN EVENING IN PARIS. (Bourjois Sales Corp.) WABC and associated stations.

In case you can't pick violets on the Bois in springtime.

8:30 P. M. FRED WARING'S PENNSYLVANIANS and guest star. (Ford Motor Co.) also Thursday at 9:30 P. M. WABC and associated stations.

The Waring boys are among the most popular of the orchestras and this is why.

9:00 P. M. MANHATTAN MERRY-GO-ROUND—Tamara, Russian blues singer; David Percy; orchestra direction Gene Rodemich; Men About Town. (R. L. Watkins Co.) WEF and associated stations.

Smoke may get in your eyes, but not in your ears when Tamara sings.

9:00 P. M. GULF HEADLINERS—Will Rogers, guest artist; The Revelers Quartet; Emil Coleman and his orchestra. (Gulf Refining Co.) WJZ and associated stations.

An amiable hick with a carload of philosophy—and swell tunes while he catches his breath.

9:00 P. M. THE SEVEN STAR REVUE with Nino Martini, Erno Rapee and his orchestra; Jane Froman, Ted Husing and the Vagabond Glee Club. (LINIT.) WABC and associated stations.

A worthwhile get-together of your favorites.

9:30 P. M. AMERICAN ALBUM OF FAMILIAR MUSIC—Frank Munn, tenor; Virginia Rea, soprano; Ohman and Arden; Bertrand Hirsch, violinist; The Haenschen Concert Orchestra. (Bayer Aspirin.) WEF and associated stations.

Not a headache in a year of this stuff.

9:30 P. M. THE JERGENS' PROGRAM—Walter Winchell. (Andrew Jergens Company.) WJZ and associated stations.

The ace-gossip gatherer spills some new ones.

10:00 P. M. "PATRI'S DRAMAS OF CHILDHOOD." (Cream of Wheat.) WABC and associated stations.

To help you understand your own—or your neighbors' kiddies.

10:00 P. M. CHEVROLET PROGRAM with Jack Benny and Mary Livingstone; orchestra direction Frank Black; Frank Parker, tenor. WEF and associated stations.

Jack Benny takes his time, but certainly gets there as a radio entertainer.

10:30 P. M. HALL OF FAME—guest artist; John Erskine, master of ceremonies; orchestra direction Nat Shilkret. (Lehn & Fink Products Co.) WEF and associated stations.

A master of words presiding over an entertaining air period.

11:30 P. M. BUDDY ROGERS AND HIS PARADISE RESTAURANT ORCHESTRA—WJZ and associated stations.

The flappers' favorite can play some mean tunes.

● M O N D A Y

10:00 A. M. BREEN AND DE ROSE—vocal and instrumental duo—Daily except Saturday and Sunday. WEF and associated stations.

Old friends with new songs.

10:15 A. M. BILL AND GINGER. (C. F. Mueller Co.) WABC and associated stations.

To make your morning pleasant.

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

Harmless gossip over your own back fence.

10:45 A. M. WILL OSBORNE AND HIS ORCHESTRA with Pedro de Cordoba and his friendly philosophy. (Corn Products Refining Co.) Also Wednesday and Friday. WABC and associated stations.

Osborne wields the baton and Pedro hands out advice.

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday
Programs Continued on Page 46.



"Call For Philip Morris"—radio's highest paid and smallest page boy, just one yard, seven inches tall

Curtis Arnall and Elizabeth Wragge of the tri-weekly "Red Davis" dramatic programs



SCARED TO

by PETER

WHO'S afraid of the big, bad damn. . .
the big, bad, damn. . .
the big, bad, damn. . .
Who's afraid of the big, bad damn. . .
Tra-la-la-la—la!

Lots of people, dear children, are plenty afraid of the big bad damn. And, if you want to know their names, we refer you to a directory of the executive personnel of the National Broadcasting Company, the Columbia Broadcasting System and the operators of quite a few independent stations.

And that's just the beginning. The folks who outline the policies and censor the broadcasts of the networks are afraid of lots of things. They are plenty scared of "Hell" if an actor or a comedian utters the word and even an expurgated version of almost any Broadway play causes shivers to run up and down the respective spines of these network executives. And as for the facts of life—well, we'll tell you about that later.

That the kiddies never go to bed is one principle on which network censorship works. And even stories that you might tell to your Aunt Hattie are banned because the kiddies might hear them. Therefore, almost all network broadcasts are edited with the thought in mind that the kiddies are listening.

But as for these things that the networks just don't think should exist in front of a microphone, there's a long list. That a Roman Catholic priest has things to say about his Methodist brethren is all right with the network officials—just as long as it doesn't go on a network. And vice versa.

And there may be folks who'd like to offer their criticisms of the existing government—and much as a lot of us like it, there are a few critics but there just isn't time available.

The word sex was even frowned upon up until a short time ago—until a very clever gentleman known as the Voice of Experience came right out and talked about Sex with a capital S and broke all existing fan mail records. And when a sponsor or two offered to

pay the bills for the Voice of Experience, the networks decided that perhaps a little sex might be permitted. But they're still worried about the Voice of Experience and no one breathes easily until he's off the air.

A few years ago there was a ban on any mention of cathartics. However, when several well known makers of nationally known laxatives offered certified checks, the networks decided that certain natural functions might be considered as existing.

But toilet paper! My goodness! For five years, one of the largest manufacturers of what is delicately referred to as "sanitary tissue" has been trying to get a program on the air. But to date, the manufacturer hasn't been able to convince the networks that such an advertising campaign wouldn't result in a rebellion against all radio. Curiously enough, such ads haven't damaged the circulation of several of our better national magazines.

We were going to tell you about the facts of life.

Here's the story:

Several years ago this writer turned in a radio continuity in which the following lines of dialogue were written:

He: Darling, we've got to discuss the facts of life!

She: Oh, no. My mother told me all about them.

And those two lines of dialogue were edited out by the censor of one of our two greatest networks on the grounds that they were suggestive!

Want another example of the caution of the networks? Well, here it is:

Not so many months ago a certain radio writer labored long and earnestly on a script. The climax came when our hero exclaimed dramatically—"Damn that woman. Don't mention her again!"

When the time came for the broadcast rehearsal, he discovered the script had been edited so that the line read—"Darn that woman!"

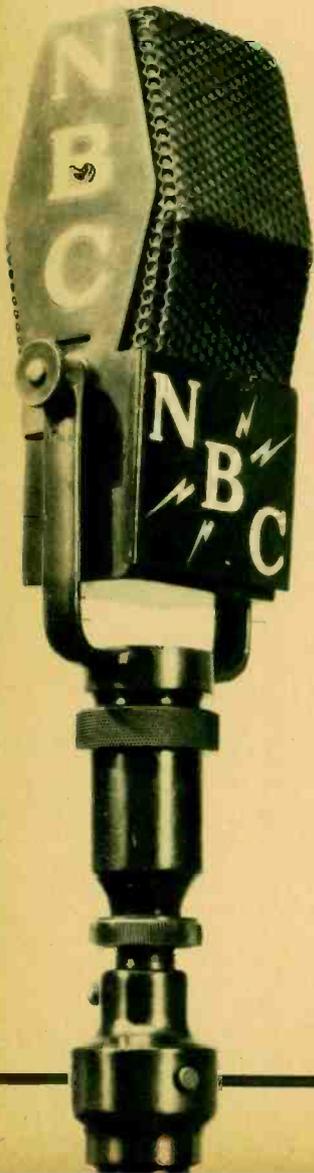
IN justice to the networks, Shakespeare is permitted his "hells" and "Damns". Before this was allowed, there was much serious discussion and the clever young men who adapt the Bard's work for the air were advised to skip over blunt old English words whenever possible.

What is done to song lyrics is pretty well known. When Ethel Waters sings 'Heat Wave' and comes to a line and sings it 'Making her feet wave'—the listeners nod knowingly, because they know that the lyric should be sung—'Making her seat wave'.

Seats, rear ends, or what are commonly known as "fannies" just aren't recognized. Which is a terrific handicap for a lot of our comedians who believe the seat of humor is just that.

Quite a few songs have been barred entirely from the networks; among them one of the loveliest musical comedy songs in years, a ditty entitled "Love for Sale".

And, you'll notice the networks are mighty careful about poking fun at any race or nation. Though there are occa-



THE BIG BAD CENSORS WHO

DEATH

DIXON

sional references to the horsemanship of the Prince of Wales, any really satiric reference to any of the better crowned heads abroad is frowned upon.

When a script writer made a passing reference to a "starving Armenian" there was considerable commotion. The reference got by the censor but there was a very indignant letter a few days later from a listener signing himself 'An Armenian'.

"Lay off the Armenians" was the gist of an order that went out to all writers.

Satires, such as the Pulitzer prize-winning "Of Thee I Sing" aren't encouraged either. Burlesques of state legislatures, Congress or exalted judicial bodies just aren't permitted. When Will Rogers did his famous imitation of the late President Coolidge, there was considerable furore and it hasn't been forgotten. Nor were the network folks particularly happy when Rogers gave his impression of President Roosevelt. The President, according to rumors in Washington, enjoyed it hugely.

A radio dramatization of a very amazing news event—the funeral of Rudolph Valentino, with its attendant rites,—was barred from the air because a network official opined there were a lot of listeners who still thought mighty well of Valentino.

Let's look behind the scenes and find out why the network officials are scared to death of anything that remotely might suggest controversy or criticism.

To begin with, one indignant letter is taken more seriously than a hundred letters of approbation. The networks know, from bitter experience, that when the time comes to renew a contract on the air, sponsors love to quote from letters from irate listeners.

And then—the kiddies!

"We must never forget that our programs go into the homes and that the kiddies are listening," one network official said at a serious session. "We must never put anything on the air that the kiddies shouldn't hear."

Don't the little brats ever sleep?

We'll go further on this matter of the kiddies. This writer has a couple of his own. One of them—age not quite seven—is quite fond of a magazine called "Ballyhoo." It is a rather Rabelaisian publication and mamma



Will Rogers might look scared but he's not—before the mike, at least

and poppa get some hearty laughs out of it. So does the six-year old son. But to date, we have been unable to find out where he had been badly influenced by the funny pictures—in fact, we'd rather have him read "Ballyhoo" than listen to some of the ghastly hokum masquerading as "a program for the children". He sleeps much better after scanning "Ballyhoo".

Though the stork is properly considered a myth in most American homes, he is still radio's favorite explanation of little strangers. Only recently have dramas been permitted on the air in which the little woman softly murmurs, "We're going to have a baby." And there must be no doubt at all about the legitimacy of the expected offspring.

The voice of the listener is given considerable attention by the network officials but there are certain listening groups who have only to whisper to (Continued on page 62)

FRIGHTEN LITTLE BROADCASTERS

SPRING DAYS

New

Left, Leah Ray wears a red, white and blue daytime dress with a pert little hat; below, a new evening dress with soft diagonal wings descending to the waistline in back



Miss Ray in a smart chartreuse plaid sports costume; note the hat



LEAH RAY, pretty blues singer on the NBC chain is all set for a sartorially perfect spring with this stunning new wardrobe which Milgrim has selected for the tall, stunning brunette singer. Her charming figure lends itself easily to the best of the Sally Milgrim 1934 creations.

The spring evening ensemble is a refreshing red, white and blue combination, which is modish and new. The back is cut to the waist and the shoulders are shirred into soft pads with the built-up theme repeated by crowns of white fox on the jacket.

Novel and stunning is the suit, an essential item in the spring wardrobe. It has a three-quarter-length coat with huge reverses in chartreuse and grey-tan shadow plaid with the dress in plain matching woolen. The hat is the latest Henry the Eighth adaptation.

NEED . . .

Clothes

Right, all dressed for cocktails in a navy crêpe and organdy gown with jumper-jacket; below, the vogue for beading in a new tunic model worn with ermine cape and muff



National colors carried out in a stunning print with fox shoulders



Another new note for these spring evenings is the vogue for all-over beading. The Milgrim dress Miss Ray wears is of myrtle-blossom chiffon with rhinestones in a feathery design.

The rear view posed by Miss Ray is an apricot gown of the crêpe roma family, cut with five fabric blossoms to resemble a bolero in front and soft diagonal wings at the back to accent the deep V of the décolletage.

The red, white and blue theme is a daytime dress of navy crinkled crêpe with large collar and cuffs. The hat is worn well back on the head with a small white bow stitched in red.

For the cocktail hour Miss Ray dons a navy crinkled crêpe, top of embroidered organdy in numerous ruffles and the jumper-like jacket fastened with a row of rhinestone buttons. The hat is of navy felt and baku with a tiny white gardenia poised at the back



In the

Life isn't all studio for the radio famous, and many of them spend odd hours in their kitchens providing you with some new ideas

flavor, and then put a good sized piece of suet over the meat and baste with water. When the meat is cooked, add more water for a large amount of gravy and strain. Mix cornstarch with cold water to obtain a smooth paste, making it not too thick. Of course if the meat has not been seasoned before roasting, add seasoning at this point. You will have a clear, delicious gravy.

GRAVY MADE FROM FRIED MEATS

Fry the chops or whatever meat you are using, add water to the pan and season with salt, pepper, and a little onion juice. Mix the water well with the juice of the meat that is in the pan, and add one tablespoon of cornstarch. Then strain and serve.

The popular Columbia singer, Betty Barthel, starts the dinner off with her own style vegetable soup.

VEGETABLE SOUP

2 carrots	½ cup peas
½ turnip	6 tablespoons butter
3 celery stalks	½ cup string beans
3 potatoes	2 quarts water
1 onion	parsley
	salt, pepper

Clean all vegetables, using a vegetable brush for the celery. Cut in desired sized cubes. Mix all vegetables, other than potatoes, and cook for about 12 minutes in the butter stirring continually so they will not catch. Add the potatoes and cook two minutes, covered. Add the two quarts of water and boil until vegetables are soft, about one and a quarter hours, add the parsley with a little butter and season. Serve very hot.

Mildred Bailey, one of our prominent cooks of the month, makes this unusual peanut butter bread.

PEANUT BUTTER BREAD

2 cups flour
4 teaspoons Royal baking powder
1 teaspoon salt
½ cup peanut butter
1½ cups milk
1/3 cup sugar

Who'd think you'd find Adele Ronson ironing when she isn't broadcasting to her air public with the Buck Rogers troupe?

APRIL is the month that comes to us with its showers of rain, but to this department it brings a shower of dishes that are new and appetizing for you readers. And again it is a special invitation for those of you not far advanced in the culinary art, as well as for those who want different combinations to add to your menu.

We have a marvelous vegetable soup Betty Barthel offers, candied sweet potatoes that are cooked by John White, and for the desserts Jane Ace, of the Easy Aces, gives a peach shortcake that is rich enough for those craving the sweetest of sweets. Then we have Barbara Maurel's hot waffles with syrup to serve for the Sunday night supper or breakfast. Howard Claney, famous for his cooking in the National Broadcasting Studios, tells how Date Pudding may be made in a very simple and quick procedure.

Jane Pickens, one of the lovely Pickens sisters, who insists, and we are inclined to agree with her, that the grandest dinner is a loss without a good gravy, gives a simple preparation for a very fine gravy.

BROWN GRAVY

This first gravy is made from a roast. Season the meat, slice an onion and place slices over the roast for added

Stars' Kitchens

Sift the flour, baking powder, salt and sugar into a bowl. Then add the peanut butter, mixing well with the dry ingredients. Add the milk to make a soft dough. Beat very thoroughly and place in a greased loaf pan, smoothing the top with a knife and bake at 350 F. for about an hour. Cool in the pan, and it is better to use the next day for sandwiches, than to use it immediately. This makes just one loaf of bread.

Now we have Barbara Maurel's waffles that are that perfect golden we all enjoy.

WAFFLES

2 cups flour	2 eggs
1/2 teaspoon salt	1 3/4 cups milk
3 teaspoons baking powder	4 tablespoons butter

Sift the dry ingredients into a bowl, add egg yolks and milk. Beat well and add the shortening which has been melted and cooled. Have egg whites beaten stiff and fold into batter, mix but do not beat. Heat grill about ten minutes before placing batter in the iron. Pour about four tablespoons batter in center of hot, ungreased iron. Close and bake about two minutes. Place immediately on a plate that has been previously heated, serve with butter and maple syrup. This makes four and one-half whole waffles, or eighteen portions. If you wish, fry about seven strips of bacon to a crisp brown, cut up and add to batter before pouring into grill.

Jane Ace of the Easy Aces serves this peach shortcake for one of her most delightful desserts.

PEACH SHORTCAKE

2 cups Bisquick
2 tablespoons sugar
3/4 cup cream

Add the sugar to the Bisquick, then stir in the cream and beat hard for about one minute, no more. Roll dough in pan lightly into place, using only half the dough. Then dot with butter, pat out the other half of batter and place in 450 F. oven for fifteen minutes. Split the short cakes and pour over the bottom layer a can of peaches, omitting the liquid, place other layer over this and top with ice cream or whipped cream.

Rudy Vallee, whose broadcast is one of the most important programs of the week, like many other ethereal stars likes steak, but as we have told you all ways of fixing steak, his second choice are these Buckwheat Cakes.

BUCKWHEAT CAKES

1 cup buckwheat flour
1/2 cup flour
3 teaspoons baking powder
3/4 teaspoon salt
1 1/4 cups milk

Sift flour, baking powder and salt together; add molasses and shortening to the milk and combine the ingredients. Beat well. Cook on greased griddle that has been slightly heated. This makes about twelve griddle cakes. Serve butter and honey or maple syrup with these.

Howard Clancy, the NBC announcer, is especially popular at that studio for his culinary talent, and although he does not cook so often, he does it efficiently.

DATE PUDDING

1/2 cup suet	1/2 pound of dates
1 cup breadcrumbs	1/2 cup milk
1/2 cup sugar	2 tablespoons flour
2 teaspoons baking powder	

Mix the suet with the breadcrumbs and add the sugar, dates finely chopped, milk and the flour and baking powder that have been sifted together. Steam for about three hours and serve with sauce or melted jelly. (Continued on page 63)

Enicée Howard, actress on the Columbia network takes some time off to concoct a new dish from one of her pet recipes



THROUGH THE Looking Glass

APRIL first will bring forth many of the new fashions that are all for brightness and gayety, and with this Easter holiday don't let yourself be fooled by imagining a new costume will show you at your best. A lovely skin is the first asset to beauty, and a smooth, clear skin is most essential to well grooming. For the spring fashions everything is gay and flattering, and cosmetics are equally in swing showing lighter shades of make-up.

For April the beginning of a new season the skin must have extra care and attention. After the winter the skin is sallow, and not as youthful as it must appear.

A complete cleansing, and beautifying of the skin should be made once a week, and with the aid of a friend this may be completed in an hour's time, for those of you that have not been doing this.

A good cleansing cream must be applied every night, whether the skin is dry or oily; and if your type of skin permits, washed thoroughly several times a day. A tissue cream is important because it gives both nourishment and cleanliness to the face. With lighter cosmetics being the vogue a clear skin is required, as under lighter powder, rouge, lipstick, etc., it is more obvious. You must arrange your face according not only to your type, and coloring, but to suit your personality; if you are demure, or conservative do not wear daring shades of lipstick, and

eye shadow. There are shades for your particular type.

Now we shall explain the corrective movements for the treatment your friend is to give you, as Helena Rubenstein, famous beauty expert has shown us. First recline in a comfortable chair, with your hair protected by a towel, and also have the dress lowered exposing the entire neck for the complete treatment that the face will receive. Remove all make-up with a cleansing cream. Mrs. Rubenstein recommends a Pasteurized Face Cream that not only cleanses the skin but also protects, revitalizes, and nourishes the skin. Then follow with a tissue cream that will enliven the tissues, correct and prevent lines, and aids the skin in gaining new life. Then use a Skin Toning Lotion, this is to close the pores, and make the skin in readiness for make-up. This is complete for a normal skin, but if your skin is too dry try an anti-wrinkle lotion to soften the skin, and prevent lines. In using these creams always use an upward motion, and in the places where the treatment is especially needed around the nose, eyes and mouth move the hands in circular motion to mend these blemishes.

The application of your cosmetics is no hurried or haphazard procedure, and must be carefully applied, under good lighting. With a clean puff, or piece of cotton brush the face and neck lightly with the shade most fitting to your coloring. There is a special powder for oily skin, and for

the dry complexion, making these defects hardly distinguishable. Shops are showing a creme rouge for the spring, which remains on longer. The popular shades will be Red Poppy and Red Geranium. The lipstick is added after the eye make-up, but the shades must harmonize with the coloring of the rouge. Persian Eye-black, is the grandest introduction in beauty advancement for the "gentlewoman". It stays on during rain, or tears. It is not artificial, and will not break the lashes, but actually make them grow. Even though you have never used mascara before, this new find will delight you and always be present with your makeup equipment. The Eye Shadow is equally bright and very new in Blue, Green, Violet-gold and Blue-green.

Start the spring season with these fashionable cosmetics, and with several of the mentioned treatments a true beauty will be yours.

Treacherous weather of this season requires constant care of the skin, and here a Rubenstein operator shows how to do it and keep the skin you love to touch



RADIO MIRROR HOMEMAKING

"April Fool"
says Gracie Al-
len as she sets
out to make a
cake blindfolded

This is the day
for fun at festivi-
ties, and Miss
Covney tells
how to give an
April First party
all your guests
will remember
after it's over



COME TO OUR April Fool Party

FOR further holiday festivities, this month offers a grand occasion to have a party as crazy and foolish as you wish, an April Fool's Party, and for those of you that had such fun at the Repeal Party, this type will be certain to capture your guests with the same spirit of informality.

If you prefer, this may also be a costume affair with the sillier the make-up the better, and a prize presented to the friends appearing the most foolishly garbed. The prize for the man we suggest a box of White Owl Cigars from that funster Gracie Allen, and Eddie Cantor awards mi lady a tin of Chase and Sanborn Coffee or Bing Crosby presenting a box of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Costumes are easily planned and may be made with comparatively little cost and effort. Our hostess could don a short dress, low heeled shoes, hair ribbon, and begin the merriment by singing Baby Rose Marie's number, "Tasty-yeast is Tempting"; the outfit is simple having no long skirts or sleeves to get in her way with the serving. Ed Wynn, the fire chief can be our host, and if that gentleman has a personality that may put over a "SOOooo," the party is certain to be a success. With these radio folks in mind many amusing and clever costumes may be gotten.

And your favorite room for entertaining may be covered

with signs suggesting BAR CLOSED, DOORS LOCKED AT TWELVE, NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR PERSONAL PROPERTY, BRING YOUR OWN LUNCH, and all such nonsense. This will help to get the guests properly animated.

There are hundreds of gadgets particularly suited to such an occasion as this and will provide moments of merriment. You can also introduce games with April Fool prizes. You might decorate the garage or cellar for the events, if you happen to have either. For the color scheme, pastel shades would be very lovely, light green, yellow, and brown. The flowers for the centerpiece could be a bowl of white hyacinths placed on a yellow cloth with green candle holders, and white candles and if you want you could introduce some April Fool favors.

The most popular of cocktails are Old-Fashioned, and Martinis, and would be very appropriately served early in the evening.

OLD-FASHIONED

One lump of sugar dissolved in one quarter glass of water, two dashes of Angostura bitters, one jigger of Rye, one piece of ice, and one piece of lemon peel. Stir and serve.

MARTINI

Half a mixing glass full of (Continued on page 56)

DEPARTMENT • by Sylvia Covney

"OUR PUBLIC"

O KLAHOMA loves the pictures; Ohio likes the personality stories; Chicago wants more gossip; California likes everything. From every state in the union, from big cities and small towns, from the farm-lands and the isolated coast hamlets, letters are coming in from our readers. And are we proud of their opinion; we hope they mean it!

These thousands of readers appreciate the wonders of broadcasting, they like some of what they get and they all have ideas to improve the radio entertainment world. Most of them object to the long-winded commercial announcements, while they realize that the sponsor who pays the bill has a right to have his say on their air. Some don't like so much jazz, others want more of it. Most of them cry for more and better dramatic entertainment.

From this volume of mail we glean a fairly representative general opinion of the likes and dislikes of the vast listening public.

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF RADIO BROADCASTING? And what do you suggest to improve it?

Also, what do you think of **RADIO MIRROR**, your own radio magazine, the link between you and the glamorous world you hear from every day and night?

WRITE YOUR OPINIONS, YOUR SUGGESTIONS, YOUR CRITICISM TO CRITICISM EDITOR, RADIO MIRROR, 1926 Broadway, New York City in letters of not more than 150 words, and **RECEIVE AN AWARD OF TWENTY DOLLARS FOR THE BEST LETTER, TEN DOLLARS FOR THE SECOND BEST AND ONE DOLLAR EACH FOR THE NEXT FIVE LETTERS CHOSEN.**

ALL LETTERS MUST REACH THE CRITICISM EDITOR NOT LATER THAN THE TWENTY-SECOND OF MARCH.

FOLLOWING ARE THE BEST LETTERS SELECTED FOR THIS MONTH:

\$20.00 PRIZE

Truly, the greatest achievement in radio is that whatever your intellectual I. Q.—six years old or Methuselah—you can find your own level of entertainment by simply twisting a magic dial to bring into existence music or noise, words or drama, oratory or harangue, inane chatter or subtle comedy.

But this achievement is beginning to lose its effect through a recent development in studio technique. I am beginning to feel that no longer is the performer working for my satisfaction but for that of the studio audience; that I am no longer an inspiration for him to do his best, but that he must get his inspiration from those he can see; that the sound of their applause and laughter which more often drowns out words and effects I am struggling to hear is sweeter music to his ears than my unheard approbation; that is being lulled into a false sense of success by being a hit with studio audiences.

I enjoy reading **RADIO MIRROR** because you have discovered the secret of giving us distinctive and unusual pictures of our old and new favorites, together with such refreshing and intimate gossip that we feel we know **THEM** well.

JOHN W. DUNN,
Norman, Okla.

\$10.00 PRIZE

I think broadcast programs, as a whole, are mighty good. I often wonder if some of the "knockers" stop to think who

is paying for the high priced talent, and for how little expense we all get that talent.

My own "pet peeve" is the two hour period every evening when all the major stations carry these children's programs. Granted that there are a lot of kids who listen to them, but what about the rest of us. Incidentally, there is a wonderful opportunity for some of the smaller stations to "do their stuff" by giving us something other than Orphan Annie. I have been in the habit of turning on a small station which broadcasts transcriptions which are far better than some of those kid's programs. Understand me, I'm not saying the children should not have their program, they should, but why must all the major stations carry them at the same time?

As for **RADIO MIRROR**, it's a fine magazine. It stands out above other similar magazines in that it gives some information about some of the lesser known stars. I like your magazine as is, so don't change it for me.

ROBERT GRANT,
Toms River, N. J.

\$1.00 PRIZE

Failing to find the radio magazine, I've been buying, the clerk at the book store placed the February **RADIO MIRROR** in my hands. A glance at table of contents and notice of next months special features convinced me of its superior type. Entertaining, attractive, educational, practical, a magazine "Good to the last word".

Intimate glimpses of Isham Jones were particularly interesting. He has long been a favorite, but I have never been able to learn of his private life, which always adds enjoyment.

Radio presents many wonderful programs. However, they can't please "all of us all of the time". But some just criticisms are due. Sponsors can't give all entertainment, but excessive and boresome advertising is not necessary when one minute talks give the idea over. Market reports have their place, but when you turn your dial from a to z, not once a day, but several times and get only stock reports, well—let's have one time for them.

Drama has been mostly thrilling. A change to celebrities of the stage, needing no scripts, giving high class drama, would lend variety to the amateurish efforts of studio-bred actors.

RADIO MIRROR will find a place on my library table from now on.

EDA MILNE GRAY,
St. Joseph, Mo.

\$1.00 PRIZE

I secured a copy of your magazine **RADIO MIRROR** on going to purchase another radio magazine. My newsstand happened to be out of the one I wanted, but they did have **RADIO MIRROR** so I purchased a copy. It didn't take but a very little while to discover what a grand magazine it was, as I could tell by its amusing stories and the artistic display of the pictures of the stars. I want to say, "To the **HEAD OF THE CLASS FOR RADIO MIRROR.**"

In speaking of the type of program, my idea of a perfect program is to let the stars of the program do the acting and not the announcer. I have noticed on so many programs lately that the announcer does too much acting instead of the job intended for him. Let's leave that out, and the programs will be OK.

MARTHA LOUISE FRENCH,
Denison, Texas.

BROADCASTING



Now that chain programs are being broadcast from Los Angeles, the Hollywood celebrities are heard more frequently on the ether waves. Here we have Lou Brock, producer, Raul Roulien, Dolores Del Rio, Gene Raymond, and Jimmy Fiddler, interviewer

\$1.00 PRIZE

Some people want something for nothing, and that is practically what they get when they obtain their RADIO MIRRORS. I relish this latest exponent of radio news because apparently it is unafraid to say what it thinks. I look forward to certain programs with keen anticipation and naturally am interested in the artists who contribute to my amusement. That is why I was delighted to find a new and potent radio magazine—RADIO MIRROR.

My idea of a perfect broadcast was the Cathedral Hour—few words, marvelous, perfectly matched voices, expert direction by Channon Collinge, and the very best of music. Being very much a modern, I enjoy immensely the latest ballads. But an hour of this impressive music inspired any listener to a higher standard of life. In my opinion, there is a distinct need for more of this type of broadcast.

MRS. MARY TERRY,
LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS.

\$1.00 PRIZE

The radio programs are fine.

Just live in a rural district once (after having been used to city life) and one will know how to appreciate radio programs and news flashes. (For even daily papers are one day late by mail).

Some persons complain that the advertising gets monotonous. That theatrical performances are not constantly interrupted to tell of some product that sponsors the production. Yet to hear lovely radio programs the only price the listener pays is to listen to a few advertisements. Otherwise we would have to spend dollars of R.R. fare and hotel bills and entrance fees to theatres to hear that

which now comes, through space, to our private homes no matter how isolated. We get news flashes at once and music from foreign lands.

This is my first copy of RADIO MIRROR (but not my last). Men enjoy it, too. Friend husband sat up and enjoyed every article page and picture.

My compliments to RADIO MIRROR, the husband and wife and family magazine of this radio age.

HALLIE PHILIPS,
Conneaut, Ohio.

\$1.00 PRIZE

It is impossible to please all of the public all of the time, but radio and RADIO MIRROR offer such a variety of well worth-while material that the person not finding something to his or her taste, will never find satisfaction.

Radio has been the salvation of many souls during the past few years, for entertainment can dispel "gloom" if only for a few hours, and can start us on a new day of happiness.

We should all be grateful to the many sponsors who furnish so many fine programs. We believe that they should, during their broadcasts, have the privilege of advertising their particular products but my one objection is—the announcer should not in such a forceful way ruin the otherwise perfect program by "shouting" his advertising message through a "mike". For instance, Dr. Lyon's Tooth Paste "Manhattan Merry-Go-Round" is a perfect program yet I have turned to another station merely because Ford Bond, the announcer, has so "shouted" the good qualities of Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder that it has spoiled the whole program. (Continued on page 56)

We Have With Us

(Continued from page 35)

Monday (Continued)

11:00 A. M. PAPPY, EZRA, ZEKE AND ELTON—hillbilly songs. WJZ and network.

They sing mountain music.

4:30 P. M. JACK AND LORETTA CLEMENS, songs and guitar—also Tuesday and Wednesday. WEA and associated stations.

A nice duet for the sunset.

5:00 P. M. SKIPPY—daily except Saturday and Sunday. (Philips Dental Magnesia.) WABC and associated stations.

To entertain the children and remind you of their health.

5:30 P. M. THE SINGING LADY—nursery jingles, songs and stories—daily except Saturday and Sunday. (Kellogg Company.) WJZ and associated stations.

Vocalized pages from the nursery rhymes.

5:45 P. M. LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE—childhood playlet with Shirley Bell, Allan Baruck. (Wander Company.) Daily except Sunday. WJZ and associated stations.

Poor little Annie brings you her troubles.

7:00 P. M. MYRT AND MARGE—daily except Saturday and Sunday. (Wrigley Chewing Gum.) WABC and associated stations.

Two talkative ladies everybody knows.

7:00 P. M. AMOS 'N' ANDY—blackface comedians. (Pepsodent Company.) WJZ and associated stations.

They put Harlem on the radio map, to say nothing of what they did for their own bank account.

7:15 P. M. JUST PLAIN BILL—daily except Saturday and Sunday. (Koly-nos Sales Co.) WABC and associated stations.

Exactly what the title suggests.

7:30 P. M. MUSIC BY GEORGE GERSHWIN. (Feen-a-mint). Also Friday. WJZ and associated stations.

America's foremost composer picks up the baton.

7:30 P. M. THE MOLLE SHOW—Shirley Howard, and the Jesters, Red, Wamp and Guy; Milt Rettenberg, pianist; Tony Callucci, guitar. Also Wednesday and Thursday. (Molle Shaving Cream.) WEA and associated stations.

A first-class vaudeville show.

7:45 P. M. BOAKE CARTER—daily except Saturday and Sunday. (Philco Radio and Television Corp.) WABC and associated stations.

A Philadelphian reads the headlines.

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

Mrs. Berg lives her family's life on the ether.

8:00 P. M. HAPPY BAKERS—Phil Duey,

Frank Luther and Jack Parker, with Vivien Ruth. Also Wednesday and Friday. (Wonder Bread.) WABC and associated stations.

Honey and butter for the staff of life.

8:15 P. M. EDWIN C. HILL. "The Human Side of the News." Daily except Saturday and Sunday. (Barbasol Company.) WABC and associated stations.

As a veteran interprets the day's happenings.

8:30 P. M. THE VOICE OF FIRESTONE—Lawrence Tibbett and Richard Crooks alternating with William Daly's orchestra (Firestone Tire and Rubber Company). WEA and associated stations.

The incomparable Tibbett with a worthy alternate.

8:30 P. M. THE DJER KISS RECITAL—Cyrena Van Gordon, mezzo-contralto; Walter Golde, pianist. (Vadco Sales Corp.) WJZ and associated stations.

A musical bouquet

8:30 P. M. BING CROSBY with Gus Arnheim's Orchestra and The Mills Brothers. (Woodbury Soap). WABC and associated stations.

Ah, there Bing! How you keep the folks at home Monday night, including us.

8:45 P. M. "RED DAVIS"—dramatic sketch featuring Curtis Arnall (Beech-Nut Gum). Also Wednesday and Friday. WJZ and associated stations.

If it's continuity you want, why look further?

9:00 P. M. SINCLAIR GREATER MINSTRELS—minstrel show with Gene Arnold, interlocutor; Joe Parsons, bass; male quartet; Bill Childs, Mac McCloud and Clifford Soubier, end men; band director, Harry Kogen. WJZ and associated stations.

A medium of other days gets a dose of ether and comes over like a new show.

9:00 P. M. LEOPOLD STOKOWSKI PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA. (Chesterfield Cigarettes). Also Wednesday, Thursday and Friday. WABC and associated stations.

A perfect dose of the high brows and to teach youse guys what you really ought to appreciate.

9:15 P. M. BUICK PRESENTS—Andre Kostelanetz and his orchestra; chorus; Howard Marsh, Mary Eastman, Soprano (Buick Motor Co.) WABC and associated stations. Also Thursday.

Just a real good program.

9:30 P. M. DEL MONTE SHIP OF JOY with Hugh Barrett Dobbs; guest artist; Doric and Knickerbocker quartets; orchestra direction Meredith Willson (California Packing Co.) WEA and associated stations.

Take a ride for yourself and see how you like it.

9:30 P. M. JACK FROST'S MELODY MO-

ments—guest; orchestra direction Josef Pasternack.

Sugary samples they've been handing out for years.

9:30 P. M. "THE BIG SHOW" with Gertrude Niesen, Isham Jones' Orchestra and dramatic cast (Ex-Lax Company.) WABC and associated stations.

The artists are swell in spite of a mediocre script.

10:00 P. M. CONTENTED PROGRAM—Gene Arnold, narrator; the Lullaby Lady; Male Quartet; orchestra direction Morgan L. Eastman; Jean Paul King, announcer. (Carnation Milk Co.) WEA and associated stations.

Right out of the greenest pastures.

10:00 P. M. WAYNE KING'S ORCHESTRA (Lady Esther Co.) WABC and associated stations.

Here's Wayne again.

11:15 P. M. THE BOSWELL SISTERS (Also Friday). WABC and associated stations.

Still topnotchers among the feminine trios.

12:00 Mid. GEORGE OLSEN and his Hotel Pennsylvania Orchestra. WEA and network.

Georgie knows the real songs and what's more, how to present them.

Tuesday

1:30 P. M. EASY ACES (Jad Salts) Also Wednesday, Thursday and Friday. WABC and associated stations.

This is really too good for this time of day.

5:45 P. M. THE REX COLE MOUNTAINEERS—hillbilly songs and sketch (Rex Cole, Inc.) Also Thursday. WEA.

The Ozark boys are certainly migrating.

6:45 P. M. "LITTLE ITALY" with Ruth Yorke. (Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Coal Co.) WABC and associated stations.

A touch of Venice, a dash of Naples and how are all you Romans?

7:30 P. M. THE SILVER DUST SERENADERS. (Gold Dust Corp.) Also Thursday and Friday. WABC and associated stations.

A little window-sill treatment to romantic melodies.

7:45 P. M. GUS VAN and Company; Arlene Jackson, blues singer. WJZ and associated stations.

That Van man never gets tiresome and he's been at it for so long.

8:00 P. M. LEO REISMAN'S ORCHESTRA with Phil Duey, baritone. (Phillip-Morris Cigarettes). WEA and associated stations.

One of our favorite musical aggregations.

8:00 P. M. ENO CRIME CLUES, an original Spencer Dean mystery drama with Edward Reese and John MacBryde (Harold S. Ritchie & Co.) WJZ and associated stations.

OOOOH! Right up the spine.

8:30 P. M. LADY ESTHER SERENADE—Wayne King and his orchestra (Lady Esther Cosmetics). Also Wednesday. WEAF and associated stations.

9:00 P. M.—BEN BERNIE'S BLUE RIBBON ORCHESTRA. (Premier-Pabst Sales Co.). WEAF and associated stations.

Benny, m'boy how do you stay so good? I mean musically.

9:15 P. M. OLDSMOBILE PRESENTS RUTH Etting; John Green and his orchestra; chorus. Also Friday. WABC and associated stations.

Ruth's back for which we give thanks with Green's boys to give her first-class help.

9:30 P. M. THE TEXACO FIRE CHIEF BAND—Ed Wynn, the Fire Chief, With Graham McNamee; male quartet; Fire Chief Band. (Texas Co.). WEAF and associated stations.

That crazy Wynn doesn't make any sense but who cares about that?

9:30 P. M. EDDIE DUCHIN and his Central Park Casino Orchestra. (Pepsodent Company). Also Thursday and Saturday. WJZ and associated stations.

Tin Pan Alley's gift to the debbies.

9:30 P. M. GEORGE JESSEL, Four Eton Boys and Freddie Rich's Orchestra. WABC and associated stations.

With all these headliners you can't go wrong.

10:00 P. M. THE CRUISE OF THE SETH PARKER—dramatic broadcasts by Phillips Lord and crew enroute around the world (The Frigidaire Company). WEAF and associated stations.

A New England philosopher going places.

10:00 P. M. THE CAMEL CARAVAN with Glen Gray's Casa Loma Orchestra. Stoopnagle and Budd and Connie Boswell. (Camel Cigarettes). WABC and associated stations. (Also Thursday.)

One of the newer ork pilots who gets his share of applause

10:00 P. M. MADAME SYLVIA of Hollywood. (Ralston Purina Company). WEAF and associated stations.

In the cause of slender curves.

12:00 Mid. RUDY VALLEE'S ORCHESTRA from the Hollywood Restaurant. New York. WEAF and network.

A whole show to himself which should please his many fans.

12:00 Mid. VINCENT LOPEZ and his orchestra. WABC and associated stations.

The Lopez touch in popular music and just as we want it

Wednesday

7:45 P. M. IRENE RICH in Hollywood—dramatic sketch (Welch's Grape-Juice). WJZ and associated stations.

A movie actress tells about the home town.

8:00 P. M. THE ROYAL GELATINE REVIEW—with Jack Pearl, the Baron Munchausen, with Cliff Hall; Peter Van Steeden's orchestra—WEAF and associated stations.



New! MICRO-SENSITIVE RADIO TUBES by



with 5 great advances:

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



TO GIVE YOU MORE RADIO PLEASURE

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



What a DIFFERENCE!

What a truly amazing difference
Maybelline DOES make



Do you carefully powder and rouge, and then allow scraggly brows and pale, scanty lashes to mar what should be your most expressive feature, your eyes? You would be amazed at the added loveliness that could be so easily yours with Maybelline. Simply darken your lashes into long-appearing, luxuriant fringe with the famous Maybelline Eyelash Darkener, and see how your eyes instantly appear larger and more expressive. This smooth, easily applied mascara is absolutely harmless, non-smarting, tear-proof, and keeps the lashes soft and silky. You'll be delighted with the results. Yes, thrilled! Black for brunettes, Brown for blondes. 75c at any toilet goods counter.



Maybelline
EYELASH DARKENER

The perfect



Mascara

RADIO MIRROR

Our old favorite the Baron, and you can take what you like.

8:30 P. M. ALBERT SPALDING, Violinist; with Conrad Thibault, Baritone, and Don Voorhees' Orchestra. (Fletcher's Castoria). WABC and associated stations.

Two grand artists who aren't afraid of detouring into popular strains.

9:00 P. M. THE IPANA TROUBADOURS—orchestra; guest artist—(Ipana Tooth Paste). WEF and associated stations.

Nicely paced numbers by people who know how.

9:00 P. M. WARDEN LAWES in 20,000 Years in Sing Sing—dramatic sketch. (Wm. R. Warner Co.) WJZ and associated stations.

A word in time, as it were.

9:30 P. M. FRED ALLEN'S SAL HEPATICA REVUE—Fred Allen, Portland Hoffa, Jack Smart, Mary McCoy, Ferde Grofe's Orchestra and the Songsmith's quartet. (Sal Hepatica Salts). WEF and associated stations.

The Allens add to their followers each week and it's about time Mr. Grofe's talents were appreciated.

9:30 P. M. THE VINCE PROGRAM with John McCormack and William Daly and string orchestra. (Wm. R. Warner Co.) WJZ and associated stations.

Now this is something worth while for a Wednesday night.

9:30 P. M. WHITE OWL PROGRAM—Guy Lombardo's Royal Canadians with Burns and Allen, comedy team (General Cigar Co.). WABC and associated stations.

A pair who never seem to lose favor and music that is equally good for listening or stepping.

10:00 P. M. CORN COB PIPE CLUB OF VIRGINIA—barnyard music; male quartet. (Larus & Brothers Co.) WEF and associated stations.

Happenings among the cows and chickens.

10:00 P. M. OLD GOLD PROGRAM—Ted Fiorito and his orchestra with Dick Powell, Master of Ceremonies (P. Lorillard Co.) WABC and associated stations.

As smooth as Fiorito which is a smoothness, we're telling you.

10:00 P. M. PLOUGH'S MUSICAL CRUISER—Vincent Lopez and his orchestra; King's Jesters, male trio; Adele Starr, contralto; Tony Cabooch, comedian; Charlie Lyon, announcer. (Plough, Inc.) WJZ and associated stations.

Mr. Lopez with a new boss and a collection of entertaining companions.

11:30 P. M. LITTLE JACK LITTLE and his orchestra. WABC and associated stations.

A ditty singer grows up into an orchestra leader.

Thursday

12:15 P. M. CONNIE GATES—Songs. WABC and associated stations. She's getting along, too.

8:00 P. M. FLEISCHMANN HOUR—Rudy Vallee and his Connecticut Yankees and guest artists. (Fleischmann's Yeast). WEF and associated stations.

The best of the air programs and spring is here again.

8:30 P. M. "VOICE OF AMERICA" with William Lyon Phelps, Alex Gray, and Nat Shilkret's orchestra. (Underwood Typewriters). WABC and associated stations.

Professor Phelps finds himself in a new atmosphere.

9:00 P. M. CAPTAIN HENRY'S MAXWELL HOUSE SHOW BOAT—Charles Waininger; Lanny Ross, tenor; Lois Bennett, soprano; Annette Hanshaw, blues singer; Conrad Thibault, baritone; Molasses 'n' January; Gus Haenschen's Show Boat Band. (Maxwell House Coffee). WEF and associated stations.

A cruise we'll take any week.

10:00 P. M. PAUL WHITEMAN and his orchestra and radio entertainers; Al Jolson, singing comedian; Deems Taylor, master of ceremonies. (Kraft Phoenix Cheese Corp.) WEF and associated stations.

They're together again so pass the crackers and we'll all have a good time.

11:30 P. M. ENRIC MADRIGUERA and his Waldorf-Astoria orchestra. WEF and associated stations.

Dancing around with Park avenue.

Friday

11:00 A. M. MUSIC APPRECIATION HOUR—Walter Damrosch conducting. WEF and associated stations.

You'll learn something anyhow.

7:30 P. M. SCOTT'S EMULSION CIRCUS Days—dramatic sketch by Courtney Riley Cooper with Jack Roseleigh, Wally Maher, Elizabeth Council Bruce Evans, Frank Wilson and Ernest Wilson. WEF and associated stations.

Drama under the big top.

8:00 P. M. CITIES SERVICE CONCERT—Jessica Dragonette, soprano, and the Cities Service quartet; Frank Banta and Milton Rettenberg piano duo; Rosario Bourdon's orchestra. WEF and associated stations.

We're so used to this, but not at all tired of it.

8:00 P. M. NESTLE'S CHOCOLATEERS with Ethel Shutta, Walter O'Keefe and Don Bestor's orchestra. (Nestle's Chocolate). WJZ and associated stations.

O'Keefe has a brand of humor all his own and Miss Shutta makes a good partner for him.

8:30 P. M. THE MARCH OF TIME (Remington Typewriters). WABC and associated stations.

So far this program has held its own.

9:00 P. M. WALTZ TIME—Frank Munn, tenor; Muriel Wilson, soprano; Abe Lyman's orchestra. (Sterling Prod-

HELP KIDNEYS



.. don't take drastic drugs

ucts). WEAf and associated stations.

The softer side of this musical life. 9:30 P. M. POND'S PROGRAM with Maude Adams; Victor Young's Orchestra. (Lamont Corliss & Co.) WEAf and associated stations.

For those that remember.

9:30 P. M. RICHARD HUDNUT presents Marvelous Melodies with Jack Whiting, Jeannie Lang, Jack Denny and his orchestra. WABC and associated stations.

Selling sweet scents with syncopation.

9:30 P. M. THE ARMOUR PROGRAM featuring Phil Baker, Harry McNaughton; Mabel Albertson; orchestra direction Roy Shield; Merrie-Men, male quartet; Neil Sisters, harmony Trio. (Armour & Company). WJZ and associated stations.

The best thing Chicago gives to the national airwaves.

10:00 P. M. SWIFT REVUE with Olsen and Johnson. (Swift & Co. Food Products). WABC and associated stations.

If you like this type of program, you'll laugh plenty.

10:00 P. M. FIRST NIGHTER—dramatic sketch with June Meredith, Don Ameche, Cliff Soubier, Eric Sagerquist's orchestra. (Compana Corporation). WEAf and associated stations.

One for leisurely enjoyment.

11:45 P. M. ISHAM JONES and his orchestra. WABC and associated stations.

A man as knows his business.

Saturday

1:45 P. M. METROPOLITAN OPERA COMPANY—John B. Kennedy and Milton J. Cross, commentators. (Lucky Strike Cig.). WEAf-WJZ and associated stations.

Essentially for the music lovers but likely to interest those who'd never get to the Met.

8:00 P. M. GEORGE OLSEN and his Hotel Pennsylvania Orchestra. WEAf and associated stations.

This time they play for their patrons and let you listen.

9:30 P. M. PONTIAC SURPRISE PARTY—Raymond Paige's orchestra and entertainers. WABC and associated stations.

A new surprise each week.

10:00 P. M. THE SATURDAY NIGHT DANCING PARTY with B. A. Rolfe and his Terraplane orchestra; Lew White, organist; Robert L. (Believe It or Not) Ripley. (Hudson Motor Car Co.) WEAf and associated stations.

A welcome arrival for the stay-at-homes.

8:00 P. M. "FORTY-FIVE MINUTES IN HOLLYWOOD" (Borden Company). WABC and associated stations.

A sojourn among the famous in cinema town.

11:30 P. M. PAUL WHITEMAN and his Hotel Biltmore Orchestra. WJZ and associated stations.

The Rhapsody monarch who never misses.

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

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

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

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

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



City Health Doctor Praises Cystex



W. R. George
Medical Director

of Indianapolis, and Medical Director for Insurance company 10 years, recently wrote the following letter:

"There is little question but what properly functioning Kidney and Bladder organs are vital to the health. Insufficient Kidney excretions are the cause of much needless suffering with aching back, weakness painful joints and rheumatic

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

Hot and Airy

(Continued from page 5)

Reduce
YOUR
WAIST AND HIPS
3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS
... it won't cost you one penny!



This illustration of the Perfolastic Girdle also features the new Perfolastic Gable Bandeau.

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

I REDUCED MY HIPS 9 INCHES," writes Miss Jean Healy. . . . "I reduced from 43 inches to 34½ inches" . . . writes Miss Brian.

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

Massage-Like Action Reduces Quickly!

● The Girdle may be worn next to the body with perfect safety for it is ventilated to allow the skin to breathe. It works constantly while you walk, work, or sit . . . its massage-like action gently but persistently eliminating fat with every move you make.

Don't Wait Any Longer . . . Act Today

● You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely in 10 days whether or not this very efficient girdle will reduce your waist and hips **THREE INCHES!** You do not need to risk one penny . . . try it for 10 days . . . at no cost!

THE COUPON BRINGS YOU FREE BOOKLET AND SAMPLE OF THE VENTILATED PERFOLASTIC RUBBER
SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.

Dept. 194 41 EAST 42nd ST., New York, N. Y.

Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Reducing Girdle, also sample of perforated 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

doesn't entitle mothers with babies to park them with the hostesses. These ladies, famous for their pulchritude, don't like being asked to serve as nursemaids. One reason is that sooner or later they marry announcers or engineers and raise their own babies. Another is that NBC has a regulation forbidding such service being performed for the wives of the visiting firemen. They are afraid of children being abandoned.

* * *

THE MONITOR MAN SAYS—

Peter Van Steeden, maestro of the Baron Munchausen broadcasts, thinks nothing of a five-mile walk after the day's work is done. But during business hours he won't go a block without hailing a taxicab. . . . Another maestro who is a great taxi patron is Mark Warnow. He was disappointed when receivers were banned in the New York cabs. For Mark was looking forward to the time when midgets would put on floor shows in the radio-equipped cars. . . . Paul Whiteman, discovering that Deems Taylor is ticklish, has found a way to get even with the narrator when his comments get too caustic. . . . Ex-President Herbert Hoover, then Secretary of Commerce, secretly sponsored the Cheerio program when it first went on the air seven years ago. Later NBC assumed the expense, for Cheerio spurned commercial backing. Recently the National's efficiency department, feeling an urge to economize, replaced the canaries, owned by Miss Elizabeth Freeman and for five years a feature of the period, with other canaries purchased at a pet shop. The Freeman birds were rented and the statisticians figured they had cost more than a couple of the Canary Islands would bring in the open market.

* * *

Colonel-Colonel Lemuel Q. Stoopnagle (to give him the title he now insists upon since the epidemic of Kentucky Colonels), and his comrade, Budd, have returned to the air lanes after a hiatus. During their absence from the studios they were occupied with scientific researches. In consequence, the world has been enriched by a number of perfectly useless inventions. Among them may be listed: A revolving gold fish bowl, rendering it unnecessary for the fish to swim about; a holeless watering can for men who prefer to use the garden hose; a cellophane umbrella, which makes it possible to see whether it is raining or not; round dice for gamblers who like to shoot marbles; and red, white and blue starch to keep American flags waving when there's no wind.

* * *

ROGERS UP TO HIS OLD TRICKS

Will Rogers started something when he told the radio audience cowboys couldn't sing. . . . John White, the lone-

some cowboy heard on the "Death Valley Days" program, and Johnnie Marvin, who was born in a covered wagon somewhere in or near Oklahoma, riz right up on their hind legs and hollered. . . . Of the two, Marvin's re-joiner carried the most weight for he at least was born and raised in the cattle country. . . . White rode herd on the plains of Washington, D. C., and until he went West to an Arizona dude ranch the only steers he knew anything about were the bum steers characteristic of the Capital before the New Deal. . . . Rogers at the same time got the nation's mind off monetary matters by describing "dogie," made famous by "The Last Roundup," as a coyote and not a cow. . . . According to Will, the coyotes followed the cowboys into town, joining them in their yodeling, a self-evident whimsy. . . . But both the real and the drug store cowboys took him seriously and rushed into print the next day to revive a controversy as long lived as the song which started it. . . . All this, of course, is red meat to Rogers who gets a great kick out of the credulity of his countrymen.

* * *

Jack Parker, one of radio's better vocalists, swears it's true. But even if it isn't, it's a good story. It seems that a dramatic sketch by an unknown author had been put on the air and it ran a minute short. The announcer, to avoid a wait, suggested that the playwright make a little speech.

"Heavens, no," whispered the author, "I can't make a speech."

"Oh, that's all right," urged the mike-master, "just tell 'em you're sorry."

* * *

TELLING IT TERSELY

Ben Bernie now owns the little clock the late Texas Guinan claimed was given her by Woodrow Wilson. It came into Bernie's possession after the auction of La Guinan's personal effects.

. . . Frances Stutz, she of the dimples, thinks Dave Rubinoff just the grandest man. And a scout reports the dialectician's ex-wife is working in a Chicago beauty shop. . . . Katherine Parsons, "The Girl of Yesterday," is the wife of George Clark, city editor of the New York Daily Mirror. . . . The Ipana Troubadours have been on the air since 1925. . . . Ozzie Nelson has discovered that since repeal the old folks like fast music and the young ones want it slow. "And," adds Ozzie, "the people who ask for tangoes dance fox trots." . . . It is estimated that NBC will take in \$300,000 in its first year from tourists visiting the Radio City studios at forty cents per capita. . . . Dick Hoffman, Jr., NBC singer, six years ago was one of their office boys. . . . Ted Fioritio's hands are insured for \$300,000. . . . Frank Luther wants to know if a fish cannery backing a radio program could be referred to as a "spawnsor".

Phillips Lord's call letters, KNRA, on his schooner, *Seth Parker*, aren't formed by adding a "K" to the National Recovery Act initials, as so many suppose. They are the call letters previously issued by the Federal Radio Commission to Lord for his yacht, and when he started on his round the world tour on the *Seth Parker* they were transferred to that vessel.

* * *

ODDS AND ENDS

Bert Hirsch, violinist and concert master, taught William Powell, the screen star, how to play the fiddle. . . . William Backer, author of the Maxwell House Show Boat Company scripts, is radio's bushiest-haired personality. A mop of kinky, curly hair that defies a comb crowns a thin, triangular face. He wears it long—much longer than even a poet. Backer was a doctor, a dentist and a lawyer before he began writing radio continuities. . . . Tito Guizar before bringing his guitar to radio was a welterweight fighter in Mexico. . . . Frank Parker is the third tenor in ten years with The Revelers. . . . Paul Dumont, former announcer, is now in the production department of NBC. . . . Phonograph records of The Men About Town most in demand in England are their American folk songs. Here in America the demand is for their humorous versions of popular songs.

* * *

Shortly before Jack Pearl and Cliff Hall put on the broadcast for their new commercial they were called for a conference to the offices of the advertising agency handling the program.

The Baron arrived on the minute but Sharlie was delayed by a rail tie-up and couldn't even phone that he would be late.

Finally, after an hour's wait, Pearl couldn't resist the impulse to exclaim, "Is you here, Sharlie?"

* * *

POSTSCRIPTS

Theo. Aban for five years sang the Lucky Strike theme song, "Happy Days Are Here Again." Since leaving the program, he hasn't had a radio engagement. The one time he was called to a studio for an audition and a possible job he had such a cold he couldn't sing a note. . . . Victor Young likes to listen to night club orchestras but he wouldn't conduct one on a bet. . . . Alexander Gray, the baritone, took an engineering course at Penn State. . . . Jack Fulton played a trombone for four years with Paul Whiteman before the King of Jazz discovered he could sing. . . . There are three bands touring the country bearing Abe Lyman's name. . . . According to his press agent, Bert Lahr writes poetry but won't recite it because he thinks a comedian can't afford to be serious. Some radio critics think comedians can't even afford to be funny, gag writers these days are taking down so much dough for their product.



Posed by professional models

Amazing EASY WAY ADDS 5 to 15 POUNDS FAST

Sensational gains with new double tonic. Richest imported brewers' ale yeast concentrated 7 times and combined with iron. Brings new beauty in a few weeks

ous, health-building yeast is then ironized with 3 kinds of strengthening iron. Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast, watch ugly, gawky angles fill out, flat chest develop and skinny limbs round out attractively. And with this will come a radiantly clear skin, new health—you're an entirely new person.

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands. If you are not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money will be 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 Company, Dept. 224, Atlanta, Georgia.

Now you can easily fill out that skinny, beanpole figure, and be just as attractive and have as many friends as anybody. Here's a new easy treatment that is giving thousands solid healthy flesh and shapely, enticing curves that everybody admires—in just a few weeks!

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

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

Concentrated 7 times

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

But that is not all! This marvel-



Hollywood Takes the Air

(Continued from page 17)



Relieves Teething Pains

WITHIN 1 MINUTE

WHEN your baby suffers from teething pains, just rub a few drops of Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion on the sore, tender, little gums and the pain will be relieved within one minute.

Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion is the prescription of a famous baby specialist, contains no narcotics and has been used by mothers for almost fifty years. It is strongly recommended by doctors and nurses instead of the unsanitary teething ring.

JUST RUB IT ON THE GUMS

DR. HAND'S Teething Lotion

Buy Dr. Hand's from your druggist today

Stops Falling Hair

Mr. D. Mallory, Ger. Va., writes: "My hair came out in patches and I was bald in spots. I used 2 bottles of Japanese Oil. It not only stopped my hair from falling, but grew new hair on the bald areas."

JAPANESE OIL, the anti-toxic counter-irritant, is used by thousands for overcoming baldness, where the hair roots are not dead, falling hair, loose dandruff and scalp itch. Price 50c. Economy size \$1. All druggists. NATIONAL REMEDY CO., 56 W. 45th St., Desk RM., New York.



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NICE CLEAR SKIN

**WITHOUT SKIN PEELING
A SAFE AND SURE WAY**

Worry no more over skin troubles. Beautiful, sensation-free skin—all without irritating skin treatments, redness, stinging, blackheads, light brown, brown, white spots, pimples. Three applications will amaze you. It most surely is the answer.

SPECIAL OFFER—NOW ONLY 60¢ TWO FOR 1
FOR COMPLETE TREATMENT

BEAUFIX LABS., Dept. R, 1851 Washington Ave., N. Y. C. Please send me complete treatment. I will pay postman 50c plus a few cents postage. My money to be refunded if not satisfied.

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Address..... State.....



SKINNY GIRLS GAIN WEIGHT

**NUTRI—New concentrated vitamins
Gain weight—or no cost.**

Miss Wright recently gained 22 pounds. Slender Mrs. Buhl rounded out 17 pounds. Mrs. Martin's seven-year-old child added 5 pounds in two weeks.

So many astonishing gains, 10, even 25 pounds are reported with NUTRI. We urge you make a trial under our full money back guarantee. If skinny, frail, weak, nervous, run-down, recovering from recent illness or simple anemia you must start gaining first week or your money back.

No wonder you gain weight for NUTRI is concentrated vitamins A, B, D with special malt, made possible through three remarkable discoveries combined in one. 80 times richer than yeast, 100 times more potent than cod liver oil, this body building calories of ripe bananas especially dehydrated. Very pleasant to take.

Prove NUTRI results. Weight-to-day. If you don't start gaining first week your money back. Send \$1.00 for NUTRI (large size four times as much \$3.00) to TAYTON COMPANY, Dept. 3, 3519 Troost, Kansas City, Mo.



celebrities just enough air.

There's sufficient good talent, adaptable to radio broadcasting right now in Hollywood to keep half the air programs actually entertaining for the next year. The problem is one of selectivity on a basis of suitable talent and the proper spotting of the chosen ones.

Most of the big film names have been on the ether waves at one time or another, sometimes to the owner's subsequent regret. Others got over quite well and when their movie careers get too humpy these lucky ones should have no difficulty in taking on a radio contract.

Of all the film women who have been heard on the various stations and chains during the past year Helen Hayes, in a serious scene from a dramatic production has been the most interesting. And in lighter vein, judging by comments after her appearance, Fifi Dorsay's breezy personality in peppy songs and dialogue gave itself most successfully to the radio medium. Even those who could do without too much of Fifi on the screen believed that here was a woman who has what it takes to put a song over on the air. She made most of the eastern blues singers look sick. Her dialect was delightful and she seemed so at ease.

JOHN BOLES' singing, to those who have listened to every program emanating from Hollywood, was grand and seemed the most delightful. Here is a voice that lends itself perfectly to broadcasting whether in operatic effort or in the presentation of popular music. Jimmy Cagney has an air personality that would be successful in a dramatic continuity if it were patterned after his most successful pictures. His few broadcasts this past winter have proved that.

Jeanette MacDonald is another whose voice carries well on the air while there are comedians in Hollywood who, given scripts to fit their personalities and not pages of haphazard material gathered at the last minute, would do much to improve radio entertainment.

Mae West's personality, vocal and suggested, is a natural for microphone programs. The trouble with Miss West's type of stuff is that it would suffer from a more severe censorship in broadcasting than it is subjected to on the screen. Garbo would probably be a washout after the novelty of hearing her a few times had worn off. She is essentially the gorgeous woman who must be seen, as well as heard to be appreciated. And the same is true of Marlene Dietrich.

Now that coast-to-coast programs are sent out from the Los Angeles studios instead of being wired to New York and then broadcast, the terrific additional expense of picking up talent from California has been eliminated. In their desperate struggle to corral new names for their radio programs, sponsors are more and more casting

their eyes westward on what Hollywood holds in the way of likely material.

The favorable thing about signing movie names is that the buildup is already there, the reputations have been made, the artists are all known to their vast nationwide public. Half the battle of putting a program over is to get the stellar personality a regular ether visitor into every set owner's home.

The old prejudice of the film moguls against having their contract players appear on the radio because of the fear that it would interfere with cinema theater attendance has passed, too. Though there are still vigorous objections to any star's broadcasting when it appears that it will take any interest from his film activities.

For instance, Marie Dressler was offered a twenty-six weeks' contract by a national sponsor to appear weekly on the radio. She turned the offer down on the advice of movie executives who pointed out that as her health has been poor during the past two years, the additional radio work might sap her strength. And Miss Dressler earns so much money in Hollywood, adding to her income is certainly not one of her problems now.

Gloria Swanson has been offered several radio contracts which she has refused because she wants to center her time and effort on the screen—perhaps later, turning to the stage.

Other Hollywood celebrities have dropped radio offers because of the seeming confusion and redtape that attended their negotiations. Taking a test for a big film role is part of their job but auditioning for garter makers or sugar distributors and then having nothing come of it is new to them and they don't like it.

ONE well known stage actor who was several years ago one of the five biggest names in the movie world took at least five auditions in a big New York studio. He was never given the courtesy of any decision at all. He would rehearse a scene which he believed good air entertainment, go through it for two or three auditions, one for the studio executives, one for the agencies and finally one for the sponsors. The contract would be practically closed, something would come up and he'd hear nothing further from the radio people until they wanted him to audition again for somebody else. His voice is perfect for the air, he has a keen dramatic sense and his name would be a big draw all over the country but you couldn't get him into a rehearsal studio now on any promise. You can't blame him, either.

Certainly with all the hullabaloo being made in New York about the frantic efforts of sponsors to light on some new talent, it seems only sensible that a careful perusal of the Hollywood field would yield something better than some of the new arrivals, unknown and untried, who clutter up the airwaves.

What I Think of Eddie

(Continued from page 9)

and tragically regretted it. That was when I wished, from the bottom of my heart that Eddie had been a doctor, lawyer, or even a lighthouse keeper. Anything that would have made him stay put.

The occasion was the earthquake in California. Eddie was making a film there and all of us were with him. Something turned up in New York that demanded his presence, and he and I took a plane East, leaving our daughters in Los Angeles. We left them there, because it would have meant taking them away from school.

We were in New York when the newspapers flashed the story of the disaster. I nearly went crazy with fear and anxiety. I sat for hours, visioning my dear children beneath the debris, or blown to bits, or burned alive. Even then, Eddie tried to clown and soothe me, but he was as desperately worried as I was. We both were in a panic. We couldn't wire, because the telegraph lines were down. We just had to sit and wait.

THROUGHOUT an entire night Eddie and I took turns trying to raise our California home on the telephone. At about four in the morning, we finally succeeded. And then I nearly fainted with joy when I heard my oldest girl's voice. I cried hysterically. But what do you think that kid said, after she told us everything was all right? It was the Cantor blood. She said:

"Gee, ma, please ring off. We're O. K. Do you know your tears have been flowing for twenty minutes, and that they've cost you \$75 already?"

That was Marjorie. If she had been a boy, I'd have called her Eddie, and I wouldn't have been wrong.

I suppose it is generally known that I travel everywhere with Eddie, whenever possible. It's always been that way, because Eddie wants his family, or at least part of it near him, the same as we want him near us. He's such a boy that he feels lost unless there's little Ida around looking after his clothes, his laundry, etc. When Marilyn was born, I was in New York, and Eddie was playing vaudeville in Chicago. He wanted so badly to come home and see the new youngster, but he stuck out there without a murmur. I knew what he was going through, and as soon as I was able, I left the hospital, took my new baby, bundled her up, and hopped the first train I could make to Chicago.

Recently, Eddie was making his most recent film. When it was almost complete, we came East because it was time for the children to start in school in New York. By "we" I mean myself and the children. We left Eddie on the lots. We had been in New York less than a week when there came a frantic wire from my pop-eyed comedian. He was lonesome.

So I sent Marjorie, who is 18, to keep him company.

There is one thing that I can't stand,

however. Whenever I take a stroll with my husband, I must always be alert to steer him away from delicatessen shops. He is cursed with a fanatical attraction for such places. It's because he likes pickles, and since the doctor has forbidden him to eat them, he likes to stand in front of a delicatessen store and smell them. Sometimes, because so many people recognize him, it is embarrassing to have to tear him away from such public places. And of course, those who see us, just imagine that it's Eddie Cantor clowning again.

When the fifth daughter arrived in the family, Eddie came to visit me, and hung up a placard outside the hospital room. It read: "Boy Wanted."

When I finally got home, I found another placard over the entrance. Its legend was: "Cantor Home for Girls." He never stops ribbing me about our superfluity of females in the family, and it is his ambition to have at least one son. He makes capital of the parade of girl children. He kids me about that, about how I play bridge, about my eyes, my teeth, my weight, my hair, the clothes I buy for us all, and practically everything. But he's not always kidding. He doesn't run it to extremes.

It's when a shadow crosses us that he clowns most. He is deadly serious with the kids, as a father should be, when discussing their problems, their education, and their routine.

There is one line that he repeats frequently on the air, and since it was built around me, it always strikes me as very funny.

"Just mention a girl's name, he dares the audience, "and the Cantors have a daughter to fit it."

All right, he is kidding me, but do I get even? Well, he wants a son, does he, and he gets daughters! I have my little moments of kidding, too.

His kidding over the radio is not new to me. It's just become public, that's all. Why he used to rib me (rib is the Broadway word for a joke) when we were sweethearts. Twenty years ago when he used to call on me, I used to take pride in cooking his favorite dish—meat balls. And how he enjoyed them. But not in the way you might imagine. He would pick over them, examine them one by one.

THEY did look slightly shrunken, like rubber. Then he tasted one—rather dug his teeth into it. "Meat balls, Ida?" he asked. "Golf balls, you mean. Let's save them and go out for a game tomorrow."

Eddie always tries out his script on us. He listens to our opinions, and argues with us about changing his lines. But he is the final court of appeals—if he feels our judgment is poor, the gag stays in. Do you remember the passionate love scene in which a love-sick woman kisses him repeatedly? Each time they kiss, the supposedly lovelorn lady says "Feh".

"Why do you say that?" Eddie asks.



blood will tell—

ONE of the mysteries of life is how much care a man will take of thoroughbred animals—noting when they are "off" . . . and toning them back to the "pink of condition" to increase their daily usefulness—yet will shamefully neglect his own run-down condition.

Some people just hope when "run-down" that they will "come around."

It is just good "horse-sense" to reflect and reason that your so-called "tired feeling" may come from a lowered red-blood-cell count and the hemo-glo-bin in these cells.

There is a remedy specially designed to bring back strength to weakened blood . . . and no one can be strong, healthy, happy and full of vitality when in a run-down condition.

S.S.S. Blood Tonic is a time-tested remedy for restoring deficient red-blood-cells and a low hemo-glo-bin content.

If you suspect an organic disease consult your physician . . . if you feel weak . . . lack a keen appetite . . . if your skin is pale and off-color . . . try S.S.S. as a part of your regular daily diet. Take it just before meals. Unless your case is exceptional, you should soon notice a pick-up in your appetite . . . your color and skin should improve with increased strength and energy.

S.S.S. is not just a so-called tonic but a tonic specially designed to stimulate gastric secretions and also having the mineral elements so very, very necessary in rebuilding the oxygen-carrying hemo-glo-bin of the blood to enable you to "carry on" without exhaustion as you should naturally.

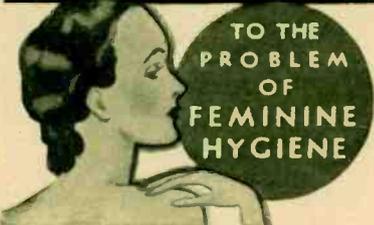
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● To the perplexed woman seeking a dependable answer to the vital problem of personal hygiene, we advise **BORO-PHENO-FORM**. Known to the medical profession for more than forty years, it carries highest recommendations. Convenient—no water nor accessories required. Soothing; harmless—non-caustic; odorless; dependable. A boon to the mind and health of every married woman.

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... to ANY shade you Desire
... SAFELY in 5 to 15 minutes

Careful, fastidious women avoid the use of peroxide because peroxide makes hair brittle. Lachner's Instantaneous Hair Lightener requires NO peroxide. Used as a paste, it cannot streak. Eliminates "straw" look. Beneficial to permanent waves, and bleached hair. Lightens blonde hair brown dark. This is the only preparation that also lightens the scalp. No more dark roots. Used over 20 years by famous beauties, stage and screen stars and children. Harmless. Guaranteed. Mixed complete with brush for application.

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NOT HOUSE-BROKEN!

We call him Scotty. When your guests put cigarettes in the ash tray—and Dr. Scotty's head he'll raise his little hind leg and—PUT OUT THE CIGARETTE. Convenient, safe, and healthy. At last a canine's most inconvenient habit has been turned into a precision and extremely funny one! Scotty mounted on ash tray—both in attractive home furn.

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PERFUME and FACE POWDER

Invites Romance

You can have this unseen beauty, too, for Radio Girl Perfume and Face Powder are made just for the modern American Girl... Fine French essential oils contribute their exquisite odours; domestic manufacture explains their modest prices.

Use this COUPON for FREE SAMPLES

"RADIO GIRL", Saint Paul, Minn., Dept. R-4
Send me FREE Regular Size RADIO GIRL Perfume and Trial Size RADIO GIRL Face Powder. I am enclosing 10c (coin or stamps) for cost of mailing. (Offer good in U. S. only)

Name _____
Address _____

"I was just thinking of my husband," she replies.

Well, I thought the joke in questionable taste. Eddie didn't. It is one of his biggest laugh-getters over the air.

The girls and I feel the same way about his current featured song, The Colonel from Kentucky. It concerns a Colonel who never went to war, whose only battles were love scenes with various women. We felt it would hurt people's feelings. A few have written in complaining.

People are most responsive to little anecdotes about our home life. One day I scolded Janet, our youngest, for a childish misdemeanor. She crawled under her bed, and refused to emerge. Eddie got home while we were trying to coax her to come out of hiding. He crept under the bed to confer with her.

She looked at him pityingly. "What, is mamma after you, too?" she asked.

Sometimes I feel he puts on his best comedy acts for Janet. Regardless of how busy he is with radio scripts, song pluggers, publishers and writers who dash in and out of our apartment all day long, he takes an hour off every night at her bedtime to play with her. It is the one relaxation he allows himself.

THERE was a time when he wasn't able to indulge his love of playing with his children. For many years while he was fighting his way to the top he played third-rate vaudeville in the sticks. Often he was on the road for months at a time. Which was the reason for the well-known story Eddie has used time and again on the air. He came home suddenly, as was his custom. He always likes to surprise us. Edna opened the door when he rang. She was then five. "Oh mamma," she called. "That strange man is here again."

Our five girls feel Eddie is their best friend. All call him Eddie. Now that his radio work permits his staying home for longer periods, we share the task of bringing up the girls. Before that, most of it devolved upon me. I had to be father and mother to them. What made matters worse was that when Eddie'd pop in for a short visit, he'd cuddle and pet the children and spoil them thoroughly. My attempts at discipline went by the board. If Natalie wanted to stay up way after her bedtime, well and good. If Edna preferred candy to her vegetables, why not? He was so tickled to be with them that everything they did was O. K.

Eddie and I both feel that each of our girls should be prepared to earn her own living. Though we are well-fixed now, we can't guarantee the futures of our daughters. The best way to train them for happy living is to create a feeling of usefulness, of independence. Our oldest, Marjorie, has learned shorthand. She answers Eddie's fan mail, and receives a salary for it.

Most of the thousands of letters he receives as a result of each broadcast come from mothers who thank him for keeping their families home Sunday nights. Others ask for advice, or tell

how much his constructive criticism is appreciated. We got hundreds of letters after his broadcast extolling mother-in-laws, and stressing their unselfish devotion in times of trouble.

Quite often, fans write me telling me how much my husband's radio skits have meant to them, encouraged them in times of trouble. He gets at least ten letters weekly from women who feel they are his affinities. There is one whose love notes follow him like clock-work, whether he is in New York, at the coast, or touring the country. We all get a good laugh from them.

Right here and now I'd like to say that I've never once been jealous of Eddie since our marriage, never once mistrusted him or worried about how he acted toward the beautiful women he met in his stage work. He kids around with everyone—he is everybody's pal. I know it means nothing, and it is just his way of being friendly.

Before we were married, I had one stroke of jealousy. It nearly broke up our romance. Eddie was touring the country with a five-a-day circuit. My father had wanted him to go into the cloak and suit business; he was trying to prove to my dad that he could make a living from his clowning.

Daily he sent back passionate love letters. How he missed me; there could never be any other woman in his life. But rumors reached me that he was playing up to one of the girls in his act; gossip said he was taking her out after each show; had fallen for her in a big way.

The day he came home, my greeting to him was short. I tore his picture from the wall; I threw at him the bracelet he had given me as an engagement present.

For once he forgot to clown. Furious, I told him what I thought of a man who wrote love missives to one girl while he courted another. "Papa was right," I sobbed, "you'll never amount to anything."

He went white as a sheet. He was utterly bewildered. "I was just trying to be friendly," he explained. "The girl was lonely. You know you're the only girl for me. Let's get married right away."

WHICH we did. Eddie spent his entire savings to take me to Europe on our honeymoon. He expected to get vaudeville engagements there. But things didn't pan out as we had anticipated. Our funds sank lower and lower. I spent part of the honeymoon washing our clothes on a little English scrubbing board I had bought.

You would think someone as quick-witted on the stage, as forward and jolly as Eddie would be the same in private life. Believe it or not, Eddie is actually timid and self-conscious in company. At a party, he'll sit in a corner casting pleading glances at me, which say plainly, "Can't we go home?" Strangers can't believe that shy, self-effacing man is the boisterous Eddie of the radio.

At home, of course, he is his natural self, always kidding around and full of the devil. His best radio jokes don't

always register with us—we've heard them too often. Regardless of what we do or where we go, Eddie can never forget his work. He thinks, eats, sleeps radio scripts—often he gets an inspiration at four o'clock in the morning. It can't wait. He'll wake me and the girls up to pass judgment on the new idea. I'm afraid we aren't in a proper mood to appreciate it then.

He loves to drive a car, but even then he is thinking of gags. I shiver in the back seat, as he suddenly stops short, to recite his latest brain child. (Eddie writes about 85% of his script himself.) He insists I have nothing to complain of. In the twenty years he's been driving, he's never had one accident! Knock wood!

Though I live to be a hundred, I will never get used to the piece-meal fashion in which we eat our dinner. It's a two-hour session. My husband tells his friends and business associates to call him at 6 P. M. The phone rings incessantly. The only day Eddie ever ate one full course without a telephone interruption was the day Marilyn took the receiver off the hook.

I sometimes wish I could make an engagement a few days ahead like other wives can. But I can't—Eddie's time is never his own. If we have a date to visit friends, or go to a party, my husband is sure to be working feverishly on a script, which to him, is more important. Why, we couldn't even attend the wedding of two of our best friends, Doris Warner and Mervyn LeRoy. A half hour before the ceremony, Eddie got a telegram. Ten minutes later he was on his way to Boston, to sign a vaudeville contract.

If only he weren't so tied up with his work we could have a little time to play together. It seems to me when one works as hard as Eddie does, he deserves a little pleasure out of life. Eddie doesn't smoke, doesn't gamble,

doesn't drink, or play around with other women. He claims his pleasure is being a success in his work and having his family with him.

Naturally, anyone under the continuous nervous strain of rehearsing, broadcasting, writing, with never a let-up, is easily excited, quick to flare up at the slightest provocation. Eddie's temper never lasts more than a minute or two. But it took me several years before I realized he just had to get it out of his system. Regardless of what he says, I try to keep quiet now. When it is all over, I know he is sorry. He's allowed to lose his temper—I'm not allowed to lose mine. When I do occasionally, he reproaches me. "You know I don't mean what I say when I'm angry. There's no reason for your getting riled."

You'd laugh if you knew what irritates him most. It is my winning at backgammon, or ping pong. We play for 5 cents a game; when Eddie loses 50 cents in one evening, he tears the roof down. He recalls every misdemeanor I ever committed.

"It must mean so much socially to be Mrs. Eddie Cantor," so many women have said. Well, to me it means nothing, has never meant anything. We have very few real friends—our nomad existence made it almost impossible for me to make friends within the past fifteen or sixteen years. I've always been a little afraid of women who gush all over me. I don't like to feel they are cultivating me because I am Eddie Cantor's wife, in order to boast of their friendship with a celebrity's wife, or to make use of Eddie's connections.

Practically none of my real friends are in the profession; they are people I have known since we were young and struggling. Now that it looks as if we can stay put in New York for several months each year, I'm just beginning to catch up on making friends.

You Ask Her Another

(Continued from page 18)

and stage work has taken up all my time, but I would love to be out in the country and stretch myself out on some cool, sweet-smelling green grass.

Q. Have you any hobbies?

A. I like ping-pong, if you'd call that a hobby. Then, I'd say, I'd like to take up flying.

Q. Would you like to be a motion picture actress?

A. I would like to try it.

Q. Who is your favorite movie actress and actor?

A. Greta Garbo—Ronald Colman.

Q. Do you like to sing Russian songs more than anything else?

A. Yes.

Q. What American songs do you like to sing most?

A. I like "My Bill". I sing it in the bathtub every morning. I also like "More Than You Know", and "Smoke Gets In Your Eyes."

Q. Who is the greatest influence in your life?

A. My grandmother.

Q. What is the fondest memory of your early days?

A. I used to relish eating pickles on a hot summer day in my Grandmother's garden.

Q. What's your favorite sport?

A. Swimming.

Q. Do you like to dance?

A. Just love it.

Q. What is your favorite dish?

A. Shashlick—a Russian meat dish.

Q. Who is your severest critic?

A. My mother.

Q. If you had three months of complete leisure what would you do with your time?

A. I'd love to go to Europe, particularly Russia.

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

A. Yes, my hair.

Q. Before signing off is there anything you would like to add?

A. I would appreciate it if my fans would criticise my broadcasts rather than merely request autographs.

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Come to Our April Fool Party

(Continued from page 43)

finely chopped ice, three dashes of orange bitters, one half jigger of Tom Gin, one half jigger of Italian Vermouth, a piece of lemon peel, mix, and strain into cocktail glass.
The menu to be served later.

- Pickled Onions Gherkins Ripe Olives
- Fruit Salad
- Cream Cheese and
- Horseradish Sandwiches
- Cucumber Sandwiches Cookies
- Salted Nuts Thin Mints

FRUIT SALAD

Cut oranges, pineapple, and cherries in triangles; slice bananas, cut grapes in thin slices, and chop walnuts, then cut mint jelly in squares. Arrange on lettuce beds as one big salad, or for a small group make individual portions. Combine the fruits, nuts, and mint-jelly and place attractively on the lettuce. Pour over a dressing of two thirds amount of slightly whipped cream, and one third mayonnaise. If desired garnish with watercress at the side of plate and saltines spread with lemon butter.

CUCUMBER SANDWICHES

Cut the bread with circular cutter, making round forms. Spread with creamed butter, place thin slice of cucumber on one piece of bread and

cover with another circular piece. A little mayonnaise may be thinly spread if you wish.

CREAM CHEESE AND PINEAPPLE ON BROWN BREAD

Slice brown bread very thin, putting on soft butter. Combine small portions of pineapple with the cheese that has been softened with cream. Spread lightly over bread; before spreading on mixture cut bread into shapes of squares, horns, and unusual designs. Or you may make a combination of cream cheese and horseradish instead of the pineapple to put on the bread. Add the horseradish according to taste, about two tablespoons to one package of cheese, and a dash of AI Sauce.

RICH COOKIES

1 cup butter
3/4 cup sugar
2 eggs
2 1/2 cups flour
1 teaspoon vanilla
Raisins, nuts, cherries, currants or cocoanut
Cream the butter and add sugar slowly. Then add the eggs well beaten. flour, and vanilla. Mix well, and drop from spoon smoothing thinly with a knife. Use a nut, cherry, or raisin on each cookie. Bake in a hot oven.

Our Public Broadcasting

(Continued from page 45)

Many sponsors put over their advertising message in a delightful way, and they certainly are entitled to do so—in a pleasant way.

More power to radio and RADIO MIRROR, my favorite radio magazine.
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QUESTION BOX

JOE O'DONNELL, Yonkers—Write to Glen Gray at the Essex House, Central Park South, New York City. I agree with you; his music's swell.

SHUMARD, Memphis—Borrah Minevitch was off the air but he's broadcasting now from WOR New York.

V. GREGORY, Rice, Texas—"One Man's Family" musical signature is "Destiny Waltz". Baynes is the composer and there are no lyrics. Carlton E. Morse is the author of the radio scripts and the program is sponsored by the Wessen Oil Company from the west coast.

CINCINNATUS, Cincinnati—Frank Parker has replaced James Melton in the Revelers Quartet. Lanny Ross is in Hollywood.

YARMOUTH, Nova Scotia—Ozzie Nelson isn't married at this writing but they do say he and Harriet Hilliard have it all arranged.

HENRY GAGE, Dartmouth—Bradley Kincaid broadcasts from WGY, Schenectady daily except Sundays and his programs go over the WEAF network.

GEORGE GIMON, Garfield, N. J.—Wayne King is married to Dorothy Janis, film star. Mrs. Guy Lombardo is not a professional.

HELEN KEAN, Chicago—Lanny Ross was born January 19, 1906.

BETTY DAVIS, Seattle—Oh, my goodness, you too? Rudy Vallee can be addressed at 111 West 57th Street, New York City.

Mrs. E. RUSH, Dayton, Ohio—You lose. James Melton was on tour with Jeritza.

HAL BURNS, Buffalo—Don't believe all you hear. Wait till you read it in RADIO MIRROR. That story is just idle gossip.

KENNETH JOHNSON, Des Moines—The Rondoliers are Fred Wilson, Roy Hallee, Hubert Hendrie and Darrell Woodyard.

EVELYN THOMAS, Atlanta—The Songsmiths and the Show Boat Four are the same; Scrapy Lambert, Randolph Weyant, Leonard Stokes and Robert Moody.

JAMES NELSON, Portland, Me.—Thanks, we love those bouquets. Yes, Ruth Etting is married, Gertrude Nielsen is single, Betty Barthell is single and Jane Froman is Mrs. Don Ross.

FRANK CONRAD, Albany—You'll have to ask Joe Penner that one yourself.

TIMOTHY SHANE, Milwaukee—You and a million others feel that way but Ruth Etting's back on the air so give thanks.

Out of the Niesen Parlor

(Continued from page 13)

Later, at an audition in WABC's studios, William Paley, president of the works, happened to pass, heard her, and gave the order that made her a Columbia artist.

Back in the beginning of this wandering, rambling piece, I mentioned that the thousands of applicants for radio fame, all were looking for "the lucky break." La Niesen wasn't looking for it, but it was she who got it. But, by the same token, she had "it," and that's what counts. So many who court fame and fortune, just haven't got the goods.

"It was indeed a break," says Gertrude, "and a mighty unexpected one that shunted me into the studios. With me, it was, as you say, out of the parlor and into the spotlight overnight. It all happened because I admired Lyda Roberti, the Polish comedienne, when she was playing in a Broadway show, 'You Said It.' I went to see the show one night, and I so enjoyed Roberti's clowning, her songs, and her talent, that I felt an irresistible urge to imitate her, and so when I got home, I sort of went into a comedy dance, and began doing my best to imitate the Polish girl, accent and all. I was a little bit surprised to discover that I could really imitate her.

"My family thought I was going crazy. You see, my parents were just home folks, who had carefully sent me through high school and the Brooklyn Heights Seminary, and as my mother is quite a pianist, she had hoped that I would take up music. But any mention of my seeking out a theatrical career for myself, would have caused a riot.

"Well, after a few days, this Roberti imitation sort of grew on me and my folks got used to it, and then I went to a party, and somebody called on me to contribute to the general amusement. So I put on the familiar Roberti imitation. My friends were amused, and they all enthused over the realism of it.

"One girl said I ought to go on the stage. Later that night, it struck me as a good idea. I thought it over next day, and then suddenly I grabbed a telephone book, and at random picked a theatrical agency, called up, and made up a swell, but entirely fictional story of experience. I told them I could do imitations, and what have you."

Gertrude never expected to hear from the agency, and several weeks passed. And then came the surprise. The agency summoned her. They wanted her for an immediate audition. She went. They liked her and signed her up for \$100 a week. She went into vaudeville with a gent named Joe Taylor, who taught her all the tricks of the profession.

In two weeks, Gertrude's name was up in lights on Broadway—over the doorway of the "300 Club." Then she took an engagement at the Paramount Grill. Five weeks in Chicago added to her hectic experience, and all the time

she was singing and doing the Roberti imitation. The audiences said she was better than Roberti. Her oriental appearance, which, during her school days won her the sobriquet of "Chinky" gave her a mystic air, and she clicked with every performance. I saw her once in the Taft hotel, and I thought her Roberti routine outshone the original. And then, wonder of wonders, Lyda Roberti, who had since then begun a vaudeville tour with Lou Holtz, departed from that show, and La Niesen at last was engaged to take over the spot, formerly occupied by the girl who had inspired her to go theatrical.

All during those weeks of training, La Niesen had the jitters. She still gets them, for she is an artist of extreme moods. Walks on clouds for an hour, and during the next sixty minutes is cast down into the profound depths of depression. Eventually, she found that visible audiences were just human—and harmless, and she did all right.

She remembered this when she went on the air the first time. She never had mike fright. Logically, she figured that if a theatre audience hadn't tried to heckle her, she certainly was safe in the case of an invisible assemblage.

When Louis Sobel asked her to sing as a guest, she figured it would be just a favor. She hadn't any notion of ever going again to a radio studio. But Sobel thought otherwise, and he arranged for a lot of people to listen to this newcomer to Broadway. They did listen, and at once, a lot of wise radio showmen sat up and took notice.

She was invited to audition almost everywhere, and she did. But nothing much happened at once. Meantime, she continued her stage career, and became understudy for Ethel Merman. And then, it seems, they wanted a singer in a hurry at WABC, Gertrude answered the call, and was singing at top speed, when Bill Paley passed the studio, paused and listened.

PALEY is hypersensitive to talent. It was because a graphophone record which he heard while aboard a steamship that he sought and found and glorified Morton Downey. The same hunch overtook him when he heard Niesen. Before she could get out of the place, she had signed a contract as a Columbia artist—and she's still a Columbia artist.

Back in the early days of Morton Downey's rise on radio, it was an established routine at Columbia to single out one artist and build him or her up to the heights. In those days, radio columnists were wont to cooperate with the studios and they were less cynical and more enthusiastic over newcomers. The build-ups of Downey and Kate Smith made history. After that, all attempts, with the exception of Bing Crosby, failed. Crosby was glorified, largely because of his unique talent, but mainly because his feud with his vocal double and rival, Russ Columbo, brought him tons of publicity.

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It was much like the old feud between Rudy Vallee and Will Osborne.

When the same tactics were tried later on other artists, they flopped miserably. And so, when Niesen was employed, no attempt was made to give her any artificial or inflated status.

This was a mild handicap to La Niesen, and I think I can say truthfully, that she wasn't even given a normal amount of publicity, because at that time, there were other women warblers in process of partial glorification, and none looked too kindly upon this formidable newcomer. Neither did the publicity departments stumble over themselves to do Niesen any favors. They were a bit terrorized at the probable reactions of the better established women, who wanted the halos for themselves.

So Niesen went along without the press agents, but she went along at a terrific pace. Before the year was over, she was at the top of the singing class, and the fan mail was giving her an automatic rating far above that of most of the others who had enjoyed a big lead over her.

She therefore is one artist who can say truthfully that her spectacular rise is due solely to her talent and her application to the job.

In my opinion, I think there is only one thing that can stop her from climbing even to a higher pinnacle.

Gertrude is an auto fanatic. Driving a car fits in with her moods. She drives out of town every week end. If her spirits are high, she takes a friend, and drives sanely. If she is feeling low, she goes alone and drives dangerously. Once she wrapped a car completely around a telegraph pole.

She has another complex. She believes that most writers are mad. Maybe she's not altogether wrong. Writing is probably what makes them mad. But it is an amusing fact that when she refers to a writer, she always says, "that mad writer." In filling out a biographical chart for Columbia, she cites that if she inherited, or otherwise came into sudden possession of a million dollars, she would establish a farm for pets, mainly horses and dogs, and (note the order of importance) secondly, she would establish a home (she didn't say an asylum) for mad writers.

Gertrude has another idiosyncrasy. She is passionately fond of the color of violet. She invariably dresses with this color dominant. She is indolent, when "off duty" and, true to the heritage of artists, she despises housework, cooking, etc., and likes to keep the day free of any set routine. She never rises, or goes to bed at the same hour twice in a week. She can't remember people's names, but never forgets a face, and she's usually late for appointments.

She is witty, as one of the New York editors once discovered.

He asked her to write a column. She obliged him, and after it had been published, he met her, and confided that it might have been better.

"Please forgive my un-journalistic style," she apologized. "And by the way, come up to WABC sometime and sing for me, won't you?"

Gertrude is an only child—which explains her volatility, and volatility, as David Belasco once said, I believe, "is the earmark of the artist."

Well, I picked La Niesen for an artist, in February 1933. It's pleasant to see the prophecy being fulfilled.

There's Only One Marriage for Me

(Continued from page 7)

informed me gravely, were supposed to consider their girl's feelings. In other words, if I liked her as much as I said I did, I would be perfectly willing to stay home and make fudge and play the victrola.

I picked up my hat and coat, and went skating with the fellows. It was the last time Margie and I ever had a date together, though she made regretful, reproachful and hopeful eyes at me in study hall at the high school.

There were other crushes after that, but I never took any of them very seriously. What I admired most in women was (and is) a sense of humor. I never could understand why girls were supposed to have finer sensibilities than men, were more easily horrified, and had to be handled tactfully at all times. In fact, whenever I was attracted to a girl and discovered it was necessary for me to be a diplomat as well as an admirer, I dropped her like a hot potato.

Perhaps I had better explain myself more fully. It sounds a little as if the girls I liked were of the sky-the-limit type. But that isn't so. I believe that a woman who is nice without being a snob has the best chance of command-

ing respect from her fellow men. I don't believe that beauty is as important as vivacity, or "smooth" clothes as important as the ability to forget about make-up, coiffures, and be thoroughly natural and unaffected. I never did like the sleek, or coy type of woman. A girl who could wear sport clothes, and intelligently discuss sports, always went over big with me.

I always thought a sense of humor was an enormous asset to a damsel. You see, I may be wrong, but it seems very hard for a woman to laugh at herself. And it always drove me screwy to hear girls exaggerate. Everything was apt to be too, TOO divine. When men get together, they don't act that way. They know they can't get away with it.

But enough of these theorizings! As an individual, I always approved of the home-girl type a hundred percent, but could easily be influenced by a young lady with glamour, or musical talent.

The pre-Dixie days were an odyssey of romances and mistakes. I attended a strict Jesuit college, Gonzaga, but even that discipline did not curb my "wildness". Though I studied law dramatics and glee club became my

main interests, so when I graduated in '26, instead of getting a job as an apprentice in a law office, I got one as soloist with a band, and headed for Hollywood.

My financial condition was of the shooting star variety. Well-heeled one week and broke the next. But I had enough jobs to keep me going. For instance, I sang many vocals in the first sound pictures in addition to warbling with various West Coast bands. In 1927, my friend, Al Rinker (who is Mildred Bailey's brother, and later became a unit of Whiteman's Rhythm Boys) and I, made our radio debut over KFI, Los Angeles. I never dreamed how important that little mike would later become to me.

What was I looking for in life? Fun, mostly—fame of secondary importance—and money of no consequence, as long as I had enough to do the things I liked. I was only moderately satisfied with myself, but saw no opportunity to improve my position. Al Rinker, and his sister, Mildred, would occasionally prophesy that I'd "make a name for myself one of these days"—but there seemed to be no indication that I would set the world on fire.

I lived in one of those stucco apartment houses, behind a row of palm

trees in Hollywood. Since I soloed with orchestras, I was mostly a night owl, but I usually managed to drag myself out of bed in time for some golf or fishing with my pals, Al Rinker, Richard Keene, and Harry Barris.

Came that memorable night in February of '29, when I first saw the "Dixie eyes blazing."

Of course, I had heard about Dixie. Whenever a good-looking young ingenue comes to Hollywood with a fanfare of publicity, a barrage of pictures, and conjectures from the film colony as to her talent and personality, it would be pretty difficult *not* to hear about her.

Judging from her pictures, I decided she must be something special. As you may have observed, she has a face which is both pert and sweet—with a twinkle in the eye! I'd better stop beating around the bush and simply admit that I was anxious to meet the girl.

Then finally, one night, she and I attended the same opening. But I discovered her escort was to be one of my best friends—Richard Keene!

Second installment of Bing Crosby's love story will appear in next month's issue.

Yankee Doodle Dandy

(Continued from page 11)

the studio by a supercilious underling who sounded-off with an "I understand you're an actor. Just what have you done in the theatre?" There is no record of Cohan's answer.

"I'm a little prejudiced against Hollywood," smiles George somewhat wryly, "Just a bit prejudiced. What was there, Sharlie!"

That prejudice continues, as evidence the legend that George, pursued by a picture producer on one of his daily jaunts around the reservoir in Central Park, declined to be seduced by further offers of Hollywood gold.

"But," argued the movie-man, "Mr. Cohen, listen, I'm telling you, you will be the biggest thing in pitchurs!"

"No, my friend," was Cohan's response, "I couldn't compete. The biggest things in pictures are Jimmy Durante's nose, Joe E. Brown's mouth and Mae West's—er—come-up-'n-see-me-some-time!"

So it doesn't much look as though "The Song and Dance Man" will follow the westward course of empire. Yet, you never can tell! Anyone who's found a clam in chowder knows that. And even now, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has purchased the screen right to "Ah, Wilderness" for a goodly sum, and there is a plot afoot to sign, steal and deliver George M. Cohan to repeat his present starring rôle in the picture. That's fair warning!

Queried regarding a possible parallel between the moon pitchur and radio rackets, arts or industries, Mr. Cohan is prone to give the aerialists a little the better of it.

"Yes," he says, "there is a certain similarity. Both pictures and radio have developed so rapidly, have spread so amazingly, that they haven't ever quite caught up with themselves. They've both kind o' slipped beyond control. Hollywood has gone completely haywire, but I'm inclined to believe that the broadcast people have their feet on the ground.

"There's more sense of system in radio, somehow. A certain accuracy, a feeling that they know where they're going. Perhaps because the time element is so important. Minutes, seconds, count. Such exactions may make men more careful. And anyway, the boys in radio are a damn site smarter than those Coast wise-guys."

Contrary to his sentiment regarding the movies, the star is fond of radio. He confesses that the work is difficult, but the labors bring satisfaction. And notwithstanding the antiquated bromide, an old dog gets a big kick out of new tricks. It's only necessary to see the juvenile Cohan, black tie flowing from under his soft collar, blue eyes sparkling through jauntily perched for-reading-only specs, fix that mouth corner for a "Give My Regards to Broadway" that will reach fifty million listeners, to know that there's a thrill in the conquest of this new world—the world of the air-waves.

He thinks there is a weakness in the sameness of programs going over the ether, and it offends his sense of showmanship to hear alleged entertainment presented with lack of variety in arrangement. But in breaking a lance in

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behalf of the radio folk he points out the terrific drain on writing talent occasioned by the short life of their material. A play may run for a season, vaudevillians enact the same sketch for years, but one rendition on the radio, and all is over.

He has what is, at least, a theoretical cure for this evil, and it lies in the division of territories. Except in the case of important broadcasts, such, for instance, as the airing of the President's views, things should be so arranged that a radio entertainment might be offered sectionally, so to speak. It might reach the New England states on one evening, the Middle Atlantic on a second occasion, the South during yet another broadcast, and so on until the nation would be finally blanketed. Thus an ambitious, expensive show need not die after its one too-brief hour of living.

With the death knell of our experiment in nobility resounding through the popping of corks and the legalized clinking of glasses, with a re-established respect for the laws of the land and the land itself, with a return of confidence in the nation's leaders, and a renaissance of patriotism in the eyrie of the blue eagle, Cohan continues in his niche as the national idol.

The man who's mighty battle-cry, "Over There", echoed on a dozen fronts, couldn't possibly belong to the era of surreptitious, furtive, bootleg booze; raucous, smoke-filled speakeasies so closely crowded that the forkful of chop-suey intended for your own mouth might find its way to that of your neighbor. But with the passage of the hey-diddle-diddle, or was it the hey-nony-nony, decade, and the looming return of freer, lovelier, more spacious days, there will be songs that need writing and singing, there will be new plays to be presented and enacted

in the new spirit of the new times. There will, in short, be loud calls of "Author! Author!" and it will be up to George M. Cohan to take a bow.

He is a part of the Great American Scene. He's as American as the Fourth of July, which he claims as a birthday. Although he is the living, breathing, palpitating Spirit of Broadway, as the West Side side-streets are called, he has succeeded in establishing an entente cordiale between the Main Stem and the Sticks. He's a city slicker who is likewise a bucolic hero. And he does it without the aid of mirrors.

It will be a sad day for Gotham if George Cohan ever becomes serene and content with open hearths and house slippers. Some day he may leave us. But if he says good-bye, he'll leave us laughing, and return to make us laugh again. He's written his own exit line in one of his lesser known songs, which, it may be imagined, is, nonetheless, one of his own personal favorites. It might well be adopted as a slogan for all from Boy Scouts to the Brain Trust boys. It goes like this, and you must imagine the slender, slouching Cohan, one hand thrust deep in jacket pocket, soft hat at an angle, suave, sophisticated, carelessly immaculate, twanging nasally.

"Always leave 'em laughing when you say good-bye,
Never linger long about, or you will wear your welcome out,
If you meet a fellow with a tear-dimmed eye,
You can leave him laughing if you try.
If he starts to tell his troubles, interrupt him with a joke,
Tell him one he's never heard, and he'll declare that it's a bird,
Then, when he's giggling, don't you know,
That's the time to turn and go,
Always leave 'em laughing when you say good-bye!"

Who's Cuckoo Now?

(Continued from page 29)

A-l-b-a-n-y," it finished.
"Hurrah!" shouted the young professor, "now for the final test—Peter Piper picked a pint of peppers."

"Peter Piper picked a pint of peppers," came the echo.

"If Peter Piper picked a pint of peppers, how many pints of pickled peppers did Peter Piper pick?" asked Weems.

"If Peter Piper picked pepper pint how many Peter Pipers pint peck-pickles pic—pp—aw say, take it easy will you, radio is still in its infancy," roared the mike.

"It's a success, a success!" shouted the Professor.

At the radio convention, the Cuckoo's Poet Laureate was inspired to one of her best poems,—"Radio, 1933," which was her own lyrical tribute to A Decade of Non-Progress on the air. I would like to quote it here, but Miss Eugenia Skidmore lost the only and original calling card on which she had jotted it down in Arabic calligraphy.

Mr. Knight's historic burlesque on

Napoleon, given a few weeks ago had an unexpected ending, proving that even Cuckoos don't know what they are doing. The sketch was called, "Napoleon Itches for an Empire," which clearly explained why he (Napoleon, not Weems) always kept his hand in his coat, a fact never made clear by history, and even Napoleon has his itch in the Hall of Fame. At the crucial moment of the sketch, enters Marshal Ney, who says,

"Your Majesty, the army has lost."

At which point two men, each thinking they were the appointed Marshal Ney stepped to the microphone and in unison shouted the line. Then Napoleon (Alias Ambrose J. Weems, alias, Ray Knight) quickly saved the day with—

"Ahme! a double negative with two Neys."

After which the Cuckoos broke up, or down, or—well, anyway, they couldn't go on.

Conductor Armbruster of the Cuckoo orchestra is a prize performer,

who succeeds in giving you any and every great musical composition—completely off key, but you will never fail to recognize it. Incidentally, it is a very difficult thing to do and the members of the orchestra have to rehearse again and again to make sure they won't slip and play notes correctly. Apropos of that, Mr. Knight tells a story, illustrating how really confusing it is.

"Our main musical feature of the evening," he said, "was entitled, 'Yes We Have No Bolero,' or, unraveling Ravel. A burlesque on Ravel's Bolero. Well, it so happened that one of the boys in the orchestra had been cellist in Stokowski's orchestra and had many times played his part of the score. Our tune was a composite of the Bolero—off key, and 'Yes We Have No Bananas.' When the cellist was given his music he diligently followed the notes, fiddling away in his best fashion. We who were standing about watching the rehearsal noticed that the chap began looking puzzled. He grew more and more uncomfortable. It was obvious something was wrong. Suddenly with a whoop, he let out a yell—'I have it, I have it, it's 'Yes We Have No Bananas!' The whole staff was delighted, we had fooled even our own cuckoo musician."

Raymond Knight is not handsome, but his features are strong and intelligent—someday we hope he will have a

serious picture taken out of character—if they can ever crack this nut, I suppose a colonel not the professor will be exposed. (So help us—we've made a pun.) He is known around NBC for the amount of work he can accomplish. He has turned out more radio productions than any average person. Despite this, he manages to spend a great deal of time with his wife and two children, either in their New York apartment, or at their country home. Overwood, in Connecticut.

Raymond Knight has written a new Wheatenaville series, under the sponsorship of the Wheatena Corporation. This program is not a burlesque. You may remember one of his outstanding radio productions, an adaptation of Oscar Wilde's, "The Nightingale and the Rose," which was presented over NBC network.

His prolific pen rolls on and barring interference by the police, the Cuckoo broadcast will be heard over NBC-WJZ network for the next three or four hundred years, or until the Professor realizes his greatest ambition, i.e., all the people of the world in cages with the Professor instructing idiotic humanity on the great subject of insanity.

And to pass on Weems' offer, given through the courtesy of the Bolt and Nut Corporation:

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Phil the Accordion Man

(Continued from page 15)

nickels to kids he finds at play on his daily ramblings, and many a gag he has used which originally came from the mouths of street urchins.

An outstanding incident which will show you the kindness of his heart, happened while he was appearing on the stage of a Boston theatre. At this time he was the proud possessor of a gorgeous police dog for which he paid \$350.

He was in his dressing room one day, when a young girl walked in. She explained to Phil that she had a brother who had been blind for two years, and during those two years had learned to play the accordion. She had promised him that when Phil Baker came to town she would get him to hear her brother play. Of course Phil did, and they became good friends after a few meetings. But where does the dog come in? The dog, it seemed, was fickle, for he "threw Phil over" for the blind accordion player. Phil was deserted completely, for the dog never left the blind boy's side. Such is love. But it was discovered later that the dog had been taught to lead the blind, and so Phil gave up his love so that two others could be made happy.

After twenty years of stage success and nine months on the radio, Phil is advertised as a radio star. He grinningly remarks at this, "I still feel I can do better—I'm not satisfied with my performance". Such is the modesty of our real stage veterans. Success has

not gone to his head. After each Friday night's performance, Phil calls up the old folks at home in New York, and asks them how they liked the show.

A flash-back at his career brings in the names of some of the most successful musical comedies on the American stage.

He was a star in the "Greenwich Village Follies", the "Passing Show", Artists and Models", "The Music Box Revue", and many others, not to mention the unforgettable run of twelve weeks at the Palace Theatre in New York City as Master of Ceremonies.

Phil is happily married to Peggy Cartwright whom he met in the musical production "Americana." If he ever gets a permanent home, not a hotel like his present one, he will have one of the prettiest gardens in America. He loves gladioli. He would like to raise every known variety of them.

Phil's love of gardens did not come with his boyhood. Being a native New Yorker, he seldom saw flowers except in the windows of the florist shops. It was not until success came to him that he learned that people had gardens and raised flowers and that they didn't grow in florists' iceboxes.

Now, with his wife, and of course baby Margot, Phil dreams of a country home, built on a hillside. His gardens will cover acres and will be the show-place of the countryside. That is, if the once a troupier, always a troupier adage is not true.

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Scared to Death

(Continued from page 37)

command respect and resultant serious conferences. The clergy have considerable influence on the networks and so do women's clubs, educational associations and parent-teacher groups.

There are several things to consider in justification of radio's militant purity. One important thing is that radio entertainment is essentially parlor entertainment and that, as a whole, it is planned to appeal to family groups rather than to individuals. Another thing is that from its very inception, the people who control the network policies have been alert to avoid the charges that have always been hurled against the movies and the Broadway theatre. Also, there is the bugaboo of governmental interference and the government does have a strong hold over radio through the Federal

Radio Commission. You can build a theatre or make a feature picture without official sanction from Washington, but you can't operate a radio station.

The radio networks are making money and have been making money ever since they started. No matter what you say about the executives being scared to death of anything that isn't strictly proper, this policy of caution seems to have paid dividends. And radio has no national board nor state boards of censorship nor has a Will Hays. And the radio executives do not want outside censorship—they prefer to prune their own trees and don't hesitate to lop off sound wood rather than let any fungus or rotten wood remain. The tree of radio entertainment may not be a thing of perfect beauty—but at least it is productive.

What Are Hill Billies Made of

(Continued from page 27)

When the conversation turns to girls, Pappy, who is sixty-five and the adopted father of Zeke, Ezra and Elton, perks up. "They be warned," he says, "by the preacher man down home. He tol'm to keep away furrn them."

Zeke's eyes look sad as he interrupts Pappy. "I kinda feel sorry for them thar poor gals in Timey Square who work in the pitcher shows. They don't get nough money fur to buy calicer to make clothes with. I shore feel sorry fur them and am aim'in to send them a flock of calicer someday. But I reckon as how I'm agettin' to be a real city feller cause them yeller-haired gals been making sheep eyes at me again."

Ezra chimes in, teasingly: "Yeah, and you make cow eyes back."

They have been in New York less than six months, these four boys from the interior, but the pace of a large city has, as yet, had no effect upon their personalities nor ideals. They still remain, both in dress and manner, hill-billies.

The story of how they came to New York and began their radio career is amusing. Donald Flamm, then head of WMCA, was travelling through the backwoods of the country last summer. At Little Rock he happened upon a party one evening where Pappy, Zeke, Ezra and Elton were the main attraction. Mr. Flamm was so impressed by the boys that he immediately tried to induce them to come back to New York with him, and either go in vaudeville or in radio.

But the hill-billies thought it was a gag. Who ever heard tell of selling music, they asked?

Finally, after several weeks of convincing them, they accepted transportation to New York from Mr. Flamm. They were to fly to New York and arrive here on August 10th.

Around the first of August Mr. Flamm was listening to the Rudy Val-

lee program on the radio, when he heard his hill-billies coming over the air-waves. He rushed down to the broadcasting station, and although it was difficult for him to believe what he saw, he had to admit that there stood his four hill-billies before the microphone.

He cornered them later, only to find out that they thought they would come on to New York a little time before they were scheduled, so as to see the town. They wanted to be sure, they explained, that it wasn't a gag, that here in New York people made a living out of strumming a "guitar".

"But how did you get up here on the Rudy Vallee program?" Mr. Flamm asked.

They told him that they had heard of Rudy Vallee on their trip up and that they had gone to see him, immediately upon their arrival in New York. Vallee invited them as guest artists on his program immediately.

But to get back to interviewing them.

The conversation gets around to liquor. Zeke is asked if he indulges in cocktails. He doesn't quite understand what is meant until the word "drink" is substituted for cocktail and then he says:

"Gosh, now you're talkin' right up my holler. I been weaned on corn when I was a mite of twelve. They hain't got good corn here in New Yorky. But I found a big can in back of one of them thar eatin' places just chuck full of tater peels and some dern fool left a flock of copper pipe in one of them icy boxes in this hotely room so I tuck it and the peels up to the bathrub room and I reckon as how in a short spell I'll be able to pour off a batch."

Just what has impressed Zeke most since his arrival in New York is the mustache of his announcer, Perry King. "That mustachy of Mr. Tallfellows (Mr. King is over six feet tall) is about

the best thing I seed yet. Looks jes like one of the catfish I used to catch down at Keaton's slew. Course, I hain't been to any of those speakeasys yet."

"Yes, an' you ain't aimin' to go, son," Pappy lays down the law, sternly. "Didn't the preacher man down home say it wouldn't be tolerable fur us to put in at any of them thar places? If we do, he says, it shore means brimstone and fire fur us."

Elton, the youngest member of the team, grows restless. "What's wrong, son?" Pappy asked, solicitously.

Elton blushes. "I'm aimin' to ride again on one of them thar upstairs critters that goes up and down Fifth avenue. I rode yesterday and yodelled hello to folks along the path. Gosh dern it, Pappy, they got more people in this town than I thought was in the whole world."

Zeke chuckles. "City folks shure are comical, aren't they?" he says, apropos of nothing at all. Then he wanders off to the "Bath-tub room", looking guilty and thirsty.

In the Stars Kitchens

(Continued from page 41)

VANILLA SAUCE

- 1 1/2 cups sugar
 - 3 tablespoons cornstarch
 - 3 cups boiling water
 - 1/2 sq. butter
 - pinch salt
 - 2 teaspoons vanilla
 - 1 egg yolk
 - 4 tablespoons Sherry Wine, or Rye
- Mix the cornstarch and sugar, boil the water and add slowly to the two; add salt, vanilla, egg yolks and flavoring. Allow to cook very slowly, and stir frequently to prevent lumps. Add about 1/2 square of butter.

Don Bestor, the eminent baton waver, goes on a milk diet one day a week, and is he always fit? He is a very accomplished cook and regardless of where he is he mixes his own salad dressing. His Welsh Rarebit is his favorite midnight indulgence.

WELSH RAREBIT

- 1 tablespoon butter
 - 1 teaspoon cornstarch
 - 1/2 cup thin cream
 - 1/4 teaspoon salt
 - 1/2 pound soft cheese
 - 1/4 teaspoon mustard
 - Cayenne, few grains
- Toast

Melt the butter, add cornstarch, and stir until well mixed. Add cream gradually while stirring rapidly, cook two minutes. Add cheese stirring until melted. Season, and serve on crackers, or on untoasted side of bread. Try not to have the rarebit stringy, and if this happens add an egg slightly beaten. Be sure and get a mild, good quality cheese.

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MACARONI AND CHEESE

1 package of macaroni
2 quarts water
Salt, pepper
1 cup buttered bread crumbs
 $\frac{1}{4}$ pound American cheese
Break the macaroni into inch pieces; boil the water and add to this one tablespoon salt. Add macaroni and cook for about ten minutes. Strain, and pour cold water over it so pieces of the macaroni will not adhere. Place a layer of macaroni in baking dish, sprinkle with grated cheese, or put strips of cheese on top, repeat this and pour enough White Sauce to keep it moist; the seasoning is added to the sauce or over the macaroni, cover with the buttered crumbs and bake in a 375F oven until they are brown.

Carson Robison our westerner of the air is Columbia's best man cook of the month. And he doesn't wear his western attire in his kitchen. In this part of the apartment he knows where everything is, and makes very pleasing combinations.

SWISS STEAK

$1\frac{1}{2}$ pounds lean beef
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons melted suet
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup flour
 $\frac{3}{4}$ teaspoon salt
Pepper, few grains
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups tomatoes
Sift the salt, pepper, and flour together and pound thoroughly into steak. Melt the suet in pan, and sear the steak in it. Add the hot tomatoes, cover and simmer for two hours, till meat is tender. Add water as often as needed. Vegetables may be added if you like.

Fred Miller, one of the CBS singers is fond of steak, roasts, and desserts. His favorite of the latter is a big pan of Cinnamon Buns.

CINNAMON BUNS

3 cups flour
2 tablespoons sugar
1 teaspoon salt
6 teaspoons baking powder
2 tablespoons butter
1 egg
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup water
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar
2 teaspoons cinnamon
6 tablespoons raisins
Sift sugar with flour, baking powder, and salt; rub shortening in lightly; add beaten egg to water and add slowly. Roll out $\frac{1}{4}$ inch thick on floured board. brush with softened butter, sprinkle with raisins, brown sugar, and cinnamon. Roll as for jelly roll; cream 6 tablespoons butter with six of brown sugar, spread this on bottom and sides of baking pan. Cut into one and one-half inch pieces, allow to stand about fifteen minutes and bake in 425F oven for twenty-five minutes. Remove immediately, turn upside down to serve. This makes about eight large cinnamon buns.



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Meyer Davis, the millionaire maestro of radio with Mrs. Davis and their daughter, Virginia, enjoy a quiet game of backgammon while vacationing at Pinehurst, N. C.

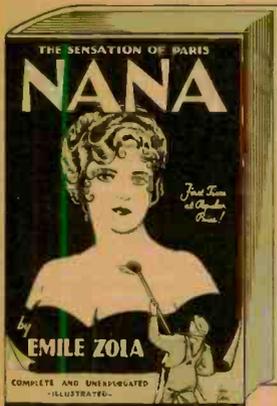
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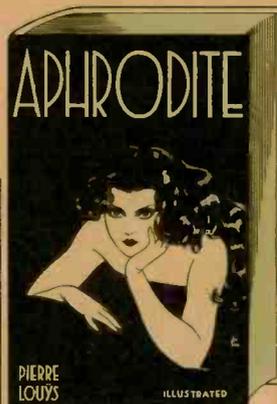
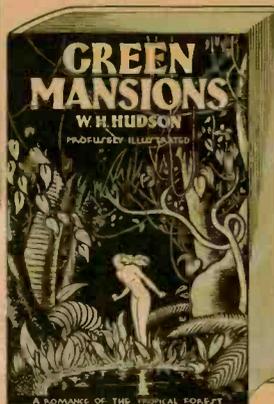


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