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MIRROR

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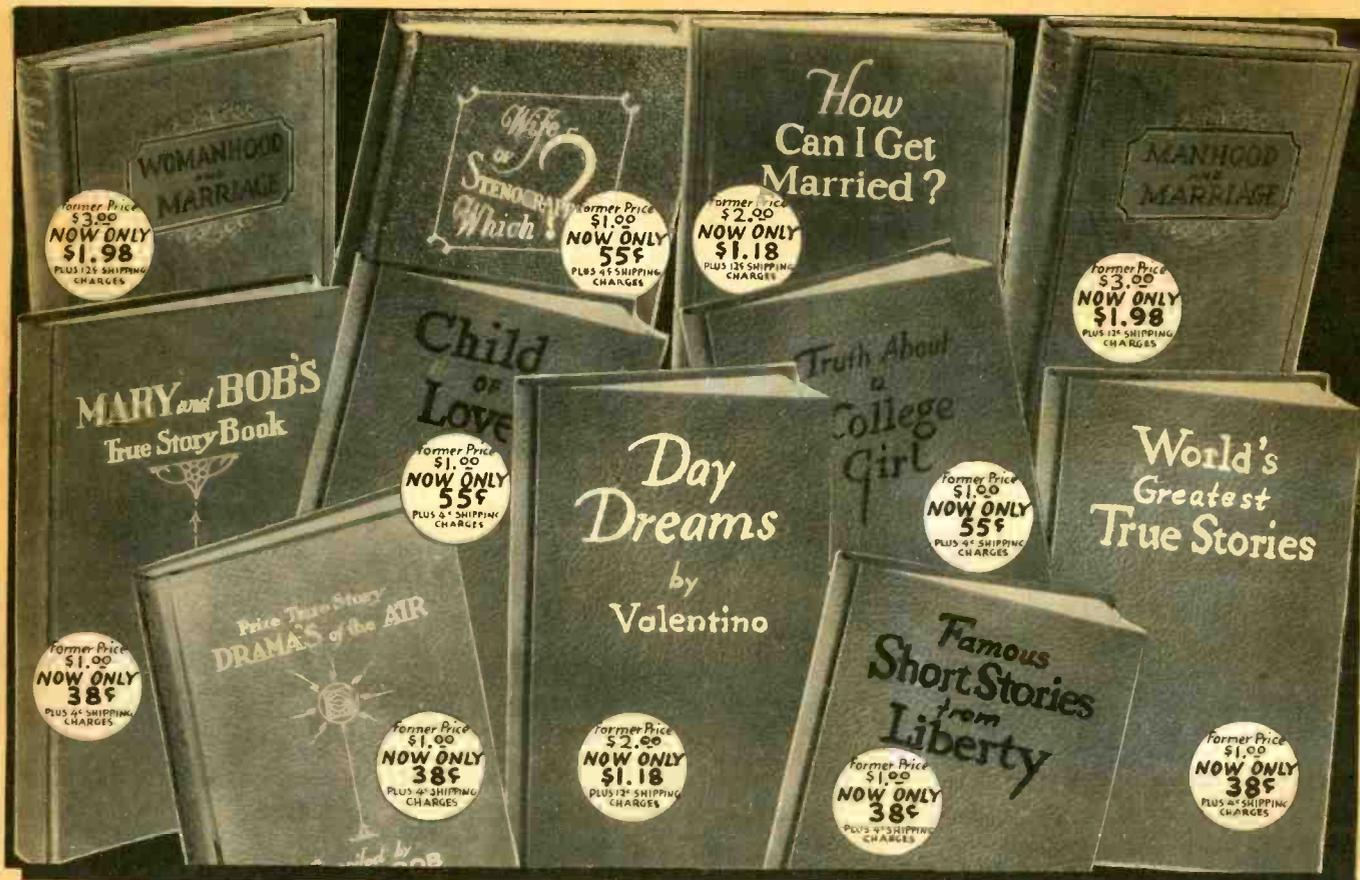
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Radio MIRROR

VOL. 1 NO. 3

JANUARY • 1934

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WALLACE HAMILTON CAMPBELL • ART DIRECTOR

s p e c i a l

f e a t u r e s

Our Headliners



S. L. Rothafel (Roxy to you), who's been on the air long enough to know everything about broadcasting, tells "What's Wrong With Radio" in an interesting and revealing interview for this month's RADIO MIRROR. Whether you agree with him or not you'll admit he knows his subject and in this article gives food for serious thought to broadcasters and fans.

When Bing Crosby persuaded beautiful Dixie Lee to give up a movie career and become Mrs. Crosby he gave his lovely wife a full-time job. So the cameras haven't seen her for a long time, what with taking care of her baby and managing Bing. In a fascinating story she has written herself, Mrs. Crosby tells his public "How I Keep Bing Straight".



If Diogenes lived today and met Baron Munchausen he'd throw away his lantern and give up, for Jack Pearl has made the famous character the most daring and amazing fabricator of the era. But Mr. Pearl and his radio career are a thrilling story which Herb Cruikshank tells in "Vass You Dere Sharlie?"

The Ole Maestro, Ben Bernie, who's been adding to the amusements of Chicago these past several months comes, in for a bit of airing in a personality sketch of the popular radio leader who mixes gags and blue notes all in the cause of foamy libations.

May Singhi Breen and Peter De Rose, who met and loved in a broadcast studio, come in for this month's title as "The Mike's Happiest Couple". They've been



married for several years, and R. H. Rowan tells you why they're still happy and successful.

Mike Porter, in the second installment of his absorbing story, "So-O-Oh", concludes his keen analytical and entertaining study of Ed Wynn, the Perfect Fool, who's been two kinds of a fool in his lifetime and yet not so foolish after all.

Then Bertha Brainard, radio's most important woman executive, goes into the future possibilities of her sex in the business end of broadcasting which Mary Margaret McBride so cleverly narrates. Besides, there are a dozen more features and departments to hold your interest from cover to cover in this issue.



But you haven't read anything yet until you get the February RADIO MIRROR with a hilarious portrait of Burns and Allen in action, and a score of newsy, brilliantly written stories and such radio art as you've never seen before.

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Me and My 'Raddio'

THERE is a tendency among human beings to regard too lightly the things which are accessible, to put little value on what comes to them easily. Generally, it is the man on a pass who is the play's severest critic. And perhaps that's what is wrong with radio, carrying out the fallacy that what is free can't be very good, a sort of a suspicious weakness for looking a gift horse in the mouth.

Don't get me wrong. Broadcast programs are not anywhere near perfect. Sometimes, some of them annoy me, too. There are any number of acts on the evening air theater I could be without—and I am, for I simply twist the dial and get something more to my satisfaction, a privilege accorded every set owner. Not only do I believe that there is wide room for improvement in the calibre and type of air entertainment, but I think that some of the sponsors who spend their good money on this ether sales promotion are very, very shortsighted in not seeing the immediate opportunities for making their radio shows better. But it's their money they spend and their product they exploit.

However, there is the listening side to this situation which might come in for criticism, too. What was wide-eyed wondering over an almost magic phenomenon a dozen years ago became a complacency of familiarity that with some set owners was later succeeded by a hypercritical attitude. Because nothing pleases them very long, because their appreciation is only for something that's new and theirs is a standard of novelties, they soon weary of anything. They want tricks—a rabbit out of a hat, only not the same rabbit and not the same hat—every night.

I was an awed adolescent when I first went to a broadcast studio and I'm still fascinated by this radio business. I can remember the excitement of getting San Francisco on our first set and I can still get considerable pleasure out of owning a radio. Naturally I would rather have my Philharmonic music right in Carnegie Hall, and when I listen to opera I prefer it should be from a comfortable seat in the Metropolitan. I'd rather be on the field, freezing though I may be, when my favorite football hero makes a touchdown and I'm one of those people who like their theater straight across the footlights. But I realize there are millions of people who can't have all this, and there are occasions when I like an easy chair in the living room myself.

So I appreciate the bounties of all this etherizing, and chuckle over a quip of Ed Wynn's, laugh with Sharlie over the Baron's fabrications, sit enthralled while Irvin Cobb tells one of his inimitable stories, marvel at the smoothness of Alexander Woollcott's tongue, get a kick out of Gracie Allen, and wait until after midnight for Cab Calloway's music. At the same time I can disregard what doesn't appeal to me and leave it to those that like it. But because I happen to like Mr. Woollcott and somebody else finds pleasure in Jeannie Lang's silly little singing, I'm not foolish enough to demand that there must be more of the Town Crier and none of Miss Lang. I'm just one of millions, and if I get a little of what

I like I should be satisfied. It's disquieting, of course, to find that just on an evening at home, none of one's particular favorites is scheduled, but that's my hard luck, for I know that the radio world isn't made just for me.

If I see one or two or a half-dozen poor plays I'm certainly not going to condemn the theater as an institution, and if I happen to view several motion pictures that don't appeal to me, I'm not going to stay away from the cinema houses forever. And so, if I'm fed up with crooners or jittery sopranos, I surely won't throw my set out of the window.

Then, too, if I happen to get poor reception on an antiquated receiver I'm not going to blame the broadcasters instead of myself, and if a voice comes over the air into my home terribly distorted because my tubes need replacing, that's my fault—not the singer's.

The broadcast executives are frantically trying to improve radio entertainment, and sponsors are desperately seeking the sort of programs the MAJORITY wants because that's the only way stations can continue to hold their audiences.

In the meantime, when an invalid can have hours of pleasure every day without moving her head on the pillow, when isolated men can have evenings of music in far off lumber camps, when a Princeton man in South America can hear the cheering squad as his team wins the game, when people who can't afford to go out for their amusement can be entertained free at home, there's a lot to be said for radio broadcasting, and the legitimate theater of today isn't so near perfect for all the centuries it's taken to develop the art and technique of entertaining across the footlights.

Julia Shawell



THE Columbia Broadcasting System with its own organization for gathering the news certainly has started something. Right off the reel it pulled a boner. Some convicts escaped from an Indiana penitentiary and there was wide public interest in their pursuit by the State Police. Steve Trumbull, a Columbia news man, sought to dramatize the chase by broadcasting from the countryside the story of a woman who saw a couple of the fleeing felons. As she spoke, gun shots filled the air, bringing realism and thrills to the folks on the loudspeaker end.

Who fired those shots?

That was the question that caused all the trouble. Surely, they weren't fired by the escaping prisoners; by the time the lady got on the air they had passed there two days previous. And Trumbull swears he didn't shoot off so much as a firecracker—or arrange for anybody else to do so. The idea listeners got, of course, was that the posse, hot in pursuit, was training riot guns on their prey.

And what were the police doing there two days afterwards?

Here enters the single comedy element in the story of a good idea that went wrong. Inside dope has it that the microphone men found the coppers in a nearby speakeasy. Full of apple jack and enthusiasm for the broadcast, they are supposed to have supplied the sound effects entirely of their own volition. According to this explanation, they were just a bunch of good-hearted cops on a bender—or, at least, bent on whooping things up for the radio customers, regardless.

And wasn't it great stuff for the newspapers, smarting in resentment at radio's encroachment on their news preserves. How they did jump to it! The Chicago Tribune, already disgruntled at Columbia because its Station WGN is no longer a link in that chain, nearly blew up with righteous indignation. In news columns and editorials it cried for the blood of the perpetrators of what it was pleased to regard as a broadcast fake. The World's Greatest Newspaper stirred up so much dust that Captain Matt Leach, of the Indiana State Police, got indignant, too. Then Columbia, as a gesture to the press, fired Trumbull (he promptly landed another job exploiting Olsen and Johnson on the air) and the whole thing blew over.

Columbia, the more aggressive of the webs in this contest with the newspapers, thus loses the first skirmish. But that doesn't mean that the National Broadcasting Company isn't as much concerned. It's just a difference in tactics. NBC having scored a victory by its broadcasting of the Urshel kidnapping trial in Oklahoma City at the same time Columbia was making a mess of the Indiana prison break. The president of NBC, Merlin H. Aylesworth, is a general who likes to win his battles by strategy and without bloodshed. You'll get an idea of how he works when you learn he pals around with Kent Cooper, general manager of the Associated Press. He also maintains cordial social relations with other big newspaper executives. Really, you'd be surprised what a drubbing at golf those publishers can give NBC's prexy. But Aylesworth remains high in their regard, a fine fellow who knows how—and when—

HOT
and
AIRY



Rose Marie, the tot with the big voice, shivers and winks as she greets the new year.

to take it. He's had occasions to find out.

TELLING IT TERSELY: Shyest of all maestros is Victor Young, who squirms under an interview . . . George Jessel thinks nothing of an airplane flight from New York to Hollywood to spend a day with Norma Talmadge . . . The tune "Three Little Pigs" went into decline trying to hog the ether . . . Don't ask Don Bestor to play a tango or a rumba. He won't because he hates 'em . . . A jury passes on every gag that goes into a Bert Lahr broadcast. Usually the verdict is "Guilty" . . . Annette Hanshaw is tired being called a "blues singer". Suggest a new sobriquet and you'll make her happy . . . Arthur Lake and Florence Lake, juvenile movie stars now doing "Babes in Hollywood" on the NBC kilocycles, plan and write those sketches . . . Harriet Hilliard turned down an offer for the Shuberts' Ziegfeld Follies (how funny that looks!) to continue singing with Ozzie Nelson's orchestra . . . Babe Miller, vivacious and pretty soloist, intrigues the interest of dancers at the New York hotels

by MERCURY

Hot news you
never knew till
now about your
favorites on the
ether lanes



Moran and Mack have some fun on their own just before one of their big broadcasts.

by wearing painted pussies on her bare back . . . George Moran, of Moran and Mack ("The Two Black Crows") is married to Claire White, formerly of Earl Carroll's "Vanities" . . . His partner, Charles E. Mack, is an authority on Norman architecture, which certainly qualifies him as an intellectual.

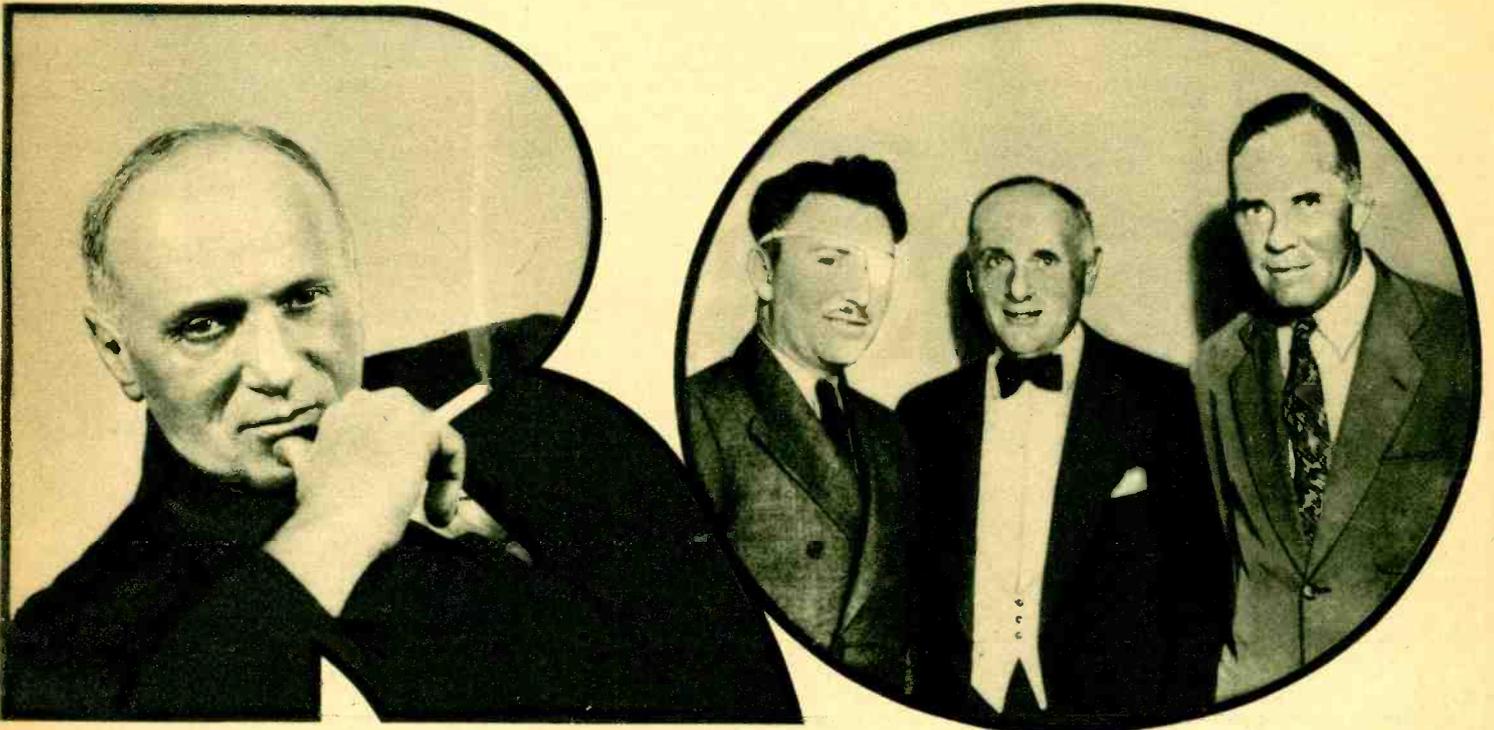
Lawrence Tibbett, the baritone, has a wife and four sons. His family was acquired mostly ready-made for he married

a divorcee with three boys. Just recently the stork left another to complete the quartet, this last, of course being a genuine Tibbett. But the next time you hear Lawrence on the air, don't picture him as straining his tonsils to keep the Big, Bad Wolf from the Tibbett door. He not only married a lady with a long name—she was Mrs. Jennie Marston Adams Burgard, San Francisco society leader—but also a lady with a lot of ready cash as well as kids. Mrs. Tibbett's husband (that is the immediate predecessor to the singer) was John C. Burgard, the wealthy California sportsman, and he settled plenty for the support of his three sons and their mother. The court a couple of months ago named the ex-wife guardian of the children—they are all under 14—and so the Tibbett marriage must be regarded as a happy union of art and finance. They are wonderful help-mates, these two.

Do You Know That

Jane Froman doesn't sing in the bath tub but she does listen to the radio while taking her ablutions . . . An oversupply of sopranos but a shortage of tenors is reported by the networks . . . "Whispering Jack" Smith was once a photo-engraver . . . Zora Layman is making phonograph records in five languages . . . New York City has 409 radio police cars in commission . . . John Fogarty can remember 'way back when he was in the wholesale fruit business in Montana . . . Before discovering her talent Ethel Waters was a scullery maid . . . Frank Black, NBC's general musical director, rushes around the studios with a black derby firmly planted on his head . . . Howard Marsh started out in (Continued on page 51)

WHAT'S WRONG ACCORD



THE AIR'S VETERAN SHOWMAN DIAGNOSES

RADIO Announcers give me a pain in the neck!"

Them's the sentiments of Samuel Lionel Rothafel. "Roxy" to you, and a hundred million more.

"Why is it," queries the Rajah of Radio, "that when one of those boys gets in front of a microphone his voice overflows with insincerity and affectation? Instead of speaking naturally, cheerily, it seems a certain ritual to mouth words like some Lord Dondreary with adenoids!

"It seems they must go in for that blah-blah-bunk. The 'good old hokum', they call it. Well, I've been on the air for twelve years, and expect to be for twelve years more. During that time not a syllable has passed by lips that didn't come from my heart. And none ever will. If a time ever comes when I can't be sincere, honest, I'll hang up the gloves or at least the microphone, and I sincerely mean what I say.

"When 'The Gang' first broadcast back in 1922, I had a nice little closing speech all prepared. But then, as now, I got to thinking of the folks way out yonder in the far-off, lonely places. People ill, isolated, starving for some sort of entertainment to lighten their bleak lives, and when it came time to sign-off, I'd forgotten my speech. So from the depths of my emotions I said simply:

"'Good night: pleasant dreams; God bless you!'

"A radio official, probably an announcer by now, rushed up. They're diplomatic that way.

ROXY SAYS:

Radio panders where it should cater.

As a direct sales agency, radio is a flop.

Radio is a builder of good will.

There'll be no television in our time.

Vast improvement in the mechanics.

Announcers give me a pain in the neck.

Will Durant doesn't know what he's talking about.

"'Great stuff, Roxy', he said, 'that God-bless-you bunk was great hokum. Keep it in!'

"I blew up.

"'It's out!', I exploded, 'Nothing that sounds like hokum goes over the air from my lips. I said that sincerely, but if it sounds insincere, it's out!'

"**T**WO days later a letter arrived from a little, old lady 'way down East.' She wrote: 'Your God-bless-you was a benediction. Your voice helped me to believe that I will be blessed. I feel that in you I have found an intimate, sincere friend.' That's how come the words I spoke on that first broadcast happened to stay in.

"Since then I have received upward of 7,000,000 letters. And right now I want to say that *Will Durant doesn't know*

what he's talking about when he makes such a wild statement as that only nit-wits write fan letters. My files are full of letters bearing the signatures of highly intelligent men and women prominent in many walks of life. But that first one, from the little, old New England lady has the place of honor.

"To me that letter is the symbol of radio at its best. A symbol of the friendly, sincere democracy which radio should bring to the field of entertainment. Democracy doesn't lie in merely reaching vast audiences, but in establishing a fellow feeling, a friendship, between performer and

with RADIO . . .

I N G T O



BROADCASTING . . . BY MARIS ANNE LANE

audience. It's only a split second from Broadway to the most isolated farm. The artist enters the home, and if he's sincere he becomes a friend. Otherwise he's tuned-out.

"In a theatre, you know, it's possible to close the doors and keep 'em in their seats. But on radio, a turn of the dial and you're out. The secret of success in broadcasting is to get folks to tune-in—and *keep 'em tuned in!* You can't trick the microphone with insincere hokum. And frequently radio is insincere.

"RADIO panders! Where it should cater, it panders. By that I mean that there is a tendency, evidenced by many others beside the announcers, to adopt an attitude of condescension toward the audience. There's no attempt to face the listeners and say frankly: 'I think this program is darned good entertainment, and I hope you'll like it, too'. Oh, no! The pseudo wise men are determined to 'talk down' to the audience from false heights of self-imposed superiority. The thought seems to be: 'Of course I wouldn't care for this sort of thing myself. I'm much too intelligent, but it's O. K. for the radio audience.'

"It seems to me that I recall a similar situation in the theatre and in motion pictures. I remember a lot of references to 'twelve-year-old-minds'. A lot of sneers for the 'morons'. That was when the trouble began for stage and screen. Chaos has followed. The final result is written in the red ink of bankruptcy. I hope radio may profit by these examples. The handwriting is apparent. for the

Left to right, S. L. Rothafel giving his ideas further thought; Roxy with Wiley Post and Thomas A. Morgan, president of the Aeronautical Chamber of Commerce, talking over the old days with May Robson, veteran stage and screen star; the famous showman talking to his public over the air.

situation in radio now surprisingly parallels that in the movies fifteen years ago.

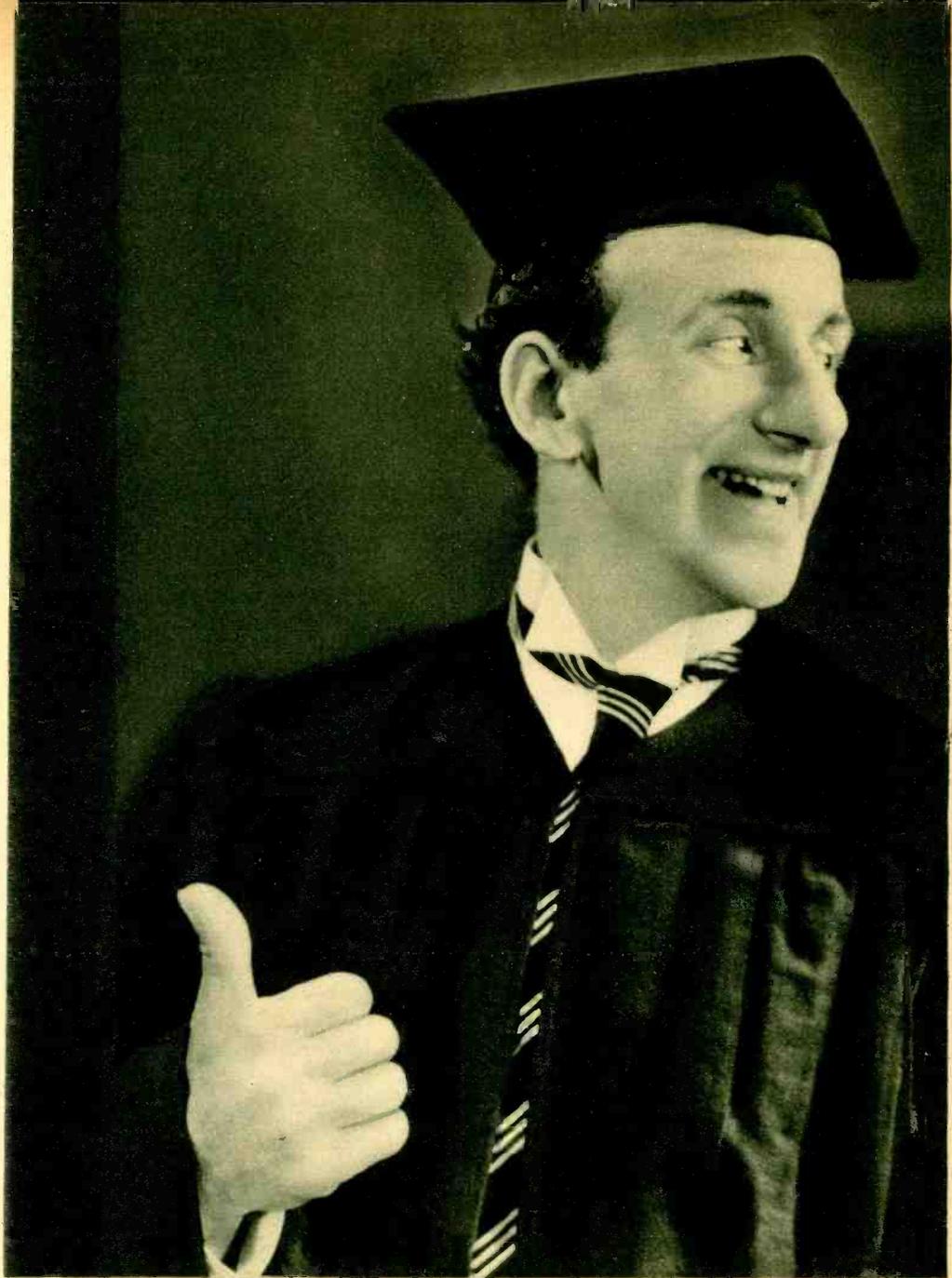
"Radio is shy on showmanship. This is the fault of the patronizing sponsors. Imagine, if you can, a theatrical director routing his entertainment so that three singing sister acts follow one another! Yet you can tune-in on many a station and hear different sponsors offer identical acts one after the other—even identical selections. Now, of course, this could be

remedied by a little intelligence and showmanship on the part of the sponsors. It would only be necessary to empower a program director to so arrange the broadcasts that the entertainment would be thoroughly diversified during each of the twenty-four hours. Some day this will be done. Probably about the time they get around to the announcers!

"As a direct sales agency radio is a flop. And the sooner the sponsors realize it, the sooner they'll eliminate the plethora of commercial advertising that is stuffed into the ears of potential patrons. *Radio is the greatest builder of good will.* But that good will may be destroyed by irritating interruptions of a program to plug a product. The very purpose of the broadcast may be thwarted by lack of discernment, lack of showmanship.

"If I were a merchant I would advertise my wares through a combination of radio and newspaper advertising. I'd build good will on the air, and I'd tell 'em what I had to sell in the advertising columns. You can't get away from visual appeal. Right now folks are going to the football games. They see it all for themselves. But what do they do when they get home? Turn (Continued on page 60)

Jack Pearl has been a stage comedian for years, but his radio personality, Baron Munchausen, made him the great, glamorous ether fabricator



VASS YOU DERE

I CAUGHT the Baron with his pants down! And this, mind you, just a Joan's throw from Dime Square, laughingly labeled the "Crossroads of the World."

It was an embarrassing moment even for a Baron, for it's difficult to look noble without trousers.

But, after all, fun is fun, and the situation wasn't as bad as it sounds. Fact is, the scene was back-stage on the New Amsterdam theatre roof, and Jack Pearl was arraying himself in what some misguided prop-man conceived to be the uniform of a dog-catcher. For, you see, when Jack broadcasts he does so from a stage, and an audience of pretty nearly a thousand enthusiasts gather for the occasion. So to give them an added laugh he dresses the part.

Upon this particular occasion, save for the sign in his cap, and a certain cast of countenance, Jack might have been made-up to portray "der schoene Adolph". The uni-

form was a "Nazi" brown, his chest was Christmas-treed with medals. All he needed was a swastika! But all he wanted was a belt to maintain the trousers he had donned at a proper degree of elevation.

Between introductions to Papa Pearl, the brilliant Billy Wells, a brother-in-law, a nephew, a secretary, "Sharlie" himself, several dressing-room dropper-inners, and sundry handsome, Harvardish looking young men connected with the broadcasting company, Jack managed to borrow a belt, and with his pants off his mind, to reveal something of his past, his present and his future.

He was born Jacob Perlman, or did you guess. And like so many of our greatest entertainers, he hails from the New York Ghetto. He attended the schools of the city, and from the beginning was imbued not only with terrific ambition, but with the perseverance to make his dreams come true.

His first distinction came when he was *not* signed-up by



The lying Baron forgets his air role and tells the truth for once in this thrilling story of a radio rise. . . .

by **HERB CRUIKSHANK**

The Baron poses here with Jimmy Durante who impersonated the well-known "Sharlie" in the M-G-M picturization of "Meet the Baron," and what a hilarious pair they make.

SHARLIE ?

Gus Edwards, which to this day gives him the right to snub Winchell, Jessel, Cantor, Buzzell, the Duncan Sisters and all the countless Edwards kid discoveries cluttering up the sidewalks of New York. The reason he began his career in such distinguished fashion was a difference of opinion between Jack and the celebrated entrepreneur. Jack thought he was worth fifteen bucks. Gus didn't. Quite probably Gus was right.

But Destiny was written large for Jack Pearl—large as a dirty word on a barn wall. And in his fifteenth year he got his fifteen dollars and a job in the "School Days" company in which Herman Timberg starred. That was back in the days of Ward & Vokes, Harry K. Morton, and such Titans of the theatre. To be precise it was the cool, calm Fall of 1910. The calm before the storm even then casting its shadow over Europe.

Thereafter came a session in that cradle of comic genius,

burlesque. And Jack graced the cast of "The Beauty Trust", "The Powder Puff Revue", and poked dialectic fun at those ample Aphrodites, "The French Widows", to the unholy joy of the gallery gods and the bald-headed row.

He was the German comic, the "Dutchman" of the show, and probably the character he created was called either "Schultz" or "Krausmeyer", with the odds in favor of the latter. Just how he came to do "Dutch" is problematical. Probably because such characters were in vogue at the time. Who can imagine burleycue without a "Krausmeyer"? There is a tale that little Jake acquired the accent early by mimicking a neighbor whose tongue retained the Teutonic twist of the Vaterland. And another that a comedian boasting the good, old Rhineland name of Danny Murphy was suddenly stricken and Jack jumped into the role. In any event, "Dutch" dialect was standard equipment for a trouper. And Jack was a trouper. (Continued on page 58)

Dixie Lee gave up her own film future to become Mrs. Bing Crosby, and the famous crooner is her career now

BING may be the 1933 Peck's Bad Boy as far as doing exactly what he pleases is concerned, but he's always maintained a woman should always be allowed to have the last word, so with that vast understanding of feminine psychology is it any wonder we get along beautifully? You may call it madness (or simply wifely devotion) that I consider Bing the most interesting husband to be had—but I call it love.

The first rule I abide by in making Bing behave, (and I devoutly hope I can conceal this story from him so he won't catch on to my subtle methods,) is by an indirect process of suggestion. He's like the kid who was told not to eat any jam, and who immediately dipped into the jam jar out of sheer love of skating on thin ice.

The best thing I can do when I want a favorable reaction

from Bing is to look helpless and wistful. Because Bing has an enormous capacity for being the Prince Charming, and he doesn't often pass up a chance to change that sad and wistful look to a radiant smile by fulfilling my requests.

If, on the other hand, you try to reason with Bing, you are battering up against a brick wall. As far as he's concerned, there's nothing reasonable in the world, and why do such-and-such a thing simply because it's a custom, a tradition, or an obligation if said thing doesn't appeal to you at the moment? He'll just lean back in a chair, stick both feet straight out in front of him, stare into space and whistle. Nothing could change Bing when he gets idly whistling and staring into space but a stick or so of dynamite—and who could have the heart to set it off? Certainly not me. I used to get very exasperated, but having discovered what little good it did me, why, I curl up in the opposite chair and turn on a Heaven-help-me expression. Sooner or later, he stops whistling.

Bing would save your life at the expense of his—but he'd probably forget to mail your letter, forget what time he was supposed to meet you, and forget the keys to the apartment. In other words, if I worried about such details, and expected Bing to be systematic, my life would be miserable. I'm perfectly willing to be systematic, and let him go right ahead wandering down the Old Ox Road (or wherever his mind is during those punch-drunk periods when he doesn't know whether it's Monday or Thursday, New

Bing and Dixie gaze lovingly at their baby, Gary Evans Crosby.



How I STRA BY DIXIE

York or Paris, or July or January)

Bing, as everybody knows, is slightly eccentric in regard to clothes. He is apt to look like a human rainbow, with a felt hat and golf socks lagging around his sport shoes. Here is an average picture of Bing, and I'm not exaggerating. The felt hat has the brim shoved up off his face, and tipped back at an unconventional angle over his cranium, giving an instant appearance of carelessness. The shirt might be anywhere from blue to magenta, and the tie a plain color from yellow to baby blue. He might wear a vest, he might wear a sweater, depending upon how the spirit moves him. The inevitable golf socks are woolly, and unsupported by anything so boring as garters. Gloves on Bing are as rare as heliotropes at the South Pole.

He spends plenty for his clothes. In fact, if he makes any remarks about the innumerable hats I've been buying lately, I just raise my eyebrows significantly. I can't do much about governing Bing's clothes binges. But the best way to control his wearing an outlandish out-

fit is by merely bursting out laughing. Nobody likes to be laughed at. In this—and I'd venture to say in this only—Bing is no exception to the rule.

Bing likes you to laugh with him, naturally, and his sense of humor is hardly conventional. In fact, the way he induces laughter is often reminiscent of a Mack Sennett Comedy. He's just naturally slapstick. I've even taken to hiding all the lemon meringue pies in case the idea should strike him to plaster one of his visiting pals with it. Dick Arlen and Jack Oakie have been narrowly saved from many such a disaster by my watchfulness.

Bing cherishes an idea that in him is the stuff that will one day produce the Great American Novel. In this one idea, I won't razz my crooner, because I think he probably could do it. Although he appears to go whistling and jingling keys and dreaming through the world, he is actually a keen observer of human nature, and the few stories he has written are not slapstick, but gently ironic.

Though many, many misguided people have tried to persuade Bing that he is an actor, Bing himself is thoroughly convinced

Keep Bing RIGHT LEE CROSBY



Bing performs at home, too, and Dixie participates in the living-room concert.

that he is far from it. In fact, it strikes him that it is sort of silly to get all het up over things as moving picture heroes do, and as a result you see Bing relaxing (almost grinning) in the most gruelling climaxes. Instead of pouring forth his lines with emotion and vigor, he is inclined to burlesque them. As a result, he's probably gotten more laughs than if he'd played it straight—but the directors are buying hair tonic to help them grow back the hair they tore out directing Bing.

But Bing's singing is quite a serious proposition. In fact, he puts so much of his stormy personality into it that I think it is the greatest charm about his voice. It seems romantic, and it seems sincere. And that, after all, is no wonder—for Bing is sincerely romantic. Another thing—he doesn't like singing a song all the way through. It is probably the greatest revelation of him. He'll never sing a song the same way twice, and interrupts himself with whistlings, hummings, and little silences filled in by the orchestra.

Bing claims, even boasts, about being the laziest man in the world. His angle is that people run around like a lot of ants working their heads off—and what for? Nevertheless, Bing works good and hard,—but I hesitate to disillusion

him by telling him so. He works in pictures; he sings on the radio; he does personal appearances; he makes records. I know how many hours Bing puts in on each. But he insists that it's all fun. Perhaps it doesn't seem like work to him, but I never have to worry about getting him any place on time. He likes to sing too much to be late!

As for outdoor life—I've discovered one thing. As long as Bing has a chance to play a round of golf every so often, he's the most docile fellow in the world. The only thing that upsets him is a lack of time to get in a round. He enjoys fishing, and takes his pipe along with him. On the beach, he is a complete lazybones. He'll lie forever on the sand perfectly motionless like something washed up in the waves. And he howls with rage if anybody gets playful and tries to bury him in the sand. By the way, he thinks woman's greatest asset is to be able to converse with men intelligently about sports.

A good way to take Bing's mind off everything else, is to put the baby in his arms. As many times as he's held Gary Evans, he still can't do it casually. And he can't croon to his own son. I think he believes that Gary Evans might consider it slightly silly. *(Continued on page 63)*

ROSES *and* DRUMS

War isn't what Sherman said it was in this thrilling romantic serial drama of the ether waves

By RHODA HAGUE



FOR the benefit of those who were born too late, or who mischievously cut their history classes, the Civil War is being fought all over again in weekly skirmishes at WABC, and its satellite stations. It is turning out to be quite a romantic event, and at the moment, the outcome seems slightly in doubt; but it's being whispered around the studios that General Grant will take the decision over Robert E. Lee, when and if the disagreement reaches a climax.

Wars, as the weekly lessons under the title of "Roses and Drums" demonstrate, have improved since the '60's, when, as General Sherman remarked, they were hell. But there's no room for improvement in the romance of it.

If you ask me, as an observer who went the other Sunday afternoon to see for himself how a war is conducted histrionically, I'd say that it was love and not slavery that started—and finished—the business. There's more love and romance in this "Roses and Drums" version of capital strife than there is shooting, but you get plenty of that, too.

In the meantime, the struggle has progressed only as far as Libby Prison, which is no place for luxury-loving gents,



Reed Brown, Jr., as Captain Gordon Wright and John Griggs as Randy Claymore in a tense moment.

but an ideal set-up for martyrs. There's been some first-class slaughter, expert and surreptitious machinations by a beautiful spy named Betty, and superheroics on the part of a handful of guys who are trying to dig their way out of the Richmond hoosegow where rats and Yankees and Rebels make up a very interesting group of martial bedfellows indeed.

The scene is the dark, musty East Cellar beneath the kitchens of Libby Prison. The place is known, aptly, as "Rat Hell."

Four Union officers, stripped to the waist, are gathered about a jagged opening in the wall. Two of them wave a blanket up and down, forcing air into the tunnel beyond, where Colonel Rose is taking his turn at digging operations which have already been extended past the stockade.

Captain Gordon Wright leans forward. "Colonel Rose!" he calls guardedly into the tunnel's mouth. "Are you all right?"

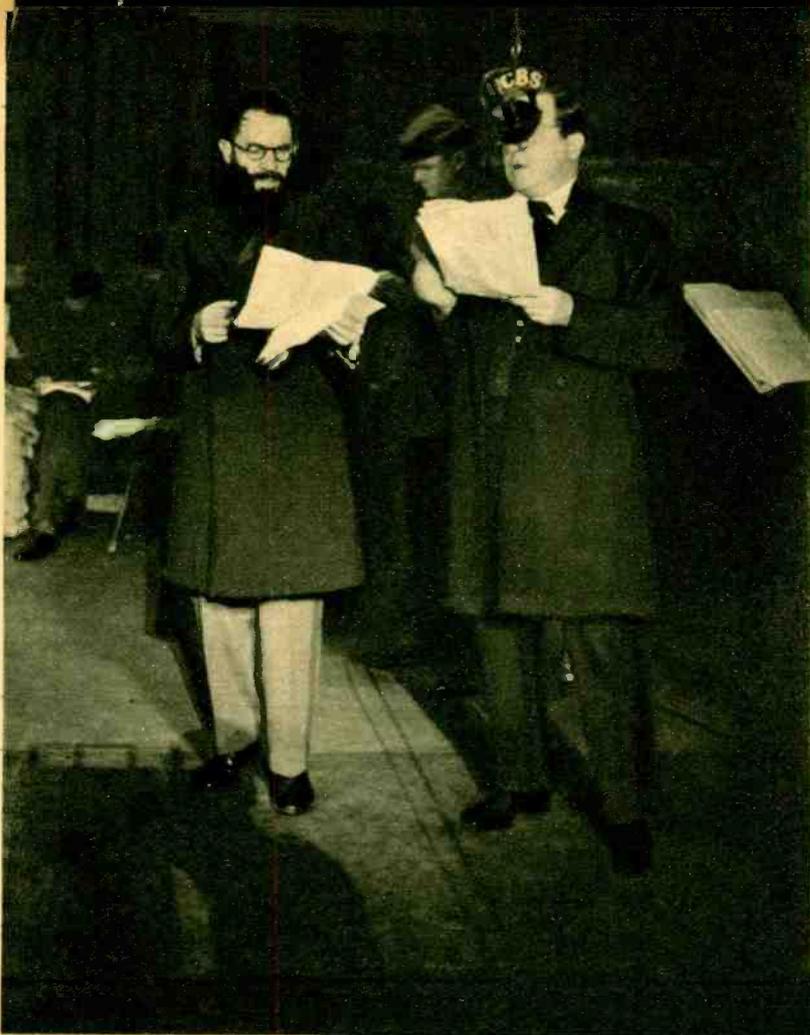
There is silence save for the whish-whish of the blanket and the squeaking of rats. Then a scraping sound is heard.

"I'm all right," comes faintly from the tunnel.

The scraping grows louder and Colonel Rose crawls out of the hole.

"It's finished!" he says excitedly. "I broke through in an empty shed outside the walls. Are the men ready?"

"Yes," answers Lieutenant Hamilton. "Each one of us



Soft love words take the air when Elizabeth Love and Reed Brown, Jr., monopolize the microphones.

Above, a high spot in the broadcast with Elizabeth Love, Charlotte Walker, George Gaul and Robert T. Haines.



Pedro de Cordoba impersonates Abraham Lincoln in a scene with Victor Killian.

has admitted another prisoner to his confidence, but there's no telling how fast the news will leak out."

Hamilton and Rose enter the tunnel and the latter's voice fades hollowly in the distance: "Come on, Hamilton. You and me are headin' North."

"Well, Wright," Lieutenant Stiles exclaims impatiently after a moment. "I'd say it was time for us to start!"

There is a sharp crash.

"What's that?"

"Falling brick . . . Must be Johnson, crawling down here from the kitchen. That you, Johnson?"

"Yes, it's me." His voice sounds far away. His feet hit the floor with a dull thud. "The word's spread. The men are pouring into the kitchen . . . fighting to get down here."

There is a rising murmur of voices, and the sounds

of a fierce scuffle is heard from the kitchen above.

"Lemme down there. . . . Shut up, you fool. . . . Don't jump. . . . Get out o' my way!"

A man drops heavily into the cellar.

"Where's that tunnel?"

Others follow.

"Where's the tunnel?"

More come.

"One at a time, men, or you'll spoil everything!"

They struggle in the dark, pushing, shouting, clawing, fighting to find the way to freedom.

Or at least that's what you heard if you were tuned in on "Roses and Drums." What you saw, if you were among the audience at Carnegie Chamber Hall where Director Herschel Williams puts his (Continued on page 56)

MIKE'S HAPPIEST COUPLE

FOR a real radio romance that had its beginning in a broadcast studio and after eight or nine years is still going strong there's not another musical team on the air can offer more convincing contention for the title of "Mike's Happiest Couple" than May Singhi Breen and Peter De Rose.

So closely are the careers and domestic life of these two interwoven that they never spend more than a few hours apart from each other, not longer than the time Peter takes off to compose a new song hit and May uses to go to the beauty parlor or on a shopping expedition.

These two whose soft, soothing contributions to the NBC chain programs are heard several times a week are real air veterans. They began their radio activities before there was any such thing as big hookups and countrywide chains. They built up their public in the era when the Happiness Boys were the real headliners and Graham McNamee a national idol. The Ed Wynns, Jack Pearls and Jack Bennys hadn't yet been coaxed from their stage vehicles. In fact jokes were few and far between in that period and the influx of blues singing women and crooning men hadn't yet been noted. Even Rudy Vallée was an unknown broadcast quantity. Even then, May and Peter provided a program that was quite similar to the type they offer today, a fact which has earned them a little criticism since some of the experts say they would be even more successful today if they found a new broadcast routine.

There must be something wholesome, sincere and grand about this couple that reaches out from the microphones when their songs go over the ether. Because people for years have been reacting to the romantic atmosphere, old ladies in Vermont sending them patchwork quilts, housewives in New Jersey baking them chocolate layer cakes, listeners-in from the middle west parcel post them jellies and preserves. Even the clergyman who married them was a radio fan whose constant letters built up such a permanent friendship with the couple that after Peter and May secured their marriage license they drove up to the minister who had been made so happy by their broadcasts and let him tie the knot.

Their official honeymoon has been over for several seasons but Mr. De Rose still buys his wife orchids every day or so and dedicates his compositions to her while May's whole existence is directed to making her husband comfortable and happy.

If ever fate worked successfully to bring two people who belonged to each other together it has been in the marriage

of the De Roses. They started out in life channels far apart and there was nothing in the early experiences of either to indicate that their lines would draw together in a happy marriage.

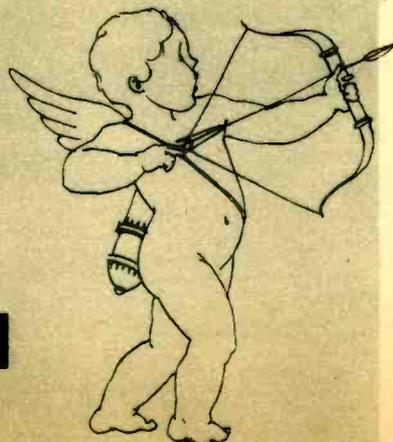
Their large suburban home in New Rochelle is a regular mecca for the social activities of "who's who" in the radio world just as their New York apartment used to be an open house for all the artists from the Manhattan studios after their evening broadcast activities were concluded. The pair have helped more newcomers to get a foothold than even their friends realize and they've become known as the god-parents of struggling dozens who at various times have needed assistance.

Everybody they know is always welcome at their home.

THERE'S a tradition in the music publishing business that Peter De Rose hasn't an enemy and I've never heard anyone in radio utter a grievance that would reflect on the characters of both. They seem to like everyone and everybody likes them. May's weakness is cooking and on an average of three or four times a week she forgets she has a maid and concocts meals for her broadcast friends that are culinary delights. Her favorite dishes are stuffed squab and steak, not forgetting what she turns out in the way of rich desserts. May herself who used to be quite slender in other years is plump and most of her guests who frequent her home get that way, too. All but Peter, who stays as thin as ever and has to be fed nourishing vitamins by a willing May. And May says when she was thin and had a beautiful figure she was always unhappy and now that she's heavy her

Cupid shot his dart into a broadcast studio and it caught May Singhi Breen and Peter De Rose

by R. H. ROWAN





At work and in love, the radio team of Breen and De Rose is one that looks like a lifetime partnership. Since their marriage they've never been separated for a day.

life is perfect bliss so what price beauty for her? "When Your Hair Has Turned to Silver" was one of the song successes Peter wrote with May as the acknowledged inspiration and while there's not yet a single white hair in Mrs. De Rose's brown curly locks it looks as though the composition was no idle boast.

Theirs is a long story right out of the books with years of Peter's struggles and May's discontent leading up to their meeting and resulting in the wedding that brought them well-meant wishes not only from their professional contemporaries but from thousands of fans who'd been listening to them for years. This is Peter's first marriage and

her second and the way that led up to the union is a romantic and interesting one.

"The Ukelele Lady" as Miss Breen is known in several countries is responsible for bringing her adopted instrument into the class of musical recognition. She has taught royalty and chorus girls and even crooners how to strum the strings. Peter's numerous brain children have included the hits of many seasons starting with "Mississippi Mud" and right down to "Louisville Lady". Not that Peter has ever had much to do with the delta waters being a native New Yorker but his keen creative mind has known no environment when it came to making (Continued on page 50)

Women

AS THE MOST IMPORTANT WOMAN

A FAIR field and no favors—that's what radio offers women. At least so says Bertha Brainard, who certainly ought to know, since she became part of the industry in what we euphemistically call its infancy and has grown up with it to a fine, profitable executive job as program director in the National Broadcasting Company.

"You aren't spared blame at N.B.C. because you are a woman and neither are you honeyed along with false praise", the astute Miss Brainard told me the other day. "In short, you're treated as a human being and expected to behave like one. If blame is coming to you, your chief assumes that you will take it gracefully and profit by it, not go off and brood as if you had received a personal affront."

In those last few words, Miss Brainard has, I do believe, put her finger on exactly what is still wrong with women as a group. Anne Morgan, daughter of the great J. P., and president of the American Women's Association once said much the same thing to me. Only Miss Morgan was defin-

itely and most sensibly warning women that this inclination to take everything too personally is a fault of theirs and Miss Brainard was simply pointing out what is expected of men and women alike in radio.

She doesn't think it is her business to lay down rules for her sex and, anyway, is opposed—so am I!—to fencing women off into a corner as if they were not part of the human race. She believes that the days when it was front-page news everytime one of us accomplished anything at all are gone forever, and a good thing, too.

"Today it's stand or fall on your ability—in radio, anyway," she insists.

Show that you can do the job better than anybody else and you'll get it, even if it's being funny, a field, regarded as almost exclusively masculine (with exceptions, of course), until radio started going in for comedienne in a big way. Women now serve as announcers, sing, talk, act, and even lead orchestras on the air. And if more of them don't get executive jobs—well, maybe it's because they're interested in something else. For here's Miss Brainard to prove that they could if they would.

They had better make sure before they apply, though, that they are equipped with a large supply of the foresight and determination which catapulted this clever young woman into her present career. It was back in 1921 that she got the notion she'd like a radio job. She had driven an ambulance in the war and was restless after she came home to South Orange, New Jersey, where there was considerably less excitement than on the firing line.

To be sure, lots of things interested her—writing, motion pictures, the stage—but she had not been trained for any of them and hardly knew how to go about getting such training. Before she became an ambulance driver, she had wanted to try motion pictures, but the family objected—she was too young, motion pictures weren't quite respectable—and that had been the end of it.

In those first days after the war, she did land a little newspaper job but was put on rewrite and there didn't appear to be much future in it, certainly not the scope that her ambition and energy demanded. Then one day she happened to listen in when her brother was fooling with his latest toy—a crystal receiving set.

I think it was a news resumé that she heard—and with startling effect.

"I said to myself, 'Why, that thing can be made into a newspaper of the air and it will be, too!'" Miss Brainard told me, her old enthusiasm re-kindling as she reminisced.

"I felt at once that it was destined to be as great as motion pictures in time and I thought here was my chance. I had missed out with motion pictures but this was just starting—Maybe there was time to get in on the ground floor.

**Bertha Brainard, attractive
program director for the
NBC, believes women are
their own worst handicaps
to success in radio business**

●
**by MARY
MARGARET McBRIDE**



in Radio

BROADCAST EXECUTIVE SEES THEM

"I heard there was a station at Newark, not far away—WJZ, that was. I went over there, said I was a free lance writer and asked permission to go through the station in order to get material for an article. The manager of the station said he couldn't do anything about it—I'd have to write to Mr. Somebody-or-other in authority. I did and Mr. Whatever-his-name-was welcomed the idea of the article (they'd had very little publicity up to then) and told me to go ahead.

"I saw the station—there was only one room—and asked questions about everything. Then I made a suggestion. 'You have here a newspaper of the air' I pointed out, 'but you haven't a theatrical column. Every newspaper ought to have a theatrical column.' Well, they hadn't thought of that, but now that I spoke of it, they decided it might be a good idea. I said grandly that I would do them a theatrical column!

I WENT over to Broadway and saw a show—Charlotte Greenwood was the star—came back and reviewed the play on the air. So far as I know, that was the first radio theatrical review. The only difficulty was that there was no money in it. I began to plan how I could make it bring in something and it occurred to me that I might sell the idea to a theatrical producer who could pay to have his shows reviewed.

"I didn't know who would be the most likely prospect, so I decided to ask and picked Heywood Brown to put the question to. I had never met Mr. Brown but I had read and liked his column in the *World*. You can see how naïve I was—that I thought this sufficient warrant for troubling him. He was awfully nice, though—it's astonishing how nice the busiest people were to me in those days and suggested that the Shuberts, owning and controlling so many theatres, ought to be my best bet. He put me in touch with Percy Greneker and Mr. Greneker took me to Lee Shubert, who was interested enough to try the project out.

"I did the column twice a week and from it grew various odd jobs, such as bringing stars over to speak at the station and so on. Finally they decided to make me New York representative of WJZ—you must remember the staff was very small or I mightn't have gotten the chance. In time I became assistant to the manager, assistant manager and finally manager. When the National Broadcasting Company was formed, there I was, and the rest you know."

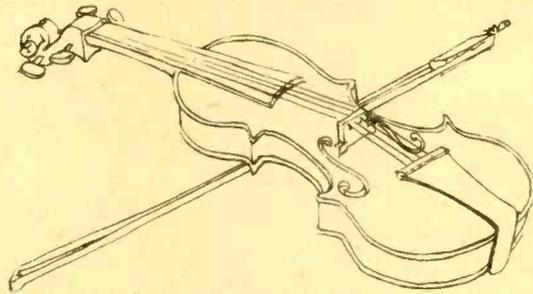


Miss Brainard earned this important desk through a long novitiate.

That, of course, is the recital of a woman who is too modest and too well-bred to go into great detail about her own part in the growth of radio, but I talked to some of her colleagues and so I know more than she has told—know that from the first her vision and discriminating judgment have been of utmost importance in the making of programs and in the experimentation with new projects. "She combines a man's brain with a woman's intuition." one of her associates told me. (Continued on page 61)



THE OLE MAESTRO



"We hope you like it," Ben Bernie's been saying to his Broadcast followers for years, and they do.

A DRAMATIC rise from a humble blacksmith shop in the shadow of Brooklyn Bridge to the gilded cafes of Broadway; from the squalor of a near hovel to a Long Island home through the medium of a cheap fiddle, is the true story of Ben Bernie, famous orchestra leader.

Bernie, whose orchestra is heard over a coast to coast network of the National Broadcasting Company, was one of a large family. His father, H. Ancel, (the orchestra leader's real name is Benjamin Woodruff Ancel), was a hard working blacksmith, who could not make enough to keep the youngsters in clothing.

Ben was a serious, sensitive, idealistic child with ambition. His Mother wanted him to be a violinist—but his father held out for engineering (a high class form of blacksmithing). So Ben became a violinist. He started taking lessons before his fingers could reach the strings on his fiddle. But young Bernie had Russian blood in his veins and the right kind of a haircut. He made good! At fifteen he was Professor of Violin at the Mozart School of Music in New York. Three months later the school was closed by the Better Business Bureau. But Ben was undaunted. Today he says:

"I still think it was that guy Mozart's fault!"

That same year he became a student in the New York College of Music and actually gave a concert at the famous Carnegie Hall in New York City. That year Mischa Elman, now prominent violinist, made his American debut at the same place. Elman's concert was enough to persuade Bernie to take his father's advice and he enrolled at Cooper Union as a civil engineer, because there was no tuition charge.

With a twinkle in his eye, he says, "You see, I was convinced that one of us must be wrong, and I gave Mr. Elman the benefit of the doubt."

As a student at the Institute he taught violin for very necessary extra money, and eked out a pittance by fiddling in cafes.

When he was seventeen and there threatened to be no Santa Claus in the Bernie household, Ben landed his first job selling \$2.98 fiddles at a bargain counter. It was Christmas vacation, and he never did return to school.

In his irresistible Yuletide baritone, our hero proceeded to regale his prospective customers with a sales line that sounded like an Eddie Cantor monologue. A mob of interested listeners hung around his counter absentmindedly applauding. Some of them even went so far as to

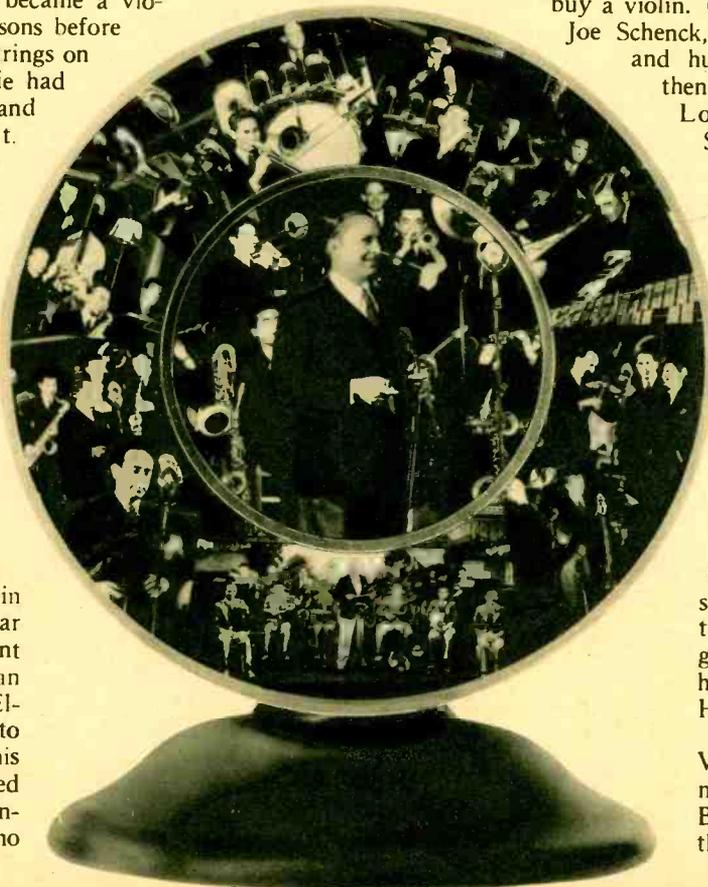
buy a violin. One day his audience included Joe Schenck, the famous movie producer and husband of Norma Talmadge, then in charge of bookings for Loew's vaudeville circuit.

Schenck offered him a job at \$35 per week for twenty weeks in the Loew's theatres. After hesitating three seconds, just long enough to impress Mr. Schenck, Ben accepted.

IN those three seconds

Benjamin Ancel took the count, and "Bernie" the Boy Wonder emerged victorious. As "Bernie", Ben toured the provinces in a full dress suit (rented) playing concertos on his violin. He was an artist! So he stopped cutting his hair, cultivated a Paderewski bob, and gave Loew's \$35 worth of high-class fiddling every week. He was a mild success.

Then one bright day in the Virginia Hills a two-fisted mountaineer, egged on by a Beethoven sonata, leaned over the gallery railing and let
(Continued on page 52)



b y C A M I L L A J O R D A N



● Such phrases as "the best of the besta" and "youse guys" sound as though they were the thought of the moment with Massa Bernie, but he really ponders over what he can do to Mr. Webster's choice English and the result is a lively broadcast.

TURNING POINTS



AT some time in life, everybody faces a decisive turning point. It might come as a result of a telephone call, a proposal of marriage, or some strange coincidence leading to a fresh opportunity. Most radio stars' careers have depended upon their reactions when such turning points presented themselves. By luck, or by wisdom their reactions were fortunate, and they are now torch singers, orchestra leaders, or crooners instead of doctors, lawyers or suburban wives.

An odd chain of incidents, for instance, brought Mildred Bailey to the top as a blues singer. Had she gone off on tour with an orchestra in the middle west, rather than remaining at home for a reunion with her brother Al Rinker, and her friend, Bing Crosby—she might never have met Paul Whiteman. That very day in Spokane, Washington, when she was to wire the orchestra yes or no, she received a letter from brother Al begging her to stand by and wait for his visit home. "Stand by for what?" thought Mildred, but an odd impulse prompted her to wire the orchestra a negative reply.

Al and Bing brought Paul Whiteman home with them, and Mildred sang for the King of Jazz on a piano in the

Jane Froman discovered suddenly she could stop stuttering while Glen Gray chanced a wild goose chase to Detroit.

Rinker living room. As a result she was also signed as a member of the Whiteman outfit—and began her career to fame as the "rocking chair lady"

They said of Jane Froman that her voice was exceptionally lovely, but that her stumbling block, stuttering, would limit her career, keep her from making moving pictures, or appearing in musical comedy because she couldn't read lines.

Nevertheless, Jane made an important move last Spring. She was offered a contract to make two shorts, and she signed it—but when she discovered she had to read lines as well as sing, she went to pieces.

JANE never went near the studios, and dodged telephone calls from representatives. Finally, she received word that she would have to appear at the studios on such-and-such a day at such-and-such an hour—or be sued for failure to fulfill her contract.

Simultaneously, a New York columnist wrote that "poor Jane Froman, her terrible handicap, her unfortunate drawback will ruin her career", etc. This made Jane furious—so with the grimmest kind of determination, she drove her

Seemingly unimportant events brought many stars of the air

IN THEIR LIVES



car out to the L. I. studios, appeared on the set, and said. "G-g-give me m-m-m-my lines."

Jane took them over in a corner, and went over them slowly. She decided. "I'm not going to stutter today, if it's the last thing I do". And—marvelously enough—Jane didn't stutter: She made the two shorts, and this accomplishment gave her courage.

She felt that if she could do it once, she could do it again. Jane purchased volumes of plays, and read lines to herself each night. As a result, she is appearing in the Follies this fall reading lines as well as singing, and plans to go to the coast to make a full-length moving picture in the Spring.

If Hal K. Dawson (Elmer Everett Yess) had turned down an offer to take a role in a stock company which paid him one-fifth of his salary as a salesman—he might still be selling his wares on the road, instead of on the air. But that turning point in his life appealed to his gambling spirit—and Hal K. took a chance which turned out right.

Kate Smith's big moment occurred in 1931. She'd just finished playing in "Flying High". The so-called "glamor" of the stage had disgusted Kate. She liked few of her theatrical associates, she hated theatrical parties, and she

David Ross got his break subbing for an absent artist while Elmer Everett Yess (with his baby) followed a gambling instinct.

was unable to lead the kind of life that appealed to her. So she decided to call it quits, and return to live with her mother in Washington.

However—a lightning thought occurred to her—she might be able to do recordings.

That would not involve the same effort as appearing in musical comedies. But wouldn't it be better to just drop the whole thing and forget about it?

"I'll try—once more", Kate thought, and went to the Columbia Phonograph Company where she met Ted Collins, her present manager. After hearing her sing in an audition, he induced her to go into radio—and though at first she resisted the idea—it turned out to be one of the most phenomenal pieces of luck in the history of radio, and brought her international fame.

David Ross's life was drastically changed when he dropped in to see the studios of a small metropolitan radio station one night. It was stormy, and the station was short of talent, some of the artists having failed to appear as per schedule. David offered to recite some poetry, and the station manager liked his voice so well that he offered him a job as staff announcer. Ross. (Continued on page 53)

waves to their big radio opportunity and present popularity



LULU McCONNELL

Known as "Cut-Up McConnell," admits she's met her love waiting for a street car and she knew Paul Revere's horse

Lulu McConnell talks faster than Wiley Post flies, but her amusing tidbits brighten the air on the Columbia chain.

YOU
ASK HER

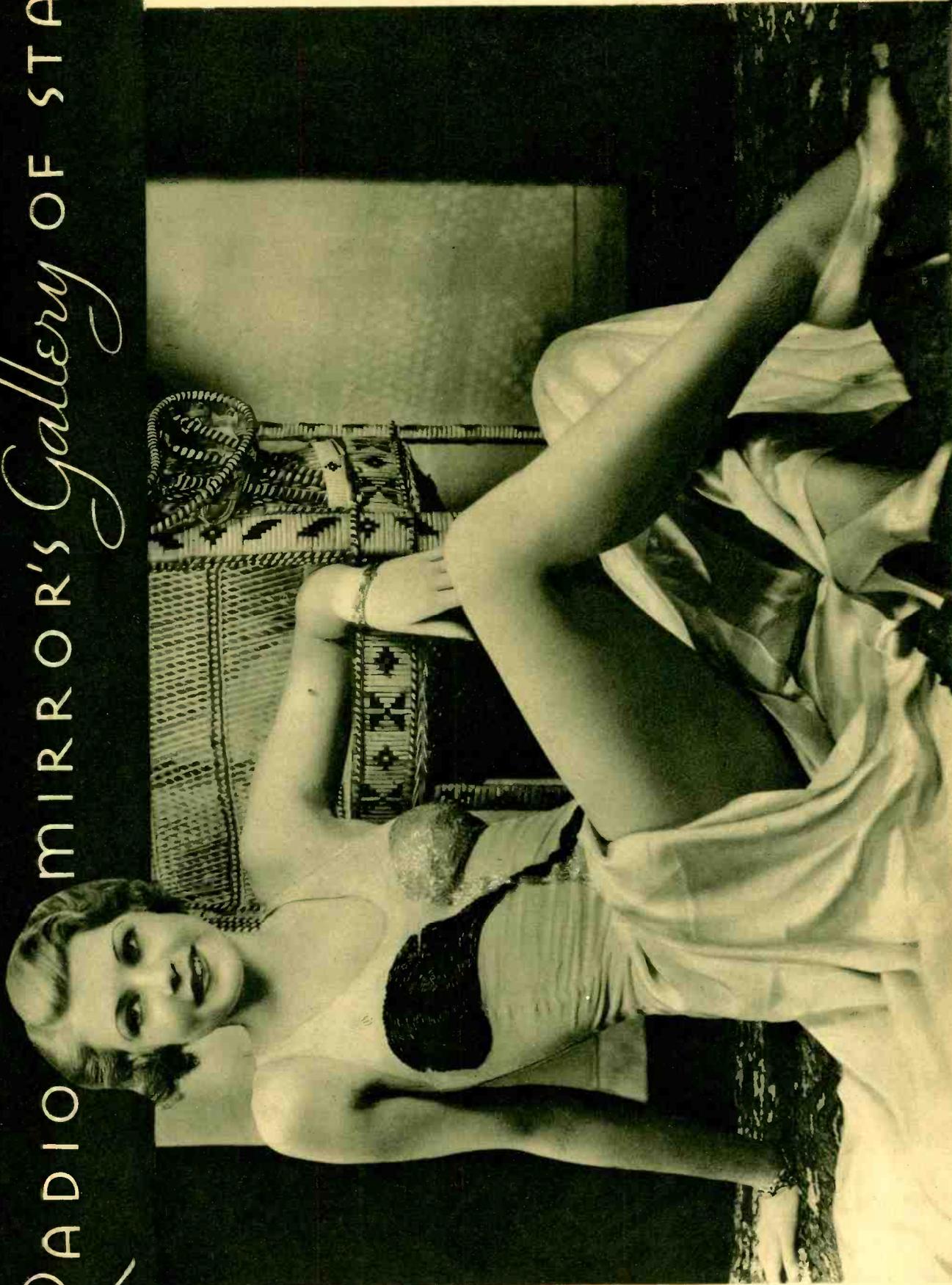
Another

- Q.** Full name in private life?
A. Lulu (Cut-up) McConnell.
- Q.** Month, day and year of birth?
A. Ask me another.
- Q.** City and state of birth?
A. Kansas City, Mo.—Heaven help it!
- Q.** Was either parent talented?
A. My mother could make faces.
- Q.** What was your childhood ambition?
A. To ride on a roller coaster without screaming.
- Q.** Who is your favorite character in history?
A. Paul Revere. I knew his horse.
- Q.** Where did you learn to dance?
A. On the cellar door.
- Q.** Were you an all-around girl?
A. Yes, I was all around the town.
- Q.** Did you have any pets?
A. Yes, the boy who used to carry my books to school?
- Q.** Did you ever play hookey?
A. Is it anything like post office?
- Q.** When did you first decide to become a comedienne?
A. When I found I could get paid for acting natural.
- Q.** When did you graduate?
A. I am still in the fourth grade.
- Q.** Are you still studying?
A. Yes, to keep out of the poor farm and the old ladies home.
- Q.** Did your parents approve of your career?

- A. Yes, they thought I was crazy anyway.
- Q.** What was the first job you ever held?
A. Teaching the girls in the neighborhood gang to dance. When they began to demand their money back, I left town.
- Q.** Then where did you go?
A. On the Orpheum Circuit, lisping school girl songs with Marguerite Graham—mother of Marguerite Churchill, the movie star. We played two years before they found out how terrible we were.
- (Continued on page 55)

RADIO

MIRROR'S *Gallery* OF STARS



HARRIET HILLIARD

She sings of love with Ozzie Nelson who takes her lyrics seriously on and off the air.



The famous voice of the most popular of all tenors lends its beauty and Irish charm to the WJZ network of stations these winter Wednesday nights.

JOHN *M* C CORMACK

GENIA FONARIOVA

One of the real veterans of the airwaves. Her voice graced the early programs of the National Grand Opera Company. Now she's on WEA.



Marge

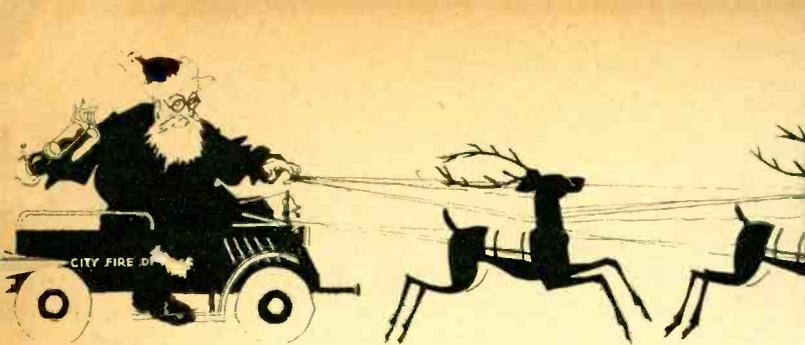
Her real name is Marge Damarell, but you know her simply as Marge, the younger member of the popular air team of gossipy Myrt and Marge



Myrt

She gives Marge advice at the microphone and away from it, too—this Myrtle Vail who's known to you simply as Myrt, airing some of her problems.





S O - O

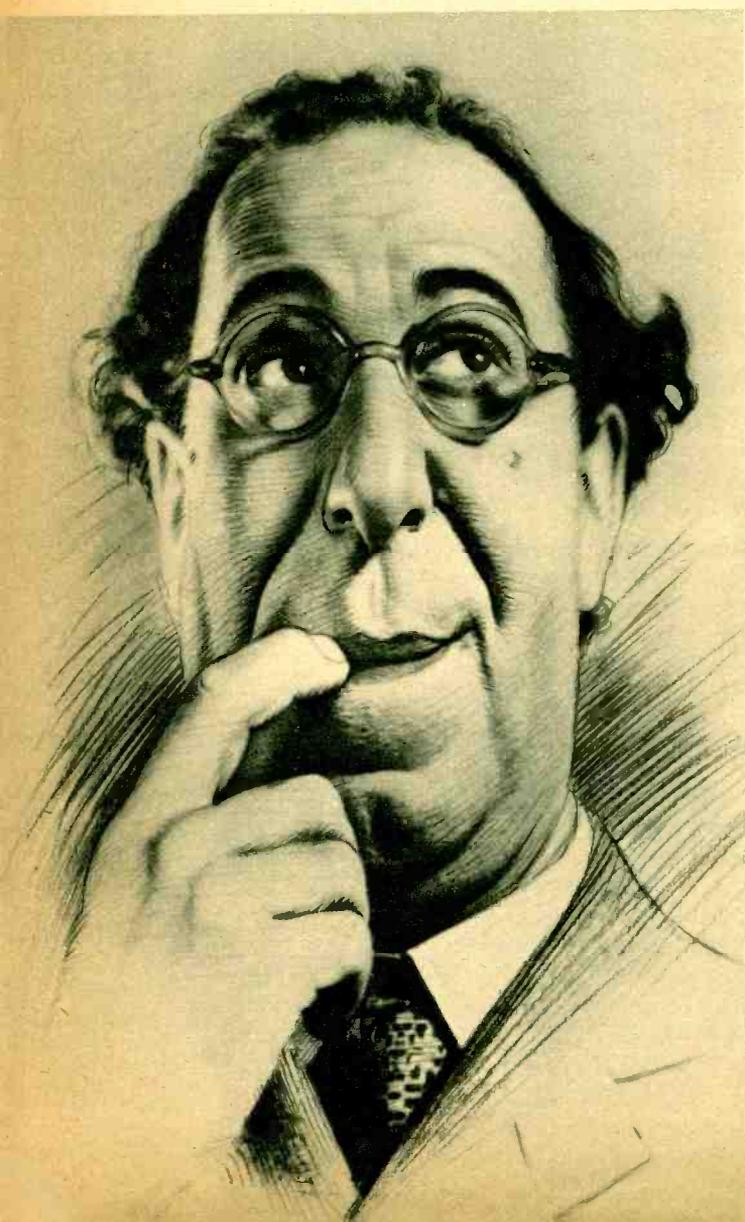
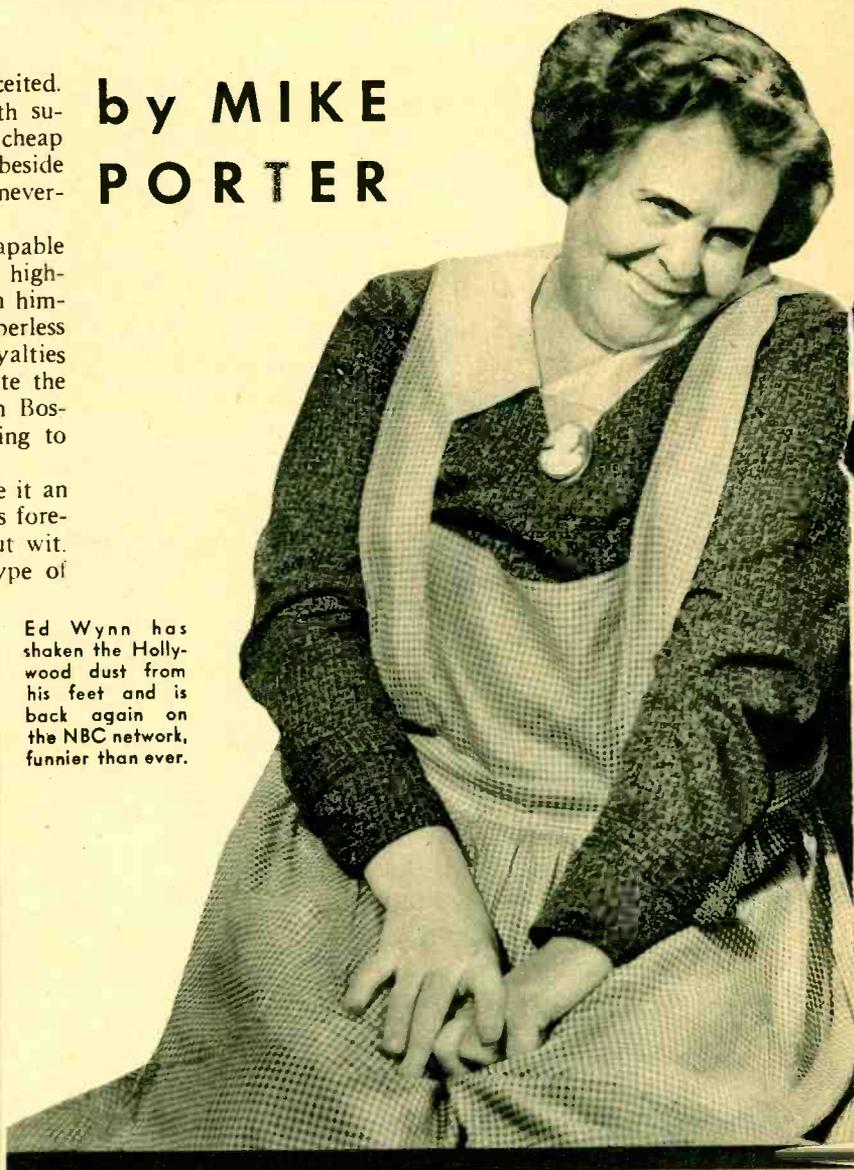
I FEEL no hesitancy in saying Ed Wynn is conceited. Not blatantly conceited. He doesn't irritate with superiority. He's no snob. I've met a lot of cheap crooners and tank town wonders in this radio racket beside whom Ed Wynn is the very essence of modesty. But nevertheless he is conceited.

He doesn't believe there is a biographer alive capable of writing Ed Wynn's life. He is convinced there are highlights and nuances in his career which only Ed Wynn himself can handle properly. He has turned down numberless proposals from authors who yearned for the juicy royalties such a book would bring. The latest request to write the Wynn biography came from a Methodist minister in Boston. He was refused too, because Ed Wynn is going to author his own life.

"I'll write it myself," he insisted, "when I can make it an historic document. I want to be known as the world's foremost authority on humor. I don't care a hang about wit. Until the American audience is converted to the type of

by **MIKE
PORTER**

Ed Wynn has shaken the Hollywood dust from his feet and is back again on the NBC network, funnier than ever.



humor which is destined to become the country's folk lore, and I feel I deserve to become its creator, there won't be any biography. When the time comes I'll write my story myself."

The principal conceit of *The Perfect Fool*, as I have said, is that he is the world's foremost exponent of humor. Yet, while insisting upon that title, he admits humor is perennial, that its basis is to be found in the nursery, and there is no such thing as a new joke.

Which is why he assumes exclusively the Simple Simon role. He demands utter simplicity in humor. His forte is the ability to recognize in a basic situation of standard aspects, the possibility of readaptation, refinement and refreshing presentation. Whether you agree with his doctrine or not, it certainly has its points of interest.

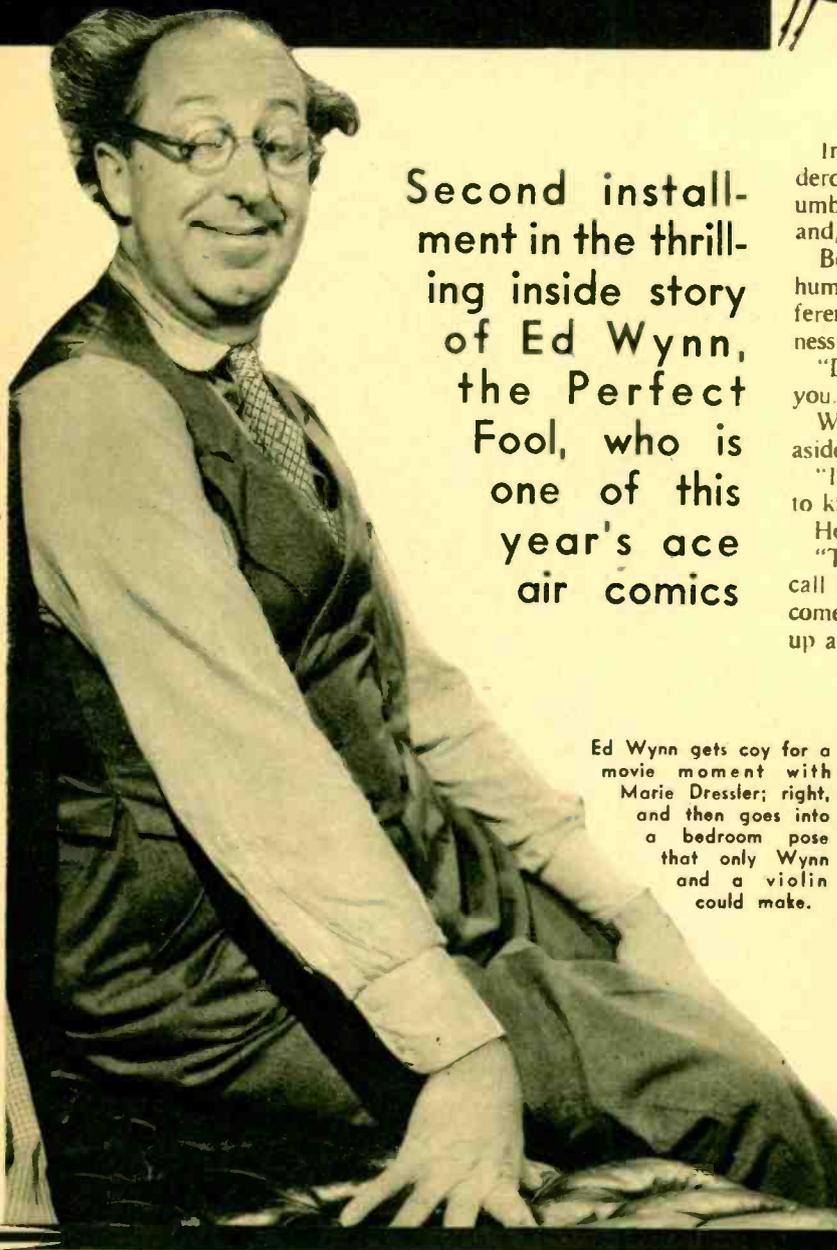
It is Ed Wynn's firm conviction that no comedian can be successful unless he appeals to children.

"Women and children first," he grins, "is more than an idle phrase in entertainment. My son gives me one of the best reports I get on broadcasts. He says, 'Dad, I'll tell you what they laughed at up at school'. That's what I want to know. If

-oh!



Second installment in the thrilling inside story of Ed Wynn, the Perfect Fool, who is one of this year's ace air comics



Ed Wynn gets coy for a movie moment with Marie Dressler; right, and then goes into a bedroom pose that only Wynn and a violin could make.

Incidentally, the catalogue of the humor library is as ponderous as a dictionary and lists classifications of jokes on umbrellas, mother-in-law, mountains, seashore, heaven, hell and, apparently, everything else under the sun.

Before understanding Ed Wynn's peculiar method of humor refining, he insists it is necessary to realize the difference between wit and humor. He is proud of his expertise in identifying each.

"Do you know the difference?" he asked me. "I'll tell you."

When I suggested I already knew, he waved my claim aside.

"I'll tell you anyhow," he insisted. "It's a good thing to know."

He posed like a schoolmaster.

"There are two kinds of comedians," he expounded. "I call them gag-comedians and method-comedians. The gag-comedian is the fellow who depends on wit. He just gets up and tells a joke he has picked (Continued on page 54)

boys and girls like it and laugh at it the next day, I know it's genuine wholesome humor."

The Wynn mind is perhaps the cleanest among comedians. His humor is always immaculate. Sometimes a double entendre creeps into a joke by the very fact that Wynn's innocence is such he wouldn't recognize or consider the possibility of smut in his stuff. He says:

"Anyone who smuts up my jokes takes the smut out of his own mind."

There is no reason why an off-color gag should sneak in. Wynn has collected the most voluminous humor library in America. It contains, roughly, 30,000 jokes. Imagine that many to choose from. Each joke is classified and cross-filed.

If, in the course of a script, he introduces a fat man and wishes to crowd in an extra laugh, Ed merely rings up his library.

"Send over half a dozen jokes about a fat man," Wynn orders.

The librarian looks under the listing 'FAT' and digs out the required consignment. From this Ed Wynn selects an appropriate gag which he proceeds to do things to until it fits the need.





Jane and Goodman Ace really do have some happy moments when they're not playing radio bridge.



A QUIET
with
AC

Trouble's brewing for poor Goodman when he gets the cards out and has to listen to Jane's chatter, for he knows it will cost him money.



The Aces have rehearsed tomorrow's broadcast and are relaxing with Jane and hubby strangely silent.

EVENING *the* ES

Above, Jane (under the piano) must have pulled another boner and is hiding, but Goodman's music will bring her out; right, Mrs. Ace behind the bar, serves (of all things) a glass of milk!

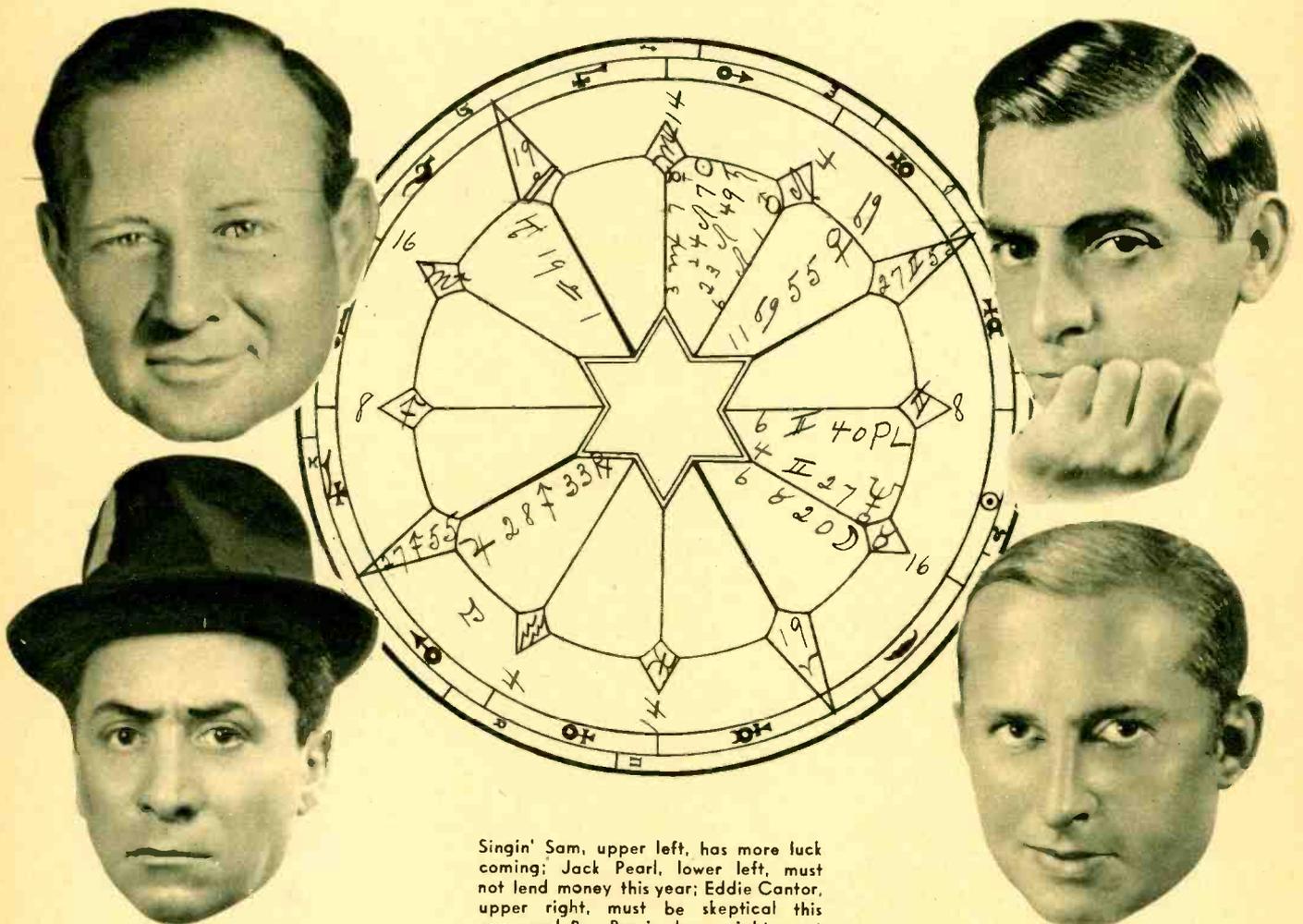


WHAT 1934 HOLDS for THEM

The stars promise much for some of radio's best known artists during the coming year

by G. E. JORDAN, JR.

Husband and professional associate for many years of the late Evangeline Adams, foremost Astrologist



Singin' Sam, upper left, has more luck coming; Jack Pearl, lower left, must not lend money this year; Eddie Cantor, upper right, must be skeptical this year, and Ben Bernie, lower right, must guard against nervousness next summer.

EDDIE CANTOR
(Born January 31, 1892)

THE native of this horoscope was blessed at birth with an original and independent mind, strongly under the influence of Aquarius, the humanitarian sign of the Zodiac. The symbol of this sign is the figure of a man pouring water, representing the fertility of the earth and the creative and imaginative faculty of those born under its influence.

Our subject is a person who delights in helping his fellow creatures. He does not have to bludgeon Fate, for the things which come to him naturally are the very things

which work out for his greatest good in the long run. Mental poise is perhaps the finest attribute which the sign Aquarius bestows upon him. No

other sign of the Zodiac makes one so nearly master of one's self, and there is probably no more richly endowed nature than the Aquarian at his best. He makes friends cautiously—and rarely loses them.

The native of this horoscope is a naturally adaptable person, and is seldom resentful of other people's behavior without sufficient reason. The vibrations indicated in this chart equip him with a highly organized nervous system and an elusive personal mag- (Continued on page 46)

GARD'S CHOSEN PEOPLE

"MAMA, DON'T WORRY I'LL BE RIGHT HOME"

"CAN'T HELP LOVING THAT MAN OF MINE"



HELEN MORGAN



GEORGE JESSEL

"DIGGA-DIGGA-DOO"

"YOU-HOO-MRS. BLOOM"



LEO REISMAN



GERTRUDE BERG



Portland Hoffa, Mrs. Fred Allen to you fans.

W E H A V E

● S U N D A Y

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

Music, both sweet and hot, guests who sing or play and even poems by the "majah".

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

Out of the mouths of children these days come those low-down blues.

12:30 P. M. RADIO CITY CONCERT—"Roxy" Master of Ceremonies; Radio City Symphony Orchestra direction Erno Rapee. WJZ and associated stations.

Roxy still knows what the public wants—and gives it to them.

1:00 P. M. LITTLE MARILYN MACK—songs. (Julius Grossman Shoes.) WEA.

Another infant diga-doing among the hotcha notes.

2:00 P. M. BROADWAY MELODIES with Helen Morgan and Jerry Freeman's orchestra. (Bi-so-dol). WABC and associated stations.

Even if you can't see Helen sitting atop the music box you get the idea she's still one of the best.

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

Carrying the Mason-Dixon idea along the ether.

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

You know some of their numbers by heart but you don't get awayin' while these two harmonize.

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

He smiles, you smile and it's all a lot of radio fun.

7:00 P. M. REAL SILK SHOW—Vincent Lopez and his orchestra; Alice Joy, contralto. (Real Silk Hosiery Mills.) WJZ and associated stations.

His music keeps him among the topnotchers but we understand that's not why the Windy City girls went so gaga over him.

7:00 P. M. THE AMERICAN REVUE, with Ethel Waters, George Beatty and Dorsey Brothers. Orchestra with Joe Venuti. WABC and associated stations.

Harlem's ace songbird but she's everybody's musical dessert now.

7:30 P. M. BAKER'S BROADCAST, featuring Joe Penner, comedian; Harriet Hilliard, vocalist and Ozzie Nelson's orchestra. WJZ and associated stations.

The Penner one is very, very funny and Mr. Nelson syncopates rather well.

8:00 P. M. AN EVENING IN PARIS; Milton Watson, tenor, and Katherine Carrington, soprano; Claire Madjette, as mistress of ceremonies; Orchestra direction Nat Shilkret. (Bourjois, Inc.). WABC and associated stations.

A little French atmosphere for you who can't take your Paris from a sidewalk cafe.

8:00 P. M. CHASE AND SANBORN HOUR—Eddie Cantor and Rubinoff's orchestra. WEA and associated stations.

All those months in Hollywood and he's still his amusing self which is considerably something.

8:30 P. M. FREDDIE RICH ENTERTAINS. Mildred Bailey; Do, Re, Me Trio; Eton Boys and orchestra. WABC and associated stations.

Miss Bailey with her torch banner flying high and those swell Eton Boys.

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.

An entertaining trip up and down Broadway on your own little iron horse.

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.

Even if it only had six stars it would still be good.

Pearl Pickens and Carson Robison a cowboy and a southern belle.



E A S T E R N S T A N

WITH US—

9:00 P. M. **GULF HEADLINERS**—Will Rogers, guest artist; The Revelers quartet; Al Goodman's orchestra. (Gulf Refining Co.). WJZ and associated stations.

The old cowboy himself tipping you off as to what goes on in the world in case the news doesn't strike you as you get it.

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

Some last minute gossip about New York and the west coast with choice tidbits from other places thrown in—and a lot about how to keep your hands nice.

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

Even if you haven't a kiddie, some of it's a good thing to know.

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

For natural, spontaneous everyday humor, deftly handled, tune in on the Benny tribe.

11:30 P. M. **SUNDAY AT SETH PARKER'S**. WEA and associated stations.

Learning about life among the cows and chickens.

12:00 Mid. **RUDY VALLEE** and his orchestra. (The Hollywood Restaurant). Also Tuesday. WEA and associated stations.

Just when you think he can't keep this up forever he tops himself.

12:00 Mid. **EDDIE DUCHIN** and his orchestra. WABC and associated stations.

The debbies' delight feeding you insinuating rhythms.



Cyrena Van Gordon, another recruit from opera.

● M O N D A Y

10:00 A. M. **BREEN AND DE ROSE**—vocal and instrumental duo. WEA and associated stations.

Good old standbys when you're not in the mood for taking a chance at the dial-turning.

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.

Things that women talk about when they borrow a cup of sugar.

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

The boy who used to sing like Vallee and still plays like Osborne.

11:30 A. M. **TONY WONS** with Keenan and Phillips, Piano Team. Daily except Saturday and Sunday. WABC and associated stations.

Mr. Wons giving a little morning sermon whether you need it or not.

5:00 P. M. **SKIPPY**. (The Wheatena Co.). Daily except Saturday and Sunday. WABC and associated stations.

Time to call the boys and girls in to wash their hands for dinner.

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

Even Lenox avenue chuckles at itself when these two get on the air.

7:00 P. M. **MYRT AND MARGE**. Daily except Saturday and Sunday. WABC and associated stations.

A popular pair of two-syllable word jugglers.

7:15 P. M. **JUST PLAIN BILL**. Daily except Saturday and Sunday. WABC and associated stations.

Exactly what you'd expect from somebody with this name.

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

Superior dialecticians in amusing moments.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday programs continued on page 48.

Harry Tighe and Edward Ford "The Commuters" in character.





Gilding a

Vera Van wears the perfect cocktail gown of dark brown velvet with dull gold inserts in the short fashionable sleeves.



Below, Miss Van shows the newest in evening wraps, long black velvet coat, generously trimmed with ermine, and tiny muff.

Smartly attired for an informal afternoon (above) in this black wool dress with a tricky collar treatment of a dull green.



THE high tide of the winter fashion season is here and Vera Van, pretty blonde singing star of the Columbia chain, dons the smartest gowns which Madame Sonia Rosenberg, well-known designer and modiste, has chosen for her type. There's a costume for every occasion from the morning saunter in the park (if a busy radio celebrity has the time for parks and sauntering) to the supper hour at the smart clubs. When attired in the gorgeous velvet and ermine ensemble or the glittering sequin wrap she is certain to be the center of attention and the envy of any other woman.

Madame Rosenberg, to set off Miss Van's fragile beauty, selected a nobby sports outfit of a rusty color in the jacket with the same shade and white in a diagonal check for the skirt. It has a dull leather belt and large dull buttons in double-breasted fashion down the front. The beret, gloves and purse are navy blue. No wonder Miss Van gazes at herself with such satisfaction in the mirror when she wears the long brown velvet cocktail dress with its puffed sleeves of velvet and dull gold. It has a high front and a tight collar of velvet and then the waist

Radio Lily



The newest thing for a formal evening is this glittering coat of silver sequins in an unusual pattern, and matching beret.



This black velvet evening dress (left) was originally designed for one of the smartest society women in America. Note neckline.

Below, Miss Van wears a snappy sports outfit of checked wool skirt with a rust wool jacket and hat and accessories of blue.

cuts away to a deep "V" in the back.

The enveloping wrap of velvet and ermine with its matching muff which Miss Van wears for the picture to the left is one of the most stunning, luxurious costumes of an exciting season. The fur forms the upper half of the sleeves and continues in "V" shape down the back, away from the generous shawl collar.

Above, the blues singer makes a stunning study in the newest black velvet formal gown to be seen these cold evenings. It has a very low back, though there is the suggestion of a high collar of the velvet, the skirt clings to the figure below the knees and though the bodice looks loose, it falls gracefully over a tight band of silver cloth.

Paris is mad about evening things that glitter and Madame Rosenberg designed the rather long jacket of silver sequins to be worn by the Vera Van type with an off-the-face tam of the same shimmering stuff.

And then for the luncheon engagement or early afternoon, there's this simple frock of gorgeous lines, made of a soft, woolly material that's so flattering and finished with intrinsic neck and shoulder trimming of a dull olive green.



LET'S HAVE A REPEAL PARTY

The whole clan of radio highlights marching into your home via the loudspeaker laden with the products they promote on the airways. Try it yourself sometime

LET'S all tune in and join our radio favorites at their Repeal Party given by Gracie Allen and Bing Crosby. Everyone is having a marvelous time with that funny Gracie as hostess and the Radio Romeo, Bing, as host. With La Allen in charge you may expect the most original and of course, the party has little to do with repeal.

Guy Lombardo and Kate Smith are the guests of honor; Guy because Gracie would be lost without his music and Kate because of her overwhelming popularity.

This couple could not think of the idea of the party, invite the guests and plan refreshments too, so our hostess decided that a staff of cooks must be installed including: Mildred Bailey, Julia Sanderson, Connie and Martha Boswell, Ozzie Nelson, Isham Jones, Mario Braggiotti, and Ed McConnell.

Eddie Cantor has made himself master of ceremonies to see that no one is admitted without a donation. He has brought sufficient coffee from Chase and Sanborn so Rubinoff will have to present another product.

The evening is started off with Ben Bernie's music enducing the people to drink his Pabst Blue Ribbon, but his very dear friend Walter Winchell announces that Ben is drinking all of Jane Froman's King's Brew.

The necessary requisites for the smoker are brought by Harry Richman's Old Golds, George Burn's White Owl, and Frank Parker had to bring from the A. & P. Gypsies the Lucky Strikes as Jack Pearl insisted they could not be obtained with his—was you there Frank, huh?

The bread was given by Frank Crumit of the Bond Bread Company, to be used for cheese sandwiches, the cheese presented by Whiteman's sponsors the Kraft Phenix Cheese Company. Ethel Shutta brought enough Nestle's candy for two of Gracie's parties. Fred Allen offered chicken, vegetable and shrimp salads from his Hellmann Mayonnaise sponsors.

Phil Baker came with his Armour hams and bacon under his arms. Leo Reisman and his orchestra came with lots of

(Continued on page 63)



Jeannie Lang stops singing long enough to blow the foam off a life-size glass of repeal beer.

He's Salad Bowl Jack,
but he likes to cook meats,
fish and fancy spaghetti.

Jack Smart, who trots along the humorous air-way with Fred Allen, is not only funny, but culinary, and his best bets in the kitchen are revealed here



JACK *in the* BOWL

JACK SMART, that tall interesting person known as the comedian and character actor on the Salad Bowl Revue is one of radioland's most distinguished cooks.

His interest in foods and their combinations began several years ago when appearing on the stage in Canada, he had an apartment with four other young men. Jack's contribution was to cook all meals, while the others would do dishes, and other necessary duties for the care of the domicile. He had never cooked at home except frying eggs and grilling bacon; but like all of the masculine sex he was a frequent tester of preparations at dinnertimes and during the day.

He likes to cook meats, fish, spaghetti, and intricate sauces. Although married to an efficient cook, and his wife has installed someone to get their meals he is often busily engaged in the kitchen. Like all experienced and successful cooks he will tell you seasoning is the most important factor. That is why five persons may make the same dish, and

one will far surpass the others. Mr. Smart uses a good deal of garlic and is never without it. This is especially used for steaks and chops; whenever possible he cooks these meats over a charcoal fire and has a special fireplace for this.

Jack Smart has done no professional work in cookery as yet, but at one time gave an audition for Oscar of the Waldorf. They had him make a cake he had never made before without a recipe, but Jack trusted to luck and his knowledge of baking and produced a cake that the studio people ate and enjoyed. At one time he was asked to compile all his recipes and pet concoctions into a book form to be published, but with radio programs and public appearances he just never got around to it.

This Jack is a Smart man when it comes to the discussion of foods. His recipes are unique and tremendously successful. There are few housewives who can compete with his boast that all of his (Continued on page 60)

DEPARTMENT • by Sylvia Covney

COOKING



Pretty Ann Leaf makes herself a cup of tea in a rare moment from the mike.

Hot dishes for cold months concocted by radio stars who've already tried them out in their own kitchens

A GAIN RADIO MIRROR brings on these home waves more inviting dishes from your favorite entertainers. Many of these celebrities not only offer their pet recipes, but are willing to divulge the changes they have made to the cook book instructions with delightful results.

Cookery is a popular hobby that more than a few of the famed stars take as seriously as the fiend of your bridge circle takes in his game. The pleasure derived is most evident, and when you try these you will be equally satisfied.

It's most interesting to note that those we have approached as yet are very emphatic and enthusiastic with replies of new food combinations and service.

This month when January winds are blowing and howling so loudly your ether friends give these dishes in keeping with the season.

Mrs. Isham Jones makes this variation in fritters which

appeals so greatly to that popular orchestra leader.

FRITTERS WITH BANANA MIXTURE

1 cup flour	$\frac{3}{4}$ cup milk
2 teaspoons baking powder	4 bananas
$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt	2 tablespoons sugar
1 egg	1 tablespoon lemon juice

Sift flour, baking powder, and salt together into bowl. Beat egg, and add this and the milk to the first mixture; beat until sufficiently smooth. Put bananas through a sieve, add sugar and lemon juice and add to fritter batter, again beat thoroughly. Have deep fat very hot, and add mixture by dropping by spoonfuls. Drain on brown paper and sprinkle if desired with powdered sugar.

Betty Barthell eats occasionally at night, and is particularly fond of southern food. This Columbia songbird is especially partial to stuffed eggs.

STUFFED EGGS

Place eggs in water allow to come to a boil and boil about 25 minutes. Cool, shell and cut eggs in half, remove yolks. Mix salt, pepper, dry mustard, and finely chopped parsley to the yolks with small amount of mayonnaise. Refill egg whites; these are very popular for Sunday night suppers.

Connie Bates puts the same force and determination in her cooking as in her singing. She likes to try new recipes, and often receives them from her radio audiences.

RYE POPOVERS

1½ cups rye flour	1 tablespoon butter
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup white flour	1 tablespoon other shortening
$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt	2 cups milk
4 eggs	

Sift flour and salt together; make separation in center of flour and add eggs and shortening. then milk and stir until very smooth. Pour into hot greased tins and place in hot oven; about 450° F. for 40 minutes. This will make 12 popovers.

The Boswell Sisters are not so harmonious in cooking as in their regular broadcasts. Connie is the most frequent cook, while Martha occasionally prepares some special treat, but Vet does not like to enter this field and prefers to let her sisters reign in that particular cuisine. Connie wants you to try this loaf cake.

CREAM LOAF CAKE

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup thin cream
1 cup sugar	1 cup flour
2 eggs	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup cornstarch
1 teaspoon vanilla	3 teaspoons baking powder

Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar gradually, then beaten egg yolks and flavoring. Add flour, cornstarch, baking powder, alternately with milk small portion at a time. Then fold in lightly the stiffly beaten egg whites. Bake in greased loaf cake tin. Place in moderate oven for about 40 minutes using cake test to see if done. A confectioners'

WITH THE STARS



sugar, butter, cocoa, milk, and few drops of vanilla is tasty on this loaf cake.

The three sisters are especially fond of Martha's fried chicken.

FRIED CHICKEN

It is advisable to select small chickens about 1 to 1¼ pounds in weight. Have cut in pieces; wash and dry carefully. Salt and pepper; dip in egg and then in flour, and this is where Martha adds a little baking powder, about ¼ teaspoon. Dip in very hot deep fat, fry for about 8 to 12 minutes; arrange on platter and garnish with rings of raw carrots and parsley.

Pearl Pickens, of the team. Carson Robison and Pickens, is fond of cooking and suggests this Corn Chowder to warm the family one of these cold nights.

CORN CHOWDER

2 cups canned corn	4 tablespoons butter
3½ cups potatoes, cut in cubes	2 sliced onions, small
Small portion salt pork fat	4 cups scalded milk
	10 crackers
	Salt, pepper

Cut pork in small pieces, add onion and fry stirring constantly so onion will not burn; strain fat into pan. Parboil the potatoes, drain and add to fat, then add two cups boiling water, cook until potatoes are softened, add corn, milk, season, add butter, and then add crackers which have been split and soaked in cold milk to moisten. Heat and serve.

Anne Leaf, the famous organist gives that touch to her biscuit mixture, as to her organ that you feel can never be equaled.

BISCUITS

2 cups flour	½ teaspoon salt
4 teaspoons baking powder	3 tablespoons butter
	¾ cup milk

Flour must be sifted before measured; place in sifter, add baking powder and salt and sift into bowl. Put butter in bowl, use fork mix lightly and yet thoroughly. Add milk slowly. Put dough on lightly floured board, pat with floured hands or with rolling pin to desired thickness. Cut with biscuit cutter. Bake in 450° F. oven until browned about 13 minutes.

Jack Golden, the famed baton leader likes Italian foods, and his own ability is limited mostly to scrambled eggs and sausage. He frequently orders artichokes prepared in this manner.

JERUSALEM ARTICHOKE

Wash, cut off stems, and remove outside leaves of about one pound, cook whole in boiling salted water until soft, about 20 minutes. Drain, add about ¾ cup butter, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, finally minced parsley, salt, and few grains of cayenne. Cook three minutes.

Boake Carter, the Englishman who gives news flashes over the WABC network remains true to England in his choice of English foods. He is a popular cook among his friends. He excels in fish, and pastry dishes.

CREAM PUFFS

1 cup boiling water	¼ teaspoon salt
½ cup shortening	3 eggs
1 cup flour	2 teaspoons baking powder

Place boiling water, shortening in saucepan, let boil up well, and add all at once the sifted flour and salt. Stir vigorously, as soon as mixed take from fire, add eggs one at a time, add baking powder and beat well, drop by spoonfuls on greased sheet placing some distance apart. Shape with wet spoon in circular form. Use a hot oven 450° F. for first ten minutes; reduce to 400° F. and bake about fifteen more minutes until brown. Cut near bottom and fill with whipped cream. May also be served with chocolate sauce.

Jane Froman the popular radio star from Missouri is all American in all her likes, as in food she most enjoys American recipes and cooks. This Lobster Sauce is her favorite.

LOBSTER SAUCE

1 cup lobster	3 tablespoons butter
1 pint milk	1 egg
½ tablespoon flour	½ cup light cream
¼ teaspoon salt	Paprika, pepper

Finely chop the lobster, add milk and let cook slowly for about fifteen minutes. Mix the flour with enough water to make a paste for thickening; add to milk and lobster stirring until smooth. Just before serving add butter, salt, pepper, paprika, and one egg that has been well beaten. Cook about five minutes stirring (Continued on page 62)

Life isn't all "Showboat" for Annette Hanshaw, who has her domestic instincts. The pretty blues singer is a good cook.



DEPARTMENT • by Sylvia Covney

What 1934 Holds For Them

(Continued from page 34)

netism. He is so alert mentally that he is able to anticipate the thoughts of others, so that at times he becomes bored by excessive deliberation in speech. Because of his keen powers of observation, intuitive perceptions, and mental and physical agility, he may at times be impatient with the relative stupidity of less gifted persons.

His destiny impels him to stand on his own feet, and he is happily possessed of the required ability to achieve such independence. Either because he is so much the man's man, or because his interests call for frequent dealings with men in his social as well as his business life, he must have great freedom, for which the women closely connected in his life must realize the necessity. The tremendous supply of nervous energy indicated by the angular position between the Sun and the planet Uranus in this chart, conduces to high achievement. His nervous system, because it is so highly organized, provides a danger signal, and he will require more fresh air and relaxation, as well as variety, than does the average person.

HIS kindly democratic feeling towards all men will save him from being too exacting or "finicky." Because people touch him very deeply he is capable of unusual devotion and self-sacrifice. His charitable disposition, together with his charm will most often disarm criticism, even though he has really erred. It would be impossible for him to enjoy success if he thought it came at the expense or happiness of others.

The Moon in the unselfish sign Pisces warns the subject not to allow the self-effacing, unselfish side of his nature to interfere with his practical dealings, or to be imposed upon by family, friends or business associates, through being too easily influenced by an appeal to his emotions. He is well advised "never to cross bridges until he comes to them," and that his worst troubles—as he supposes them to be—will never happen.

In view of contradictory aspects manifest in our subject's chart, he should make sure that any one who tries to influence his judgment is more just and wise than himself, inasmuch as this configuration assures his own ability to arrive at correct decisions. While he is very fortunate in attracting money, the influence of Jupiter in his chart indicates a tendency to be somewhat over-generous, if not even too nonchalant about the future. This indication prompts him to play the part of the prodigal host and benefactor, and to be instinctively lavish with his favors to those he loves.

People born between February 20th and March 20th of any past years may prove especially fortunate to him, as will the opportunities which come, to his attention during that period. This chart does not seem to indicate serious ups and downs, financially.

During the greater part of 1934, the vibrations in this chart are somewhat contradictory. Opportunities of an im-

portant nature should lead up to our subject and, if taken advantage of, should advance his interests; but he must guard against the contingencies of ill-health that might prevent him from enjoying the promise of good fortune.

During January and February, and October and November of 1934, he will find it necessary to exercise more self-awareness and control than will be the case for another forty years. It would be well for him to be a little skeptical of the motives of others, especially if they display signs of going to extremes in their feelings. The year 1934 promises to be one in which the subject of this horoscope will exhibit even greater talent and win greater success than he has heretofore achieved.

JACK PEARL

(Born October 29, 1895)

The most pronounced feature in this horoscope is the close proximity of the planets Mercury and Mars in the sign Libra, together with the Sun in the intense sign Scorpio. This indicates a tremendous will, a physical and mental agility—the ability to do a given amount of work in less time than the average person. Because of this dominant will and physical stamina, it points to a strong constitution and splendid recuperative powers.

Our subject should avoid making promises too readily or arriving at important decisions too quickly. He has to feel full of business in order to be contented, and must always set his heart on accomplishing a little more than is possible. His chart shows the ability to be influenced or coaxed, but an army could not frighten or force decision against his desired wish. And he himself should not try to force Fate.

The Sun in this chart is aspected by both Mars and Saturn, furnishing the tendency to magnify, and giving great ability along original lines. The Moon in the unselfish, receptive sign Pisces indicates that it is necessary that his self-effacing or unselfish side does not make him impractical in his dealings with associates or in the general conduct of his personal life. While he may make many contacts in life, it would be well for him to guard against being too strongly swayed by his emotions.

WOMEN are apt to play a very important part in his destiny, and through them he will experience almost the entire gamut of emotions. When friends and associates prove too temperamental, he may know that they are a devastating influence in his life. He should allow his intuitive and discriminating sense of proportion to govern his decisions, fully realizing that there are always two sides to every question. His first impressions are more reliable than his carefully drawn deductions. Harmonious surroundings and congenial companions are very necessary to his life.

This horoscope further indicates a sense of rhythm and an appreciation of music without the ability to create. He

will meet with greater success where inspiration, brilliance of thought or quick action are called for than where deep concentration and method are necessary. Owing to the position of Jupiter he will have generous impulses and inspire confidence in people of wealth and power. He must, however, guard against going to extremes in the expenditure of money, particularly on friends. He will certainly never be accused of allowing a dime to interfere with his making a dollar. He should never lend money or go surety for anyone as he is more than likely to lose both money and friend in the process.

Being born so strongly under the influence of Scorpio is both fortunate and unfortunate, as it often indicates extremes of mood as well as periods of good and ill fortune. When successful he should make wise use of what the gods provide, realizing that when the pendulum swings it will go just as far in the opposite direction.

Although he appears to notice little that goes on about him, in reality nothing escapes his attention. The less he acts on impulse the better he is likely to fare.

Through the entire year 1934, it is indicated that the subject of this horoscope will have his emotions more deeply stirred and that his social life will be more active than has been the case for years. This combination often brings back friends whom one has not seen for years, as well as new acquaintances who may influence one strongly. These vibrations, though powerful, are capricious and passing, and one should not take one's feelings too seriously while under their influence. Routine work is apt to prove boring and at times one's memory may seem somewhat unreliable during this period. One should avoid putting anything in writing that might involve litigation or invite unpleasant publicity.

FORTUNATELY, during this period of rather conflicting vibrations, there is an aspect of friendly nature which will bring assistance through the good advice of reliable friends. Should the opportunity to travel arise, our subject should embrace it, if practical. He must choose whether to "hitch his wagon to a star" and by right thinking cause whatever may happen to be a stepping stone to further success, or through worry and indecision as well as financial extravagance attract only disappointment.

He should, during the year 1934, avoid taking life too casually, but should make a special effort to avail himself prudently and wisely of the advantages placed at his disposal. It is a period when he should not only execute plans, but also prepare plans for the future.

I am happy, in closing this horoscope, to call attention to the significant fact that there is every indication of a future full of augmented achievement for our subject, now that the restricting influence of the planet Saturn, in its relation to four major planets in his chart, is passing away.

BEN BERNIE
(Born May 31, 1893)

This subject was born strongly under the influence of the sign Gemini, indicating a highly strung and extremely nervous temperament. The dual nature of the sign Gemini requires practically two occupations, or an occupation and a hobby which are equally absorbing. It therefore promises greater accomplishment through having two or more forms of work on hand, changing from one to the other as the interest lags, rather than sticking persistently to one endeavor. Variety is the very breath of life to the native of this chart.

The ability to foresee events based upon the power of visualization means that our subject is rarely surprised at whatever may happen. It would be well for him to depend on someone more objective than himself to carry out practical details, and devote his time to utilizing the subtle imagination which the planet Neptune bestows.

The friendly aspect between the Sun and Saturn will have a very steadying influence on his whole character, so that he will not be very adversely affected by the particular environment in which he finds himself, but will make him a leader, organizer and natural supervisor wherever he may be. Men considerably older than himself and those in positions of prominence, will seek his advice.

This chart shows a desire for attention and approbation. While he may have an abundance of acquaintances, he is likely to have few intimate friends. His keenest enjoyment in life will come largely through the imagination, constantly reaching out for the unattainable. Things just beyond his reach fascinate him, and for this reason his interest and attention are best held when he is "kept guessing."

It is necessary that he avoid going to extremes in any direction. His emotions are inclined to change very rapidly and he must not take too seriously what may be only a passing mood. It would be well for him to remember that "we conceive in ecstasy and give birth in agony."

With so many planets "rising" in this chart, there is a strong indication of a faculty in this native which makes it possible for him to stir in others great depths of hope and confidence in themselves. For this reason he can hardly fail to be extremely popular and play a happy part in the lives of those about him.

The Moon (which may be considered in this case as the gateway of the senses) in the sign Sagittarius would signify that unless he puts a thing through quickly there is danger of his losing interest in it. Suffering and

heart-ache may arise as a result of his placing too high a value or idealistic hope in the women who come in close contact with him. The opposition of the Sun and Moon may often cause him to play a part similar to the "fifth wheel," as Fate intends him to stand quite alone.

During January and the summer months of 1934, the disorganizing, impractical vibrations of Neptune will have a rather disrupting effect upon his highly developed nervous system, an aspect which will not occur again for another forty years. He should make plans now in order that this period may be productive of the best results. By the exercise of confidence and a spirit of generosity this can be made one of the most constructive periods in his life, especially if he combines, as much as possible, business with pleasure. He should experience an inflow of new ideas, as well as an urge to creative work, such as writing.

A final note: despite the rather diffuse aspects in this native's chart, Jupiter in trine to five of the major planets will lend its force to adjust otherwise uncertain conditions so as to enable him to enjoy added blessings and augmented success.

HARRY FRANKEL (Singing Sam)
(Born January 27, 1888)

Here we find a horoscope with Aquarius as the major influence and its co-rulers Uranus and Venus also prominent. The mental poise indicated in this chart is doubtless the finest attribute which the sign bestows. No other major combination of planets makes one so nearly master of one's self. The position of the Sun being friendly to Jupiter yet unfriendly to Saturn creates two distinct sides in the nature. Such faults as manifest themselves are not of character but of temperament.

The entire chart of this native is in harmony with the constructive forces of the Universe and in consequence bound to attract splendid opportunities, but he must not be misguided by optimism as a result of his tendency to believe that others are as open and sincere as himself. The aspects operating at birth indicate a most fortunate influence for the building of character.

Mars, "The god of war," in the sign Libra indicates a marked degree of romantic susceptibility, stirred more by duty than consideration of personal comfort. This position is also responsible for love of architecture, form and ceremony, but indicates extreme impatience of prescribed methods. It further indicates an impulsive attitude in forming attachments, capricious in one's likes and dislikes for people but a very enduring and constant friendship when the affections are once

placed. Owing to the position and aspect of the planet Venus, it is most necessary that the subject of this horoscope feel proud of or look up to those he loves and that they, in turn, are mindful of the proprieties and amenities of life. Among his greatest sources of inspiration are the "wide, open spaces" and association with man's best friend, the horse, as well as his love for smaller pets. Without these, his life is not complete.

This native has a very logical mind which is capable of great concentration. He is adept at proving a point by the use of practical illustration. He is endowed with the ability to read character and he can safely rely upon his first impressions. Because of his great tolerance of human weakness, he may often go against his better judgment and later find the folly of so doing. He should cultivate confidence in his intuitions and not allow his power of fine discrimination to interfere with his arriving at definite decisions.

The entire chart of our subject is indicative of a superb sense of rhythm and a high appreciation of the finer arts. It may be difficult for him to realize that others are not as frank and sincere as himself; hence, he must guard against being too trusting and too open-hearted. He just naturally attracts to himself good fortune because of the friendly aspect which the planet Jupiter holds to Saturn and the Sun, so unless he neglects his opportunities he will meet with unusual success and be a power for constructive good in his chosen career.

In matters of financial investment he is advised to be conservative and to investigate carefully any ventures involving financial risk, as there is considerable danger that he may suffer at the hands of those who keep just within the law. There are strong signs that he will be the recipient of gifts through inheritance. The aspects in this chart all contribute toward making him magnetic and what the world calls "lucky." So if extraordinary success does not crown his efforts he must blame himself rather than the stars for failure to take advantage of the opportunities which Fate has offered to him. The unfriendly aspect of Saturn will have created discipline, and developed patience and steadfastness necessary to appreciate his blessings.

During the year, through August, 1934, a period of unusual accomplishment is indicated. The subject of our horoscope should experience an enrichment of his understanding of life, with all that it means in greater tolerance and broader sympathy with his fellow beings. Taken as a whole, this chart indicates a most favorable period in life between now and November, 1934.

CRAZY PEOPLE!

George Burns and Gracie Allen are in line for the championship in that class—that is, if you listen to them on the airways. But they've a thrilling, romantic, private side to their lives, though Gracie's always nutty more or less, and the real story of this successful pair appears in the FEBRUARY RADIO MIRROR. DON'T MISS IT!

We Have With Us

(Continued from page 37)

Monday (Continued)

- 7:45 P. M. **THE GOLDBERGS**—Gertrude Berg, James Walters, and others. (Pepsodent Company). Daily except Saturday and Sunday. WEAF and associated stations.
The Goldbergs sounds so realistic one can't be quite sure it's only a radio program.
- 7:45 P. M. **BOAKE CARTER**. (Philco). Daily except Saturday and Sunday. WABC and associated stations.
The high hat voice with a down-to-earth news slant.
- 8:15 P. M. **EDWIN C. HILL**. "The Human Side of the News." (Barbasol). Also Wednesday. WABC and associated stations.
Giving his own interpretation of the day's events.
- 8:30 P. M. **BING CROSBY** and Lennie Hayton's Orchestra. (Woodbury Soap). WABC and associated stations.
The best masculine voice on the air, no matter what anybody says to the contrary.
- 9:00 P. M. **A. & P. GYPSIES**—direction Harry Horlick; Frank Parker, tenor. (Atlantic & Pacific Tea Co.). WEAF and associated stations.
They may mean just groceries to you but they give a lot of people an hour's pleasure.
- 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.
Old fashioned show business going over with a bang.
- 9:00 P. M. **LEOPOLD STOKOWSKI** and Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra—Daily except Sunday. (Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.). WABC and associated stations.
A real master at his art of interpreting the best music.
- 9:15 P. M. **KATE SMITH** and her Swanee Music. (Also Wednesday). WABC and associated stations.
If Kate ever goes over the mountain and off the air there'll be plenty mourning!
- 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 Company). WEAF and associated stations.
Take a little trip and find out how much you like it.
- 9:30 P. M. **JACK FROST'S MELODY MOMENTS**—John L. Fogarty, tenor; orchestra direction Josef Pasternack. (National Sugar Refining Co.). WJZ and associated stations.
This aggregation should be a big help to the cane growers.
- 9:30 P. M. **"THE BIG SHOW"** with Lulu McConnell, Gertrude Niesen and Isham Jones orchestra. (Ex-Lax). WABC and associated stations.
When Lulu gets off all the speed

- champions have to start all over again.
- 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.
Well, are you?
- 10:00 P. M. **RICHFIELD COUNTRY CLUB** with Grantland Rice, Mary McCoy, soprano; Betty Barthell, blues singer; Leith Stevens and a double quartet; Jack Golden's orchestra. (Richfield Oil Corp. of N. Y. WJZ and associated stations.
It's their pleasant fashion of selling you "erl".
- 11:30 P. M. **PAUL WHITEMAN** and his Orchestra. (Paradise Restaurant). WEAF and associated stations.
Back in a Broadway supper club, just where he started from and as entertaining as ever.

Tuesday

- 1:30 P. M. **EASY ACES**. (Jad Salts). Also Wednesday, Thursday and Friday. WABC and associated stations.
This is no joke if some husbands are telling the truth.
- 6:45 P. M. **"LITTLE ITALY"** with Ruth Yorke. Also Thursday. WABC and associated stations.
Getting foreign atmosphere with the Sorrento touch.
- 7:00 P. M. **REX COLE MOUNTAINEERS**. Hill billy songs and sketch. (Rex Cole, Inc.). WEAF and associated stations.
Just fun, music and sometimes feuds.
- 8:00 P. M. **ELMER EVERETT YESS**. Also Thursday and Saturday. WABC and associated stations.
Another laugh-baiter, this being the year of the funny men.
- 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 getting another salary check—and earning it.
- 8:15 P. M. **SINGIN' SAM**, "The Barbasol Man." Also on Thursday. (Barbasol). WABC and associated stations.
No affectations nor tricks about this air veteran.
- 8:30 P. M. **LADY ESTHER SERENADE**. Wayne King and his orchestra. (Lady Esther Cosmetics). WEAF and associated stations.
Waltz tunes for a dreamy mood.
- 8:30 P. M. **THE VOICE OF EXPERIENCE**. WABC and associated stations.
Maybe you've a question or a problem on your mind? A lot of people evidently have.
- 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.
With everybody coughing these

- months, Trade and Mark ought to be happy.
- 8:45 P. M. **KATE SMITH** and Her Swanee Music. WABC and associated stations.
Kate again, and none too soon.
- 9:00 P. M. **BEN BERNIE'S BLUE RIBBON ORCHESTRA**. (Premier Pabst Sales Co.). WEAF and associated stations.
Benny, the best—even Mr. Bernie says so.
- 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.
Everybody's trying to laugh that way but there's only one Wynn and how Mr. McNamee ought to remember him in his prayers.
- 10:30 P. M. **MADAME SYLVIA** of Hollywood and movie stars. (Ralston Purina Co.). WEAF and associated stations.
Makes a girl think she really could be Venus if she only had the time—and inspiration.
- 12:00 Mid. **VINCENT LOPEZ** and his orchestra. WABC and associated stations.
This time without any advertising.

Wednesday

- 6:45 P. M. **JACK DENNY'S ORCHESTRA**, Jeannie Lang and Paul Small, songs. WABC and associated stations.
A cutie who just can't forget it.
- 7:30 P. M. **POTASH AND PERLMUTTER**—humorous sketch with Joseph Greenwald and Lou Welch. (Health Products Corp.). WJZ and associated stations.
They already know what we think of them.
- 7:45 P. M. **IRENE RICH** in informal chats on Hollywood. (Welch's Grape Juice). WJZ and associated stations.
She's been out there for years and years so she ought to know a lot about her neighbors.
- 8:00 P. M. **THE ROYAL GELATINE REVIEW** with Bert Lahr; George Olsen and his orchestra. WEAF and associated stations.
No uptown stuff about this program except when George takes you on a choo choo ride.
- 8:30 P. M. **WALTZ TIME**—Frank Munn, tenor; Abe Lyman and his orchestra. (Sterling Products). WEAF and associated stations.
An excellent orchestra and a tenor worth hearing.
- 8:30 P. M. **ALBERT SPALDING**, Violinist; with Conrad Thibault, baritone; and Don Voorhees orchestra. WABC and associated stations.
The listeners don't have to be high-brow to enjoy a program as good as this.
- 9:00 P. M. **THE IPANA TROUBADORS**—orchestra; soloist and guest artists. (Ipana Tooth paste). WEAF and associated stations.
The Troubadours are going in for interesting guests this season—not that they needed them so much.

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

Nobody wants to go up and visit this well-known air performer.

9:30 P. M. **BURNS AND ALLEN**, Comedy Team; Guy Lombardo's Royal Canadians. (White Owl Cigar). WABC and associated stations.

No matter what happens on Wednesday things can't be so bad when the evening holds this raddio contribution.

9:30 P. M. **JOHN McCORMACK** and William Merrigan Daily and string orchestra. (Wm. R. Warner Co.). WJZ and associated stations.

Mr. McCormack makes a lot of the so-called Irish singers ashamed of themselves—or they should be when they hear him.

10:00 P. M. **MORAN AND MACK** with Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians. (Old Gold Cigarettes). WABC and associated stations.

I'm laughing myself.

12:05 A. M. **BUDDY ROGERS** and his orchestra from the Casino in Chicago. WEAf and associated stations.

Our old friend Buddy giving us grand music out where the hold bad men are supposed to be stopping.

Thursday

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

It's amazing how Rudy manages to hold that pace.

8:30 P. M. **HARLEM SERENADE**. Hall Johnson Singers and Claude Hopkins Orchestra. WABC and associated stations.

Something that's different, thank goodness.

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.). WEAf and associated stations.

A pleasant weekly journey, taken without trouble and well worth keeping the set tuned-in for.

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

This is the second time this week.

10:00 P. M. **DEEP RIVER**. Willard Robison, Evangelist of Rhythm. WABC and associated stations.

Getting away from the blaring, horn-tooting business.

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

Mr. Whiteman taking the whole brunt of the program and doing it nobly.

10:45 P. M. **GLADYS RICE** and Concert

orchestra. WABC and associated stations.

Nice numbers for the thoughtful ones.

11:30 P. M. **ISHAM JONES** and his orchestra. WABC and associated stations.

One who showed a lot of these newcomers how to make baton-wielding popular.

Friday

11:00 A. M. **MUSIC APPRECIATION HOUR**—Walter Damrosch conducting. WEAf-WJZ and associated stations.

You'll learn a lot.

6:45 P. M. **BETTY BOOP FROLICS**—Bonnie Poe; Billy Costello; Vic Erwin's Band. WEAf and associated stations.

A little crazy—but who isn't?

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

Real thrills of the big top atmosphere.

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.

Mr. O'Keefe should really get more attention than he seems to have had—he's swell.

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

An enjoyable concert by your own fireside.

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

This is one of the best ideas broadcasting can offer for itself.

9:00 P. M. **FRED ALLEN'S SALAD BOWL REVUE** with Portland Hoffa, Roy Atwell, the Songsmiths' quartet and Ferde Grofe and his orchestra. (Best Foods, Inc.). WEAf and associated stations.

More and more the folks are going for Fred and his playmates on this hour.

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.

A little of Bert Williams and a lot of Harris which is all to the good.

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

The lady knows her low notes.

9:30 P. M. **PHIL BAKER**, Harry McNaughton; Mabel Alberston; orches-

tra direction Roy Shield; Merrie-Men, male quartet; Neil Sisters, harmony trio. (Armour & Company). WJZ and associated stations.

I like Phil Baker even without his accordion and his team workers give him plenty of help.

10:00 P. M. **SWIFT REVUE** with Olsen and Johnson. WABC and associated stations.

There are those that are quite nutty about this pair—and thousands who wouldn't miss them for anything.

12:00 Mid. **GLEN GRAY** and his orchestra. WABC and associated stations. One of the newer idols who's causing somewhat of a furore among those who know their dance steps.

Saturday

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

Things you never knew till now about people you've only heard.

6:30 P. M. **MARY SMALL**—Juvenile singer. WJZ and associated stations. The little gal who got her break from Rudy, which puts her in quite a large group of those who can say thank you to him.

6:45 P. M. **TITO GUIZAR**, Mexican tenor. WABC and associated stations. Below-the-Rio-Grande warbling.

7:15 P. M. **MILDRED BAILEY**—songs. WABC and associated stations. What, again? Not that we're sorry.

7:30 P. M. **"THE KING'S HENCHMEN"**—Jane Froman; Charles Carlile, tenor, and Fred Berrens' orchestra. (King's Brewery). WABC and associated stations.

Thank the 3.2 law for this pleasant contribution.

8:00 P. M. **RAY PERKINS**; Shirley Howard; Louis A. Witten, master of ceremonies; orchestra. (Liebmann Breweries, Inc.). WJZ and associated stations.

A fast thinker is Mr. Perkins who knows his radio public and gives them what they like.

8:30 P. M. **GOLDENROD REVIEW**—Phil Spitalny's orchestra; Ethel Pastor and Nicolini Cosentino. WABC and associated stations.

The brewers are certainly helping along the radio cause this winter.

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

My favorite entertainer, and I'm not alone.

10:30 P. M. **GEORGE JESSEL**; Vera Van, contralto; Eton Boys' quartet and Freddie Rich's orchestra. WABC and associated stations.

He's good—but I've heard him better. Jessel needs a dinner table to be at his best.

11:00 P. M. **ISHAM JONES** and his orchestra. WABC and associated stations.

Mike's Happiest Couple

(Continued from page 15)

good musical chords on a piano.

Miss Breen was on the radio long before Peter made his debut but since they joined forces as a team one has never appeared without the other. And the way they found each other is a real love story.

May Breen, or May Singhi as she was christened, happened to be fortunate enough to be born in the lap of luxury. Her father, Henry Singhi, not only was an important real estate operator at the time but he owned several Manhattan hotels. When May left an expensive girls' school she eloped with a young lawyer who added the Breen to her name and who died, after they had been married several years and had discovered that these youthful romances are not always happy ones.

While her first marriage was not what might be called successful it indirectly led up to her professional career and her eventual meeting with her second husband. Her first mother-in-law on one Christmas morning presented May with a bathrobe and as

terly companionship she walked right into her future.

In one of the basement apartments of a large building Mr. Singhi owned he and May found a musician who was considerably in arrears on rent but a glance at his condition convinced them both that his debt was no careless negligence. May listened to his sad tale and helped him. It was on that visit she saw a uke in his room.

"Do you play that thing?" she asked him.

"I teach it when I'm lucky enough to get pupils."

"Well, I've got one home and you can teach me?" An idea that was fateful for May and fortunate for the delinquent tenant.

Whatever May does, whether it's cooking or writing lyrics with Peter, she does it well and the uke was no exception. In fact she so far exceeded her teacher in expertness that before two years she was teaching him tricks on

and actually censored his favorite newspaper with scissors before he finally succumbed to the fact.

May had several accompanists in her first years on the air and one by one they proved unsuccessful for various reasons. Finally on a certain day, more than a few years ago, she went into a music publisher, telling her tale of woe and wondering where she'd find a pianist who not only had rhythm but dependability and on her lucky day she met Peter's brother, Jack. Blood being anxious to promote home talent, when Jack heard May's complaint about these ivory ticklers, he suggested his brother, Peter, and that's one of the ways love is born.

May took Peter into her radio act and quite quickly discovered she had a young genius beside her—also that she had a good looking young man at whom other feminine radio artists cast ardent glances. But as it was subsequently proven Peter had no eyes for anyone but May right from the beginning.

Peter, being the genius that he is, was quite incompetent at dealing in commerce. He would write lovely songs which everybody liked and then be dismayed with the royalty checks which were nowhere near what they should be.

Gradually May, who never had been coached in the hard school of business adversity but had a technique for acquiring information that would do her friends more good than herself, soon discovered that Peter was an artist but no business man, so she made suggestions and gave him advice that later proved to be valuable to him.

PEOPLE, especially those celebrities who always had a warm spot for May Breen, discovered that her interest in Peter was more than professional and that Peter, the quiet, unassuming composer, was more than anxious to meet her halfway, said this was no business tie-up. Right they were, for one fateful afternoon between broadcasts they were married and informed their friends that the team of Breen and De Rose was one for a lifetime.

Peter is one of the retiring kind of men who do big things in their line without the ability to sell their talent in advance. May is one of the unusual women who can do things for themselves but find time to be a real help to their husbands and that's why this team is so successful. They augment each other's talents and what's more important they together provide a perfect companionship. When they forsook their New York quarters to make their home in a suite of the twenty-seven room domicile which May's father finally found in Westchester they carried with them several hundred tricky gadgets about which May is so fond and which have provided many amusing hours for the De Rose friends who would rather be fooled and laughed at in their home than bored among their less imaginative friends.

Who says romance is all ether in the broadcasting world?



Lee Patrick and Stephen Fox drink a toast to Miss Patrick's success with the Columbia Dramatic Guild program.

May had several duplicate gifts from other relatives around the same Yuletide she returned the gift to the department store and obtained a credit slip.

Being a pampered daughter who had nearly everything she wanted, May sought hopefully for some exchange and almost desperately wandered into the emporium's music department. She had always played several instruments but the ukelele was a new one to her and as a last hope she snatched up an ornate uke, which was at least one thing she didn't possess.

For months the ukelele reposed in her closet and finally one day when her father was collecting rents on his properties and she was giving him daugh-

the instrument and getting national recognition as "The Ukelele Lady."

May's father, as it happens, doesn't approve of career women and when May finally had an opportunity to appear on a New York radio station, her gravest problem was to keep the truth from her father. In fact it was four years after she won acclaim when she was making personal appearances as well as broadcasting, when she was writing the ukelele scores for song sheets for most of the big publishing houses that Mr. Singhi first learned he had a celebrity for a daughter. With the aid of friends who were her arch conspirators she connived to keep her father otherwise occupied far, far from the radio while she was broadcasting

Hot and Airy

(Continued from page 5)

JUST A LITTLE STATIC—IT COMES WITH EVERY SET

If anybody tells you that Robert Simmons has gone to the dogs, don't you cry little maiden. It merely means that the NBC tenor is resting between broadcasts at his castle in the mountains near Cornwall-on-the-Hudson. Mt. Pooch, it is called, because Simmons, a bachelor, lives there all alone with his wire-haired terriers. Oh yes, he also has a housekeeper and a polo pony.

Hill-billies are loosing favor on the air waves. They'll soon join those plaintive singing cowboys of strictly drug-store origin. You know, those fellows who throw the bull and try to rope you with bum steers. Radio row is still laughing at the terror of a synthetic ranger at the recent rodeo in Madison Square Garden. This chap, resplendent in his studio costume, cruelly stabbed himself with his spurs in his anxiety to escape from a grand stand seat when a bull went on the rampage in the arena!

* * *

It was Howard Marsh who defined "Home, Sweet Home" as a home without a mortgage. And Jack Arthur, on the Salada Tea program, says "This tea business is all in the bag".

* * *

May Singhi Breen, NBC's ukulele queen, and her husband and co-star, Peter de Rose, love to play practical jokes. Old guests at their New Rochelle (N.Y.) home go prepared for the worst but newcomers, unaware of their pleasantries, don't fare so well.

Recently the Landt Trio and White went to the de Roses for dinner. Naturally when the soup was served and tasted pretty salty they had no suspicion it had been made so for their especial benefit. They saw their hosts consuming theirs with evident relish and manfully finished the course. Not without, however, making certain mental reservations as to Miss Breen's culinary skill.

Salty as the soup was it was nothing compared to the salt in the wounds of their chagrin when they learned they had been victimized. Desire to turn the tables became their one mission in life. And that desire was realized two weeks later when May and Peter were the guests at the Landt Trio's home in Jackson Heights. Peter had left his brand new car parked in front of the house but, chancing to look out of the window, he was startled to find that it was gone.

Dan Landt, most sympathetic, urged that the police be notified at once. His brother, Karl, suggested a radio alarm would be more effective. Peter became so upset he swallowed his gum and Miss Breen bordered on hysterics. Then the Landts led the way to the garage where the de Rose chariot was found in all its glory. Howard White had sneaked in there while the attention of the visitors was distracted.

Don't radio artists have fun? You said it!

SHI SHII SCANDALIII

If you are wondering why George Hicks is announcing NBC daytime programs after being so long on big night broadcasts, Mercury will let you into a little secret. It is because he is occupying what is known in the studios as "the dog house". As the term suggests, it is a place where bad little doggies are confined when they incur the displeasure of the studio bosses. Hicks did that very thing by some slip-up on a very, very, important aviation event. Over six feet tall and weighing 160 pounds, George Francis Hicks—to give him his christened name—doesn't fit into a kennel comfortably and by the time you read this may have atoned for his sins and won his freedom. 'Tis to be hoped so, any way.

* * *

Comedians are oftentimes funnier off the air than on. They and their sponsors hand studio officials many a laugh. For instance, there's that row that was precipitated over butlers. Phil Baker started it by introducing "Bottles". Then Jimmy Durante brought to the kilocycles "Meadows". And as might be expected, the Armour meat packing concern, beefed about it. They told Chase and Sanborn, the Schnozzle's sponsors, they were violating their rights of priority for having thought of a butler first. It was all a tempest in a tea pot (Chase and Sanborn, please note) for neither of their butlers is as funny as any P. G. Wodehouse butler you can pick with your eyes shut.

* * *

Another thing about comedians: They are always wailing about their material. Say they could slay the customers on Broadway as well as those in Bancroft Corners if the gag writers would only show a little originality. There's no doubt but that good comedy creators are as scarce as hen's teeth, and even after you catch 'em it's hard to hold 'em—competition being what it is. Ask Bert Lahr, he knows. Two of his writers quit cold on him the other day and maybe he didn't have to hustle to get a script ready for his broadcast. It was reported that he wrote, or remembered, some of the gags himself, so desperate was he for material. But that may be just another of those wild rumors you hear on Broadway. Whoever heard of a radio comic contributing anything but his time to a broadcast? Well, maybe a few hearty laughs at himself.

STUDIO SIDELIGHTS

Albert Spalding is very finicky about his violin broadcasts. He directs his rehearsals and sets his own tempo. Peter Dixon, who got tired "Raising Junior" without a sponsor to help him, writes those "H Bar O Rangers" sketches, so popular with kids. "Death Valley Days", which recently observed its third anniversary on the air, is written by Ruth Cornwall, a

life as a grocer's delivery boy. . . . Before radio Hugh B. Dobbs, NBC's "Captain Dobbsie" made his living installing children's playgrounds. Julia Sanderson hates goldfish and \$2 bills. . . . Conrad Thibault likes to recall when he was a floorwalker of a New York department store. . . . Robert Trout, CBS's presidential announcer, likes to write novels and plays. . . . Art Van Harvey, the Vic of "Vic and Sade", used to work on an agricultural journal. . . . Twenty-five hundred air aspirants were auditioned at New York's last Radio Show—and only eight were selected as even possibilities. . . . Eight aunts consider it their divine right to advise Tommy McLaughlin after each broadcast. . . . Peter Dixon, now located in Hollywood, writes: "Even the bad gags of some of our comedians sound better out here—because they remind one of New York's studio street."

WHERE THEY WERE BORN

Broadcasters come from everywhere. Here are the birthplaces of a few picked at random:

Connecticut—Morton Downey, Wallingford. . . . Phil Ohman, of Ohman and Arden, New Britain. . . . Dwight Latham, Wamp Carlson and Guy Bonham (NBC's Jesters), all from Hartford.

Pennsylvania—Frank Black, NBC's general music man, Philadelphia; also, Lew White and Gladys Rice. . . . Pat Barnes, Sharon. . . . Mary Hopple, Lebanon. . . . Dick Liebert, Bethlehem. . . . Landt Trio and White, Scranton.

Illinois—Gene Carrol, of Gene and Glen, Chicago. . . . Ditto Ray Ferris, Mrs. Claudine MacDonald (Woman's Radio Review) and Jack Benny. . . . Madge Tucker, Centralia. . . . Alice Joy, Streator, and Walter Preston, Quincy.

Indiana—Phil Duey, Macy. . . . Al Cameron, of the Al and Pete duo, Anderson. . . . June Pursell, Indianapolis. . . . Harvey Hayes, of Greencastle. . . . Eddie East and Ralph Dumke, the Sisters of the Skillet, are also Hoosiers.

FIRST PEEPS OF LOUDSPEAKERS

Announcers, for the most part, are native born but there are a few who did their first loudspeaking in foreign parts. Consider these:

Kelvin Kirkwood Keech, the mike-master with the most alliterative name, was born of American parents in Honolulu. . . . Alois Havrilla is a native of Austria-Hungary, his parents Slovaks who migrated to America and settled in Bridgeport, Conn., when Alois was four. . . . Bill Hay, herald for Amos 'n' Andy, is a native of Dumfries, Scotland. . . . Patrick J. Kelly, chief NBC announcer, was born in North Queensland, Australia. . . . And Edward K. ("Ted") Jewett, night boss, saw the light of day in Yokohama, Japan, the son of an American silk merchant.

Andre Baruch, of the Columbia staff, was born in Paris. Two others, Frank Knight and Carlyle Stevens, are Canadians. Knight hailing from St. John's, Newfoundland, and Stevens, from Parkhill, Ontario.

New York girl, who makes periodic trips to Scotty's bailiwick to absorb atmosphere . . . Ole Olsen and Chic Johnson project their "Swift Revue" from the Chicago Civic Theatre. It is within a few blocks of the Garrick Theatre, the scene of their debut nineteen years ago . . . Gene and Glen, after years airing from the Cleveland NBC studios, are now doing their stuff from Boston . . . Broadcasting officials pay more attention to letters from listeners in the country than they do from those in the cities. It is to the Main streets that radio programs are pointed, not to the Broadways and Fifth avenues.

* * *

Harry McNaughton, Phil Baker's man "Bottles", served in the trenches during the World War without sustaining a scratch. He passed through the disastrous Pathe studio fire in uptown New York several years ago without the loss of a button. But he never sits in a barber's chair without injury. He

has the toughest beard known to the tonsorial profession.

* * *

"Paul Oliver" is the person of Frank Munn, and "Olive Palmer", otherwise Virginia Rea, are united again at NBC, this time appearing on the Bayer American Album of Familiar Music program. The cognomens were bestowed by their sponsors, the Palmolive Company, and the vocalists sang under those labels so long they nearly lost their own identities. "Virginia Rea," or rather the last part of it, is also acquired for professional purposes, Murphy being the right surname.

* * *

Rudy Vallee is playing a new part. Now he is championing the cause of the poor, down trodden song writer. But Rudy is treading on dangerous ground when he advocates higher royalties for song-smiths. It's an idea very abhorrent to the broadcasters and if they increase the dough to the ditty

boys they may not feel like paying a king's ransom to Rudy. Meanwhile the crooner is absorbing the limelight as the answer to Tin Pan Alley's maiden prayer (the word maiden is used here in the sense of first time, for heretofore Tin Pan Alley confined its preying to the tunes of the old masters) and making radio row like it.

SIGNING OFF WITH:

A cosmetic firm wanted to go on the air. They arranged with Phil Spitalny to direct the orchestra. Then they held an audition. But did they send the wives of the executives of the company to pass on the merits of the broadcast? They did not. They violated all traditions of sponsors by delegating that function to a score of their feminine factory workers. This slight to spouses upset the equilibrium of radio row for a week, almost overshadowing the opening of the magnificent NBC studios in Radio City.

The Ole Maestro

(Continued from page 18)

loose a chaw of tobacco with unerring aim. It landed right on the young Maestro's finger hand. Until that moment Ben had never spoken on the stage. But he spoke then—and how! The audience was tense. Ben began the ad-lib line of chatter that has since made him Head Man in International Ad-lib Circles. And it went over. They roared with laughter and Bernie, a true showman carried off the difficult and tense situation with easy grace. Thereafter, Benny talked more and played less.

Today with the constant performances he gives, he finds it necessary to sometimes purchase some of his gags.

"When I want to buy gags," he says, taking his ever present cigar from his mouth. "I always call on my brother Dave. Dave is an invaluable help to me, because I have a fellow recite the gags before him. If Dave laughs, I don't buy the joke."

He spent several years on various circuits, doing singles and in partnership acts, the most famous of which was with Phil Baker. The Bernie quips grew better and better. His extemporaneous line of chatter kept the customers in the aisles. One night Bernie heard Paul Whiteman, the first of the modern jazz bands, and then it was that our Ben Bernie decided to start a band of his own.

Today he is one of the highest paid orchestra leaders in America. His biggest pull, of course, is the radio audience. He was recently re-signed by the Pabst Blue Ribbon people early in September to be on the Pabst Blue Ribbon Malt and Beer account over the NBC coast-to-coast net work, at a figure well over the \$5000 mark. And incidentally, he recently added one-half million dollars to his insurance and fifty per cent of his weekly stipend is put away in trust funds.

Ben Bernie was pioneer in radio broadcasting, where his informal style quickly set him on the ladder to fame as "The Ole Maestro". Nor has radio

altered the entertainment policy of the self-styled Ole Maestro, as he is known to millions of radio fans throughout the country. Since music for its own sake is not the goal of the specialty orchestra, Bernie and his lads turn in chatter, melodies, solos, and odds and ends.

Few people realize that Ben Bernie is really an accomplished violinist. He knows all the old masters thoroughly, but he also believes in the music of today, about which he says:

"Jazz music is a tonic for young people. Take jazz away and they will supplant it with something less wholesome and buoyant. We need jazz, but we ought to take it in moderation."

Rudy Vallee, fresh from Yale, worked for Bernie at one time. Bernie refused to let him sing because his voice was "not strong enough."

HE gets five thousand fan letters a week and this summer he autographed over 500,000 various objects thrust at him by the Chicago World Fair visitors from all over the country who comprise his unseen audience. The Prince of Wales danced to his music in London. Hollywood and Broadway have bowed before his baton and banter. But Bernie is indifferent to success and would rather play a game of golf than be Secretary of the Treasury. He considers himself an invincible player, at least against his greatest rivals, Wayne King and George Olsen, both well known on stage and radio.

But for all Mr. Bernie's success and enormous popularity, he has a rare sustaining human trait, understanding. He has never forgotten the days of hardship and seemingly unending toil and heartbreak. Today, it is impossible for him to resist anyone in need, be it financial or otherwise. He is foolishly generous to touch artists, but it seems that he just can't help himself. So right there is where his brother Her-

man steps in. He manages all Ben's business and financial affairs. A wise thing, for as long as Ben Bernie has money to give, he will give it. But brother Herman believes that charity begins at home, and put's Ben on an allowance for the sake of his wife and kiddie.

He is constantly giving concerts for various charity benefits. There was a time when under the former Mayor Walker, Mr. Bernie gave a concert for the charity patients at Bellevue hospital. And, by the way, this was so long ago that he called himself the "young Maestro." We cannot help but wonder since when he changed to "Ole" with a mind so alert and a smile so captivating. There was a Charleston contest for those of the inmates who were well enough to compete and a prize was offered to the young lady who won. The prize was to come from Bernie's own pocket. To assure popular verdict Bernie was to hold his violin bow over the head of each contestant in turn, and the prize was to be awarded to the one who got the greatest applause. Mr. Bernie noticed that on the outskirts of the crowd a tiny girl, lifted a shabby skirt and danced by herself. The prize went to a seventeen year old girl who had been in the hospital for eight years. Mr. Bernie was delighted, but his heart had gone out to the little tot. Drawing the crowds attention, he held his bow over the tousled head of the lonesome little dancer across the court. Loud applause followed, and soft hearted Ben dug down in his pockets and handed the child a bountiful prize.

The Ole Maestro dislikes high hats, literal and otherwise but he can never speak unkindly of anyone. He is terribly suspicious of flattery and actually enjoys criticism. He is sentimental about old friends. He recalls a story well worth repeating. It was at a time when he was doing a variety act. His salary had just been raised and as he said:

"I felt that I could afford a bowler hat and a five cent cigar and so I decided to expand."

He teamed with an accordion player and the act became Bernie and Klass. Their sleeper jumps from town to town were made without benefit of pullman. Even train fare was uncertain. En route to Des Moines, Bernie and Klass had no money. So he planned a campaign and fiddled his way from car to car passing the hat. After enduring two Bernie solos, one kindly old gentleman offered to pay both their fares if Ben would only stop playing. Mr. Bernie never forgot him. And not so long ago he had cause to recall him, for the old gentleman wrote him a fan letter. In its contents he said he hadn't changed

his opinion since that musical ride.

Mr. Bernie is married and has a son Jason who is now thirteen and resembles his glib-tongued father. His pet name for his wife is Chubby. The story goes that he makes her call him the Ole Maestro. We wonder if he succeeds in that, too. He was born on Decoration Day, 1894, at Bayonne, N. J., and he had ten brothers and sisters.

If you are looking for Mr. Bernie some sunny afternoon we will tip you off as to where you will find him. It will be at the race track. He has a passion for horses. After all, he was at one time his father's assistant. Today however, he stays away from their hoofs, but horses seem to go to his head, provided they are not born in the

month of August, about which he has great superstitions. And speaking of horses, three prominent Chicago turf men have named three prize colts after "The Ole Maestro." Said Mr. Bernie when he heard of this:

"I'm glad there's someone to carry on the family name!"

Mr. Bernie always gay and glib has come through the battle for success with all the understanding and sensitivity of his nature. We wish him continued popularity for he does much good in this old needy world of ours, and how could we get along without his music and his unique banter. We had a hard time getting a picture of him, for he hates to pose—but, we hope you like it.

Turning Points In Their Lives

(Continued from page 21)

who was at that time secretary to a writer, accepted the offer.

* * *

Willard Robison believes that the big turning point in his career was when he decided to stop conducting "lowdown ragtime music" and turn to composing, arranging and conducting "meaningful" music. He defines "meaningful" music as that which is "spiritual and basically fundamental."

He made this decision about six years ago while conducting a hot ragtime orchestra in Kansas City. He had been barnstorming throughout the Middle West. On making the decision, he said adieu to his orchestra and came alone to New York. First he did some composing and arranging, then organized a new orchestra and began to conduct the aforementioned type of music.

* * *

If Jeannie Lang had married "the boy in St. Louis" rather than waiting, as her family suggested, until they had all taken a planned trip to California together, she would never have gone sight-seeing at the Universal Studios.

It was there that Paul Whiteman was making "The King of Jazz," and Jeannie was introduced to him. So impressed was Paul by the vivacious Jeannie from St. Louis that he asked her if she could sing.

"I can squeak," admitted Jeannie. Paul Whiteman led her to a microphone and listened to her voice. P. S. She got a job in "The King of Jazz," thus starting off her career in movies and radio.

* * *

Jacques Renard took a great risk when he decided to sell his night club in Boston and become a broadcaster. He sold at a big loss, shortly after opening it, but does not regret his move.

His contact with broadcasting came about this way: he first asked Columbia Broadcasting System to put a wire in his Boston Club. So Ralph Wonders of the CBS artists bureau visited him in Boston, listened to his night club orchestra, and had the wire installed. Three weeks after Jacques began broadcasting from the club, the Camel agency offered him a contract as conductor of the Camel Quarter Hour. Jacques accepted—and sold his club.

He has since led his orchestra through many ace commercial programs on the air.

* * *

If an adventurous motive hadn't made Gertrude Neisen thumb through a New York telephone directory one night for the name of a theatrical agency, she might still be a Brooklyn debutante!

As it was, she imitated Ethel Merman at a party and did it so well that the group chorused, "You ought to go on the stage Gertrude! Really!" So Gertrude took the first name she found in the book, and visited the agency the next morning.

"What have you done?" they asked her.

Gertrude put on her most professional manner, and trumped up a story about singing in night clubs.

We'll call you if we hear of anything," was their answer. And two weeks later, Gertrude received a call. The result was that she started out in vaudeville with Joe Fejer—then had an audition at CBS and was signed for sustaining programs on the air. Now she has a commercial—star on "The Big Show," with Isham Jones and Lulu McConnell, and is singing nightly at the Central Park Casino.

* * *

Glen Gray—now President of the famous Casa Loma Orchestra, was a clerk for the Santa Fe Railroad, playing his sax after business hours. He risked security by deciding to give up his job and seek his fortune in music.

IT was on a wild goose chase to Detroit, then a boom town, that he was hired as sax player in Gene Goldkette's orchestra. There, when the engagement broke up, Glen was instigator of an idea to stick together, form a corporation of the boys in the band, and put it on a business-like basis, with president, treasurer, and secretary. Ten boys agreed to do so, and that was the beginning of the famous Casa Loma Band, for they stuck together through thick and thin, and played their way to fame with Glen as their adviser and president.

Father Boswell's leaving town on a business trip gave his three daughters, Martha, Connie and Vet, a chance to do what had been in the back of their minds for a long time—stop playing classic music and turn to jazz. They were a string trio—but the saxophone stepped into the group, and syncopation took the place of the slow-treading measures of Bach. Then they put aside their instruments and used their voices—and father Boswell returned to find a complete transition had occurred in his absence. His daughters had turned into jazz birds, and in that capacity they sang their way to fame.

* * *

George Hall stood one day, many years ago, on a busy corner on the West Side of New York, trying to decide whether to go back to medical school, or to find a job in an orchestra. If he returned to medical school, he would have a long hard course through which he would have to work his way—if he had a job in an orchestra—

As he was debating this serious question, he was hailed by a friend who played in Reisenwebers.

"COME on Georgie," he said. "What luck that I ran into you. We need a violinist." And so George went to Reisenwebers.

That's why he's not in a starched white coat today, telling his patients, "Cod liver oil for you."

* * *

It was a baseball that was responsible for the fact that George Beatty, latest recruit among air comics as master-of-ceremonies of the "American Revue," became a comedian. George was originally a concert singer, with operatic aspirations, but a baseball that he couldn't duck from fast enough knocked him right onto the vaudeville stage. A crack ball-player, he used to occupy his Saturdays and Sundays playing semipro ball. A wild pitch found its way to his Adam's apple one day, and he couldn't utter a satisfactory sound for four months. When he recovered, he found that his voice would never do for opera, so he decided to become a comic, and that's how his vaudeville career, which has led him to a star role on the air, was launched.

So-o-oh!

(Continued from page 31)

up somewhere. Anyone in the audience can go right out and tell the same joke and get a laugh. After you've told it once it isn't funny any more. It's just a gag."

He gestured in typical Ed Wynn manner.

"But the method-comedian is different. When you repeat his jokes they fall flat. You can't do it. He doesn't depend on the gag, but on the way he tells it. And no matter how many times you hear him, it's still funny."

He waited a moment, eyes bright with interest.

"Is that plain?" he asked. "The gangster depends upon wit. The method comedian understands humor."

Of course Ed Wynn is a method comedian. Here's his method as he describes it himself:

"You ask me if I write my own jokes. I'm insulted. Of course I write my own jokes. Well, maybe I don't write them exactly—I rewrite them. That's all anybody can do, because there aren't any new jokes. You see all jokes have to have some kind of a plot. I can tell you, with authority, that all plots have been known to us humans for centuries. New jokes are merely old plots with the settings and characters changed.

EVERY week I change dozens of gags for my broadcast. Some of them I get from books written as far back as the Sixteenth century. I never tell a joke the way I have read it."

This was getting pretty complicated. I wanted details.

"Explain just what happens when you snare an old joke and start to make a new costume for it," I suggested.

"Okay," he grinned. "I'll give you a sample. Let's take an old joke. The one about the man who went to the theatre box office to buy a ticket. You remember that one?"

I nodded. One can't escape that one.

"Well he steps up to the window," Wynn related, "and the treasurer told him the ticket would cost four dollars. He hands the treasurer money and the treasurer says, 'but this is only two dollars.' And as the man says, 'Oh, that's all right, I'm blind in one eye. I'll see only half the show.'"

There was still a laugh in the old story as Ed Wynn told it, but he cut it short.

"Wait a minute," he cried, "In a minute I'll show how you can add to it and make two jokes out of one. Just add another line and make the treasurer say: 'Well, in that case I ought to charge you eight dollars because it will take you twice as long to see the show.'"

"Fine," I chortled. "All it needed was the touch."

Ed Wynn grinned more broadly than ever.

"Sure," he agreed, "That's all the Broadway panhandlers need."

That started another laugh which was cut short too.

"Listen now," he demanded. "I'll show you how to use the same plot but change the whole joke. The basis of the joke is that something is cut in half. To get a new joke I'll merely have to

cut something else in half. All right. Here's the way to do it. I think for a few minutes and start fresh with a man coming to the box office window. He buys a one dollar ticket for a seat in the gallery. As soon as the lights go down, he comes downstairs and stands right behind the orchestra seats.

"When the lights go up for the intermission an usher asks to see his ticket. He shows her the ticket and she says: 'Standing room downstairs is two dollars. This is only a dollar ticket.' He looks her in the eye and says: 'Oh, that's all right. I'm only standing on one foot.'"

When the applause died down the method-comedian spread his hands before him.

"That," he said, "is how new jokes are born."

"How long does it take to twist a new gag out of an old one?" I asked. Is it hard after you become used to the technique?"

He nodded.

"I spend about an hour over each one," he said. "That means fifty-two hours a week. Each broadcast lasts half an hour with music and announcements. I try to get fifty-two laughs at each."

Wynn and Graham McNamee actually have seventeen minutes for their comedy. That means Wynn must supply three laughs a minute. He manages to do better than this with his famous "So-o-o-o" following up a gag. That "So-o-o-o" is good for four additional laughs. He counts only on the fifty-two basic laughs.

Roughly calculating it takes Ed Wynn about twenty seconds to put over each laugh. Few listeners pause to think that for the laughter of twenty seconds the comedian has racked his brain for an hour. As a matter of fact I have known Ed Wynn to struggle seven hours with a single gag.

THE critics who belabor comedians," Ed said, "for using old and stale material can't know much about comedy. They would already understand that all humor is old, that interpretation refreshes it. Aside from that, a comedian from years of experience with audiences knows experiments are dangerous. He has learned from visible and audible audiences what types of jokes can be depended upon for laughs. If I tried uncertain types over the radio, how would I know they were going over? If I tried experiments I would be scared to death, nervous, apprehensive. I couldn't be myself. I'd lose my appeal."

The unknown quantities of radio play havoc with comedians' nerves. For instance, Ed demonstrated, a stage comedian can get along with a set routine for a year. But when he goes on the air he must have a brand new routine every week, sometimes twice a week.

Speed and hard work are necessities in working up such routines. In the process it often happens he picks the

same joke as another broadcasting jester. The one who gets on the air first takes all the credit. The other, who has just as much right to the gag, is called a chiseler and thief. Yet no theft has been done.

Some of the more enlightened radio editors have suggested a clearing house for gags where charts would warn radio's funny men of what gags were on the air. That would eliminate many embarrassing moments.

I recall one sample of the Wynn technique wherein a poetic line serves as a gag to send 10,000,000 listeners into guffaws. Ed worked it cleverly into one of his "operas." He manoeuvred his heroine into sentimental complaint to her lover by borrowing the poet's words thus:

"Oh that you had a window in your bosom so I might read what's in your heart."

To which the prosaic swain responded plaintively:

"Well I ain't got a window in my bosom, but I got a pane in my stomach."

The sure-fire "So-o-o-o" which characterizes Wynn broadcasts, was an accident. It was caused by microphone fright.

The word "so" was in the script and during rehearsal Ed's voice, thinned by fear, used falsetto and the word became almost operatic. It was so funny he kept it in.

HE feels such accidents and mistakes are good luck—and with "So-o-o-o" as an example, why not? He dislikes the films because they do not permit such accidents. The very perfection of films, due to retakes, he believes, hurts motion picture plays by robbing them of human qualities. He likes to recall opening nights when stars have pulled "boners."

"It always makes the play memorable to me," he explained. "I can't help it. I like mistakes if they are honest. I feel sympathy for those who make them. I make so many myself. I find myself liking company. To err is human and when I err it makes me feel like a member of the human family."

I know Ed would jump all over me if I were to attempt biography, but I am bound to say a brief word about his start. He is a native of Philadelphia and his father, at that time among the wealthiest in the city, never dreamed of his going on the stage.

Ed got his start when he was sent to Wharton College. He never arrived at his collegiate destination. Indeed, he joined up with a small stock company in Pittsburgh, Pa. His father knew nothing of this until the dean of Wharton College returned the tuition check with the information there was no student there named Edwin Leopold.

After a bit Ed left the stock company and went into vaudeville. And was he instantly hailed as a wow? He was not. For fifteen years he struggled for recognition, battling all the way.

Finally he went over big in Atlantic

City. Later New York took him to her bosom—and he's still sitting pretty, The Perfect Fool he yearned to be.

The elder Leopold never forgave his son completely for walking out on a college education and a business career—but Ed's time came. When the financial cyclone struck the United States the Leopold fortune dwindled and seemed bent on disappearing. Then it was that The Perfect Fool stepped in and with what he had saved on the despised stage he salvaged the family income. Mr. Leopold thinks somewhat better of the stage now.

The honor which Ed Wynn prizes above all others came to him after his radio debut. Then he became the only man in America rated as important as the town pump in a Florida village.

The village is New Port Richey where Ed spends much of his infrequent vacations. The town council recently installed a loudspeaker in the town square where the villagers gather every

Tuesday night to hear Ed Wynn play the fire chief. Sam Harris, Thomas Meighan and Gene Sarazan have homes there—and are among those present on Tuesdays.

What I believe is the ultimate payoff in any story of Ed Wynn and radio is that he was offered to five sponsors before he was accepted for radio by the Texaco Company. The five sponsors auditioned him and shook their heads.

"He's lousy," one would-be showman of the air proclaimed. "I mean lousy for the air. He depends on mugging and costumes and gestures. He'd be a funeral on the air."

To which the snappy comeback is: "Oh yeah? Who's funeral?"

The five who turned him down have certainly looked as if they might want to jump off a convenient dock.

Which demonstrates the difference between the common or garden variety and The Perfect Fool.

You Ask Her Another

(Continued from page 22)

Q. And after that?

A. Mom gave me a job with her repertory company to keep me out of mischief.

Q. What sort of parts did you play?

A. I was the ingenue who always cried, "Don't sell the old homestead Grandpaw!"

Q. Then what?

A. I joined the Woodward stock company (for wayward girls) in K. C. Then I became a soubrette.

Q. What is a soubrette?

A. A sort of a ham omelette.

Q. How long were you there?

A. Until I found the juveniles were playing old men.

Q. How did you escape?

A. I got married. To Grant Simpson, an actor.

Q. Where did you meet him?

A. Believe it or not, we were waiting for a street car.

Q. Will you ever forget the day you were married?

A. No, the Judge who married us stuttered.

Q. Did you retire then?

A. No, I went back in vaudeville to keep an eye on my husband.

Q. Did you and your husband ever quarrel?

A. Yes.

Q. What about?

A. He didn't think that William Jennings Bryan was the greatest man that ever lived. How am I doing?

Q. Not bad, not bad. What sort of an act did you have?

A. A juggling act.

Q. You mean you juggled those colored balls?

A. No, we juggled the same jokes fifty different ways. I knew all the questions, and my husband knew all the answers.

Q. Did you have any struggle?

A. Yes, we always had to sit on our trunks to make them close.

Q. You mean never a hungry moment?

A. No, Grant always carried pretzels in his pockets.

Q. Where do you get the material for your radio sketches?

A. Out of an old hat.

Q. Do you ever wear the hat?

A. No, but the gags get in my hair.

Q. Who is the greatest influence in your life?

A. Where's Elmer?

Q. Are you superstitious?

A. Yes, I believe it's bad luck to have a ladder fall on you.

Q. What are your pet expressions?

A. You'd be surprised.

Q. Did you ever suffer from Mike Fright?

A. Yes, but he didn't scare me as much as Pat.

Q. What part of the country do you prefer to live in?

A. You can have the country and I'll take the City.

Q. Do you spend much time at home?

A. Yes, come up and see me some time.

Q. What is your favorite dish?

A. The one which makes the loudest noise when it breaks.

Q. Are you the sort of bridge player who kicks his partner under the table?

A. No, I never believe in kicking a man when he's down.

Q. What's the one thing in life you'd like to do most that you've never done?

A. Ride on a roller coaster without screaming.

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Roses and Drums

(Continued from page 13)

players through their paces, was an entirely different matter.

Contrary to general belief, "Roses and Drums" is *not* a dressed show. Generals and Captains and Privates do not stalk about the stage in uniforms of blue and gray, twirling mustachios or smoothing bushy beards or luxuriant sideburns. They tried it on the opening broadcast of the Civil War phase but General Grant's stogie almost set fire to his whiskers and the policy was abandoned.

The only suggestion that you are about to witness a drama of Civil War days is the two flags—the Stars and Stripes and the Battle Flag of the Confederacy—hanging side by side on the back drop at the rear of the stage.

Beneath them sits the orchestra, on a raised platform. Ranged along the edge of the platform is the row of chairs occupied by the cast. At the left stands the Director, his script on a music rack before him. At the right, behind a pulpit-like table, are Walter Pierson and his assistant Max Uhlig, the unsung heroes of the piece, ready with their weird collection of gadgets to perform minor sound miracles.

There are four dynamic microphones, so supersensitive they can almost pick up thought. The two used by the players are about twelve feet apart in the center of the stage. The third is for the sound effects, the last for the orchestra.

OVER music David Ross sets the stage verbally for the break from Libby Prison, steps back from the mike and sits down.

The Union officers take their places, three to a microphone.

Captain Gordon Wright (Reed Brown, Jr., in a gray suit) turns his head slightly and raises the wrong end of a small megaphone to his lips.

"Colonel Rose!" he says in a hoarse whisper. "Are you all right?"

Walter Pierson bends over his pulpit and makes little chirping sounds, then moves half a coconut shell about in a tray of sand while Uhlig works a miniature bellows methodically.

Colonel Rose (Howard Smith), using the megaphone trick, speaks in a high-pitched whisper.

"I'm all right."

Pierson has two coconut shells going now.

Colonel Rose puts the megaphone under his arm and reads his lines in a low voice. Lieutenant Hamilton (Sidney Mason) does the same. Again the megaphones and they have made their way to freedom. But that does not mean they are free to return to their chairs. In a moment they will become half a dozen other fellows.

"Well, Wright," whispers Lieutenant Stiles (George Gaul, clenching his fist, squinting his eyes behind their tortoise shell glasses, raising one foot completely off the floor in his effort to get just the right note of tenseness in his voice.) "I'd say it was time for us to start."

Pierson lifts a handful of egg-size rocks and drops them on a felt pad.

"What's that?"

"Falling brick. . . Must be Johnson."

"Yes, it's me." (John Daly Murphy is a small man. He stands on tip-toes, straining upward to thin out his voice and raise its pitch to simulate the illusion of distance.)

Max Uhlig drops a pound bag of sand on the table.

"The men are pouring into the kitchen," (Murphy crouches forward, speaking directly into the mike now) "fighting to get down here."

The trio who sang the opening "Roses and Drums, Roses and Drums" refrain, have crossed to the opposite side of the stage. They throw back their heads for that thin quality and mutter.

"Lemme down there!" The players at the mikes move their bodies convulsively as the tempo of the scene quickens. "Shut up, you fool!" George Gaul swings around with his back to the mike. "Don't jump!"

Uhlig drops a bag of sand.

"Where's that tunnel?"

Pierson is busy with the rocks and a small piece of iron that makes a clanking sound. Uhlig is manipulating a pair of sand bags.

"One at a time, men, or you'll spoil everything."

The stage is a muted bedlam as a dramatic version of the most famous prison episode in the history of the War between the States, itself becomes history.

"Roses and Drums," and the title fits it perfectly, is based on two of the soundest of all dramatic elements—Love and War. The program began as something of an experiment, but it has grown until now it is more than a year old and heard over a hookup of fifty odd stations.

The story started in Colonial times and progressed through the Revolution, the War of 1812 and the Mexican War. Against the background of rattling drums and the tread of marching feet emerges the romance of America and the figures that have made her great—Peter Stuyvesant, John Paul Jones, Daniel Boone, Davey Crockett, Ulysses S. Grant. And these figures have been interpreted by such distinguished actors as Ernest Glendenning, Pedro De Cordoba, De Wolf Hopper, Osgood Perkins, Henry Hull, Guy Bates Post and many others.

THE present phase deals as I have hinted so broadly, with the War between the States. The story is built around lovely Betty Graham, Virginian spy, and the two young soldiers who loved her even before the first shot fired upon Fort Sumter made them enemies, Gordon Wright of the Northern army and Randy Claymore of the Confederate.

The present cast headed by Elizabeth Love, Vera Allen, Reed Brown, Jr., John Griggs and George Gaul are veterans of the stage, many of whom received their first radio experience on "Roses and Drums."

They have an enthusiastic following of tuners-in as a letter written to the Union Central Life Insurance Company, sponsors of the program, will testify.

"I have enjoyed 'Roses and Drums' since its inception," an elderly doctor wrote, "Elizabeth Love who plays the part of Betty Graham, especially. To me she represents the ideal type of young American womanhood. In token of appreciation I should like, if it is possible, to take out a small life insurance policy with your company in the name of Miss Love."

But there are two members of the cast who receive no fan mail, whose names do not even appear upon the program but without whom "Roses and Drums" would be like a dance without music.

They are Walter Pierson and Max Uhlig who preside over the sound effects and conjure up everything from the squeaking of rats to the tumult of battle.

A battle is a pretty complicated piece of business from the point of view of sound. Pierson and Uhlig can handle a skirmish themselves, but for a man-sized battle they need four assistants.

It looks like play hour in a madhouse, but the effect is authentic.

FOR the big guns they used tympani and thunder drums. The rattle of musketry is simulated by "shot sticks" beaten rapidly upon the leather bottom of a chair. An arrangement of wooden blocks suspended on wires and rubbed back and forth over a board covered with sandpaper gives the tramp of marching feet. Half coconut shells tapped on a smooth wooden surface produce the clop-clop of horses' hooves. All this is interspersed with a recording of actual gun fire taken on the government proving grounds.

One of the sound effects men is delegated to hold the script and cue the battle. Technically, he's the real general.

The shouts and cries of fighting men are supplied by the trio huddled off in a corner.

One of the toughest assignments Walter Pierson has been handed since the program started was the sound of a field piece going into action. The horses' hooves and the rattle of accoutrements were easy enough, but the wheels of the gun carriage stuck him for awhile.

He finally solved it by bringing in an actual wheel that he turned with a crank.

During one of the Civil War episodes a revolver shot was necessary. Someone had a brilliant idea and appeared with an old muzzle-loading pistol that had seen service at Bull Run.

What could possibly be more authentic?

Pierson experimented with powder loads until he had just what he wanted. The great moment came. He closed his eyes and pulled the trigger.

There was a faint hiss, and realism had been sacrificed to authenticity.

One of the trickiest devices is the

machine that plays the recordings. It is hooked up directly to the control room and is the only part of the program that is not heard in the studio.

The effect is weird to the audience watching a broadcast. In the current episode Miss Love remarks excitedly to the mike that she hears bells, hundreds of them. But there are no bells.

In the control room and on the air, however, you hear literally hundreds of them.

What makes the machine tricky to handle is the fact that the operator must count the grooves as the needle traverses them, and stop it at exactly the right moment lest a battle suddenly develop where serenity is required.

IT is timed, also, to the lines of the actors and if the timing goes wrong most anything is liable to happen. And often it does.

Pierson had one scene that needed a locomotive whistle. The record was going all right but the cast speeded up on their lines. The result was that the sound came several seconds after the line: "There's the whistle." That's one of the problems that makes war hell.

They handed Pierson a problem the other day that was pretty unusual. A squeaky baby carriage rolls along the street and bumps into a fat man. He had to work on that one, but he got it. The squeaky carriage was nails rubbed across a flat plate of glass; the rolling, along-the-sidewalk part was a pair of roller skates nailed to a board and pushed slowly across a table; the collision with the fat man was the dropping of a sand bag.

The roller skates also serve for the opening of secret panels and such.

When you hear an old grandfather's clock striking with slow precision it's a real clock, only they strike it with a metal pencil.

The script called, once, for the blowing up of a mine. This was accom-

plished by a whack on the thunder drum followed by pushing a pile of cardboard boxes filled with rocks on the floor and scrambling them about a bit.

When you hear a match struck, believe it or not, it's just that. And a kiss is a kiss, but it's planted on the back of the kisser's hand instead of the acquiescent lips of the heroine.

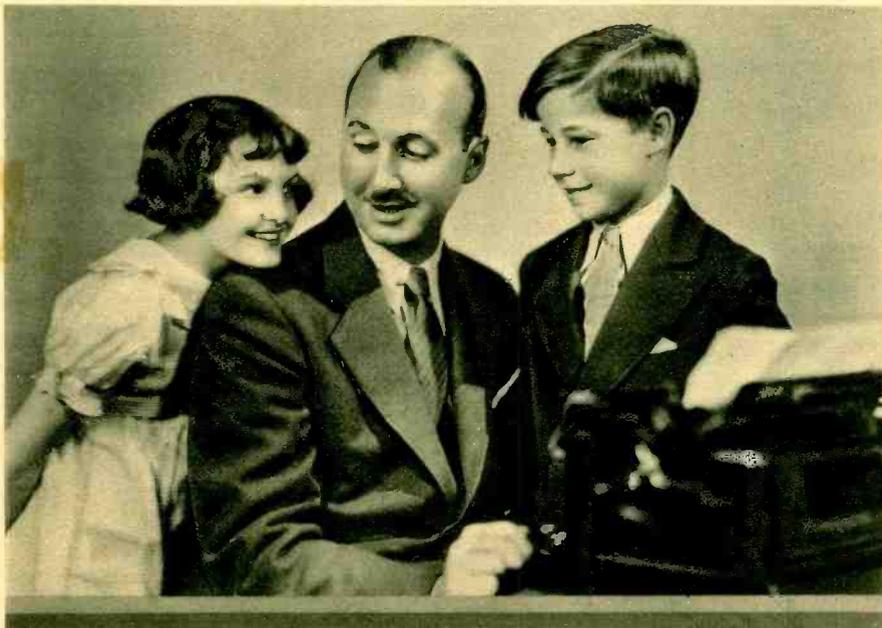
In other words, what you hear coming out of your loud speaker is generally quite a different matter from what you'd see, were you permitted to see it. But it all comes under the head of illusion—and illusion of an excellent grade, indeed, in "Roses and Drums."

Accuracy is the note which James W. Glover, Jr., author of the scripts, has stressed from the beginning. The historical background is authentic to the least detail, each script being checked and double checked by Dr. Jernegan, professor of American History at the University of Chicago. It has been said that he knows the number of strands in Grant's whiskers.

BUT the man responsible for melding script, actors and sound into an entertaining whole is Hershell Williams, the Director. A recent graduate of Professor Baker's dramatic workshop at Yale, young Mr. Williams came to radio via the stage. "Roses and Drums" was right up his alley as it gave him an opportunity to put into practice his pet theory—that an ideal radio program could be made of a skilful combining of drama and authentic history.

He uses veteran stage players for his casts. At first it was a difficult matter teaching old dogs an entirely new set of tricks, but the result was worth the effort.

In "Roses and Drums" young Mr. Williams seems to have proved his belief that a radio dramatization can be good theatre, instead of just a bunch of guys reading lines.



Raymond Knight is back on the air as Billy Bachelor, the young foster father of those Wheatenaville twins

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Preparing for Motherhood

By Barnarr Macfadden

NO matter how strong the mother instinct may be, no matter how desperately she may long for babies, no woman can think of childbirth without the cold hand of dread gripping at her heart.

Once embarked upon that course there is no turning back, no postponement, no hurrying matters. Nature runs its course with the certainty and finality of fate. And it is a road you must travel alone. No matter how loving and sympathetic your husband may be, or how willing he is to bear his share of the burden, there is nothing he can do.

But there is a very great deal that you can do in preparation for becoming a mother to reduce the unpleasantness and discomfort of the preliminary period and make the final ordeal surprisingly easy and comparatively free from pain.

"Preparing for Motherhood," by Barnarr Macfadden, is a godsend to prospective mothers. In it he tells you the things every woman should know regarding motherhood. He goes into the subject fully, fearlessly and simply. If you prepare yourself along the simple lines he recommends, follow out the common sense instructions given, you can enter upon the ordeal of motherhood with a mind free from worry, and the glorious anticipation of the coming of fine, healthy, beautifully developed babies to fill your life with sunshine. This splendid book should be in every home.

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Vass You Dere Sharlie?

(Continued from page 9)

Then came the War, and overnight "Schmidts" became "Smiths" and "Krausmeyers" changed to "Kellys" without the aid of so much as a mirror. Not even Jack Pershing could have stepped on a stage with a German dialect. And Jack Pearl wasn't mugg enough to try. He did a quick change, too, and thereafter the jokes were registered in accents ascribed to the Jewish citizenry, or to the allied nations, France and Italy.

It was while he was playing in "The Powder Puff Revue" that Jake 'n' Lee saw him. And after four years of burlesque and vaudeville he was sold to the Shuberts for the goodly sum of \$13,000. That doesn't mean that Jack played "Uncle Tom" in a transaction with ol' Massa Shubert. What the producers did was to buy up Jack's contract, and to feature him in their annual Winter Garden shows. This association lasted until 1930. His last Shubert appearance was in the "International Revue", an all-star flop distinguished by the colossal failure of the imported "Argentinita", and the signal,

writer of Hollywood hilarities such as "The Cock-eyed World", decided that all the world loves a liar—that is—an amusing liar. So they concocted a modern "Baron Munchausen", and "Luckies" agreed with them to the tune of \$3500 a broadcast. The first attempts were pretty sad, and the cancellation handwriting was on the wall. But by the end of four weeks, the tuners-inners had come to an appreciation of what Pearl was giving them. Thereafter it was a push-over.

The classic "Vass you dere, Sharlie" was written in quite casually by Mr. Wells, and has had 'em in the aisles ever since. Now "Cousin Hugo" is keeping the ha-has rolling from Coast to Coast, and the skillful Billy has some others up his sleeve for broadcasts yet to come.

All this I learned while the handsome, Harvardish young men were scrambling hither and yon seeking a dog and a net, essential paraphernalia of a Grade A pup-snatcher which,

go over the script. Naw, they said. But "Sharlie", the good-looking, smilingly immaculate Cliff Hall, added:

"Gee I gotta say 'probity' and 'ineffacious'—better practice up on them."

"A cinch, 'Sharlie'," said Jack, "say 'probity' as in 'probity-man'."

"Yeah, but what about this 'ineffacious'?"

"That, 'Sharlie', is your own private business."

So while "Sharlie" was concerning himself with probity, there was time to ask the Baron about Hollywood. With two pictures under his belt, "Meet the Baron" and "Hollywood Party", Jack, himself, is by way of being a movie celeb, or as he says it, "solob". Making movies is hard work, he says, but the fact that he returns in March for another is evidence that he likes the land where Garbo speaks only to Rouben and Rouben never talks back.

"I liked to lie on the beach," said Jack, with the accent on the lie as befits the Baron.

More seriously, he says that the production of pictures fascinates him, and that he never suffered through such a terrible experience as when he attended a "sneak" preview of his picture. Naturally, he hadn't seen himself act before. And to sit back in the audience watching his shadowed capers on the screen, hearing the comments on all sides, proved a pretty devastating adventure.

Jack has had many film offers, as far back as "Reaching for the Moon", and before and since, but "Meet the Baron" is his really first feature. However, Hollywood isn't entirely new territory to him, for ten years ago he established a new vaudeville record by being the first ever to play the Los Angeles Orpheum theatre for four straight weeks.

We'd gotten this much for the record when Billy Wells cut in with:

"Hey, Jack, 'Sharlie' just thought of one, can we stick it in?"

"Sure", they chorused, "What is it?"

"Well, you know where you tell about the Boston police-dog—the Boston bull, and the low-priced dog—the sheep dog, and . . ."

"Yeah", said Jack, "and the aeroplane dog—the sky-terrier, well . . .?"

"Well, Sharlie asks if you have any blood-hounds, and you say 'the best bloodhounds—they're so good we use them for transfusions'—is it funny?"

"Sure", said Jack and "Sharlie", "we'll put it in."

And if you'd heard the visible audience roar at that transfusion gag, you'd have an idea of the hilarity that must have echoed through the land when that line went through the air-waves. That's how laughter is born!

IT was getting pretty close to train time. Al Goodman, who is Broadway's honest-to-goodness, unpress-agented favorite, was out there waving his baton. It was the mystic hour. So Jack and "Sharlie", and Mr. Wells, and the brother-in-law, and the nephew, and the secretary, and the dropper-inners, and the handsome, Harvardish young men, and the working



These are The Playboys—Walter Samuels, Leonard Whitcup and Felix Bernard, heard regularly over the Columbia network.

personal triumph scored by Jack Pearl. After that he went to the "Follies". The one that proved "Zieggy's" last.

There's no mystery about how he hit it off in radio. He and Billy Wells,

through oversight, was missing. It was getting on toward the zero hour. Al Goodman's orchestra was mi-mi-mi-ing in preparation. Some one asked Jack and "Sharlie" if they hadn't oughta

press—me—filed down the single flight of stairs just in time to hear the dulcet toned announcer end his oration with "I give you his Excellency, Baron Munchausen". Al waved his hand, the orchestra struck up an "Ach du Lieber Augustine", and Jack Pearl was on the air.

For six minutes and six pages of script he panicked 'em. They even laughed when Jack thought "Sharlie" said "great dame" instead of "great dane", and insisted that he had married one. There was a laugh in every line of Billy Wells' writing, all the way down to the gag about the squirrels that wouldn't eat roast-beef, chicken, lobster or clams.

"What did they want?" queried "Sharlie".

"Nuts!" roared the Baron, and there was an interlude during which three pretty girls sang "Who's Afraid of the Big, Bad Wolf?" in uncanny approximation of Walt Disney's porcine trio.

We adjourned to a little room just off-stage where Mr. Pearl, the brother-in-law, the nephew, the secretary, Billy Wells, the young men, the dropper-inners, made an assemblage now augmented by more officials, crackling crisp, Mr. Wells' secretary, a fella-just-back-from-the-Coast, Jack's sister, a dark, attractive girl, and the titian-tressed Winifred Desborough, Mrs. Jack Pearl, for short.

Jack met the flame-haired beauty when they played together in "The Belle of New York", and their happiness is attested in that after these years of matrimony they still call one another by pet names. Everyone had been following the broadcast from a script, and when Jack entered, they all nodded approval. It was a good broadcast. The jokes clicked. You could feel in the air that it was going over. Everyone was happy. There was a tendency to whisper. Heaven knows why. A sort of dim and holy air surrounds this broadcasting business.

There was time for a cigarette.

"SMOKE?" I asked Jack, offering a case-full.

"Luckies?" he asked, and being assured accepted.

I asked about the superstitions which continue to be Broadway's big giggle.

Jack, it is rumored, has 'em all. Black cats, broken mirrors, dressing-room whistling, ladders, and the rest in addition to some few of his own. One of these is that he mustn't pass a pin without picking it up, and the boys delight in spilling whole boxes before him and shouting encouragement as he stoops to gather them. Another is stranger still. If you pinch Jack's earlobe, he will pursue through the proverbial Hell and high-water until he pinches yours. And do the gay lads take advantage of that one! Jack has been known to chase a tormenting ear-pinch from the theatre and right down the street for that return pinch presumed to remove a hex.

But before he could answer, "The Baron" was again announced over the air, and he was back before the microphone for six more minutes. Again they laughed all the way through the continuity to the final topper which had the Baron running over his "Cousin Hugo" as the climax of a Hollywood party. And so the broadcast ended, and doubtless sales were once more increased by 'steen percent.

I waited while Jack metamorphosed the be-medalled Baron into Mr. Pearl, conservative, unassuming young-man-about-Broadway. "Sharlie", the customary pale boutonniere in his lapel, smiled a good-night. Al Goodman waved an adieu. The collegiate-looking, hyacinthean youths had vanished magically. From somewhere Billy Wells' voice echoed.

"Next week I want Jack to have a complete fur-trappers outfit, snow-hood, snow-shoes, the whole damned regalia, and see that it's here."

The voice trailed off.

"Thanks", I told Mr. Pearl.

"Thanks", Mr. Pearl told me.

I SLIPPED through the deserted, darkened theatre, so lately crowded with laughter. I paused for a moment. It was quiet, restful. Then out into Broadway, gaudy, glaring, garish after the shadowed sanctuary of the empty house. There would be other nights, other crowds, other sponsors, other broadcasts, even other stars. But I doubted that there will be another Jack Pearl for many, many moons that may wax and wane over Dime Square.

ALONG CAME RUTH

And we mean Ruth Etting, the inimitable warbler who's as pretty as she's clever and who came up the long road to fame from a Chicago café where she sang for tips, to her present stardom on the ether, screen and stage.

She was born in Nebraska and she's still a smalltown girl at heart but read her fascinating story in next month's RADIO MIRROR.

HAIR TROUBLE?

Learn the one correct and harmless way to remove all dandruff and any itch from the scalp; how to stop excessive hair loss, and how it is possible to grow back the lost hair. A famous scientist explains everything in a free booklet. Write—**LINDAY, 361 W. 29th St., New York City**
Name.....
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This famous, alluring, very exclusive odour is now priced within reach of all.

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CHARLOTTE LABS., 1851 Washington Ave., N. Y. C.
Please send me bottle of spirit of Christmas. I agree to pay postman \$1.00.

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STRONG ARMS and BROAD SHOULDERS
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If you have talent here's your chance to get into Broadcasting. New Floyd Gibbons method trains you at home in spare time. Fascinating course fully explained in Free Booklet, "How to Find Your Place in Broadcasting." Send for your copy today. Give age. Floyd Gibbons School of Broadcasting, 2000—14th St., N. W., Dept. 4A72, Washington, D. C.

No Need to be Fat!

Take off 5 to 10 Pounds a week!
Easy Way—No Medicine—
No Starving

Fat enters the body when fat-making food is consumed in excess of one's needs; it can be removed by lessening the fat-making food intake. There is no other way for it to get in or get out. Therefore, to lose fat, eat less food that makes fat. Just follow one simple, easily-understood law of Nature.

But above all, remember there is no question as to whether the treatment will work or not. All other ills of the body may sometimes fail to respond even when the best known methods are applied. Not so with obesity. The cause and elimination of obesity is a matter of mathematics and there is no argument about it. If you draw out more from your bank account than you put into it, the amount will be reduced—and in like manner so will you.

The famous Eugene Christian Method is given you fully in his method called

"Pounds Off"

Although you would probably be glad to pay many dollars for such a simple, safe and certain method of obtaining normal weight, we have made the price as low as we can, because we want every sufferer from excessive flesh to secure its benefits.

Write Today—Send No Money

Send no money, just write your name and address on the margin, or send a letter if you prefer. The method will be mailed to you in PLAIN CONTAINER, and \$1.39 (plus postage) to the postman will make it yours. You may remit with order and save the cost of postage as we prepay charges on all orders sent with cash in advance.

CORRECTIVE EATING GUILD,
RMI
1926 Broadway New York City

What's Wrong With Radio According to Roxy

(Continued from page 7)

to the sports pages to read about the game.

"There isn't the friendliest feeling between radio and the press, and this is an error. A combination of the two, cooperation between them, would make for tremendous power. One is the perfect supplement of the other. As a chain of newspapers can blanket this entire country, so might radio do so with no more than six huge stations strategically placed. And if these organizations worked together, they would be tremendously effective.

"There'll be no television in our time. That is, practical television. And I must also qualify the statement by an 'unless'. Unless some revolutionary discovery is made. Something of which we have no idea at the present time. But the future of radio is—well, it is simply indescribable. I hope the power that it gives to its leaders will go to their hearts and not to their heads. A big heart is a great thing. But a big head isn't so desirable.

"You can have no idea of the far-reaching effectiveness of radio until you visit out-of-the-way places such as you never heard of before. Imagine my feelings when I recently went down into Texas to recuperate from an illness. In the tiniest hamlets the word went around that 'Roxy' was in town, and the folks turned out as though I were a long-lost brother. They regarded me as their friend, and I want to tell you that although I've met many leaders in all walks of life, these friendships that I have established over the air are closest to my heart. I've had experience in the theatre and with motion pictures, but I would shut every other activity from my life in preference to giving up radio!

"You can't appreciate the God-given blessing of radio until you are shut-in, confined to a sick-bed, separated from the world, from your friends, from all life and all activity. You realize then what it means to be able to turn that dial and bring the great artists of the air right to your bed-side. It is the mightiest white magic the world has ever known. And it will grow even greater as time goes on.

"There will be vast improvement in the mechanics of broadcasting. I have an idea for a broadcasting room in which there will be an acoustical focal point perhaps in the center of the ceiling. Sound travels upward, and I have a theory that broadcasts could be humanized by gathering all the sounds of the studio together. I haven't any patience with the 'shushing' that goes on in the studios. All this finger to lip, sound-proof stuff strikes me as the bunk. Bunk which vitiates, deadens the entertainment. Let there be the natural rustle of humanity. Let the broadcast sound alive, vibrant, vital, not like something from a can.

"It is interesting to look back over the years since my 'Gang' first went on the air. A lot of the original entertainers are still with me. But some of my boys and girls have gone into other activities. I'm still proud of them. For instance, Frederick Jagel and Ethedia Fleischer went to the Metropolitan Opera. Evelyn Herbert became a musical comedy star. Erno Rapee, Eugene Ormandy and Yasha Bunchuk direct symphony orchestras. Billy Akst has gone to Hollywood in charge of all music at one of the studios. It's a coincidence that the 'Gang's' broadcast-

ing covers very nearly the complete span of Prohibition. But I hope that even during the most arid period of the Noble Experiment we weren't "dry" in our entertainment. And I hope now that happy days are here again our millions of friends won't find us 'all wet.'"

There can be no doubt but that "Roxy" is one of the outstanding personalities in radio. His story is radio's—and radio's romance is his. It took him forty years to travel two miles up Broadway. And there was no loitering along the way. He began as a small boy drudging in a Fourteenth Street store. Now, at life's half way mark, he rules a realm from marble halls on Fiftieth Street. The route was circuitous and the march long. He began it as Sam Rothafel, a nobody. And somewhere along the line he parlayed himself into "Roxy," an institution. He stands today the Supreme Showman.

Not only is his life an open book, but the success-story of his romantic career is a thrice-told tale to many millions. The weary tramping from door to door as a book agent, that seven year hitch in the Marines, that first pathetic movie theatre equipped with chairs borrowed from the undertaker, all the episodes of the painful progress toward the top are chapters of the familiar history of a dim, if not so distant, past. But the real story of "Roxy" must be told in terms of the present. And the future. What he has done is nothing to what he will do. The man is dogged by Destiny. No man can thwart him. No event, short of death, can block his progress. It is his mission to be America's Monarch of the Air. It is so written in the book of Fate. And the mission shall be fulfilled.

Jack in the Bowl

(Continued from page 41)

culinary endeavors have been successful except for one time when he was making a birthday cake, and feeling very, very carefree; the cake dropped, the eggs were not beaten enough, and several mistakes were made that the most amateurish attempts could correct. It was a sorry sight when baked, however the party was a gala occasion at any rate.

Here are a few of his recipes, that we found most unusual:

Omelet with Sauce

Use an ordinary recipe for omelets. Then for the sauce saute onions, chopped green pepper, finely sliced mushrooms, chopped pimentos, all in olive oil. Cover omelet with these ingredients, and white sauce, topped with Parmesan Cheese, and grill under the broiler of the oven.

Another of his unusual mixtures that you'll try tonight is this tart shell.

Berry Tarts

1 package cream cheese

Pie pastry

Jar of berries

Use one package of cream cheese and mix with pie pastry for one pie crust.

Mix the two, and bake the tarts in regular pie temperature oven. Fill with preserved berries or lemon filling; then top with whipped cream or meringue. Jack fixes these tarts with canned pineapple or any such mixtures.

Mr. Smart's roast beef served in this manner is very appetizing.

Roast Beef

He rubs the roast over with salt, and pepper. He then mixes dry mustard, thin sliced onion, green pepper, and garlic. Strips of bacon are then placed over the roast. This not only adds flavor to the roast, but when finished he strains this and some of the very fine particles of onion, and pepper go through with the liquid as a base for the gravy. For added flavor often a little wine is added.

Jack ascertains that anyone can cook or bake well if he will only allow some of his own personality and originality to get into his work. If you think a dash of salt would enhance a fudge recipe try it and see; this is the only way to sometime really discover a novel and pleasing taste to an old dish.

His most popular combinations have been discovered in this manner.

This comedian has no system or method in planning and arranging his ingredients but gets each new addition as he needs it. Jack confesses he never washes a cup, or pan and dirties practically all the utensils they possess, but he likes it and the cook doesn't mind as she likes his concoctions that are so highly seasoned.

If you readers up to this point have been envious of Mrs. Smart's holiday from getting the evening meal you may be happy that you have not all the litter to clean up.

His rapid progress shows and further proves the old adage that practice soon makes perfection.

MORE SURPRISES

In Our

HOMEMAKING DEPARTMENT

Next Month

Watch for the February Issue

Women In Radio

(Continued from page 17)

I don't suppose Bertha Brainard will like that very well, because as I have said before, she deplors the comparing of men and women.

All the same, the remark was meant as a great compliment—men always think women should be flattered when told they have masculine minds—and it is true, too, in a way. At least Miss Brainard seems to combine the judgment we have always assumed to be exclusively masculine with the quick, instinctive convictions that in the past have been believed to belong chiefly to women. They say, for example, that she hears a program and makes up her mind at once whether it will do or not, also that she is nearly always right. And even when, once in a while, they vote her down, they usually wish afterwards they had followed her "red-headed hunch."

BY the way, I haven't told you yet, have I, that she has red hair, blue eyes and a distracting dimple; that she is small and wears with considerable flair, clothes that are right for the office—black, you know, and long sleeves and the rest—but that, also, are deliciously feminine with their sophisticated touches of white and their bright buttons?

I'll have to confess that when the editor assigned me to see Miss Brainard, I felt a little apprehensive, for my experience with women executives has sometimes been discouraging to me as a good feminist. There are several quite disagreeable things that happen to successful women executives oftener than I could wish they did. One is that success may go to the head and the successful woman may turn into an impossible, conceited boulder. I think I have already made it clear that this has not happened to Bertha Brainard.

Another thing that sometimes happens is that a woman tries to assume mannish ways because she thinks they make her appear efficient. Miss Brainard hasn't done that, either. I felt sure of it when I first saw her and surer than ever after I had looked about her office with its really comfortable chairs, great vase of bitter sweet in the window, green hangings to hide the glass partitions, flowers everywhere and her famous miniature piano. It was the office, thank goodness, of a woman who believes in femininity as well as femininity.

The little green piano, by the way, is a story in itself—covered all over with signatures of illustrious broadcasters—everybody you can think of, Eleanor Roosevelt, Cardinal Hayes, Alfred E. Smith, not to mention a bewildering array of authors, artists, musicians and composers whose combined income would be overwhelming.

The instrument is primarily in the room, however, for something more practical. You see, when a client comes in to discuss programs, it often seems expedient for him actually to hear the proposed music, for Chopin, let us say; when performed does not turn out to

be half so highbrow as the client expects.

As N.B.C.'s director of programs, Miss Brainard has to do chiefly with passing upon and putting together programs to be offered by the sales department to possible clients.

This is the way it works. A member of the sales department announces that he has a client (hypothetical, of course, in this case) who wants a coast to coast hook-up for his cold cream and can spend \$5,000 a week. He wants to appeal to women, and so Miss Brainard and the program board begin to go over all available features that might be of special interest to women.

The artists' bureau service is notified and sends its suggestions. There are meetings with division heads—continuity, music and production. Finally, after a lot of excitement, a tentative \$5,000 program gets into memorandum form and an audition is held for the program board. It may be that many auditions will be necessary, because of changes, before the program is finally shown to the advertising agency representing the client. The agency probably offers more suggestions and at last, the clients hears the program and we will hope, signs on the dotted line.

"I sometimes fear that I think of life mainly in terms of programs", Miss Brainard confessed, laughing. "Any piece of news I hear is interesting chiefly as to whether it will help make radio history. For instance, we heard casually that Jack Benny was in town sometime back. This was before he had ever thought of radio but we began to wonder whether he might not be good on the air. George Olsen and Ethel Shutta were working on a sustaining program—might not the three make a good tie-up? We sounded them all out, they liked the idea, worked up a program, a client heard it and bought it at once.

THE business of program-making is not often so simple, though. In most cases, it's a good deal of effort to get just the right artist for the specific program. Of course there are naturals like the Goldbergs and Amos 'n Andy who could sell anything. But, usually, it takes careful tying in of artist with product. Thus, if you are building a program for women, you stress romantic appeal. The orchestra must be especially sweet and melodic, the tenor must have one of those clear voices that will make the housewife leave her dish-washing to dream in the middle of a hard morning.

"Men like women on the air, especially if they sound 'cute'. They prefer their music to be stirring and will listen with interest to comedians, sports talks and news commentators. So we have to find enough of all these things and have to make sure, before we put them on the air, that they're good.

"I make it a rule—all of us in program work do—not to see the artist before an initial audition. Usually we

The Golden Key To Success



It is not just luck that some succeed where others fail. There is a natural law that governs success and failure—the law of personality. A magnetic personality is the greatest single asset any human being can possess—much greater than riches, for riches can be lost never to be recovered, whereas men and women possessing personal magnetism in marked degree attain riches, happiness, popularity, power—everything worth striving for in this world. It is they who make the outstanding successes in their chosen fields, whatever they may be—the professions, radio, movies, politics, business, marriage.

YOU CAN DEVELOP IT

A few people are endowed by nature with powerful, charming personalities. They are indeed fortunate, for to them success comes naturally if they apply themselves. But with the vast majority of people magnetic personality must be developed if they are to possess it. Many do acquire it to their everlasting benefit, but for lack of definite instructions as to how to go about developing magnetic personalities, most people live out their lives without ever acquiring the golden key to success that lies latent in nearly every human breast waiting to unlock the door to fortune.

THIS BOOK SHOWS YOU HOW

In his masterly work entitled "Personal Magnetism" Theron Q. Dumont, acknowledged authority and writer on psychology and character as applied to achievement, analyzes the entire subject, separates it into its component parts, lets you see how human character is formed, shows you how to remove the characteristics that are holding you back and points the way to developing those that will give you the charm and power over others that every man or woman needs to attain success.

A study of this splendid 229-page book may easily be the influence that will turn your footsteps, or those of son, daughter, husband, friend, whoever you give it to, from the densely crowded path to failure to the far less crowded, upward road to wealth, power and happiness! While they last only 98c, postage 11c.

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I enclose \$1.09 for which please ship me one copy of "Personal Magnetism." I understand that my money will be refunded if this book does not prove entirely satisfactory.

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aren't even told whom we're hearing. You see, it is very hard to be unbiased in your judgment if you know a person or even know about him. Suppose it is a man who has made a hit in vaudeville. If you know who it is, the temptation is to say you like him. Everybody else has liked him, and there must be something wrong with you if you don't! Then, too, some people have so much personality and selling power that if you were in the room watching them, they could put anything over.

"I don't suppose to this day Brook Johns knows why I kept my hand over my eyes all the time he was singing when he came up here to my office to try out some songs from which we were to choose a program. It was because I realized that if I watched him, so potent was his personality that I would never have been able to decide about the songs on their merit."

Since we were talking about auditions, I asked Miss Brainard what advice I ought to give the amateur who believes he has radio talent and wants a chance to show the world. Like other radio executives to whom I have talked, she advocates a try-out at the local station.

"Get on there if possible," she admonishes. "That way you will not only find out whether people like you, but you will get the experience every act needs. Even one that features a famous star is better the fourth or fifth time it goes on the air than it was the first time. The actors only then begin to get the feel of it and, incidentally, to lose a little of the sophistication which frequently is not so much appreciated outside the metropolitan area."

One always asks radio executives what the future of radio will be. It is

a stock question but I liked Miss Brainard's answer.

"I'm neither an engineer nor a prophet," she prefaced it, "but I believe radio can and will go as far as the imagination can reach. Certainly in less than ten years, we shall have advanced as far again as we have come since the crystal set period which marked my own radio beginnings."

"Might it mean thought transmission?" I hazarded, chiefly because I believe it will, and would like an authority to hang the prediction on.

Miss Brainard refused to be forced into the prophetic role. Apparently she had not even a red-headed hunch on this question.

"Does your imagination visualize that?" she queried, interestedly, and added, meditatively: "Well, we shall see!"

It's something for ambitious women to think about.

Cooking With the Stars

(Continued from page 43)

continually to get smooth and thick. This is delicious served on boiled fish.

Gladys Rice, another of your well-liked entertainers at Columbia, is an excellent baker. These brownies are her most admirable essays.

Chocolate Brownies

- 2 eggs
- ¾ cup cocoa
- ½ cup butter
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- ½ cup flour
- ½ teaspoon baking powder
- dash salt
- 1 cup nuts
- 1 cup sugar

Beat the eggs until frothy; then beat in one cup sugar slowly. Add cocoa and butter to the eggs. Add flour that has been sifted and baking powder, and salt; next mix in vanilla and nut meats. Grease and flour the baking pan, and spread in mixture very thinly. Bake in 325° F. oven for about thirty minutes. Cut while still hot and still in baking pan.

Gertrude Niesen, the blues singer on the Columbia chain, proffers these two interesting icings.

Maple Icing

- ½ cup brown sugar
- ½ cup granulated sugar
- ½ cup cream
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 1 teaspoon vanilla

Place sugars and cream in pan and stir until it comes to a boil; allow to boil for fifteen minutes, remove from

stove, and add butter and vanilla. Beat with a fork until it becomes creamy, then spread on cake. The frosting may become too thick, if so add a little cream.

Pineapple Cream Filling

This recipe is good for a filling for sponge layers. It is sufficient to fill one cake.

- 1 cup pineapple
- ½ pint cream
- 1 tablespoon of sugar

Drain most of the juice from the pineapple, if not shredded cut in small pieces. Make a layer of pineapple, and then cover with the cream that has been well whipped. Add the tablespoon of sugar to cream if extra sweetness is desired.

Ed McConnell, the man who gets the laughs and smiles from you on the Acme White Lead program will have you smiling in understanding and appreciation of his own Rice Griddle Cakes.

Rice Griddle Cakes

- 1 cup flour
- 1 cup boiled rice
- 1 cup milk
- 2 teaspoons baking powder
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 1 egg
- 1¼ teaspoons salt

Mix the rice, milk, and melted butter: to this add the salt and the egg well beaten. Sift the flour and baking powder and add these to the other ingredients. Mix the entire mixture well. Have the griddle hot and slightly

greased. This gives about 10 griddle cakes.

Of late Fred Waring's Fish Salad is in as much demand with his friends as your requests for more of his college songs.

Fish Salad

- 1 can shrimp
- 2 heads lettuce
- ½ cup French dressing
- 1 teaspoon chopped green pepper
- 1 teaspoon onion juice
- ½ cup mayonnaise
- 1 teaspoon chopped parsley
- ¾ cup chopped celery
- ¼ cup sliced stuffed olives

Arrange lettuce on platter, put fish in center; pour over French dressing to which the onion juice has been added. Cover with celery and finely chopped pepper; top with mayonnaise, and garnish with parsley and sliced olives.

Little Jack Little gives you no meagre program with his songs nor with his Cherry and Pecan Salad. This can be prepared in a few moments and is very tasty.

Cherry and Pecan Salad

- 1 jar of cherries
- 1 package pecan nuts
- 1 head of lettuce
- Whipped cream

Remove the stones from cherries and insert with nut meats. Arrange lettuce on individual dishes in flower form. Place in center three filled cherries; be certain lettuce is crisp for added attractiveness. Top with whipped cream or place mound of cream on side of lettuce leaf.

HOW A WOMAN SAVED RADIO!

She was a famous opera singer when she first met "Mike" and though she didn't know it, her broadcast saved WJZ from a tragic demise in those early radio days when THOMAS COWAN was the pioneer announcer and radio wasn't what it is today. Mr. Cowan whose fascinating recollections appeared in the November and December issues answers the fan appeal for more of his reminiscences in the FEBRUARY RADIO MIRROR.

How I Keep Bing Straight

(Continued from page 11)

Bing impresses many people as the heigh-ho-lackaday type with whom almost anything goes. But he's not. For instance, he hates to hear women swear.

He says, "I think any girl who becomes coarse in language or deportment loses a certain esteem in men. If she thinks she impresses them, she may be right. But she impresses them the wrong way. I don't mind when a woman swears casually to ease her mind. But I do think there are certain words reserved for soldiers and sailors. I really think that a woman who is nice without being a snob has the best chance of commanding respect from men." So you see.

Bing is fond of any kind of cards. I hate bridge but Bing's fondness for it doesn't bother me. Every night he is home we play solitaire—not double solitaire—but single solitaire! The one who gets the most cards out, wins.

Bing thinks he is the best coffee

maker in the world. His morning coffee is a daily rite. He'll eat almost anything, but he's especially fond of chocolate cake and malted milk. He's so thin he has to gain weight, you know! (This last with a twinkle in my eye.)

As I hinted before, he hasn't any more idea of the value of money than our baby. His brother, Everett, is his manager. Of course, I regulate our living expenses, and take care of all the household bills, but "Ev" handles the business.

I have an awful job getting Bing to do the things that other people expect him to do. We were having a party one evening not so long ago. About ten, Bing heaved himself up out of his chair where he'd been sitting with that ominously far-away expression, and said, "Good night, have a good time!"

With an admonition to me to carry on, the crooner went to bed. Say anything you like, but life with Bing as a husband is far from monotonous!

Let's Give a Repeal Party

(Continued from page 40)

music and every kind of Borden's cheese, milk, and butter. Lanny Ross and Gertrude Niesen came with cakes, cookies, pickles, and olives from General Foods. Jeannie Lang was far ahead of anyone else as usual and came with boxes of Silver Dust to clear up the place.

Natalie Moorehead was well received by the ladies with her bottles of Bourjois perfume; but Singing Sam who would not be out-done by a woman has tubes of Barbasol for Bing and the masculine guests.

Ed Wynn came in carrying a can of Texas Gasoline in case the party stalled but with Gracie on the job and all these artists entertaining it was not used. Madame Sylvia was there telling each male how to cure his defect, while the women clamored around for the secret of beauty.

Eddie Duchin asked what Crosby and Gracie Allen thought of this unique party when Bing announced that because of the depression Gracie gave this party so all the companies on the air would use up their products, have to make more, and employ more people; after all she said wasn't the REPEAL to do away with this depression anyway and make people feel better all around?

You might turn from that dial now and think how this party might be made possible in your home and among your friends. Suggest a radio entertainer for each of your friends to imitate and bring the food that these stars advertise on the air: for entertainment you might make them impersonate the character they are portraying with a song or sketch characteristic of the star. Wouldn't that be fun?

THE ONE AND ONLY AL SMITH TELLS "WHY I CAME INTO 'RADIO'"

in next month's Radio Mirror

A brilliant article by Mary Margaret McBride, who has written of kings and queens, statesmen and high financiers, catches Alfred E. Smith in a voluble mood and sets down in a fascinating, interesting interview the reasons why this virile American, temporarily at leave from politics, involved in high finance, takes time from his multitude of duties to give his energy and talents to the radio broadcasting field.

And the reasons are the same straightforward, right-to-the-point purposes that have governed his activities in other spheres.

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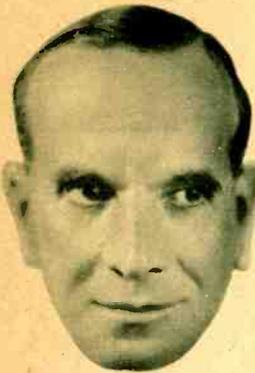
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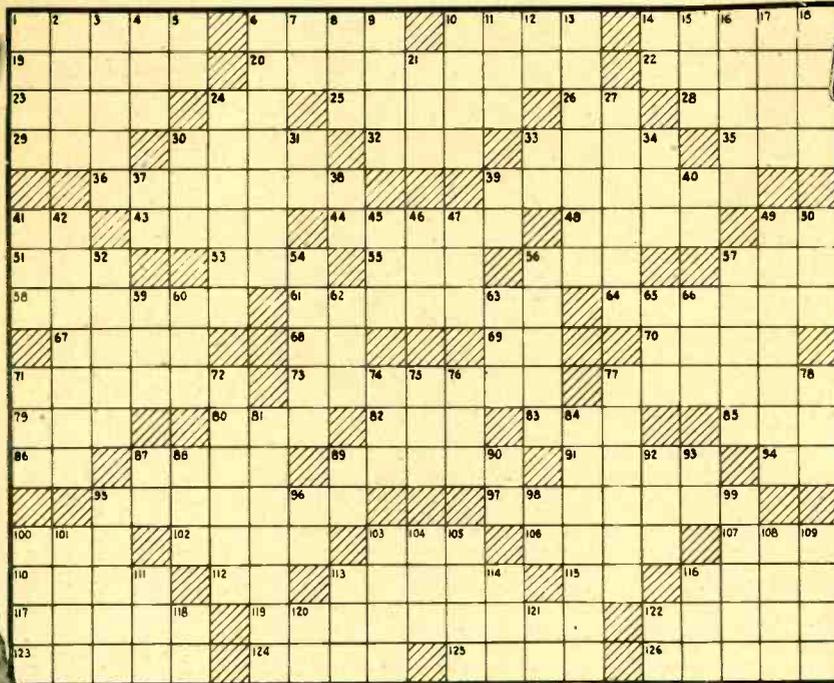
RADIO MIRROR CROSSWORD PUZZLE



93 Down.



126 Across.



20 Across.



32 Across.

ACROSS

1. Ohman's piano playing partner
6. Scope, or range
10. Story
14. Precious stones
19. Female horses
20. Frank Crumit's partner
22. Torch singer famous for piano sitting
23. Egg-shaped
24. Like
25. Ventures
26. French article
28. Entreaty
29. To put together with thread
30. Smell
32. Peter De Rose's partner
33. Headgear
35. Unit of work
36. Toiled
39. Share
41. Part of to be
43. What Winchell is famous for dishing
44. An orchestra leader, first name
48. Hard liquors
49. Concerning
51. Famous colored orchestra leader
53. That word made famous in puzzles
55. Unit of weight
56. What comes before and after the egg
57. Sun
58. What an office boy goes out for
61. What makes the heart grow fonder
64. Announcer on program with Ed Wynn

67. Something for automobiles that's advertised on radio
68. Exist
69. Upon
70. Makes a mistake
71. Made a noise like a clock
73. Number of copies of books, etc., issued at same time
77. The Tune Detective
79. A number
80. Over, poetic
82. To steep, as flax
83. Appropriate
85. Tiny
86. Note of scale
87. Orchestra leader
89. Reason, intelligence
91. Small particle
94. Physician's title, abbrev.
95. Reproached contemptuously
97. Coins that you drop in phone booths
100. Remote
102. Semester
103. Knapsack with equipment
106. Snowshoe
107. You'll see this word on maps (abbrev.)
110. Exclamation of woe
112. Biblical pronoun
113. Little Orphan
115. The Fire Chief
116. Engage
117. Happen again
119. Famous colored orchestra leader
122. Inn
123. Orchestra leader (first name)
124. Sediment deposited by water in harbor
125. What you hear the radio with
126. "Listen to the German Band" girl, with George Olsen

DOWN

1. One of the famous colored comic team
2. Talk wildly
3. Talk slowly
4. That slippery fish
5. Province in Eastern Canada (abbrev.)
6. Classifies
7. That sun-God again
8. It's this when your program is over
9. The grand-daddy of us all
10. A playing card
11. A silly animal
12. Behold!
13. Make bigger
14. Exclamation
15. Vigor, slang
16. The girl with the lost brother
17. Ogle
18. Hidden obstacle
21. Age
24. Worshipped
27. Torch singer who revived "Shine On, Harvest Moon"
30. Japanese sash
31. Note of the scale
33. Exclamation
34. Wrongdoing
37. Every commercial hour is this (abbrev.)
38. Prefix meaning double
39. Afternoon (abbrev.)
40. Bone
41. This is mentioned in a radio bridge talk
42. New Italian tenor with Howard Barlow's Symphony orchestra
45. Thoroughfares (abbrev.)
46. Garden tool
47. Film star made famous by "Trial of Mary Dugan"
49. One of the ways to serve chicken
50. A shade tree
52. Jewish comedienne on the radio

54. Cavalry sword
56. Hair dye
57. A bad-tempered woman
59. What Noah sat around in
60. Born
62. ————time story
63. What a dove would say on the radio
65. Ribbed fabric
66. Southern constellation
71. Male animal
72. Crooner who's married to Barbara Bennett
74. Anger
75. A number
76. Possessive pronoun
77. Put coal in furnace
78. Possessive pronoun
81. Fancy food served with cocktails
84. A radio sister team
87. Note of scale
88. Not in
89. Northwestern state (abbrev.)
90. Printers' measure
92. A golf term
93. Famous Mammy singer
95. The Street Singer
96. Printers' measure
98. Part of to be
99. Buxom singer about the Carolina Moon
100. A tract of cultivated land
101. On the sheltered side
103. To weave yarn together
104. Tavern
105. Famous dog in Buster Brown comic strip
108. A woody plant
109. To dispose of for cash
111. To prosecute
113. Every one
114. Greek letter
116. Very warm
118. Means of transportation (abbrev.)
120. Chinese measure
121. Either
122. Personal pronoun



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THE SECRET

Out of strange little berries, the South Sea maiden makes a sweet red stain that has the peculiar property of absolute transparency and that penetrates into the surface layer of the lip's skin. When applied, this stain imparts a luscious even color all over the lips, and because the stain goes right into the skin, it lasts a long time and stays perfectly even as long as it lasts. Think of it! Lips are given alluring color entirely without coating them with the disillusioning and ever-compromising pastiness that American women have had to tolerate in lipstick. Marvelous! And now this same idea, only in a thousandfold more effective form, is made available to the shapely lips of American women by the astounding new lip cosmetic called "TATTOO."

Vastly Different from Any Other Lip Color

TATTOO, though resembling a lipstick in size and form, is far more, indeed! It is applied to the lips and allowed to set for a moment or two. It is then wiped off, at which time the lips are found to be evenly and indelibly stained



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U. S.
PAT.
OFF.

TATTOO

THE NEW *transparent* COLOR FOR LIPS

with the richest, most tempting color ever seen. No purplishness. No opaqueness. Nothing on the lips but truly *transparent* color that actually becomes part of the skin. No pastiness to come off on tea cups . . . or collars!

Soothes and Softens the Lips

Unlike so-called indelible lipstick that dries and wrinkles the lips, TATTOO soothes and softens them. It keeps them as smooth as a fresh rose petal and just as thrilling to touch. It keeps them young—lastingly young and forever desirable—oh, so desirable! Certainly, a very great advantage!

4 Startling New Shades

No. 1 has an exciting orangish pink cast. Rather light. Ravishing on blondes and titian blondes. It is called "CORAL."

No. 2 An exotic, new shade—brilliant, yet transparent. Somehow we just cannot find the right words to describe it. It is called "EXOTIC."

No. 3 is a medium shade. A true, rich blood color that will be an asset to any brunette. It is called "NATURAL."

No. 4 is of the type that changes color when applied to the lips. Gives an unusually transparent richness and a depth of warm color that is truly amazing. It is called "PASTEL."

Test All 4 on Your Own Skin

Just as TATTOO and its four hues are innovational, so is the method by which TATTOO is sold. Instead of asking you to *guess* the shade that best suits your skin tone, TATTOO invites you to actually try all four shades on your own skin.

Step right up to the TATTOO color selector display at the toilet goods counter of your favorite department or drug store and try TATTOO. The display provides a bottle of LIX [lipstick stain remover] to remove the stains from your skin. TATTOO is ONE DOLLAR everywhere! TATTOO, CHICAGO



THE TATTOO
COLOR SELECTOR