

★ Radio MIRROR

JUNE

10¢

A
MACFADDEN
PUBLICATION



RUTH ETTING

SHINE ON, SHINE ON
HARVEST



JOE PENNER'S DUCK
RIDE TO FAME

TAMARA'S
RUSSIAN LOVE

A COLLISION WITH
WOOLLCOTT

The Man and the Mission Behind Father Coughlin

ARE YOU STANDING AT the Fork in the Road



DECIDE NOW— Do You Want To Add 15 Years To Your Life?

THROUGH the proper care and understanding of your body, you can add as much as 15 years to your life. For you can rule your health just as surely as you can rule your actions. Today you may be standing at the fork in the road. Will you go ahead in a haphazard way or will you make up your mind now to insure yourself against sickness and disease?

If you choose the road to health you must first of all be able to understand and act upon the advance warnings of disease. For the most deceiving and dangerous thing about all serious illness is that it usually entrenches itself before you even realize you are sick.

DEADLY DISEASE Is Always Lurking Near You

Your body always warns you of approaching illness in some way. And it is the most trivial symptom that often points to the approach of the most serious disease. The occasional headache, that tired feeling, loss of appetite, a casual cold and other slight disarrangements are the danger signs of impending sickness. If you do not know what these danger signs mean and understand what action to take—then you are very likely to blunder into some one of a hundred fatal diseases which are always lurking near you.

Almost a million people will die this year from preventable diseases such as bronchitis, pneumonia,

kidney trouble, tuberculosis, intestinal diseases, stomach disorders, influenza, etc.

Will You Be One of the
Million Who Will Die
This Year From Pre-
ventable Disease?

You need not be one of them. In fact you now have the opportunity to insure yourself and your whole family against the ravages of disease.

This you can do very easily through the use of Bernarr Macfadden's great new Home Health Library. By following its simple advice and instructions you can quickly learn to recognize symptoms and take the necessary corrective measures before it is too late.

Five Big Volumes
Bargain Price

Mr. Lewis W. Pomeroy of Millers Falls, Mass., says: "I received my set of books 'The New Home Health Library.' They are worth many times the price you ask for them."

This is by no means an ordinary set of books. Indeed the new Home Health Library may well be the very foundation of health and happiness in your home. It is all inclusive—answers your every question—offers sound, dependable help with your every health problem. This great



set of books is in five volumes and is printed on special thin book paper so as not to take up a lot of valuable space—approximately 2000 pages—fully illustrated—beautifully bound in full cloth, embossed in gold. Full book size, each volume measures 8 1/2 x 5 3/4. Never were you offered so much—at such an extremely low price.

Covering Every Phase of Health, Disease and Treatment

Vol. I—The body and its structure—Health from Foods, Healthful Cookery Controlling Your Weight.

Vol. II—Health from exercise—Body building—Strengthening the spine—Athletics—Beauty and personality building.

Vol. III—The Role of Sex in Marriage—Woman's structure and sex life—Motherhood simplified—Child and its care—Sex ailments of women—Sexual structure—Sex disorders of men.

Vol. IV—Modern curative methods—water, sunlight and electric treatments—Milk diet—First aid in accidents—Nursing during illness—Children's diseases.

Vol. V—Symptoms for different kinds of disease fully outlined. Specific treatments for each disease.

YOU NEED SEND NO MONEY NOW

So sure are we that after a brief examination of these books you will appreciate how wonderfully they will unfold to you invaluable methods and secrets of perfect health—that we will gladly send the five volumes for your own personal FREE examination, for ten full days. You need send no money now—just fill in and mail the coupon below. If after 10 days FREE EXAMINATION you decide to keep the books you may pay at the rate of only \$2.00 a month until the low price of only \$12.50 is paid. And remember, this price also includes a full year's subscription for Physical Culture Magazine. If you decide that you can afford to be without these books and take a chance with disease—simply return them in good condition and you will not owe us one penny. We reserve the right to withdraw this Free Examination privilege after May 30th.

10 DAYS FREE EXAMINATION IN YOUR OWN HOME USE COUPON BELOW TODAY

Macfadden Book Company, Inc., Dept. R.M.6
1926 Broadway, New York City

Send me for 10 days' inspection the five volumes of the HOME HEALTH LIBRARY. If I find the set satisfactory I will send you \$2.00 in ten days and \$2.00 a month until \$12.50 has been paid. If I decide not to keep the books, I will return them in ten days postpaid. I understand this offer includes a year's subscription for Physical Culture Magazine. Foreign orders—Cash in advance.

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Address

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Business address
Cash price \$11.25—with full refund if books are returned as unsatisfactory after 10-day FREE EXAMINATION. We reserve the right to withdraw this Free Examination privilege after May 30th.





Thousands Can Throw Their Glasses Away

GLASSES are only eye crutches. They simply bolster up the eyes—they cannot cure or eliminate the conditions responsible for the trouble. They are useful just as crutches are useful for an injured leg, but they can no more restore your eyes to their former strength than crutches can mend a broken limb. The real help must come from other sources. In the case of the eyes it is exercise.

Over 20 years ago Bernarr Macfadden, father of Physical Culture, had a most trying experience with his eyes. Due to many nights of hard literary work under poor artificial lights they became terribly strained. The idea of wearing glasses was intolerable, so always willing to back up his theories by experimenting upon himself, he immediately started in upon a course of natural treatment that he fully believed would help him.

The results were so entirely satisfactory that he associated himself with one of the few really great eye specialists and together they entered upon a period of research and experiment covering many years.

A Startling Revolutionary System of Eye Training

Upon their findings has been based a remarkable new scientific system of eye-training which quickly enables you to train these muscles of the eye so that you can make them work properly at all times, and without effort or strain. This new system has been prepared by Bernarr Macfadden, in collaboration with the eminent ophthalmologist who discovered the real truth about eyes.

Although this remarkable system has only recently been introduced to the public, it has been in use for more than twenty years, and it has been conclusively proven of inestimable value

If you already wear glasses, find out how you can discard your glasses—and see better without them! If you do not wear glasses, but feel that your sight is failing, then find out how a few minutes each day assures you perfect sight without the use of



Make This Test of Your Eyesight

Do you know that there is a spot in your eye where you are totally blind? Prove it now. Hold this diagram about 10 inches directly before you. Close the left eye, and fix the right eye on the cross. Then bring the diagram gradually closer and at about 7 inches the black spot will suddenly disappear. This is but one of the important points of information about your eyes which you should know, particularly if you have any eye trouble.

glasses. If you are a parent send at once for this method, and learn how to save your children from the scourge of near-sightedness, how you can save them from the slavery of eye-glasses, and how you can train their eyes so they will always have perfect, normal vision.

For What Price Would You Sell Your Eyes?

The benefits which you can derive from this new method of eye training may seem too surprising to be true. Yet you cannot doubt its efficacy when you read the letters from the people who have found it of immeasurable value, when you know that it has helped over 2,000 children to regain normal vision in a short time. Your eyesight is your most important possession. It can never be replaced if it is lost. And since no amount of money could make you sacrifice your eyes, you owe it to yourself at least to investigate what this new scientific method can do for you.

Here is a man who writes: "Strengthening the Eyes has enabled me to completely forget the optician. It has practically cured a bad case of astigmatism."

And here is another who says: "By faithfully following the directions given in your Eye Course, I have discarded glasses worn for years, and have had absolutely no trouble for the past two years."

Another grateful reader of this helpful book writes: "I had been wearing glasses since I was eight years of age and could not go a day without them. I am now twenty-four and with just a little effort in practicing the Eye Exercises each day for a period of two months, I have been able to stop wearing glasses entirely."

These inspiring results bring a message of hope to every one who is troubled with weak eyes or poor sight. There is hardly any condition that is beyond the reach of Bernarr Macfadden's revolutionizing method of eye training. Even the hopeless cases, as shown in the letter reproduced here, respond with almost unbelievable results to the treatment outlined by the noted physical culturist

You Can Try This Course At Our Risk

We want every reader of this publication afflicted with eye-trouble to examine Mr. Macfadden's wonderful course and try the eye exercises that it prescribes. In order to bring this about we are willing to send the entire course on approval, giving you the privilege of returning it within five days after receipt if not satisfactory. The price of the course has been placed within the means of everyone—only \$3.00 plus delivery charges. It is less than you would pay for a single pair of glasses. Can you afford not to take advantage of this offer and all it may mean to you? Not if you value strong eyes. So mail the coupon now, before it slips your mind, and you will never have to wear glasses again.

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Send me a copy of "Strengthening the Eyes." I will pay the postman \$3.00 plus postage upon delivery of the book.

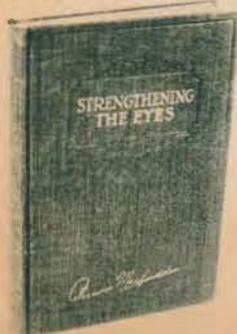
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JULIA SHAWELL • EDITOR

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WALLACE HAMILTON CAMPBELL • ART DIRECTOR

s p e c i a l f e a t u r e s



NEXT MONTH—Al Jolson has been a trouper for so many years you'd think he'd have taken moving around for granted by now. But his broadcasting has brought him a new idea of living. He's bought a house outside of New York. He wants his wife, Ruby Keeler, to retire from pictures and he's fitted up a nursery, too. **RADIO HAS MADE A HOME-LOVING HUSBAND OUT OF THE FAMOUS AL JOLSON.** Herb Cruikshank, one of your favorite writers in these pages has found out all about it from Al himself and next month Mr. Cruikshank brings it all to you in one of the most revealing, human tales of a popular personality he has ever written.



The air programs have been snatching talent from all fields of entertainment. Glamorous Rosa Ponselle is the latest regular addition to the radio ranks. Rose Heylbut who told you all about Lawrence Tibbett, who trailed the elusive Alexander Woolcott to his mike corner, has turned out another exciting story, this time about the beautiful, brilliantly successful and thoroughly human Miss Ponselle. You'll like this one!

Nobody knows a man like his own wife does. You found that out when you read Ida Cantor's opinion of her Eddie.

Now Portland Hoffa who is Mrs. Fred Allen and who shares the studio spotlights with him has taken pen in hand and jotted down exactly her impressions of the unusually amusing radio star she married. Mrs. Allen has a sense of humor herself and appreciates the talents that have brought fame to her husband but there's another side of Fred you've never known about until you read Mrs. Allen's convincing story in the July RADIO MIRROR.

Is Rubinoff the serious musician or is he the kind of person Eddie wants you to think he is? You'll find out all about it when you read next month's issue.

Mike Porter has gathered all the superstitions of the radio famous (and some of them are humdingers).

His well-written symposium of all his searches will bring you many a laugh—and a few gasps too. "When They Cross Their Fingers" is the title. That's not even the half of what July RADIO MIRROR holds in store for you. There's one big surprise we won't tell you about until you read it! There are the gorgeous portraits, all the new gossip from Manhattan to Los Angeles, the homemaking department and a dozen other bright features to make your hours of RADIO MIRROR reading worth while! We promise you won't be disappointed.

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TWENTY-EIGHT CANDLES ON MY BIRTHDAY CAKE, AUNTIE... AN OLD MAID SOON. SOME GIRLS DON'T MIND BUT I'VE ALWAYS WANTED A HOME OF MY OWN... A HUSBAND... BABIES...

CHILD, BECAUSE I LOVE YOU I'M GOING TO BE VERY FRANK

YOU DO ATTRACT MEN, BUT ONE LITTLE PERSONAL FAULT KEEPS THEM FROM COMING BACK

AUNTIE, YOU CANT MEAN I'VE BEEN CARELESS ABOUT "B.O."? I'LL CHANGE TO LIFEBOUY RIGHT AWAY

Two years later all her dreams had come true!
SEE, DEAR, SHE LOVES HER LIFEBOUY BATH IT'S SUCH A BLAND, GENTLE SOAP, IT AGREES WONDERFULLY WITH HER DELICATE, BABY SKIN

SHE'LL TAKE AFTER HER MOTHER WHEN SHE GROWS UP— ALWAYS BE SWEET AND 'DAINTY

ANOTHER THING THAT'S ALWAYS ATTRACTED ME IS YOUR LOVELY SKIN

SCORE AGAIN FOR LIFEBOUY

WHAT an all-'round, 100 per cent satisfactory soap Lifebuoy is! Kind to tender baby skins—to a woman's delicate complexion—yet how thoroughly it cleanses! Its creamy lather does more than just remove surface dirt. It goes down into the pores, deep-cleanses, deodorizes. Stops "B.O." (body odor)—that unforgivable fault others so quickly notice, *always* resent, even in the prettiest girl!

Rich lather always!

Lifebuoy lathers abundantly in hot or cold water, hard or soft. Its fresh, clean, quickly-vanishing scent tells you this purifying lather gives *extra* protection. Play safe—get Lifebuoy.

SUDS THAT WIN SMILES ON WASHDAY



NOW YOU TAKE MY ADVICE NEXT WASHDAY. IF YOU WANT TO GET SNOWY CLOTHES FROM YOUR WASHER

LATER

MY, I'M GLAD THAT WASHING MACHINE DEALER TOLD ME ABOUT RINSO. WHAT SUDS!

USE RINSO IN YOUR WASHER, LADIES! IT GOT MY CLOTHES 4 OR 5 SHADES WHITER

RINSO GIVES LASTING SUDS IN HARDEST WATER

NO SOFTENER IS NEEDED

IN tubs, Rinso soaks out dirt— saves scrubbing. Clothes come white as snow, *safely*. Colors stay fresh and bright. Clothes last two or three times longer—you'll save lots of money. Rinso is tested and approved by Good Housekeeping

Institute. Recommended by the makers of 40 famous washing machines. Wonderful suds for dishes and for all cleaning. *So easy on your hands!* Economical, too—a little goes so far. Get the BIG household package of Rinso at your grocer's.





● CONNIE GATES

Connie Gates is the little songstress from the Middle West who gives a whole air show by herself, one of the few one-women programs on the ether. She is heard twice a week on the Columbia network.



Are Studio Audiences An Asset?

THIS idea of laughing and having the world laugh with you appears to be a matter of contention when it comes to the sounds of merriment that issue over the ether waves from the studios where the radio comics are performing for special visible audiences. Whether a broadcast should be presented before a studio gathering and the appreciation of the onlookers sent out as a sound accompaniment to the performers' efforts, is still a problem. And this in spite of the fact that most of the regular big-time radio shows are now offered in auditoriums, theaters or studios packed with those who want to see as well as hear.

If the matter were to be decided by the millions of listeners who must take their entertainment out of the loud speaker, then the decision would be a difficult one. For in the large volume of mail which comes into the offices of RADIO MIRROR, three out of five letters take up the subject of audiences being used as background atmosphere on the air. And the opinions are about equally divided.

There are those who resent the loud laughter which accompanies quips, gags and jokes which they feel should be meant for their ears alone. They maintain they are missing something—the gesticulating antics of their favorite, his costumes and the little byplays which seem to evoke mirth they can only guess at. They react adversely, having the idea that radio programs are for radio receivers and not for people who can see a free variety show on sponsors' passes. Frankly, they want it stopped.

Then there are others who say that the applause lends a spontaneity to the proceedings which enhances the artists' efforts for them. Realizing they can't be on the scene of the big doings, they become an unseen part of it by joining in the giggles and lending their own silent applause. These are the ones who insist that every program should have a visible audience.

Certainly it's impossible to please both these types. So that the only solution is to follow the method which seems to make the broadcast most realistic, which puts

the performer most at his ease and which will satisfy the greater number of those tuner-inners in Spokane, Chicago, Detroit, Louisville, or Waco, Texas.

If it's any consolation to the dissenters, there has never been a program, in this writer's opinion, which was not better entertainment at the living-room loud speaker than in the studio where it was presented. I can understand the curiosity which would send fans into a theater to see how a popular air actor really presented his program at the microphone. But I can't understand how any radio enthusiasts to whom this medium is an important factor in their leisure hours would continually prefer watching to merely listening.

The idea of a visible audience is the direct result of a definite need on the part of those stars who have come from the stage and who missed the reaction of a theater full of onlookers. Standing before a mike and hoping their efforts were going over instead of watching the reception on the faces of their followers was too much of a risk, in their way of thinking. Cantor, Jolson, Fred Allen, Ed Wynn watch their studio audiences enjoy them and hope the invisible listeners feel the same way. And, obviously their shows are peppier because the mob is around them. After all, the most important thing is that they be given every facility for doing their best work.

Amos 'n' Andy, as well as dozens of others who have come to prominence solely on their air records, prefer the solitude when putting on their own shows and just won't have anybody around when they're broadcasting. It's all in the way the individual artist reacts to noisy exuberance.

But the sponsors and the radio executives know there are two sides to this business. How do you feel about it?

Julia Shawell

WITH benevolence beautiful to behold Groucho Marx submitted to an interview with Mercury. He insisted that he was a newspaperman himself and pointed to his broadcast as proof of his professional standing. Hence, argued Groucho, he was only extending proper courtesy to one of the craft. "From your experience, what is the worst influence exerted on radio by the stage?" This messenger of the gods then asked him. Hastily caressing his phoney mustache and without removing the cigar from the corner of his mouth, Groucho promptly answered: "The habit of playing before audiences. However, that evil is being rapidly eliminated in the theatre. Have you seen a Broadway show lately?" . . . "Then you think studio spectators are a real detriment to radio", Mercury pressed . . . "Certainly", snapped the authority. "But at that I don't think they are any more of a detriment than the programs are" . . . Notwithstanding the Marxman's flippancies, he and his brother, Chico, marked their return to the air by barring visitors . . . And they are serious, too, about trying to get other radio comics to agree to their exclusion . . . The pity is that the movement isn't making much progress.

THEY DO SAY

That Jack Landt, of the Landt Trio and White, and Gertrude Niesen, the melody maid, are plotting a honeymoon!

That there is no living with the Boswell Sisters since Clark Gable came

right out in print under his own signature and named them his favorite harmony trio!

That Phil Baker, usually the most angelic of air artists, gets plenty tough whenever anybody treads on his toes!

That Annette Hanshaw, the blond belle of the Showboat, insists on drinking tea at cocktail parties! Is that nice, Annette, when your sponsor is trying so hard to sell coffee? "Your price is your loyalty to a cup of Maxwell House coffee", or so says Cap'ain Henry.

That Tony Wons, who loves to talk about the country and the wide, open spaces, prepares his scripts amid the roar and rumble of elevated trains just outside his window!

That Albert Spalding, America's violin virtuoso, longs to become a sports announcer and thinks Columbia officials are discriminating against him because they won't let him



Rubinoff talks out a new problem with a prize-winning Peke. Poor little Pekingese looks like he's getting it from the popular violinist

How the Gals are missing "Bingie's" Voice Monday Nights

describe prize fights! Not satisfied with music! That Jane Wilson, the NBC songbird, and Jesse Greer, the songsmith, will middle aisle it in June!

The night before Lanny Ross left Hollywood to return to the Showboat program in New York he attended a party given by the Gary Coopers. A fellow guest was Mae West and, as the story goes, she and Lanny got pretty chummy before the evening was over. So much so that their host professed, laughingly, of course, his concern. "Fiddlesticks," exclaimed the lady

by MERCURY

Hot news and new gossip of your favorites! Mercury gathers the facts and serves them in his breezy, informal way! Read Mercury and know all that happens in the radio world

Fred Waring, the Lane Sisters, Babs Ryan and a couple of the boys get set for a snappy rehearsal

of the curves, "what do you think I am—a cradle snatcher?"

TELLING IT TERSELY

Ted Husing won't stand still long enough to have a picture snapped. He is the hardest man in all radio to photograph . . . Jack Benny is writing a stage play around studio life . . . Ask Elaine Melchior who her favorite movie actor is and she'll tell you "Mickey Mouse" . . . Leo Reisman is trying to out-Zieggy the late Flo Ziegfeld as a dispatcher of telegrams. "Don't write or phone—telegraph" is Reisman's slogan . . . Adolfo Rosquellas—Pancho, to you—and Charles Chaplin are great friends . . . If you examine it closely, you'll discover that Donald Novis' nose is slightly askew. It is a memento of his sparring days at college . . . Borrah Minnevitich, the harmonica virtuoso, spends his spare time in a chemical laboratory . . . There's money in the band business. Fred Waring's books show he is directing a million dollar a year industry . . . Jack and Loretta Clemens, the singing and instrumental duo, are brother and sister and descendents of Samuel Clemens (Mark Twain) . . . Those benefactors of mankind, Colonel Stoopnagle and Budd, have perfected a door that takes pictures when it wallops you in the eye. Thus does inventive genius come to the aid of the well known alibi . . . Leonard Joy, late of NBC, is now general musical director of WNEW, New York's new station . . . Rarer than a new quip with a

radio comic is a movie star who hasn't made a guest appearance on the air.

Do you remember Louis Mason who was such a factor in the success of "Moonlight and Honeysuckle" when that serial was projected on NBC? Well, he's the same Louis Mason who made such a hit playing a hill-billy part with Katharine Hepburn in the film, "Spitfire". Mason also has an important role in the new Marie Dressler-Polly Moran picture, "Comin' Round the Mountain", and is now definitely lost to the air channels.

A SECRET OF THE BOUDOIR

Girls who think simply divine Rudy Vallee's naturally curly locks will be distressed to learn that the Vagabond Lover hates his hair. If they knew the time and money he has spent on pomades, slick-backs and what-nots trying to straighten it out, they'd demand that his sanity be looked into by the proper authorities. To remove that permanent wave, Rudy has tried everything but shaving his head like a convict's. He does obtain temporary relief by soaking his hair in water and laying it back with a brush of powerful steel bristles. Such treatment keeps it straight for all of ten minutes, when the process has to be repeated. This is awkward when Rudy is making stage appearances. But he's a persistent fellow and has solved the problem. He makes his exit as frequently as (Continued on page 70)

HOT and AIRY

The MAN behind the

FIGHTING PRIEST

IN a large hospital near New York City not many weeks ago a group of well known physicians were seated around a radio receiver. Two of them were prominent in the Jewish activities of their home town, one was an avowed member of the foremost Protestant church there. One had reiterated on many occasions that he doubted the existence of any God at all, one a Catholic who had attended mass that morning and another of the same faith who had not lived up to the precepts of his own church.

For a little while they deferred their visits to various of their patients scattered around the institution and all were anxiously awaiting the announcer on Station WOR to introduce Rev. Charles E. Coughlin. The particular doctor who told me about the details of that audience was the self-confessed agnostic who admitted he never missed one of these Sabbath broadcasts because as he said,

"If there were more men like this Father Coughlin who believed that religion and all it teaches were not something to be especially reserved for church services what a differ-

ent world this would be and there would be fewer cynics."

The hospital scene was one of thousands and thousands. Men and women of all religions or no belief at all tune in on this priest who has become probably the most important and heeded voice in America today.

Whether you agree with his views or not, whether you are convinced his arguments have found root and given fruit in far-reaching results, whether you think this is a voice in the modern wilderness, that Father Coughlin is the shepherd of the air you must agree that this clergyman from a little mid-western shrine has herded untold numbers into the fold of his union for the working man. He has been opposed by various interests he has denounced, his broad-casting career has been a continuous battle and he has even brought down upon himself the censure of those in his own church. But in all the eight years of his radio activities, with all the startling statements he has made, the daring campaigns he has carried on he has never been made to retract a single utterance he has made.

And what of Father Coughlin himself? How far does he think he will be able to carry his war of a practical charity to all men, his pleas for a world that will take literally its beautiful theories and dogmas?

"For this perilous popularity, I know I shall pay."

That is what the fighting priest feels, what he believes about his work. To him the prophet has no honor in his own country. But that makes not a bit of difference to him. He will continue the fight, as he says, regardless of whom he offends or of how the tide may turn against him. He has a mission to which his life is dedicated and there is nothing which can stop him, according to his own plans, while he has the strength to go on.

He looks like a fighter, he lives like a fighter and anyone who has ever heard him on the air knows the fight in his voice. Whether you believe him a courageous crusader or, if you happen to be a dissenter, would term him almost a demagogue, there can be no denying his tremendous influence. That momentous occasion when he spoke at the Hippodrome in New York last winter, the fervor of his reception, the strange contrasts in the thousands who greeted him were merely an inkling of how seriously he is regarded and how widespread is his influence. Men and women gathered before breakfast in front of the big old-fashioned theater and waited patiently all through the day until the evening meeting for a glimpse of the Shepherd of

the Air. Nearly three million people have written him in Detroit asking for copies of his broadcast addresses and the high regard with which his views and public statements are held by the present government administration, the amazing general reactions to those statements, are proof that he is no figure to be taken lightly.

EVEN his bitterest opposers realize that it was his activity which last fall stemmed a rising tide against President Roosevelt in his inflation plans. Whether Roosevelt and Father Coughlin are eventually proven right is not the question. The important thing is that an obscure priest in a little parish in Detroit was the outstanding factor in silencing those who believed their hour to strike against the administration had come. His words, defying even the high ones in his own church, were the strong line of defence. The marked attention which Roosevelt and his associates give Father Coughlin is not proof however that they can always count on him for support. He is an ardent admirer of Roosevelt but when their views conflict he does not compromise. His attitude on the bonus question has proven that.

To many he is sensational. Probably because his arrows are aimed at those in high places. His career is devoted to the cause of the inarticulate masses; whatever involves their rights earns his energetic advocacy. As he says, "Is there anything sensational in this? Is it the act of a demagogue to take literally those theories and preachings which would make this a decent world?"

Father Coughlin was born to battle and his whole career from childhood and academic years bear testimony that at no time has any circumstance swerved him from the course he set out for himself. He is a native Canadian, his mother was (Continued on page 73)

BY R. H. ROWAN



● Father Coughlin on the steps of his church in a leisure moment with his dog



● This is Father Coughlin, fearless priest and fighting man of radio fame

Millions of every race and creed heed this

air leader's vital words

Julia's PAST is in her Voice

You can tell how a woman has lived, what she thinks about, by her voice, they do say, and so Julia Sanderson (Mrs. Frank Crumit, socially) tells the whyfore of her happy and melodious laughter

BY ADA
PATTERSON

Smiling eyes, dimpled cheeks, pearly teeth—here's the Julia Sanderson you hear on the air as she looks in real life

Miss Sanderson and Hubby Crumit go for a Spring bicycle ride on their little estate in a Springfield, Mass., suburb.



"I DON'T like my voice. It bores me." Julia Sanderson meant it. It was futile to stare reprovingly at her. Or to try to register unbelief.

"Indeed I mean it" said the young woman who, thousands of times, has been described as "The lovely girl with the lovely voice."

"Fortunately those who write you hundreds of letters a week about it, do not share your opinion," I protested.

"No. Bless their dear hearts! They write from shipboard, and from mining camps, yes, and from prisons and asylums—M-h-m! asylums for the insane—that it is happy, and it makes them happy. I think I love most what the shut-ins write me, that I make them feel that the world is a happy place."

"You must have been a missionary, the last four years. You came in with the depression."

Miss Sanderson nodded her brown head that seemed with the noon sunshine streaming upon it across the roofs and the park, to wear a golden veil. "We have been singing, Frank and I, all those years." It was one of her Mondays in New York. The girl with the voice like a piano in gay mood, spends Sunday and Monday in town. Frank Crumit,

her husband, drives her to town in their twelve cylinder Cadillac on Sunday. They rest from their trip, that has brought them from Springfield, Mass., see their friends, shop, look for new songs, do their duty by the microphone and their millions of listeners, and return on Tuesday morning in their munificent conveyance to their own acre. It is an acre. Singular, not plural. Set in the midst of it is a twelve-room house, where their Norwegian cook; their Canadian man of all work; their bull terrier, Lindy, and their parrot, Jocko, await eagerly their return. Jocko is an elderly, well preserved parrot, with a sensitive ear. He proves his possession of the sensitive ear, for while he has the tenderest regard for Frank Crumit, he imitates Miss Sanderson's voice. If they rehearse their new radio songs in his hearing he follows, not his beloved master's deeper tones, but the liquid notes of his mistress.

"You are alone in not caring for your voice," I reminded her. "Even Jocko likes it. Won't the gods punish you for being ungrateful for one of their gifts?"

The brown head, with its sunlit veil, lifted in laughter. "I hope not. Though I say often that a great sorrow is due me. For I, so far, have escaped it. Think. I am happily married. I was unhappily (Continued on page 72)



Elinor Penner wishes her husband luck as he goes to broadcast

PENNER'S DUCK RIDE to FAME

A silly duck is the symbol of Joe Penner's transition from tank town burlesque to a star comic on the air. Here's why!

THE boy singer bowed awkwardly and strode rapidly toward the wings. The audience howled derision. There were ribald cries, the most poignant of which advised the use of a hook such as is traditionally utilized to yank rank amateurs from the stage in dives such as this. Tears welled up in the eyes of the amateur, and as the brutal audience in the worst of Detroit's burlesque houses—and they were pretty bad in 1925—uproariously greeted the next act, he sobbed bitterly, but stood bravely by to see what would happen to Hinky Dink.

Hinky Dink was a favorite of the amateur night crowd. He was a ragamuffin, bred in the gutter, and gifted with a sharp tongue and a raucous voice, which lent itself to the facile presentation of dirty jokes. On this night, Hinky was wearing a pair of three-quarter trousers with a precariously thin seat—a happy portent as it turned out, for if Hinky had not inadvertently ripped that section of his raiment in a clownish caper that night, the tearful lad in the wings, whose night's work netted him the usual fifty cents from the management and boos from the audience, never would have become today's ace of radio comedians.

But Hinky told his gags, and eventually tore the stern of his trousers and the audience howled—and the lad in the wings, who had graduated down to this amateur showmanship from the pinnacle of choir boy, saw his mistake. There was no money in singing, or if there was, it amounted to very little when compared to comedy. The public wanted fun. The audiences were surfeited with song and music. They wanted laughs. And from that moment, Joe Penner made up his mind to abandon his music training and become a comedian.

If he had any lingering doubts about that decision, they were promptly dispelled a few minutes later, when Hinky Dink, the gutter snipe, and favorite of the burlesque audience, strutted from the stage, smilingly displaying the night's major prize—which the audience had unanimously and unmistakably voted him.

From then on, Joe Penner became a second Hinky Dink. The smut was out to a large degree, for it went against Joe's nature to be smutty. But baggy trousers, especially those easily ripped, grimaces, clowning, dialect and all the mannerisms of the professional jester went into the Penner repertoire. When next he appeared in the amateur show, his own mother would not have recognized him. If you can imagine such a thing, Joe resembled nothing so closely as the human caricature of one of those ducks which he is perpetually trying to barter.

It would be pleasant to record that at that moment, Joe Penner began his climb to success—to a place in the entertainment world where his mannerisms, his wise cracks and his tag lines were to become household words; where he was to inspire juvenile imitation to such an alarming degree that one city in America was forced to threaten to close its schools to pupils who echoed his broadcasts, even in excerpt.

But such was not the case. To sit beside Joe and hear him tell of the struggle and the heartbreaks encompassed by that arduous climb of nine years is at once an interesting and depressing experience. One of the striking revelations of his narrative to me, concerning this period is a fact known only to a few. Not even his own family knew for a long while that Joe was setting a comedy pace in the theatres of the land under another name—Joe Desmond. And if you think you are hearing a comparatively new phrase when Penner quips: "Wanna buy a duck," you are in error, for Joe used that very sequence of words on the very night following that historic rending of trouser cloth by the memorable, if not elegant Hinky Dink.

Joe was just an innocent kid when the lure of fifty cents a show for his amateur appearance lured him away from St. Paul's Cathedral Choir back in '25. Besides, his voice was beginning to grow coarser, and he didn't like choral work. It wasn't individual. He had gone to Detroit with his family, just after the folks had immigrated here in his

babyhood from Hungary. At that time, and occasionally now, a slight impediment affected his speech—a happy condition for him, since it has helped his comedy no end.

Once in the comedy rôle, Joe was launched upon a theatrical career of sorts. It happened fortuitously soon after Joe's adoption of comedy. A comedian in the regular show failed to show up and Joe took his place. The show moved and Joe went along, only to find himself hopelessly stranded in Ohio some weeks later. The show had, like so many shows do, folded up and died of inertia. Not only that, but Joe had picked a hotel which promptly burned down, destroying his meagre wardrobe.

If you ask Joe today what he likes best, he will tell you it is snooping around carnival lots and inhaling the odor of sawdust and regaling his auditory nerves with the cries of barkers. These titillations of his two senses bestir memories of what happened to him after the hotel fire. He stumbled onto a carnival lot, and by means of weeping boyishly on the shoulder of the boss, connected with a honky-tonk production with a chorus of, count 'em, three girls. He earned the munificent sum of three bucks a week and such meals as circumstances and local sheriffs permitted, for a month, after which he found himself and a fiddle which he had learned to play by ear, alone and deserted in an unsympathetic town in Central Illinois. Not entirely alone. His straight man, who spoke very little English, was stranded with him.

Joe heard, on that occasion, for the first time in his hectic life, of a theatrical trade paper. The straight man advised him to look up its want-ads, and Joe did so with alacrity.

The Desmond Family, fostering a burlesque show, which ambitiously prided itself upon pepping up picture house trade, needed a comedian. Papa Desmond answered Joe's ad, and afterward, in a burst of generosity forwarded Joe a railroad ticket, which landed him back in Ohio, where Desmond refused to talk further with him when he learned Joe had no wardrobe and not even the fiddle which he had told Desmond he could play. Joe had hocked the fiddle for a meal, and at the moment possessed the substantial capitalization of exactly two-bits.

Joe had cried upon the carnival man's shoulder, and he tried it on Desmond. It worked, and the next night, they opened in what the trade calls a shooting gallery in Conneville, Pa. In reality, it was a picture house patronized by foreign miners and their emotional wives. The feature picture, as luck would have it, was "Hearts of the World," a war tragedy, which was guaranteed to loose a flood of feminine tears anywhere. Still worse luck, the picture was just ahead of the stage show.

On the way to town, Joe rehearsed aboard train with his straight man—a robust fellow with a natural Greek dialect thicker than George Givon's—and they had worked up what they thought would be an irresistible routine. They were crying themselves at the finish of the picture, but they went on the stage and through Joe's first performance with the troupe.

Women were still wiping their eyes half way through the stage show. Memories of the sad sections of the film still tore at their primitive hearts. Joe capered and cavorted and mugged and grinned and tried to sell ducks, but at the end of the show there was a dread, frightful silence. The few who tried to applaud in a desultory manner, muffled the sound with tear-dampened kerchiefs.

Joe sneaked into his dressing room, trembling. He was sure he would be fired. He hadn't evoked a single laugh. Presently, Papa Desmond, parent of the show, stood behind him. Joe shivered.

"Boy," said Papa, "you did fine. You're a wow. You stay with the show."

Joe's happiness was unbounded.

"B—b—but, Mr. Desmond," he stammered, "I didn't get one laugh!"

"So what!" demanded Desmond. "What do you want in this town, with this picture. Boy you did swell. Why only five women were still crying when the curtain went down. You did that, my lad. If you hadn't diverted that crowd, the deluge of tears would be up over the stage by this time."

Eventually, Penner boosted his earnings up to \$35 a week, and went into real burlesque. It was at the Gayety Theatre in Baltimore that he was first recognized as a top comedian. There he parted with the Desmond family, and was featured in a show. Followed plenty of grief, but a steady rise, and eventually the bookings brought him to New York, where his burlesque contracts were bought up by his present manager, who saw in Penner not only a great comedian, but a huge fortune.

Joe drifted about until last July, practically unknown, and then appeared in a Paul Whiteman unit. Rudy Vallee, a close pal of Whiteman, saw Penner, and like Penner's manager, saw in Joe a tremendous radio possibility. Rudy invited Penner to be his guest on a Fleischmann programme. Joe went to rehearse, but backed out.

"Talking into a microphone," he said, "is like talking at a brick wall. I can't act. I can't talk. I won't go on the air. I don't like it."

You'd never think Joe would act like this after facing Connellsville audiences, and carnival crowds. You'd imagine that a brick wall, or even the hind end of a barn were preferable to some audiences. But Joe's training made audiences, however apathetic, a (Continued on page 68)

It's just a silly pose but it shows Penner as he is, cigar and all



BY MIKE PORTER



Tamara as she sings in the Broadway hit, "Roberta"

Tamara's L O

Russian V E



The thrilling secret romance of radio's new singing star

WHEN Your Heart's On Fire, Smoke Gets In Your Eyes".

That's the title of the song which Tamara, the lovely Russian star of "Roberta," has made famous both on the stage and on the radio.

It's also an old Russian proverb which Tamara learned as a child, for smoke has gotten in her eyes. You can see it in her eyes and hear it in her voice when she sings. It's that mysterious something which has accompanied her rapid rise to stardom within the past two years.

There has been talk of admirers and flames in Tamara's life, but there has only been one great love which she has kept hidden from the eyes of the world.

Let's go back a dozen years or so ago, when a little dark-haired-dark-eyed girl and her mother fled from the fury of the Red Revolution in Russia. By devious ways they managed to smuggle themselves out of the country that gave them birth and with what was left of their meagre fortune sewed up in their clothes, finally arrived on the shores of America, the land of promise. The wide-eyed bewildered little girl was none other than Tamara, the popular singer of the air heard over an NBC-WEAF network each Sunday night on the Manhattan Merry-Go-Round program, and the star of Broadway's current success "Roberta".

Have you not heard how Tamara, her little brother and her grandmother escaped death during that awful reign of terror, the Red Revolution, when a roving band of soldiers attacked their village? Fate, in the guise of the elements frustrated the bandits' attempt to burn the stack of straw in which they had hidden at the first cry of "bandits, the bandits are coming!" The straw was wet and refused to burn and so our heroine escaped death. The horror of this incident is still fresh in her memory. One can see it in her eyes or sometimes hear it in her voice.

The early part of her life in America was spent in a little Russian colony somewhere near Camden, New Jersey. This

colony was made up of highly intellectual Russians, who wanted to live their own lives according to their own beliefs. They settled in a practically barren country; they tilled the soil; built their own schools and work-shops. Many prominent persons came to live there. Among the teachers recruited was one Will Durant.

In the midst of this life, our little Tamara grew up. She loved to dance and would entertain her country folk for hours. She would sing and accompany herself on a guitar. Right there and then was born an eager desire to be a great star some day.

There was a boy back there who warmed Tamara's heart, but alack and alas, she found no answering response in his heart! His name was Martin Tafel.

Soon it became necessary for Tamara to seek a means of supporting herself and her family. Her father who had migrated to America before the Red Revolution in order to pave the way for the rest of the family's arrival, found it hard sledding. He was out of work and there was little to eat. They moved to New York and there followed for Tamara endless days of trying to find work, trudging from place to place carrying her guitar. What heartaches and disappointments! But Tamara, full of determination, did not give up. When Tamara makes up her mind to get something, she usually does. And so finally she succeeded in interesting the owner of a Russian cafe that she would be an attraction. It was here that she first gained recognition; here she entertained the guests in her own inimitable way with the Russian folk songs she had learned as a child. Her only accompaniment was the guitar which she strummed to the tune of the plaintive melodies she sang.

Tamara was now on the first rung of the ladder. She made up her mind that nothing would stop her further climb up and up. At this time, something happened, and it happened like this.

(Continued on page 60)



A portrait of the lovely Russian Tamara in a restful pose

B Y D O R I S A S H E

A COLLISION *with* TOWN CRIER

Alexander Woollcott, who knows all about other people, has the spotlight turned on himself as he gets ready to give one of his smooth monologues



ALLEXANDER WOOLLCOTT is essentially clever. If you hadn't gathered that fact from his writing or his talking, you would see it at once in his manner. In the way he looks, not at you, but into you. In his walk. In the somewhat operatic manner in which he wears his hat. In the slightly bored, slightly preoccupied way he answers questions. He is typically of this age, despite his forty-seven years. Only To-Day could have produced him . . . a man who tells you facts you may have heard before or that you could easily find out for yourself, but in such a way as to make them scintillating and new. A man who makes a serious business of being sophisticated and clever.

Woollcott is tall, but he makes the impression of being short, because of his girth. He is very fat. There is no other word for it. Stout, corpulent, or adipose won't do. He is fat. He isn't especially fussy about his person. His graying brown hair straggles in strings over his forehead and into his eyes, without seeming to trouble him at all. He drops things on chairs, on the floor, wherever there is space for them. His face is broad, his neck is short, his body is huge, and his features are remarkably small. A round little nose. A precise little mouth. A thin line of a moustache. Pale blue eyes, behind thick, horn-rimmed glasses that magnify them and lend them a surprised look.

He had made an appointment to talk with me at the CBS studios at nine o'clock, just before his broadcast at nine-fifteen. The clock crept on. The "March of Time" signed off. The Philadelphia Orchestra began. Nine o'clock. Three minutes past. Five minutes past. At nine-seven, the elevator door opened. It remained open a dramatic moment. Then Woollcott bulked out. The page boy indicated me and presented my card. Woollcott whispered words to the page boy and vanished. The page boy hurried over to say that Mr. Woollcott would see me in the studio, and please to come along. We came along, Woollcott ahead, then the page boy, then I. Down stairs and around corners. We made an impressive procession, the three of us in silent single file. Once in the studio, the page boy waved a hand towards me, as though he would say "Hey, Look-it!" At last, then, Woollcott turned. He threw two books on the floor; dropped a bundle of papers on the table; discarded hat, coat, and a knitted muffler of white wool. He fixed me with a pleasant smile and wished me good evening. It was then nine-ten.

He said at once that he never gives interviews; never has and never will, so help him. Interviews irk him. Interviews misquote him. He doesn't like to be misquoted. If I understood that quite clearly, I might ask questions. But first he would look over his script. He invited me to bring over a chair for myself. The announcer brought it for me, and Woollcott said that was very nice. It was then nine-eleven. A studio official asked him what he was going to talk about that evening. Woollcott thought it over a moment. Then he replied that it would be about various things. He penciled out some lines in his script and sighed. He drank water from a glass at his elbow. It was nine-twelve. Then he looked up at me and indicated that the decks were clear for action.

I asked him about his material . . . how he gets it, how he decides what to use in his talks. He thought that over. Then he said that the material simply drifts in. Does he dig for it? No. Do people scout for him and

● It may be a puzzled thought or just a little itch which appears to disturb Mr. Woollcott

the

send him interesting bits? No. The material drifts in. At this point, Woollcott also mentioned that he has written a lot, seen a lot, and been around a lot. Does he, then, draw from a notebook well stocked with past experiences? No. The material drifts in.

I had it very clear by that time. The material drifts in. What, then, is his basis of selection? Does he prepare a schedule, like the master of ceremonies at a revue . . . so many minutes of jokes, of reminiscences, of personality stuff? Does he plot the mood of his talks to rouse people, to touch them, to make them think, to make them laugh? No, he does nothing of the sort. He talks to please himself. When he finds a topic he likes personally, he talks about it. When he is interested in an idea, he rides it hard. When he is tired of it, he drops it. Maybe the public tires of it long before he does. But that doesn't particularly matter. He talks about what interests him.

THEN he doesn't definitely try to give the public what it wants? Heavens, no! How could he? How does anybody know what the public wants? I ventured that all radio and editorial programs are built according to some vague idea of what will please the public. Woollcott said pooh, nonsense. Nobody really knows what the public wants. Not even program directors. Not even editors. Then he toned that down. Well, maybe they *do* know. Or maybe they only *think* they know. Anyway, who can tell whether they *actually* know or not? But it isn't important. He has written a lot, and seen a lot, and been around a lot, and he talks to please himself.

It was nine-fifteen. The Town Crier's bell was rung. The broadcast was on. Woollcott sat a good distance behind the table and hung over it. He held his script in both hands as he read from it, and the microphone, between his arms, looked as though it were being hugged. As he finished with the pages of his script, he threw them on the



● This, we believe, is the most interesting study of the amazing Mr. Woollcott that we've seen yet, even though his hair does need combing

floor. He read, and his voice took on subtle shadings of emotion, pathos, surprise, glee. But his brow remained furrowed, and his eyes kept the intent look of a businessman, grappling with serious business. Perspiration broke out on his face. The moments passed.

At last the control man gave him the two-minute signal from the window, and then came in and placed a watch on his table. Then he busied himself picking up the scattered script sheets from the floor. Woollcott read on. He finished a trifle before time; a pianist came in and played until nine-thirty, and went out again. The broadcast was done. Woollcott jumped up and turned (Continued on page 65)

B Y R O S E H E Y L B U T



I SPEAK

Part two of Kate Smith's own story, in which she tells about her future plans, her realized hopes and her disappointments. Last month Miss Smith wrote about her childhood in Washington

● Kate Smith's a simple girl who enjoys her glass of tea in the garden—when she has the time

THE new year of 1927 started out beautifully for me. After spending autumn and early winter in a nurses' training school in Washington, I had a real, professional offer right out of a clear sky to go to New York and start rehearsing "Honeymoon Lane."

The decision had to be made quickly, and I threw my whole family into excited conjectures about my future. What if I flopped? What if I gave up my nurse's uniform for a pipe dream, then had nothing substantial to return to? But—on the other hand—what if I became a hit, a star?

To me, there was only one answer. That I *must* at least take one crack at the stage, and find out what I could do. It had always been in the back of my mind, foremost in my dreams as a kid. To me, the opportunity was worth a heartbreak, if necessary.

So I overruled the family with my enthusiasm, and had exactly three days to pack my clothes and catch the train for New York to begin rehearsing. I was glowingly happy.

From the quality of our farewells, you would think I was departing for Calcutta or Shanghai—not New York, only five hours away from home!

"Kathie—be sure to write me every day!" mother said. "Don't forget to come home every week-end you are able to get away!"

Of course, it was our first real separation, and the thought that I was actually going on the stage made it seem a dangerous adventure.

The family took me to the train, and I sat there waving to them out of the window. When we pulled out of the station I felt more desolate and let-down than ever in my life. My throat was choked up, and I hastily looked through a magazine.

That evening in New York I checked in at a reasonable hotel, and stood looking out of the window. It was a very different city than Washington. I was used to city streets, and traffic, and lights, but New York seemed to be unfriendly, defiant. I went to bed early, telling myself over and over again as I dropped off to sleep that I must *make* them like me at the show, and picturing opening night at the theatre—lights, music, and putting on make-up. . . .

BRIGHT and early the next morning, I got up and had breakfast. A feeling of tenseness and excitement snatched away my usually healthy appetite. I had three hours to waste before reporting to the theatre for rehearsal. So I walked West across Forty-second street to Broadway.

This traditionally glamorous street looked dingy and unhappy at that hour in the morning. Everyone looked tired, made-up, unsmiling. I stared in the windows at the cheap

FOR MYSELF

by *Kate Smith*

dresses in the small shops, thought how ugly unlit electric light signs looked. It seemed odd that I, big plain Kathie Smith, was to become a part of such synthetic and unfamiliar surroundings, odd that I should prefer it to big, clean hospital corridors.

Finally, my wrist watch told me that it was time to report at the theatre. I had some difficulty finding the stage door, and when I did there were several rough-looking men with felt hats pushed off their foreheads hanging around, and giving me a derisive scrutiny. An old man in shirt sleeves, standing inside the door, proved to be the stage door man, and he grabbed hold of my arm.

"Wait a minute, miss—who do you want to see?"

I gave him the name of the director. My own name meant nothing to him, so he made me wait while he checked up inside. He then gestured with his thumb toward the stage and said.

"Okay, Miss."

The director looked at me with some surprise, then said for me to sit down and wait awhile, and he'd talk to me about my songs, and introduce me to the pianist. I sat down on a chair backstage, and waited for an interminable time, meantime watching the many other people who excitably came and went. The director seemed to have forgotten all about me. He stood talking first to one group of people, then another. Finally, after two hours of quietly waiting for him to return to me, he called.

"Better get some lunch, and I'll see you later."

THE next two weeks were very trying.

It seemed that I spent all day hanging about the theatre, watching other parts of the show rehearsing, waiting to get to work myself. Finally I was given the music, and told that I would sing one song in a cabaret scene at the closing of the show. A slight let-down for my soaring dreams of stardom!

In the meantime, I met some of the stars, and cast of the show. I believe they tried to be nice to me in their way—but I was "another language." I just couldn't warm up to them, and I believe they felt a little sorry for stout, plain, eager Kathie Smith. I refused every invitation to go out for lunch, or after-rehearsal gatherings with (Continued on page 66)



● In a pensive mood, Kate thinks of childhood days. Has fame brought her happiness?

” He Plays HOT LATIN MUSIC ”

Enric Madriguera, new favorite among the Ork pilots, belongs to the Spanish nobility, made his debut before the King of Spain at the age of five and he's so good-looking!

THERE is an expression, among Chicago gangsters and their thousands of fans, "to put the finger on" a person, which means to mark that person for, to put it gently, bad luck.

Fate, strangely enough, seems to have "put the finger on" Enric Madriguera, dashing young scion of Spanish nobility and leader of New York society's favorite radio dance orchestra. The finger in question, the "pinkie" of his left hand, was the center of a romantic misadventure last summer on the sunlit shores of the turquoise Mediterranean. The adventure is over—but the malady lingers on.

From the time he made his debut before the King of Spain as a violin prodigy at the age of five, Enric had taken extreme care of his fingers, training them to extract from the pieces of wood, glue, and catgut which we call a violin, music that made the world listen, enchanted.

Then, last summer, when two American women were roughly handled in his presence, he threw all caution to the winds and went to the defense of the ladies. In the battle that followed he broke the little finger of his left hand, the most important finger a violinist has, the finger with which he s-t-r-e-t-c-h-e-s for these throbbing high notes. The

women he defended were, and still are, comparative strangers to him, but that didn't matter to a young man brought up in all the chivalrous tradition of Bourbon nobility.

As a matter of fact, the world might never have known of this heroic incident if the grateful young women, Sondra Rambeau and Chrystine Maple, hadn't told a New York newspaperman about it. Nor would anyone have known what a tremendous sacrifice that finger was, if your reporter hadn't known, as far back as two years ago, what Madriguera's plans were.

For that quick left to a waiter's jaw was more than just a punch. It was a knockout blow to a tremendous experiment that Madriguera was about to undertake, an experiment which, when he is again able to begin on it, will undoubtedly revolutionize radio dance music.

Enric Madriguera, you must understand, is that strange thing—a musician who became a musician by design rather than by accident. There is none of the pseudo-romance of having ascended to the podium from a job as coal miner, dishwasher, seaman, or golf caddy, about Madriguera. Nor, for that matter, did he abandon the study of law, pharmacy, journalism, or chiropractic to become a dance orchestra leader.

To those of you who follow the concert stage the name may be teasingly familiar, and a question may arise in your mind. The answer is yes. Enric Madriguera, whose dance orchestra is drawing all of New York society to the fashionable Waldorf Astoria, is the same Madriguera who, as a child prodigy, packed concert halls throughout the United States and Europe as far back as twenty years ago, and as recently as 1927. He is the same violinist who toured the world both alone and with Enrico Caruso, who studied with the great Leopold Auer, conducted the Havana Philharmonic Orchestra, and was concert master for NBC.

When the Bourbon dynasty began to totter in Spain, the Madriguera fortune was wiped out. Enric, the sole heir, was in America at the time. Since his first visit to this country, at 14, he had expressed a desire to remain in this country. Now he found himself half-a-world away from his parents in their misfortune. Because he had been sending them all his earnings he now faced poverty, hunger. Yet even if he had possessed enough money to return to Spain, he would have preferred to remain here. Despite deprivation, he felt that America was the place where he could carve out a new future for himself.

But it was war-time. People were too busy fighting; they had no time for concerts and the opera. Conscious of the rapid decadence of the concert stage, he took to playing Spanish dance

● Madriguera was a child prodigy on the violin and still thrills listeners with his lovely string music





● You don't have to ask if Senor Madriguera has a good time when he goes out to Monte Carlo.

● Here he is resting at the feet of a score of beauties who seem to like his company

music. He organized an orchestra and with it was one of the pioneers of that form of music in this country. He played at the Biltmore, at the Casino in Havana, at the Commodore, at the ultra-smart Place Pigalle, at Pierre's. Wherever he played, music lovers flocked to hear him. On the radio he brought his silvery interpretations of the music of his native land to hundreds of thousands who were beginning to weary of the mechanical 1-2-3-4—1-2-3-4 of early jazz music.

For a while he was happy—happy in the knowledge that he was helping to spread a new musical art, helping to teach his hotel and radio audiences that music could be dance-y and yet be beautiful. But soon they were playing tangoes, rumbas, dozens of other orchestras danzons—and most of them because it meant nothing to them, were ruining the music that was so dear to Madriguera, so filled with memories of his happy boyhood on the large Madriguera estate in sunny Spain.

With rare wisdom he foresaw the trend of broadcast music; he decided to lead that trend, instead of following along. He decided—and this was the great plan we mentioned—to spend a year or maybe even two years in re-



irement with his orchestra, making of it something never heard on the radio before—a small dance-symphony. At the same time he wanted to augment his already large accumulation of original dance compositions in his own smart, modern manner—compositions like his famous "Adios" which he uses as a radio signature, and his "May I Have This Waltz With You, Madame?"

Then he would return to radio with an entirely new school of modern dance rhythms based on the technique of such great modern composers as Debussy, Vaughan Williams, Lecuona, Ravel, and De Falla.

But first he wanted to bid his last farewell to the concert stage. In 1927 he disbanded his small dance orchestra and toured Europe and the United States, playing in the concert halls where first he had attained his great fame. As he toured he studied the situation, and when he returned to New York his mind was fully made up. Despite the ovation he had been met with everywhere, he could see that the concert stage, as a medium for bringing great music to the (Continued on page 75)

BY SPANISH MANE



Paul Whiteman and his wife, Margaret Livingston, who made him reduce before she'd say "yes" to his marriage proposal



THE JAZZ KING WEARS A NEW CROWN

LET's go to the Biltmore," I suggested to the Stranger - Within - the - Gates.

It was one of those times when a New Yorker—and this one was born in Times Square—is elected to show the city to a Visitor considered too sophisticated for the thrills attendant upon a buggy-ride to the Aquarium, a bus-ride to Grant's Tomb, or an elevator ride to the Empire State Tower. It's a labor of love. And, usually, love's labor is lost.

"What's there?" queried the Guest.

"Paul Whiteman!" I breathed, a little ecstatically, perhaps.

"Whiteman? Oh yeah, that fat fiddler. . . ."

"He's neither a fiddler—nor is he fat!" I bristled. And right then and there I laid down the law to this Auslander. Here is some of what I told him.

Paul Whiteman is Big Business.

Remember this when next you see him waving his magic baton, smiling benevolently like a bland Buddha, somewhat slenderized by a Depression diet. Remember it when you hear his records, see his screened image, read his books, or tune-in on his broadcasts. Remember it and be a little awed at your contact with a man who is not only a tremendous artistic force, and a vital financial factor, but who is destined by his genius to veritable Immortality.

Whiteman is a man of girth, of stature, of substance. And I don't mean physically. For Paul's all-time high of 303 pounds during the Coolidge Prosperity, has dwindled to an athletic 190 under the Rooseveltian New Deal. It may surprise you to know that the Whiteman purse has disorged as much as \$550,000—over a half-million dollars, and not 59¢ ones, either—merely for a season's transportation of himself and his musicians. His payroll has been over \$9,000 weekly, and tops \$6,000 right now. Sponsors have paid \$35,000 or \$40,000 without a perceptible quiver for one Whiteman broadcast. If that isn't Big Business then I've been N. R. A.—Nuts Right Along!

As to himself, I asked Paul how he'd like to turn pro-



Caricature by
Harlan Crandall 3rd

ducer, have some big theatres like Roxy, or a radio racket like Aylesworth. And when I did, the Big Feller gazed from the windows of his Central Park South apartment, so lavishly simple under the guidance of Margaret Livingston's decorative ability, as nearly pensive as I've ever seen him.

"I can't afford to, Herb," he said. "I'd like it, but there's no money in it!"

Maybe that'll give you an idea of just what sort of dough Paul considers worth while. And as Americans continue to measure success and achievement by the gold standard, I'm quoting these facts and figures just to impress you. They don't impress Whiteman. Why? Because wealth is incidental to him, and accidental, too. However, the world being what it is, he's not sucker enough to goose the golden egg, or whatever the phrase may be.

SO much, then, for the financial side of the man whom that slug termed a "fat fiddler".

What is vastly more interesting is that Paul Whiteman is the acknowledged Dean of Modern American Music.

He put this country on the musical map of the world when he presented the land with its first jazz concerto at Carnegie Hall some ten years ago. With Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue", something new was added to the musical wealth of the universe. And Whiteman added it.

Not only has he contributed himself and his genius, but his recognition of talent in others has resulted in the discovery by the public of such sensational entertainers as Bing Crosby, Phil Harris, Al Rinker, the unforgettable original Rhythm Boys, Mildred Bailey, Morton Downey, Jack Fulton, Peggy Healy, and the great Gershwin, himself. Why, the entire National Broadcasting Company staff is composed of Whiteman men. In passing, Paul tried to sell Bing to the movies for \$50 a week—they couldn't see him until they paid \$5,000!

The fellow who has done so much to popularize such classics as Ferde Grofe's (Continued on page 58)

by HERB CRUIKSHANK



She's a native New Yorker, pretty, single, sometimes lonely and she has thoughts

MURIEL WILSON

YOU
ASK HER

Another

- Q.** What is your real name in private life?
A. I was born Muriel Wilson.
Q. Where were you born?
A. Right in dear old New York City.
Q. Do you want to say when?
A. Oh, some years ago!
Q. Are you married?
A. No.
Q. Do you ever intend to marry?
A. Perhaps.
Q. Was marriage ever your idea of a career for yourself?
A. Yes, I think it would be quite a complete one.
Q. When and how did you discover you could sing.
A. I have always sung. I don't remember not singing.
Q. Have you ever been lonely?
A. Yes—I think every artist is at some time.
Q. If you had to decide between a happy marriage and a successful career, which would you choose?
A. Marriage, I think.
Q. How long have you been in radio?
A. All of five years.
Q. What was your first broadcast?
A. I was soloist on the Philco and Breyer Ice Cream hours.
Q. Do you prefer operatic selections to the more popular ballads?
A. It depends upon the programs and the particular audiences you want to reach.
Q. Who do you think is the handsomest man in radio?
A. I am afraid I cannot answer that one.
Q. Who do you think is the most interesting?
A. This one is rather hard to answer, too.
Q. If you could be somebody else beside Muriel Wilson who would you want to be most?
A. I don't want to be anybody else. I find it quite a job to be myself.
Q. What do you think makes a woman most interesting, looks—brains or talent?
A. Brains, because she can acquire looks and achieve talent.
Q. Which do you think is the most important to a

- woman's success, and which has brought you success?
A. Brains.
Q. What program brought you the most response from your public?
A. I don't know of any definite program.
Q. What do you enjoy doing most when you are not on the radio?
A. I guess reading or horseback riding.
Q. What's your favorite sport?
A. Horseback riding—and swimming.
Q. Who is your favorite movie actress?
A. I'm old-fashioned enough to like Mary Pickford. I think she has charm.
Q. Who is your favorite movie actor?
A. Lanny Ross.
Q. Have you reached the height of your ambition?
A. No—I am still building.
Q. What is that height?
A. I would like to do better music. I feel that the radio listeners want the better music.
Q. What would you do if you lost your voice?
A. I suppose I'd die. I can't imagine not singing.
Q. What song do you like to (Continued on page 80)

RADIO MIRROR'S GALLERY
★ OF STARS ★



Joan Marsh

To many people Joan Marsh is a movie beauty, but she's making quite a name for herself on the radio, and is heard frequently on the CBS chain out of KHJ



This Florida song-bird had her big chance from Rudy Vallee, who heard her down south on a local station and introduced her on his Variety show. Frances is a star now and success is hers



FRANCES *L* ANGFORD

ALICE

RINEHEART

The girl with the heart-throb voice they call Alice Rineheart who is heard regularly on the NBC chain with several commercials. One of the many decorative dramatic players of the air



● T E D H U S I N G

One of the most popular of all American radio announcers, Ted Husing, who pilots programs on the Columbia ether waves, has distinguished himself particularly in broadcasting big sport events—including those at Harvard.





● LENNIE HAYTON

Perhaps the skyscrapers are giving this popular ork pilot an idea for a new arrangement. At any rate it makes an effective pose for the man who gives you grand music on the radio. He's on the Fred Allen program now.



James Melton

Singing right into your
homes, the talented
song man from
the south makes
music for CBS
microphones

Edith Murray

They call her "The Dramatist of the Blues," this pretty girl who started to be a poetess but decided rhythm pays better



RIPLEY SAYS IT'S SO

The "Believe It or Not Man" finds the radio world full of incredible oddities — and strange people!

"THE strangest thing I have discovered about radio is the fact that it is one of the oldest things in the world. The word was defined more than 2000 years ago in the Talmud as 'Radio KUL SHE HOLEK MISAF HAOLAM WUAD SO FOE,' which means 'Radio, a voice that goes from one end of the world to the other.'"

Robert (Believe-It-Or-Not) Ripley speaking. You know him, of course. You've seen his cartoons, heard his broadcasts on the B. A. Rolfe program. There is a tremendous gusto and enthusiasm about him as he talks. His face lights up; his eyes shine. He is a man of about forty, but his enthusiasm gives him the appearance of almost permanent youth. He has wavy hair, thinning a little at each temple, a quick, nervous step, a gay half-smile, buck teeth, and inexhaustible patience.

For more than thirteen years he has been gathering incredible facts. He has traveled to the far corners of the earth in search of those facts. So far, he has visited 167 countries. His travels have brought him face to face with the Ever-Standing Men of Benares, the Human Inch Worms, the Hindu Faquir who held his hand aloft for fourteen years until birds built a nest in his palm. He has been in the Forest of Human Bodies and in the City of No Women, a city of 700 people where no woman has ever set foot. And yet in all his travels and in all his searchings he has found no stranger "queeriosities" than in the magic wonderland of radio.

Here are facts, strange, unbelievable facts which he has discovered, miracles of engineering which he has uncovered.

Did you know that when King George spoke from England and his words were broadcast over that mysterious invention we know as radio, we who listened to him in our homes heard his words before the members of the British Parliament, standing twelve feet away from him, heard them? Radio listeners-in always hear a broadcast before it reaches the ears of people in the studio. That is because, over radio, sound becomes an electrical impulse which travels at the rate of 186,000 miles per second.

Did you know that it takes about 200 radio and telephone engineers to handle a coast to coast network program, exclusive of the engineers in the local studios?

Did you know that microphones have been perfected so sensitive in every way that they have recorded the sounds of a beetle boring inside a tree or an insect munching corn? In New York the sound of goldfish swimming in a bowl was once broadcast; in Iowa the sounds of human nerve currents; in Japan the heartbeats of a maternity patient. But perhaps the most amazing miracle of all was when an Austrian scientist, Professor Richlera of Vienna, took a pot of flowers from his living room window and broadcast the sound made by the blossoms as they grew!

Did you know that people speaking over the radio may have their voices beautified by means of a special instrument known as the compensator? The radio and other electrically transmitted sound devices are kinder to some high-voiced individuals than to other deeper-voiced persons. But people with weak or harsh voices can have them retouched through the skill



of clever engineers. Orestes H. Caldwell, the former Federal radio commissioner, even said once that appropriate devices placed in the broadcasting networks would make the same person speak simultaneously with a shrill Yankee twang in the north-east, with a Southern drawl below the Mason-Dixon line and with a breezy Western accent in the West.

From station WGY in Schenectady many strange broadcasts have been made. One man's voice was once broadcast from here around the world in a fraction of a second. His voice left Schenectady, was received in Huizen, Holland, then in Java, retransmitted to Sidney, where it was sent on to Schenectady. The result was that he talked to himself! His voice came back as an echo, each syllable repeating itself an eighth of a second later. Over station WGY, Ripley himself once participated in a two-way broadcast between Schenectady and Sydney, Australia. Over the radio he made a date with Irene Sterlitz of Sydney. When he concluded his broadcast, he started on a 10,000 mile journey to keep that date.

The world of radio sounds is full of strange Believe-It-Or-Nots, says Ripley.

When you hear horses' hooves pounding on a pavement, those are cocoon shells being pounded together.

The roar of a lion is caused by nothing but a whiskey keg with a pierced drumhead and resined cord.

When rural sounds are needed and you hear someone milking a cow, it's the sound man squirting water from rubber bulbs into a tin pail.

Once the sound effects man at one of the large studios was hard put to it to think of some way of imitating the downpour of rain. Then suddenly, while he was eating lunch, inspiration came to him. He salted a crisp lettuce leaf, and believe it or not, that's how he got the sound of rain!

The report of a real pistol shot in a broadcasting studio would wreck hundreds of dollars worth of equipment. So the sound men snap a spectacle case close to the microphone. It gives the exact effect of a gun shot.

Once a broadcast was made direct from the International Livestock Show. There were 12,000 cows at the show, but not one of them could put its voice across. The National Broadcasting Company had to use special sound effects for the mooing of cows!

At another time the story of an apartment house fire was being rehearsed. The sound effects man had worked out everything except the sound of roaring flames. While Aline Berry was rehearsing, she left her script slip, and when she picked it up she crumpled and rattled the paper.

"That's it," said the sound man excitedly. "That'll give us just the sound we want." It did.

"The radio control room is full of Believe-It-Or-Nots," said Ripley, warming up to his subject. "Did you know that the production man practically uses the deaf and dumb language to convey his messages to the performer? He puts his finger on his nose, and that means that the program is running according to schedule. If he waves his hand in circles, it means that the program must be speeded up. If he (Continued on page 61)

Ripley at his board, drawing some of the amazing facts he has gleaned from all over the world; right, broadcasting the strange things he knows about odd facts and people

BY DORA ALBERT

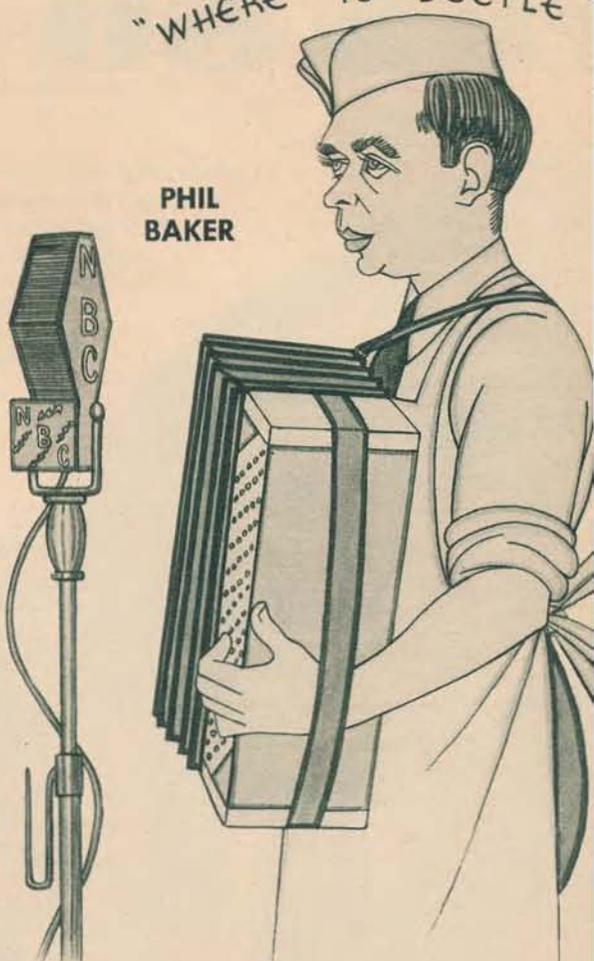
GARD'S CHOSEN PEOPLE

"WHEN ROMANCE CALLS"



LEON
BELASCO

"WHERE IS BEETLE"



PHIL
BAKER

"THE FLASH IS WILLING BUT THE NEWS IS WEAK"



CHICO AND GROUCHO MARX

"MEET ME TONIGHT DEAR OLD PAL"



CONNIE
BOSWELL

● This is the famous Armour trio whose antics on the ether make highly diverting entertainment. On top there's Phil Baker, the star of the big show, who learned his stuff on the vaudeville and musical comedy stages. Next, meet Mabel Albertson, who once taught elocution and served several years apprenticeship in stock all over the country. At the bottom is Phil's amusing stooge, Harry McNaughton, the Englishman with a sense of humor who, like his associates, was a stage actor before he took up radio



PHIL BAKER

MABEL ALBERTSON

HARRY MCNAUGHTON

The Singing Blonde Crown Her Glory

THEY say the hat often makes the woman and if that's true then Ruth Etting is really a queen on these pages for she is crowned with some of the smartest headgear to be seen in Manhattan smart places this summer. Nicole de Paris, famous French designer, has made these stunning creations especially for Miss Etting's pictures in RADIO MIRROR.

Nicole who makes chapeaux for famous movie stars as well as for society women all over America says a woman must choose her hat more carefully than any other article of her wardrobe. And these, she believes, are especially suited to the popular blonde beauty who is starred over the Columbia networks.

The smart tricorne Ruth is wearing is of a gorgeous French straw fitted quite flat to the head and deeply over one eye. The ornament is the piece de resistance of the creation and the widely meshed veil helps, too.

The fluted white ruffle on the afternoon hat is of crisp organdy topped with a heavy satin bow and the wide ruffle of her dress is part of the smart ensemble.

Shiny rough black straw is the material used for the

Ruth Etting in Madame Nicole's afternoon tricorne with a two-way rhinestone ornament and smart veil



Starch, plaited organdy makes a flattering brim for this distinctive new straw-crowned hat

Below is the singing star in a pert chapeau of rough black straw with a glazed quill trimming the front



A huge, softly flattering brim marks this afternoon taffeta hat, trimmed with three rhinestone ornaments.

One of the prize hats, large brimmed panama, edged with violets flattened between tulle



For a sporty occasion Miss Etting dons Madame Nicole's stunning little rolled brim natural panama

tricky little number Miss Etting wears, the pert quill stuck across the front of the brim, while for the races or formal teas she dons the gorgeous wide-brimmed black taffeta hat edged with an inch-row of grosgrain.

For sports she has a smooth, flat panama turned way up on one side and trimmed with a pair of gaily colored quills.

But the prize of them all is the large panama with a double-edged brim of flattened violets and gloves to match that have huge bunches of the same flowers at the wrists.

Madame Nicole favors the ensemble idea so distinctive this year, that of matching an unusual hat with dress collar, gloves and bags. And of wearing huge bouquets of flowers on the back of the wrist, blossoms that match the trimming on the hat. The violet hat with white gloves, trimmed with large bunches of violets, was also made in a black and white combination for a famous motion picture star. But always the hat must fit the personality.

The season for large hats has come back with a vengeance, according to Nicole, who knows her millinery. The crowns are still small but the brims may be as large as your type can stand them.

ON THE PACIFIC

AIR WAVES

Out of the studios of the west coast we bring you news and gossip of your favorites who entertain you on the Pacific wavelengths

RAYMOND PAIGE, music director of KHJ in Los Angeles, which serves as the key station for the CBS-Don Lee chain out on the coast, has been more or less a musical prodigy since he was born in Wausau, Wisconsin, back in 1900.

The family, by degrees, moved to Chicago, Montana, San Diego and finally Los Angeles.

● This is Al Pearce, popular radio figure of the California studios, now heard nationally with his Saturday night gang



While he has studied music since a child, even his directorial ability was evidenced at an early age. Down in San Diego he organized and lead a Sunday School orchestra. That is, he did for awhile until the boys introduced a couple of jazz tunes in the hymn repertoire.

Then he aspired to higher things and organized a high school orchestra and went barnstorming in the smaller towns of the southwest.

Five years ago, after playing first violin in Los Angeles and San Francisco theaters, he joined KHJ and has since directed all of its musical activities. While he has had a number of commercials eastward via CBS, perhaps he is best known for his California Melodies half hour which has been featured for the past two years from the California station to the network.

Raymond Paige is happily married, lives in a swanky Beverly Hills home, and never wears a hat. He has been signally honored by being guest conductor of the famed Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra and the Hollywood Bowl "Symphony Under the Stars" Orchestra. He plays a good game of tennis, was president of his class in college, won his letter in track and likes to attend wienie bakes at the beach.

Radio sometimes goes sort of ritzy with its Countess Albanis and its Rudy Vallees, to say nothing of up-stage names and faces.

But, when it all simmers down to a final analysis, it seems that the real "highbrows" of radiodom are none other than a hill billy team . . . the Crockett family, to be exact. Five sons, old man Crockett, one daughter; assisted by the Lynn Sisters from neighboring Tennessee. The Crocketts hail from old Kaintuck. Just now they are on KNX, Hollywood, nightly.

Of course this mountain family would be the last to go stagy on anybody. But they are really the aristocrats of radiodom.

They are direct descendants of Antoine Personette Cracketagni who, in turn, dated way back to Lafayette's time. This branch of the family was persecuted in France and so migrated over to the shores of Ireland and changed the name to Crockett. It was Antoine's second son, Louie, who came to America and founded the Crockett family.

There you have the whole genealogical story in a nutshell. Despite their naiveness the Crocketts are the real aristocrats of radioland. Old Pa Crockett, though, isn't a bit interested in it. He still longs for his mountain home and bitterly bemoans the fact that out west . . . where men are men and women are glad of it . . . he can't get lye hominy or sorghum; has to dodge the automobile traffic, and can't get used to wearing store shoes.

BY DR. RALPH L. POWER

Belle and Martha, characters on KMTR, Hollywood, with a bit of backyard gossip and breezy chatter, can do most any dialect. They ought to, for the girls both earned their Master of Arts degrees in speech at the University of Southern California. But they prefer the characters which they portray.

Belle in real life is Edith Adams, who was on the staff of WBBM and WHAQ in Chicago for a year. Martha is Gertrude Tyson, who used to be in the office staff of KHJ, Los Angeles.

Lady Luck plays a pretty important part in anybody's career. Anyway, that's what Eddie Kay, assistant music director of KHJ thinks. And, what is more, he trots forth a few assorted proofs from his own career in support of his theory.

Seems as though luck largely figured in starting Eddie on a music career at the tender age of twenty-one. At that ripe old age Eddie had just written a couple of tunes for the "Oh Joy" revue which was starring Ethel Waters in his home town of New York.

Eddie was out in the house all lathered up watching the performance. Right in the midst of it all the conductor dropped dead of heart failure. Of course somebody brought up the old bromide about "The show must go on." So Eddie was pushed into the pit and told to finish up the performance.

Eddie's youthful ambition was to be a chemical engineer. His folks wanted him to be a physician. So they compromised and Eddie studied dentistry for a year and a half before he was "shoved" into the musical career.

Since his New York "debut" he has gone west and scored and conducted for film lots, musical comedies and vodvil shows. Six months ago he broke into radio as assistant conductor at KHJ, key station for the CBS-Don Lee chain.

Gypsy has been interviewing radio celebs from San Francisco bay stations for many years. Few know that she is a Los Angeles girl, the wife of an army officer (a colonel), and in private life is Elsa Charlotte Musgrave.

The "Gypsy" caption has clung to her since childhood days when she always wanted to travel and go places. So her chums nicknamed her Gypsy. Though fans nowadays hear only her speaking voice, she is an accomplished pianist and once toured in recital under the stage name of Elsa Kambaraska. She is the granddaughter of a Polish nobleman and, for luck, she took his name for the stage appearances.

Paul Carson, whose "Bridge to Dreamland" organ series is a popular attraction over KPO, started radio as music director on KMPC, Beverly

Hills, several years ago and he's been at it since.

One of his favorite anecdotes is about his father, a clergyman. Just as the services were about to start it was discovered that the organist was missing. The father motioned to Paul, aged six, to play the organ as he announced "Nearer My God to Thee." "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," he announced for the second number. This was

● Marjorie Bainbridge who's been on the stage since childhood is the heroine of "The Bowery" dramas of KFVB



the second and last in young Paul's repertoire. Then the elder Carson said, "Jesus, Lover of My Soul" was so beautiful, we will sing it again." And so the crisis was passed. He later attended Northwest University, and was a stretcher-bearer in the French army for three years.

For hobbies he collects rare editions and Persian rugs.

Most radio hill billies come from the Ozarks. But NBC's prize hill billy number one out on the west coast was educated at the University of Kansas and the New England Conservatory of Music in Boston.

He's Charlie Marshall, whose mavericks continue to be "sensations" year after year from the NBC studios in Frisco town.

Charlie's hobby is walking. In fact, when he was married in Boston to a New England school marm they took their honeymoon by hiking from the Bean City to Topeka, Kansas with a 70-pound pack on the back of the bridegroom.

But Charlie Marshall isn't entirely a synthetic hill billy. He was born out in Kansas, wrote for minstrel troupes for years, and has been a hill billy herder for the Pacific division of NBC since back in '28.

Elmore Vincent answers to the name of "Senator Fishface," for 'tis his most famous characterization on NBC in the west. Born in Texas, the family moved to Oregon, but never could the boy keep from scrambling up words in class recitations. Of course by the time he grew up the difficulty was overcome. But up at KJR in Seattle he began to do the Senator Fishface act, a sort of Roy Atwill performance, and finally became so good that NBC grabbed him up for its regular programs in San Francisco.

But he can never forget that day in school when he took a bow and started to recite. "Here stands the flag . . . florist shop . . . forest . . . perambulator . . . prunes and prisms . . . prancing . . . I mean primeval, or something. Mid the midget . . . I mean murmuring . . . plants . . . pines . . . and the hamhocks. . . Those were strenuous days, pals," murmurs the perspiring radio senator.

Lots of people used to think that Chauncey Haines, Jr. could dish it out but couldn't take it. But that was before he switched over from being music director for KMPC, out in swanky Beverly Hills, to KFAC out in the fashionable Wilshire district of Los Angeles.

Then came the acid test and now Chauncey is eligible to join some club or other such as the caterpillar club.

When he changed stations a few weeks ago one of his first jobs was to audition a girls' vocal trio. He was told by the station manager that it was a very good trio and he would like to put it on if Chauncey would stamp his musical approval on them.

And in walked Caltana Christoph as director of the trio. To most people that wouldn't mean much. But to Chauncey Jr. it meant a good deal. Caltana is his former wife. And was his face red . . . and hers, too.

Anyway, Director Haines lost no time in signing up his former wife and the girls' trio, so all is serene over in the KFAC penthouse studios. The former Mrs. Haines' name, Caltana, was coined by her parents. She was born in Montana, but the family had previously lived in California. So they made up the name of Caltana.

Though his parents sent him to college to study law, and a year of European travel to quell the wanderlust, J. Anthony Smythe wanted to become an actor.

At the tender age of twenty-one he was juvenile lead in the Chestnut Theatre, Philadelphia, and thereafter the legal profession was out of his mind forever.

Two years ago Tony joined the NBC drama staff in San Francisco and plays the male lead in "One Man's Family," weekly serial of family life. While he does a lifelike characterization of a family man, he has never

married. Of course he always answers letters asking for advice . . . but doesn't guarantee 'em.

Elvia Allman, known sometimes via the ether lanes as "The long tall gal from Dixie," likes to conquer new fields. Years ago she studied in New York to go on the stage. It was fairly near her home in North Carolina but, somehow or other, she always wanted to come west.

But in Los Angeles there weren't many chances to break into radio, so she became a studio hostess. Not long after the station, KHJ, was sold and she got her chance to appear before the mike and do character songs. It went over big.

So, to make a long story short, she became a staff artist. But, by this time, she wanted to get to New York again. Columbia offered her a chance and she returned to Gotham for a year. In the meantime she had married Wesley

● Meet the Crockett family, heard nightly on KNX, Hollywood—Father Crockett, five sons, one daughter—and their neighbors, the Lynn Sisters



Tourtellotte who was and still is, staff organist for KFI-KECA in Los Angeles. But, the New York goal reached, she wanted to return to California. Now she is heard over KHJ, KNX and other Southern California stations in characterizations. What is her next ambition? Gather closely little kiddies and you shall hear . . . she wants to retire and start a chicken ranch out in San Fernando valley. But who ever heard of anyone retiring in radio at the ripe old age of 29?

Not many aspiring lyric writers ever essay to branch into the realm of radio dramatics. But Edward Lynn, of Los Angeles, did.

For five years he was private secretary to Charles Wakefield Cadman, famed composer. Together with Mr. Cadman he composed two score of songs which have been published with the words by Lynn and the music by Cadman.

But music, in itself, didn't seem to pay financially though, as Eddie said, "It was good for the soul." And so he began to dash off reams of radio script. There were hometown plays featuring Virginia Sale, sister of Chic and breezy skits featuring Mrs. Wally Reid.

Yet they were "just another radio play" until the young dramatist began to "go historical." Now he has the "Catherine the Great" series weekly from KHJ and all the way eastward via CBS; another on "Our Romantic Presidents" as a local weekly for KMTR, Hollywood; and a brand new series for KNX, which is a sort of series on contemporary life and as yet untitled.

Right now a Lynn radio production is a finished product. But it has been an uphill road. There were days when the rent was over-due and the cupboard was bare. Through it all there has been a certain amount of versatility that has enabled him to keep on ever with the goal in sight. Once upon a time he announced phonograph records, swept out the studio and answered the 'phone so he could keep studying nights and working on his "masterpiece."

While many "geniuses" climb a pinnacle and rest there awhile, young Lynn is never satisfied. When one thing is done and done well he starts out on something new. He is one of two Los Angeles radio producers who are as yet unmarried. But there are rumors.

Lots of people out west think that Kay Van Riper is a young and aspiring young man. But it isn't. Nope. It's a 25-year-old blonde who was graduated from the University of Minnesota a few years ago.

With the usual film-writer complex, the young lady trekked to Hollywood and aspired to write scenarios. But the favorite portcullis of each studio was closed tight.

So, before funds gave out, she became press agent for KFWB. And it was the luckiest thing in the world that she did. For, one of these fine days, she was given a pinch-hit job of writing a radio serial. And she has been at it ever since.

Her most outstanding creation has been the English Coronets series, which has been on the Hollywood station now for nearly three years. A pioneer in western historical series, it is the only one of its kind out on the coast that is sponsored. Once, when the feature seemed threatened, 40,000 irate fans wrote in to (Continued on page 59)

ON THE PACIFIC AIR WAVES

We Ring Tony Wons'
DOORBELL



● Tony Wons, the amiable monologist with the different mike voice, does a little philosophizing about getting a good start at the breakfast table for the day's work



● Mr. Wons looks on approvingly at the artistic efforts of his thirteen-year-old daughter, Theodosia, who likes to paint



● Morning comes to Tony who looks as though the cares of the day rested lightly on his sleeping hours. We ring the bell, get him up and he poses

● A musical interlude in the Wons home with the whole family gathered around the piano while Mrs. Wons accompanies



Ted Fiorito, Columbia's West Coast maestro on the Old Gold programs

WE HAVE WITH US—

● SUNDAY

- 11:15 A. M. MAJOR BOWES' CAPITOL FAMILY—Waldo Mayo, conductor and violinist and guest artists. WEAf and associated stations.
The "majah" and his musical brood wishing you a pleasant good morning.
- 12:15 P. M. BABY ROSE MARIE—songs. (Tastyeast). WJZ and associated stations.
The precocious child with the grown-up lyrics.
- 12:30 P. M. RADIO CITY CONCERT—Radio City Symphony Orchestra; chorus and soloists. WJZ and associated stations.
Delightful and well-balanced.
- 1:30 P. M. LITTLE MISS BAB-O'S SURPRISE PARTY—Mary Small, juvenile singer; William Wirges' orchestra; guest artists. WEAf and associated stations.
Another child who jazzes in adult tempo.
- 2:00 P. M. "BROADWAY MELODIES" with Everett Marshall; Jerry Freeman's orchestra and chorus. (Bi-so-dol). WABC and associated stations.
Mr. Marshall of the lovely voice coming to you this afternoon.
- 2:00 P. M. BAR X DAYS AND NIGHTS—romance of the early west. (White's Cod Liver Oil Tablets). WJZ and associated stations.
Out thar where men were men and knew it.
- 2:30 P. M. RINGS OF MELODY—Ohman and Arden, piano duo; Arlene Jackson, songs; Edward Nell, Jr., Baritone. (Perfect Circle Co.). WJZ and associated stations.
A good variety program.
- 2:30 P. M. THE BIG HOLLYWOOD SHOW, with Abe Lyman's orchestra and "Accordiana". (Phillips Dental Magnesia). WABC and associated stations.
With echoes of Cinema Town.
- 3:30 P. M. THE YEAST FOAMERS—Jan Garber's orchestra—(Northwestern Yeast Company). WJZ and associated stations.
An old favorite with new tunes.
- 5:00 P. M. "ROSES AND DRUMS". (Union Central Life Insurance Co.). WABC and associated stations.
Romance and drayah when they battled for the Potomac.
- 5:30 P. M. GRAND HOTEL—dramatic sketch with Anne Seymour. (Compana Corporation). WJZ and associated stations.
What happens when a lot of excitable people get together.
- 5:30 P. M. FRANK CRUMIT AND JULIA SANDERSON—(Bond Bread). WABC and associated stations.
A popular pair who know their stuff.
- 6:30 P. M. SMILING ED McCONNELL. (Acme White Lead and Color Works). Also Wednesday and Friday at 12:30 P. M. WABC and associated stations.
It's your turn to smile.
- 6:45 P. M. WARD'S FAMILY THEATRE. Act I with Lean and Mayfield, James Melton, and the Green Stripe Orchestra. (Ward Baking Co.). WABC and associated stations.
Two stage veterans, a Dixie air hero and good music.
- 7:00 P. M. REAL SILK PROGRAM—Charles Previn and his orchestra; guest artist. (Real Silk Hosiery Mills). WJZ and associated stations.
Another satisfactory musical aggregation.
- 7:30 P. M. WARD'S FAMILY THEATRE, Act II with Guest Stars, James Melton and Green Stripe Orchestra. (Ward Baking Co.). WABC and associated stations.
Back again with another program.
- 7:30 P. M. BAKER'S BROADCAST, featuring Joe Penner, comedian; Harriet Hilliard, vocalist and Ozzie Nelson's orchestra. (Standard Brands, Inc.). WJZ and associated stations.
The ducky one and isn't he getting more popular all the time?
- 7:45 P. M. THE FITCH PROGRAM—Wendall Hall. (F. W. Fitch Co.). WEAf and associated stations.
A hot singer with that molasses intonation.
- 8:00 P. M. CHASE AND SANBORN HOUR—Jimmy Durante and Rubinoff's orchestra. (Chase and Sanborn Coffee). WEAf and associated stations.
The high spot of tonight; everybody says so.
- 8:30 P. M. FRED WARING'S PENNSYLVANIANS. (Ford Motor Company). Also Thurs. 9:30 P. M. WABC and associated stations.
The Warings have certainly come along but they deserve the applause.
- 9:00 P. M. MANHATTAN MERRY-GO-ROUND—Tamara, Russian blues singer;

Pretty Sally Singer who warbles popular tunes on the NBC waves



- David Percy; orchestra; Men About Town. (R. L. Watkins Co.) WEAf and associated stations.
Expert soloists who make you sit back and listen.
- 9:00 P. M. GULF HEADLINERS—Irving Berlin; Frank Parker; The Pickens Sisters; The Revelers Quartet; Al Goodman and his orchestra. (Gulf Refining Co.). WJZ and associated stations.
Parker has a grand voice and then there are the Revellers, lest you forget.
- 9:30 P. M. AMERICAN ALBUM OF FAMILIAR MUSIC—Frank Munn, tenor; Virginia Rea, soprano; Ohman and Arden; Bertrand Hirsch, violinist; The Haenschen Concert Orchestra. (Bayer Aspirin). WEAf and associated stations.
This excellent program will never give you a headache.
- 9:30 P. M. THE JERGENS PROGRAM—Walter Winchell. (Andrew Jergens Co.). WJZ and associated stations.
Things you might have known but want to hear again.
- 10:00 P. M. CHEVROLET PROGRAM with Victor Young's orchestra; guest soloist. WEAf and associated stations.
We miss Jack Benny.
- 10:00 P. M. WAYNE KING and his orchestra. (Lady Esther Co.). WABC and associated stations.
The Waltz King and he's a big favorite.
- 10:30 P. M. HALL OF FAME—guest artist; orchestra direction Nat Shilkret. (Pond's Honey and Almond Cream). WEAf and associated stations.
One of the better of the real good ones.
- 11:15 P. M. LITTLE JACK LITTLE and his orchestra. WABC and associated stations.
A singer with a brass background

● MONDAY

- 10:00 A. M. BREEN AND DE ROSE—vocal and instrumental duo—daily except Saturday and Sunday. WEAf and associated stations.
Veterans who still make it pleasant.
- 10:15 A. M. BILL AND GINGER. (C. F. Mueller Co.) Also Wednesday and Friday. WABC and associated stations.
Pepping up your morning duties.
- 10:15 A. M. CLARA, LU 'N' EM—Louise Starkey, Isabelle Carothers and Helen King, gossip. Daily except Saturday and Sunday. (Colgate-Palmolive Peet Co.). WEAf and associated stations.
That trio and don't they know everybody else's business
- 11:15 A. M. WILL OSBORNE and his orchestra with Pedro De Cordoba and his friendly philosophy. (Corn Products Refining Co.). WABC and associated stations.
Will is still getting up early to syncopate for you housewives.
- 11:30 A. M. TONY WONS—Daily except Saturday and Sunday. WABC and associated stations.
A bit of philosophy as Tony would call it.
- 12 Noon THE VOICE OF EXPERIENCE. (Wasey Products, Inc.). Daily except Sunday. WABC and associated stations.
He knows all the answers.
- 2:15 P. M. ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT (Edna Wallace Hopper, Cosmetics). Daily except Saturday and Sunday. WABC and associated stations.
In the cause of making you stay young.
- 5:00 P. M. SKIPPY—Daily except Saturday and Sunday. (Phillips Dental Magnesia). WABC and associated stations.
It's time to call the kiddies.
- 5:30 P. M. THE SINGING LADY—nursery jingles, songs and stories—daily except Saturday and Sunday. (Kellogg Company). WJZ and associated stations.
You may recall some of these yourself.
- 5:45 P. M. LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE—childhood playlet with Shirley Bell and Allan Baruck. (Wander Company). Daily except Sunday. WJZ and associated stations.
That child does have her troubles.
- 6:00 P. M. BUCK ROGERS IN THE 25TH CENTURY. (Coco-malt). Also Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday. WABC and associated stations.
What might happen five hundred years from now.
- 7:00 P. M. AMOS 'N' ANDY—blackface comedians—daily except Saturday and Sunday. (Pepsodent Company). WJZ and associated stations.
They still have them tuning in.
- 7:00 P. M. MYRT AND MARGE—daily except Saturday and Sunday. (Wrigley Chewing Gum). WABC and associated stations.

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday Programs continued on page 77.

EASTERN DAYLIGHT SAVING TIME



Funny Phil Cook whose antics have amused radio listeners for years

Gypsy Nina, Columbia's mystery singer who epitomizes "Dark Eyes."



What's happening in the way of news and intimate gossip among the radio folks whose programs come from Chicago

CHICAGO

BREEZES

MATRIMONIAL MIX-UPS

THESE matrimonial mixups always amuse me. For instance there's the one that happened here in Chicago just the other day. Virginia Ware is a radio actress. You hear her on the morning College Inn broadcasts and lately she's been working in Charley Hughes' "Talkie Picture Time". Her husband was Harlan Ware, erstwhile convention manager of Sherman Hotel. His brother is Darrell Ware writer of fiction and radio scripts. Throw all three up for grabs and what happens is this. . . . Virginia divorces Harlan and marries his brother, Darrell. Harlan goes to California with a promise to return soon. It's all done very amicably, no hard feelings.

Reminds us of the one that happened a few years back. First time we met Lee Sims he was pounding the piano in WBBM's old studios at the Stewart Warner plant on Diversey Boulevard. A little later he introduces his new wife—Illomay Bailey. She sings and he plays. And since then they've done pretty well. Lee's manager is a chap named Steiner. Illomay Bailey was once Mrs. Steiner . . . and the present Mrs. Steiner was once Mrs. Lee Sims. They were all good friends and still are. They simply switched life partners. Now they're both successful in the world of entertainment—and at home as well, so they say.

● Jean Paul King gets personal with a flock of the questions he shoots at Clara, Lou 'n' Em.

PAT KENNEDY'S LOVE

And while on the love interest angle let's correct any false impressions that may have gotten around about Pat Kennedy. Some enterprising guy wrote that Pat was that way about a local chorine. Pat denied. Then a story came around that Pat was taking tango lessons from a South American beauty named Rosita Duvall . . . which was perfectly true. But what the gossipers, foul people, missed was that Carlos Molina, the rumba and tango bandmaster, was the person who started Pat on the tango lessons—and that Rosita Duvall is Mrs. Molina and is simply helping Pat learn the intricate steps. Every time one of these rumors gets into print it causes Pat plenty of trouble. It wasn't so long ago printed paragraphs reported the romantic tenor escorting Mary McCormic, the opera singer, about. Sure he took her around. But when that thing was printed he had to make peace with Pittsburgh. For Connie Calahan of that city is Pat's real heart . . . and all this other stuff is hokey pushed out by people anxious to make gossip and make it dirty!

HOLDUPI

Being one of those people who hate to go to bed nights for fear of missing something amusing or interesting it burned us up to be absent the night Mr. and Mrs.

Hal Kemp were in a nice holdup . . . of course, that would be one night we went home to catch up on last week's sleep. Imagine the long tall Kemp being faced with a sub machine gun and told to get down on the floor of a Chicago avenue restaurant along about dawn one morning. When all of Kemp gets on any man's floor there isn't much room for anything else. But then a machine gun is a machine gun. With the Kemps that night was Norman Cordon who deserted quartet singing for opera in Chicago a few months ago. Norman is just as long. What I can't understand is . . . if the crooks made both of these boys get down on the floor how could they get over to the cash register to empty it?

HARLOW WILCOX WINS A BET

Harlow Wilcox has won a bet—but because he's on the wagon it didn't do him much good. When Wilcox moved from Columbia to NBC he made a bet. Bill Cooper, Chicago's NBC continuity boss, bet Harlow he would be sure to make the usual mistake at least once during his first month. He was bound to say "This is the Columbia Broadcasting System" instead of "This is the National Broadcasting Company". The month passed and Harlow won . . . a bottle of Scotch which he couldn't drink. It may sound silly that anyone would make such a mistake as naming the wrong station or network. But it happens . . . just the other night we heard an announcer on WBBM announce the station as WIBO which has been out of existence for many months now. And on another occasion the Chicago announcer preceded the Old Gold cigarette program with "The next program is brought to you by Chesterfield cigarettes!"

I'll bet few Chicagoans knew Jack Benny was in town the other day. He came here quietly and quickly to spend his birthday with his folks, the Kubelskys of Lake Forest.

All winter long Hal Totten was saying he is through with baseball. His new job at NBC takes up all his time and he simply can't handle baseball any longer. And anyway, he's been doing baseball for ten years and that's about enough . . . Hal Totten WILL broadcast baseball this year!

LITTLE THINGS

It just goes to show what little things count after all. I mean the way Mac McCloud, end man of Gene Arnold's Sinclair Minstrels and band leader in his own right got his tag phrase. Every time you hear him on the air you'll hear him say "This is Mac 'Das All' McCloud". The "das all" goes back many years . . . to the time Mac got into a crap game. One player, a big burly negro, decided Mac looked like easy game. But Mac kept winning . . . and doubling the bets. Finally the bets got all the way up to the huge sum of \$2. Again Mac won. He turned to the negro and grinned . . . "Yas, suh! Das all!" mourned the colored man having turned out his pockets and found not



● Clarence Tiffinguffer (he's Ray Hedge) tries to sell Myrt and Marge a gown he thinks would be swell for their air show

a penny. McCloud even has a dog named Das All now. He's breeding the pooch, a scotty, and has been promising his friends nice scottie puppies. But—he's promised so many puppies that dog will have to forget all about NRA to make good his promises.

RELATIVE RELATIVES

You probably have never heard Lester Tremayne's name. Yet you've heard his voice doing dramatics in such Chicago radio shows as the WLS Bundesen Hour, National Barn Dance, Homemakers Theater, the Old Apothecary, Story of Helen Trent, the Heart to Heart club and many others. Tremayne had just finished a show at WLS' studios in The Prairie Farmer Building. He noticed a weather-beaten wiry old chap in the crowd outside the studio. The man, obviously a sailor, had a pile of rugs over his shoulder he was trying to sell. He wore a square cut seaman's jacket with big blue buttons. Les bought a couple of rugs. Suspecting they were smuggled he started talking to the old timer. In a heavy Scotch brogue the oldster revealed himself as one Angus MacEachren, one time able bodied seaman in his majesty's navy. Tremayne, London born and son of Dolly Tremayne, English screen actress, was interested. "You don't happen to know a (Continued on page 63)



BY CHASE GILES



In the Stars' Kitchens

Everybody likes to eat, and radio stars are no exception, but many of them are expert cooks and they give you their favorite dishes

Make rings from beets with small cookie cutter, and arrange pieces of endive through the rings. Arrange on lettuce and garnish with attractive shapes of beet that were removed to make the ring. Serve with French dressing.

Frances Langford the NBC singer offers this Porcupine Tomato Salad to the hostess endeavoring to find a new way to serve tomato salad.

PORCUPINE TOMATO SALAD
 Tomatoes Green Peppers
 Celery Lettuce
 Mayonnaise Whip

Drop tomatoes into boiling water for about two minutes to peel easily. Allow to chill. Stick into tomato narrow strips of celery and green pepper alternately, each strip about two inches long. For individual salads serve one tomato to a portion on fresh, crisp lettuce beds.

Serve with mayonnaise whip. Mix equal portions of lightly whipped cream with mayonnaise, whip and arrange on side of salad.

The rhythm ballad singer, Georgia Brown tempts you with her own Candied Sweet Potatoes. And Georgia certainly knows how to prepare them.

CANDIED SWEET POTATOES
 8 sweet potatoes 1 cup melted butter
 1½ cups brown sugar Salt

Place potatoes in boiling water and cook for about twenty minutes, or until soft. It is much easier to peel sweets after they have been cooked than before. Cut in lengthwise halves, arrange in buttered dish, sprinkle with sugar; then pour over melted butter, sprinkle with salt, and bake in slow oven about two hours; to brown the top use the broiling oven. You may also use sliced marshmallow around the sweets.

Arlene Jackson, the National Broadcasting singer's favorite food is corn flakes with lots and lots of heavy cream. She is also fond of this Carrot and Cheese Salad.

This is the time of year when carrots do wonders for your complexion, an important item to every woman.

CARROT AND CHEESE SALAD
 Cooked carrots Cream cheese
 Lettuce Raw carrots
 French dressing

Wash, scrape, and cut carrots in thin slices. Put in boiling, salted water until tender, about twenty minutes. Cool. Make carrot slices into a ring on lettuce leaves, fill the center with small cream cheese ball or rosette. Sprinkle finely grated raw carrot on the salad and serve with dressing. This salad is not very heavy and may properly be served with a dinner, or a side salad at a luncheon.

Fannie Brice who needs no introduction to you radio listeners says her Roast Pork and Sauerkraut will be equally well received. Miss Brice is an excellent cook.

Use the spareribs; wipe, sprinkle with salt, and place in a pot, and cover with water. Cook in covered pan slowly about forty-five minutes. Remove the meat, put in four to five cups of sauerkraut and cook slowly in covered pan about 1½ to 2 hours. Put spareribs on top of this and cook about an hour longer.

Tony Wons is habitually eating apples, but he tells you the secret of perfect Asparagus with Hollandaise Sauce.

ASPARAGUS WITH HOLLANDAISE SAUCE
 Cut off lower part of asparagus stalks, wash, take off scales, and retie in several bunches. Cook standing up in boiling salted water 15 minutes, or until soft. Cook with tops in water eight to ten minutes. This is a mock hollandaise sauce, and for those who simply cannot make the real sauce try this mixture. To one cup of white sauce, just before serving, stir in two egg yolks, about a half cup butter, slight measure, adding a little at a time, and one tablespoon of lemon juice. It is very simply prepared, and the most adept cook would have difficulty in distinguishing from the true hollandaise.

Bert Lahr has this real treat for your family and friends, a delightful Pineapple Frappe.

PINEAPPLE FRAPPE
 2 cups water 2 cups ice water
 1 cup sugar 2 cups crushed pineapple
 Juice 3 lemons

Boil the water and sugar five minutes, add the lemon juice and pineapple. Cool, then strain and add the ice water. Freeze in electric refrigerator or in ice cream freezer. If you use fresh pineapple about two cups of sugar will be needed. Add enough for your own taste. Arrange in sherbet dishes and garnish with mint leaves.

Mario Cozi, the ether waves singer, is another of the stars who can cook, and he is most famous for his fried oysters. And of course no fried oyster dish would be complete without cole slaw, which is good for you, too.

SAUTÉD OYSTERS
 Clean oysters and dry with towel, season both sides with salt and pepper. Dip in seasoned cracker crumbs, and egg. Put butter in frying pan, add oysters, brown, and then turn on other side. May be attractively garnished with parsley.

Seth Parker, of NBC fame has two hobbies, buying boats, and ice cream with chocolate sauce. At this time it is always inviting to serve ice cream with strawberries, peaches, pineapple, or any other fresh fruit.

VANILLA ICE CREAM
 2 cups scalded milk Salt
 1 tablespoon flour 1 tablespoon vanilla
 1 cup sugar 1 pint milk
 2 egg yolks 1 pint heavy cream
 Mix the dry ingredients, using about ¼ teaspoon salt, add slightly beaten egg yolks, and the milk gradually; cook for ten minutes stirring constantly over hot water. Cool, add cream and flavoring. Then strain if you want it smooth, and freeze.

Gertrude Niesen doesn't look like a cook, but here she is at her own kitchen stove



THE month of June brings the entrance of summer, and with the arrival of this season we want salads, and different ways of serving them. And fresh fruits should be eaten at least once a day. Salads should be served at one meal every day.

Andrew Baruch concocts a hasty meal while his wife looks on. She's his severest kitchen critic

Betty Barthell the cook of the month gives a beet and Endive Salad that is very delightful, and yet not often served. Tony Wons and Bert Lahr divide honors for the most distinguished cooks among the men. Mr. Wons gives his recipe for Asparagus with Hollandaise Sauce, and he tells the secret of no more worry to obtain this perfect sauce, while Mr. Lahr can boast of having been chief cook on Harry Richman's yacht to prove his culinary ability. Bert gives this cooling Pineapple Frappe. Fannie Brice, your well known comedian and singer enjoys Roast Pork and Sauerkraut as no other dish. And many more of your radio favorites suggest dishes and combinations to insure the success of your entertaining.

The popular Columbia singer Betty Barthell is particularly fond of ripe olives, and this tasty Beet and Endive Salad.

BEET AND ENDIVE SALAD
 French endive Lettuce
 Beets French dressing

Separate the leaves of the endive carefully, and remove any hard part. Always select beets with fresh leaves. Cook in boiling water while whole. Cook about thirty to forty-five minutes, drain, place in cold water and rub off skin.

Our "Going Away" Party

Get your friends together for that last party before vacation time. Miss Covney shows you an easy way

It is June and either you or your friends are busy planning, packing, and arranging to leave town for the summer months, but yet many of the readers would like to have another of the RADIO MIRROR parties before closing the city domiciles.

Do you hesitate because with all the rush and worry of this season, entertaining your friends would be extra work and trouble? But we have planned a party that is simply arranged, yet will be delightful to your guests and add more laurels to the busy housewife's accomplishments.

The menu is planned so that everything may be prepared the morning of the party, allowing the rest of the day for other home duties.

The evening may be passed sitting around and talking leisurely, or patterned around the fun we have planned for you. If, as so many do, you have the usual guests who are all known to one another, ten cent gifts might be presented to each one. Tell each a different name of one who will be at the gathering, and have them select a ten cent gift suggesting something amusing done

during the year, or have a slam bag with a gift denoting an irritating quality or a flattering article telling what you like most about the person.

One room might be made in readiness for cards, another for dancing, and another with a ping pong set-up, as one of these are certain to delight your guests.

MENU

Stuffed Tomato Salad	Cheese Straws
Pickles	June Sandwiches
Frozen Pineapple and Strawberry Whip	Coffee
Tea Cakes	

STUFFED TOMATO SALAD

Use one tomato to a portion. Wash, dry, and cut out a slice of tomato at the top. Remove the pulp, and place in refrigerator for an hour to freeze before filling. Mix two cans of chicken with mayonnaise, and about a cup of chopped celery. Cut the tomato slightly at sides, so it will open and resemble a flower. Fill with chicken mixture, and garnish the top with sliced olive, or thin strips of pimento and green pepper. Place on lettuce leaves with a rosette of mayonnaise at one corner, and a few cheese straws at another.

PICKLES AND OLIVES

Get the Sweet Gherkin Pickles, and if the salad is garnished with Stuffed Olives use the pitted ones.

JUNE SANDWICHES

Cut bread in triangle, round and long shapes, using some white and some whole wheat bread. Some may be left open faced, and some closed. Spread with this June sandwich mixture. Cream about a quarter of a cup of butter thoroughly, add to this enough cream cheese and mayonnaise to spread the mixture easily, and put in this chopped green pepper, chopped radishes, pecan or walnut meats, and very finely cut pieces of dates. Another spread is Roquefort cheese softened with butter combined with finely chopped tongue or salami meat. This is attractive on whole wheat open faced sandwiches with a garnish of caviar circle in center, or a curled slice of thinly cut pimento or pepper.

FROZEN PINEAPPLE AND STRAWBERRY WHIP

2½ pounds of marshmallows
5 cups walnut meats, coarsely chopped
2½ cups strawberries, cut

(Continued on page 71)

Major, Sharp and Minor, popular air trio all dressed up to take a trip and ready for the party which we tell you about here





Streamlines for Summer

Summer clothes call for that perfect figure,
and Philadelphia Jack O'Brien puts a trio through their paces

ARE your hips too large, your stomach too prominent, your thighs too fat, or have you any defect that keeps your figure from being the perfect model?

Exercise and diet can cure this in a short period, depending on amount of overweight, and the type of flesh of the individual. Those of you that have a flabby fatness will lose more quickly, and those that are firm and hard it will take longer to lose their obese. To get the full benefit of exercising you must diet at the same time or only half the weight will be lost.

Does it amaze those of you who are underweight to be told that exercise will put poundage on for you, along with eating starchy foods, vegetables, fruits, and sugars?

Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, who has taken care of the avoirdupois trouble of radio and screen stars, as well as of hundreds of others, has told us some of his exercises to gain the figure you have so much wanted.

The diet of overweight is not at all difficult to abide by, consisting of a fruit or fruit juice without sugar, coffee or

tea, with milk or lemon, and one piece of whole wheat toast in the morning. The luncheon may include a non-fattening fruit or vegetable salad, and one slice of whole wheat bread, and even a cup of broth with onions, parsley, and celery cooked in it. The dinner may consist of a cup of broth if none has been taken at noon, meat, vegetables having a low caloric value, one slice of whole wheat bread, a fruit dessert without sugar, and tea or coffee with lemon or milk. These menus certainly offer enough foods, and yet if no starches or sugars are taken a good deal of your corpulency may be gotten rid of in a short time.

DRILLS FOR OVERWEIGHT

The best time to exercise is in the morning about fifteen to twenty-five minutes. Take a shower after you have finished because then the pores have been opened and the perspiration flows more freely. Remember that no exercise does you any good unless you inhale fresh air as you do your workout. (Continued on page 75)

WHEN THEY FACE the

What happens when Radio artists make their first appearances

WHAT happens when your favorite air hero or heroine deserts the ether for the boards, the rostrum or any old vaudeville stage? Are they nonchalant or do they quake with fear at the thought of facing an audience no longer invisible? This thought (the second this month and surely indicative of something) occurred to me the other day as I was peeling potatoes. Surely someone must know the answer to this perplexing question I said to myself. Some bright soul must have an answer for me, so I finished my potatoes (not small potatoes either), hung up my apron and was off.

The first person I ran into was Eddie Paul, who by a curious turn of fate remembered that I owed him \$10. Dragging me into a nearby alley by main force he searched me. I knew he wouldn't find anything but as he searched an idea came to me. Here was the musical director of New York's Paramount theatres. Here was a man who might know the answer. Did he? He did indeed.

"For example," he said, "When Guy Lombardo played the Paramount for the first time he wasn't exactly nervous. True he dropped his fiddle when four of us had to push him onto the stage. He couldn't remember his first speech and he had trouble in saying 'Ladies and Gentlemen' but I wouldn't say he was nervous."

I figured that the air was getting him so I inveigled him into taking me up to his office, loaning me a cigar and another \$10. There he unburdened himself of the following. (We're both leav-

ing town tonight, so don't try to find us. And I mean it.)

Bing Crosby has never done badly on the stage. Backed by a checkered career he has variously hidden behind scenery and Paul Whiteman. He charms and amuses when he's down in one but he can't get off stage. Yessir he has tried a dozen exits. He has used his little tricks like picking up his trousers like a skirt—posturing crazily, etc., but they all seem to leave him stranded especially following passionate love songs. Someone suggested a hook—executives of higher and lower grades have offered various other schemes and the midnight oil sales have gone up but Crosby still can't go out!

Walter Winchell signed up for a week with Benjamin Bernie, a friend. Naturally you wouldn't expect the hero of many a small keyhole to be nervous. No? He was so scared that he had to sit down all of the time he was a-stage! *He couldn't take it standing up!*

While we're on the subject of nervousness let's cock a listening ear toward the redoubtable Paul who sees to it that people are accompanied, taught the art of the baton (Crosby, Columbo and Vallee, et al), and in general lives up to his degree of Doctor of Music. He advances the theory that *most* stars are nervous *every* time they go a-stage. But more important, he says this same nervousness improves their work; that they actually work better under a high tension. Interesting and quite plausible, eh?

Jane Froman is like that. She finds the switch from radio to the stage a

By BILL VALLEE

● Amos (Freeman Gosden) 'n' Andy (Charles Correll) as they really look before they put on makeup for personal appearances



CROWDS

Are their brows wrinkled!

thoroughly disconcerting one. She trembles and in general exhibits the teeth chattering symptoms that most people do. But just to prove that Doctor Paul is right she admits that her performance benefits from the sweating that she undergoes.

Another of the nervous type is Roy Atwell. Atwell, the twister-up-of-words, is (by vote) the most nervous man to ever tremble on the Paramount boards. Does it affect his singing? No one knows nor cares, because Atwell relies only on his ability to turn words inside out. But it did do one thing to him—he got half of his words *right!* He afterwards confessed that he felt a perfect flop, but applause from the front indicated something else.

Amos and Andy are no exceptions to the rule of stage fright. When they hit the stage they demanded and got a protective scrim. "Scrim" in the language of the stage has nothing to do with a five letter word meaning "exit quickly," but is a sort of cheese cloth that softens the stage but prevents the players from seeing the audience. This was exactly what A. & A. wanted. They were terribly afraid. Funny isn't it how two such familiars to the American home the breadth and width of the land become so frightened of the small cross-section sitting out in front?

● Guy Lombardo is used to crowds, but he's had many a worried moment



● Jane Froman's so pretty she has no reason to fear the spotlights or large audiences

Not because she's really dumb. She's not, this Gracie Allen. She too is one of the sufferers of the above mentioned complaint. When she gets the jitters from the sight of 3000 supposedly unarmed people, she forgets lines right and left. Husband George Burns writes their stuff anyway so it's only a question of stalling with several new ones until Gracie regains her poise (or is it pose?)

Paul Ash is no newcomer to the stage. His arrival in New York had been preceded by noisy months of fan-fares of trumpets. Chicago was literally at his feet in humble supplication. Paul Ash Clubs kept little (Continued on page 62)

RADIO MIRROR IS GROWING BY LEAPS AND BOUNDS!

How do you like the new size? And the new departments? We bow to the requests of thousands of our readers on the Pacific Coast and give them four pages of news and gossip from the western studios. And to the fans in Chicago we introduce with this issue a department devoted exclusively to the broadcasters of the big mid-western metropolis. Have we left out anything?

It is only through your letters that we can learn what you want in this your own RADIO MIRROR, the magazine devoted to your broadcast interests. So keep writing! AND GET PAID FOR IT!

We still want to know WHAT YOU THINK OF YOUR RADIO PROGRAMS AND ALSO WHAT YOU THINK OF RADIO MIRROR!

Are you becoming bored with air entertainment? Or does it still thrill you as it did when you bought your first set? Have the programs improved? What do you like? And what could you do without in the way of broadcast material?

Write us and tell us what you think! Don't flatter us! Constructive criticism is more valuable than pleasant flattery! Because we're printing RADIO MIRROR for you and we want to keep you satisfied!

Letters should be addressed to CRITICISM EDITOR, RADIO MIRROR, 1926 Broadway, New York City, not later than May 22 and letters must contain not more than 150 words. THE BEST LETTER WILL RECEIVE TWENTY DOLLARS. THE NEXT BEST TEN DOLLARS AND THE NEXT FIVE WILL EARN ONE DOLLAR EACH!

Here are this month's winning letters:

\$20.00 PRIZE

What a marvel of this scientific age radio is! For where or what can you have for so little cost and trouble that will give so much enjoyment? During the past few depressing years radio has not only been a source of enjoyment to countless thousands, but has in many cases been a source of inspiration to carry on. For there are programs for all ages, tastes and occasions and so many who have idle hours now have turned to it as a source of education for one can learn much by listening to the news broadcasts and other excellent speakers, not only about world affairs, but the correct pronunciation of words, etc.

But, like all good things, radio has its faults also. I am very fond of the comedians, especially Eddie Cantor, but why do the networks have so many comedians on Sunday evenings? I would rather have them distributed throughout the week when we could give them undivided attention and really enjoy them all. Also, I wish some of the excellent speakers on world affairs would broadcast at an earlier hour, especially the late news flashes.

Give me a good radio and RADIO MIRROR by my side, and I am content.

So you can count on me as a life long friend of RADIO MIRROR.

ELSIE S. MEYERS,
Helmetta, N. J.

\$10.00 PRIZE

I think, and am sure that many others will agree with this opinion, that the words "News Flash", should be reserved absolutely for news broadcasts. There are a number of programs which use sentences of this sort, if not the

actual words, as is sometimes the case, which lead the listeners to await with bated breath the story of some accident or emergency—only to hear some advertisement.

I think, further, if you please, that some specified signal—probably the using of the words "News Flash" and the sounding of some gong which would soon grow familiar to all should be agreed on and used—used as sparingly and as truthfully in meaning as the SOS signal of true distress at sea.

When a matter of national interest, an emergency, is to be brought to the radio listeners, may the great systems help to render a greater service to the people by keeping the air-news channels free from programs which falsely scare people by their "Wolf—Wolf!"

Until there are no FAKE "news flashes", I am
BOB WARD,
Rock Hill, S. C.

\$1.00 PRIZE

I picked up my first copy of the RADIO MIRROR last week. In it were facts I had often wondered about and never could verify. Facts about stars and radio broadcasting itself. It was a real bible, with no high-toned price and fit for any radio listener.

The majority of programs on the air today strive for variety, trying to present music, drama, comedy, and what have you, all in a short half hour or so. If each program was devoted to a special style of entertainment it would be possible for a listener to hear what he desired without combining it with things he has no eagerness to hear. Thus there would be such a variety on, each a separate style, such that the listener, if he desired, a good comedy could turn the dial of his set and secure a comedy. That is he would get what he wanted and that alone.

Wishing to read future copies of the RADIO MIRROR.
GUS NERONE,
Bristol, R. I.

\$1.00 PRIZE

Since so much care is taken in preparing a program, why not take some care in preparing and presenting the advertising in an interesting manner? The advertising is an important part of every program, and with a little extra effort, can be made as interesting as, or even a part of, the program.

The advertising can be woven into a program in a humorous, musical, or other interesting manner. Two splendid examples of humor putting over the advertising are the Chevrolet Program and the Pabst Blue Ribbon Program. The advertising on the Old Gold Program is presented with a beautiful musical background. Several other programs use short dramatic sketches to present the advertising. There is no reason why all programs could not present their advertising in a more interesting manner.

RADIO MIRROR leaves nothing to be desired in a radio magazine. It is the perfect radio guide!

ALEXANDER IVANCICH,
Eureka, Calif.

\$1.00 PRIZE

As I am an invalid and a complete recluse, radio is my "other world", more real to me than is the actual world to "Those who run". Though it is five years since the advent of this miracle into my room, its shining magic is still a marvel which is "new every morning and fresh every evening" to me.

Banalities do exist in radio; I am sometimes mildly annoyed by those little electrically transcribed advertisements; and too much studio applause seems to strike a jarring note at times. But the annoyances are of too minor a nature, it seems to me, for the general effectiveness and beauty to be marred by them. Though I feel that I do have discriminating taste in radio art, I always try to condone what is poor by remembering that the programs are prepared with care and precision—and a desire to please. So I listen with an endless gratitude which precludes much criticism.

RADIO MIRROR is delightful. I read every word of it and find it refreshing and illuminating; it is a most excellent supplement to the gifts of the loud-speaker.

MRS. HARRY TALBOT,
Somerset, Kentucky.

\$1.00 PRIZE

I am a resident of a small suburban village and, as I stay at home many nights, I have become an ardent radio fan. Although I am very fastidious in my musical tastes, I can find little to criticize in the programs offered by the various broadcasting systems. The most talented and popular contemporary musicians, at one time or another, perform over the ether lanes. When I listen to the criticism of radio programs by many friend listeners—to their perpetual complaints about the commercialization of radio—I am bewildered. How could these national hookups offer such lavish programs if they were not sponsored commercially? It is really too small a price to pay for such wonderful entertainment. I am reminded of Will Rogers' eloquent remark—"If my listeners are too lazy to turn a dial, then let them suffer".

Recently a friend showed me, for the first time, a copy of RADIO MIRROR and I was greatly impressed by its contents. I read it through several times and I am truly grateful to the RADIO MIRROR for introducing me to my favorites who formerly were only enchanting voices but now have become vivid personalities. Now that I know them better I like them even more. Thanks.

G. IRVIN CALLAHAN,
Catonsville, Maryland.

\$1.00 PRIZE

My criticism of radio as many another's, is broadcasting and announcing. This broadcasting business is a very serious proposition. I think the best way to illustrate this is the Jack Benny program with which Alois Havrilla does the broadcasting and announcing. Jack Benny acts as if he considers Havrilla a pest and when Alois wants to announce something Jack lets him go ahead and do it as if it couldn't be helped. In my opinion this is a very clever way of broadcasting and announcing and I wish this would be taken up in earnest instead of the way they broadcast now. People get so bored that if they happen to be thirsty they go for a drink of water, knowing they're not missing anything.

I have no criticism to make of your magazine. I think it's swell.

BETTY MULHOLLAND, Los Angeles, Calif.



The Three Radio Rogues,
Jimmy Hollywood, Ed
Bartell and Henry Taylor

WE are twelve girls who belong to a Rudy Vallee Club. We loved that cover of our dear Rudy and hope you will have something more about him in the near future. But we want you to settle an argument. Was Fay Webb his first wife?—The Admiring Dozen, Detroit.

No, that was Vallee's second marriage. His first, before he became famous, ended in divorce.

I think Wayne King's music is simply grand. Will you advise me if he is married?—Marguerite H., Dallas.

Yes. His wife is Dorothy Janis, the movie actress.

Where can I write Jack Benny? Please give me his home address because I don't want the studio—Grace C., Helena, Mont.

Sorry, but we can't print home addresses. Your letter will reach him at the NBC studios in Rockefeller Center, New York. Go ahead and try.

Why is Bing Crosby going off the air? Monday night won't be the same without him. Can't they persuade him to continue his broadcasting? Where can we reach him in California?—Florence and Edna, Binghamton, N. Y.

Bing thinks he's been broadcasting long enough and wants a rest from radio. Don't you think he's earned it? He expects to be away from the mike for six months, maybe longer. Address him at Paramount Studios, Hollywood.

How many children have George Olsen and Ethel Shutta? Did Walter O'Keefe ever go to Ohio State University?—Thomas G., Roanoke.

The Olsens have two sons. No, Walter attended Notre Dame.

Did James Melton ever go to Hollywood after it was announced he would be in pictures? How can I get a photograph of him?—Norma B., The Bronx, New York.

No, he didn't. He went out on tour with Jeritza. But he did make some movie shorts in the east. Write him at the National Broadcasting Company, New York City. Note the nice portrait we have of James in this issue.

Who is your favorite announcer? What's happened to Norman Brokenshire?—Henry M., Newark, N. J.

Puh-lease! Do you want the whole crowd on our poor necks? Ours is to answer questions, not to pick the winners on this page. Norman Brokenshire is announcing on the west coast.

Marion S., Spokane—That's idle gossip and I wouldn't pay any attention to it if I were you.

What is Rubinoff's home town and does

he really talk on Eddie Cantor's program?—Martin E., Wilmington.

Rubinoff's parents live in Pittsburgh. No, he has a voice double. But he certainly can play that violin, can't he?

Is it true that Lanny Ross was an athlete at Yale and was he on the football team? If so, when?—Ben R., Philadelphia.

He was on the Yale track team, holding the 300 yard indoor championship in 1928-29.

To write Guy Lombardo or the boys in his band where should the letter be addressed?—Helen A., Minneapolis.

To Columbia Broadcasting Company, 485 Madison Ave., New York.

Can you tell me the real name of the Voice of Experience?—W. W., Barabok, Wisc.

William Sayle Taylor.

What is the stringed instrument with the peculiar twang which is used on the Three Keys program and also by Jack and Loretta Clemens?—Ray, Opolo, Pa.

The guitar.

We have had a dispute about Alice Faye's age? How old is she?—Katherine and Thelma V., Charleston, S. C.

Miss Faye gives her age as twenty.

How old is Bing Crosby and where was he born?—H. J., Utica.

He'll be thirty on May 2. In Tacoma, Washington.

I am an ardent admirer of Dave Rubinoff. Tell me where to write him?—Elsie C., Houston, Texas.

At the NBC Studios, Rockefeller Center, New York.

Alice G., Washington, D. C.—
Sorry but we can't find out those home addresses you ask for. Come again.

Billy D., Spokane; Janice M., Buffalo; Grace F., Duluth; Marion N., Baltimore—Yes, Frank Parker is still a bachelor. Are you happy?

Radio Mirror lovers, R.F.D. 2, Richmond—
Thanks for the posies. Glad you liked it. We'll try to comply with all your requests.

I am very fond of Frank Parker and I'd like to meet him some day. Do you think there is a chance? Is he married? Does he like fan mail? Where can I write to him?—Virginia S., Lewistown, Mo.

You, too, Virginia? He's single, he's handsome, he's clever and of course he likes fan mail. What radio artist doesn't? If you want to meet him so badly, I certainly hope you will. Write him at the NBC studios, Rockefeller Center, New York.

George H. McC.—Write Eddie Duchin at the Central Park Casino, New York or the NBC Studios, New York City and he may be able to comply with your request.

Are Gene and Glenn on any evening programs now? When will they return?—Ellen L., Watertown, N. Y.

They're back now, since April 2, each Monday, Tuesday,

Thursday and Friday evening at 7:15 P.M. on the NBC chain.

Who is the best orchestra leader, Whiteman, Lopez, Bernie, Lombardo or Fred Waring?—Louis T., Rochester.

You tell us. Each to his choice say we. It's a matter of individual opinion and if you don't mind we'll keep ours to ourselves at this writing. But they're all good, aren't they?

Who takes the important parts in the Buck Rogers broadcasts?—S. H., Ritz Apts., Watertown, S. D.

Curtis Arnall plays the role of Buck and Adele Ronson acts as his assistant.

Has Kate Smith ever been married? Will you tell us if she played on the stage for George White?—Thelma R., Evanston, Ill.

No, Kate has never been married. Yes, she was a featured singing comedienne in "Flying High".

Who takes the part of Mary Lou in "Show-boat"? Some-

times it is given as Muriel Wilson and sometimes as Rosaline Green.—Esther T. L., Williamstown, Vt.

Miss Wilson was formerly the singing Mary Lou. Now it's sung by Lois Bennet. Miss Green takes the speaking parts of the character.

Where can I reach the following orchestra leaders: Glen Gray, Fred Waring, Ben Bernie, Guy Lombardo, Ted Fiorita, Eddie Duchin, Isham Jones, Ozzie Nelson?—R. S., Revere, Mass.

Glen Gray, Essex House, New York; Fred Waring, Columbia Broadcasting Co., New York; Ben Bernie, National Broadcasting Co., New York; Guy Lombardo, CBS, New York; Ted Fiorita, Columbia Broadcasting Co., Los Angeles; Eddie Duchin, National Broadcasting Co., New York; Isham Jones, CBS, New York; Ozzie Nelson, NBC, New York.

To decide an argument which is Amos and which is Andy?—Georgia F., Boston.

Amos is Freeman Gosden and Andy is Charles Correll.

Did Ozzie Nelson really go to Rutgers or does he just use the song?—Bertha D., Marion, Ohio.

Yes, Ozzie is an ex-Rutgers man.

Where will a letter reach Rudy Vallee? Now please don't tell me the broadcast studio.—Marguerite Y., Tulsa, Okla.

Address him at his office, 111 West Fifty-seventh Street, New York City.

On what regular program can Tamara, the Russian singer be heard?—William A., Roanoke, Va.

On Manhattan Merry-Go-Round over the WEAf chain Sunday nights at nine o'clock.

Where is Phil Harris appearing with his orchestra now?—James K., Wilmington, Del.

At the Palais Royal, New York.

Is Isham Jones married and has he any children?—Dorothy E., Philadelphia.

Yes, there's a Mrs. Jones. They have one child.

By THE ORACLE who knows nearly all, and what he doesn't know he'll find out for you



Does Walter Winchell do his own broadcasting or does someone else read his material?—Jonathan S., Birmingham, Ala.
If you know Mr. Winchell, you'd never mistake that voice. Yes, he broadcasts.

Who is the man who broadcasts as The Wife Saver on WJZ Monday mornings?—Frances V., Providence, R. I.
Alan Prescott.

Who is the regular conductor on the Capitol Theater Sunday morning programs? Evan M., Louisville.
Waldo Mayo.

Will you tell me the names of the cast on the little Orphan Annie program I hear over the NBC. Mrs. K. J., Paterson, N. J.

Shirley Bell, Allan Baruck, Henrietta Tedro and Harry Cansdale.

Who is the banjo player I've heard a number of times with Rudy Vallee's orchestra?—R. R. S., Atlanta.
Eddie Peabody.

Where does Henry Busse broadcast from with his orchestra?—William Q., Toledo.
From the Chicago Studios of Columbia Broadcasting Co.

Is Nick Lucas on the air again and on what program does he appear?—Henry P., Newark, N. J.

Yes with Freddie Rich's orchestra on the CBS chain Wednesday nights.

Who is the man whose talks are heard with Will Osborne on the Friday morning programs?—David H., St. George, S. I.
Pedro de Cordoba, a well-known stage star.

Who announces the Contented program on Mondays?—Harold V., Duluth.
Jean Paul King.

Are George Burns and Gracie Allen really married?—Katherine L., Hartford, Conn.
Yes, they're Mr. and Mrs. Birnbaum in private life.

Could you please give me the name of the advertising agency which has the Palmolive program?—Frederick F., New York.
Benton & Bowles, 444 Madison Avenue, New York City.

Where's Morton Downey, why don't we ever hear him any more?—Mary A., Baltimore.
He's been out on a personal appearance tour for several months. But he'll be back on the air.

What nationality is Ruth Etting? Where was she born?—Jimmy T., Albany.
She's American, of a family that has lived in the middle west for several generations. In David City, Neb.

WHAT DO YOU

All you want to know about your favorite artists and your pet programs will be answered here. Only don't get too personal!



The Jazz King Wears a New Crown

(Continued from page 23)

"Mississippi Suite", his "Metropolis" and "Grand Canyon"; Dana Suesse's "Jazz Concerto"; Johnny Green's "Night Club"; Deems Taylor's "Circus Days", was born in Denver as the "Gay Nineties" were ushered in. He had a musical heritage from a talented Dad, who supervised the music of the Colorado city's school for a half century. But, Paul, a cuckoo kid, a trifle sluggnutty from the touch of genius, took to driving a taxicab. It was more fun than violin practice, and probably more remunerative.

But the Muse, disguised as the proprietor of 'Frisco's "Old Faithful Inn", beckoned, and Paul quit monkeying with meters to get that extra, larcenous jit to play viola in the 112-piece band. A feller called Art Hickman told him about a thing called jazz. Then the war came, and Paul joined the Navy. But he didn't see the world.

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT, then Assistant-Secretary of the Navy, couldn't see the logic in offering the pre-Hitler Teutons a target as prominent as Paul was in those days, so they gave him an Admiral's suit, or something like it, and a forty-piece Navy orchestra. It was the Whiteman music that piped our tars over the side with a hey-nony-nony and a hot-cha-cha for the Heinies.

A lot of Paul's gob musickers wished to Davey Jones that they'd been assigned to nice, easy jobs on submarines in the war-zone, for the way this genial giant kept them plugging at practice left a lot of ladies lonesome. You see, Whiteman saw a chance to experiment with his new theory of symphonic rhythm. It was tough at first, but once they became imbued with the leader's enthusiasm, those forty horn-tooters and what not were transformed into classical jazz maniacs.

After the Armistice Paul had a little spell of sickness that tore 150 pounds of robustness from his Gargantuan frame. He went West to recuperate, and carrying on the work begun for Uncle Sam, he organized an orchestra in Santa Barbara. Somehow the Coast has always been a stride ahead in recognizing musical talent, and soon Whiteman was down in Los Angeles, as Hollywood is called, playing to the stars that thronged the old Alexandria.

Ah, those were the happy days! Poor Charlie Chaplin, poor Roscoe Arbuckle, poor Douglas Fairbanks, poor Wally Reid, who couldn't see clearly into the future, praise be, haunted the hotel where Whiteman's music echoed, and not infrequently "Fatty" would take a turn at the drums, "Wally" would toot a sax, and "Charlie" would relieve Paul as conductor. Then, like as not, they'd all adjourn to Arbuckle's "Sunset Inn" and choose up sides for a football game played with a watermelon.

In those days Paul was a Good-Time-Charlie. If Garbo had been around, it would have been her slipper from which he would have sipped his

champagne, for it would have held more than the ones that were pressed into service then. It was here-today-gone-tomorrow with Paul, his wine and his women. So when an offer came from Atlantic City he forsook the Wild West for the Effete East.

At the Atlantic City Ambassador, not even the auctioneers had heard of Whiteman, and at his Grand Opening, four couples turned out, and they probably were guests of the management. They stayed until the end, though, Paul remembers, and the next night returned with a score of friends. The old word-of-mouth did the business, and at the end of the week you'd have to call up George for reservations.

It was then that the "His Master's Voice" man, attending one of these here conventions, made Paul promise to come-up-and-see-me-sometime at the Victor Talking Machine Company's place in Camden. But, shucks, Paul was too busy getting a load of sun-tan, or something, and teachin' the wimmin the swimmin' by the sad sea waves, to bother much about it. He started four times and got side-tracked en route. But finally he made the grade, and . . .

"Whispering," Paul's first recording, sold two million—count 'em—two million platters!

New York was the next step. And Paul took it in his stride. These were the days of Thompson, Salvin and Boag, the triumvirate who ruled New York night-life through possession of a chain of clubs and cabarets. It was the day of Gilda Gray—and Paul Whiteman. Paul stepped into the Palais Royale and chipped off three Gs a week for himself swinging his little ebony stick while Gotham danced, and cover charges clinked merrily into the Broadway coffers. Paul has been away since then, but he became a New Yorker at the Palais Royale, and he'll always come back.

THESE were the days, too, when an engagement at the Palace Theatre was akin to a peep at Paradise, and we don't mean NTG's jernt. Naturally, Paul wanted it, and he didn't hesitate to accept the Albee offer of \$900 for a week's speculative engagement. He stayed five weeks, and within a month returned for four more—but this time at a \$2,000 increase in salary. Whiteman and Jazz were in the bag.

But Paul stepped out of the club and vaude class when he shocked the town by giving a concert in the conservative, high-hat hall called after the Scotch bobbins-boy, Carnegie, another guy who knew a good thing when he saw it. It was all white tie and decollette, and all the furs and jewels of the Four Hundred out of hock for the occasion. And it went over like a Babe batted ball. That night Whiteman became international.

He went to London and played for crowned heads—and no cracks about that crowned stuff. When that well-

known American, Edward, Prince of Wales, came over for the grouse, or whatever it was, offered at Mr. MacKay's Long Island estate, every band in the land, offered its music free, gratis and for nothing. To have the Pragger-Wagger, himself, trip a light fantastic to your music was good advertising. But it was Paul who got the job, and \$6,000 for the night's fun.

Just a few highlights in the Whiteman career.

As for radio, his was the first orchestra to broadcast, and when he put "The Rhapsody" over WJZ, the morning mail brought 4700 letters of appreciation. One of his most memorable broadcasts was the three-loop affair in which he and Bebe Daniels collaborated, with Bebe on the Coast and Paul and his bandsmen in Chicago. He and the boys listened with ear-phones for they had to play one-eighth of a second ahead of the beat to make the synchronization with California. Another of his experiences was the loss of pages from his script in the middle of a three looper—New York, Chicago, Hollywood—which was costing \$40,000! But he got through all right.

NO one realizes better than Whiteman that hummable tunes are bigger money-makers than classical compositions. But he knows, too, that if America is to make definite musical progress, young composers of serious music must be encouraged. With this in mind, Paul is intent upon founding a Whiteman Scholarship which will cost him \$30,000. It is to be an annual award, something like the Pulitzer Prizes, and it will be for the year's outstanding achievement in music by any American citizen under the age of twenty-five.

The award will be made by a committee consisting of such judges as Deems Taylor and Franko Goldman. Stokowski was invited to participate but couldn't. The award will be a year's musical education for the winner. Compositions should be from seven to twelve minutes in duration. It isn't necessary for contestants to orchestrate them. The prize composition will be presented by Paul and his orchestra, which is a pretty good way to launch a youngster on the road to success. Whiteman wants America, and Americans, to have the best. This is his generous way of trying to secure it.

With all his activities Paul has found time to write the first book on Jazz, which has gone through edition after edition since its initial publication, and he found time, too, to star in a motion picture, among the first of its sort, which is titled, "The King of Jazz". I say "is" rather than "was", because even at this late date, Universal has seen fit to reissue the film. It's that good. And in addition, he has found time for romance.

It isn't easy to get a movie star to quit a career. Especially when she has

"This simple Method gave her A SECOND HONEYMOON"

such a fan following as that enjoyed by the Titian-tressed beauty, Margaret Livingston. You have to go out and kill dragons or something, like the Prince in the fairy-tale. But Whiteman wooed with an ardor that wouldn't be ignored, and finally Margaret whispered a "yes"—but with reservations. She made a condition that seemed impossible of fulfillment, particularly for a feller who likes his crepe suzettes, not to mention fried chicken and waffles, Chateaubriand steaks, and similar delicacies conducive to *avoirdufois*.

Paul had had a lot of fun putting on poundage. But when Margaret said, no diet, no wedding bells, he forsook the flesh-pots, and the ale-stoops, too, with the result that after a battle with that too solid flesh he emerged trim and youthful, minus 150 pounds, but with all best features retained. And now he and Margaret are happy as can be in that Central Park South apartment, so rich, so mellow in its antiques, so luxurious in its appointments, so exquisite in decoration, and yet, so comfortable, home-like, simple, unpretentious.

And that, my hearties, brings us back to where we started.

"Let's go to the Biltmore, I suggested, knowing that Paul had just signed another contract there—they just won't let him go.

"What? to hear that fat fiddler?" said the Visiting Yokel.

Then I backed him up against the bar and told him the story. And we went to the Biltmore. And just for a touch of local color, we sat at a table with Jack Dempsey, Hannah Williams, George Raft, Billie Dove, Norma Talmadge, George Jessel, Bert Lytell, Grace Menken, Louella Parsons and a host more folk whose names mean something in the headlines of the day. They'd all gathered to hear Paul play. There are similar gatherings every night. But of all the celebrities crowding the spacious floor and sitting, entranced at the tables under the soft lights, only one is a true Immortal. And that one is Paul Whiteman.

On the Pacific Air Waves

(Continued from page 41)

protest. So you can see that western fans take the Coronets series pretty seriously.

Kay now keeps two or three radio serials running, and is out at Culver City putting the finishing touches to a couple of scenarios. Yes. She has finally broken into the talkies but says she will never desert radio. In between times she has found time to write a book on the Coronets series which was published a few months ago.

Kay has been too busy to think of marriage. But of course she will some time. Nowadays she lives in the hills of Hollywood, just a few blocks from the boulevard, yet far enough away for plenty of inspiration. She has a dog, a cat and a bevy of goldfish for pets. Although she has a housekeeper,



From an interview with Dr. Paula Karniol-Schubert, leading gynecologist of Vienna

"She was a wreck when she came into my office! Pale. Nervous. Tearful. The perfect example of what mere fear can do!

"Sound advice on marriage hygiene was all she needed. That was all I gave her. In two words. 'Use "Lysol".'

"She took my advice and in two months she came to see me again. Completely changed. Her old buoyancy and youth had returned. She was gay, confident. In love with life.

In love with her husband. And radiant with the beauty I thought she'd lost! This simple method gave her a second honeymoon.

"I have tested "Lysol" for many years. I know the certainty of its germ-destroying power even in the presence of organic matter."

(Signed) DR. PAULA KARNIOL-SCHUBERT

What Dr. Paula Karniol-Schubert advises for her patients, distinguished physicians everywhere advise.

"Lysol" kills germs. It's safe. For 40 years it has had full acceptance of the medical profession throughout the world. No other antiseptic is so generally recommended for home use.



FACTS MARRIED WOMEN SHOULD KNOW

Mail coupon for a free copy of "Marriage Hygiene." Check other booklets if desired. "Preparation for Motherhood." "Keeping a Healthy Home."
LEHN & FINK, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J., Dept. L. 00
Sole Distributors of "Lysol" disinfectant.

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"HALL OF FAME" on the air every Sunday night, 10:30 E.D.S.T., WEA and N.B.C. coast-to-coast hook-up



Just spread on ZIP Depilatory Cream, and rinse off. It instantly removes every vestige of hair; eliminates all fear of stimulated growths. It is as delightful as your choicest cold cream, and by far the most popular depilatory cream today. Get your tube and you will marvel at this white, perfumed cream. Twice the size . . . half the price.

TO DESTROY HAIR PERMANENTLY

ZIP IT'S OFF because IT'S OUT
EPILATOR

The only Epilator available for actually destroying hair growths. Pleasant to use. Simple. Quick. ZIP leaves no trace of hair above the skin . . . no prickly stubble later on . . . no dark shadow under the skin. Ideal for face, as well as arms, legs and body. Special ZIP Kit now \$1.00.

Treatment or FREE Demonstration at

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ZIP Spray Deodorant

The quickest, easiest way to apply liquid deodorant. New formula in a beautiful atomizer bottle. Checks perspiration . . . 50c

ZIP Cream Deodorant

This delightful cream acts immediately. Large containers, 35c-50c

she is domestic enough to want to bake cakes and pies . . . when she has time and nothing else to do. Which, of course, is almost never . . . well, hardly ever.

* * *

The "Prince of Pep." That's the way Charlie Wellman was billed in vaudeville years ago, and in radio twelve years back. And so it is today though his hair is getting a bit thinner and a little greyer.

The University of Chicago opened its yawning doors to the youthful boy sometime between the Spanish-American and the World War. But, though he has no quarrel with higher education, the life of a hooper appealed more strongly to the future songster.

So vaudeville claimed his attention and finally radio when public broadcast first came into being. By this time he was back in Chicago again.

But the lights of Los Angeles called and the "Prince of Pep" hustled aboard

a Pullman and stormed the citadel of The City of Our Lady, Queen of the Angels. KHJ was the first station to claim his allegiance and later he became manager of a couple of more stations.

Still, through it all, he much preferred the part of an entertainer. The past year or so he has been a regular daily feature of KFI-KECA as master of ceremonies for his own show and, of course, he still sings and gets as many encores as ever.

The "Prince of Pep" thinks that maybe after all he should have kept on through college, though he has made good in his chosen profession. So Charlie Jr. will study for the legal profession. Now in junior college, his career has been provided for right through the university and then to a four-year law curricula. It is all provided for financially even though something should happen to the father. That's the kind of a pal he is.

Tamara's Russian Love

(Continued from page 15)

During her cafe engagement, Tamara met Martin Tafel again, the young man who had won her heart while she was adjusting herself to her new life in America. Tamara met a young man who was most attractive. In the years that Tamara had struggled for a place in the line of stars, Martin had been building up an educational background for himself. He was now a Rutgers graduate. He looked at Tamara with a new light, and found her beautiful and vivacious. Tamara had never forgotten Marty and this meeting brought her the realization of a love which she found to be even greater now than it was back in that little Russian colony not so long ago.

And so they were reunited.

Then came her first engagement in a musical comedy. The audiences liked her charm and were thrilled with her voice. Then came parts in "Crazy Quilt", "Free For All", "The New Yorkers", and "Americana" with Phil Baker, and now star of "Roberta", the Shuberts' current musical comedy success. Her plaintive voice reaches out to all parts of the country on her Sunday night broadcasts. She has a soulfulness, tenderness, and sadness which has captivated the public.

Now, Tamara did not want her romance to interfere with her career and so she hid her great love from the eyes of the world. It is this secret that has thrown a mysterious cloak around Tamara's personal life. However, I believe it is this hidden love that has brought out that something which has made her the star that she is today.

Why do some people feel that marriage interferes with a career? For the past few years this fact has been disputed. Many stars have only reached great success after marriage. If you have something to offer the public, nothing can stop you from being recog-

nized. Down through the ages, LOVE has always been a stepping-stone to SUCCESS.

Tamara is not the ordinary type of Russian. Russian women are generally large in stature, and they usually have an abundance of energy which they necessarily need to take care of their exuberance of emotions.

Tamara is the unusual type. She is fragile, and almost china-like in her appearance. Her skin is olive and her eyes are dark brown fringed with long lashes. They are wide apart, giving her an almost oriental look. Her outward appearance is calm but no one knows of the tumult going on within her breast as she stands before the microphone or the footlights. But anyone who has seen or heard Tamara cannot forget her eyes or her voice. Her eyes are dark pools in which you can read of her past struggles, and the gleam in them tells you of her determination to reach even further goals than she has achieved thus far, and she says, "I have not come anywhere near reaching the height of my ambition." Her voice has a rich full quality and she sings with her whole heart and soul without seeming to make any effort.

HER wardrobe is most unusual. Her clothes are especially made for her by Mme. Tafel, who runs an exclusive dressmaking establishment which caters extensively to brides. Tamara prefers black, although she wears white, and red and gold predominates her evening clothes.

Tamara loves to read. In her little apartment not far from Central Park, one finds on the shelves in her living room many books. And they look as though they have really been read. Many of the books bear the titles of great Russian writers of today and yesterday. Her favorite authors are Proust and Knut Hamsun.

Ripley Says It's So

(Continued from page 33)

lowers his hands with the palms down, he wants the musicians to play more softly. And so on.

"The one law that the radio world knows is that regardless of what happens in the studio, the radio program must go on. That fact is responsible for a number of strange Believe-It-Or-Nots in radio.

"During a fire at NBC one summer, while the firemen chased through every room, the broadcasters ran right through their regular program.

"Listen to this. Some years ago Billy Jones and Ernie Hare were singing when the S. S. Robert E. Lee sent out an SOS. When they were cut off the air they were singing 'Waiting for the Robert E. Lee'.

"You see, it was the custom in the early days of radio to stop the program every thirty minutes to listen for a possible SOS or distress signal.

"That reminds me of a rather ludicrous story. An opera singer who made her debut in the early days of radio finished her number with a series of high, blood-curdling shrieks. As her number ended, the announcer said, 'We will now stand by to listen for distress signals!' That opera singer could never be convinced that it was all a matter of custom and that the announcer had not meant to insult her."

That's what Ripley's broadcasts are based on—the strange, the incredible, the unbelievable.

HE has been called a liar more times than any other human being on earth. That includes even the Baron Munchausen. And when people call him a liar he is delighted. It means that he has succeeded in presenting some truth so fantastic that those who hear about it do not believe it. When he told the world that Lindbergh was the sixty-seventh man to make a non-stop flight over the Atlantic Ocean, three thousand people wrote in to tell him that Ananias had nothing on him. He has told radio listeners in that Washington was not the first president of this country, that a day is forty-eight hours long, not twenty-four, that there is a flower which eats mice and fish which climb trees, that Methuselah died before his father and that Buffalo Bill never shot a buffalo in his life.

Ripley began his career of gathering Believe-It-Or-Nots by accident when he was a sports cartoonist on the old New York Globe. One day he was unable to think of a single idea for a cartoon. He sharpened his pencil a dozen times, paced up and down in front of his desk, and still no ideas came. The deadline was approaching.

He had to do something to fill space! Suddenly he thought of something. Why couldn't he write about some of the curious champs who were so proud of their strange records? For instance, there was J. M. Barnett of Australia who had jumped rope 11,810 times in four hours, the man who had hopped 100 yards in eleven seconds, the man

THEY'LL NEVER CALL ME
SKINNY ANY MORE

**QUICK,
NEW WAY**

to get **LOVELY
CURVES FAST**

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

YOU don't any longer have to be "skinny" and ashamed of your figure, unable to attract and keep friends. Thousands can tell you this new easy treatment has given them solid pounds, enticing curves—in just a few weeks!

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

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

Concentrated 7 times

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

But that is not all! This super-rich yeast is then *ironized* with 3 special kinds of iron which strengthen the blood, add abounding pep.

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast, watch flat chest develop, skinny limbs round out attractively, new health come, skin clear to beauty—you're an entirely new person.

Results guaranteed

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

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health *right away*, we make this **FREE** offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body", by an authority. Remember, results guaranteed with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Dept. 226, Atlanta, Ga.



HEIGHT
5 FT. 5 IN
WEIGHT
130 LBS.

BUST
35 IN.

WAIST
27 IN.

HIPS
38 IN.

THIGH
23 IN.

CALF
14 IN.

Posed by professional model

10 lbs. in 1 Month

"I was rundown, skinny as a rail just a few weeks ago when I started Ironized Yeast. In about a month I gained 10 lbs. and look wonderful."—Mrs. G. R. Nyquist, Harvey, N. Dak.

READ FREE OFFER BELOW



LOVELY EYES

How to have them

—eyes no man can forget

GIVE yourself unforgettably charming eyes in 40 seconds! All by a magic touch of the eyelashes with Winx, the super-mascara. Remember, your eyes are your fortune—don't neglect them.

You'll never realize the power of beautiful eyes until you try Winx—the perfected formula of mascara in either cake or liquid form. Your eyes—framed with Winx lashes—will have new mystery, new charm.

So safe—smudge-proof, non-smarting, tear-proof—Winx is refined to the last degree. Yet so quick to apply—a morning application lasts until bed-time.

Millions of women prefer Winx to ordinary mascara. New friends are adopting Winx every day. Without delay, you, too, should learn the easy art of having lustrous Winx lashes. Just go to any toilet counter and buy Winx in either cake or liquid. Full directions in each package.

To introduce Winx to new friends, note our trial offer below. Note, too, our Free Booklet offer, "Lovely Eyes—How to Have Them". It not only tells of the care of lashes, but also what to do for eyebrows, how to use the proper eye-shadow, how to treat "crow's feet" and wrinkles, etc., etc.



FREE Merely send

Coupon for "Lovely Eyes—How to Have Them".

Mail to ROSS Co., 243 W. 17th St., N. Y. City R.M.-6

Name.....

Street.....

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

If you also want a month's trial package of Winx Mascara, enclose 10c, checking whether you wish

Cake or Liquid Black or Brown.

who had walked backward across the continent looking into a mirror all the time. "Chumps and Champs" he called them, but the title didn't satisfy his editor, so he changed it to "Believe It Or Not." The cartoons caught on. The editor liked it; readers liked it. Soon Ripley was doing a group of these cartoons every week; then twice a week and finally every day. He found it wasn't necessary to limit himself to strange things in the world of sports; people were interested in odd curiosities of every kind.

A few years ago he wrote a Believe-It-Or-Not article for Collier's. John B. Kennedy asked him to speak on Collier's hour. Believe it or not, he was scared stiff.

"I groped my way into the studio," he told me. "At first I couldn't even

find the microphone. I hunted for it desperately. Then I began my spiel. At the beginning it didn't go off so well. I was nervous and panicky. But gradually things went better. Toward the end of the broadcast I thought of something I had figured out. It was the story of the marching Chinese. If all the Chinese in the world were to march four abreast past a given point, they would never finish passing though they marched forever and forever. I proved how that was true according to army regulations. That clinched the broadcast.

"As a result, I got a year's contract to appear over the air. I have appeared on various programs since, but it was only recently that I hit upon the device of dramatizing the incredible things I have discovered."

When They Face the Crowds

(Continued from page 53)

girls off the streets and heart specialists in funds. But the above trouble followed him out of the wings and shook his hands so that for several minutes he couldn't read a telegram. Thus the great Ash!

Many odd things happen to stage folk that don't happen to radio folk. Radio folk find this out when they become stage folk. Stage folk who have been radio folk for a long time find it out all over again when they return to become stage folk again. Bert Lahr, one of the latter, verbally fencing with Harry Richman forgets his lines and "gong gongs" until Harry whispers a cue. Johnny Green won't step on a stage until a carnation is firmly affixed to the Green buttonhole. Lack of a flower once held up a show until one could be borrowed from a man cleaning out the furnace.

Rudy Vallée has little fear of the stage and really for peculiarities. Waiting in the wings he reads. Generally it's something like Pitkin's "Psychology of Achievement." Quite an abrupt change, that from Pitkin to "Goopy Gear" on stage.

The four Mills brothers came to the stage as kids and left as men. But even as kids they showed no fear. They weren't egotists but they were natural born entertainers and they became so absorbed in their work that they forgot audience, fright and everything but giving the world the songs that had been through the Mills.

The Pickens Sisters, of whom Paul says, "Their absolute intonation is one of the most remarkable things I've ever heard," had none of their present *savoir faire*, two years ago. Trailing onto the stage that first show they excited laughter from the front rows. Afterwards they realized that it was their clothes and the evening performance brought nothing but the applause which they deserved. Today they're the Pickens Sisters and some pickin's I'll say!

Lou Holtz felt that the audience would miss a lot of his gags. That they

did, has nothing to do with his recently-started Blue Goose campaign. James Melton, freed from the inexorable stop watch of radio, celebrates by changing songs several times during the week. Buddy Rogers would do everything but fall down a set of folding stairs. He was afraid it would injure his voice. George Olsen considers a chance to lead the pit band as the next best thing to a kiss from Wife Ethel Shutta. Dick Himber and Nat Brusiloff were getting some place as fiddlers in the Paramount pit band until they got fired for wisecracking. Now look at them. Jesse Crawford spent a week directing the band in a so-called "phantom concert." The band, playing radium-dipped instruments on a darkened stage, were led by Crawford waving a three foot baton. The change from the comfortable seat of the Wur-litzer left M. Crawford a physical wreck. His doctor of all things suggested a radium treatment!

FRED ALLEN didn't expect his audience to get his gags at all as they are of a very subtle order. When they got them and loved them he became so flustered that he forgot his next lines and rattled off several impromptu ones while Milton Berle sat in the audience. George Price just gets rattled once in a while for no special reason at all. He forgot to imitate Cantor and Jessel while in the midst of one of these spells a while ago and when Price forgets his imitations you may be sure that it has something to do with the Price of cheese in Denmark. Emery Deutsch planned on wearing a white pongee suit when he first came to the Paramount. When he donned the suit it was transparent and as he laid his claim to fame on his musical ability he wore silk pajamas under it. Sounds like an easy "to bed"!

So the transition from studio to stage. Thus its people. Human, nervous and nuts. Ah, such is life . . . indeed life is a sorry affair at best. Let us pray for these poor people, all slaving their lives away . . . at \$500 per!

Chicago Breezes

(Continued from page 47)

man named Arthur Gwilliam, do you?" he asked.

"Not Captain Arthur Gwilliam?" queried the ancient mariner.

"I don't know whether he was a captain. I've knever seen him. He was my mother's older brother. He ran away to sea when he was 15. The family never heard from him again but we understood he was killed in the war . . . this Captain Gwilliam, what kind of a chap was he?"

"He was one of the hardest toughest chief gunners I ever served under" replied the old timer.

"That's either my uncle or his double" said Tremayne. "All I know about him is that he was hard boiled."

The missing uncle, now Captain Gwilliam of the merchant marine, will soon receive a letter from Tremayne who plans to locate him through the marine officers at Hull, England.

* * *

BUS DRIVER'S BONER

Up at WTMJ's studios in Milwaukee an amusing one happened the other day. A bus driver pulled up before the studios. On both sides were hung banners "Heinie and His Grenadiers." The bus driver got out and looked around . . . not a grenadier in sight. He fidgeted around and finally went up to the studios. Nobody there but an announcer who knew nothing about Heinie and his crew needing a bus.

Finally the announcer got tired of being bothered and decided to get rid of the bus driver. He tried to tell the man to leave but he wouldn't go. Finally he said: "Are you sure your contract calls for you to pick up Heinie and His Grenadiers today?"

"Absolutely" replied the bus driver. "look here . . . here it is. Look, it says 'Heinie and His Grenadiers, pickup and take to Madison and return June 4' . . . "Oh, migod, I'm a month too early!"

* * *

PRIVATE STUDIO

Eddie and Fannie Cavanaugh have a whole studio of their own. It's the glass enclosed one in the basement level of the Chicago Theater. And from there they broadcast their daily radio gossip and often present important guest stars from among the entertainers visiting Chicago. On the walls of their studio are pictures autographed to them from many of those who have appeared with them . . . Irene Rich, Guy Lombardo, Bing Crosby, De Wolf Hopper, Mr. and Mrs. Wayne King, Chic Sale, Myrt and Marge.

* * *

WAYNE KING'S LOST PIPE

And that reminds us that Wayne King is still trying to find that lost pipe. Wayne doesn't spend much time hanging around town. He does his job and leaves for that swell home of his up in Highland Park . . . or if weather

S A V A G E

excitement for lovely lips



TANGERINE
FLAME
NATURAL
BLUSH

Excitingly, savagely, compellingly lovely . . . this freshly different lipstick whose alluring shades and seductive smoothness bring to lips the sublime madness of a moon-kissed South Sea night! Yes, Savage does exactly that, for it colors the lips without coating them with charm-destroying paste. Apply like ordinary lipstick . . . rub it in . . . nothing will remain on your lips but ravishing, transparent color . . . color that clings . . . savagely!

**LARGE
SIZE
SAVAGE**
in exquisite silver
case, may be ob-
tained at the more
exclusive toilet
goods counters.

\$2



Select Your Color by Test

You can't possibly obtain your most suitable shade of lip color without actual trial on your own skin. Savage invites you to test all five shades on your wrist . . . at the Savage Shade Selector displayed wherever this thrilling new lip color is sold. Savage, Chicago.

20¢ AT ALL LEADING 10¢ STORES



"BLONDE HAIR MADE LIGHTER AND LOVELIER"

Says Mrs. J. W. T.

"I WAS so discouraged by my muddy-looking hair. It added years to my appearance. Then a friend told me about BLONDEX. The very first time I shampooed with BLONDEX my hair actually showed new life and color, looked shades lighter and brighter!" Use BLONDEX is good advice for blondes whose hair is darkening, losing its golden charm. BLONDEX, the fine rich-lathering powder shampoo (not a dye), helps bring back the youthful gleam of radiant gold, alluring softness and sheen to dull, faded, stringy light hair. Try it today. BLONDEX comes in two sizes—the economical \$1.00 and inexpensive 25c package. At any good drug or department store. NEW: Have you tried *Blondex Wave-Set?* Doesn't darken light hair—only 35c.



IMPORTED 15¢
To introduce our blue-white rainbow flash stones, we will send a 1 Kt. IMPORTED Simulated Diamond, mounted in nice ring as illustrated, for this ad. and 15c expense. Address National Jewelry Co., Dept. T, Wheeling, W. Va. (2 for 25c.)

BLEACH OUT FRECKLES BLEMISHES



It is so easy now to have a lovely skin of satin-like texture; to have smooth, white, flawless new beauty. Just begin tonight with famous Nadinola

Bleaching Cream; it never fails; no massaging, no rubbing. The minute you smooth it on, Nadinola begins to whiten, smooth and clear your skin. Tan and freckles; muddy, sallow color vanish quickly. Soon your skin is all you long for—creamy-white, satin-smooth. No long waiting; no disappointments. Money back guarantee in every package. Get a large box of Nadinola at toilet counters or by mail postpaid, only 50c. NADINOLA, Box R-14, Paris, Tenn. Generous 10c sizes Nadinola Beauty aids at many 5c and 10c stores.

Nadinola Bleaching Cream

is good he may get his airplane and fly up to his Wisconsin farm with mama and the child. Wayne's hobby is collecting pipes. He doesn't smoke much but when he does it's a pipe. And when he wants to make a present to some good friend he usually gives him a pipe. But one day he made the mistake of giving away the wrong pipe. It was one he cherished. Now he can't remember who he gave it to. Will recipient please return and take any other pipe he likes from the King collection?

* * *

ONE OF THE BEST

One of Chicago's best musicians is little Eddie South who is called "The dark angel of the violin." Don't know why Eddie hasn't gotten any farther . . . probably because, no matter what's inside, his outside is black. He plays the violin beautifully with the touch of a real artist . . . as you may know if you've heard him recently on WBBM along about dinner time. In Europe Eddie won great acclaim in music centers of the old world. But in Chicago, his home town, he's just another fiddler and a colored one at that . . . just one of life's little ironies.

* * *

PAGE GALE

Gale Page who sings at the Palmer House and is on that hotel's radio series over NBC with Ray Perkins, Harold Stokes' orchestra and various big name guest stars, pulled a wise crack in the studio the other night. As you probably know the program starts out with the hotel telephone switchboard girls and then the page boys yelling "Page Mr. Perkins." Just before the show Gale went over to Ray Perkins, who, by the way, is an officer in the reserve intelligence force.

"Say, Ray, did you know I am really the star of this program?" said Gale.

"You are?" wondered Ray. "Why, I thought I was."

"O, yeah? I get top billing don't I? Don't they call MY name before yours?"

"Aw, now you're kidding."
"I do too. Look. This is the way the program opens 'Page Mr. Perkins'. See? Page comes before Perkins!"

* * *

CHARACTERS JUST CHARACTERS

Have you ever noticed that even when Amos 'n' Andy are on tour and broadcast from some other city than Chicago no announcement to that effect is made on their program? For all we listeners know the boys may really be in New York or Chicago or Memphis or New Orleans or Detroit. But there's a real reason for that. The actual identities of Charles Correll, the deep voiced boy, and Freeman Gosden, the high voiced one, have long been submerged. Really, there aren't any such people as Correll and Gosden as far as the radio audience is concerned. They died long ago and became reborn as Amos 'n' Andy. The show is so built

as to submerge their real identities behind their radio personalities . . . which really is smart programming. You have never heard anything Amos 'n' Andy. It is simply Amos 'n' Andy." It isn't Correll and Gosden as Amos 'n' Andy. It is simply Amos 'n' Andy. There aren't any players doing some fictitious parts. The radio characters are the REAL thing.

Of course there's the other way of doing that job. Take for instance the way Captain Henry's Show Boat capitalized on the fact Lanny Ross was in Hollywood for so many months. But there the problem was different. And because Lanny was separated from his Show Boat lady love, Mary Lou (which is only part of the sketch and isn't a real life love at all), they managed to have the two pining for each other and singing and talking to each other of the happy days when they would again be together in the NBC New York studios.

Radio fans rarely see Amos 'n' Andy around Chicago. The boys have retiring natures. They live just north of Lincoln Park in the Belmont district on Sheridan Road. Their offices, which are really much nicer than most of our homes, are high up in the clouds in the upper reaches of the towering Palmolive Building. They broadcast from the NBC studios in the Merchandise Mart . . . when they are in Chicago. But you won't be able to find them. Neither their home nor their office telephone numbers are shown in the telephone directories. Nor is either address shown in the city directory. And you can't see them broadcast. For they use that little Studio F on the twentieth floor, the one fitted out just like a grand living room, from which they exclude even the NBC people.

NEVER have felt they were trying to high hat people. The main reason they don't let any one see them broadcast is that they are actually embarrassed, afraid they might get fussed and miss a line. And when you realize that the two boys alone take ALL those different parts you can easily see what a mixup might occur if one of them lost the place! In their office they are busy writing up the coming broadcasts. In their homes and away from the business of entertaining millions they want the chance of acting and living like normal human beings.

And you know as well as I do that if they were to be seen by the admiring millions right along they'd have as much privacy as a gold fish in a glass bowl. Some may say they are high hat and aloof. But I can't get mad at anybody for being busy and when not busy for wanting the chance to act like normal, regular honest-to-goodness human beings!

* * *

Virginia Clark plays the part of Helen Trent in the radio show of that name. She also reads the commercials on the National Tea programs—the commercials describing nice foods. You can imagine how she felt the morning after the night when ptomaine laid her low and she had to get up to the microphone and talk about delicious foods!

OLD TIMERS

Buried deep in the Myrt and Marge cast are some grand old timers. Take Vincent Coleman for instance. He plays the part of "Biddie," the Keystone style cop. He played stock company for ten years and played in that time practically every city in the United States and several in Canada. He played lead in fourteen different Broadway shows including "Self Defense", "Poor Little Rich Girl", "Keeping Up Appearances", and "Beau Brummel". For seven years he was in pictures and in those seven years . . . O, you old timers just listen to these movie names of bygone days . . . he played with . . .

- Corinne Griffith
- Madge Kennedy
- Doris Kenyon
- Mae Murray
- Constance Talmadge
- Constance Binney.

And then think of Eleanor Rella and Reg Knorr who have just celebrated their silver wedding anniversary . . . and that's something in this entertainment business! Eleanor is Billie De Vere, "de tough dame" in Myrt and Marge, and her husband is Sanfield Malone. Eleanor was practically born to the theater. Father was Joseph B. Clifton, writer and producer, and mother was Mae Treat, soubrette. We asked her where she had played on the stage . . . "every city and many hamlets many times in Canada, Mexico and the good old U.S.A." was her lusty reply. Knorr and she had their own vodvil team for twelve seasons . . . and he was once a juvenile in the good old Chicago movie studios S & A!

A Collision With The Town Crier

(Continued from page 17)

to the control man. He said he hadn't gotten the two-minute signal, and he didn't seem to be too pleased about it. The control man vowed he had given it. Woollcott vowed he hadn't seen it. The sudden appearance of the watch on the table was the first notion he had that time was passing, and it irked him to be taken short like that. It hurried him. But he had finished too soon anyway, hadn't he? That didn't matter. The principle of the thing mattered. He didn't want to be hurried. Next time, the control man must give the two-minute signal, not from the window, but from close by. On the table. Woollcott made it very clear. He must come up and lay two fingers down on the table, one for each minute. Like that. The control man said he would. Woollcott felt better after that.

He turned now and put on his hat first, then the knitted muffler, then his coat. I asked for another moment of his time. It was granted me. He doesn't permit interviews and he won't be directly quoted, but I might ask questions. I asked for a few special incidents from his rich experience. Woollcott looked pained again, as he had at the control man. He hadn't meant that

MAYBELLINE eye make-up lends glamor to "smart 25"



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MAYBELLINE eye make-up takes 10 years from "only 38"



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beautifies
EVERY TYPE

BEAUTIFUL eyes are your best asset at any age. Study the types shown above and see how each age is made charming by the addition of Maybelline Mascara to darken the lashes, Maybelline Eye Shadow to delicately shade the eyelids, and Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil to form graceful, expressive eyebrows. Then there is the delightful Maybelline Eyelash Grower, a pure, nourishing cream that will stimulate the natural growth of the lashes when applied nightly before retiring. Last, but not least, is the dainty, yet strongly constructed, Maybelline Eyebrow Brush for brushing and training the brows and lashes. Try these five famous eye beautifiers today and learn why over ten million women insist on genuine Maybelline eye beauty aids—for highest quality, purity, and harmless effectiveness. Purse sizes of all Maybelline eye cosmetics may be had at 10¢ each at all leading 10¢ stores.



MAYBELLINE eye make-up beautifies dignity of "queenly 50"



Black or Brown

The Approved Mascara

ALL LEADING 10¢ STORES HAVE 10¢ SIZES OF ALL MAYBELLINE PRODUCTS



Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil

smoothly forms the eyebrows into graceful, expressive lines, giving a perfect, natural effect. Of highest quality, it is entirely harmless, and is clean to use and to carry. Black and Brown.



Maybelline Eye Shadow

delicately shades the eyelids, adding depth, color and sparkle to the eyes. Smooth and creamy, absolutely pure. Blue, Brown, Blue-Grey, Violet, and Green.



Maybelline Eyebrow Brush

Regular use of this specially designed brush will train the brows to lie flat and smooth at all times. Extra long, dainty-grip handle, and sterilized bristles, kept clean in a cellophane wrapper.



Maybelline Eyelash Grower

pure and harmless, stimulates the natural growth of the eyelashes and eyebrows. Apply before retiring.



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An unsightly skin need not mar your happiness, for POSLAM is so concentrated it works wonders almost overnight. Thousands who thought their skin troubles hopeless are using this famous ointment with wonderful results.

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A convincing trial sent free. Write

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Now Her Hair Can GROW! GROW! GROW!



Frances Lonsdale has thick, wavy hair although at one time it was believed her hair roots were dead. She used Kotalko and now it can GROW! "New hair came almost immediately after I began using Kotalko, and kept on growing" writes Mr. H. A. Wild. "In a short time I had a splendid head of hair, which

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

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

FREE BOX Prove the efficacy of Kotalko, for men's, women's and children's hair. Use coupon-**Kotalko Co., C-67, Station O, New York**
Please send me Proof Box of KOTALKO

Name.....
Full Address.....

kind of question. He has written a lot and seen a lot and been around a lot. Also, much has been written about him, although he doesn't in the least remember what or where. No, he didn't mean that kind of question at all. So I asked about pet preferences, hobbies, and hates. The look of pain grew. He didn't mean that kind of question either. Questions like that savor of fan stuff and the movies. He doesn't like fan stuff. He doesn't think highly of it at all. People don't really like to read it. I thought they really did. But it didn't matter whether they do or not. Woollcott doesn't like it.

Then I asked a question that puzzles a great many people. It has to do with Mr. Woollcott's very versatile style. When you read his writings, in any of the smart magazines, you are struck by the sheer sophistication of the man. Sentimentality is jeered at, and most things of plain "average" mental complexion seem to get measured through the reverse end of the opera-glass. It is all very clever, of course, but it just isn't meat for the masses. You feel it isn't meant to be. Yet when you hear Woollcott talk on the radio, you are struck by his utter human warmth. The sheer sophistication seems tempered. Anybody at all can get a sentimental heart-throb from his enthusiastic approach to Christy albums, mission furniture, Victorian good cheer, and little old ladies who inspire serenades on the old guitar. The two attitudes vary greatly in key. Or do they? That was what I wanted to find out. Has Woollcott really two separate styles, one for the magazines and one for the radio, or does the cold printed word merely lack the warmth of the Woollcott voice? I asked him this. Woollcott said merely What. But what a what!

His eyes blazed behind their thick lenses. His muffler quivered with agitation. With great agility, he charged across the room and entrenched himself behind the announcer's desk, thus putting three feet of good, hard wood between us. He spoke. This, he said, amounted to asking him about his

working methods. He has written a lot and his work is well known. He will not be asked about his working methods. Furthermore, in all the thirty years of his own active journalistic experience, he never once asked a person about his working methods. There it was. In eight minutes, I had done what Alexander Woollcott hadn't tried in thirty years. The implication was something terrible.

I murmured that, just because his work is so well known and so much admired, people are interested in it; people would like to know How and Why and all about the oiling of the machinery. That brought him out from behind the announcer's desk. The wooden barrier was no longer needed between us. Woollcott spoke again. He said that was very nice, but he just couldn't discuss his working methods. Anyway, not casually. Moreover, everybody wants to know the same thing! That is very boring. Even a nit-wit would find it boring. Besides, it doesn't matter whether people want to know about his working methods or not, he just doesn't discuss them. And anyhow, how can anyone presume to say just *which* facts about Woollcott the public is going to want to read? But that isn't important either. One shouldn't worry about what the public is going to want to read. One should write only about what one likes. One should talk only about what one likes. That is what he himself does. He has written a lot and seen a lot and been around a lot. His work is well known. His material just drifts in. He speaks only to please himself. He cannot discuss his working methods. I had it all perfectly well in hand now, beyond a shadow of doubt. It was then ninety-three-six. Mr. Woollcott loomed toward the door. Just as he went out, he turned again and fixed me with another pleasant smile. All the pain had left his face. He was serenely Woollcott again. He said he sincerely likes to be properly co-operative about giving people the material they come to get. And, of course, he had been that.

I Speak for Myself

(Continued from page 19)

them. I didn't drink, or smoke, and I thought it would be agony to try to make conversation with them. Diplomacy was a word which meant nothing to me. I just didn't like them, so I kept strictly to myself. Finally, they decided to leave me alone, so I no longer had to make excuses to avoid seeing them.

Of course I grew so lonely that I would come home at night to the hotel room and cry my eyes out. I never had any trouble making friends before—but all the people I had known were plain, sincere and uncritical. I wrote mother very homesick letters, and she told me not to stick it out if it were too great an effort.

At one time, it was a great temptation to fold up and go home, but I was very anxious to show the producers of "Honeymoon Lane" that even though

I wasn't much to look at—I could put over my song.

Besides, I couldn't see myself returning home to all the friends I had so jubilantly left, and reporting, "I just couldn't get along with theatrical people."

Opening night was the high spot, the reward for all those grey weeks. I will never forget my excitement as I applied my make-up, lip-rouge and eye-shadow. The super thrill was that song of mine—and the applause afterwards. I was proud to be in the show, proud to be part of the excitement!

The first night pride gradually wore off, and I considered that the fact remained that I was fat and unglamorous, with only one song to sing, crowded in the background because I was not pretty and had no long eye lashes and attractive silhouette.

I think it was more stubbornness than joy that kept me on the stage for two years in "Honeymoon Lane". The production ran on and on successfully, and I, in my small "bit," shared none of the glory.

If I were always to be shoved into the background, I preferred to get out of the business forever. However, goodness knew what I would do when "Honeymoon Lane" closed. Go back home? It seemed dreadful to return home after sticking it out two years—and to return home without making even a small name for myself!

I wanted to be famous. I wanted to be proud of myself, and to make my friends proud of me.

So—when I got an unexpected offer to be co-starred in "Flying High" it took my breath away. However, this production brought me fame without dignity. For the comedian of the show would go out of his way to make impromptu jokes about my size and weight before the audience. The audience roared, and I had to take it with my chin up.

Still, it wasn't what I wanted! I wanted fame without what went along with it. Cheap jokes. Contact with people I hated. Lonely hotel rooms and noisy Broadway.

I figured that fate was against me. I wasn't a great dramatic actress. I wasn't glamorous or "cute." I just had a full contralto voice and a heart full of emotion which few people dreamed that I possessed.

THE zero hour of my whole life so far came while I was playing in "Flying High." After the matinee one Saturday, my mother called me from Washington.

"Your father is very very ill, Kathie," she said, "You'd better come right away."

I told her that I'd do my level best. He had been ill for a long time with diabetes, but I had a feeling that this time was the last call—so I rushed to the telephone and called the producer of the show, explaining my predicament.

"May I take a train right home to Washington," I begged, "And let the understudy do tonight's show?"

"Now wait a minute," he said, "Doctors always exaggerate and you're overly excited. You wait and take a train to Washington after the show, and you'll be there the first thing Sunday morning."

I was very tense, and I begged him to let me go, but he was firm. I must wait until after the show.

It was agony waiting in New York until the evening performance. After the show I rushed to the Pennsylvania Station with my make-up on, and counted the hours until I reached Washington.

I arrived there just two hours too late. My father died while I was on the way to see him, and one of the greatest regrets of my life is that he had no chance to watch my career, and to let me prove to him that I could make a name for myself.

I couldn't even stay for the funeral

GEORGE BURNS
and
GRACIE ALLEN

win a new listener
—and get a tip on
real radio enjoyment

1 AT REHEARSAL

OH GEORGE—GEORGE. THE STRANGEST THING HAPPENED TO ME JUST NOW.

SOMEBODY TOLD YOU HE ADMIRED YOUR BRAINS, I SUPPOSE.

2

OF COURSE NOT, SILLY. HE SAID HE COULDN'T HEAR ME ON THE RADIO, BECAUSE I WILTED SO.

YOU WILTED? NOW GRACIE, DON'T TELL ME HE THINKS YOU'RE A LITTLE VIOLET, YOU FADED, YOU MEAN.

3

FADED—WILTED... WILTED—FADED... WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE? I THINK THE MAN'S JUST CRAZY, ANYWAY.

FOR ONCE, GRACIE, YOU'RE RIGHT. HE'S CRAZY TO SAY THAT YOUR VOICE FADES. I'LL BET IT'S HIS RADIO TUBES.

4 NEXT REHEARSAL

OH GEORGE, I'M SO NERVOUS. I MAY WILT—FADE, I MEAN—THE WAY THE MAN SAID. OOOH, LOOK... HERE HE IS NOW.

PARDON ME, IS THIS THE BURNS AND ALLEN REHEARSAL? I WANT TO APOLOGIZE TO GRACIE FOR SAYING HER VOICE FADED.

5

IT WASN'T YOUR VOICE—IT WAS MY OLD TUBES. I JUST GOT A WHOLE NEW SET OF RCA MICRO-SENSITIVE RADIO TUBES. NOW I HEAR EVERYTHING.

OOH, GOODY—NOW IT WON'T SOUND AS IF I FILT—WADE, I MEAN.

FOR BETTER RADIO TONE—NEW TUBES BY RCA

NOW you can get more real pleasure out of radio! These new Micro-Sensitive RCA Radio Tubes bring 5 great improvements to your set. Replace worn tubes with these amazing new ones—only tubes guaranteed by RCA Radiotron Co., Inc. Have your dealer test your tubes today.



MICRO-SENSITIVE RADIO TUBES GIVE YOU 5 IMPROVEMENTS

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Thousands of Remarkable Cases

A Man, helpless, unable to stand or walk, yet was riding horseback and playing tennis within a year. An Old Lady of 72 years, suffered for many years, was helpless, found relief. A Little Child, paralyzed, was playing about the house in 3 weeks. A Rail Road man, dragged under a switch engine and his back broken, reports instant relief and ultimate cure. We have successfully treated over fifty-nine thousand cases in the past 30 years.



30 DAYS' TRIAL FREE

We will prove its value in your own case. The Philo Burt Appliance is light, cool, elastic, and easily adjusted—how different from the old torturing, plaster-cast, leather and celluloid jackets or steel braces.



Every sufferer with a weakened, injured, diseased or deformed spine owes it to himself to investigate. Doctors recommend it. Price within reach of all.

Send for Information
Describe your case so we can give you definite information at once.

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15 DRESS GOODS
BARGAIN! THIS MONTH \$1.29
SPECIAL OFFER 5 EXTRA *PSTG.

Ginghams, Percales, Prints, Voiles, Chambrays, Shirtings, Gapes, etc. New clean goods direct to you at a big saving. Latest assorted colors direct from mills. The very newest patterns for **SEND NO MONEY** dresses. Our finest quality. Pay Postman when delivered, 15 yards \$1.29, plus delivery charge. 20 yards only \$1.52, postage prepaid, if money to sent with order. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back.

2 BUNDLES \$2.49 + PSTG. 5 YARDS GIVEN

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Attention!

Well dressed women

THOUSANDS of well-dressed women today are designing and making their own clothes. It's modern—it's economical—it's the BEST way to get that "smart individuality" so much desired. They have **MORE CLOTHES**—in *lovelier materials*—and **SAVE** one-third to one-half their cost.

You, too, can dress this modern way. Easily, quickly, right at home. In spare time, the Woman's Institute will teach you all the professional secrets of designing and finishing.

Money-Making Opportunities in Dressmaking

The new fashions and increasing prices of ready-to-wear have created a big new demand for dressmakers. You can easily earn \$20 to \$40 a week at home or have a splendid income in a shop of your own.

To PROVE to you how easily you can learn, we will gladly send you a 48-page Dressmaking Lesson—**ABSOLUTELY FREE**. Actually **MAKE** something you need right now. **SEE FOR YOURSELF** how easy it is to make smart, lovely clothes.

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How to Make Smart Clothes for Myself
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 How to Make Chic, Becoming Hats
 How to Serve Delicious, Well-balanced Meals
 How to Run a Tea Room, Tourists' Home, etc.

Name.....
(Please specify whether Miss or Mrs.)

Address.....

for I had to return to New York to appear in "Flying High" on Monday.

At about this time I was enormously despondent. It did seem that my life on the stage crowded out all the worthwhile things of existing—I had even missed out on one of the greatest duties of a daughter—comforting my father when he needed me most.

Suddenly, in the midst of these dark days, the greatest break of my life occurred. At the moment it seemed insignificant. It was a letter addressed to me at the theater from an executive of Columbia Records informing me that he had seen "Flying High" and that he thought I had a great voice. Would I please drop by his office and have a talk with him? The signer was Ted Collins.

I stopped by his office as he had requested—and from the first moment I shook hands with him I felt better! He was forceful, and, as the saying goes, completely "on the level." Ted Col-

lins lifted me right out of depression. He told me that he thought I had been very badly mismanaged, and that nobody had bothered to bring my talent to the fore with the right tactics.

"I'm not beautiful—I haven't got 'it'—what's the use?" I asked simply.

"Now wait a minute," said Ted, taking a drag on one of his eternal cigarettes, "There's no doubt in my mind that you have a glorious—rare—voice. Sooner or later people are going to sit up and take notice. I think if you offered your voice directly to the public through radio you would be a great hit."

"Radio!" I exclaimed.

"Yes—do you want to follow my hunch?" Ted grinned.

I nodded. Furthermore, I put myself in his hands without contracts or other red tape. Two weeks later I was scheduled for my first broadcast.

(Kate Smith concludes her own story in the July RADIO MIRROR.)

Penner's Duck Rides to Fame

(Continued from page 13)

necessity. Even the memories of the occasions when he had essayed the character of a Hebrew, and had used Joe Miller's joke book for his gags, without dialect, with the inevitable audience reaction, had not dimmed Joe's request for those out front.

Vallee's assurance that there would be an audience—in the old Times Square studio of the NBC—reassured Penner, and Penner made his radio debut on July 13 (he has no superstitions) 1933.

I happened to be backstage that night—and was introduced to the duck salesman.

Joe regarded me strangely. When I told him it was my sincere belief that he would, within a year, reach the top of the radio wave of popularity, his expression did not change.

"You," he said—"I know you. You're the guy who gave me my first write-up—that is, my first favorable write-up, in Baltimore. Don't you remember?"

And then I did remember. Joe was the Joe Desmond, whom I had seen at the Gayety Theatre, where I had gone, in a weak moment, to see what reporters there had told me was the best burlesque show in town.

"Boy," said Joe, "did I buy a hundred papers on that day and send 'em to everybody I knew. I'm not superstitious mind you, but that was my first good break on the stage, and you were there. And now you're here on my first radio appearance."

And I wrote Joe up the next day, just as I had written him up in Baltimore. And my prediction about Joe's radio future, happily, turned out to be one of those instances in which I happened to be right—and prophetic. For Joe Penner is now at the top of his business, and doubtless will stay there, for he is the most unaffected of all the comics. He is unspoiled, and

even more boyish than his twenty-nine years of life warrant. His birthday, by the way, is on Armistice Day, November 11.

I don't know whether the radio audience realizes it or not, but it is a fact that Joe Penner is the only radio performer who sings only such songs as are written expressly for him. He never sings a Tin Pan Alley product. He has his own private song-writer, and this makes him a veritable radio pioneer. The lad who tosses off these unique ditties is Hal Raynor. And the lads who write his comedy lines and sketches are Billy K. Wells, the same fellow who writes the gags of Jack Pearl, and assisting Wells is a newcomer to the radio script business, Parke Levy.

BUT the lines, "Wanna buy a duck"? "Don't Ever Do That", "You Nasty Man", and "Oh, I Didn't Know That", are strictly the personal property of Penner. He doesn't know how they happened to pop into his head. So far as the non-salable duck is concerned, Joe imagines that he picked that creature as perhaps the most silly and useless to be mentioned in ordinary conversation. He is a bit sorry about it, too, for never a week passes without an increment of ducks, live, dead and stuffed, from admiring listeners. All sorts of presents reach him too, from duck farms, the owners of which credit him with stimulating the duck industry.

What does he do with the live ducks? I was curious about that myself. And it seems Joe has solved the problem nicely. To date he has been the recipient of at least 1200 ducks. All of them are doing nicely. Joe merely arranges with his household staff to have the duck shipments diverted. Each and every duck received is promptly de-toured to the New Jersey Farm of Joe's friend, the Broadway impresario, Nils T. Granlund, himself a radio pioneer,

Does This Picture Look Like a Woman of 60?

Edna Wallace Hopper, Who at Past Sixty Has the Skin of a Girl, Tells How She Does It. Coupon Brings Tube Free.



Edna Wallace Hopper

Look at my picture. Do I look like a woman past 60? People can't believe it, but I am. Boys scarcely above college age often try to flirt with me. I've been booked from one theatre to another as "The One Woman in the World Who Never Grew Old." At a grandmother's age I still enjoy the thrills of youth.

Now, let me tell you how I do it. Then accept, Free, as a gift, a trial tube of the method I use. Follow it and I promise if you're 50, you'll look 40. If you're 40, you'll look 30. If you're 30, you'll gain back the skin of eighteen. Women I've given it to call it a miracle—say it takes 10 years from the face in 10 minutes!

It is the discovery of a Famous French Scientist, who startled the cosmetic world by discovering that the Oils of Youth could be artificially re-supplied to the skin of fading women. He found that after 25 most women were deficient in certain youth oils. Oils that kept the skin free of age lines and wrinkles. And then, by a notable scientific discovery, he found a way to re-supply the skin daily with these oils.

This method puts those oils back in your skin every day. Without them you are old. With them you are young—alluring, charming.

All you do is spread it on your face like a cold cream. But, don't rub it off. Let it stay on. Then watch! Your skin will absorb every bit of it—literally drink in the youth oils it contains. It's one of the most amazing demonstrations in scientific youth restoration known. You look years younger the first treatment. Youth and allure come back. Look at me. At over 60—I am living proof.

The method is called Edna Wallace Hopper's Special Restorative Cream. You can get it at any drug or department store. Or mail coupon for free test tube.

Try it. It may give your life a new meaning.

MAIL FOR FREE TUBE

Edna Wallace Hopper RM-6
4316 North Kilpatrick Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please mail me, FREE, a trial tube of Edna Wallace Hopper's Restorative Cream

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will send back C. O. D. You pay postman \$3.00 plus a few cents postage. If you are not fully satisfied after a five-day trial, return the book and we will refund your money.

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New and Revolutionary Teaching Reveals Secret of Happiness and Financial Success



The story of a new and revolutionary teaching which reveals a strange inner power so dynamic and forceful that once contacted may bring man complete fulfillment of his visions of success and happiness, is told in a 5000-word lecture, "Key to Your Inner Power," recently compiled by Yogi Alpha, internationally known psychologist and philosopher.

He tells of his discovery that all the laws of the universe can be controlled because the laws themselves depend upon the great universal mind for their existence, that every mind is part of this universal mind, and if you learn to use this universal energy it can almost over-night

bring you everything you want without physical effort. He further proves that this power is not limited to a fortunate few, but is latent in every human being, regardless of training, education or environment. He convinces the reader that this secret key is so simple to understand and to apply that it is amazing that no one has found it before.

The author offers for a limited time to send this amazing lecture free of cost or obligation. It explains how you may receive this revolutionary teaching in your own home and reveals the astounding secret, which, mastered, can enable you within the next few months to increase your earning power, attract new friends and make your visions of achievement, health and happiness come true. Mail the coupon for free copy.

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Send me FREE copy of "Key to Your Inner Power."

Name

Address

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

the famous NTG, who yesteryear held forth at WHN, New York.

The dressed ducks are given to charitable institutions.

It should be noted perhaps, that on one occasion, Joe actually sold a duck. It was during the ill-fated carnival tour. Joe and his foreign-speaking straight man were hungry. A duck, won at a raffle, had escaped its owner, and was wandering in a duckish daze that amounted to asphasia, near one of the tents. Joe captured it, and sold it back to the concession holder, took the 75 cents it brought, and banqueted with his stooge.

A long observation of radio has failed to reveal any other comedian who has practically tied up the nation's processes of education. Juvenile and scholastic echoes of his favorite phrases, particularly "Izzat so?" and the duck question, are daily occurrences in the country's public school classrooms.

Recently in a Syracuse school, a teacher, expounding on the adventures of Christopher Columbus, narrated the incident about the pawning of Queen Isabella's jewels. An incredulous youngster in the rear of the room demanded:

"Izzat so?"

Before the teacher could reassure the child, a chorus bellowed up to her desk. It was the unified query, "Hey, teacher, wanna buy a duck?"

Simultaneously, another teacher was telling her class about the Boston Tea Party, and mentioned the King George of the Revolution.

A CHILDISH shout, a veritable mixed chorus beat into her ears. The girls and boys were calling the king a "Nasty Man."

Dutifully the teachers complained to the principal, who consulted other principals. They had the same story to tell of Pennerisms creeping into school. The upshot of it was that the school commissioners learned of the alarming state of affairs. Duck salesmanship, though of a futile nature, was classified as incongruous to education. Impertinent expressions of doubt from pupils on his historic matters seemed matters destined to impair speed in the dissemination of useful knowledge.

So the school board went into session and came out of it with an edict that children using the expressions of any radio comedians would be suspended from class in any of the Syracuse schools where Joe Penner happened to be a favorite of the young.

It didn't take long to discover that this included not only all the public schools, but private ones as well.

"Maybe you don't think that is complimentary," said Penner when he heard this. "But it is. I direct my programmes at kids. It keeps the broadcasts clean, and simple, and that, I think, is the ideal radio prescription."

Well, at any rate, it has been a profitable and a happy one for Mr. Joe Penner—who, by the way, doesn't like duck, and that is, maybe why he's always trying to get rid of his supply of the fowl.

Hot and Airy

(Continued from page 7)



SUMMER can play havoc with your complexion—if you aren't careful! Hot sun and dry winds rob the skin of its natural oils. Cause the texture to become coarse and rough.

Don't let this happen! **OUTDOOR GIRL** Face Powder will help your skin retain that supple softness and youthful cleanness which men find so alluring.

OUTDOOR GIRL is the *only* face powder made on a base of pure Olive Oil. It is light and fluffy, yet it spreads evenly and clings for hours. Keeps the skin smooth and firm.

In large economy-sizes at drug and department stores—50c and 25c. Mail the coupon for 5 of the famous **OUTDOOR GIRL** Beauty Products.

OUTDOOR GIRL OLIVE OIL FACE POWDER

CRYSTAL CORP., Willis Ave., N.Y.C., Dept. 124E
I enclose 10c. Please send me liberal trial packages of **OUTDOOR GIRL** Face Powder, Lip-and-Cheek Rouge, Cleansing Cream, Olive Oil Cream, and Perfume.

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Address _____
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LATEST BRASSIERE 2 to 3 inch compression at once. Gives a trim, youthful, new style figure. Send bust measure . . . \$2.25

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FLUFF-O MFG. CO. Dept. 1526-F ST. LOUIS, MO.

NO HOUSE-TO-HOUSE NO COSTLY MACHINE TO BUY EXPERIENCE UNNECESSARY

possible to the wings, where stands his faithful valet, Manual, with a bowl of water and brush. A quick douse, a few dabs and Rudy is facing his public with his hair again carefully plastered to his scalp.

* * *

THE MONITOR MAN SAYS—

Brown derbies will be worn this Fall. Edwin C. Hill, the Beau Brummel of broadcasters, is already wearing one . . . Marjorie Anderson, the society lass, got her job on the Beatrice Fairfax program by accident. She walked into a radio casting office thinking it was a registry for models. When the mike test revealed her voice was O.K. she forgot all about her ambition to become a model . . . Bing Crosby who is off the air until Fall and is resting up after a terrifically busy season doesn't have to worry about the advancing prices of groceries. He averaged \$10,000 weekly for several months and can afford a holiday . . . The first song Ray Perkins ever wrote, "Table For Two," earned for him just \$7.57 in royalties . . . Marion Parsonnet, producer of Columbia's "Big Show," at one time was a circus acrobat . . . The Mystery Chef has two Scotch terriers named Scotch and Soda . . . Howard Marsh says he has sung "The Road to Mandalay" so many times that he can now render it backwards . . . Guy Lombardo took down \$45,000 for the band's share in the Burns and Allen picture . . . Norman Brokenshire, one of radio's most colorful characters, is now announcing for a Pacific coast station . . . And Herluf Provensen, Herbert Hoover's favorite announcer when he was in the White House, is manager of the radio department of a Washington, D. C. advertising agency. More recently Provensen was managing a radio station in Erie, Pa.

* * *

It's getting so now they never think of casting a Broadway musical without combing over the talent in the studios. The new Weber and Fields show, "Music Hall Days," has a bunch of broadcasters. Among them are Tito Guizar, the Don Hall Trio, The Cavaliers Quartet, Aldo Ricci's Phantom Strings, Roxanne's Orchestra and Joey Nash.

* * *

Every time Jimmy Durante enters a night club, the band salutes him by striking up "Inka-Dinka-Doo," his unfinished symphony—by popular request. Which reminds Mercury of a new Durante quip. A cinema actor who went high-hat when elevated to stardom won further disfavor by becoming a tight wad. The rumor was that ice-water flowed in his veins. Somebody mentioned the man and Jimmy cracked, "Oh, I like that guy—he always has a WORM spot in his heart for everybody."

WHEN CROONERS WERE TROUBADOURS

While baritones are battling for supremacy on the air waves just now, crooning continues to hold its own. It's hard to locate a dance band on the kilocycles that hasn't one or two crooners. Carrying on in all their catarrhal glory, these boop-oop-oop-oop boys still thrill love-starved women with their tia-diada-das. Listeners have come to regard the Bing Crosbys and Rudy Vallees et al as creations of radio, but Frank Black, general musical director of NBC, points out they existed back in the 11th and 12th centuries. "Only then," Mr. Black explained to Mercury, "they didn't call them crooners. They were troubadours and they roamed the lands stirring the hearts of women, winning their favors with the aid of music, and being wine and feted by the nobility. He was a pretty bum troubadour who couldn't assemble a combination of June-moon rhymes, mix up a few heigh-hos and ogle the knight's wife while he expressed his passionate sentiments. For this he received titles and lands and plenty of shekels. And the present day sheiks of the studios still receive plenty of shekels." History, it would seem, does have a habit of repeating itself.

* * *

Since Uncle Sam recognized Soviet Russia, American popular music has become the rage there. Phonograph records are selling like wildfire and Mercury learns the biggest sales are for songs by Ruth Etting. She is the fair-haired child in the land of caviar and vodka.

* * *

If occasion demands, Clara, Lu 'n' Em could supply their own musical background. You'd really be surprised to know how clever these girls are. Clara (she's Louise Starkey away from the studio) sings; of course, not like Jessica Dragonette but after the same manner, using her larynx to project sound just the same as the Cities Service star does. Lu (she's Isabella Carothers) is good at imitating instruments, especially a trumpet without any key valves. And Em (that's Helen King) really can play the piano. The trio is eccentric off the air as well as on. For example Clara cherishes the gown she was married in but has twice loaned it out to other brides. She insists it insures a happy married life for she who wears it to the altar. Lu's passion is perfumery and country sauges, and her pet aversion, believe it or not, gushy women. Em has the distinction in being the champion key-loser of Chicago. She spends half her time in the hallway of her apartment waiting for the elevator boy to find the superintendent to unlock her door with a pass key, just because she never can find her own.

RADIO KIDS

Proud mammas leading firmly by the hands their young hopefuls lay siege to the studios and advertising agencies with unremitting vigilance. Still, the number of child actors on the air is strictly limited. The well-paid parts are all played by a group that you can count on the fingers of your two hands. No wonder so many aspirants for some of the favored kids, appearing on several different programs, earn as high as \$250 weekly. The usual fee is \$25 a broadcast. Juvenile stars like Nancy Kelly, of "The Wizard of Oz," and Shirley Bell, "Little Orphan Annie," get even more. Most of the children are graduates of Madge Tucker's "Lady Next Door" program on NBC, and Nila Mack's "Children's Theatre of the Air" on Columbia.

* * *

No sooner did Ben Bernie drop off the train in Hollywood to make a picture than he telegraphed Eastern friends about his discovery of the world's most moral lady. "When this gal dreams she's on an automobile ride," wired Bernie, "she walks in her sleep."

* * *

POSTSCRIPTS

It was bound to come. Now they are

naming babies after The Voice of Experience, using, of course, his real name, William Sayle Taylor . . . Lennie Hayton, conductor of the consolidated Ipana Troubadours—Fred Allen's program agrees that "faint heart ne'er won fair lady" but adds an observation of his own. "And fair ladies win millionaires with faint hearts," says Lennie . . . The feud between the Rhythm Girls and the DeMarcos over which sang first with Paul Whiteman has been settled by the maestro awarding that honor to the Rhythms . . . The DeMarco Girls, by the way, were heavily guarded at a recent broadcast because of a mysterious telephone warning of a plot to kidnap them . . . Vera Van celebrated her 21st birthday by signing a contract which assures her continuance on the air for two years . . . Add to perfectly useless inventions Fred Allen's streamline thumb cover for hitch-hikers . . . Ted Fiorito has written so many songs it is estimated it would take over four hours of continuous playing to reproduce them on one program . . . George M. Cohan, outstanding figure of the stage and studios, takes a daily constitutional by walking around the reservoir in Central Park . . . Pity poor Jack Whiting—he has never had his fill of roast beef . . . Mark Warnow wields as a baton the same yellow pencil so employed at his first commercial broadcast.

Our Going Out Party

(Continued from page 50)

8½ cups crushed pineapple.
2½ cups heavy cream.

Cut marshmallows in quarters, add pineapple and let stand for several hours. Have cream whipped stiff and divide into two parts, save half for garnishing top. In the other half fold the marshmallows and pineapple (drain off any excess liquid). Then fold in nuts, strawberries and about 1¼ teaspoons salt. Keep cold. Serve in sherbert glasses garnished with whipped cream, nuts, and a whole strawberry. This makes twenty-four servings.

TEA CAKES

The batter for a two-layer cake will make about forty-eight tea cakes. We have given you this in previous issues. Frost with chocolate, mocha and vanilla frosting. **CHOCOLATE:** cream two tablespoons of butter, add about one

cup of confectioner's sugar, two squares of bitter chocolate that has been melted, a teaspoon of vanilla, a pinch of salt and enough top of the milk to make the mixture cream well together. On these a piece of nut meat is attractive. **MOCHA:** cream two tablespoons of butter, add one cup of confectioner's sugar, two tablespoons cocoa, salt, a dash of cinnamon and three tablespoons of coffee, or more if you desire a real coffee taste. Use a little cream if necessary to mix and cream well. Put on cake with a teaspoon in circular motion making a little peak in center. **WHITE OR VANILLA:** beat up two egg whites until very stiff, add one tablespoon of water gradually, to this slowly add one cup of confectioner's sugar beating with egg beater continually until very stiff like a marshmallow icing. Add a teaspoon of vanilla and a little lemon juice for flavoring. Garnish with small pieces of cherries.

RADIO MADE A FAMILY MAN OF JOLSON

Did you know that Jolson has at last persuaded Ruby Keeler to give up her movie career for a home? The veteran trooper is settling down in the suburbs with his Ruby, and they're fitting a nursery on the second floor. Radio did this for the Jolsons.

Next month Herb Cruikshank brings you the how and the why of Jolson's domesticity in a brilliant, sparkling interview with Al telling all. Don't miss it!



EACH MORNING BILLY LEFT HOME WITH A CLEAN HANDKERCHIEF . . . BUT BY THE TIME THE TEACHER SAW IT, IT WAS INDESCRIBABLE



THEN ONE DAY THE TEACHER NOTICED THAT ALL THE CHILDREN NEXT TO BILLY HAD A COLD WHENEVER HE HAD ONE



ONE DAY THE TEACHER GAVE BILLY SOME



HE TOOK SOME HOME TO MOTHER THAT NIGHT AND SHE CAUGHT THE HINT



NOW BILLY CARRIES NO MORE REVOLTING HANDKERCHIEFS, AND THE CHILDREN AT SCHOOL ARE SAFE

Perhaps your child is offending with dirty handkerchiefs **Now 18c**
2 for 35c

KLEENEX
Disposable Tissues
ARE CLEAN . . . SANITAR'

Julia's Past Is In Her Voice

(Continued from page 11)

"Here is the SECRET"

says
Mary Brian



MOON GLOW NAIL POLISH *Beautifies Your Hands*

YOU will be delighted with the smartness of your hands when you beautify them with MOON GLOW Nail Polish. Keep on your shelf all of the six MOON GLOW shades—Natural, Medium, Rose, Platinum Pearl, Carmine and Coral.

If you paid \$1 you couldn't get finer nail polish than Hollywood's own MOON GLOW—the new favorite everywhere. Ask your 10c store for the 10c size or your drug store for the 25c size of MOON GLOW Nail Polish in all shades. If they cannot supply you, mail the coupon today.

Moon Glow Cosmetic Co., Ltd., Hollywood, Calif.
Gentlemen: Please send me introductory pkg. of Moon Glow. I enclose 10c (coin or stamps) for each shade checked. () Natural () Medium () Rose () Platinum Pearl () Carmine () Coral.

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GIVEN BAGUETTE WRIST WATCH

Yes, you can own this magnificent watch. Latest model—special adjusted movement—metal link band—exquisitely engraved case. A Reliable timekeeper! Simply take orders for 18 Boxes First Grade Candy and 18 merchandise articles. LADIES! GIRLS! It's easy! Rush name and address for new Give-away Premium Plan.
EMPIRE MDSE. CORP., 259 Canal St., Dept. 106, N. Y.



Lighten Your Hair Without Peroxide

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

Careful, fastidious women avoid the use of peroxide because peroxide makes hair brittle. Lechler's Instantaneous Hair Lightener is used as a wash, it cannot streak. Eliminates "straw" look. Beneficial to permanent waves and bleached hair. Lightens blonde hair grown dark. This is the only preparation that also lightens the scalp. No more dark roots. Used over 20 years by famous beauties, stage and screen stars and children. Harmless, Guaranteed. Mailed complete with brush for application.
FREE 21-page booklet "The Art of Lightening Hair Without Peroxide" Free with your first order.
ERWIN F. LECHLER, Hair Beauty Specialist
563 W. 181st St., New York, N. Y.

OILY SKIN?

Wash with KLEERPLEX!



Oily Skin may be a dangerous breeding ground for BLACKHEADS. DON'T SQUEEZE THEM! IT MAY CAUSE SCARS, INFECTION! Dissolve Blackheads, refine Large Pores, stop embarrassing Greasiness, "Shine," clear Muddy, Tanned Skin. Just wash with water and wonderful KLEERPLEX WASH! Has marvelous pore-purifying powers. Gets at the cause QUICKLY! SAFELY! LIGHTENS! BEAUTIFIES! Gives you that clean-cut attractive look. SEE QUICK IMPROVEMENT. No harmful chemicals. No staying home. A guaranteed, pure product, approved by thousands of happy users—both Men and Women. Stop wasting time and money on ordinary cosmetics—send only \$1 TODAY for this unusual skin purifier. MONEY BACK GUARANTEE!

KLEERPLEX (Dept. MD2)
1 W. 34th St., New York City, N. Y.
 Here is \$1. Please send me 2 mos. supply of KLEERPLEX WASH or
 I will pay postman plus 20c P. O. charge. Outside U. S. \$1.25—no CODs.
WRITE NAME—ADDRESS IN MARGIN

MAIL
COUPON
NOW

married. But that was not for long, and it was not poignant. I still have my father and mother. They live near me, and we often see each other. Death has come into the family but once. It took a little brother six years old. But since I was only eight at the time I did not fully realize our loss and, with a child's gay forgetfulness, the active memory of it soon passed. I did not even have the stern bringing up that some children, in certain localities do, for I was the core of my father's heart, and he thought whatever I did was very right. My mother had to give an imitation of stern family discipline, but I escaped even much of that. For I began earning my living when I was fourteen, and have continued to do so. Economic independence frees a child from harsh parental restraint, even though a parent were disposed to exercise it.

"I LOVED my parents, my friends, and my work. So, although the only child for all but six years, I was a very happy one.

"Then I had the great good fortune to be under Charles Frohman's direction. One used to hear on Broadway that to be in David Belasco's company was to be in the actors' heaven. It was just as true about Charles Frohman. He protected his stars from any disturbing incidents. I know he did for Maude Adams and Ethel Barrymore and Billie Burke. The rough places were smoothed for them. The story is told that when Mr. Frohman was drowned by the sinking of the Lusitania, and the stars, to some extent, assumed business responsibility Miss Adams looked rather helplessly at the young woman in her company, who showed signs of a truculent temper, and said: 'Too many things have been done for me.' I shared that kindly management for twelve years. I played 'The Sunshine Girl' at the Knickerbocker Theatre and Mr. Frohman said he wanted me to be a 'Sunshine Girl'. He wanted me to be happy, and to radiate happiness. I was happy, and I hope I made many happy. Not too much can be said of that lovely era in my life when I was surrounded by gentleness, and absolute consideration. Tenderness was in the atmosphere. It did much to retain in my voice that happy quality that my radio listeners say reacts in their moods. Mr. Frohman made me a star, and I continued to be one, still with the duty of playing gay roles, and trying to make others happy. That I seemed to absorb, under Mr. Frohman's direction, as a rule of my life.

"Then along came Frank Crumit. I had known his voice from his records and liked it. I thought it was very sweet. So when I heard he was to be my leading man I was glad." A softly reminiscent smile played across her features, as the sunbeam that glowed across the roofs in to her apartment at the St. Regis, where, she said, "We keep our clothes and occasionally our-

selves." "Frank had a good many other interests that prevented his taking the stage seriously. That engagement in 'Tangerine' was to him a sideline or a pot boiler. Therefore when the stage director's voice boomed, 'Mr. Crumit, you are playing with an established star. She is used to dominating a scene. In the love scenes you must not let her do that. You must dominate her,' I was glad. Frank began playing the love scenes earnestly, and with realism, and, in time, with enjoyment to both of us. He sat at the foot of a ladder, and strummed his ukelele, and sang 'Sweet Lady' to me as I sat on the top rung of the ladder. In a very short while, a week or two, I realized that the song had a personal meaning.

"This was after Charles Frohman's tragic death. I was under new management. I was missing the protective atmosphere, with which Charles Frohman surrounded his stars, and freed them from cares that he himself bore. I missed that cordon of tenderness. Certain differences, real enough to be annoying, crept into the season. Frank knew of the differences. He sympathized with me. Again the cordon of protective tenderness was about me.

"In two years we were married. We are genuinely happy. Frank is a darling.

"When friends of ours talk, and business acquaintances speculate about professional jealousy, we laugh. Daudet's 'Artists' Wives' the haunting story of the jealousy of two professional singers, who were married, and one of whom hired a claque to hiss the other, seems preposterous to us."

The tales of the jealousy that caused Julia Marlowe's first husband, Robert Taber, prompted by what he thought was the critics' favoritism to her, to break dishes on the breakfast table, Miss Sanderson is unable to believe.

SHE thinks that all that tenderness of her parents, even when her father, the actor, Albert Sackett, as a leading man was clasping lovely actresses to his manly bosom in plays, of a Philadelphia stock company, decided it was good business to let his fourteen year old Julia drop his name and use that of her mother, "Sanderson", made hers a happy voice. The traditional kindness of the Frohman management contributed. The big, gallant leading man, who rested his one hundred ninety pounds precariously on the lower rung of the ladder and sang "Sweet Lady" to her as though he meant it, which soon he did, was a strong contributing factor to keeping her heart, and her voice happy. There is the peace of the home, Long Meadow, in the suburb of the New England town in which she was born, the retired actor father, Albert Sackett, as a close neighbor; the town in which she grew up, which has always been home to her, and in which grizzled men and women proudly call her "Our Julia". All these contribute to the happy notes of her voice.

"I don't really mean to find fault

with my voice," said the pretty woman in the brown skirt and the gold lame jacket, that matched inspirationally, or was it studiously, the brown and gold of her hair. "I should be glad it is happy. I am. I only mean that I hear it so often I am tired of it. Besides hearing it at radio rehearsals and performances, I hear it in records, and now I shall hear it again this afternoon, in a rehearsal of a motion picture short.

"Besides, it is a voice that so far has refused to grow up. I feel that, vocally, I am a Peter Pan."

YET we agreed that it were a pity if a young voice showed age, a happy voice should grow sad. "I had a relative, a very distinguished member of my mother's family, who had eyes that were unforgettably sad. They grew sad through his thinking of the problems of mankind, and the sorrows of the world. You have read Edward Bellamy's 'Looking Backward?' He was a slender man of medium height. He wore a brown beard, cut in a half circle. I cannot forget the sadness of his eyes," she said.

Does Miss Sanderson believe that the experiences of a life echo in the voice?

"Indeed I do," replied Miss Sanderson. "One cannot always impersonate a happy heart. The note of reality is sure to be heard. I could not always laugh that foolish little laugh, that some of my correspondents say they like, if it did not bubble up from my heart."

She has but one intense liking that she does not gratify. That is for potatoes. Upon them she turns the visage of a rigid Puritan. Once she relaxed.

It was when Frank Crumit gave her a surprise party, in which every item on the menu was made of potatoes. Every civilized method of cooking the lowly tuber was represented on that menu.

She has but one fear. She is still nervous before the small disk of the microphone. Not the microphone itself, but the millions of listening ears it represents. The thought of an audience so vast, that all the theatres in New York could not hold it, awes her. It makes her palms exude cold perspiration.

The telephone tinkled. "I will be right down" came in the light, round, rich tones that millions enjoy. She adjusted, with one eye on the mirror, a little brown velvet hat with a slight front brim. In a second she had thrust her arms into its sleeves, and her slim body was enswathed in the handsomest sable coat I ever saw.

Frank Crumit waited for her in the studio where they would rehearse the short motion picture. Then shopping. Then the long drive through the clear February sunlight, with her big, happy husband at the wheel. At the other end of the journey the twelve room house, its three fireplaces ablaze, and Jocko screaming, and Lindy barking welcome. And five placid days at this home that, tired of travel, the pair of troupers named "Dunrovin."

Of course Julia Sanderson's voice is happy. Of course it is young.

And long it should be, both.

For, we agreed, as we clasped hands at the Fifth Avenue corner, the voice, excepting some serious physical handicap, represents the real person.

Life, for the Crumits is a continuous performance of happy days.



blood will tell—

WHAT a tonic rich, red-blood is to one's attractiveness!

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

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

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

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

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

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

S.S.S. value has been proven by generations of use, as well as by modern scientific appraisal. It is truly a blood and body tonic.

You will find S.S.S. at all drug stores in two convenient sizes. © The S.S.S. Co.



builds sturdy health

The Man Behind the Fighting Priest

(Continued from page 9)

a quiet Irishwoman of indomitable spirit and his relatives say Father Coughlin is just like her. Certainly to her he owes all those early influences which impressed on him the importance of a healthy body that must essentially go with a strong mind. Even now he is athletic, in spite of all the calls on his time and energy. Both in the Canadian institutions of learning and later when he studied theology in the middle-west schools, he was a formidable participant in scholastic sports, distinguishing himself particularly on the football field.

It wasn't that he was so brilliant in his studies during his formative years which made such an impression on his teachers. Rather it was his determination to conquer whatever problems came up in his classes, his complete absorption in the thing at hand and the eventual distinction which crowned his efforts.

He has never risen high among the ecclesiastics of his church. His pastorate was no grand assignment to a city church or a big cathedral. His duties were those of a missionary sent out to a little parish in Michigan to build an unimportant wooden church in a com-

munity where there was no place of worship for the people of his religion. And all that he has done has been the result of his own individual efforts, with, of course, the complete approbation of his own bishop.

Whatever else has been the reaction to his broadcast work among the clergymen and laymen of the Catholic Church in other parts of the country, Father Coughlin in every instant has had the consent of his own diocesan superiors and no address of his has ever gone on the air without first having been passed on by his bishop.

IN appearance he doesn't look like a crusader. At first glance there is nothing to distinguish him from a hundred other men of his calling whose life is dedicated to church work and the multitudinous duties entailed.

He is strongly built with dark, thick hair, a healthy skin and eyes that are alive and give the impression of never missing anything. And talking to him, or watching him in action, one gets the feeling of an amazing power held in reserve as well as the unassuming attitude of a man who is sure of what he says. He will tell you himself he is no oracle

Throw Away Your Aerial!

Amazing \$1 Device Does Away With It ENTIRELY! Special Tuning Feature Improves Selectivity, Tone

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Easy to connect Walco Aerial Eliminator in 2 minutes without tools! Ends all dangers of lightning, storms, short circuits. No more clicks and noise from wind and rain. NOW you can hook up radio in any room. No wires show.

SEND NO MONEY

Try It 5 Days at Our Risk!

Merely mail the coupon. No money necessary now. When delivered pay postman \$1. plus few cents postage. If not delighted, return it in 5 days—your \$1 refunded at once. **ELECTRICAL LABORATORIES CO., 141 East 25th St., Dept. 286 New York City**

ELECTRICAL LABORATORIES CO., Dept. 286
141 East 25th Street, New York City

Send Walco Aerial Eliminator, with instructions. Will pay postman \$1, plus few cents postage. If not delighted, will return in 5 days for \$1 refund.



Name

Address

Check here if ENCLOSED \$1—thus saving postage charges. Same refund Guarantee applies. **DEALERS—Write for proposition**

THE BERNARR MACFADDEN HEALTH RESORT invites you to find again life's most precious possession—spirited youth. •This resort is at Dansville, N. Y. patronized by boys and girls of all ages, from sixteen to eighty. •If you have forgotten how to play they will teach you. •All non-contagious diseases scared to death by physcultopathic measures. •A beneficent, non-profit institution. Write for information.

GRAY FADED HAIR

Women, girls, men with gray, faded, streaked hair. Shampoo and color your hair at the same time with new French Discovery **SHAMPO-COLOR**, takes few minutes, leaves hair soft, glossy, natural. Does not rub off. Free Booklet. Monsieur L. P. Vallignay, Dept. 47, 254 W. 31st St., N. Y.

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EARN steady income each week, working at home, coloring photos and miniatures in oil. Learn famous "Koehe Method" in few weeks. Work done by this method in big demand. No experience nor art talent needed. Many become independent this way. Send for free booklet, "Make Money at Home."

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Double the life of your coat and vest with correctly matched pants. 100,000 patterns. Every pair hand tailored to your measure. Our match sent FREE for your O. K. before pants are made. Fit guaranteed. Send piece of cloth or vest today.

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LET'S GO PLACES AND DO THINGS



Here's a chance to feel great again, and win back that healthy joy of living. Take **Rico-Brasil Maté**. It picks you right up. Makes you feel like going places and doing things. Stimulates and helps to keep your system free from the poisons that slow you up.

Why feel tired and worn out when you can take **Rico-Brasil Maté**, the great South American invigorator. Improvement noticed in 24 hours. Endorsed by Doctors and Scientists. Month's supply for \$1.00 by mail—postpaid with folder of facts. (Will send C. O. D. if preferred.)

BRASIL LABORATORIES, 147 E. 47th St., N. Y. City, Dept. 41

but he will convince you of his sincerity and of his unalterable purpose to speak only about those things of which he has a deep-rooted conviction. Probably it is the fact that all his preachings are so much a part of his espoused life work which has brought him such a tremendous response. One can't argue oneself out of the feeling that he says what he really believes.

Primarily his radio activities were inaugurated to bring attention to his little mission, the Shrine of the Little Flower in Royal Oak, a suburb of Detroit, which by the way is assuming imposing architectural proportions all through the voluntary contributions sent in by his radio followers. But to this fighting prelate it was impossible to preach the gospel and not apply those teachings to everyday life. It was this effort for a practical application of religion to every day life which drew him into a series of political and economic embroilments that were all stepping-stones to his present prominence.

ORIGINALLY his broadcasts were sent out over WJR in Detroit. They gained so much attention and had such an unexpected response both in letters to Father Coughlin and in voluntary donations to his church, that the priest contracted for time on the Columbia Broadcasting chain. His speeches were such as to bring protests from prominent men in public life and when the time of his contract expired he was not allowed to return to that network. Then he set about purchasing time on independent stations, some of which are still members of the Columbia network. WOR is the New York outlet for his broadcasts.

With the inauguration of President Roosevelt and Father Coughlin's espousal of the Chief Executive's plans and principles, the priest's following increased tremendously until now radio executives, even those who opposed his air activities, admit him to be the outstanding figure, next to Roosevelt himself, on the air today.

During the past many months he has been an untiring advocate of the return of silver and in evidence of this the new Charity Tower that rises on a hill above the cottages of the Detroit suburb has a silver door leading to the outdoor pulpit.

Whether his prominence is a vogue which will pass or whether he will take up new causes as they arise in this nation and will have the same amazing response from people all over the country, remains to be seen. But to Father Coughlin, as he claims, there will be no side-stepping from his life work of fighting for the literal application of a "Charity for All" and "returning America to the American people."

COVERING THE COUNTRY!

More important news and pertinent notes of the west coast and Chicago stations in the **JULY RADIO MIRROR** in the new departments inaugurated in this month's magazine!

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Name

Street

Town State

Streamlines for Summer

(Continued from page 51)

HIP EXERCISES

1. Place hands on hips, bend from side to side, two counts for each side.
2. Feet together, raise arms and touch the fingers to the toes; this is good for the stomach as well as the hips.
3. Feet together, raise right arm and right leg, and then left arm and left leg.
4. Stand erect, clasp both hands around right knee and raise up to the stomach, do the same with the left knee.

THIGH EXERCISES

1. Get down on the floor, swinging one leg over the other, do this by rolling on the hips.
2. Raise legs straight out forward, doing alternately first left then right.
3. Stand erect, place hands on hips and deep knee bending to the floor.

ARM EXERCISES

1. Stretch arms out to the sides, and circle forward and backward.

NECK EXERCISES

1. Turning the head as far around to the right as possible, then turn and bring to the front, turning as far left as you can.
2. Drop the head forward and back as far as you can.
3. Bring the head down to touch the chest on the count of one and on the count of two hold up.

He Plays Hot Latin "Music"

(Continued from page 21)

people, was tottering on its last legs.

In seeing that, he showed himself much wiser than those radio artists who, starting (some of them) without any musical background at all, became successful on the radio and then aspired to the concert stage. Coming, himself, from the concert stage, Madriguera realized that there is as much use for concert-hall musicians in this age of radio, as there is for buggy-whips, kerosene lamps, and pony express riders.

Back in New York, he got his musicians together, and began on plans for his experiment. But he realized it would take a tremendous amount of money, as he would expect to continue paying his musicians their regular salary during the two-year period of study, and there would be no income other than royalties on his compositions.

Yet the money he had been saving for the fulfilment of his dreams was slow in mounting to the needed sum. Times were bad, and he wanted to do his share in helping. He increased his orchestra from eight to ten, then to twelve, recruiting his new men, as he had done with the original eight, from

the ranks of unemployed symphony-orchestra musicians. He hired vocal soloists. He paid all his musicians much more than the required union minimum scale. Despite that, he managed to put aside some money. When 1933 came he took what was to be his last engagement before the retirement period; with his orchestra he went to Monte Carlo to play at the famous sporting resort on the Mediterranean. This engagement was to be the burning of the phoenix which would be re-born, from the ashes, into something finer and more beautiful.

Then he broke his finger. After spending six years in preparing for his experiment, he gave it all up in one quick, powerful left to the jaw of a waiter who had insulted an American woman. Sorry? Huh! His only regret is that he didn't break the waiter's jaw, too.

Back he came to New York. All his savings were quickly spent on x-rays, violet-rays, bakings, massages, and everything else the best doctors of Europe and America could think of. But still his finger remained broken, so that he cannot play the music he loves.

Of course, he plays his violin on the

BUST EXERCISES

1. Bring arms up close in at the sides, push back tightly, and thrust to the sides.
2. Raise first the right arm and touch the left foot, and then the left arm to the right foot, in a crossing manner.
3. Clasp the arms behind the head; bring forward and push back.

ANKLE EXERCISES

1. Hold foot up on the heel and circle around the toes from right to left.
2. Place heel on the floor with foot raised and bring front of foot to the floor and then raise back as far as you can without taking the heel off the floor.

EXERCISES TO GAIN WEIGHT

Most individuals who are underweight are round shouldered and so we first plan to do away with this defect, by using the wand to do all exercises. To gain weight do any of the above drills but do them more slowly, so you won't perspire a good deal.

TOO SHORT

If you are too short exercising can help you.

1. Throw the arms up straight over the head and stretch as hard as you can.
2. Hang on to a bar and jump lightly up and down.



Clark Gable and Claudette Colbert in "It Happened One Night," a Columbia Picture

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radio. “For dance music you don't have to use this finger much,” he told us. “But for real music,” and here the fingers of his right hand, flashing over the keys of his piano, played something that must have been by Debussy, “for real music the fingers of the left hand must dance around on the violin strings like . . . like . . . well, like a Catalan peasant girl dancing a ‘cachucha’.” My parents spent thousands of dollars training these fingers so I could be a really great violinist, but now all I can play is dance music.”

Back in New York, he is playing to capacity nightly in the dignified Empire Room of the Waldorf Astoria, and sending his music over the two nationwide NBC networks. And every day for two hours he exercises his fingers, hoping that some day he will be able to play again the music he loves. The doctors say it will be at least two years. . . .

BUT Enric is impatient. He doesn't want to waste those two years. Selecting his two best musicians he put each at the head of an orchestra. One, Ernie Lee, he sent to Monte Carlo; the other, Sol Misheloff, is at present at the Caveau Basque in New York. With personal conferences, long distance telephone calls, and interchange of recordings, and by listening in to each other on the radio, Lee and Misheloff, thousands of miles apart, are being schooled by Madriguera in the technique he is slowly developing. At the same time he is training four other members of his original orchestra for similar positions at the head of what will be known as Madriguera-orchestras.

For Enric Madriguera, who has had Fate put the finger on him once already, is taking no chances. When he is ready for that two-year study period—that is, when his finger has been properly healed—he will take with him not an orchestra of musicians, but an orchestra of conductors, orchestrators, composers. While they are studying somewhere in the mountains of central Spain, there will be four or five Madriguera-orchestras in the United States and elsewhere, working not only to support themselves, but also to support the students and Madriguera himself.

Thus this orchestra of conductors will be able to work out, together, the technique which Madriguera feels, in the musicianly heart of him, is the future of radio dance music. When they have it worked out, they will return; not before. Returning to the United States, they will go back to their individual orchestra and introduce to the radio the new Madriguera technique.

Will the experiment be successful? Who can tell. We can only say that if it's merely a matter of perseverance, Madriguera will succeed, for he is a hard-working soul who isn't easily discouraged. Or if it's a matter of foresight, then, too, he will succeed, for wasn't he one of the first to play tangos and rumbas and create the vogue—and then just before the vogue died out, wasn't he the first to change? And

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didn't he foresee, in 1918, the death of the concert stage?

Perhaps the success of the experiment depends on knowledge of music, on creative ability. Then, too, it should succeed, for as a violinist, a conductor of a symphony, concert master of a vast network, foreign director of the Columbia Phonograph Company, leader of several dance orchestras, composer of a number of successful dance tunes—in all these capacities, Enric Madriguera has shown his knowledge of music and his creative ability.

The question is, will Fate be with him? Or will Fate again "put the finger on him"?

But Madriguera no longer fears for

his hands. For he has wrestled with Fate, and won himself a new set of fingers—musicians through whom he expresses himself as perfectly as if they were, indeed, his fingers. With them he won the title, in January 1934, of Tango King of America. Through them he pours out the beauty that surges in the noble soul of this young Spanish-American genius.

And on the piano beside him as he broadcasts rests his beloved Guarnerius, gift of his late friend and mentor, Enrico Caruso. With rapture it listens to the artist's new instrument as it changes simple modern dance rhythms to shimmering tinkling ecstasy.

Madriguera has patience and courage.

We Have With Us

(Continued from page 45)

Monday (Continued)

Have a slice, or don't you?

7:15 P. M. JUST PLAIN BILL—daily except Saturday and Sunday. (Kolynos Sales Company). WABC and associated stations.

What it says.

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

Vaudeville in the parlor.

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

And it's music as is such.

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

As Mr. Carter reads the headlines.

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

A family and its problems.

8:00 P. M. Happy Bakers, Phil Duey, Frank Luther and Jack Parker, with Vivien Ruth. Also Wednesday and Friday. (Wonder Bread). WABC and associated stations.

A habit, that's what they've become.

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

Another front page reader telling you all about it.

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

This one certainly makes some of those jazz singers look sort of sick, doesn't it?

8:30 P. M. BING CROSBY with Jimmy Greer's orchestra. WABC and associated stations.

Bing will be with us a little longer.

8:45 P. M. BABE RUTH—Also Wednesday and Friday. WJZ and associated stations. (Quaker Oats).

Another home run?

9:00 P. M. ROSA PONSSELLE with Andre Kostelanetz' Orchestra and chorus. (Chesterfield Cigarettes). WABC and associated stations.

The most gorgeous feminine voice in America taking the air.

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

Mr. Parker again and of course Horlick has his followers.

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

Old time stuff, still going over.

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

A free ride with every dial turn.

9:30 P. M. JACK FROST'S MELODY MOMENTS—Theodore Webb, Baritone; guest artist; orchestra direction Josef Pasternack. WJZ and associated stations.

To remind you of sugar cane.

9:30 P. M. "THE BIG SHOW" with Gertrude Niesen, Erno Rapee and his orchestra. Dramatic Cast and Guest Artists. (Ex-Lax). WABC and associated stations.

We like the solos best in this one.

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.). WEF and associated stations.

The cows inspired this one.

10:00 P. M. PACKARD presents Dr. Walter Damrosch and symphony orchestra with John B. Kennedy. (Packard Motor Car). WJZ and associated stations.

The one and only Dr. Damrosch.

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Tuesday

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

As we said before they ought to be
on later.

7:30 P. M. THE SILVER DUST SERENA-
DERS, Paul Keast, Baritone. Also
Thursday and Saturday. (Gold Dust
Corp). WABC and associated sta-
tions.

Reminding you to do your shin-
ing up

8:00 P. M. LEO REISMAN'S ORCHESTRA
with Phil Duey, baritone. (Philip
Morris Cigarettes). WEF and asso-
ciated stations.

A master of rhythm and he knows
it.

8:00 P. M. ENO CRIME CLUES — an
original Spencer Dean mystery
drama with Edward Reese and John
MacBryde. (Harold Ritchie & Co.).
Also Wednesday. WJZ and asso-
ciated stations.

Shivers and thrills.

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

Mr. King again.

8:30 P. M. Hudson Vocalians—Conrad
Thibault, baritone; Lois Bennett
soprano; Harry Salter's Orchestra
and Choir. (Hudson Motor Car).
WJZ and associated stations.

It's good but Conrad's the star.

8:45 P. M. CALIFORNIA MELODIES —
Raymond Paige's Orchestra and
guest stars. WABC and associated
stations.

Out of Hollywood and very enter-
taining.

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

Massa Bernie still wowing them all
over and doesn't the fan mail tell
the story.

9:00 P. M. HOUSEHOLD MUSICAL MEM-
ories—Edgar A. Guest, poet; Alice
Mock, soprano; Charles Sears, tenor;
vocal trio; Joseph Koestner's orches-
tra. (Household Finance Corp.).
WJZ and associated stations.

Poems and high notes.

9:30 P. M. MINNEAPOLIS SYMPHONY
ORCHESTRA, Eugene Ormandy, Con-
ductor. (Grunow Refrigerators).
WABC and associated stations.

The middle west in its better musi-
cal moments.

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

Where does he get all those jokes?

9:30 P. M. EDDIE DUCHIN and his Cen-
tral Park Casino Orchestra. (Junis
Facial Cream). Also Thursday and
Saturday. WJZ and associated sta-
tions.

The debbies' delight but don't call
Mr. Duchin that to his face.

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

An up and coming orchestra in
good company.

10:00 P. M. PALMOLIVE BEAUTY BOX
Theatre — Operetta with Gladys
Swarthout, mezzo-soprano; Paul
Oliver, baritone and others—orchestra
direction Nathaniel Shilkret.
(Palmolive Soap). WEAF and asso-
ciated stations.

I hope you appreciate these efforts.

10:00 P. M. PALMER HOUSE PROMEN-
ADE—Ray Perkins, master of cere-
monies; Gale Page, contralto; orches-
tra direction Harold Stokes; guest
artist. WJZ and associated stations.

Smoothly paced and always enter-
taining.

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

The popular Mr. Vallee from his
own dance floor.

Wednesday

1:15 P. M. SCREEN STAR INTERVIEWED
by Louella Parsons. (Charis Corp).
WABC and associated stations.

A critic asks more questions.

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

Irene tells you the inside stuff—and
pleasantly, too.

8:00 P. M. CHASE & SANBORN TEA PRO-
GRAM—with Jack Pearl, the Baron
Munchausen; Cliff Hall; Peter Van
Steeden's orchestra. WEAF and asso-
ciated stations.

The Baron is our favorite air
comedian or shouldn't we have
mentioned it?

9:00 P. M. GRETE STUECKGOLD with
Andre Kostelanetz' orchestra and
chorus. (Chesterfield Cigarettes).
WABC and associated stations.

Mr. Kostelanetz is even better than
we anticipated.

9:00 P. M. THE HOUR OF SMILES—Fred
Allen, comedian; Theodore Webb,
the Ipana Troubadours; the Sal
Hepatica Glee Club; the Ipana Male
Quartet and Lennie Hayton's orches-
tra. (Bristol-Myers Co.) WEAF and
associated stations.

A man with a real sense of real
humor completely surrounded by
real talent.

9:00 P. M. RAYMOND KNIGHT and his
Cuckoos; Mrs. Pennyfeather; Mary
McCoy, Jack Arthur, The Sparklers
and Robert Armbruster's orches-
tra. (A. C. Spark Plug Co.) WJZ
and associated stations.

They're crazy, that's what I think.

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

Gracie and Georgie still making
dumbness pay.

9:30 P. M. THE VINCE PROGRAM. (Wm.

RADIO MIRROR

House Coffee). WEF and associated stations.

One trip we never miss.

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

The Jazz King still reigning supreme.

11:20 P. M. ISHAM JONES and his orchestra. WABC and associated stations.

You'll dance to this one, all right.

Friday

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

Maybe you'll learn something now.

5:00 P. M. MADAME SYLVIA of Hollywood—WEF and associated stations. (Ralston Purina Co.).

How about taking off that five pounds right now?

7:45 P. M. GUS VAN and Arlene Jackson—WJZ and network.

Mr. Van sure knows his songs.

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

When you're tired of jazz this will make you happy.

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

Walter's so funny and they're both simply swell.

8:30 P. M. TRUE STORY COURT OF HUMAN RELATIONS. (True Story Magazine). WABC and associated stations.

Thrilling tales realistically presented.

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

Who said moonlight and honey-suckle?

9:30 P. M. ONE NIGHT STANDS—Pick and Pat, blackface comedians; orchestra direction Joseph Bonime; guest singers. (U. S. Tobacco Company). WEF and associated stations.

Funny lines among the musical notes.

9:30 P. M. ARMOUR PROGRAM featuring Phil Baker, Harry McNaughton, as Bottle; Mable Albertson; orchestra direction Roy Shield; Merrie-Men, male quartet; Neil Sisters, Harmony Trio. (Armour Ham).

WJZ and associated stations.

There's nothing hammy about this excellent program.

10:00 P. M. SCHLITZ PROGRAM (Schlitz beer). WABC and associated stations.

Cool and soothing.

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

The curtain goes up again.

10:00 P. M. STORIES THAT MUST BE

12:00 Mid. Leon Belasco and his orchestra. WABC and associated stations.

A baton wielder who takes his time.

Saturday

6:00 P. M. "MEET THE ARTIST". Interviews with radio stars. WABC and associated stations.

When the stars start talking about themselves.

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

Another feature from the land of stars and camera shots.

9:00 P. M. COLGATE HOUSE PARTY—Donald Novis, tenor; Frances Langford, blues singer; Arthur Boran, radio mimic; Rhythm Girls Trio; Melody Boys Trio; Orchestra direction Don Voorhees; Brad Browne, Master of ceremonies. WEF and associated stations.

Half a dozen people you want to hear.

9:00 P. M. THE PURE OIL PROGRAM—guest artist; Harold Stern's orchestra. WJZ and associated stations.

"Erling" up the ether waves.

9:00 P. M. NINO MARTINI with Andre Kostelanetz' Orchestra. (Chesterfield). WABC and associated stations.

A gorgeous voice and he's not too highbrow.

9:30 P. M. BEATRICE FAIRFAX—dramatizations. (General Foods Corp.). WEF and associated stations.

How are your family affairs?

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

Mr. Jessel ought to give mama a rest—but he gets better and better. The Eton boys couldn't be.

10:00 P. M. TERRAPLANE TRAVELCADE—Al Trahan, comedian, Saxon Sisters, vocal duo; Male quartet; Graham McNamee; Lennie Hayton's orchestra. (Hudson Motor car). WEF and associated stations.

Easy riding in your favorite chair.

10:00 P. M. BROADCAST FROM BYRD EXPEDITION, and William Daly, orchestra; Fred Crockett, commentator; Mixed chorus. (Grape Nuts). WABC and associated stations.

It just goes to show you how far we've gone in making radio improvements.

11:35 P. M. PAUL WHITEMAN and his Biltmore Hotel Orchestra from New York. WJZ and network.

The Jazz King wears his crown easily.



Curtis Arnold as Buck and Adele Ronson as Wilma Deering in "Buck Rogers of the 25th Century" over the Columbia network

TOLD—Fulton Oursler. (Liberty Magazine). WJZ and associated stations.

Thrilling things that have really happened, and they're new to you.

10:30 P. M. THE GENERAL TIRE PROGRAM with Jack Benny, Mary Livingstone and Don Bestor's orchestra. WEF and associated stations.

Jack gets a new spot but he's here anyhow and we're glad.

You Ask Her Another

(Continued from page 24)

sing most of all, and why?

A. The song called, "Jasmine Door". I have sung this song since I was a little girl. It was the number I sang when I made my debut at the Paramount Theatre, New York. I heard Milton Cross sing it once and decided to

include it in my repertoire. I have had tremendous success with it ever since.

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

A. I would go to Europe on the fastest boat I could catch. I haven't had a

vacation for years and could use one.

Q. Before signing off, is there any message you would like to give your public?

Q. Yes, I would like to thank them for being a very lovely audience as they have shown me by their response.

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97—FAUST

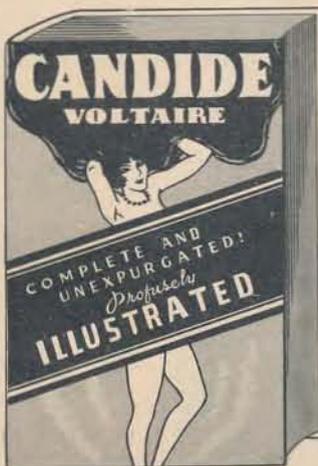
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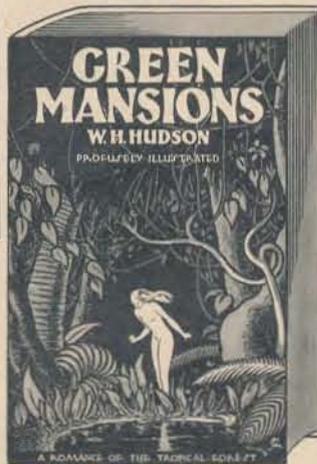
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98—CYRANO De BERGERAC

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65—APHRODITE

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... AT OUR EXPENSE!

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

The West Coast's best dance exponent.

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

Fun among the cows and chickens.

10:00 P. M. PLOUGH'S MUSICAL CRUISER—Vincent Lopez and his orchestra; Three Scamps, vocal trio; Charles Lyons, guest artist. (Plough, Inc.). WJZ and associated stations.

Mr. Lopez again and this time getting paid for another good program.

10:30 P. M. ALBERT SPALDING, violinist; with Conrad Thibault, baritone, and Don Voorhees' orchestra. (Fletcher's Castoria). WABC and associated stations.

A pair of musical aces.

10:30 P. M. CONOCO TOURIST ADVENTURES with Irvin Talbot's orchestra. (Continental Oil Co.). WJZ and associated stations.

Tidbits from the roadsides.

11:20 P. M. ENRIC MADRIGUERA'S ORCHESTRA from the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, New York. WEA and network.

It's Spanish—and it's good.

Thursday

12:15 P. M. CONNIE GATES — songs. WABC and associated stations.

A show in herself.

7:30 P. M. ROMANTIC MELODIES—Don Ameche, master of ceremonies; Sally Ward; dramatic sketch; Eric Sagerquist's String Orchestra. (D. D. D. Corp.). WJZ and associated stations.

And here it's spring!

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

The best all around consistently good program on any wavelength.

8:30 P. M. "VOICE OF AMERICA" with Alex Gray, Mary Eastman, Nicholas Kempner's Orchestra and Guest Artist. (Underwood Elliott Fischer Co.). WABC and associated stations.

Some worthy artists get together for this one.

9:00 P. M. DEATH VALLEY DAYS—dramatic program with Tim Frawley, Joseph Bell, Edwin M. Whitney; John White, the Lonesome Cowboy; orchestra direction Joseph Bonime. (Pacific Coast Borax Company). WJZ and associated stations.

Who says cowboys are lonesome?

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



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