

# RADIO MIRROR

10¢

FEBRUARY



OH! THERE YOU GO AGAIN, GEORGE

Here's the Real  
**RUTH ETTING**

Why  
**BENNY** Laughs

Crazy **BURNS**  
and **ALLEN**

**AL SMITH... Why I Came Into 'RADDIO'**



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# BACK ON THE AIR!

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### EVERY SUNDAY NIGHT

TRUE STORY MAGAZINE—the publication which sponsored the famous True Story Hour during the four and one-half years you enjoyed it—is back on the air!

This brief announcement will be ample invitation to all the True Story Hour listeners to tune in Sunday evenings at 7 o'clock Eastern Time, 6 P. M. Central Time, on WEAF or one of the associated NBC Red Network stations listed at the right.

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TRUE STORY has arranged a substantial cash prize offer in connection with each presentation. A new group of cash awards will be offered every Sunday night. Here is your opportunity to add a considerable sum to your extra money with surprisingly little effort. How? Full particulars—everything needed to compete—will be broadcast. There is nothing to buy or copy. Have your pencil ready when you tune in!

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- WMAQ —Chicago
- WRC —Washington
- WGY —Schenectady
- WTAM —Cleveland
- WWJ —Detroit
- WSAI —Cincinnati
- KSD —St. Louis
- WTAG —Worcester
- WJAR —Providence
- WCSH —Portland, Me.
- WFBR —Baltimore
- WBEN —Buffalo
- WCAE —Pittsburgh
- WEAF —New York City

\*Other stations were being booked as this page went to press. The final list will include several more.

7 P. M. Eastern Time ~ Central Time 6 P. M.

# Radio MIRROR

VOL. 1 NO. 4

FEBRUARY • 1934

JULIA SHAWELL • EDITOR

BELLE LANDESMAN • ASSISTANT EDITOR

WALLACE HAMILTON CAMPBELL • ART DIRECTOR

## s p e c i a l

### NEXT MONTH



In an interesting, revealing story written by himself, Rudy Vallee, the master showman of the air, tells the readers of RADIO MIRROR "Where I Go From Here." The Vagabond Lover who became radio's foremost impresario has thrilling plans for his professional future and in this first-person story by the most popular of all broadcast figures, Mr. Vallee

tells his followers what he wants to do, where he expects to go in his career through the future years. Helen Morgan, glamorous stage star who has brought her talents to the microphone is shown as she really is; her romances, her hopes, her past and now the big love of her life as only Herb Cruikshank can present it in his thrilling article, "Helen Morgan Can't Help Lovin' That Man."



Mike Porter has caught the real characters behind the radio personalities of George Olsen and Ethel Shutta and has put this interesting tale in well-chosen words to the eye-catching title, "The Blonde In Olsen's Life". Ethel is the blonde of course and while together they

make a most successful air team, their professional record isn't the half of it. But read what Mr. Porter knows and then you'll know the Olsens, too—as they really are.

With all his amazing stage success, radio wasn't an easy field for George Jessel to conquer. He had his bad moments and his unsatisfactory broadcasts but Jessel has at last struck a happy tempo. Let Mr.

Cannon tell you all about it in the March RADIO MIRROR.

Mary Margaret McBride who has written the biographies of many internationally famous ones several years ago wrote a book on radio with David Sarnoff, president of RCA. Much has happened since that was written but now Mr. Sarnoff and Miss McBride have gone over the subject again with an article

resulting which will tell you much of what you want to know about the future of radio.

That's only the beginning of what next month's issue holds for its readers. Fred Waring and the boys of his band meet you across the pages of RADIO MIRROR,

Jimmy Wallington, the Blue Ribbon Announcer, is offered in a pen-portrait by Camilla Jordan; Sylvia Covney comes back to you with more of her popular homemaking advice; there are fashions that will make the women go right out on a shopping expedition; and pictures, more intimate and eye-filling than you've ever seen in this magazine.

Don't miss the March copy of RADIO MIRROR.

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# Anything for a L A U G H



**I**N a recent interview in Radio Mirror, William S. Paley, president of Columbia Broadcasting System, said, "The comedians will stay." That's true, for without an occasional laugh there isn't much pleasure in owning a radio receiver for the large majority of listeners-in. The comedians will stay, it is taken for granted, but they can't stay put for many months more at their present pace. Their methods for invoking mirth are an outmoded, ineffective hangover from other mediums of entertainment. We enjoy the best of them because it's the best we seem able to get on the air waves. At the same time we realize that a volume of talent for laughter is being wasted, distorted or sidetracked because the funny ones who are grossing the big broadcast incomes haven't yet found a way to present their amusing talents to best advantage.

The radio headliners among the comedians have all been drafted from the stage where they learned through years of long experience to react immediately to audience reception, to gauge the success or failure of their efforts as their gags, jokes or pantomime acts were delivered. And they localized their lines—if not their brand of humor.

It is a well-known fact that before radios became popular, comedy which was hilariously received in New York went flat completely when stage vehicles were taken to other parts of the country on road tours. Even when these comedians were given movie contracts, their productions, if they were important enough, were carefully worked out build-ups to their characterizations. Situations were cleverly connived to make them seem funny even before they had an opportunity at the cameras to prove it. At that, the percentage of successful stage comedians who survived in Hollywood is amazingly small.

Then they were brought into radio, given fifteen minutes or more to put themselves over, brought on cold to an audience that represented all those different types which had taken a variety of moods of humor, angling of situations, juggling of lines to please at different times on the stage. They were expected to be universally amusing against an advance attitude which was something like, "Well, go on; make us laugh if you can."

Is it any wonder that any comedian suddenly confronted with a microphone and a new commercial contract grows frantic at the very idea of being hilarious to a whole nation at once? And it is out of that very unfortunate reaction that most of the failures have resulted. They've been too anxious to be good, too frantic to please. They've called in five gagmen where

one had sufficed to provide their material for the footlights. And often it was a case of too many cooks.

They've wavered between pleasing their cosmopolitan critics or their rural audiences. Most of them have believed the stupid fallacy that what goes in New York now will go over the heads of people in the middle west. That was once true, but radio has blended the national sense of humor.

They've heeded the poor advice that the big towns and the "wise guys" must be disregarded and that they must cater to a naive appreciation of what's laugh-bait. As a result they've resurrected decade-old gags, jokes that are stale, stories that are frayed at the edges, and then they've been aghast at the complaints and abuse which have followed.

With the exception of Eddie Cantor, who seems to have been almost unique in pleasing most of the people most of the time, with a program that is a combination of quickly-paced patter, jokes that aren't too subtle and interwoven vocalizing when it's about time for the hearers to stop laughing, the most successful comedy names who have come into radio with stage records behind them are those who have adapted a particular characterization and stuck to it. They've developed air acts which have a definite continuity;

they've signed off from the ether, leaving their listeners wondering about what amusing thing would happen next.

To substantiate this, there are the broadcast histories of Amos 'n' Andy, Burns and Allen, Jack Pearl as the Baron, Ed Wynn as the Fire Chief, the Easy Aces and several others who might be mentioned. They are not so much themselves to their fans, as they are the beings they've created for their air programs.

Even though Jack Benny and Julius Tannen with their pertinent comments of no particular importance seem a contradiction to this theory, these men are a type known essentially as "master of ceremony" and they depend more on their quick wit, the turn of a phrase.

The smart radio comedian is the one who holds a rôle through a series of situations which make a chain of continuity and who makes his listeners feel that if they miss one of his broadcasts it's like skipping a chapter in a very amusing book or having an important reel cut out of an entertaining talkie. Even so, most of them had better get round to think up more novel situations, funnier lines and a newer manner of delivery if they want to remain on the radio for as many seasons as a comedian can count for the average stage record.



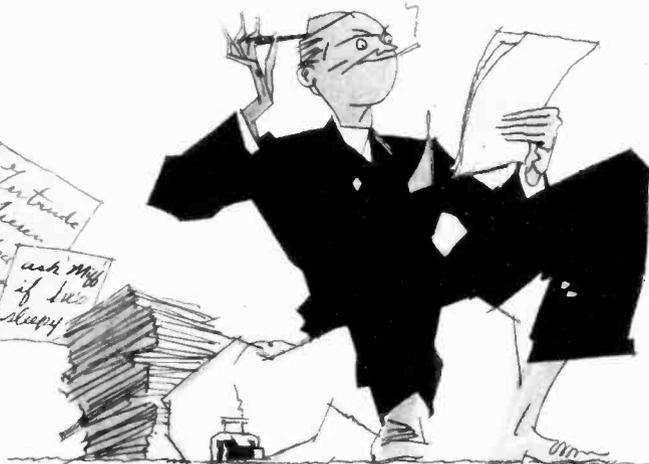
Julia Shawell

A MEDAL AND A MULE

by MERCURY

THERE is weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth in the Columbia studios . . . Although the sad news was broken in November, they're still sore in the Madison avenue air castles . . . Why? . . . Oh, just because the American Academy of Arts and Letters went and awarded the 1933 diction medal to Jimmy Wallington, one of NBC's bright young men . . . It wouldn't have been so bad, you see, but of five annual awards four have gone to the National Broadcasting Company . . . David Ross did cop the 1932 honors for Columbia, but before that Milton J. Cross, Alwyn Bach and John Holbrook, all members in good standing in the NBC Club, grabbed off the diction disk.

Wallington now needs only to have a mule named after him to be on a plane with Milt Cross, first winner of the



A job's just a pleasure when work comes like this to "The Two Doctors" (Pratt and Sherman), who entertain you from Chicago.



Paul Whitman gives pups to his friends for presents

What society B gave Leo Reisman that grand Boston

With all his moan Kate Smith own diamond brace

Mercury takes you around with the stars when they're not in the radio sky—gives you the news while it's still hot, and gossip as it happens. Follow him around the studios and in their homes, for Mercury sees all, knows all and only reveals just a part of it

medal in 1928. . . . Soon after Cross had the Academy ribbon hung on him at appropriate ceremonies, an anthracite miner in Pennsylvania notified him of the mule dedication . . . The veteran mike-master was so tickled that he wrote the coal digger expressing his gratitude in his best announcerial manner. . . . He still boasts about the mule bearing his name but to save his soul can't remember where the heck that 1928 medal is!

\* \* \*

Shades of Sousa! Here's a prediction by Frank Black, NBC's general musical director, that orchestras of from 400 to 800 men will broadcast. Who but Rockefeller could afford to pay that many pinochle players? Now I ask you?

## MEET THE SAX MAN

Adolph Sax, inventor of the saxophone, led a miserable life. . . . He was knocked down a flight of stairs and swallowed a pin. . . . He drank poison by mistake and was burned twice. . . . He was nearly asphyxiated by gas and once was blown up in an explosion. . . . But Adolph got even with mankind by devising an instrument that has broken up more happy homes and friendships than any other single agency.

Still, there are those in radio whose claim to fame is based on their skill with the sonorous sax. . . . Others, like Rudy Vallee, Paul Whiteman and Jimmy Melton, tooted it till their talents found other outlets less obnoxious to their fellow men. . . . Foremost among the saxophone virtuosos is Clyde Doerr, a chap so fond of the brass-wind contrivance that he formed an octette to play with him. . . . Possibly he was actuated by the thought of the safety in

. . . Then he joined up with NBC to reach even a larger audience and for years now he and his octette have been industriously performing on the networks. . . . Doerr thinks so much of the sax that he even composes numbers for it. . . . Greater love than this, no man hath.

\* \* \*

"Are you as lonesome as you sound?" is a question bobbing up frequently in Lee Wiley's fan mail. The answer is, NO. Lee has too many boy friends ever to get lonesome.

## KNIGHT HAS COME

Radio may be an infant industry but it is old enough to have developed castes among broadcasters. . . . Traveling in the upper stratum of studio society is Raymond Knight, graduate of Yale and Harvard, and known to listeners as the Cuckoo Comedian and Billy Batchelor, among other characters, he has popularized on the kilocycles. . . . Knight has a ready wit, and a charm of manner, and both help to make secure his position as an air aristocrat. . . . He is married to the former Ruth Pieter, a Toledo, O., newspaper woman. . . . They have two children and two homes—a summer estate at Reading Ridge, Conn., and an apartment at Des Artists, New York. . . . They entertain lavishly and move exclusively in literary and musical circles. . . . Any guests of the Knights; you may be assured, are people well worth while.

\* \* \*

Anybody want a dance hall in Ohio with a saloon attached? Johnny Marvin has (Continued on page 58)



He's mortified, our Jimmy Durante, going into conference with Beethoven and getting only silence.

numbers but, whether or no, his octette is very much a radio reality.

Mr. Doerr is responsible, in a large measure, for the vogue of the sax. . . . Originally a mid-Westerner, he came East from California with Art Hickman's orchestra to introduce that instrument to New York in one of the Ziegfeld Follies. . . . Subsequently he organized sax orchestras for night clubs, hotels and restaurants and carried on a campaign to make the country saxophone-conscious, playing vaudeville dates here, there and everywhere.

HOT  
and  
AIRY

# ALONG CAME

Ruth Etting came out of the Nebraska farmlands and rich harvest in the voice that brought

**I**T'S not a dozen years ago that a fresh, golden-haired, slender girl with a something in her voice made her moan about love in the cafes of Chicago and thought seriously about what came after that.

Her salary was the tips given her by approving patrons—once Nick the Greek flung \$50 at her feet and she bought a new coat—but she was just one of a dozen. The others were about her age and many of them have already gone into deeper oblivion. They were satisfied with the tips and the fun that the evening brought them. They had their feminine jokes over the kid from Nebraska who lived at the Y.W.C.A., made her own clothes and asked numberless questions about Broadway. They laughed at her then, even when they admitted she was pretty, had a lovely figure and could do things vocally with scales that no other girl in those cafes had done before.

They don't laugh now because the girl was Ruth Etting. Though Ruth doesn't laugh much herself at those days nor the people she knew then. Strangely enough with all her success on the skyways, though Broadway has acclaimed her a bright star and even in Hollywood she's quite a celebrity, there's a hangover of the Nebraska things about her. She has stayed amazingly simple for all her success.

She's married and famous now. Her husband is a colonel—of the Windy City and not of the Kentucky variety. She has more money than she needs. She could have jewels and gorgeous clothes. She could own a penthouse and entertain the famous. But until she and her husband went to California for her movie contracts they lived in a second-rate west side hotel, and not in one of the big suites either.

What does a girl like Ruth Etting do in her spare time? I know. You think she goes to smart places, spends half her leisure shopping and the other half

being made still more beautiful in expensive salons. Yes, I thought so, too. Until one afternoon I met her in a Broadway ice cream parlor. She and her companion, a little daughter of a friend of hers were having a fifteen-cent chocolate soda and talking over the picture they'd just seen at the Capitol Theater. That was one of Miss Etting's afternoons away from her career.

That girl's got everything—looks, figure, voice, money, husband, fame. And what's more important than all of these, a stability and a sense of her own limitations. She believes implicitly that any human being can only do one thing at a time if he or she wants to do it well. And so, even though she started out in life as a designer, when fate made her a singer, she gave up everything else. While she loves to plan costumes and thinks a few hours at home with her sewing would be swell, she knows that if she's to be a radio star who will hold her public, that will take up all

Ruth Etting of the golden voice rehearses with Lennie Hayton; above, gets a little playful with Norman Brokenshire.



by R. H.  
**ROWAN**

# RUTH

with summer earth  
her international fame

A perfect pair when Ruth Etting and Bing Crosby harmonize; right, Miss Etting's latest and favorite portrait.



her energy and she leaves the needles and clothes charts to those who can't make epochal air renditions of "Melancholy Baby". Maybe that's her secret.

Anyhow, before we start retracing the transcontinental treks that led this girl to the Ruth Etting her broadcast friends recognize let's admit she is a true daughter of the middle west. There's a strength in her personality, a freshness in her voice, no matter how often she has been heard on the air. She suggests a vocal virility that is only part of her. Personally, looking at this singer one can bring to mind golden wheat fields swaying in a morning mid-western breeze, noonday essences of peaceful farmlands, later afternoons of sunsets on plain houses far removed from busy cities; and if you're thinking of twilights and twin hills of Nebraska—that's your idea, not mine.

Ruth is from a long line of people who lived close to the soil and there's something of sweet earth, dug deep, in her music whether she sings the latest Manhattan serenade or

goes back a decade to such numbers as "Shine on Harvest Moon", rescues this classic from the limbo of forgotten lyrics and makes it a new national hit. She and Bing Crosby are in a class by themselves when it comes to ether vocalizing, unless you except Marion Harris who is as good as either of them but never could stay put on any air channel long enough to let her fans realize what a vocal treasure she is.

Getting back to Miss Etting, while her relatives were rural folks, her father long before Ruth was old enough to voice an opinion about the matter, decided banking offered much better opportunities for providing family comforts than the reaping machine or the plough. He went into the money exchange in David City, Nebraska. In Wall Street he might have been a millionaire but those midwest small towns are different and so when Ruth had acquired a somewhat indifferent preliminary school training she moved on to Chicago. Her purpose was to acquire the artistic touch for while back home she had drawn figures on the frosty window panes she knew art was something else again. And she was imbued with an adolescent yearning to re-dress the whole universe.

Her first job in the big town was helping to sew the costumes for a revue and that just shows you how much childish ambitions mean. She hadn't been enrolled at the Chicago Academy of Arts three months and redecorated her Y.W.C.A. hall bedroom more than three times when she became professional. It only paid fifteen dollars a week, this job of mending the hard-used chorus clothes at Marigold Gardens. The owner, Edward Beck, offered to make her a chorine, too, at \$25 a week, and Ruth at the moment was in no spot to scorn a \$10 a. (Continued on page 48)

# benny

YEARS OF STAGE COMEDY GAVE JACK BENNY HIS BACK.

**D**O YOU know," confides Jack Benny in his most secret-whispering voice, "that Benny isn't my real name? The Judge said I might call myself Jack Benny for business purposes, and that makes it legal. But it's not my real name. No, sir, my father was a Montgomery—Yankel Montgomery!"

And with this snapper shot across, Mr. Benny turns on that disarming smile of his and waits for your audible appreciation of his jest.

"You see," he adds, "we just left a letter out of Montgomery and changed the others around a little. That's the way we got Benny."

Again he waits for the laughs. And do they come? Ask "Canada Dry" and "Chevrolet"! They are the two satisfied sponsors for whom he has broadcast during his two years on the air.

As a matter of fact, there's a wee grain of truth in Benny's kidding. For Jack was born Benjamin Kubelsky. He left out a few letters to get Benny. And as for the Jack part, well, why not? Indeed,



Benny laughs, but not when he's broadcasting, as this picture at the mike indicates. Look how hard he works.



Jack Benny wasn't Mr. Kubelsky's first choice in the matter. He tried others in between. One of them, for instance, was Ben Benny. But he dropped this in fear of being mistaken for the Old Maestro.

Mr. and Mrs. Kubelsky, Jack's parents, were good and respected citizens of Waukegan, Michigan. But they figured it out that it wouldn't be quite fair for a little stranger to go through life burdened with a gag birthplace, so when the stork played the overture preceding the blessed event the folks hitched up the old grey mare and jogged over to

by HERB

# Laughs

GROUND FOR LAUGH-BAITING THE ETHER WITH HIS SATIRE

Chicago. And that's where Jack first saw the light—what light there is in Chicago. The date was Valentine's Day, way back yonder in '94.

Jack and the family didn't remain in the Worlds' Fair City. Shortly after the kid's initial entrance, they did an off to Waukegan again—something vastly different from an off to Buffalo. And there the future jester grew tall enough to help around the house and learn to play the fiddle well enough to entertain Sunday afternoon callers.

By the time he had attained his teens he was determined to be a violinist. In a big way, too. A Jan Kubelik had made the grade—why not a Ben Kubelsky? And, as it happened, Jack made his theatrical entrance through the front door of the playhouse. He was the guy who opened it for the customers. And as it was the only theater in town, Jack was kept pretty busy.

Maybe he polished up the handle of the big front door in his spare time. Anyway he was promoted to ticket-taker—no more money, but at least in out of the cold. And then came a tide in his affairs that led on to fortune. He became a fiddler in the orchestra. Jack doesn't say how good an orchestra it was—but it seemed pretty wonderful to him. So did its conductor, Cora Salisbury.

Even then theatres closed, and when this particular one darkened its lights, he and Miss Salisbury teamed up together as a violin and piano act. Together they tanked it through America's Bridgeports, not to mention Waukegans. The nearest the act got to Broadway was a long-distance charges-reversed phone call from a pal in the big burg who tried for a touch with the idea that the team couldn't spend anything in the towns it played anyway.

Now all this time Jack played dumb as a silent movie—vocally, that is, not mentally. If there was response to be made to the clamoring plaudits of the public, Cora would turn a phrase as neatly as she could run a scale. And if apologies were necessary to an irate audience, Cora's honeyed syllables would hold the mob in check until Jack packed up the piano and the fiddle and flagged a milk-train. He never uttered a word except one night when he snapped a G string.

Then, as some have mentioned, came the War. And when this title flashed on the fiddler's life screen he upped and joined the Navy. But instead of seeing the world through a periscope, Jack viewed it through a back-drop. For the brass-hats decided that he'd do better by helping other lads forget tomorrow than by stopping a bullet himself, in person. They assigned him as an entertainer to the Navy Relief Society, and unknowingly did him a big favor.

One of the important things about the War was that it made Jack Benny talk. He was in the cast of the "Great Lakes Revue", and some shave-tail ordered him to go into his dance. Orders is orders—but as Jack had no dance he told jokes instead. They were much funnier than his fiddling, and people laughed louder. This gave him an idea, so when the Armistice made the world unsafe for everybody,

Jack pepped up his playing with wise and witty sayings.

Then on January 14, 1927, he managed to persuade Mary Livingstone, who had been Sadye Marks, to become Mrs. Benny. Mary wouldn't stand for the same old routine around the house, and in order to stay married Jack had to think up some new numbers. That gave him the habit, and he's been thinking 'em up ever since. There was less fiddling and more fun in the act, until finally the violin became just a prop like a can, or a dinner-pail, to be carried around like the three Marx Brothers carry the fourth. Much to his surprise, Benny found himself a Master of Ceremonies—a monologist.

He became a vaudeville headliner, a "Vanities" favorite—but somehow or other he always retained a wistful ambition of his youth to be a violinist. That's how-come he entered radio. You see, on the stage, every time Jack attempts to play his violin some untoward happening prevents it. Sometimes Miss Livingstone interferes. Sometimes the band plays "The Star Spangled Banner". Sometimes the theatre falls down. Anything to keep Benny from fiddling. But on the air it's different. (Continued on page 57)

Mary Livingstone is Benny's stooge on the ether—and his wife in their own little home.



C R U I K S H A N K

# CRAZY PEO

**M**RS. BIRNBAUM was warmly hospitable, probably because she had no suspicion that I was calling to ask her about her particular type of stupidity. She answered the bell, personally, saw that I was seated, and having previously made my acquaintance, di-

rected Mr. Birnbaum to mix me a drink, which he does well. Mr. Birnbaum, wearing his habitual grin, did so while standing behind a portable and very ornate bar, the inscription on which described it as a gift from the Friars.

Mr. Birnbaum appears quite at home behind a bar and his running fire of wise-cracks would convince one less intimately acquainted with the family that he, and not Mrs. Birnbaum was the dizzier of the two. Mrs. Birnbaum, at home, delights in tabooing subjects associated with her public life and in conversing about books and art. She'll quote you entire passages of philosophy from Schopenhauer, Kant, Santayana, and at odd moments she will reveal a surreptitious affinity with a guy whom the Greeks called Aristotle.

Wouldn't you just know Gracie would try to light a cigar with this thing?



George  
Burns and Gracie  
Allen are Mr. and Mrs.  
Birnbaum in their own  
home and just as crazy  
there when they don't get  
paid in cold cash for it

●  
**MIKE PORTER**

But art is Mrs. Birnbaum's long suit. She kind of likes the technique of tintoretto, and she'll stand for hours in front of a painting that hangs over the colonial mantel, comparing its execution with that of the old master. The painting in question is a very good one; an excellent likeness of Gracie Allen. Mr. Birnbaum is proud of it too. He'd like to have one of George Burns, but they can't find the artist. He was a beggar whom they found starving, and who repaid their charity with the oil.

One understands why the Birnbaums are interested in Gracie Allen and George Burns, more readily, when one remembers that Mr. Birnbaum and his Missus, when they appear in public, or perform on the radio are billed as Burns and Allen.

And it was to see Gracie, who, at home, is Mrs. Nat Birnbaum, and ask her how smart one must needs be to become as dumb as Gracie sounds, that I was calling.

Take it from Gracie, it's no cinch being dumb and dizzy. You may find it not difficult at first, but when day after day and week after week you must quest around for new silly situations and a vocabulary to fit them, the task becomes very unfunny.

"I doubt if we ever would have had any measure of success," Gracie confided to me, "if George (Nat, to her) wasn't naturally a gag man. His entire day is measured by gags. He lives and breathes them. He soils all his shirts by noting down new gags on the cuffs. He and Jack Benny (their neighbors and friends) spend, when possible, eight hours a day together, hashing out dialogue."

No day in the life of George Burns is counted a success unless he discovers a new gag or joke.

"He's a pushover for them," Gracie smiled. "All the theatrical profession knows it. When we're playing a theatre, invariably some fellow will come along, button-hole Nat, get him into a corner and whisper what is supposed to be a new gag to him. Automatically, Nat will fish out \$25 and hand it to the caller. It usually takes us a couple of days to discover that some other act is using the gag, despite the fact that we try to keep a sharp watch to avoid using old material."

# P L E

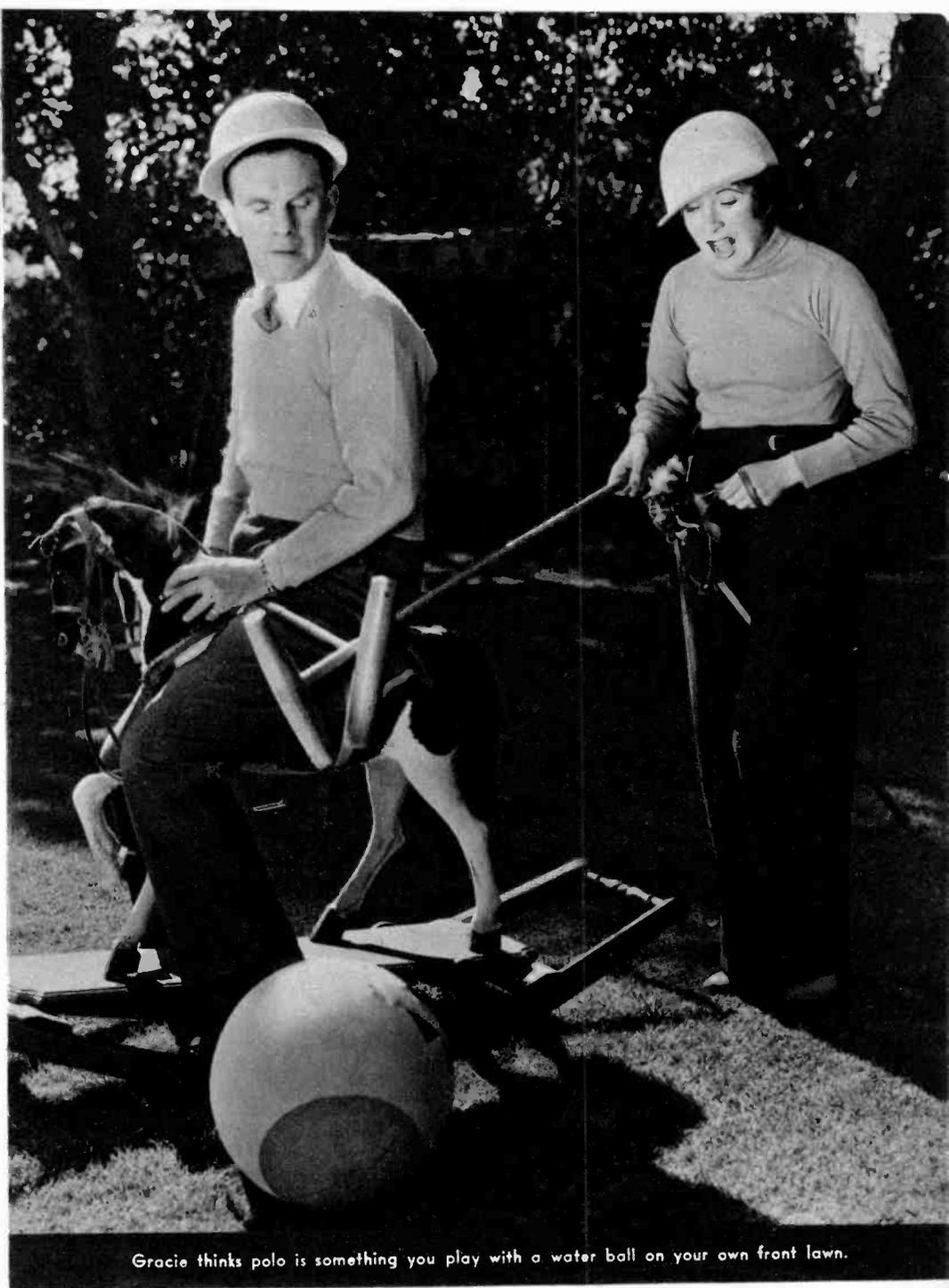
Of course, there are times when even the fertile mind of George Burns runs dry. On such occasions, professional script writers are called in and paid prohibitive sums for sufficient material to provide a broadcast. A stage act can go on for months with little change, but for the radio, there must be a new show every week.

"But," George spoke up, "even after the professional script men turn over the stuff to us, we go to work on it, and change it all around. But we usually preserve the basic note. You see, I don't believe there is anybody alive who can write Gracie's character into a script, besides myself. You see, I visualize her professionally as a nit-wit, a silly, incoherent person who never has had a connected line of thought."

To Gracie's husband, therefore, she is a dual personality.

"As a matter of fact," Gracie chimed in, "in real life, George is the nit-wit. I never knew a guy who was so unbusiness-like. He just takes life as you'd suppose I take it, after listening to one of the silly sessions of ours over the air."

"Yeah," added George. "If it wasn't for Gracie I wouldn't



Gracie thinks polo is something you play with a water ball on your own front lawn.

have a dime. And now, I've got one." I'd like to have their dimes!

"That's what you think," smiled Gracie. "I spent it this morning."

It is the strange characterization which Gracie assumes that is responsible for the phenomenal success of Burns and Allen, as I learned. And it materialized quite unexpectedly. Before the radio era, that is, rather, before Burns and Allen were considered for radio work, their stage routine was the direct opposite of the current radio broadcasts. By nature, Burns was the clown of the act, and Gracie the stooge. But they discovered as they went along that on those occasions when Burns took the role of straight man and Gracie the silly character, the audience would respond doubly. So the routine was reversed.

And if I may interpolate a humble opinion here, I think that many existing broadcasts might be improved by that prescription. It would be interesting to hear Cantor and Wallington and McNamee and Ed Wynn try it.

It was, of course, the thin little voice of Gracie that lent itself to the silly sister role. It's curious, but off stage, and particularly when at home, Gracie's voice is not piping, nor thin, but warm and mellow, and much more mature than you'd imagine. Many of her friends will tell you that she could sing well if she wanted.

Most of the comedians of radio are clannish, and travel in the same circles. Jack Pearl, Jack Benny and Burns and Allen all live in the same hotel apartment house. Mrs. Pearl is the only non- (Continued on page 60)

# RADIO'S TRIA

By NELLIE

**S**OMETHING sad happened in New York last Fall. Full of sunshine and hope of redeeming the evil East, Sister Aimee Semple McPherson came from California to spread the gospel. But in the vernacular of the movies, whose rostrum she had picked to project her evangelic eloquence at \$5000 per week, Sister Aimee flopped.

Had Sister McPherson been three McPhersons and carried on as a harmonizing trio the story might have been different. The chances are the sin-sodden City would have been converted. As it was, Broadway was made more devout by the Four Radio Aces, who preceded her on the Capital theatre stage, and the Cuban Fan Dancers, who followed her.

And success as a theatre attraction naturally would have been attended by success of the Sisters McPherson on the air. For this is a great



The Humming Birds, above; Major, Sharp and Minor grouped around the microphone, while the Morin Sisters leisurely gaze into the camera; below are the Boswell Sisters, caught on a Hollywood movie set.



# ETERNAL ANGLES

R E V E L L

season in radio for sisters—particularly if they come in threes. Just dial in on any network station and see how long it is before a group of feminine harmonizers aren't cooing at you through the loudspeaker.

But a lot of readers, right at this point, are protesting that the idea of Three McPhersons is preposterous. How could there be a McPherson Trio—they argue—when there is only one Sister Aimee Semple McPherson? And how could there ever be another, indignantly demands a disciple of Sister McPherson's Angelus Temple in Los Angeles.

My answer is, You're right—all of you.

Also:

There is only one Boswell Sister, one Pickens Sister, one X Sister, One Neil Sister, one Morin Sister, or one of any kind of a radio singing trio that you care to name.

I grant you that (*Continued on page 53*)

Do, Re, Mi get paid for their voices, but here they show their pretty knees; below them are Rae, Irene and Marla Giersdorf; right, the De Marco Sisters, while at the bottom are the pretty Pickens Sisters ready to broadcast.



# ALFRED E. SMITH

## Why I Came



I FOUND half a dozen headline references to Alfred E. Smith in my newspaper that morning. There was a story about the President and him, a report that he was being urged to run for United States senator, a lengthy account of a dinner at which he had been the chief speaker.

But when I saw him a few hours later at his office high up in the world's tallest building, I'd have thought he had only one thing on his mind—radio. Especially was he concerned at that moment about one phase of it—"highbrow radio speakers who talk over the heads of their audiences."

And ninety-nine per cent of all would-be microphone orators fall in that category, the recently-elected chairman of the Federal Broadcasting Corporation assured me heatedly.

"We held a board meeting in this room today to discuss a plan to make New Yorkers better acquainted with the Metropolitan, Natural History and other museums of the city," he related. "I contend that the usefulness of the project will depend entirely upon the speakers we pick. It certainly won't help any if we put some fellow up to the microphone and he begins using a lot of high-flown phrases and big words that the listeners never heard before. What's the good of a speech, anyway, unless people know what it's about? You can't expect them to keep their dictionaries open beside them!"

"I could name you plenty of men whose discourses when heard in the lecture halls of Harvard or Yale are undoubtedly edifying to the audiences you naturally expect to find gathered in such places, but let those men say the same things over the radio (as many of them do, mind you!) and they (Continued on page 46)

BY MARY

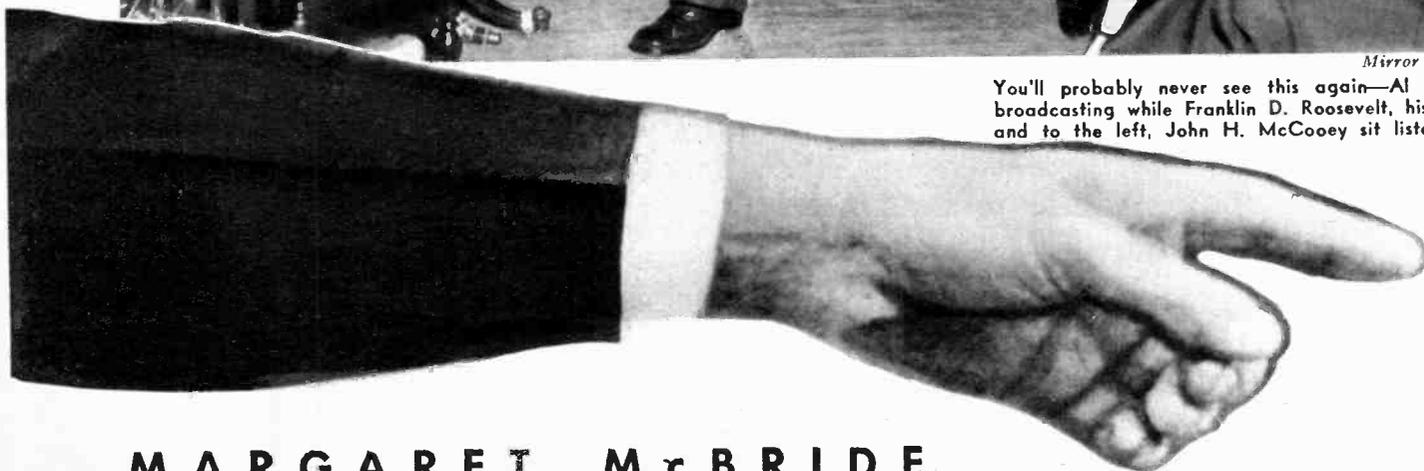
# TELLS . . . *into "Raddio"*

Radio is for the masses, the greatest invention that ever struck the world, Mr. Smith believes, and he's in it because he's interested in people



*Mirror Photo*

You'll probably never see this again—Al Smith broadcasting while Franklin D. Roosevelt, his son, and to the left, John H. McCooey sit listening.



MARGARET McBRIDE

# WHEN A GIRL MARRIES A MUSICIAN

**M**OST people regard Isham Jones as a mystery man, a nin-committal and forbidding person, with brooding blue eyes and a smile as rare as the bloom of a Century plant. But Margie Jones thinks of him as a big bewildered kid.

I've heard a lot of stories about how bad it is to be married to a musician, but Margie has stayed married for fourteen years, and is very much in love with her tall, talented husband. It was a little difficult at the beginning, but she adjusted herself, and learned to understand his detachment, his moods and his weariness.

Now, whenever she senses a song-writing urge coming on, she just steers clear and leaves him alone

and uninterrupted at the piano. Then Isham experiments.

I went to visit her on a sunny afternoon, and the light came in through the big French windows of their West Fifty-fourth Street apartment, and fell on the rich blues, magentas, and yellows of the studio furnishings. Isham sat at the piano in his shirt sleeves, absorbed in the construction of a new song. So we retreated to the ante-room, a combined study and nursery for David, the baby. He sat in his crib, a ruddy young man of one, pulling the ears of a soft white toy rabbit, and making queer noises with his small mouth.

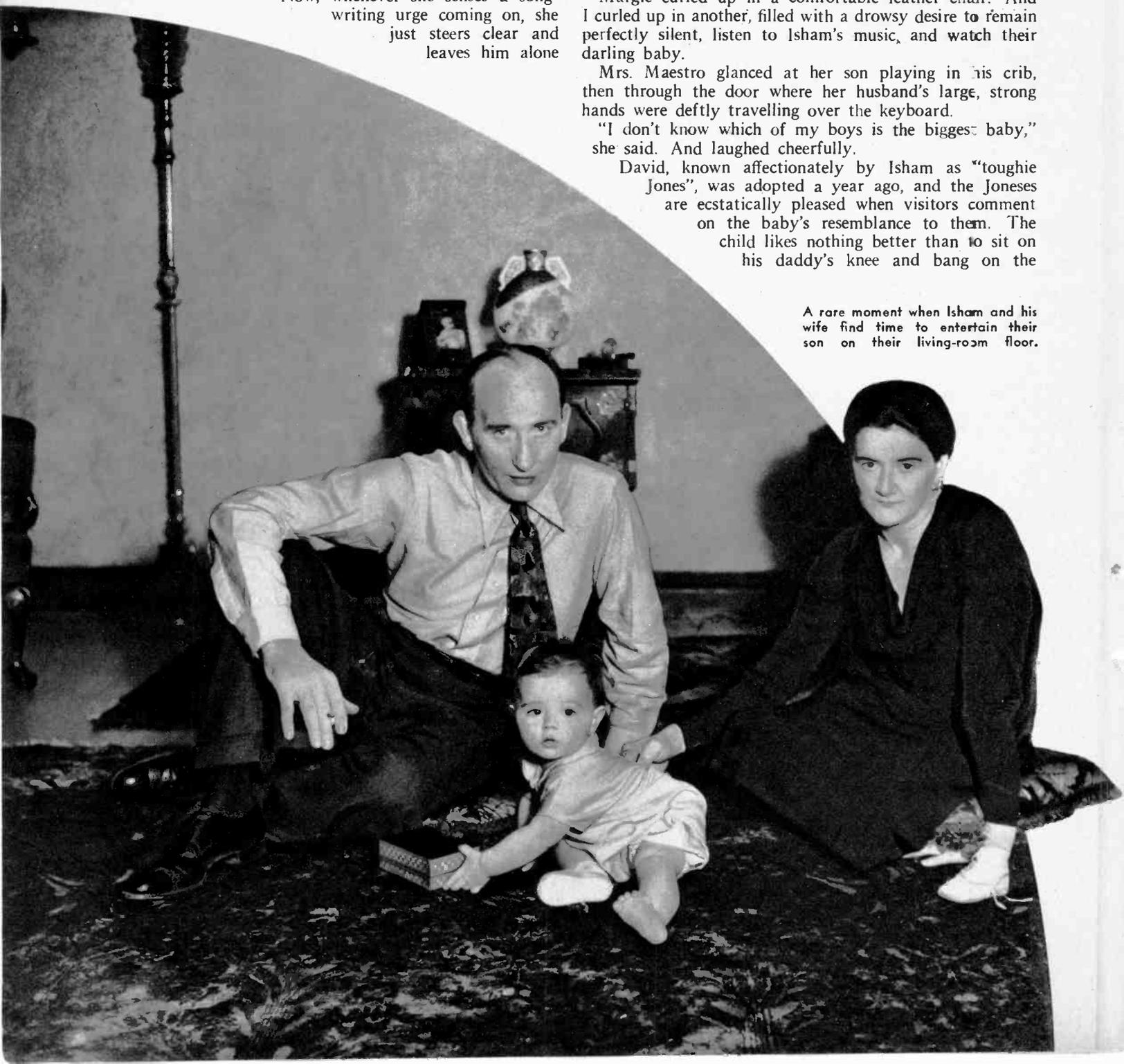
Margie curled up in a comfortable leather chair. And I curled up in another, filled with a drowsy desire to remain perfectly silent, listen to Isham's music, and watch their darling baby.

Mrs. Maestro glanced at her son playing in his crib, then through the door where her husband's large, strong hands were deftly travelling over the keyboard.

"I don't know which of my boys is the biggest baby," she said. And laughed cheerfully.

David, known affectionately by Isham as "toughie Jones", was adopted a year ago, and the Joneses are ecstatically pleased when visitors comment on the baby's resemblance to them. The child likes nothing better than to sit on his daddy's knee and bang on the

A rare moment when Isham and his wife find time to entertain their son on their living-room floor.





The maestro gets off some tricky piano work for his demanding little son, David.

After fourteen years of wedded life Mrs. Isham Jones tells how she keeps her famous husband happy—and sometimes in their own home

piano. It's one sure way of keeping that wriggling, chortling creature in rompers perfectly absorbed and contented, and never fails to bring a broad, enchanted smile to Isham's thoughtful countenance.

Isham's smile, when he flashes it, is grand, and is probably one reason why Margie hasn't found it too difficult to be married to a moody musician. Their son's chief caprice is to give Isham the razzberries, which he does by puckering his lips and spluttering away until his breath is exhausted. Friends are frequently astonished to be greeted in this way by the Jones' son and heir. The boys in the band taught David to do it, Margie reports, laughing.

For years Isham and Margie considered adopting a baby, but there was always some reason for postponing the plan. Isham would start off on the road, or remain so engrossed in his business that he hadn't time to breathe.

But last year Margie visited a friend who had just had a baby, and while Margie was enviously holding it in her arms, the attendant nurse brought in an undernourished little baby from the ward and said, sadly, "This is my baby".

Margie fell in love with the small orphan at first sight, and could hardly bear to leave the hospital without taking it home with her. She called Isham, and he agreed that it would be nice to have a baby. So there was a flurry of excitement, and Margie went shopping for baby clothes, cribs, and toys. Before long one room in their duplex apartment was converted into a nursery, and Margie consulted a doctor about a diet to put some pounds on his very young, and presently vigorous bones.

"We didn't know what we'd missed until we had a baby in the house", Margie said, fondly. She is assisted in its care by a devoted negro nurse, Thelma. But she likes to attend to most of the endless tasks herself. David is the center of interest in the household, and Isham will stop his most absorbing job at the piano when the baby cries.

He'll say, "Cut it out, toughie. Don't show your Irish temper. Give me a Bronx cheer."

David will brighten instantly, pucker his lips, and let Isham have it. Isham gets up (Continued on page 57)

B Y H I L D A C O L E

# THEY'RE FUNNY



**A**LL the jokes in the broadcasting world don't filter through the microphones. There are jokes and jokers behind the scenes which encompass much of the interesting history of radio; jokes which have had more than a transient bearing on the success or failure of celebrities; jokes which have made friends, and likewise enemies, and more innocuous jokes which have provided merely embarrassments and copious laughs.

It is only natural that the radio temples should have their corridors haunted by jokers. There are so many facets to this business of broadcasting that practical clowning is so facilitated that it becomes a distinct temptation.

I wonder how many of their fans know that practical jokes were the direct vehicles for the success of Gene and Glenn, and of Ralph Dumke and Eddie East; that a gag really began the reduction in poundage of Paul Whiteman; that a bit of clowning threw Morton Downey and myself in a jailhouse and that a comic stunt nearly ended the careers of Olsen and Johnson, those madmen of the kilocycles? Or that another, quite innocent joke perpetrated on Stoopnagle and Budd resulted in the accumulation of a fortune for an individual who read about it?

The stunts which sky-rocketed East and Dumke, leaders of the Sisters of the Skillet, to fame and at least a temporary fortune, and which caused the star of Gene and Glenn to rise in the kilocycle firmament, curiously enough, were identical. East and Dumke were auditioning in Chicago for a New York sponsor. A comical attache thereabouts thought it would be nice fun, if, at the last minute, he filched the script of the performers and left them helpless in the studio. So he pilfered the script and disappeared. Ralph and Eddie were frantic, but when the audition was called they went in on their nerve, and for the first time in their lives, were forced to ad lib without a minute's preparation. They surprised themselves, and *(Continued on page 62)*



Kate Smith, Ted Collins and David Ross fool you—they take sodas; right, East and Dumke, The Sisters of the Skillet, take their morning exercise in the kitchen.

# THAT WAY

Just a bit of buoyancy among radio stars who delight in playing practical jokes on their friends—anything for a laugh

●  
BY RHODA  
HAGUE

Just a couple of cut-ups—this Olsen and Johnson team, always thinking up new ones.



# J A N E F R O M A N



## Y O U A S K H E R A N O T H E R

Jane Pauses in the Follies to tell all the answers when Bobby Connelly gets somewhat personal about her exciting career

- Q.** Your real name?  
A. Just Jane Froman. That's my own name—not a *nom de mike*.
- Q.** Day of your birth?  
A. November 10th.
- Q.** And the year?  
A. 1910.
- Q.** Did you always intend to be a singer?  
A. Not by any means. My earliest ambitions were to be a circus rider and jump through hoops. That seemed to me the most glamorous possible career.
- Q.** What cured you?  
A. I tried it—in the back yard.
- Q.** And then?  
A. I decided to be a newspaper "sob sister".
- Q.** Did you train for that profession?  
A. Yes. I graduated from the school of journalism at the University of Missouri.
- Q.** Did you ever work on a paper?  
A. No. I got side-tracked by music before I could get

- a newspaper job. (P. S. She got the job.)
- Q.** Do you still have the urge to write?  
A. Yes—it sneaks up on me sometimes unawares.
- Q.** Do you think you will ever take it up in earnest?  
A. Yes. I hope to sometime in the future—when I am through with radio—or radio is through with me.
- Q.** How did you happen to take up music?  
A. Fortunately, all through my circus rider and sob sister yearnings my mother insisted that I keep up my musical education.
- Q.** Was your mother talented musically?  
A. Decidedly. Under her maiden name, Anna Barcafer, she had been piano soloist with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra.
- Q.** Any other relatives who had musical ability?  
A. Several of my aunts were singers. Then there is William Woodin, a cousin of mine, who is a noted composer as well as being Secretary of the Treasury.
- Q.** Did you ever sing in public while you were going to school?  
(Continued on page 56)

RADIO MIRROR'S GALLERY OF STARS

Jean  
Colbert

She joined the parade  
from footlights to mike  
and is now heard in  
many dramatic sketches.



A R T H U R   a n d   F L O R E N C E   L A K E



They're brother and sister in real life, romantic juveniles in Hollywood and now a successful pair of peppy entertainers over the ether waves out of Chicago



# ● P A U L   W H I T E M A N

Sssh! Paul receives the signal that his big air show is about to start and gets his grand band ready for the opening notes. When Paul leads it's worth hearing

She's the Realsilk girl of the NBC's Sunday night dramatic sketches and her satiny voice is rapidly winning her recognition from thousands of radio followers.



# J O A N B L A I N E





HELEN *M*ORGAN

When they're singing their moan about love, there's only one Helen Morgan—the sad-voiced brunette of stage fame who's now a weekly broadcaster on the Columbia Network.



# ● LAWRENCE TIBBETT

Here's the famous opera star made up for his rôle in Emperor Jones which his glorious voice has distinguished on his Sunday night broadcasts. His last year's series was so successful he has been brought back on another sponsored program.





# ● LUCILLE MANNERS

If you tune in on classical programs of the NBC net works, you're sure to hear the mezzo soprano voice of pretty Lucille Manners, who's becoming quite a veteran of the air waves.

# The Debbies

## DELIGHT

Eddie Duchin started out in life to be a druggist, but those nimble fingers found the piano a better medium for the young musician's talents, and now he's famous

by CAMILLA  
JORDAN

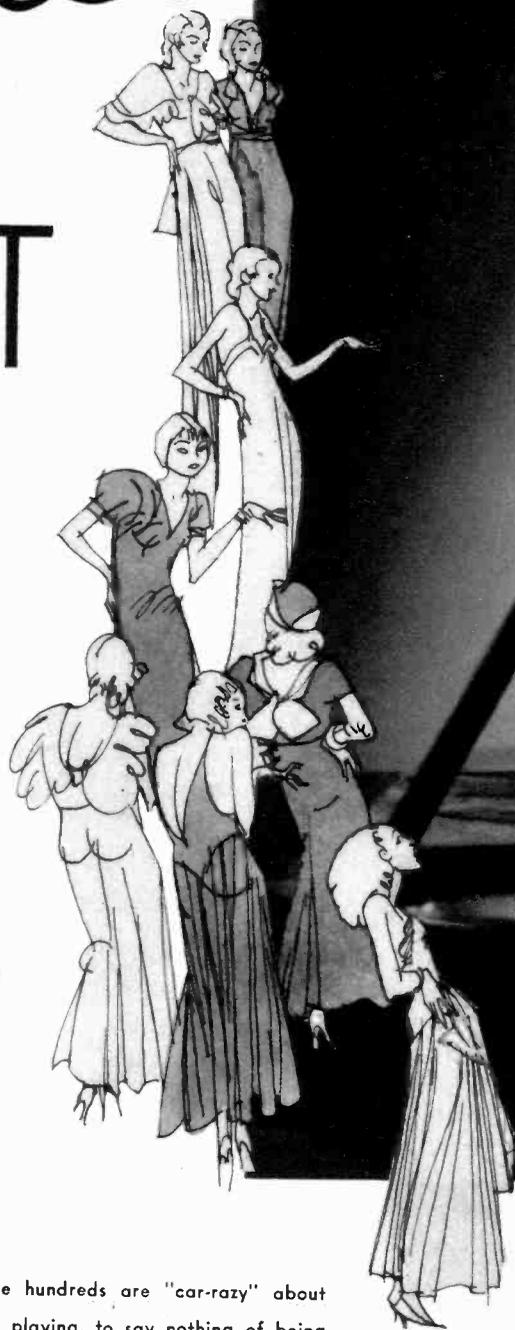
**E**DDIE DUCHIN, talented young maestro-pianist, narrowly missed prescribing remedies for headaches instead of rhythms for blues. His father owns a chain of drug stores in Boston and Cambridge, and Eddie graduated from the Massachusetts College of Pharmacy where he prepared to follow his father's footsteps. His career as pharmacist was interrupted quite by accident and the rapid sequence of events that followed, brought him ultimately to the bandstand of the swanky Central Park Casino in New York, from whence his intricate rhythms travel over the WABC Columbia network.

The only person who is surprised at his success is Eddie Duchin, himself. For a long while he couldn't understand it until finally he has hit upon this explanation.

"God puts us up against a wall and points His finger at us," he said with his extraordinary hazel eyes looking very intent, "sometimes you're the one He points to, and if so you're lucky."

Some of us may agree with modest Eddie, and he is modest and sometimes unsuspectedly shy, but in his case there lies a great deal of hard work crammed into his startlingly few years, for which he deserves a lot of credit.

He used to be very reticent about giving his age, feeling that his extreme youth would be against him in his profession. But now he is getting over this age complex and



Women by the hundreds are "car-razy" about Eddie Duchin's playing, to say nothing of being that way about the young director himself, and it's all making him happy and rich these days.

is telling it. He was born on April 1st, 1909, April Fool's Day, but this has proved to be no drawback to his success. Eddie's native city is Boston, a fact easily detected from the inflections of his speech, which are as New England as a "Hahvahd" professor.

Both Eddie's parents were musically inclined, so he was forced to take piano lessons at the age of nine. One hour of practice each day was expected of him. He took great care to make the pieces come out just exactly on the dot of the hour; that was his first training for broadcasting timing.

Today, however, there is no stinting when it comes to practicing and hard work. He and his band get together and hours on end go over and over the same tune if need

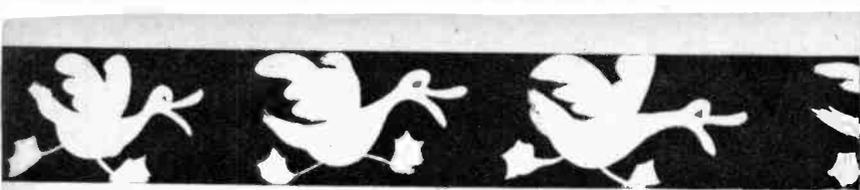


be, until it is absolutely perfect. And Eddie himself is his hardest critic; his life is his work and his work is his life. So by the time he comes over the air with his different and remarkable music, you may be sure his perfected and complicated rhythms are by no means easily attained.

One memory of his youth is outstandingly painful to him. He recalls that the piano was in the sitting room and the clock in the hall. In order to tell the time, a curiosity which always plagued young Eddie as soon as he had practiced over fifteen minutes, he had to poke his head around the corner and look at the clock. On the day still alive in his memory, as he peeked around the corner his father grabbed him by the ear and gave him a great walloping, so that he had to practice on cushions for sev-

eral days. Now you can't stop him.

As Eddie progressed in his piano studies, he began to experiment and style his playing, much to the horror of his instructor. Instead of playing measured Bach and Beethoven, Eddie's fingers cavorted over the octaves to jazz patterns. He never thought of making money out of this aptitude for syncopation until one Labor Day weekend in a New Hampshire camp where Eddie was working for extra money as a waiter. The waiters had organized an orchestra of three pieces, piano, saxophone and fiddle, and they played for dancing in the evening. A professional man present was so impressed with Eddie's playing that he advised him to join the (Continued on page 56)



# THE JOE PENNERS



Wanna buy a duck? Joe asks his pretty wife, who was Elinor Maq Vogt in the Follies, but she turns him down because he's pulled that one too often for her.

There are occasions when Joe Penner gets the urge to fill their little love nest with the sound of his own voice, and Mrs. Penner is a willing accompanist.





# IN THEIR DUCKY NEST



A comedian should stick to his jokes, Mrs. Penner believes, and leave fiddling to the Rubinoffs. But Joe who once bought a violin has other ideas.



Just to prove they do have a quiet evening at home with their books, here are the Penners reading—something about Joe or at least they have the magazine.



# The Clothes of



A little Russian and a lot of swank goes into this new evening headdress of black tulle with a coronet of rhinestones, just the thing to wear with this velvet and ermine wrap.

In the jungle mood is this afternoon coat of black velour with its detachable cape of monkey fur that Betty Barthell wears with the tricorne velvet hat wreathed in the same fur.

For a formal evening at some smart place Miss Barthell wears the heavy white crêpe gown with its wrap-around skirt to make it sleek, and its new neckline right out of history.

**I**F a girl feels only as well as she looks then Betty Barthell should be on top of the world, mentally speaking, for on these pages she's garbed in as stunning a collection of clothes for all occasions as would make any pretty lady's day practically perfect, sartorially.

Nicole de Paris, who is considered by fashion experts the greatest designer of smart chapéaux in New York as well as a last word of authority on stunning wardrobes chose these various gowns for the attractive Columbia star and she admits she's never looked so near her own ideal of herself as in these portraits. "Nikki" as she is known to famous society women and stars, designed the best-looking hats which Lilyan Tashman, Marlene Dietrich and other famous Hollywood women are wearing now has also designed headgear for the President's wife among her celebrity list.

The evening wrap flaunts so much extravagance in ermine it's luxurious, while under it Miss Barthell wears a heavy, sleek white crepe gown that has a tricky wrap around skirt to fit the hips smoothly—and it boasts of the new



# a Perfect Day

neckline that's a hangover from old Roman days.

The street coat is a soft, dull black cloth with a voluminous detachable cape of monkey that must have depleted a couple of jungle trees of their inhabitants and the hat, of course, a new tricorne has the same fur.

Opposite, Miss Barthell wears a sport outfit of dark blue and white diagonal striped jersey and a beret with a perky red feather. The afternoon gown is a white brocade satin tunic with jewelled buttons and is worn over a black satin skirt and with the rich twin silver foxes. Or if she chooses all black, she looks her best in the velvet frock with smart clips making a square neckline and a hat of soft felt with a tractable brim and a whole wreath of black paradise feathers.

The gowns are all stunning, but it's in the hats that Madame Nicole can claim the blue ribbon, for she can, with a snip of the scissors or a pull of the cloth transform a hat into a creation.



A sporty occasion calls for this little suit of dark blue and white diagonal striped jersey with its bow of felt and its button trim to wear with the tiny tam and a red feather.

Miss Barthell's all ready for tea in the best places, wearing this white satin brocade tunic over black satin, rich silver foxes and a black felt hat she tips deftly over her right eye.

One of the prize-winning hats of the season is Betty's black felt hat with a brim that's wreathed in paradise feathers to be worn with a black velvet gown and silver fox scarf.



Jack and Loretta Clemens with songs and guitar music are heard several times a week over WEA.

- Love among the blossoms and bullets done in excellent Mason-Dixie line tempo.
- 5:15 P. M. ROMANCES OF SCIENCE—dramatization—(Inecto Notox). WEA and associated stations.  
Historic facts made entertaining with an unusually good continuity.
- 5:30 P. M. FRANK CRUMIT AND JULIA SANDERSON. (Bond Bread) WABC and associated stations.  
The popular pair reviving your old favorites and giving a dash to the newer hits.
- 6:30 P. M. SMILING ED McCONNELL. (Acme White Lead). WABC and associated stations.  
In fact, it's a good laugh if you're in a receptive mood.
- 6:45 P. M. SMITH BROTHERS PROGRAM. (Smith Bros. Cough Drops). WABC and associated stations.  
The bearded boys in songs and patter to remind you what to do for that winter cough.
- 7:00 P. M. REAL SILK SHOW—Vincent Lopez and his orchestra; Alice Joy, Contralto. (Real Silk Hosiery Mills). WJZ and associated stations.  
The inimitable Lopez arrangements and musical selections that can't miss.
- 7:00 P. M. BLUE COAL PROGRAM featuring Harry & Ed, The Commuters with Phil Spitalny's Orchestra. WEA and associated stations.

Connie Gates, one of the few one-woman shows on WABC, sings her songs for the noon-day audiences.



# WE HAVE

## ● SUNDAY

- 11:15 A. M. MAJOR BOWES' CAPITOL FAMILY—soloists and guest artists; orchestra direction Yasha Bunchuk. WEA and associated stations.  
A pleasant Sabbath "Good-morning" from the major and his family. It's gotten to be a habit.
- 12:15 P. M. BABY ROSE MARIE—songs. WJZ and associated stations. (Tastyeast).  
The little girl with the big build-up for health and harmony.
- 12:30 P. M. RADIO CITY CONCERT—"Roxy", Master of Ceremonies; Radio City Symphony Orchestra, direction Erno Rapee. WJZ and associated stations.  
Roxy with a grand program to make the Sunday noonday more pleasant.
- 2:00 P. M. "BROADWAY MELODIES" with Helen Morgan and Jerry Freeman's orchestra. (Bi-So-Dol). WABC and associated stations.  
La Morgan sits on the studio piano and gives you torch songs as they should be sung.
- 2:30 P. M. THE BIG HOLLYWOOD SHOW, with Abe Lyman's orchestra and "Accordiana" (Phillips Dental Magnesia). WABC and associated stations.  
A cinema touch to swell music by the leader who knows his movie folk.
- 5:00 P. M. ROSES AND DRUMS. (Union Central Life Insurance Company). WABC and associated stations.
- 7:00 P. M. THE AMERICAN REVUE, with Ethel Waters, George Beatty and Dorsey Brothers. Orchestra with Joe Venuti. (American Oil Co.) WABC and associated stations.  
That Waters woman warbling as only she can and a substantial supporting program around her.
- 7:30 P. M. BAKER'S BROADCAST, featuring Joe Penner, comedian; Harriet Hilliard, vocalist and Ozzie Nelson's orchestra. WJZ and associated stations.  
The funny fellow with the duck, making moments lighter and aided by the Nelson jazz aggregation.
- 8:00 P. M. AN EVENING IN PARIS. (Bourjois, Inc.). WABC and associated stations.  
A touch of the Bois, a flavor of the Rue de la Paix and the faint fragrance of their particular perfume.
- 8:00 P. M. CHASE AND SANBORN HOUR—Eddie Cantor and Rubinoff's orchestra. (Chase & Sanborn Coffee). WEA and associated stations.  
The hour has arrived for which millions wait and Eddie never disappoints with Rubinoff fiddling fit for any czar.
- 8:00 P. M. N. B. C. SYMPHONY CONCERT—Egon Petri, concert pianist. WJZ and associated stations.  
The better music with M. Petri doing nobly at the keyboard.
- 8:30 P. M. COLUMBIA DRAMATIC GUILD. WABC and associated stations.  
Short plays which everybody seems to think we ought to have more of.
- 9:00 P. M. MANHATTAN MERRY-GO-ROUND. Tamara, Russian blues singer; David Percy; orchestra direction Gene Rodemich; Men About Town. (R. L. Watkins' Lyons Co.). WEA and associated stations.

# WITH US—

Swiftly paced entertainment, nicely arranged and smoothly presented—a toss-up between Tamara and the Men About Town.

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

There's everything to this one from the Rapee baton-wielding, to Mr. Tannen's smooth line of hokum and Miss Froman's warbling.

9:00 P. M. **GULF HEADLINERS**—George M. Cohan, guest artist; The Revelers Quartet; Al Goodman's Orchestra. (Gulf Refining Co.) WJZ and associated stations.

Always the grand trouper, this Mr. Cohan and showing a good many other air artists how it really ought to be done.

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

Now is the time for all the curious to lend their ears to the ace gossip-dispenser.

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

Anyhow they tell you what the children ought to eat.

10:00 P. M. **CHEVROLET PROGRAM** with Jack Benny and Mary Livingstone; orchestra direction Frank Black. (Chevrolet Motor Co.). WEA and associated stations.

Comedy and music, artfully interspersed with Mr. Benny's humor flowing along.

10:45 P. M. **SUNDAY AT SETH PARKER'S**. WEA and associated stations. Life among the rural folks as a radio star sees them.

11:30 P. M. **EDDIE DUCHIN** and his orchestra. WABC and associated stations.

Eddie has what the ladies want—we mean of course at the piano.

12:00 Mid. **RUDY VALLEE** and his orchestra. (From the Hollywood Restaurant). WEA and associated stations.

Vallee in the role of the nightclub impresario and making you impatient for that Thursday night hour.

## ● M O N D A Y

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

The sweethearts of the air, a pair of radio veterans and real artists.

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

Just a trio of gabby girls in an over-the-back-fence kind of farce.

9:00 A. M. **THE PLAYBOYS**. Felix Bernard, Walter Samuels and Leonard Whitcup, "Six hands on two pianos". WABC and associated stations.

A trio of cutups at a couple of pianos.

10:15 A. M. **BILL AND GINGER**. Also Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday. (Mueller's Macaroni and Spaghetti). WABC and associated stations.

An answer to "give us something sweet and simple."

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

Osborne comes with the morning and it should brighten the a. m., what with de Cordoba handing out such pleasant tidbits.

11:30 A. M. **TONY WONS** with Keenan and Phillips, piano team. Daily except Saturday and Sunday. (Johnson's Floor Wax). WABC and associated stations.

Another philosopher knocking at her door with a pair of piano players under his arm.

5:00 P. M. **SKIPPY**. (Phillips Dental Magnesia). Daily except Saturday and Sunday. WABC and associated stations.

The kiddies do their romping along the ether lanes.

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

It's amazing how this pair can keep up to their standard and always find something new to talk about.

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday  
Programs Continued on Page 49.

# D A R D T I M E



Don Bestor does some homework on a new song while his wife, Frankie Klossen, professional dancer, watches.



Out of the Chicago studios, Loretta Poynton's efforts feature the sketches of several dramatic programs each week.



Cab Callaway, the hot notes man from Harlem all steamed up over the newest of his own blues.

# BLACK *and* TAN FANTASY



Left, William Edmondson, negro basso of the Southernaires Quartet; below, The Callaway orchestra with Cab at the baton all set to go into a "Minnie the Moocha" real torrid rhapsodizing.



Cab Callaway gives one of his own inimitable numbers.





Raising their melodious voices to the sky, the Hall Johnson Serenaders give local color with costumes to one of their radio broadcasts.



The dean of the darktown ork pilots, Duke Ellington, poses with his band before going into his own "Sophisticated Lady"; below, Ethel Waters, most popular of all the sepia warblers, gets all dressed up for her broadcast.



The hottest of the hot Harlem soloists, Cora La Redd, does her singing with some fancy stepping.



The most famous quartet on the airways, the Four Mills Brothers, who collect a banker's salary for their trick vocalizing.



# POST VOLSTEAD ETIQUETTE

Glasses and what goes in them play an important part in entertaining at home these days

**N**OW that liquor has again become legal, beverages of this type are widely shown at all food displays, and window settings. The proper serving of the wines, beers, whiskies, cocktails, and liqueurs is a factor that is duly important for the woman who entertains with the perfect flawlessness every hostess endeavors to attain.

The thickness, quality, and arrangement of the glasses are more important today at your dinner table than they have ever been. A thin glass is always desirable, as the heavy glass detracts from the drink, this is especially true with wines. All glassware is fragile and so a fine quality glass must be purchased to prevent chipped rims from spoiling the entire effect of your dinner.

Oscar of the Waldorf, whom you have listened to many times on the air recently demonstrated what we consider the most complete and thorough use of wines at the table.

Oscar of the Waldorf, one of the world's most famous chefs, gathers all the glasses you'll ever need for entertaining and tells you when to use them.

This famous connoisseur suggests these wines with the following courses:

With Oysters—Moselle, Hock, Sauternes, or White Burgundy wines.

With Hors d'Oeuvres—Moselle or other white wine and dry Catawba, which was a popular and excellent wine of 1918.

With Fish—Any white wine, such as Moselle or Rhine.

With Soups—Sherry or Madeira.

With Roast Joints—Red Burgundy, Claret, Champagne, or any other sparkling wine.

With Roast Game—Port or Red Burgundy.

With Turtle or Terrapin—Sherry or Madeira.

With Roast Turkey, Chicken or Duck—Champagne, Claret or Red Burgundy.

With Cold Meats—Claret, Sauternes, Catawba or Hock.

With Salads—Claret or Champagne.

Desserts—White Burgundy, Catawba and sparkling wines.

Demi-Tasse—Cordials.

With each course a specific wine must be used, and if you were to serve Champagne with the fish it would be as great a breach of etiquette as to serve the soup with the meat. This gives a wine with the Hors d'Oeuvres, but for the Americans who have these in the living room a rye or gin cocktail is preferred.

As every course has its particular beverage, every beverage has its particular glass. This is important not only because of the correct glass, but also for the proper amount of liquor to give your guests.

Beer—Goblet, Shell, Pilsner or Stein, 8 to 14 ounces.

Brandy—Stem glass,  $\frac{3}{4}$  to 1 ounce capacity.

Brandy and Soda—Tumbler, 15 ounce.

Burgundy—Ruby Bowl, 3 to 4 ounce wine glass.

Champagne—Goblet, Tumbler, or hollow stem wine glass, 4 to 6 ounce.

Claret—Wine glass, 4 ounce.

Cocktail—Wide Bowl,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  to 5 ounce.

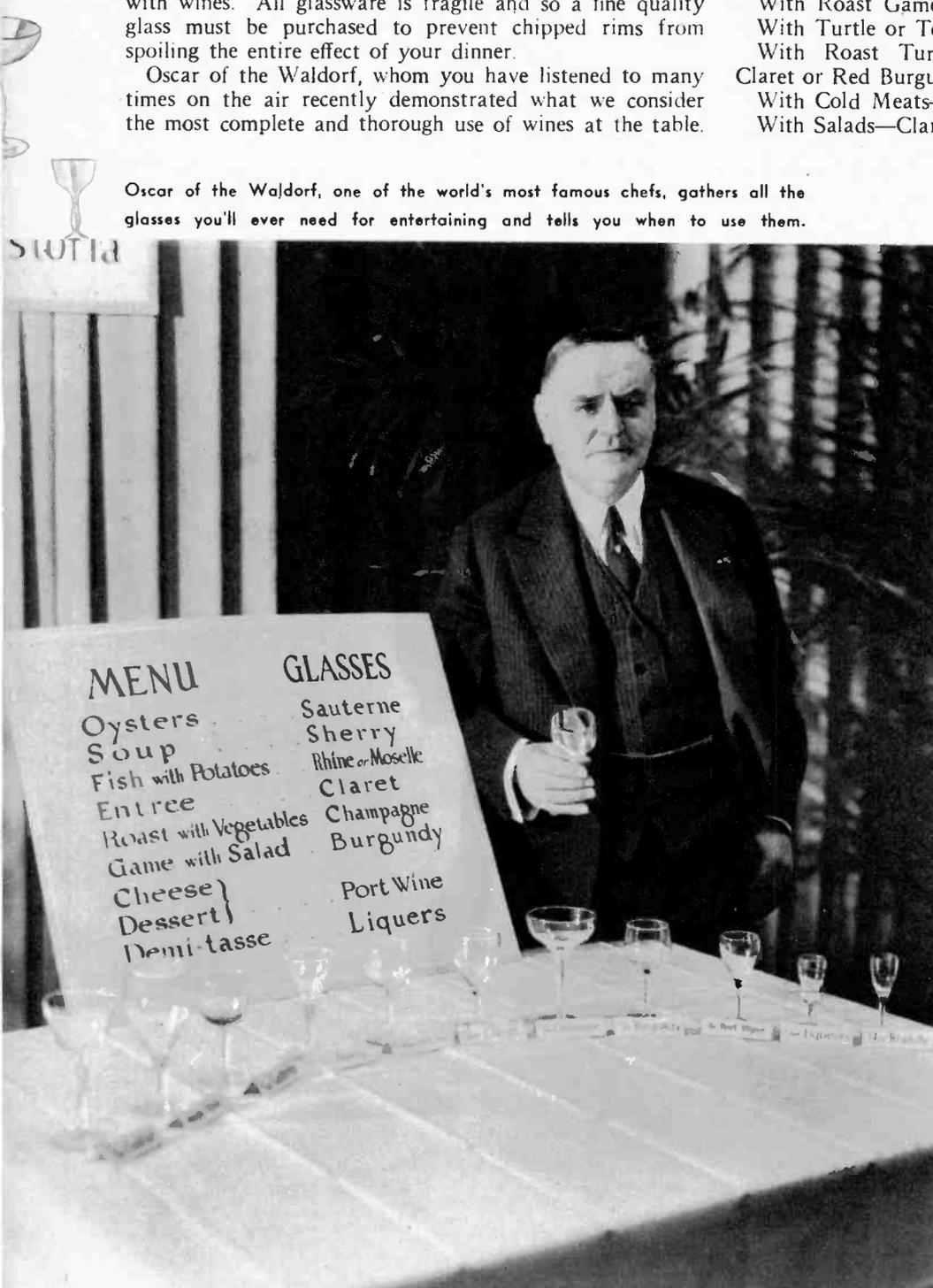
Cordials, liqueurs—Stem glass, 1 ounce.

Creme de Menthe Frappe—Emerald Bowl, 2 to 3 ounce stem glass.

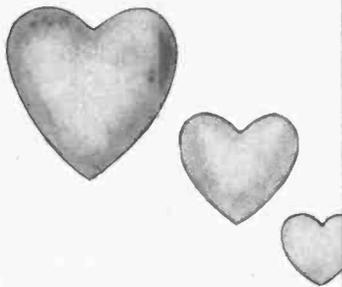
Dessert Wines—Wine glass, 2 ounce.

Fizz—Goblet or tumbler, 7 to 8 ounce.

Highball—Footed tumbler, 7 ounce. (Continued on page 64)



Wouldn't any party be thrilling with pretty Ginger of the air team of "Bill and Ginger," all set to play your hostess?



Hearts and Flowers are important for Valentine Day festivities, but the guests' appetites must be remembered, so Miss Covney lays out a perfect party menu



## WE GIVE A VALENTINE PARTY

**S**AIN'T VALENTINE'S day was a very gay and important holiday many years ago, but recently this day has been neglected; parties given on this occasion for children. But this is rather amazing when so many women write in and ask for unusual ways to hold social gatherings.

February 14 is an ideal date to entertain; decorations can be so colorful, and the various foods in beautiful and realistic harmony. It is true that when there is a definite reason for a function it is more successful, and the entire program is more easily planned.

Many of your loved Radio Stars say costume parties are so very enjoyable, more than any formal occasions. That

even the most conservative and shy guest forgets himself and participates with animation that is quite foreign to the usual party behavior. This is a most important keynote to becoming a popular host, to have those present forget themselves in the whirlwind of fun and activities.

When we approached Mildred Bailey with the idea she was certain that her fans would love this, and found our Valentine candies irresistible.

For this event old fashioned costumes are most appropriate, and that is a marvelous beginning for the tactful entertainer. For what is more flattering to the woman than the very feminine clothes of the eighteenth century. The lovely full skirts and typical (Continued on page 61)

# COOK

**T**HESE cold winter days have made your Radio Favorites forget diets and every inclination to eat little food, and so bring you the most luscious hot dishes yet contributed.

Many of the dainty salads and light desserts that were so inviting a few months ago have given way to real hardy home cooking. We have Morton Downey's Beef Stew in the old Irish style, Gertrude Niesen's Hot Cottage Pudding which in themselves make a very complete dinner. Lulu McConnell suggests a Baked Ham that is fine for sandwiches just before calling it a day.

The lovely Gertrude Niesen we have chosen to award the honors as the radio star who putters around her tiny kitchen to greatest advantage for her friends. This Hot Cottage Pudding is economical and simply prepared.

## HOT COTTAGE PUDDING

Cottage puddings are really plain cakes, not very sweet and served warm with a hot sauce. This recipe may be made into small individual cake tins, a layer cake pan, or angel cake tin.

- ¼ cup butter
- ¾ cup sugar
- 1 egg, well beaten
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- 1 cup milk
- 2¼ cups flour
- 3 teaspoons baking powder
- ½ teaspoon vanilla

Cream the butter, add the sugar gradually, then add the egg. Mix the flour, baking powder, and salt, and sift together. Put in first small portion

of milk, then flour mixture, doing this until the entire batter is made. Drop in the ½ teaspoon vanilla; bake in a buttered pan for about thirty minutes in a moderate oven.

## CHOCOLATE SAUCE

- 1 cup sugar
- ½ cup water
- 6 tablespoons cocoa
- ¼ teaspoon vanilla
- Cream of tartar, few grains

Boil the sugar, water, and the cream of tartar for about five minutes. Mix cocoa with a little water, until you have a smooth paste. Pour slowly into mixture, and allow to heat slowly over a low flame. Then add vanilla.

Cut the cake in desired squares or pieces, and pour over the hot sauce.

Marge of the Myrt and Marge fame, is another accom-



To look at pretty Vera Van or hear her on the air, you'd never realize she could be so useful with the mixing bowl.

If you were a famous radio star what would you eat? The famous ones of the radio tell you more of their pet recipes on these pages. Try them out in your own kitchens

# ING WITH THE STARS

plished culinary lady. She describes this delicious use for a small amount of left over beef, lamb, or veal. This dish is called Baked Noodles a la Beef, or what ever meat is being used.

## BAKED NOODLES A LA BEEF

Cook noodles in boiling water for about ten minutes, strain and set aside. Use two or three onions, chop up into moderate size pieces, and fry until brown in butter; place this aside. Stew tomatoes until boiling about four minutes, season with salt, pepper, and a little sugar. Cut meat into pieces one and one-half inches square. Chop up a green pepper into thin strips. Mix noodles, meat, tomatoes, onion, and pepper until well mixed together. Season highly with salt and pepper, place in a baking dish, sprinkle with grated cheese and bake in a moderate 350° oven for about 35 to 45 minutes. Serve with a salad of lettuce and mayonnaise, a piece of pie or cake and your dinner is quickly and easily prepared.

Kate Smith, the very popular Columbia singer, prepares this Prune Whip in such a simple manner that the least talented cook might successfully serve it. And Kate will be oh so much more popular with you fans, if that is possible.

## PRUNE WHIP

- 1 envelope Knox gelatine
- ¼ cup cold water
- ¾ cup hot prune juice
- 1 cup cooked prune pulp
- 2 tablespoons lemon juice
- ½ cup sugar
- 2 egg whites
- ½ cup nuts, chopped
- ¼ teaspoon salt

Pour cold water into a bowl and sprinkle gelatine on top of the water. Add the sugar, salt, and the hot prune juice and stir continually until dissolved. Add prune pulp and lemon juice. Cool and when mixture begins to thicken, fold in the egg whites that have been stiffly beaten. Turn into mold that has been rinsed in cold water.

When firm unmold and sprinkle with chopped nuts. Served with or without whipped cream.

Ginger, of the Bill and Ginger team cooks this American Spaghetti. She likes to make many inviting dishes but only does so with the promise of a guest to do the dishes.

## AMERICAN SPAGHETTI

Use a package of spaghetti, and boil for 12 minutes in water that has already been boiling. Place a half of the spaghetti in baking dish and mix in a small can of tomatoe paste, salt and pepper. Put on another layer of spaghetti, salt and pepper well, and cover with store cheese. Bake for about forty minutes in a moderate oven. 350° F.

Gypsy Nina who is heard over the Columbia network,

Piano playing is Mario Braggiotti's forte, but he finds time to mix himself a lonely meal.

also likes to cook. She likes to garnish foods, and to make pretty salads. This Banana and Tangerine Salad is very effective.

## BANANA AND TANGERINE SALAD

Remove skin from bananas and cut in four sections. Scrape banana before cutting. Spread the top of each portion with mayonnaise and sprinkle with finely chopped peanuts or almonds. Arrange fresh crisp lettuce in bouquet form on dish, and place in center the nut-covered banana section. Slice tangerine in sections, and make circular border of tangerine. Place a small amount of new water-cress at side.

Lulu McConnell entertains as delightfully with this Virginia Baked Ham as the humor she serves you on her broadcast.

## VIRGINIA BAKED HAM

Wash ham, and place in water to boil, add an onion and a little vinegar for added (Continued on page 64)



# "OUR PUBLIC"

**W**HEN thousands of people write in what they want in the way of radio programs, when these same people frankly express their opinions of their own new RADIO MIRROR, there's no doubting that we have a fairly representative and comprehensive idea of what people want to hear on their own sets—as well as how they feel about this magazine.

**WHAT DO YOU THINK OF BROADCAST PROGRAMS?**

**WHAT WOULD YOU DO TO IMPROVE THEM?**

**AND, How do you feel about RADIO MIRROR? What do you want to read that you don't get now?**

Write your letter and send it to RADIO MIRROR CONTEST EDITOR, 1926 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY. Remember not more than 200 words of constructive criticism. The first letter chosen will earn \$20, the second \$10 and the next five, \$1 each. Send your letter today, for we want your honest opinion of radio broadcasting and of us.

Judging by the thousands of letters which have already come into the office, OUR PUBLIC likes us.

**WHAT DO YOU THINK?**

Below are the letters which have been selected this month. Yours may be next!

## \$20.00 PRIZE

Our radio programs are full enough and quite varied. What is really needed is a more equal distribution of the different types of programs that listeners-in may realize this fact. For example, Sunday afternoons are completely filled with programs of the heavier type, the lighter programs coming all in a bunch in the evening. Likewise, through the week, too many programs of the same type come together.

A period for newscasting around the breakfast hour and one around eight in the evening would enable the busy, tired business man to keep up with world affairs while programs interspersed with drama would be a God-send to those of us who cannot afford to patronize the theatre.

Since I am without the full use of my sight, the radio is half of my life. RADIO MIRROR gives me an intimate touch with the radio stars and serves as an effective guide to the best in radio programs, without which I would be lost. Give me RADIO MIRROR first, the radio next; and I have the world at my feet—and I am on a par with the seeing man.

J. MARSHALL PARHAM,  
Charlotte, North Carolina.

## \$10.00 PRIZE

Still that weird cry is heard, "What's wrong with radio programs?" And I answer, "Just nothing!" These complaints are, for the most part, the wild imaginations of chronic fault-finders.

Programs differ. Artists differ. You and I differ. Life, and the radio would be a dull affair if we were one and the same. Personally, I like my Kate Smith straight, and then I take Ed Wynn for a chaser. Baron Munchausen, Amos and Andy, Rudy Vallee—they're all wonderful artists, yet are so different in appeal.

My favorite chair is a front-row seat for a thousand glamorous per-

formances, so the next time you hear a radio program, just remember it was not broadcast for you alone, but for me, too.

As for RADIO MIRROR, it is proving the best publication in its field, bringing real value at a small price—The NEW DEAL in radio magazines.

ELLEN GUSTAFSON,  
Chicago, Ill.

## \$1.00 PRIZE

RADIO MIRROR is the swellest magazine ever printed. I enjoy it more than any other I ever read and I read plenty. The only thing wrong with it is it isn't printed often enough.

I am satisfied with radio programs just as they are. I never pan an artist. If I don't like a certain type of program, I don't listen to it. After all we have a dial on the radio which can be turned at will. The artists are good or they wouldn't be on the air. Somebody likes them or their sponsors wouldn't pay money to put them on the radio.

I am one who prefers local artists rather than those of the networks. I like their simplicity and sincerity—not that the big-time artists aren't sincere. They are and I love them, but give me the home town stuff any day.

Yours for bigger RADIO MIRRORS. They couldn't be better.

LUELLA FRANCE,  
Hilliards, Ohio.

## \$1.00 PRIZE

The public does like RADIO MIRROR, but not without good reason. Bright, sparkling, and entertaining, RADIO MIRROR is packed with interesting, up-to-the-minute news about radio and everything connected with it. It is gratifying, indeed, to find one radio magazine with so diversified an editorial policy. There's something in it for every member of the family. The "Look Who's Here" Department alone is worth many times the price of the magazine for I find it a knowing guide to current broadcasts.

As for radio broadcasts themselves, I sincerely feel that they are taking a decided turn for the better. They are growing up, so to speak, and in so doing are leaving behind many of their awkward and objectionable characteristics. For the most part, current radio programs are better planned and arranged today—they have greater variety and better talent. Even the advertising chatter, to my way of thinking, is improving.

MRS. ALMA BURNETT,  
Detroit, Michigan.

## \$1.00 PRIZE

The RADIO MIRROR is "Fast Rate". It's got humor and reality. Your favorite stars are looking and speaking from its pages in their own inimitable way. A good substitute for television.

Radio programs—what would we do without them—are overcriticized. You can't please all the listeners, all the time. If you are choosy, you have only to turn the dial, and get Static, if nothing else.

## WHAT DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?

Is there any question about your favorite star you want RADIO MIRROR TO ANSWER? Send in your questions and we will print as many answers as possible in the MARCH issue of this magazine.

So many of our readers have asked us for facts and details about their favorites of the air that, starting with next month's issue, RADIO MIRROR will inaugurate a question and answer department.

SEND IN YOUR QUESTIONS IMMEDIATELY and read what you want to know in the next instalment of your favorite radio magazine.

# BROADCASTING



Rubinoff gets center position as a group of famous personages congratulate him after one of his solos at a Hollywood party. Left to right—Joe E. Brown, Will Rogers, Rubinoff, Eddie Cantor and the Honorable David E. Sellers, Admiral of the United States Fleet.

My pet aversion is radio advertising. Like a dose of medicine, sponsors pour it into you before, after, and in between otherwise perfect programs. Why not take a tip from the "Old Maestro", Ben Bernie, and mix it in the program so smoothly that "you can take it", and what is more important to the sponsors, "like it."

The bouquet to you, and the bit of advice to broadcasters comes to you from the home of WGY.

MISS GEORGIANA DU CHARME,  
Schenectady, New York.

## \$1.00 PRIZE

I like RADIO MIRROR because it is crammed with pictures. And it's not because I am a moron and can't read. But in a radio magazine particularly we all like, I think, to see plenty of pictures for, remember, it is the only opportunity we have to see our favorite radio stars. So heaps and heaps of pictures, say I, for the continued popularity of RADIO MIRROR.

The feature I like best—and I am glad to see that you are running it regularly—is the article by Gracie Allen. She is as funny on the printed page as she is over the air.

My bete noire in radio is prize contests. The rules, regulations, and ballyhoo take up too much time. And it's a racket because you have to buy something in order to enter the contest.

HELEN D. VERMES,  
Springfield, Mass.

## \$1.00 PRIZE

RADIO MIRROR is the only radio magazine we ever buy, and we like it because:

- (1) it makes human beings out of voices in the air.
- (2) and it's seeking improvements in broadcasting.

How about:

- (1) advertising? It may be a necessary evil but we'd rather patronize the product of our favorite program without hearing quite so much about it.
- (2) Variety and novelty? Some of the big programs are introducing something new and something different on each broadcast. We like surprises.
- (3) Some new music? Not enough tunes for all these orchestras.
- (4) Old favorites? Don't change, just keep up the standard. We like these special blends of entertainment, each dependable on its own niche.

Hints:

- (1) Why doesn't some enterprising commercial sign Cab Calloway and his band? He needs more air waves.
- (2) Where are Dr. Pratt and Dr. Sherman (House of Representatives)? The best exponents of satirical humor we ever had?
- (3) Where's the Shadow? He was good, too. Bring 'em back!

RUTH HENDRICKSON,  
Knoxville, Tennessee.

*We want to please our readers, so please write and tell us what you like and what you don't like about broadcasting programs in general and your new magazine, RADIO MIRROR*

## Al Smith Tells—Why I Came Into "Raddio"

(Continued from page 15)

might as well be talking Greek for all that most of their hearers understand.

"I've been told that the average age of radio listeners is fifteen years. If that's true, think of the annual waste in words of our language fanciers!"

Don't for a moment get the idea, though, that the ex-governor of New York state isn't sold on radio. On the contrary, while he used jocularly to refer to the microphone as the "old pie plate", he was one of the first politicians to realize its possibilities and he's been utilizing them ever since. During his last two years at Albany, for instance, he was afflicted with a heckling senate which did its best to queer him with his constituents. The effort failed chiefly because the Happy Warrior got ahead of the senators by taking his case directly to the people by way of the air and so held on to public favor and confidence.

"There's no question about it", he mused, deflected for a moment from his belligerent position about highbrow speakers, "radio is the greatest invention that ever struck this world. Already it's changed everything and it has no more than started. Look at what it's done to political campaigns, to name just one item that particularly interests me. You could no more run a political campaign today without radio than you could run it without a candidate.

**WE** used to send out circulars, now they go on the air. There's not much question which is the more effective way. Nothing makes so much impression as the spoken word. In pre-radio days, a candidate in New York state, we'll say, made a speech every night for thirty nights and perhaps a thousand people heard him each time. That made 30,000 in all, possibly one per cent of the electorate. The other voters were compelled to depend upon reports in the newspapers for their impressions of his force and personality. There's no comparison between the two. The radio transmits everything, even speech mannerisms.

"Down at Palm Beach one year I met a little girl who as soon as I opened my mouth, cried out to her mother, 'Oh, mama, he has the same voice he had on the radio!'"

But it was not his advocacy of radio, ardent though that is, which caused him to take time out from his busy life to devote to the chairmanship of the Federal Broadcasting directorate, it was his devotion to his native New York City. For WMCA, the station maintained by Federal, is essentially a New York City institution, dominating as it does a metropolitan area containing fifteen million persons, without a dead spot, radio-ly speaking, in the entire section.

The station's transmitter, by the way, is set down in the salt marshes on the edge of Flushing Bay, three miles by air line from the center of population of the metropolitan area and that

center, believe it or not, is the north-east corner of Greenwood Cemetery.

"I met and talked to the young fellows who now compose the board when I went up to Southampton where my daughter stays in warm weather," the Governor explained. "It was what they believed this station could be made to give in the way of service to New York that first impressed me."

It's easy to see why that argument, of all arguments, would win Al Smith. Surely never was a man so bound up with a city, so completely a product of the life of his town. His father, you know, was born in Oliver Street, his mother not far away at the joining of Dover and Water and the Governor himself on South Street. His colorful boyhood on the city pavements has become a national tradition.

His swimming hole was the East River, he roller-skated in City Hall Park, patronized the dime museum in the Bowery (when he had a dime) and attended Tammany's annual picnic at Harlem River Park where every kid had all the ice cream and cake he could hold and as many rides on the merry-go-round afterwards as he could bear without getting sick. For a rare birthday treat, the young Al might be taken on a pilgrimage up town to Central Park and given a ride in the goat wagon there for extra measure of ecstasy.

As a lively, inquisitive newsboy he poked into the city's mysteries and contradictions, and remembers accurately most of the lore he picked up.

Today he is not only an authority on the charter, history and tradition of this city of his, but more important, he is able to speak to the people in their own vernacular and to make their hearts overflow with affection for him as his overflows with affection for them. Somebody said once that there wouldn't need to be an election to make him mayor—he could simply walk into the office and stay until he died of old age.

**S**MALL wonder, since all this is true, that the enthusiastic young men, many of them sons of old Manhattan families (John Hay Whitney, Allan Ryan, Jr., Clendenin Ryan), were able to interest him in their plan to make a radio station reflect the color and idiom of Manhattan. And so he agreed to take a hand, stipulating only that he should be called upon to act in matters of policy, not technique.

As a matter of fact, long before the new board took hold, Station WMCA had pioneered in the mirroring of Manhattan. Some of the earlier efforts, like all real pioneering, were pretty dull, of course—for instance, the broadcasting of the banquets when banquets were made up of people in their best clothes eating a few dabs of incredible food and then curling up to sleep as peacefully as the pangs of indigestion

would permit throughout the speeches, merely rousing from habit once in awhile to applaud without zest a speaker who went relentlessly, or perhaps it was helplessly, on and on and on.

But after a few broadcasts that were about as bad as possible, radio actually began to reform banquets by cutting down and sharpening up speeches until now some of them are really amusing.

And so, according to Governor Smith, WMCA will continue to give us the after-dinner speaker as an authentic New York manifestation, along with the Broadway actor performing in a benefit for the needy of his own or some other profession, the young musician in recital and the kind of religious service, Protestant, Catholic, or Jewish, that is directed toward the rehabilitation of human beings.

The astonishing hold a religious program of this kind can obtain upon an audience is exemplified in the popularity of WMCA's broadcasts from the Cathedral of the Underworld located in what was once a Chinese theatre in Doyers Street. Appeals for everything from wooden legs for the maimed to puppy dogs for lonely child shut-ins go out from the basement which held hoppers in the bad old days and responses pour in, not only for wooden legs and puppies, but so many letters that even baled they fill a fifty-foot storeroom.

**B**UT while he is all for emphasizing the human side, Chairman Smith is determined that education shall not be forgotten, either. He is a firm believer in education, though nearly all he had of it was what he could give himself from human contacts and experience. But he sent his children to college and their framed diplomas hang in his study.

"Radio should certainly make education easier for the boy who has to begin earning before he finishes his schooling," he pointed out. "It would have meant a great difference to me if I could have had it when I was growing up."

And so he insists that WMCA's program shall be made as helpful as possible to young people in quest of knowledge. At his suggestion the entire dramatic series has been revamped and every one of the twelve features has been supplied with an educational background. The news dramatization receives a thorough going-over each day with the same audience in mind and even the ghost stories are compelled to have an historical background. The Governor also stresses the sports programs because he considers sports part of a well-rounded young person's education.

After he presided at his first board meeting, Governor Smith said to inquiring friends, "Oh, I'm not really important in this. I wouldn't know a crooner from a baritone. I'd just be coming in for a couple of hours when

(Continued on page 48)

"LOOK ON THE BRICE SIDE"

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*new*  
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# Cunningham Radiotron



## Al Smith Tells—Why I Came Into "Raddio"

they need me for board meetings."

That may have been his idea but it hasn't worked out so at all. Instead, directors and executives find themselves calling upon their chairman for advice a dozen times a day and now the board has taken to dropping into his office in the Empire State Building for special conferences.

The Governor, incidentally, pronounces it *radio* these days not *raddio* as he used to do. Recently he called it radio in an after-dinner speech and his audience who had been expecting raddio, roared with laughter. "Fooled you that time," he shouted, chuckling.

It didn't take this interview to make me realize what a grand guy Al Smith is, but you can't help feeling it all over again when you see him and hear him talk. Years of having to make rapid-fire decision has given him a staccato manner but at the same time his friendliness warms you and fills you with a sense of his personal interest in you and your subject.

You reach the office where he sits in the chair he occupied as governor by

(Continued from page 46)

way of a waiting room containing a giant water cooler and a double force of office boys. Here at all hours of the day may be found an odd assortment of reporters, social workers, business men and politicians waiting. In a tiny inner office next to his sits Miss Mary Carr, secretary, and owner of the pleasantest telephone voice in the city, sorting huge piles of mail and answering a steady stream of calls from people who want the Governor to dine or speak or give an interview. If he did everything they asked, he would certainly have to be two people and maybe more. As a matter of fact, when he was governor, he suggested that there ought to be two governors of New York state, one to govern and one to dine out, but as he says, "nothing was ever done about it."

The kind of appeal he is least likely to turn down is one that asks him to serve on a committee to help his fellow citizens. Just now he is working hard for WMCA's coal and kindling fund. He knows from personal experience

that some children are a little hungry and a little cold all winter long. It was his suggestion that hospitals report to the fund cases where mothers are in the hospital and the children left alone. At least he means to see that they have the consolation of a warm fire.

Before I left his office, I asked Governor Smith what he sees for the future of radio. Here is his answer:

"I see it developing into something that will make communication of one individual with another instantaneous so that when I want to get a message to a man, whether he's in Cleveland or Africa, I'll no longer have to employ the cumbersome method of first writing something out, then sending for a messenger who in turn will have to carry it somewhere to have it transmitted. Instead, in less time than it takes me to say this, I'll be able to adjust a bit of mechanism and without the bother of wires, will hear his voice and probably see his face as clearly as I now see yours. Radio has just started changing the world. Wait until it gets going strong!"

## Along Came Ruth

(Continued from page 7)

week advance in the way of salary.

She continued her school work for a while but learned she couldn't work nights and study in the day time so she deserted the academy and became a full-fledged chorine. Her artistic career was shelved and for a whole year Ruth trouped with the rest of them. Finally she was given a lead in the revue and while her uncle who's now a Nebraska mayor protested he didn't like theatrical ladies for relatives, Miss Etting was having a grand time and had actually been given solos to sing.

One job leads to another and Ruth went from Chicago café to café, gradually working up to a spot where she could command one hundred dollars a week if she put down her Four A and demanded it. But that time somebody suggested she might have a chance at the old Colisimo's Spaghetti place and while that might mean little to most people today it was a different story for Ruth in that period. Most celebrities, stopping off for a few hours betwixt east and west favored Colisimo's. It might be a princess in disguise or a movie actress in disgust, a prize ring champion in high favor or a matinee idol, counting his seasons.

Colisimo's was the spot of the season and Ruth took it. She had no weekly compensation beyond her regular share in the "pot," which meant that she and all the other entertainers divided what the patrons slung to them. Some weeks it was wealth, then periods of off-business when it wasn't more than coffee and cake. But at least it was getting Ruth talked about in Chicago.

For a girl who believes she's put on this earth to inspire costumes for the

Queen of Roumania, it's not subtle mental transference to get her into an attitude where she realizes she is cut out to sing solos for Nick the Greek. However, Nick scattered the coin of the realm and the queens only smiled—what girl can live on smiles? Ruth couldn't in those young days. And so when Nick yelled for none-too-subtle harmonies she gave them.

At this point in her career she was sharing the spotlight with a brunette who also wailed of love that passed. She had long hair then and no soft-cushioned corner of a grand piano for a seat, but in those days Helen Morgan and Ruth Etting made a perfect foil for each other in the Chicago café. You'll have to prove that fact to either, to this day. However they've both had their Ziegfeld electric signs and both are grand girls, but more about La Morgan anon.

The lucky thing in Miss Etting's fate line was when she switched from Colisimo's to the College Inn where Abe Lyman was providing the music and Ruth became a vocal interlude. Atop the Sherman Hotel was a Broadcast studio, WLS and one night Miss Etting was invited to sing into her first microphone. Ford and Glenn were the big stars and she thought she had a perfectly wonderful break when these two ether favorites permitted her vocalizing to permeate their act. Little our Ruthie knew.

The broadcasting experiment went on for months and nothing happened. Then one night somebody asked her to sing. "What Can I Say After I Say

I'm Sorry." She warbled it and within half an hour Tom Rockwell, who now manages the Mills Brothers, rushed up to the roof and asked Ruth if she would record for Columbia Phonograph. Would a blonde skate to Paradise on ballbearings?

That was Miss Etting's first contract in recording and that if you believe in fate, fitted into the scheme for it was while she was making discs of Irving Berlin's compositions that the song writer became fascinated with her voice. He told Ziegfeld about her and before she knew it Ruth was asked to appear before the famous showman. She wasn't permitted to sing. Ziegfeld just looked at her legs and engaged her for the Follies of 1927. Later she appeared with Paul Whiteman at the New York Paramount and that's how stars are made.

Ziegfeld success followed Ziegfeld success until the 1931 Follies when she revived Nora Bayes' famous "Shine on Harvest Moon." For "Simple Simon" she went into her inimitable "Ten Cents a Dance" after one rehearsal and that led right up to the moment when you airminded ones met Miss Etting on the ether singing first "What Can I Say After I Say I'm Sorry," the old WLS number that had brought her recognition. No audition. It was that easy becoming part of the "Music that Satisfies." Then Hollywood got hold of Ruth for several months but she's back again on the radio and who's to say that you and I and millions of others are wrong when we call her

"The Sweetheart of the Air."

We Have With Us

(Continued from page 37)

Monday

7:00 P. M. THE MOLLE SHOW—Shirley Howard, and the Jesters, Red, Wamp and Guy; Milt Rettenberg, piano; Tony Gallucci, guitar.

A revue as is a revue, and plenty tuneful.

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

Those girls do have their problems, but don't we all?

7:15 P. M. JUST PLAIN BILL. Daily except Saturday and Sunday. (Kolyonos Sales Co.) WABC and associated stations.

Which means exactly what it says.

7:30 P. M. POTASH AND PERLMUTTER—humorous sketch with Joseph Greenwald and Lou Welch. (Health Products Corp.) WJZ and associated stations.

A relic of the good old minstrel days and people do like them.

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

You know this family so well, you simply forget they're only radio characters. Or are they?

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

The world brought into your living room or at least Mr. Carter's version of what's going on daily in various places.

8:15 P. M. EDWIN C. HILL. "The Human Side of the News." (Barbasol). Also Wednesday. WABC and associated stations.

Mr. Hill knows his news and makes it sound so interesting.

8:30 P. M. BING CROSBY and Lennie Hayton's Orchestra. (Woodbury Soap). WABC and associated stations.

There's only one Bing and doesn't he put that s. a. over in songs?

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

What more could you ask if you like real music?

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

Music and groceries, going well together.

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

Which only goes to prove the old-



CHANGE to easier washdays and whiter washes—with Rinso! You'll be delighted to see what an economical soap it is. Its lively suds last and last—even in hardest water. The makers of 40 famous washers recommend Rinso. Tested and approved by Good House-keeping Institute. Get it at your grocer's.



THE BIGGEST-SELLING PACKAGE SOAP IN AMERICA

**"Here is the SECRET"**

says  
*Mary Brian*



Mary Brian in Columbia's "Fog"

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YOU will be delighted with the smartness of your hands when you beautify them with MOON GLOW Nail Polish. Keep on your shelf all of the five MOON GLOW shades—Natural, Medium, Rose, Platinum Pearl and Carmine. If you paid \$1 you couldn't get finer nail polish than MOON GLOW—the new Hollywood favorite. Ask your local store for the 10c size or your drug store for the 25c size of MOON GLOW Nail Polish in all shades. If they cannot supply you, fill in the coupon below and mail today

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BEAUFIX LABS., Dept. R., 1851 Washington Ave., N. Y. C. Please send me complete treatment. I will pay postman 60c plus a few cents postage. My money to be refunded if not satisfied.  
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Enjoy this secret of charm—this bewitching fragrance that has all the glamour of costly imported perfume... RADIO GIRL Perfume though made from French essential oils, is compounded in this country—for modern, thrifty American girls... RADIO GIRL Face Powder has the same alluring fragrance. A flattering new shade—Dermatone—blends with all complexions... Send for free samples.

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"RADIO GIRL," St. Paul, Minn. R-2  
Please send me FREE samples of Radio Girl Perfume and Radio Girl Face Powder.  
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City.....



fashioned stuff can still be popular.  
9:00 P. M. —LEOPOLD STOKOWSKI and Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra. Daily, except Sunday. (Chesterfield Cigarettes). WABC and associated stations.

Now this is where you need soft lights, no talking and an appreciation of how good this is.  
9:30 P. M. DEL MONTE SHIP OF JOY with Hugh Barrett Dobbs; guest artists; Doric and Knickerbocker quartets; orchestra direction Meredith Willson. (California Packing Co.). WEAF and associated stations.

Take a little trip yourself this week.  
9:30 P. M. JACK FROST'S MELODY MOMENTS—guest; orchestra direction Joseph Pasternack (National Sugar Refining Co.) WABC and associated stations.

Old friends who've worn well.  
9:30 P. M. "THE BIG SHOW" with Gertrude Niesen and Isham Jones' Orchestra, (Ex-Lax). WABC and associated stations.

Miss Niesen singing low down and hot and Isham Jones' fine music.  
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.) WEAF and associated stations.

In softer, more restrained manner, but they get over.  
11:15 P. M. BOSWELL SISTERS. WABC and associated stations.  
Our favorite triangle, in spite of all the competition.

**Tuesday**

12:15 A. M. CONNIE GATES—songs. Also Thursday. WABC and associated stations.  
Pleasant luncheon ditties.

1:30 P. M. EASY ACES. (Jad Salts). Also Wednesday, Thursday and Friday. WABC and associated stations.  
They should really go back to their evening hour so everybody can hear them.

4:30 P. M. JACK AND LORETTA CLEMONS—songs and guitar. Also Wednesday. WEAF and associated stations.  
New—but good.

6:45 P. M. "LITTLE ITALY" with Ruth Yorke. Also Thursday. (Blue Coal). WABC and associated stations.  
And no "Whera you worka John?"

7:00 P. M. REX COLE MOUNTAINEERS—hill billy songs and sketch. (Rex Cole, Inc.). WEAF and associated stations.

Back to the "mountings" and fun with cider.

8:00 P. M. ELMER EVERETT YESS. Also Thursday and Saturday. (Plymouth Motor Corp.) WABC and associated stations.

A little nutty but everybody laughs.

8:00 P. M. BLACKSTONE PLANTATION—Julia Sanderson and Frank Crumit, soloists; Parker Fennelly; incidental music direction Jack Shilkret.

(Blackstone Cigars). WEAF and associated stations.

The Crumits again, this time in good company.

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

Waltzes that go so romantic on you.

8:30 P. M. THE VOICE OF EXPERIENCE. WABC and associated stations. (Wasey Products, Inc.).

If there's anything you don't know just ask for it.

8:45 P. M. SMITH BROS.—Trade and Mark—Billy Hillpot and Scrappy Lambert; Nat Shilkret's orchestra. (Smith Bros. Cough Drops). WJZ and associated stations.

Well, we've said hello before.  
9:00 P. M. BEN BERNIE'S Blue Ribbon Orchestra. (Premier Pabst Sales Co.). WEAF and associated stations.

The old maestro back again to "youse guys and youse gals". Have a glass on Ben.

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

Sooh! The Wynny one is still going strong with his whistle and his whimsies.

10:00 P. M. CAMEL PROGRAM — Glen Gray and his Casa Loma orchestra; Do Re Mi trio. (Camel Cigarettes). WABC and associated stations.

An up-and-coming band that has caught on amazingly.

10:30 P. M. MADAME SYLVIA OF HOLLYWOOD and movie stars. (Ralston Purina Co.). WEAF and associated stations.

How's your figure today?

**Wednesday**

4:45 P. M. MORIN SISTERS, Harmony trio. WJZ and associated stations.  
Another trio, just can't stop singing.

7:30 P. M. POTASH AND PERLMUTTER—humorous sketch with Joseph Greenwald and Lou Welch. (Health Products Corp.) WJZ and associated stations.

8:00 P. M. ENO CRIME CLUES. (Harold S. Ritchie Co.). WJZ and associated stations.

Ooh! what was that noise at the door?

8:00 P. M. THE ROYAL GELATINE REVIEW with Bert Lahr; George Olsen and his orchestra. WEAF and associated stations.

The comedian with the buzz-saw voice and Olsen to laugh at him.

8:30 P. M. WALTZ TIME — Frank Munn, tenor; Abe Lyman and his orchestra. (Sterling Products). WEAF and associated stations.

This time they're playing dreamy stuff.

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

A fine artist with a good idea of

# HELP KIDNEYS



*.. don't take drastic drugs*

what his public will take.  
 9:00 P. M. THE IPANA TROBADORS—orchestra; soloist and guest artists. (Ipana Tooth Paste). WEA and associated stations.

This has been going strong for a long, long time.  
 9:00 P. M. WARDEN LAWES in 20,000 years in Sing Sing—dramatic sketch. (Wm. R. Warner Company). WJZ and associated stations.

Advice on how not to take a trip up the river.  
 9:30 P. M. BURNS AND ALLEN, Comedy Team; Guy Lombardo's Royal Canadians, (White Owl Cigar). WABC and associated stations.

Well, now we're getting some place, or at least those crazy two are.  
 9:30 P. M. LEO REISMAN'S Orchestra with Phil Duey, baritone and Johnny, the 43-inch high page-boy. (Phillip-Morris Cigarettes). WEA and associated stations.

Personally, I'll take a dose of the Reisman music anytime.  
 9:30 P. M. JOHN McCORMACK and William Merrigan Daly and string orchestra. (Wm. R. Warner Co.). WJZ and associated stations.

You'll never get enough of this star, or at least we don't.  
 10:00 P. M. FRED WARING'S Pennsylvanians. The Lane Sisters and Babs Ryan. (Old Gold Cigarettes). WABC and associated stations.

The Waring music gives zest to this program.

## Thursday

7:30 P. M. DJER KISS RECITAL—Cyrrena Van Gorden, Mezzo Contralto. WJZ and associated stations.

A rich voice rising in the cause of sweet smells.

8:00 P. M. RUDY VALLEE and his Connecticut Yankees and entertainers. (Fleischmann's Yeast). WEA and associated stations.

This is the prize-winning hour, or so everybody says.

8:30 P. M. "VOICE OF AMERICA"—with William Lyon Phelps, Alex Gray, and Nat Shilkret's Orchestra. (Underwood-Elliott-Fisher Co.). WABC and associated stations.

Some old favorites providing musical background for another celebrity corralled recently for radio.

9:00 P. M. CAPTAIN HENRY'S MAXWELL HOUSE SHOW BOAT—Charles Winninger; Lanny Ross, tenor; Annette Hanshaw, blues singer; Conrad Thibault, baritone; Muriel Wilson soprano; Molasses 'n' January; Don Voorhees' Show Boat Band. (General Foods Corp.) WEA and associated stations.

A pleasant trip, any Thursday night.

9:30 P. M. LADY ESTHER SERENADE—Wayne King and his orchestra. (Lady Esther Cosmetics). WJZ and associated stations.

10:00 P. M. PAUL WHITEMAN and his orchestra and radio entertainers; Deems Taylor, master of ceremonies. (Kraft Phoenix Cheese Corp.).

**Y**OU 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 Cystex (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.



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 rheumat'c

## City Health Doctor Praises Cystex

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 functions) 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.

**2 PROGRAMS  
you should  
not miss**

NBC Blue Network

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PERLMUTTER**

EVERY MONDAY, WEDNESDAY  
AND FRIDAY AT 7:30 P. M.

**BAR-X**

DAYS & NIGHTS

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WEAF and associated stations.

A well-balanced program with Mr. Whiteman of course taking all the bows.

10:45 P. M. HARLEM SERENADE. Hall Johnson Singers; Claude Hopkin's orchestra and Aida Ward, soloist—WABC and associated stations.

Black music with a mixture of cotton picking and uptown serenading.

**Friday**

7:30 P. M. POTASH AND PERLMUTTER—humorous sketch with Joseph Greenwald and Lou Welch. WJZ and associated stations.

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 Whitman. WEAF and associated stations. (Also Saturday).

The big tent, the band, the thrillers and a little warbling.

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.

Miss Shutta sharing the spotlight with O'Keefe, who ought to get more attention for his swell talents.

8:00 P. M. CITIES SERVICE CONCERT—Grantland Rice; Jessica Dragonette, soprano; the City Service quartet; Henry Shope and Frank Parker, tenors; John Seagle, baritone; Elliot Shaw, bass; Leo Montgomery, accompanist; Frank Banta and Milton Rettenberg, piano duo; Rosario Bourdon's orchestra. WEAF and associated stations.

A collection of talent to make any Friday night at home a pleasant occasion.

8:30 P. M. THE MARCH OF TIME—news events. (Remington-Rand). WABC and associated stations.

This was a grand idea and it's always well done.

9:00 P. M. LET'S LISTEN TO HARRIS—Phil Harris and his orchestra with Leah Ray, blues singer. (Northam Warren Corp.). WJZ and associated stations.

Harris tunes and vocalizing coming out of Chicago.

9:30 P. M. POND'S VANITY FAIR PROGRAM—Lee Wiley, songs; Victor Young's orchestra. (Lamont Corliss & Company). WEAF and associated stations.

You'll be sure to hear the latest "numbabs" on this one.

9:30 P. M. PHIL BAKER, Harry Mc-

Naughton; Mabel Albertson; orchestra direction Roy Shields; Merrie-Men, male quartet; Neil sisters, Harmony trio. (Armour & Company). WJZ and associated stations.

That Baker man is a little crazy but it's all in fun and he has a lot of able playmates with him.

10:00 P. M. THE FIRST NIGHTER—dramatic sketch with June Meredith, Don Ameche, Carlton Brickert and Cliff Soubier; Eric Sagerquist's orchestra. WEAF and associated stations.

Just to give you that important feeling in your own rocking chair.

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

Sometimes I think even Olsen and Johnson don't know what they're talking about.

**Saturday**

6:00 P. M. "MEET THE ARTIST"—Bob Taplinger Interviews Radio Stars. WABC and associated stations.

Shake hands with the ones you've always wanted to meet.

6:30 P. M. MARY SMALL — Juvenile singer. WJZ and associated stations.

The little girl who seems to be going ahead quickly.

6:45 P. M. TITO GUIZAR — Mexican tenor. WABC and associated stations.

A touch of the Rio Grande to soft serenading.

8:30 P. M. GEORGE JESSEL; Vera Van, contralto; Eton Boys' Quartet and Freddie Rich's orchestra. WABC and associated stations.

Jessel has a smooth tongue and Rich has music that does a lot for Georgie.

9:00 P. M. THE MAGIC CARPET PROGRAM—Jack Pearl, alias the Baron Munchausen with Cliff Hall; Robert Simmons, tenor; the Leaders Trio; the De Marco Sisters; Al Goodman and his orchestra. (Lucky Strike Cigarettes). WEAF and associated stations.

Ssssh! This is our favorite comedian but please don't tell Eddie Cantor or Ed Wynn.

10:00 P. M. SATURDAY NIGHT DANCING PARTY with B. A. Rolfe and his Teraplane orchestra; Lew White, organ. WEAF and associated stations.

Roll up the earpats and see how you like it.

10:30 P. M. CUCKOO PROGRAM with Raymond Knight and Adeline Thomson; orchestra direction Robert Armbruster. WJZ and associated stations.

If you understand this one, you'll know you're crazy too.

**RUDY VALLEE TALKING!**

The most sensational success on the ether airwaves over a period of years has plans for his future—what they are nobody knows. Or at least nobody will know until Mr. Vallee tells his public all about what he wants the future to bring to him. This first person story by the master showman of broadcasting reveals much of what has been a secret as to the impetus and ambitions in the VALLEE CAREER.

READ WHAT RUDY VALLEE HAS TO SAY ABOUT HIMSELF IN MARCH RADIO MIRROR.

## Radio's Eternal Triangle

(Continued from page 13)

three sisters perform in all these groups but two of them are there just to keep one sister from getting lonesome, or laryngitis—or something. 'Twere the other fair charmers away, the one sister would still be the whole act. Her companions, while not exactly excess baggage, are often more ornamental than otherwise.

Why this should be so is something I don't profess to understand. All I know is that of all the sororities riding the kilocycles, with possibly one or two exceptions (which may be among the sisters already mentioned, so there'll be no hard feelings) one sister is the talented member of the family and the other two are merely standby sisters, as it were.

And another curious thing about sister trios is that the really gifted one isn't necessarily the prettiest. More often she's the least prepossessing. But perhaps that is the way it should be. It doesn't seem fair that one sister in a trio should have *all* of this world's blessings. If one *sings* like a million dollars, why shouldn't the other two *look* like a million dollars? Besides, television may come sneaking around the corner one of these days and then fans will want to get an eyeful as well as an earful. So, after all, maybe it's just nature's way of evening up things.

**S**URVEY of the singing sisterhoods brings to the surface many other curious facts. You'll probably be as surprised as I was to discover that *all* of them don't originate in the South. The soft drawls so many of them affect and their preference for ballads of the sunny Southland, no doubt, have helped to create this misapprehension. Then, too, two outstanding groups—the Boswell Sisters, who vocalize on the Columbia Broadcasting System, and the Pickens Sisters, who are rivals on the National networks—do come from the South, the Boswells from Louisiana and the Pickenses from Louisiana. And this, of course, has helped along the legend.

The Boswells' emergence as vaudeville and radio entertainers was not in accord with their father's plans. They were reared in an atmosphere of culture and Papa Boswell saw to it that their musical education wasn't neglected. Connie studied the violin (at the same time secretly practicing on a saxophone), Vet—christened Helvetia—learned to plunk the banjo, and Martha mastered the piano. It was Papa Boswell's fond hope that his darling daughters would some day constitute a string ensemble and play classical selections for the benefit of guests in drawing rooms—but this turned out to be only a daddy's dream. During his absence from town on a prolonged business trip they blossomed forth as vaudeville entertainers in an entirely different kind of a musicale. They were so well established by the time he got home that he couldn't do anything else but accept the situation

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

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

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

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

### Concentrated 7 times

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

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

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

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

### Results guaranteed

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

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

### Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health *right away*, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body", by a well-known authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—or *money refunded.* At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Dept. 222, Atlanta, Ga.





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WITHIN 1 MINUTE**

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... SAFELY in 5 to 15 minutes

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Reduces 12 to 20 Lbs. First Month  
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**Mrs. Keiffer of Los Angeles says,** "I lost 22 pounds. Look years younger. Feel marvelous." **Mrs. Messer writes,** "I lost 6 lbs. first week." **Berton Hassing, newspaper editor of Carlton, Minn., writes,** "I lost some 20 pounds. A walking advertisement for Hollywood 18." **But we prove it to you.** Send \$1.00 for original HOLLYWOOD 18 Method. Weigh to-day. If you don't lose at least 12 pounds we return your money. Write **MEED COMPANY, Dept. 63, 3629 Main, Kansas City, Mo.**

gracefully, true to his code as a Southern gentleman.

When the Pickens Sisters first went on the air they were Jane, Helen and Marla. Patti, the youngest sister named after their mother, replaced Marla when the latter dropped out several weeks after the Pickens became favorites.

Unlike the Boswells, the slim Pickens didn't come to radio from vaudeville. They are recruits from the music schools and first developed their talents at home on a plantation near Macon, Ga.

Jane, the eldest, went to the Curtis Institute of Music. Helen, the next in seniority, attended the Atlanta Conservatory of Music. Jane was sent to Paris to complete her studies and Helen went along with her, primarily interested, though, in becoming a dress designer. Patti at that time was in pig-tails and in school.

When Jane and Helen returned from abroad they set out in earnest applying their talents. Joining up with Marla they became popular at local entertainments with their harmonizing and imitations of musical instruments. Local broadcasting stations welcomed them and finally the three girls summoned enough courage to go North and apply for an audition at NBC. They hit that network at just the psychological moment, at a time when program managers were casting about for a harmonizing trio capable of bidding for popularity with the Boswells. In the Pickens Sisters they found just what the radio doctor ordered.

**O**F the outstanding sister trios, the Three X Sisters are the least known. That is, their identities are the least known. They prefer to conceal themselves under the X mark, the algebraic symbol of unknown quantity, which isn't at all true in their case, for their versatile and intricate rhythms are well and favorably known to NBC listeners.

Off the air they are Pearl, Jessie and Violet Hamilton, and they live in Laurelton, L.I., in the perfect harmony they exemplify on their programs. This, despite the fact that Jessie and Violet are single and Pearl has a husband.

The Indiana born girls, the Neil Sisters, now supporting Phil Baker, the Armour Jester, and the Morin Sisters, who broadcast from the Chicago NBC studios, are typical Hoosiers. Which is to say they are all young women of so many accomplishments that it is surprising one of them hasn't written the great American novel.

Let's consider first the Neil Sisters, sometimes called "the blondes in blues". They are blondes of the platinum type and in the order of their appearance on earth are Lucille, Gwyneth and Ann. Indianapolis, their home town, knew them as the Neal girls, which was the way their parents spelled it. After they grew up and got into Vaudeville a numerologist told them they would never amount to anything until they spelled Neal with an "i".

Somehow the idea was repellent to

them, so they decided to fool their figure friend by adding an "e" and making it Neale. But for a long time luck ran against them and finding they weren't getting anywhere they changed their name to Neil. And Presto!, just as the numerologist told them, they were playing the Palace Theatre in New York, then the world's highest class variety house.

All three of the Neils are married. Lucille is the wife of Earl Lawrence, their accompanist. Gwyneth is married to Dick Teela, the radio tenor. Ann, the one who plays "straight" for Phil Baker in the Armour program, eloped last Spring and married somebody entirely different when the newspapers reported her engagement to a certain radio comedian.

Fowler, Indiana, has the honor of being the birthplace of the Morins. Marge, who is the youngest and has auburn hair, an accomplishment in itself, at the age of three was playing "America" on the piano with one finger. When she was six she could play any popular tune by "ear", still an accomplishment with her.

Evelyn learned to toot a sax at an early age. It was also at the time when the saxophone was a novelty and not a nuisance, which probably explains why her parents, both professional musicians, encouraged her to practice on that instrument. Evelyn became so proficient that soon she was a great attraction at neighborhood parties and entertainments, which only goes to show that civilization *does* progress in this country.

Pauline turned to the violin for expression. So with Marge skilled at the piano, Evelyn sounding a sax and Pauline caressing a violin, they had the nucleus of an orchestra. A brother who was a trap drummer and Papa Morin with his fiddle were pressed into service and the Morin Orchestra went into commission, supplying music for every social event in that neck of the woods.

The Morin Sisters graduated to the NBC studios in Chicago, following the suggestion of Paul Whiteman. He heard them singing from Station WLW and urged them to apply to the network. They did and in December, 1932, joined the staff of artists in Chicago, where they have remained.

**W**HILE the Boswells are regarded as the pioneering trio, possibly because they have been so well publicized, they were really antedated by the Giersdorf Sisters. The latter first sang on Station WJZ more than eight years ago, but left to return to vaudeville, whence they originated. About a year ago they re-entered the radio picture on Rudy Vallee's Thursday night program, where they now appear regularly.

The Giersdorf Sisters are daughters of real troupers. By real troupers, I mean parents who spent their lives traveling from town to town putting on variety shows, which they did in the Middle West.

As might be expected of entertainers trained in this hard school of experience, the Giersdorf Girls quickly

achieved success when they were old enough to go forth on their own. Vaudeville theatres were first played and then they went to musical comedies and revues. They have also been in the movies.

Two of the Giersdorfs—Rae and Irene—are married. Marla is still single. Rae is dark, Irene is a near blonde and Marla, a decided blonde. Irene is an accomplished violinist and Rae does things with mellophones and other reed instruments. Marla plays piano and secretly aspires to be a song writer.

Rapidly coming into their own are the DeMarco Girls. They are not sisters and DeMarco is the name of but one of them. Mary is Mary Rumrill, a former vaudevillian. Buddy is Lillian Perron of the Boston night clubs. Ann really is Ann DeMarco, an entertainer who got her first chance in radio at a Montreal station.

Neither are the Do Re Mi Girls sisters, although two of them are. The Do Re members of the combination are Evelyn and Maybelle Ross, native New Yorkers, and Mi is Ann Balthy, born in the borough of Brooklyn.

These Columbia harmonizers are discoveries of Abe Lyman, who introduced them to listeners on one of his programs. They are graduates of the vaudeville and musical comedy stages.

**N**OR are The Humming Birds sisters. They are not even cousins, or relatives of any kind, unless, of course, they are sisters under the skin. They are Margaret Speaks, soprano; Katherine Cavalli, mezzo-soprano, and Dorothy Greely, contralto.

Miss Speaks, a native of Columbus, O., is the niece of Oley Speaks the composer, and the daughter of Congressman Speaks. She started her singing career at Ohio State and later was heard with vaudeville acts and in musical comedy.

Miss Cavalli acknowledges Jersey City as her birthplace, and Miss Speaks first warbled in Waltham, Mass.

Another trio, new to the air waves, and recruited from vaudeville, is that composed of Major, Sharp and Minor. This is the group of song stylists that appeared in the Paramount movie, "The Big Broadcast".

There are no sisters in this combination either. Bobby Johnstone, once billed in the varieties as "America's Greatest Female Xylophonist and Pianist", is Major; Nita Nieto, who used to dance in a Pat Rooney unit, is Sharp; and Josephine Riley, formerly programmed as "The Female John Charles Thomas", is Minor. Miss Johnstone is a Troy, N. Y., girl; Nita Nieto was born in Barcelona, Spain; and Miss Riley hails from Cleveland, Ohio.

Major, Sharp and Minor are famous for their speed. Not only are their programs projected in a fast tempo but their private lives are run in high gear, too. But I don't mean they are fast in the old-fashioned sense of the word. They are all good girls, indeed. But you'll understand what I mean when I tell you their favorite sport is motor-cycling.

# "LOVER, I LONG FOR THEE"



PLEASE LET ME TURN OFF THE RADIO, AUNT VI. I USED TO BE CRAZY ABOUT THAT SONG BUT NOW....

"LOVER, I LONG FOR THEE"? WHY, DEAR, DOES IT REMIND YOU OF SOMEONE?



OH, I SUPPOSE SO... A MAN I MET ON MY VACATION. HAD DINNER WITH HIM IN TOWN AFTERWARDS — JUST ONCE

ATTENTIVE OUTDOORS — INDIFFERENT INDOORS! WAS THE RESTAURANT CROWDED AND STUFFY? DID YOU DANCE?



YES, BUT WHAT'S THAT GOT TO DO WITH ANDY'S DROPPING ME?

SIMPLY THIS, DEAR, TO BE VERY FRANK...



YOU SAY HE MIGHT NOT NOTICE IT OUT IN THE AIR, BUT INSIDE... WHY, AUNT VI, YOU CAN'T MEAN I'VE BEEN GUILTY OF "B.O."

JUST A HINT, DEAR



LIFEBUOY'S THE NICEST SOAP! MAKES ME FEEL SO FRESH AND CLEAN. NO "B.O." NOW!



FOUND — one lost sweetheart! (since Lifebuoy ended "B.O.")

SO THIS IS YOUR ANDY

YOU BET I'M HER ANDY. FOR KEEPS!



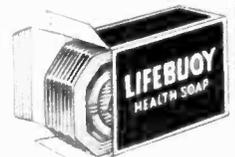
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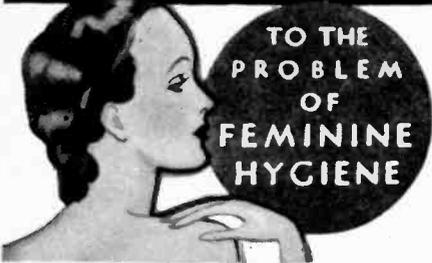
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**The Debbies Delight**

(Continued from page 29)

union. Eddie did so and this advice served to hurry along his career. It was at this same camp that Eddie began to bob his head instead of waving a baton to guide the rest of the outfit. He still bobs his head vigorously as he leads his orchestra, but he wears a full dress suit and a debonair gardenia in his button hole rather than khaki camping regalia.

In the summer of his Junior year at the College of Pharmacy, Eddie won a Leo Reisman audition and joined his orchestra at the Waldorf-Astoria. He returned to Boston in the autumn to finish school, graduating in 1929 as president of his class.

At that time Mr. Reisman made him another offer. Eddie didn't think he wanted to return to New York and play at the Casino, but Mr. Reisman finally induced him. So instead of joining his father in the pharmacy business, Eddie took a job as pianist with Leo Reisman at the Central Park Casino, and so popular was his tickling-of-the-ivories that within a year he was given an opportunity to organize his own outfit, featuring piano solos by Eddie Duchin. His personal recognition as pianist with Reisman at the Casino is due to cigarettes. To avoid smoking cigarettes, he remained at the piano playing solos during the orchestra's intermission. His unusual skill won unanimous approval of the patrons.

The secret of his romantic playing lies in letting his mind and soul rule his fingers, thereby expressing his personal feelings towards a number. He always sings to himself while he is playing to express his thoughts on the piano. He believes this creates an individual style as everyone does not sing or phrase in exactly the same way. He is completely oblivious to his surroundings when he plays, it almost seems as if he were in a trance, which may be the reason that gives his music its complete originality.

Eddie Duchin, with the nervous mannerisms of highly strung people, says: "I am a confirmed bachelor."

"Well, maybe! Always at the Casino there is at least one table full of adoring debutantes seated near the bandstand, but that's not all. Since his commercial programs of Rhinegold Beer and Lady Esther, plus his regular Casino broadcasts, Eddie Duchin Fan Clubs have sprung up all over the country. The latest one is from Ramsey, N. C., and Eddie told of it with appreciation and a childish delight.

"They have sixty members," he said and added, "and they are all girls."

Confirmed bachelor, huh? but for how long? He is tall, dark-haired and good looking!

He is very athletic but his mother put a stop to his track activities early in his school days, because he slipped and got his fingers stepped on. And Eddie's mother wisely was going to take no chances with those piano fingers, so today he takes it out in riding and swimming and particularly in golf.

Young though he is, Eddie Duchin has an amazingly level head on his shoulders. He has grit and a great deal of push behind his disposition. Success has not changed him in the least, and that's an acid test. He is as devoted to the boys in his orchestra as they are to him. True, he makes them work hours at a time with hard and steady practicing, but he never fails to encourage and praise them and they in turn appreciate that no matter how hard they work, Eddie works twice as hard, playing the piano himself and directing them. Eddie is determined to turn out only the best.

And with that in mind, he will eventually write music, for it is his ambition to become a composer. Watching his face while he plays the piano, you see and feel his absorbed interest and know he will go far.

Eddie Duchin says he will.

**You Ask Her Another**

(Continued from page 20)

A. Yes, I sang in operettas and musical comedy at the University a good many times.

Q. What did you do after you decided to take up music as a career?

A. I went to the Conservatory of Music at Cincinnati to continue my studies.

Q. How did you get your first break in radio?

A. It was pure chance. At a party in Cincinnati a man from WLW heard me sing and asked me to come up to the station for a one time program. I had always sung operatic and semi-classical numbers. But I got the idea that jazz would be better for the air. So for the first time in my life I sang a program of nothing but popular songs.

Q. What has brought you the greatest happiness in your personal life?

A. I guess my marriage has brought me more happiness than anything.

Q. And your husband is—?

A. That, I take it, is a rhetorical question. You must know he is Don Ross, the radio singer. He is also featured in the Follies.

Q. Do you find it a handicap having two careers in the same family?

A. On the contrary, we find it a great help. We both get a great kick out of helping each other with our work.

Q. And do you have anything else to add, Miss Froman?

A. Yes, I would like to go to lunch.

## Benny Laughs

(Continued from page 9)

In the seclusion of an NBC studio, out of reach of the audience, he has at last realized the thrill of playing his violin without fear of interruption or more dire results. And by way of a side remark, Jack Benny plays to a larger audience than Ysaye, or Kubelik ever dreamed of. Their glory passed before radio arrived.

If Benny ever had any rough edges, they've been polished smooth long since. His line is subtle, soft and keen, his entertainment is suave, satirical, ironic. He doesn't have to beat a drum or ring bells to get his laughs. He is thoroughly sophisticate. The only trace of Waukegan is that he sounds the "g" in singer.

This pleasant unctuousness isn't entirely natural with Jack. It's just part of the act. In real life he is given to floor-pacing and fidgety finger-biting before he goes into his patter either on the stage or the air. He never smoked until two years ago, and doesn't go in for it much now—but he plays around with an unlighted cigar when he's nervous. Once facing his audience, though, visible or invisible, Jack becomes the U. S. Marine and has the situation well in hand.

In person he is a slender, kindly, rather serious chap, something short of six feet, with hair that has been gradually greying since his boyhood, and blue eyes that hold a glint of humor. There is a sort of family resemblance between Mr. Benny and Phil Baker and there's a dash of Jack Warner, the movie man, too. Not enough to matter. But enough to cause him to be mistaken for each of them by the sort of persons who identify accused unfortunates before juries. It is difficult to imagine him indulging in a cutting crack or a sarcasm except professionally. He dresses well, and quietly, usually in blue that goes with his eyes—or grey that matches up with his hair. He gets a laugh from a good story, and enjoys the joking of Stephen Leacock and Robert Benchley.

He collaborates with a gentleman

named Cohn, who looks anything but a humorist, in the preparation of his radio material. "We just get into a crazy mood," he says, "and let 'er go." The effect must be good, for his sponsors permit him all sorts of liberty in the material he offers. Jack has never offended, and free from interference is enabled to put together a program that brings results, both to audience and sponsors.

He has the great faculty of being one of the audience himself. He puts himself on their side. He knows for instance, that "commercials" are the bane of the air. And in his broadcasts he allies himself with the listeners who seek to avoid them. He appears to be in constant battle with the announcer, doing his best to prevent the name of the product even being mentioned. In this way more plugs are slipped in than could be otherwise, for they're done in a laughing, kidding way which cannot be resented.

**J**ACK is not one who insists that he have all the smart lines. On the contrary, he knows that most of the world is on the receiving end of the wisecracks, so, especially in his radio programs Jack "takes it" more times than he dishes it out. Everyone has a laugh at his expense. But the sympathy of the audience is with Jack—and the Benny pay-check is the largest.

Jack's type of fun-making is essentially intimate. He does best when he can gather his audience around a figurative fireside. In the theatre he walks out on a runway to get closer to them. On the air he sees to it that the whole proceeding doesn't appear too professional, too studied. He'd rather risk a slight semblance of amateurishness than to sacrifice the intimate, impromptu nature of his entertainment.

His preference as a medium is radio as against stage or screen. But he's looking forward to television so that he may still play his fiddle in safety—and be sure that the audience knows that he's really fiddling.

## When a Girl Marries a Musician

(Continued from page 17)

about twice each day and comes down in dressing gown and pajamas to have coffee and romp with David before he goes to work on the piano.

It was almost twenty years ago that Isham was leader of a three piece orchestra in Paul Mahoney's club in Chicago. There were three pieces, violin, drums, and saxophone. There was also a singer named Margie Kirk.

Margie admitted, "I fell for Isham right away. He was different—and indifferent. You know how he is now. He always scares people. Well, he scared me. He'd work with me on my songs all right, but he was awfully surly about it. I'd go home and cry

my eyes out after an evening of working with him, because I thought he was wonderful, and he wouldn't pay any attention to me."

But Isham eventually let down and flashed one of those smiles at Margie. Before she left Mahoney's to go on the road in vaudeville, he had dropped his aloof manner, and declared that she was some girl.

An ex-professional herself, Margie understood better than the average girl the stern demands made upon Isham's time. She formed her own philosophy about squelching the jealousy that creeps into professional lives, and built her life around his. She had repeat-

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edly picked up bag and baggage and moved with her husband everywhere from coast to coast, left friends and familiar surroundings to settle in a brand new spot. Business acquaintances spring up like mushrooms, but personal friends, so necessary to a woman, are not so plentiful.

Though the sound of a piano has always penetrated their home, Margie still detects every new melody that Isham "discovers" when he's roaming over the keys, and knows that another song hit is about to be born.

She's able to be of some assistance—she says—not much—to Isham. He likes to have her sing all his new songs for him, and she steps back into the role of Margie Kirk and "puts it over" for her husband.

Margie wears plain black dresses, and

bright red dresses because Isham likes them. Her apartment is rich with colour. There were red curtains in the ante-room, and Isham likes the lamp with the bright shade best of all.

She concluded for me that he is just a grand, big kid, who must be humored and, occasionally, patted on the shoulder.

While he was running over chords and trills on the piano, and whistling, a lyric writer dropped in. Isham went right on playing, scarcely hearing what the man said. Then he jumped up and exclaimed, "New York is a terrible place. You never have any time to yourself," and strode out on the balcony.

Margie made a face and smiled. "He hasn't changed a bit, has he?" she said, "God love him."

## Hot and Airy

(Continued from page 5)

one for sale. It was left him by an aunt who died recently.

Well, well, here is news! Some song writers and publishers have gotten together for the avowed purpose of preventing popular songs from being done to death on the air. They have organized a sort of a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Songs. They hope to regulate the number of times a week a song may be rendered and thus prolong its life. It's a good trick if they can do it.

## NUDES OF A WEDDING

May Singhi Breen's daughter, Rita Lherie Breen, is now a member of the United States Army—by marriage, of course. . . . She became the bride of Lieutenant Byram Bunch, of the U. S. A. Aviation Corps, and sailed away with her husband for a two years' stay in Hawaii. . . . In that tropical country, garments are a problem which the natives solve by not having any garments. . . . But at that, it is doubtful if the dusky damsels there wear as little as those who helped celebrate at Lt. and Mrs. Bunch's wedding supper. . . . That event was staged in the Paradise cabaret at Broadway and 47th street, New York, where they won't hire a girl entertainer with a mole bigger than a pin-head. . . . Larger blemishes create the illusion of being partly clad and that would be fatal at a resort like the Paradise, where none but nudes may enter the garden of Eden. . . . Anyway, the wedding party was a great success. . . . Paul Whiteman, who has known Rita since her childhood, saw to that. . . . But Lt. Bunch's brother officers had a time of it keeping their minds on the business at hand, what with trying to locate vaccination marks and one thing and another.

The next morning NBC's Ukulele Queen and her husband, Peter de Rose, devoted their program to a "Good Luck and a God Bless You" send-off for the young people. . . . May had a

quaver in her voice and when they went off the air broke down and wept. . . . After all, only daughters don't get married every day.

A voice specialist advised Charles Carlile to drink a glass of water when the singer reported he was having trouble with his vocal cords. "When do I take it, before or after singing?" asked Carlile. "Instead", was the retort. Wasn't he an old meanie?

As sort of a friend of the family, Muriel Pollock, NBC pianist, went with Paul Whiteman and his band into the recording room to watch them make a record. Muriel, whose middle name, if she had one, would be Enthusiasm, sat in the seven heavens of delight during the process. Paul waved his baton for the final note of the number, and Miss Pollock, without waiting for the "all-over" signal from the control room, exclaimed, "Oh, that's just GRAND!" It necessitated making the record over but there was one less person present when it was done. And the missing one wasn't Paul.

## PAUL PAYS THE PIPER

**YOU'D** be surprised to know who Paul Whiteman's first sponsor was. . . . No, it wasn't one of those ciggie concerns that think nothing of paying a King's ransom for a single broadcast. . . . It was an Italian fruit stand man. . . . This interesting event occurred in Paul Whiteman's home town of Denver and he was a chubby lad of seven at the time. . . . Paul, whose skill with a violin was familiar to the neighbors, was engaged to play on the sidewalk in front of the stand to attract customers. . . . The arrangement was that he was to get all the bananas he could eat. . . . Tony thought that liberal pay for "de kid wid de fid". . . . But this sponsored program was never finished—in public. . . . Paul's mother chanced along and took her young hopeful home by the ear, thus disappointing a large

group of music lovers. . . . There was a finale to the concert—but it was conducted by Paul's pa in the Whiteman woodshed.

Bet you'll be surprised as Mercury was to learn there is a real Hawaiian in Columbia's "Oahu Serenaders". He is Alex Hoapili, who came to America as a ship's musician. The other three Hawaiians were born in West Virginia, Kansas and Buffalo.

**A LITTLE BIRD SAYS**

The Voice of Experience has applied for a \$100,000 life insurance policy. What's the matter—are listeners getting tough? . . . Ramona's last name is Davies. Her husband was a tuba tooter in Don Bestor's band when she married him. . . . Big Freddy Miller, Columbia baritone, used to be an orchestra director. None other than Dave Rubinoff was a violinist in his first organization. . . . Edward Nell, Jr., goes in for sun baths. . . . Andre Baruch, Columbia teller-who, is a licensed aviator. . . . Although only 28, Will Osborne is called "Pop" by the boys in his orchestra. . . . Arthur Allen, NBC character actor, collects Indian shawls. . . . Singin' Sam has a home in Richmond, Ind., built with his songs of the '90's. . . . Karl Landt, of the Landt Trio and White, is ambitious to sing operatic roles.

**I**F you write a letter to Katherine Carrington, singing star of "An Evening in Paris", Columbia's Sunday night musical period, you'll get a reply or an acknowledgement. Miss Carrington never fails to answer fan mail. It is a religious rite with her because when she was a girl she wrote a note to an actress whom she adored. The star never answered and Katherine vowed then and there, if she ever attained success, she would never, never treat anybody that mean. And she never has.

**ROXY A GOOD MIXER?**

Talk about your audience response! . . . In the ten years that he has been broadcasting Samuel L. Rothafel—Roxy, to you—has received over 6,000,000 letters. . . . Who would ever think that a former bartender could serve so many customers? . . . For Roxy, you know, launched his career as a showman from the back room of his father-in-law's saloon in Forest City, Pa., an anthracite coal mining town. . . . He rented a projection machine and snatched from his mother-in-law a bed sheet, which he tacked up against the rear wall for a screen. . . . Then he borrowed chairs from a friendly undertaker (all undertakers are friendly). . . . Of course, when there was a funeral, Roxy couldn't give a show and the deceased was thus assured of one genuine mourner!

David Ross, 1932 medal diction winning Columbia announcer, sent the first copy of his book, "Poet's Gold", to President Roosevelt.

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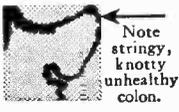
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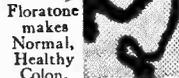
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## Crazy People

(Continued from page 11)

professional. If you don't find one couple at home, you will corner them in one of the other two apartments. A party at any of the three apartments would convince you that it is merely a continuation of a show or a broadcast. Despite his habitually worried expression, Jack Benny is what is known as a natural, or hunch man. His humor, while studied, is also spontaneous, as is that of George Burns. From their conversations, many gags and humorous situations are born. Pearl, on the other hand consults specialists about his scripts.

Despite their spontaneity, however, neither Benny nor Burns gets the credit for conceiving the greatest stunt ever to characterize the Burns and Allen broadcasts. This, of course, you'll remember as the memorable disappearance of Gracie's brother. The idea originated in the brain of an agency employee at the J. Walter Thompson advertising agency which handles the Robert Burns and White Owl accounts. The publicity staff at Columbia furthered the plan by arranging to have Gracie butt into other broadcasts in search of the missing relative.

**I**T was on one of those occasions that I met Gracie in the studio, and at this visit to her home she recalled it.

I was looking for a paragraph and asked Gracie if she actually had a brother. It seems she did have one. And then I wanted to know how he felt about being exploited in such a dizzy manner over coast-to-coast networks.

The question caused Gracie to flush. "I'll show you how he feels," she said. She opened her handbag and withdrew a telegram. It was from her brother in Los Angeles, which is the native habitation of Gracie and her family.

The telegram must have burned up the wires. Brother was peevish. He was employed in a clerical position in Los Angeles, and most of his associates knew that he was Gracie's brother. Thus, when the disappearance stunt materialized, the young man, who is rather sensitive, was made the butt of many a jest in his office, and once, at the instance of some wag, was picked up on the street and taken to a police station and questioned.

If Gracie, who had not foreseen all this, had been given her way, she would have stopped the exploitation of her brother. But it was too late. The idea became a nation-wide joke. The show just had to go on, and the brother just had to take it.

He kept his head, too. After a couple of weeks had passed, he was flooded with offers to go into vaudeville and the movies, the newsreels and in every other branch of the entertainment business, but he realized that it was all flash stuff, and he wanted to keep his job.

"I'm no actor, and least of all a comedian," he said, "and I'm not going

to let a few thousand bucks turn me away from my serious work. I don't like being laughed at."

And he kept right on at his job.

For several weeks, however, he could not get away from the fact that he was perhaps the most talked-of man in America.

Radio is notable for the fact that its married stars seldom are afflicted with domestic trouble. Burns and Allen provide an inspiring example of a happy married life. They are perennial sweethearts, and they owe their happiness to a code devised by them when they first teamed up about eleven years ago. Aware of the petty jealousies that crop up between partners over applause, etc., they decided to avoid first of all the quarrels that precede and follow dressing room squabbles by arranging always to occupy separate dressing rooms. They religiously refrain from speaking with each other an entire hour before a performance, and an hour after it, to avert any such things as recriminations over a bad break in an act. They have tabooed the popular superstitions backstage, and if Gracie breaks a mirror by accident, George will smash one purposely.

That happened once, on a Friday 13. Gracie dropped a hand mirror, and shouted to George, informing him of the misfortune. George promptly smashed a \$50 mirror over his dressing table.

Twenty-four hours later they had been signed for their first radio series.

"That," George explained, "put an end to all superstition that may have been lurking in the back of our heads."

The Burns-Allen romance was a hectic adventure. Gracie, through several years with George, was in love with a song writer, and only by high-pressure wooing was Burns able to win his professional aide over to a love-partnership.

**T**HERE are times when Gracie suffers depression. On one of these occasions, she won the nickname "Googie." Burns never calls her by any other name.

It was about two years ago, on a rainy afternoon that Gracie was feeling very low. George tried in every way to make her smile. He stood on his head. He went out and came back with a false mustache on his lip. He made faces. But Gracie only frowned.

Finally, in desperation, George again stood on his head, and began shouting, "Googie, Googie."

A smile at last relaxed Gracie's facial muscles, and then she became hysterical with laughter.

From that moment, she was "Googie" Allen.

### WATCH NEXT MONTH!

The best issue yet of your new favorite fan magazine, RADIO MIRROR, filled with surprises, interest, gorgeous new photographs, thrilling stories, gossip and news.

## Cooking with the Stars

(Continued from page 43)

flavor. Allow to cook about 30 minutes to the pound under a very low flame. Test with a long fork to see if meat is sufficiently cooked. The skin is loose and the meat is tender. Remove the skin from ham while it is still warm. Allow to cool, and sprinkle with brown sugar, put in cloves, and sprinkle with more brown sugar. Bake in a hot oven for about 40 minutes.

Many radio artists do not cook themselves, but as Jacques Fray says they are well acquainted with the kitchen, and for himself he can eat anytime.

Mario Braggiotti, the Italian piano player, is a famed cook, and he offers you these Ravioli that are our conception of perfection in the art of Italian cookery.

### ITALIAN RAVIOLI

#### CHICKEN GRAVY

- 1 chicken cut as for frying
- ½ cup olive oil
- 1 tall can Italian tomatoes
- ½ can tomato paste

Cook the tomatoes over a moderate flame. Fry the chicken in olive oil until golden brown; remove and put chicken in tomatoes. Cook the tomato paste for one hour. Boil the chicken and tomatoes one hour and then mix together; cook three hours.

## We Give a Valentine Party

(Continued from page 41)

tight waistline give any woman twice the allure than do the sophisticated clothes of today.

This menu appeals to you because of its simplicity and because there are none of the last minute touches that take so long to arrange.

#### Cocktails

- Heart Shaped Hors d'Oeuvres
- Lime and Cucumber Salad

#### Cold Cuts

- Crabmeat and Shrimp in Casserole
- Heart and Ginger Bread Men Cakes
- Candies Nuts

For the cocktails we will leave that to your own judgment and the extent of your liquor bar; although gin and rye are most popular as a base.

For the hors d'oeuvres the most intriguing canapés may be made. Get a heart shaped cutter, or make one of very strong cardboard. Then toast the forms and spread with butter or mayonnaise. Some may be spread with sardine paste, and the edge garnished with thin strips of tomato, with a thin slice of olive or finely chopped white of egg made in a mound in the center. Another may spread with anchovy paste, garnish the edges with finely chopped white or yoke of egg with attractive curl of thin sliced pimento.

The cold cuts are always popular; sliced tongue, liverwurst, minced ham and salami. These may be arranged

Meanwhile make the dough.

- 3 cups flour
- 3 eggs
- ¾ cup warm water

Put the flour on a board, and make a hole in center with your hand; break in eggs, and mix in gradually with flour; when this is mixed well slowly add the water. Knead with hands until ready to roll. Divide into three parts of dough. Roll a layer of dough as thin as possible.

#### POT CHEESE

- 1 pound pot cheese
- 2 eggs
- ¼ teaspoon black pepper

Mix these thoroughly.

Place 1 teaspoon of cheese on dough 2 inches apart; fold over part of this dough, and keep ends together by clasping with tongues of fork.

Cut with biscuit cutter. Boil these in about two gallons of boiling water to which has been added a hand full of salt. Cook about twenty minutes. This makes about sixty Ravioli. Strain the chicken from the liquid and after Italian grated cheese has been sprinkled over the biscuits pour over the hot gravy.

in circular form around a large platter, or a line of minced ham followed by liverwurst, tongue or salami.

A very attractive salad is to use package of lime jello, mix in a can of shredded pineapple, and diced cucumber. After the ingredients are thoroughly mixed place in a mold and chill well. An interesting dressing for this salad is half mayonnaise and half whipped cream. Red pepper or pimento for garnishing.

The hot dish is crabmeat and shrimp au gratin. This will serve about 12 guests.

#### CRABMEAT AND SHRIMP AU GRATIN

- 2 tins crabmeat
- 2 jars shrimp
- 4 tablespoons flour
- ½ cup cream
- 2 cups hot milk
- 1½ tablespoons Sherry flavoring
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1¾ teaspoons pepper
- Parmesan grated cheese
- ½ jar sliced stuffed olives
- 1 tablespoon Worcestershire Sauce
- 4 tablespoons butter

Make the white sauce with butter, flour, milk and the cream. Combine crabmeat, shrimp, sherry flavoring, seasoning, and olives. Mix well and then

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Coast-to-Coast Success  
**OPPORTUNITY TO MAKE UP TO \$60 TO \$300 A WEEK AT HOME**

### NO HOUSE-TO-HOUSE— Experience Unnecessary— No Costly Machine to Buy

The new coast-to-coast food hit. You work at home, chips come to you all ready made. Simply drop into hot grease and they're ready to eat! No complicated work, no experience, no failures! Opportunity to make up to \$30 first day, and high as \$60 to \$300 week clear! Not a machine. No need to buy special equipment. Stores do your selling for you. A phenomenal success! Sells faster than potato chips, do-nuts. Magic Cheese Chips are big, fluffy, giant-size chips bigger than potato chips. Irresistible taste makes them act like an appetizer. The more you eat the more you want to eat and you never get filled up! It's a revelation! Crowds Maine to California devouring thousands of pounds weekly!

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until you have sold yourself on the possibilities. You must sell yourself first before we permit you to invest and our novel plan enables you to do so without cost!

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and mail me, with your name and address, to Christy, Inc., 1877 Union St., Newark, New York. I will bring you a free sample of Christy's magic polishing Cloth and full details how you, as our Local Manager, have an opportunity to make \$5 to \$10 a day extra in your spare time.

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Frances Lonsdale has thick, wavy hair although at one time it was believed her hair roots were dead. She used Kotalko and now it can GROW!

"New hair came almost immediately after I began using Kotalko, and kept on growing" writes Mr. H. A. Wild. "In a short time I had a splendid head of hair, which has been perfect ever since."

Many other men and women attest that hair has stopped falling, dandruff has been eliminated, or new luxuriant hair growth has been developed where roots were alive, after using Kotalko.

Are your hair roots alive but dormant? If so, why not use Kotalko to stimulate new growth of hair? Kotalko is sold at drug stores everywhere.

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If you are a victim (man or woman) of the recent economic depression—or a woman who wants to add to the family income—or a man or woman beyond middle age and dependent upon others—or a recent college graduate not yet located—or a student wondering how to earn your year's tuition—or a boy or girl desirous of turning your spare time into money—no matter who you are, if you have exhausted your resources and must earn money—this book will prove a sound and helpful guide to you.

The 1,000 practical, money-making plans outlined in its pages were not created out of the imagination. They are true reports of what thousands of people are actually doing at the present time to earn extra money. The plans have been tried, and have been found practical, successful and profitable.

### Authentic Sources

Says the author regarding this remarkable and timely work—"Exhaustive and painstaking research was necessary to obtain the 1,000 money-making suggestions comprising this book. Every available source was tapped. Special thanks and acknowledgement is extended to The U. S. Department of Labor, the Bureau of Home Economics, the Children's Bureau, the Office of Education, the Department of Agriculture, the Department of the Interior, the Congressional Library, and the Superintendent of the United States Government Printing Office for supplying the writer with all available documents, bulletins and publications."

Written to fill an immediate and pressing need this exhaustive compilation and description of over one thousand ways to turn spare time into money is now available to every one needing it. No matter what your state or condition, age or sex it will offer at least one and probably many suggestions which you may be able to turn quickly into money. It has been priced so as to be within the reach of all—\$1.00 postpaid in the United States and Canada—to foreign countries \$1.25. Order today before the supply is exhausted.

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pour into the white sauce. Put into a casserole and sprinkle the top with the cheese. Bake in a hot oven for about fifteen minutes, or until nice golden brown.

The heart shaped sponge cakes are easily made. This recipe if cakes are carefully cut out will make about thirty cakes.

- 4 eggs
- 8 tablespoons hot water
- 1 1/4 cups sugar
- 1/2 teaspoon lemon extract
- 2 cups flour
- 3 teaspoons baking powder

Beat the egg whites until stiff and then add half of the sugar; add hot water to the egg yolks and beat until thick, then add the other half of the sugar, and lemon extract gradually, meanwhile continually beating. Add whites and fold in, add the flour and baking powder that has been sifted together, fold this in well and place in

deep cake pans, cook in moderate oven for about 30 to 40 minutes.

Ice the cakes after they have been cut into shapes and cooled. Make a plain white frosting of sugar and butter, add chocolate, and other coloring to desired amount of white frosting.

### GINGER BREAD MEN

- 1/3 cup butter
- 2/3 cup boiling water
- 1 cup molasses
- 1 egg, well beaten
- 2 3/4 cups flour
- 1/2 teaspoon soda
- 1 1/2 teaspoons baking powder
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon, ginger
- 1/4 teaspoon clove

Melt the butter in water, add molasses, egg and dry ingredients mixed and sifted. Bake in buttered shallow pan about 40 minutes, in a moderate oven. Shape into forms before baking.

## They're Funny That Way

(Continued from page 19)

delighted the prospective sponsors listening in New York, and within 24 hours were in possession of their first commercial contract.

It was in Cleveland that Gene and Glenn, who formerly had been Ford and Glenn, just another singing and piano-playing team, that a similar outrage was perpetrated, and Gene and Glenn might have gone along unnoticed for years, warbling and pounding keys if they had not been required to ad lib through a program. In that instant, their famous Jake and Lena were born. The characters became an overnight hit, and it was no time at all before Gene and Glenn were air aces, and on the payroll of an appreciative sponsor.

It was Downey likewise who was playing at a Cleveland Theatre, the Palace, when I flew to that city recently to meet Lum and Abner. I was foolish enough to telegraph Downey to expect me. When, the next midnight I paid a visit to Downey at his swanky apartment in the Lake Shore Hotel, I was greeted by a group of policemen who at Downey's instigation, had been sent to apprehend me and a representative of the National Broadcasting Company on a particularly atrocious charge involving a felony.

Only press credentials and a way with the police saved me from solitary incarceration. As it was I argued the cops into taking Downey along with us, and the three of us spent the entire night in a cell. We should have been "sprung" an hour after the arrest, but a nosy politician, hostile to the police, wandered in and had to be virtually kidnapped and taken to other regions before the police would take a chance on releasing us. During the interval, Downey purposely started half a dozen fights with fellow prisoners just to liven up the evening. A near-riot followed, and we left the cell-block in a badly

damaged condition—the cells, I mean; not us!

One of the most unkind stunts ever pulled had for its victims the "Sweethearts of the Air," May Singhī Breen and Peter De Rose. They were awakened by a phone call one night, told that it was the NBC calling. A sponsor was in from the West and wanted to hear a number by them. They might get the commercial. There wasn't time, the joker explained, for the team to come to the studio. The sponsor would listen on the phone.

Peter placed the telephone on the piano, and he and May went into their newest repertoire. The sponsor was appreciative. He kept them singing and playing for an hour, and then hung up.

They learned next day they had been playing for a crowd of studio employes, who had foregathered in a speakeasy, and that each joker was given a turn at listening in.

There is a perennial gag in all radio studios by which a woman is employed by the officials to heckle the audition men. She marches in to the studio, demands to be heard, and the young man assigned to auditions is very polite. The officials of the studio are in another room listening through a mike line. In the midst of the audition, which is consistently terrible, the woman asks how she is doing. The victim of the gag tells her, "not so well". Then she screams and demands to know if she has come to a place where she must sacrifice her honor to get an opportunity to broadcast. She denounces the young man in no uncertain terms and at the moment when the arrival of the police seems imminent, the doors are opened and the jokers have their laugh.

Olson and Johnson nearly wrecked their radio careers by indulging in a gag. Arriving in New York from Chi-

cago, they sent like monkeys to all the columnists. The monkeys become such a nuisance and caused so much editorial havoc that the columnist considered for a time, banning the names of the funny pair.

Stoopnagle and Budd, in their earlier broadcasts made much ado over cellophane umbrellas. The invention, intended to be silly, was born in the brain of Stoopnagle. One of the WABC production men devised a stunt. He would make up a cellophane umbrella and drag it into the studio during a Stoopnagle and Budd program, and thus disconcert the comedians. He car-

ried out the plan, and it succeeded. The umbrella was thoroughly exploited. But the man who made it never thought of having it patented. But in a midwestern town a listener gave the notion some serious thought. He bought a lot of cellophane. He made umbrellas with it. And he patented them, and sold them. He found that they would shield seashore bathers from the possibility of sunburn, while allowing light to pass. He made a small fortune.

On that occasion, the joke was on the joker, and a dose of that kind of humor is hard to take.

## How Gadski Saved Radio

(Continued from page 33)

with the manufacture of products assigned to that factory unit than it was in amusing the public. Yet every one in the place had caught the radio fever, and innately were proud of the fact that, "Oh!, yes, we work at WJZ," which became the new name for the plant. Already the sub-plants that radio caused everywhere were in progress.

The works manager, a seasoned, hard-headed business executive admiring radio, but more concerned about the destinies of the manufacturing business, had about reached the point where—"I want this radio thing shut down, it is complicating everything around here and I have had about enough of it."

Here was a problem. What was to be done?

Our works manager was a German of the old school, kindly but thorough, and a strict disciplinarian, and his word was law. "Now," said we radio corruptibles, "How can we get around the law?"

In the midst of our dilemma the 'phone rang, and Charles D. Isaacson was on the other end.

"Would you consider a broadcast engagement for Mme. Johanna Gadski?" was Mr. Isaacson's query.

"Can't we talk it over," I replied, amazed at the coincidence of the call.

We did. Arrangements were completed, and then the unbending of the works manager began so that we would not get "the works." I knew he was a great musical admirer of Gadski and in the palmy days had journeyed many times to the Metropolitan to hear her sing in that splendid period when Eclat and fine singers were the accepted fact at the opera, and Gadski was a personality.

In the meantime the war brought with it many regrettable circumstances of those trying days—one of the most regrettable being the rather silly attitude toward German opera, augmented by the harrowing details of the first German successes and all that was published, true and otherwise, the Welland Canal episode, and Herr Tauscher's connection with that scandal. (Mme. Gadski was the wife of Herr Tauscher). But—the war was over. This was the year of our Lord 1921 with new hopes, newer aspects and the newest sort of an

opera company at the "Met" following the complete dismissal of the German artists after our declaration of war, which strangely enough was declared on a night that a number of the German artists were singing De Koven's opera, "The Canterbury Pilgrims" with Herr. Sembach, Mme. Ober and others singing in very broken English, and pronounced German accent. Mme. Ober made a rather tactless declaration when the news was broken back stage that war was declared between United States and Germany. And—

All this arose as a grim spectre when we announced—"Mme. Johanna Gadski, in a program of Wagnerian arias and German lieder" Our works manager sort of forgot his petulance with the radio and its disturbing influence upon the calm scene of placid manufacture in his admiration of Gadski. In addition to my interview with Madame she autographed a picture for "the big boss" which pleased him very much, and all talk of banishing the radio for a time ceased. But did it?

**A**NOTHER reaction reared its head. The American Legion as well as various other patriotic societies phoned and wrote and telegraphed. Yes there were telegrams with 50 and 75 names signed to them formally protesting the appearance of this very fine artist on the radio. There were moments of grave doubt, alas! my panacea for holding the radio at Newark turned into an excruciating crisis. I stopped a letter just in time to Mme. Gadski cancelling the radio date which the management was dispatching to the prima donna. The big boss sent for me. I understood I was to be executed, but in the words of the song, I was strangely "unafraid". I walked into his office very confidently but nearly succumbed to a managerial tirade that, however, only succeeded in reducing my emotion to a minimum and caused me, by the very false reasoning that was adduced, to think, and what was more to the point, to speak thoroughly and clearly on the subject in defense of the rights of all concerned. Concluding by saying that—"Art knows no flag, and only art endures". In addition to which I felt it was time to relieve ourselves from the restraints and the many hum-

## WHY GET



Science Finds New Way to Remove Germ Cause and Activate Dormant Roots to Stimulate Hair Growth

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A germ called "Flask Bacilla of Unna" gets deep into the scalp skin in many cases of abnormal hair deficiency, causing a most dangerous type of dandruff. It clogs up pores and hair follicles, causing itchy scalp, falling hair and prevents dormant hair roots (papilla) from growing new hair. Washing and shampooing does not remove the cause. It merely cleanses and treats the surface, rolling off the outer skin like water off a duck's back. No wonder baldness is increasing.

Now a new discovery enables people who have dandruff, falling hair and thin hair to harmlessly remove the congested, thin outer layer of scalp skin. This permits opened pores to breathe in air, sunshine and absorb a penetrating, stimulating scalp-foam to activate the smothered, dormant hair roots and grow new hair. It is the most sensational discovery in the history of falling hair. It is all explained in a new treatise called "GROW HAIR," showing "anatomy of your hair" and tells what to do. This treatise is now being mailed FREE to all who write for it. Send no money, just name and address to Dermolay Lab., Desk H332, No. 1700 Broadway, New York, N. Y., and you get it by return mail free and post-paid. If pleased, tell your friends about it.

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bug features of this as well as every other war.

"Will you take the responsibility?" queried the boss.

"Most willingly", was my brief reply. And then I tore up the letter cancelling Mme. Gadski's first radio appearance. The car we sent for her could not get over the congested ferries, and then the great trouper instinct triumphed, and the lovable Gadski got out of the car and came over on the Hudson tube, despite the fact that she was formally dressed as though she was to sing in a great concert auditorium. Again the threats were made that the radio station would be picketed and our artist prevented from entering.

"What about this?" roared the management.

"What about the police, let's call them—or no, don't have them in evidence, but just around the corner in case we need them. Personally I don't think we will."

**A**ND we didn't, not knowing Gadski had switched to the Hudson tubes in order to make time. She arrived in a taxi at the wrong entrance, the general factory gate, but a big, good natured German who knew Gadski and his opera as well, was "tickled pink" to conduct her through the plant to where the studios were located, and while we were all in a huddle discussing a small group who had gathered in front of the studio entrance (who proved to be Newark music lovers to get a glimpse of Gadski), a little side door from the factory adjoining the studios opened, and the big broad smiling face of our German American factory policeman appeared, and we were all amazed to see directly behind him our Prima Donna and her party coming through a side door. Safe and sound and unexpected—and what a real person Gadski was. Everyone sighed a great sigh of relief. With perfect poise Madame re-

moved her wraps, walked over to the piano and tried the acoustics of the room.

And Oh! That black beast of radio, that big, bad wolf, acoustics—the radio concert started—phones rang all evening—music lovers commending our stand, a few die-hards still protesting, but telegrams told the story. They poured in to the station and to the singer. We had broken the ice for German music to be programmed again. It was at this point that I went out to the entrance to show some of the telegrams to what I thought was a hostile crowd in front of the plant, when to my amazement I discovered we had a stage door. It was then my foolhardy courage induced me to invite them all in. I say all, there were about 20 people, and were they thrilled!

And coming back to acoustics. As Madame sang the simpler German lieder, no great problem developed. But then the great Valkyrie from her rock delivered herself of Brunnhilda's cry, and all modulation vanished. The radio tubes screamed in turn for a scientific aspirin, the radio men concerned with modulation did not know Brunnhilda personally, and could see no reason for her great outbursts which form one of the great moments of the Ring dramas. Well, the technical men were not so technical in their language and wanted to know if there was murder being committed in the studio, or had the Legion broken in and captured Gadski, Brunnhilda, et al—

"No, no, no, LummoX, it's a scene from a great opera."

"You and your G. D. opera, it's got everything ruined up here. Quiet her down". I wonder what Mr. Henderson, Pitts Sanborn, Strauss, and the Music Critic Fraternity would have done had they heard this choice admonition from the radio shack to "quiet her down", Brunnhilda, to think of it and one of her finest interpreters, after a great

career in the role, is told to "pipe down". Shades of art and artistic tradition!

Out of this experience was born draping studios to kill resonance, as well as a real attempt to improve microphones and their range. In fact Gadski caused a real revolution, and not a political but a scientific one. At least she accelerated it, for we know that science is aware of re-actions and their consequences, but the human element needs just the acceleration that this more or less radio fiasco caused to make it appreciate the great opportunities that are wasted on it. There was no question of Gadski's art, but Oh! the lessons it taught those concerned with the artistic up-bringing of radio broadcasting.

Well, the morning after the night before proved many things, but best of all it asserted the fact that we were running the radio station, and that programs had to be judged after they were performed, not before, and professional patriotism was completely routed.

Some mighty fine communications were addressed to the station from real thinking people, commending our stand, and while they were lenient with the technical difficulties of the broadcast, they were aware of the cultural effect of opening up the German anthology of music for public performance in German, or English.

**I**T proves among other things, gentlemen", was my calm observation, next day, "that we will be required to inaugurate a state department for radio, in view of the international complications arising from the presentation of a superb artist to the microphone of WJZ last evening". And Gadski never knew a thing about any of the problems that her initial broadcast involved. We kept them from her.

Thank you, this is Thomas H. Cowan, signing off.

## Post-Volstead Etiquette

(Continued from page 40)

Hot Toddy—Tapered tumbler, 7 to 9 ounce.

Moselle Wine—Emerald Bowl, 4 ounce wine glass.

Old Fashioned—Heavy bottom, wide tapered tumbler, 6 to 7 ounce or regular Old Fashioned glass.

Port—Wine glass, 3 ounce.

Sauterne—Wine glass, 4 ounce, gold or yellow bowl.

Sherry—Narrow wine glass, 2 ounce.

Whiskey Sour—Goblet, 5 ounce.

Whiskey Straight—2½ to 3 ounce tumbler, no matter what the whiskey cost, a smaller drink insults your guest.

And for the sophisticated hostess caviar is the most delectable accompaniment for the hors d'oeuvres. Caviar for an appetizer is a smart beginning for a formal dinner, luncheon, tea or for the informal gathering, dinner or party. With the cocktail a plate of hors d'oeuvres consisting of caviar and crab and lobster paste, liver, anchovy and sardine pastes present a very attractive combination.

Some interesting and new ways of serving caviar:

Cut toast in triangles and spread with mayonnaise, in center place caviar then on either side put red pepper and the finely chopped green pepper.

Stuff crisp stalks of celery with cream cheese and spread over with caviar, sprinkle with paprika and chill.

Cover open ends of stuffed olive with a mixture of cream cheese and anchovy paste mixed together, sprinkle top with caviar and serve on cracker or toast.

Make a small ball of cream cheese, roll in caviar, place on buttered toast and place very thin strips of pimento across the ball. Arrange tiny sprigs of parsley around platter for added decorativeness.

The many ways of making hors d'oeuvres attractive are innumerable, and each of you can concoct fancy garnishes of your own liking.

"Helen Morgan Can't Help Lovin' That Man." Helen's career has been glamorous but the most glamorous thing about her whole life was her unusual elopement with a younger man. Read how this marriage has changed her whole life. You'll find it in the March issue of RADIO MIRROR



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