

★ Radio MIRROR

10¢

DECEMBER



ROCKIN' CHAIR MILLY
AND HER
ROCKABYE BLUES

KATE SMITH'S
Own Story



The Real
ED WYNN

Paley Banks on Drama in RADIO

**SKINNY SCRAWNY
FOLKS ADD
ALLURING POUNDS
...this new way!**

EASY TO PUT ON FIRM FLESH NOW!



**New Natural Mineral
Concentrate From The Sea,
Free From Drugs, Fills Out
Ugly Hollows With Firm
Flesh—Adds 8 Pounds In
12 Days—Or No Cost!**

3 TO 8 POUNDS in 12 days! 5 to 12 pounds in a few short weeks. Think of it! Yet these results are not unusual. Hundreds of skinny, scrawny rundown people are amazed at this astounding new natural way to win back health and weight.

Doctors know how vitally necessary are natural food minerals often so woefully lacking in even the most carefully devised fresh vegetable diets. Unless your system gets the proper amount of these minerals, many of them needed in only the tiniest quantities, even the best food fails to nourish you, fails to build rich, red blood, firm flesh and sturdy muscles. This lack of mineralization results in the failure to digest starches and fats in the normal diet. It makes no difference whether your appetite is good or bad, your food is converted into poisonous wastes instead of firm flesh and tireless energy. Scientists, however, have only recently discovered a marvelous source of practically every single mineral essential to body needs. It is called Kelp-A-Malt, a pleasant easy-to-take vegetable concentrate made from a luxuriant sea plant from the Pacific Ocean. It provides iron, sodium, calcium, phosphorus, iodine and other essential minerals in easily assimilable form and also provides the effect of Vitamins A, B, D, E and G.

Try Kelp-A-Malt for a single week. Watch your appetite improve, firm flesh appear in place of scrawny hollows. Feel the tireless vigor and vitality that Kelp-A-Malt provides through its easily assimilable iron and copper. Its calcium and phosphorus build strong teeth and bones. Its sulphur and phosphorus assure proper elimination. 6 tablets provide more iodine than 486 pounds of spinach—assures protection against goitre.

A few weeks Kelp-A-Malt treatment not only improves your looks but your health as well. It quickly corrects sour, acid stomach. Gas, indigestion and all the usual distress commonly experienced by the undernourished underweight, disappear.

Prove the worth of this amazing weight-builder today. Two weeks are required to effect a change in the mineralization of the body. At the end of that time you will gain at least 8 pounds, will look better, feel better, and have more endurance than ever before, or the trial is free.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE
If you are not surprised and delighted with the results obtained with Kelp-A-Malt send back the unused tablets and every penny of your money will be cheerfully refunded.

INTRODUCTORY SHORT TIME OFFER

Don't wait any longer. Order Kelp-A-Malt today. Regain lost pep and youthful energy this easy scientific way. Special short time introductory offer gives you regular 10 Day Trial Treatment of Kelp-A-Malt for only \$1. Large size bottle (200 Jumbo size tablets, 4 to 5 times size of ordinary tablets)

**Precious Minerals
Contained in
Kelp-A-Malt**

—what they do for you

1. Sodium, Potassium, Magnesium—to correct stomach gas, acidity and indigestion. Also stimulate the action of kidneys.
2. Phosphorus and Sulphur—to correct constipation and intestinal disorders.
3. Iron, Copper, Manganese for rich pure blood vitality
4. Iodine—prevents goitre.
5. Phosphorus, Calcium for strong bones and teeth.



KELP-A-MALT



Seedol Laboratories,
Dept. 47, 27 West 20th St., N. Y. C.
Gentlemen—Please send me postpaid—
 10 Day Trial Treatment Kelp-A-Malt—\$1.00.
 200 Jumbo size Kelp-A-Malt tablets. Price \$1.95.
 500 Jumbo size Kelp-A-Malt tablets. Price \$4.95.
(check amount wanted)
for which enclosed find
C. O. D. 20c extra.

Name.....
St. Address.....
City..... State.....



Reduce..

YOUR WAIST AND HIPS

3 INCHES IN **10 DAYS** OR

... it won't cost you one penny!



● This illustration of the Perfolastic Girdle also features the new Perfolastic Uplift Bandeau.



TEST...the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE

... at our expense!

WE WANT YOU to try the Perfolastic Girdle. Test it for yourself for 10 days absolutely FREE. Then, if without diet, drugs or exercise, you have not reduced at least 3 inches around waist and hips, it will cost you nothing!

Reduce Quickly, Easily and Safely!

● The massage-like action of this famous Perfolastic Reducing Girdle takes the place of months of tiring exercises. You do nothing, take no drugs, eat all you wish, yet, with every move the marvelous Perfolastic Girdle gently massages away the surplus fat, stimulating the body once more into energetic health.

Ventilated... to Permit the Skin to Breathe

● And it is so comfortable! The ventilating perforations allow the skin pores to breathe normally. The inner surface of the Perfolastic Girdle is a delightfully soft, satinized fabric, especially designed to wear next to the body.

It does away with all irritation, chafing and discomfort, keeping your body cool and fresh at all times. There is no sticky, unpleasant feeling. A special adjustable back allows for perfect fit as inches disappear.

Don't Wait Any Longer... Act Today!

● You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely whether or not this very efficient girdle will reduce you. You do not need to risk one penny... try it for 10 days... then send it back if you are not completely astonished at the wonderful results.

SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.
41 EAST 42nd STREET, Dept. New York, N.Y.

Without obligation on my part, please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Reducing Girdle, also sample of perforated Rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Post Card

RADIO MIRROR

VOL. 1 NO. 2

DECEMBER • 1933

JULIA SHAWELL • EDITOR

BELLE LANDESMAN • ASSISTANT EDITOR

WALLACE HAMILTON CAMPBELL • ART DIRECTOR

s p e c i a l

f e a t u r e s

We Have With Us



The perfect fool who turned a freeman's hat into a national advertising emblem turns out to be not so foolish after all as you read the first part of his interesting story told by Mike Porter in this issue of RADIO MIRROR. He has come back from Hollywood to take up his old place on the air-waves while his vast audience rejoices. It's the real story of a real trouper.

The one and only Kate Smith goes over the mountain with her radio public in her own story. From a Washington amateur singing for the veterans to one of the most popular stars broadcasting has ever developed, this big girl with the big voice and the bigger heart lets you see her as she is and as she feels.



The Vagabond Lover has a new role in radio now. Rudy Vallée the once-upon-a-time crooner has developed into one of the master showmen of the ether lanes, just when it seemed his air reign was on the wane he changed his type as R. H. Rowan tells in his entertaining article "From Vagabond Lover to Master Showman."

That silly one, Gracie Allen has taken another dial ride this month as RADIO MIRROR guest critic and she'll make you laugh through every paragraph of her hilarious "Air Attack" as she invades the various wavelengths.

William S. Paley, president of Columbia Broadcasting Company looks into radio's future and makes an amazing prophecy in his interview with Mary Margaret McBride; Herb Cruikshank gives you the personal side of Mildred Bailey's life and shows you a new Rockin' Chair Lady; there's the unusual love story of Ilomay Bailey and Lee Sims; a gorgeous array of fashions with Gertrude Niesen as the lovely model; and a dozen other bright features in this December issue of your RADIO MIRROR.



WATCH FOR NEXT MONTH'S issue of RADIO MIRROR with another array of radio personalities. Raxy tells what's wrong with Radio in the most revealing interview this famous air celebrity has ever given. The real Jack Pearl tells about himself in a brilliant article which Herb Cruikshank contributes, "Vass you dere, Sharlie?" Mike Porter takes you behind the scenes of the popular "Roses and Drums" program. Bertha Brainard, most important woman executive in the broadcasting field tells Mary Margaret McBride why there are responsible positions yet to be filled by women in radio.

There's news and gossip you've never known until you read the Hot and Airy department; an entertaining and intimate pen portrait of Ben Bernie, the old Maestro, as well as a dozen other thrilling and amusing features to be found in THE JANUARY RADIO MIRROR.

Editorial	3
Watch Those Price Tags!	
Hot and Airy.....By Mercury	4
Latest News and Gossip of the Broadcasters	
Kate Did It!.....By Kate Smith	6
The Songbird of the South Remembers When	
So-o-oh!.....By Mike Porter	8
The Real Story of the Real Ed Wynn	
They Married For Art.....By Rhoda Hague	10
Art and Love Mixed for Ilomay Bailey and Lee Sims	
Five Years of Harlem.....By Maris Anne Lane	12
Amos 'n' Andy Sweeping the Nation	
The Rockin' Chair Lady.....By Herb Cruikshank	14
Mildred Bailey and Her Blues	
The Comedians Will Stay But Drama's the New Thing Says Paley.....By Mary Margaret McBride	16
An Interview with President William S. Paley, CBS	
New Gowns For a New Star.....	18
Gertrude Niesen and Her Fashions	
Gard's Chosen People.....By Gard	20
Gard Caricatures the Air Famous	

Radio Mirror's Gallery of Stars

Rosemary Lane.....	21	Betty Barthell.....	25
Portrait by Joseph Melvin McElliott		Portrait by Joseph Melvin McElliott	
Nino Martini.....	22	James Melton.....	26
Portrait by Harold Stein		Portrait by Ray Lee Jackson	
Ruth Etting.....	23		
Portrait by United Artists			
Babe Miller.....	24	Loretta Lee.....	27

From Vagabond Lover to Master Showman By R. H. Rowan	28
Rudy Vallée's Sun Still Rises	
An Air Attack.....By Gracie Allen	30
Gracie Reviews Her Contemporaries	
At Home With the Allens.....	32
Intimate Portraits of the Popular Comedians	
You Ask Him Another.....	34
Irvin S. Cobb Tells All	
Once They Were Sob Sisters.....	35
Three Singing Beauties from the Newsrooms	
Don't They Have Fun.....	36
Sporting Life Among Your Favorites	
Radio's First Announcer Looks Backward By Thomas H. Cowan	38
Concluding the Reminiscences of a Veteran Mike Pilot	
Look Who's Here!.....	40
All the Chain Programs Day by Day	
Homemaking Department.....By Sylvia Covney	
A Radio Artists' Dinner.....	42
Merrily We Dine.....	44
Watch Those Curves!.....	45
Prize Letter Page.....	47

RADIO MIRROR (Copyright 1933) is fully protected by copyright, and the contents of this magazine may not be reprinted either wholly or in part without permission. Published monthly by Syndicate Magazine Corporation, Washington and South Avenues, Dunellen, New Jersey. Executive and editorial office, 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Edwin E. Zoty, President; Wesley F. Page, Secretary; Irene T. Kennedy, Treasurer; Engel van Wiseman, Sales Representatives; Richard Silvester, Advertising Director. Application for Second Class entry pending at the post office at Dunellen, N. J. Price in United States \$1.20 a year; 10c a copy. In U. S. Possessions, Canada, Newfoundland, Cuba, Mexico and Panama \$1.50 a year; all other countries \$2.00 a year. While Manuscripts, Photographs and Drawings are submitted at the owners' risk, every effort will be made to return those found unavailable if accompanied by 1st class postage. But we will not be responsible for any losses of such matter contributed. Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions; otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk. Printed in the U. S. A. by Art Color Printing Company, Dunellen, N. J.

Those Radio Price Tags

THE sponsor who spends a hundred thousand dollars a year on his weekly coast-to-coast air entertainment is neither benign, benevolent nor altruistic. He is a business man trying out a likely medium through which to reach millions of prospective customers. His concern is not primarily that the hordes of set owners shall have proper entertainment through the loud speaker, but that when they turn the dials they will be persuaded by the promise of his superior program to tune in on the station whose time he has engaged and will thereby learn about his product, which after all seems like good business.

Free air is a term that became obsolete except for automobile tires when radio broadcasting developed into a big business, and the ether moguls found out that passage on the popular air lanes was more valuable for leasing than footage on Fifth Avenue.

The best programs on the air are, of course, those commercial periods which feature important broadcast names. Those who claim that the air shows now are inferior, uninteresting or dull should have an all-sustaining week put on by one of the chains with no prospect of income from the time buyers.

If better programs are not being built now it's only because the broadcasting executives and those to whom they sell their station time don't know how to make them. Enough trouble and expense are involved in the process of assembling a radio hour. Securing talent is a matter of elimination through a succession of auditions to which even the biggest artists available are subjected. So that when the sponsor finally chooses his program he believes he is giving the public the most entertaining and interesting radio feature he can afford. And for his money, trouble and time he naturally expects some fair return.

That's what little commercial announcements are made of—the direct, definite exploitation of the sponsors' wares and the hope that the allowing description of the

product in carefully enunciated claims will immediately plant a decided preference in the listeners' minds. Unfortunately there's no law to make certain that because a public likes Georgey Rossey, the crooner, it will also like in the same measure, the never-kill kidney pills he represents on the air.

It may not be fair but it's fact, for Georgey only sells Georgey's singing and it's up to the announcer or the super-salesman, to sell the pills.

It's ridiculous to suppose that a sponsor hasn't the right to properly present the merits of his goods along with his air show. But if he's wise he'll soon find a way to do it a little more subtly. The best commercial idea to date is that of Ben Bernie selling his bosses' beer in his inimitable and popular slangy way to which no one who likes Bernie can object. You can't listen to a Bernie program without learning from the maestro himself—and you never know just at what point in the broadcast — about the product he exploits.

When the public becomes accustomed to the routine arrangement of a program—an orchestral "numbah," a solo or a skit, more orchestra and then the spiel by the exploiter it learns to become very absent-minded for the minute or two while the sales talk is put over. It's ungrateful on the part of the listeners, of course, but telling them of their ingratitude won't help. Look what happened when Congress told them not to drink. Congress lost the money and bootleggers got rich. People listen to Georgey and soon he's making personal appearances so Georgey and the theater men get rich.

Commercial announcements are not only fair, but necessary if entertainment of a high calibre is to be kept on the air waves and if the set owners are not to be charged for the privilege of listening-in. But they must be so much a part of the show features that the very program itself is incomplete without them.



DECORATION BY
HUBERT MATHIEU

THE EDITOR.

HOT and AIRY

Hot news and gossip you
didn't know about your
favorites on the air waves.
What they're doing!
Where they're going!
The inside stuff for
the world outside

Ruth Etting's
vamping Eddie
Canto while
Rubinoff fiddles.



HERE'S a line or two about the better half of one of radio's better-knowns! . . . "Bubs" Husing, a sweet lass, despite the sad fact that she's Ted Husing's missus . . . Bubs is an ex-Ziegfeld gal trying to live down being an announcer's wife and you know what a hard job that is . . . Well anyway, Bubs is sweet and lovely, and of all things, goes roller skating almost every day on the Mall in Central Park, although we can't see just what connections the two have! . . . She looks like a sixteen-year-old in her skating togs and skates with all the youngsters that flock to the park daily . . . The other mid-day her seven-year-old daughter, Peggy, came to the playground with her. . . . Everything went along in great shape until little Peggy began calling Bubs "mamma!" The damage was done! . . . Bub's playmates, ranging from ten years upward, all skated away to a different part of the Mall. . . . They refused to skate with a mamma. . . . Tell me, does it pay to have children?

Here is one for the books!

Take the cute little tale concerning May Singhi Breen, the ukulele strummer and hummer. Now I think that the folks who pay and read here would be much more interested in hearing the gag than in our going into paragraphs on how May learned to tickle the uke.

May received a large phone bill last month, caused, if you

please, by friends dropping in and calling distant spots which very easily totaled a seventy-five dollar monthly phone bill, so she arranged to have a coin-box installed.

The friends soon learned about it and began calling her at all hours of the night and morning, asking her in all sorts of strange dialects to call folks living within a half-block radius. After all, insisted the callers, wasn't this a public-pay station?

The constant ringing of the gag-players has almost driven May and her hubby, Peter de Rose, insane. And to think that we, too, got quite a kick out of calling and telling May,

in a disguised voice, of course, that we had a daughter who was quite hard of hearing, but wanted to learn the magic art of wooing music from a uke, and whether it would make any difference if the child was left-handed and wouldn't turn out to be the RIGHT kind of a player. (oops!)

* * *

JUST SOME CHATTER: Janet Miller, whose divorce from Ted Fiorita, the orchestra pilot, made the front pages some six months ago, is still going hither and yon with Teddy Rearson, the good-looking word-slinger, and if you care to take our word for it, you can expect a January jaunt to the Justice for these two.

* * *

Hearken all ye ribbers, burner-uppers and kibitzers. You've heard tales of practical jokers and you've listened to gags that have sorely tested the patience and nerves of

Tony Wons, the lad who wanted to know if you're listening, had a particular aversion for the lad labelled the Ol' Hunch, who was the word-slinger for those Prince Albert airings, which, as you might recall, was a carbon-copy of the Camel Hour presentations which starred Wons. Ol' Hunch used to ape Tony's style of talking and Tony used to burn up so that you could smell him steaming from away out there to here.

Anyway when the Prince Albert program and Ol' Hunch program went off the air-waves, Tony felt like going on a spree.

A week or two later, Mort Downey paraded into the Camel program studio with a copy of a book in his hand called "Ol' Hunch's Scrapbook." Tony immediately hit the ceiling and bounced back three or four times.

"A gyp, a phoney, it's an outrage", he screamed, "it's a steal from my Scrapbook idea. This is too much. I'll sue the guy." Yes siree, Mister Wons was sore.

Mort egged Tony on, with the result that on the following day Tony prepared to file suit against Ol' Hunch and his supposed book publishers for "swiping" his scrapbook idea. He called his lawyer, who in turn called the advertising agency that handled the Prince Albert broadcasts. The agency was mystified. "Impossible", said an official, "We know nothing of it. You're mistaken, or misinformed, or maybe just crazy."

BUT Tony insisted and finally the advertising agency lads wisely decided on a check-up. It developed that the entire thing was a hoax, and Downey was approached. Tony kept burning, especially when he realized that the book that Ol' Hunch supposedly was marketing was marked to sell for seventy-five cents, against Tony's book, which was a dollar.

Investigation followed and then the truth, like the dawn, came out. Downey was behind the entire thing. What Mort had done was very simple. He had purchased a cheap collection of poems at a local book store, brought the thing to a printer who, for sixty cents, made up a new cover bearing the title "Ol' Hunch's Scrapbook. Poems For All Occasions. Price \$.75."

* * *

Peggy Healy, who used
(Continued on page 53)



Mark Warnow and Phil Regan enjoy a drink between broadcast numbers.

by MERCURY

the great and near-great, but in this humble (well not too humble) commentator's opinion, the one we tell now is a miniature classic.

They talk of Major Barnett, Irving Caesar and all the other infamous ribbers of Broadway history, but they keep forgetting the ace of them all—a more or less known singer tagged—Morton Downey.

The happening of this tale dates back a year or so, at which time you may or may not know but Ol'



Kate DID IT!

During the past years Kate Smith has had a real workout. Success is probably as great a test of character as failure. And the Songbird has viewed, along with her laurels, a disillusioning parade of celebrity hunters, "chiselers" and "phonies"—enough to make anybody question the value of fame.

Perhaps Kate does wonder uneasily sometimes whether it might not be more comfortable and satisfying to retire on her fortune and live the plain life which is hers, by nature, to live. But applause is warming to the heart—and Kate sticks.

She remains as gracious and simple as she was three years ago when Bob Taplinger and I went to her two-room apartment for lunch. I remember that day very well, because I was thrilled to meet anybody so distinctly a "character" as Kathryn Elizabeth Smith.

Kate cooked lunch herself. It was delicious, and I've never been able to duplicate those creamed eggs on toast. Kate laughed a great deal, and appeared frankly to be getting quite a kick out of recollecting her childhood for Bob and me. But not so much of a kick as Bob and I got out of meeting a blues singer in a cotton print house dress!

Afterwards, she slipped on the rug in her living room, and though we all huffed and puffed, we couldn't pull her up.



Kate just stayed there and had herself a good laugh.

Fannie Hurst said of Marie Dressler that she "grew big simply, rather than simply big". The same thing may be said of Kate's fame. Some people have found success only to forget, that for peculiar fortuitous "breaks", they might be stoking coal or knitting mittens. But Kate can take it! She has remained a human being, which is no small thing to say about any star who has had Kate's success.

But I'll turn the story over to the Songbird of the South herself—Take it away, Kathryn Elizabeth!

Ted Collins holds a full-sized violin for a great big girl.

HILDA COLE

Over the Mountain
with the Swanee
singer



Kate's Tootin' her own horn and looking happy.

by KATE SMITH

HELLO EVERYBODY. This is Kate. The other night I went to see "Heat Lightning". Just before the curtain went up for the play, a distinguished woman with a grand smile and keen blue eyes walked quietly down the aisle and sat, by a lucky little accident (for me, anyhow) in the next seat. Her escorts were two school boys. There was no grand procession, fanfare, or tooting of sirens. The lady was our First Lady, Mrs. Roosevelt. I thought that was wonderful, the unceremonious way she entered and left, and I enjoyed the few words we exchanged during the intermission. I get a big thrill out of things like that—although I'm usually like a fish out of water with celebrities. Most celebrities, of the artistic variety, give me the shivers. I certainly prefer people who are struggling to those who have "arrived". But don't ask me to go into the reasons! I am too outspoken, anyway. My dearest friends have told me so ever since I was old enough to be outspoken. Which was in the neighborhood of five or six, I expect.

I don't know how many times I've said "everything I am I owe to Ted Collins". And now I say it again. When he took me in hand, he didn't try to make me all over again, as thousands of managers try to do. The most important thing, he thought, was that I loved to sing. He saw it was useless to try to make me alluring—and take pictures of me curled up like Cleopatra on a chaise longue!

I'll never forget the day we decided to team up together. He was recording manager of the Columbia Phonograph Company. I'd just wound up in the musical show "Flying High". It closed November, 1930, and I was pretty tired of show business anyway. I thought recordings would be a relief.

Ted was very gracious to me at Columbia. I had already asked for an audition several places, but they turned me down cold. After I sang for Ted, he called me into his private office.

"I hope you don't smoke," he said, "swear or drink beer."

(Continued on page 64)

Ed Wynn, the perfect
fool, wasn't so foolish
after all

So-o

Mr. Wynn's an actor, but give him air.



MR. EDWIN LEOPOLD is the Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde of radio.

He's two people—and, by his own admission, both of them are fools.

One of them is a professional fool—the other an amateur. The professional nit-wit makes a fortune by scraping the age off old gags and peddling them over the microphone.

The amateur fool takes the fortune and chucks it into a business which only a fool or a genius can manage.

And if you're wondering about Mr. Leopold, let's just call him by his first name, Edwin—Ed Wynn!

The business which only a genius or a fool can manage, as you may have guessed, is that of running a radio network. And Ed Wynn, to date, isn't certain that he's the genius he thought he was, when he sank a quarter of a million berries into the Amalgamated Broadcasting System.

"I am a ham—I was born a ham—and I'll always be a ham," he once boasted to me. "And as a ham, I think I know more about showmanship than a lot of those fellows now working out the destinies of radio. Therefore, I'm in the broadcasting business to teach them a lesson."

Personally, and with many others who read the signs along radio row, I am pretty sure that it is Mr. Wynn, who hardly dreamed of the intricacies of piloting a network to success, who is learning the lesson. It is no secret that he wishes the control of the Amalgamated was in somebody else's hands.

But does all the grief, and all the headaches that have assailed him since he organized the company interfere with his being the same old Ed Wynn that flashed to high success on the Texaco program, that made him radio conscious?

Does being a Dr. Jekyll in the executive chambers detract from the brilliancy of "The Perfect Fool" of the Times Square Studio, where the Fire Chief, in his fascinating falsetto, tells Graham McNamee that "this gag will slay you, Graham!"?

Not in the least. Which proves that Mr. Leopold, or, if you prefer, Mr. Wynn, is two fools indeed, but paradoxically, no fool at all.

He is perhaps the most interesting character in the radio business, and all one needs to do to become impressively aware of it is to get a genuine close-up of him. His frankness disarms an interviewer. His grand egotism, in believing himself the greatest living authority on comedy makes you believe him thoroughly sincere.

The more you know about him, the more you agree with him that he is a ham—a trouper, with all the earmarks unmistakably present. You learn, too, as you study him that the contrasts persist. For instance, he thoroughly dislikes radio—which brought him the greatest portion of his fortune. He doesn't exactly despise it as a vehicle, but he cannot stomach the dictatorial manner in which it is controlled. It was the dislike of its executive branches that prompted him to get into that branch himself. (And I'm quite sure now that he has a sympathy rather than a hatred of his competing colleagues.)

-oh!

One understands, that being a rather famous guy when he entered radio, Wynn naturally didn't like being taught a new technique, which made it necessary for the production men to censor him, direct him and generally boss him around. He was so thoroughly disgusted in the first few weeks of his broadcasting that he had decided to chuck it all and let radio go hang, despite the vast audiences it was bringing him. The truth of the matter is, he was frightened. He still is, for that matter, whenever he faces a microphone.

He would have abandoned the air—had it not been for the legless woman.

She is dead now, but at the moment when Ed Wynn was fed up on radio, rebellious and ready to walk out, she was still alive in a Boston hospital. She knew she could live but a few weeks. The doctors had been honest with her.

BOTH of her legs had been amputated and gangrene was spreading through her body. She could stand no more operations. Death was both imminent and inevitable.

The legless woman explained all this in a letter to Ed Wynn.

"And," she added, "I've come to the point where the only surcease from thoughts of death, my only relief from intense suffering, is to laugh.

"For two years, I hadn't even smiled. Then I tried to forget my agony one night by putting on the earphones which had hung untouched beside my bed for months.

"I heard your program, Mr. Wynn, and I laughed.

"I didn't know I could laugh. I determined then I would pass on smiling. There are only a few weeks left. I figure I have, possibly, five more Tuesdays. I am counting on you—to help me go out with a grin."

The Perfect Fool cried like a baby when he read that letter. He hadn't known a thing like that was possible. He promised that woman he would stay. When his sponsors came with a renewal of his contract, without any hope of having it accepted, he took their several breaths away by signing it without an argument. They didn't know about the legless woman.

That's the Ed Wynn way. It is what persuades him he is a ham.

If being sentimental and superstitious, sensitive and sympathetic, appreciative and benevolent makes up the qualities of a ham—then he is The Perfect Ham.

I have seen for myself that he is perhaps the most superstitious man in the entertainment field. His pet superstition concerns the shoes he wears at every performance. They are at once the most expensive and most dilapidated "dogs" in the world. If they were to disappear Ed Wynn would scour the earth for them. If he did not find them, he sincerely believes his career would end. They have become a vital part of his well-being and their association with his success is so intimate, their



"Listen to this, Graham," says Mr. Wynn, and the whole country tunes in.

loss would no doubt break his heart.

Those shoes are gigantic things. He has had them and worn them for twenty-six years. To date they have cost him \$1,400. He has worn them in

every appearance on stage, in vaudeville and radio since 1906. They are a necessary foundation for his buffoonery. He might possibly struggle along without the flaring bow ties, the sailor pants and the collection of fezzes, fishermen's hats and other ridiculous headgear. The shoes are essential.

In the beginning those shoes cost \$3.50 in Pittsburgh in 1906. He was touring in vaudeville then. With him they have risen from obscurity. Cobblers in a thousand towns know them because Ed Wynn rarely puts them on without finding some new need for repair. There is not a single scrap of the original leather left. The soles have been renewed twelve times. He has walked more than 5,000 miles on stage and in studio with them. The leather is of 13 different hues. He estimates their upkeep at a dollar a week.

WHEN Wynn isn't standing in them, the shoes are carefully cherished by his valet. Wynn has a new valet nowadays. The old one, whom everybody on Broadway knew, has retired. His name was Willie—Willie Crowley, and he was really, for many years, part of Ed Wynn. He was the one item that Wynn valued more highly than the shoes.

My first contact with the redoubtable Willie was when I visited Ed Wynn at the NBC's Times Square Studio. Ed was in his underclothes, fleecy-lined atrocities to combat back-stage draughts. He was applying paint to his pan when I spotted Willie conniving with superstition. Willie's superstition amounted to a simple faith—but hardly simple. (Continued on page 56)

by **MIKE PORTER**

THEY MARRIED FOR ART

SUPPOSE you were a radio artist!

Suppose you were a pianist—and your wife didn't care for music, but thought that it was merely a necessary evil in the struggle for a living, and that there was no such thing as inspiration, joy, in the creation of melodies.

And, if you are a woman, suppose yourself a singer—trained; with a career ahead of you, and your husband, while not exactly forbidding you to follow your inclinations and your star to fame, frowned on a professional life and preferred you at home, cooking!

What would you do, in either case? Give up the career? Or obtain a divorce and marry another artist—who understood?

You'll say, maybe: "Love should come first. I'd give up the career."

Or possibly: "I'd compromise." Would you?

Or else: "I'd follow the career and to heck with the apathetic mate."

Well, I'll tell you the story of Lee Sims, pianist de luxe, and Ilomay Bailey, vocalist, who's really Mrs. Sims. And when you've digested the rather incredible manner in which both solved the problems I have set forth in the foregoing paragraphs, well, you'll think this is a fiction yarn. But so help me, it's on the level.

Back, not too many years ago, Lee Sims, whom you've heard on the Chase and Sanborn and Fleischmann hours, was playing piano to the accompaniment of the silent pictures in a little town in Illinois. When the villain pursued the heckled maiden across the screen, Sims would play "mean music." "Hearts and Flowers" went nicely in those days with the love scenes, or a sad episode. Sims worked up a remarkable versatility.

But to Babe, the girl in the box office, Sims was just another pianist. She never had quite been able to catch the elusive note of genius in his improvisations. E flat on the



Decoration by Carl Pfeufer

keyboard, was just another black key to her. But she kind of liked Lee. He was an agreeable fellow. He used to stop and say a few words of greeting to her when he came to work.

It was about noon one day when Lee strolled in. A fresh guy was giving Babe, in the box-office, an argument. Babe was talking back—and Lee finally heard the patron toss a nasty name at Babe.

So Lee strolled up to the patron—and smacked him down.

The prostrate lad happened to own stock in the theatre. And so Lee Sims was fired. And so was Babe. You can understand, of course, how the blow sort of moulded a bond of sympathy between the man and the maid. They started going 'round together to look for work. And the upshot of it was

that they finally wound up in front of a parson and came away wearing the manacles of matrimony.

They got along pretty well, but Babe, in the rôle of housewife wondered why Lee Sims had to be banging away at the piano at all hours. He had found a job, and you'd think (thought she) that he'd get enough of pounding the ivories all day and part of the night, without doing the same thing at home. Oh, yes, she knew he was trying to compose—but wasn't Tin Pan Alley in New York turning out enough sloppy songs without Sims' efforts?

It didn't seem to make much of an impression on Babe when Lee explained that he had the music inside of him—and it just had to come out. He did it for sheer love of music. But Babe would simply snicker. To her hubby was still just another piano player. They didn't quarrel, as you might think. They just drifted apart in their attitudes, with the result that eventually, they separated, but with no thought of a divorce, and no hard feelings. It was just a case of ill-mated temperaments. Lee went to Chicago, and

● Ilomay Bailey and Lee Sims started on one of those career marriages, but it turned out to be love, and it's a successful and happy partnership now

by RHODA HAGUE



without his marital handicap, got along, and managed to start a school of piano instruction.

He'd never heard of Ilomay Bailey—nor had Ilomay heard of him. In fact, at the very time that Sims went to Chicago, Ilomay, who had been studying, under a scholarship at the Julliard School of Voice, returned to her native Wichita, Kansas.

There was a lad waiting for her—a school-day sweetheart. Bob Steiner was his name. Bob never had been able

Between soulful looks, Mr. and Mrs. Sims glance at the globe and pick out a few places they'll visit when they're rich.

to discard a juvenile notion. He wanted to marry Ilomay, and he was pretty well off, and he thought there was no time like the present. Ilomay wasn't so sure, when he put this up to her. She had visions of a career.

But why should she have to go around singing for money, thought Bob, when he had ample funds to provide a home, a car, and all the reasonable comforts to be expected by a middle-class family?

Ilomay was fond of Bob—but (Continued on page 62)

FIVE YEARS

FRESH AIR
TAXI CO.
INC.



THERE are a couple of boys on the air who seem pretty likely to make good as radio entertainers. Their names are Freeman F. Gosden and Charles J. Correll, and they impersonate two characters called "Amos" and "Andrew". Or "Andy" for short. Already quite a few people know about them. In fact they've been broadcasting for nine years now, and it's beginning to look like they've found steady work.

Climbing that much-touted Ladder of Success rung by rung (or wrong by wrong, as Mae West puts it) isn't a circumstance to the balancing act necessary to stay on the tip-top once that rare altitude is attained. So when you find a team that has held its popularity championship against all comers for practically a full decade—well—ain't dat sumpin'?

Of the millions of words flung on the air by Mr. Gosden, of Virginia, and Mr. Correll, of Illinois, during their thousands of broadcasts, more phrases have become famous than any uttered by presidents, princes or potentates. The country has echoed with "check and double check", the expressive "sho', sho'", and the finality of "I'se regusted".

"Amos" 'n' "Andy" have played important rôles in national affairs. A United States Senator rode to toga-ed victory by appealing to his constituents as the "Kingfish". The House has adjourned to get an earful of "Madame Queen". A nominating convention assembled to name a Presidential candidate postponed its history-making business to be taken for a radio-ride in the "Fresh Air Taxicab". More Americans are acquainted with this pair of pseudo-Harlemites than know the name of the present, or for that matter the past Vice-President of the United States of America, unincopolated.

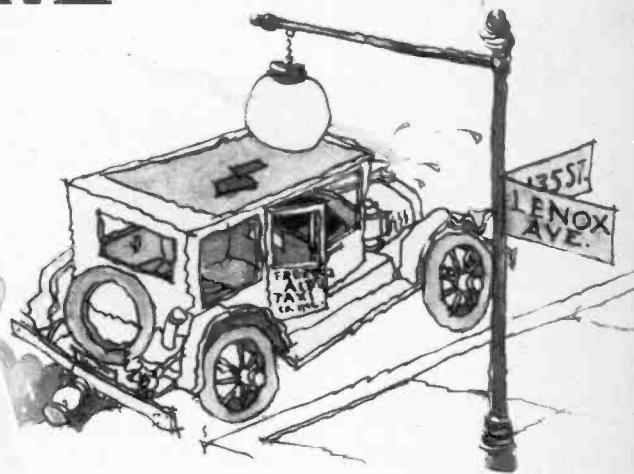
If they miss a broadcast, rumblings of revolution thunder from a million

Amos giving his best Pepsodent smile.

By **MARIS
ANNE
LANE**



OF HARLEM



tuner-inners, and when NBC. in an unguarded moment, made a mild suggestion about a change in the "Amos 'n' Andy" hour, the offices of the company, the sponsor and the artists were literally swamped with letters, wires, 'phone calls, cajoling, threatening, pleading, demanding that nothing interfere with the daily dosage of "Amos 'n' Andy". They're a great American habit. One that can't be broken. One for which no sponsor may substitute "something just as good".

SUCH popularity not only is deserved, but it carries with it a heavy weight of responsibility. In years the times the boys have missed their broadcast may be counted on the fingers of a one-armed man. No matter what the circumstance, or the condition, the Messrs. Gosden and Correll see to it that the show goes on. This is often at great personal inconvenience, discomfort, even peril, for upon several occasions their drawling hilarities have permeated the air-waves when physicians refused permission to broadcast.

Then, too, there is the necessity of preparing material. Since the days when "Amos 'n' Andy" were "Sam 'n' Henry", the boys have written lines through hundreds of weeks to keep America amused. There's no time to "unlax". They've gott'a be funny. And being funny is serious business. Scarcely a free week-end is possible. Wherever they go a cackling ghost named "Mike" is haunting them. There's no escape.

Not, of course, that Mr. Correll would prefer retirement to that dear Peoria, the town behind the distillery, nor that Mr. Gosden would like to get away from it all to spend his life sipping juleps—even legal ones—in Richmond, suh. But all the same, there are times when just a wee rest would be appreciated (Continued on page 57)

"I've regusted!" And doesn't Andy look it?

Their fresh-air taxi took
them on a radio
ride that swept
the country



The ROCKING

IF imitation is the most flattering form of sincerity, Mildred Bailey should be complimented by the numbers of those frank admirers who speak right out in meetin' to say that she's the one and only. Perhaps the words aren't just those. But the ether waves from Alabam' to Addis Ababa are spumed with blues singers who mimic Mildred's melodies. They must think she's good. And that makes it unanimous. For everyone who has heard the "Rockin' Chair Lady", from Paul Whiteman, her "discoverer", to the newest-made radio fan, becomes a regular tuner-inner when her rich tones are on the air.

Mildred is one dial-artist who has become something of a myth. Legends have taken form around her aerial personality. The mysterious "they" who are always saying things have it that she is really a chair-bound invalid. This, perhaps, because of the far-reaching fame of her song-signature. Another is that she not only hails from down yonder where Darkies are bo'n, but that she, herself, is—oh, well, skip it. They say there's something in her voice that isn't Nordic.

Anyway, Mildred is free, white, and twenty-one, or thereabouts. She was born 'way down South in Spokane, Washington, and she comes from a musical family. In height she's just a cuddly size. In figure she's something more than plump. Fact is, confidentially, she diets, every now and then. Mostly then, because Mildred's a gal who loves her

**She's more than plump
because she likes fudge
sundaes, but how she can
sing down low!**



fudge sundaes and—nuts. That is, nuts with the fudge sundaes—and nuts to the diet. She has sweet, kissable lips with dimples at the corners. And her eyes are large, luminous, with hazel depths sooted by a fringe of black lashes. She smiles easily, and effectively. She loves to laugh almost as much as she loves to sing.

After she got through with school-girl glee clubs, church choirs and kid chorals, the Spokane youngster embarked upon her career as a ten-buck song-plugger in a Seattle music store. Those were the days when the sheet music industry was a business instead of a bankruptcy. Customers actually came into the store, and one of them engaged the youthful blues-bird to warble the ditties of the day in his Canadian cabaret. Later Mildred worked in vaudeville, visited Hollywood and grew friendly with the talkie tribe, and made her aerial debut from a Camera Coast roof garden.

The star's success is proof of the old gags about casting bread and having it come back cake, or whatever the adage may be, for it was through her that Bing Crosby, pal of her cradle days, got his start with Abe Lyman's brother Mike, and from his club joined up with Rolly-Paully Whiteman as one of the original Rhythm Boys. Harry Barris and Al Rinker, Mildred's brother, were the other two. So what could be more poetically just than that she meet Whiteman through Bing, and win herself an engagement with the jazz king as the first girl to sing with any band.

That was the beginning of her air-wave-riding, and via stage, radio and record route she became a best seller in each sphere. That she has held her place on the top-rung of the ladder through several years of constantly challenging competition is sufficient evidence of her superiority to successive crops of would-be usurpers. And the ever-increasing popularity of the "Rockin' Chair Lady" with the radio public guarantees a long tenancy of her throne.

Despite the fact that she has faced more microphones than Garbo has cameras, Mildred gets weak knees every time she goes on the air. Just can't help, she says. So if you ever notice a little tremolo in her notes, you'll know that she's plain, downright nervous. She never studied singing, but she practiced scales for four years, and can make any piano moan a "St. Louis Blues", which, incidentally, she considers one of the greatest numbers ever set to sharps and flats.

But although she can get hot as Harlem on a sultry, red-mooned midnight, Mildred prefers to murmur spirituals and lullabies. She regards her old song, "Li'l Joe", with great affection. She's strong for the "Mighty Lak a Rose" things, and her recent introduction, "Snowball", is one of her new favorites. Maybe her love for lullabies is inspired by the fact that Mildred is a bride. Didn't you know? Oh, yes. She's Mrs. Kenneth Norvo. Has been for several months less than a year. She calls her husband "Red" because he is. And this Titian-topped groom of hers can do things on a xylophone that entitle him to musical note in his own right.

This is a radio romance, for the kids met in a Chicago broadcasting studio, and after that when Mildred sang it was to "Red", and "Red's" xylophonic love notes were

B y H E R B

CHAIR LADY

all for Mildred. It continues to be a happy honeymoon, with a cottage on Long Island, plans for a little farm up Connecticut way, which the baby will enjoy. The baby's name is Lena, and she's the cutest little thing you ever saw. A Dachshund pup that will howl when you say "Heil Hitler". Of course, she isn't much of a family for so devoted a couple. But she'll do 'till one comes along!

Although she has had stage experience and is familiar with the movies, Mildred prefers radio to all other forms of entertainment. She's refused plenty of engagements in order to stay on the air, although recent movie offers are getting pretty tempting. She likes her present work because she can sing to such a large audience, and because she can go to those who can't come to her—the "shut-ins" and others who depend solely on the dials for their fun. This is no pose on her part, for no small part of her spare time is utilized in visiting stricken friends and acquaintances.

EVEN after a real tough siege at the studio, the hours of rehearsals that precede her important broadcasts, Mildred will tear along the road in her car with cheer for some hapless ill one. She likes to do good, to give pleasure to those of whom she is fond. She also likes spaghetti, and chicken, and a milk concoction with nutmeg grated over it, and "Red" and Lena. The family listens in every time Mildred is on. Not only the husband and the pup, but the folks out on the Coast, too. They're all sort o' proud of her. And why not?

Mildred says she has never changed her style of singing, and never will. It's the way she sings naturally, she says, and always has. It's a little difficult to imagine her getting real low-down on a "Limehouse Blues" rendition for Spokane Sunday school teachers, or those Glee Club audiences, but you get what she means. And after all, maybe she suited her songs to the occasions even in those days. She takes radio very seriously in all its works, regards it as the real modern marvel, and foresees an even more magnificent future, a wider spread popularity than has thus far been attained. It is her belief that the day is just ahead when radio will bring the people of all nations together at one fireside, and that through the medium of the broadcast world- (Continued on page 42)



Mildred always seeks a soft seat.



C R U I K S H A N K

THE *Comedians* WILL *Drama's* THE NEW

NOVELS written expressly for the radio by the kind of geniuses who win Pulitzer and Nobel prizes; full-length plays by future Eugene O'Neills and Elmer Rices, performed by Broadway actors using a completely new technique; production programs that without featuring any one person shall yet be as rich in stars as a proper Christmas pudding is in plums—these are a few of the entertainment treats in store for radio listeners if William Paley is as accurate a prophet now as he has always been in the past.

For that matter, the handsome young president of the Columbia Broadcasting Company maintains that we are so close to all these good things that it does not take a prophetic eye, but only a reasonably far-sighted one, to see them clearly.

"The great development in radio for the immediate future will undoubtedly be in the dramatic field," Mr. Paley told me. "Broadcasting has already explored the possibilities of music to the limit. Look at the list. We can get, not as an occasional experiment, but regularly whenever we want them, anything in the way of light opera, opera or symphony orchestras. I can scarcely imagine a surprise that music could have in store for radio.

"But with drama it is entirely different. There we are just beginning, and there, incidentally, is where the thrill and fun come—in the development of something new. At Columbia, we are going at the thing in earnest. We have built up a completely new type of organization to write and direct plays. Our writers have been hand-picked from the stage, magazine and newspaper worlds and we have put them through an intensive course in radio-craft. Our directors are the finest the stage could offer and they have adapted themselves to radio by a thorough study of its limitations and opportunities. With these assets we have been able to make the Columbia Dramatic Guild a real try-out ground for new ideas and new methods of production. And now we are out to get the rights on plays and books especially suited to the air."

Perhaps you listened to the Columbia Guild during the summer. If so, you know that music has been almost entirely discarded as a means of denoting the passage of time. Instead, the effect is gotten by the use of "tightly-written, impressionistic dialogue" and by carefully thought-out sound to convey to the listener, not a definite picture, but a suggestion that will help him to create his own picture. Also, wherever possible, the action of the play actually occurs during the time it takes to be played, obviating any scene change. All this, Mr. Paley believes, makes for vividness and a sense of reality.

Another innovation which listeners apparently like is the peep behind scenes—that is, switching on the microphone just before the show proper starts, so that the audience



William S. Paley, youthful president of the Columbia Broadcasting System.

hears the leading lady putting the finishing touches on her make-up and the stage hand pushing the last chairs on the set.

I asked about comedy which has been fashionable on the air for several seasons now.

"Fashionable, but not a fad," commented Mr. Paley. "I feel sure that comedy will always be important, though it may taper off to lesser proportions. People like to laugh, you know, in good times or bad. I should say that comedy will be one of the staples of the air as it is of the theatre."

IT seemed to me that President Paley's views on the vexing question of advertising in the commercial program ought to be particularly interesting because his first contact with radio was as an advertising man. He was vice-president of a cigar company when it occurred to him that it might be a good thing to boom his product on the air. He investigated and bought time on the Columbia system. Later, so exciting did the contact prove, he bought the system—or most of it.

I said that I thought some of the advertisers used too much of their time extolling their products. Mr. Paley turned a kindling dark eye on me.

"Which ones?" he asked. "When did you listen? Did you time the advertising?"

That made me feel a little foolish, because I had really been generalizing. Haltingly I admitted it. Mr. Paley

STAY BUT THING SAYS

Paley

Radio will draft real actors and playwrights with stage reputations for future dramas on the big chains

by MARY
MARGARET
McBRIDE



Mr. Paley formally opening the new Columbia Studios with Olive Shea.

Mr. and Mrs. Paley, with Mrs. Leopold Stokowski, vacationing in the Bahamas.



noded triumphantly. He knows his business.

"There—you see! You'd be surprised how many of the complaints that still come in about the advertising are hang-overs—that is, made by people who haven't listened lately and think because it was that way once it must still be. That isn't true at all. The advertiser has pretty well learned his lesson. Look—isn't it the most natural thing in the world that when an advertiser first uses a medium he wants to take up a lot of the space advertising his merchandise? Certainly it is. You will find that early newspaper advertisers wanted pictures of their buildings, themselves and their products crowded into any space, however tiny, and then whatever was left over must be crammed with printed matter.

"This seemed all right, too, until somebody got the idea that white space combined with a limited amount of reading matter might be more pleasing to the reader. After that, everybody began to see the light.

"Now exactly the same thing happened to radio advertisers. Those who were using too much 'printed matter' soon became conscious of it (Continued on page 52)



New for a new

Gertrude Niesen drops
you the newest in fashion
like hers to wear these

This rich velvet gown features
the new high front, low back,
train-skirted evening gown.

Gertrude's all dressed for a
smart winter afternoon in this
long-coated suit with its striped
skirt.

GERTRUDE NIESEN'S voice may be golden for the airwaves but her softly-curved figure pours itself alluringly into the latest prize offerings of the fashion world. With this wardrobe she's all ready for an occasion whether it's a brisk trek through the park, tea-ing at Pierre's or dining at the Casino. The gowns are from the Lucinda Shop, popular fashion mart of the famous women you admire, and the hats are by Rose Sapphire.

Gertrude's black velvet evening gown, right up to the chin in front, falls away in the back to a full train and boasts of delectable orange velvet trimmings over the shoulders and around the waistline.

The street suit with its double-breasted buttons, three-quarter coat and persian collar has a contrasting skirt of oxford stripes. The hat, adapted from the Dutch boy cap, has bands of contrasting velvet.

The feature of the gown in which Miss Niesen drapes herself on the windowsill is the gorgeous material, soft as down, and flattering to a figure like hers. The deep blue is enhanced with gold flecks, and the bosomy corsage is of vivid scarlet with gold threads.

Who wouldn't feel like a Russian princess in the cocktail costume of black velvet with shiny buttons all down the front and on the sleeves? The shoulder line is widened with stiff revers that have a regal air and the velvet hat with



gowns star

her blue tones to show
notes, for it takes a figure
smartly designed gowns

Gorgeous blue, shot with gold,
makes this clinging evening
gown with its brilliant flower
trimming.

Miss Niesen goes Russian on
us in this tea ensemble of black
velvet with the new off-the-
face hat.



an almost invisible veil has a cut brim that
narrows toward the back and does grand things
for the forehead.

* * *

Grace Menken, who recently deserted the
stage for the fashion world and who happens to
be Mrs. Bert Lytell, wife of the famous actor
in private life, chose the gowns which Miss
Niesen is wearing on these pages. Miss Menken
favors wools for the daytime and is particularly
partial to those soft, supple blacks with the new
built-up shoulder lines and the smart touches of
white at collar and cuffs. And she suggests as
the newest and most flattering fabric for evening
gowns, the luscious blackberry velvet which is
between a berry tint and a black, and which
comes in the new *sauvage* velvet with an apple
green trimming at the waist or from the should-
ers in the novel down-the-back lines.

As Miss Niesen's black velvet gown illustrates,
to be fashionably attired for formal occasions
this winter, the women must cover up their chests
and expose their backs, for the higher the neck-
line in front the smarter the gown.

Then, too, getting away from the hats that
practically hid one eye, the latest chapeaux
from Paris are leaving the forehead exposed and
showing off the front hairline in halo effect
which is a little difficult but so chic and young
if you can get away with it. (Miss Niesen is
the featured soloist of Columbia's Big Show.)

GARD'S CHOSEN PEOPLE

HARRY
RICHMAN



BURNS
and
ALLEN



AL JOLSON



VINCENT LOPEZ





**ROSEMARY
LANE**

★ One of the Lane sisters, CBS songsters. This ether beauty was almost the Radio Queen. Her sister Francisella is just as pretty, but they get paid for vocalizing.



NINO *M*ARTINI

This golden-voiced singer stepped right from the studios into Grand Opera, but he remembers radio made him, and will continue broadcasting

RUTH ETTING

A Roman siren is Miss Etting in these chiffons. She's moved to California from where she'll send out her popular song programs between flicker rôles.



The movies have
gotten Jimmy al-
ready, but his air
career will go on
which is good news.



JAMES MELTON





She's the eye-filling
songbird whose
blue notes you
hear on the George
Hall programs.

L O R E T T A L E E



FROM VAGABOND to MASTER SHOW

THERE are those of us—and countless ones we are—who hope for something we'll never have. It may be happiness or wealth or fame, or out of super-optimism, all three. There are others who in the accomplishment of early hopes, rest on the easy fulfillment of dreams, rest a while and then peter out into the inevitable oblivion of self-satisfaction.

Occasionally there are the unusual ones who having seen their aspirations realized, cannily know when the toboggan is being greased for them and take a new foothold on another hill to repeat the success. Whether the man is a writer, a songwriter, a saxophone player or just a vagabond lover, it doesn't matter.

And that's why Rudy Vallee, whether you like the way his eyebrows grow, the apparent unsuccess he seems to have with things personally romantic, whether you've snickered at the stories of how he mulls over his own pressbooks and uses tissue paper handkerchiefs when he has a cold, is deserving of sincere praise, worthy of his rivals' respect.

The Vagabond Lover rôle with the Connecticut Yankee was a lucrative one for several years. He might have retired on his laurels and his bank balances, rested on the accomplishments of his remunerative radio itinerancy and watched from luxurious sidelines the continued struggles of his less successful competitors. Or he might foolishly have refused to take heed to the waning interest in his half-beat vocalizations until his sponsors and the public forcibly brought the fact finally to his attention and showed him the unpleasant exit used for the has-been broadcasters.

He did nothing of the sort. He was a smarter Connecticut Yankee than the smart-alecks of Broadway believed and before even his most adoring feminine followers were aware that the public life of a crooner is a short one, he dropped the rôle which had brought him his amazing success and emerged as a showman who knows his air theater better than the experts who groomed him. Better, too, than the managers who thought his business acumen was limited to

his ability in making a Maine college ditty into a national hit.

A crooner's just a crooner and you can cut his career short any day with an attack of tonsillitis, that is if all his talents are in his throat. But when you hitch the warbling to a fast-thinking New England brain, to a personality that takes the adulation of the crowd for granted and yet is not spoiled by the admiring "yi-yis" of the multitude, once in a while you're treated to such a transformation as has been evidenced in the radio record of the former horn-tooter from Yale.

Whatever Rudy may be to those who don't happen to like Mr. Vallee personally, whatever he may be to Fay Webb, or to the movie moguls who thought they had a gold mine when they put the Yankee warbler in a Hollywood film studio, he's the best little dough-raiser the Fleisch-

by R. H. ROWAN



Above, Rudy poses with Lenore Ulrich after a broadcast; left, with Olsen & Johnson; extreme left, the latest Vallee portrait.

LOVER MAN

Irene Bordoni and Rudy between broadcast numbers; below, with Alice Faye, his newest soloist and latest heart interest.



The Connecticut Yankee who makes people famous is a yeast company's best dough-raiser

gested. Those who accused him of always hogging center stage in everything must eat their words every week as the Fleischmann maestro steps aside from the microphone and concedes the place of honor not only to Hollywood celebrities, footlight favorites but topnotchers in any field who rate the headlines. But with all their admission that they didn't really know the showman side of Vallee, "they" must be a little amazed at the way he gives over coveted five-minute periods on his limited air time to competitors in his own orchestral line who can easily steal honors from him when it comes to rhythmic aggregations.

More unknowns have gotten their start through an introduction to their embryonic public via the Vallee broadcasts than on any other program now on the air. Amateurs have become important professionals after one ether trip, piloted by Rudy and those who were fading out of the picture have staged comebacks on the same magic route. The list of his guest artists since he became a showman instead of a serenader reads like a "who's who" in the world of entertainment. Famous ones have angled for a spot on his radio broadcasts and few have refused his bid to appear with him.

They've all been with him this (Continued on page 61)

mann Yeast people ever had working for them and he's one of the best showmen of whom the NBC people may boast in this or any other year.

From a Vagabond Lover who could do things with a megaphone in his hand or a saxophone strung over his shoulders as he serenaded millions of daffy women hanging on for dear life to the beloved echoes over the ether waves, it seemed natural that Rudy Vallee would eventually slip—and slip fast when the sliding process started. Because a hundred of his kind followed him into the audition rooms and some of his imitators could go him one better at the moony stuff.

The real artist is one who knows that the show is more important than his own personal efforts, who doesn't balk at the shifting of the spotlight to other members of the cast. And Vallee's handling of his current air programs proves him to be a better artist than his singing ever sug-



Gracie fights to keep radio—in her home!

An Air

By GRACIE

RADIO MIRROR'S

JUST look up there. Look what it says. If they say things like that, how am I going to get anywhere? It's silly. Of course I'm the guest critic. It's easy to guess a person's name when you see it all spelled out. As soon as I read it I guessed who was critic. And I'm glad I'm critic because my whole family are critics. My mother criticizes my father and my father criticizes my brother and my brother used to criticize the police. But he doesn't criticize the police any more because the warden said, "If I hear one more squawk out of you I'll beat you within an inch of your life". And my brother thanked him. Because, you see, my brother is in for life and if the warden beats him within an inch of his life, then my brother only has to go an inch and he's a free man, don't you think so?

But that's neither here nor there . . . nor visa versa. What I think about radio is this . . . radio must go!

I know the radio at our house is going all the time. Of course it isn't the same radio that goes all the time. First my father goes. He goes downtown and buys a radio. Then he goes home with the radio. Then the installment collector goes to our house and then the radio goes back to the store. Isn't that funny? We can't get the store with our radio. But the store can always get our radio with a wagon. Why is that?

The next radio we're going to buy is the kind that has an automobile attached to it. Then we won't have to stay home to listen, and if we're not home the man who comes from the company to get the radio won't be able to find us. And if we have one of those new automobile radios then my brother won't have to spend money checking his hat. He'll be able to ride around in it and park it at the curb. You see, he's working on an invention that is not only a derby but is also a radio receiving set. Because he thinks it would be kind of cute when you're walking along

the street and you meet somebody you know to be able to tip Kate Smith to her.

Which reminds me of Stoopnagle and Budd. Whatever became of them, anyway? George Burns says he thinks Buddnagle and Stoop are two of the funniest men on the radio but I think George Burns is silly because if Stoop-buddle and Nag . . . I mean Egg noggle and milk . . . were that funny . . . then nobody would be able to understand them. And if George Burns could understand them, then nobody would be able to understand George Burns, and if nobody could understand George Burns then nobody could understand me because George Burns understands me. So it just goes to show that the public doesn't know what I'm talking about. And if they don't know what I'm talking about they're silly because I don't know what they're talking about either. . . . So I listen to George Burns.

And my nephoo likes Joe Penner because my nephoo is in the market for a duck. He used to have one. But only in the mornings. When my aunt would wake him up she would throw the alarm clock at him . . . and then he hadda duck. But my uncle likes Walter Shutta and Ethel O'Keefe. You know she's married to George Olsen and he's married to Don Bestor. And Guy Lombardo is married to Carmen Lombardo. But Gracie Allen isn't married to George Burns. So I said to Gracie, the other day . . . you know she's a lovely girl . . . and pretty, too. Anyhoo, I said to Gracie, I said, "Gracie, why don't you marry George Burns?" And Gracie said, "Well, Gracie, I'll tell you. One day I said to George Burns, "Will you marry me?" and George Burns said, "Gracie, I'm not good enough for you."

So I said to Gracie, I said, "Gracie, what did you say when George Burns said he wasn't good enough for you?" And Gracie said, "I just shrugged my shoulders and said, 'Just my luck!'. What else could I say? If he wants to run around with that silly girl he talks to on the air then that's his business . . . don't you think so?" . . . And I said, "I think so, Gracie".

Which reminds me. My grandfather got married last week. He eloped. He was in love with a girl who lives on the third floor but he had to marry the girl on the second floor because when he started to elope and put the ladder up against the building it would only reach to the second floor. And the funny part of it was that he didn't know the girl on the second floor he was eloping with was married until they got to the bottom of the ladder and found her husband holding it for them. So my grandfather thanked him and he thanked my grandfather. . . . And my grandmother thanked both of them. Which only goes to prove that you can't please all of the people some of the time, as Raymond Knight says.

I always listen to Station KuKu because we can't get it

Attack

ALLEN

GUEST CRITIC

"Radio's all so silly," says Gracie—but she understands it!—if you don't



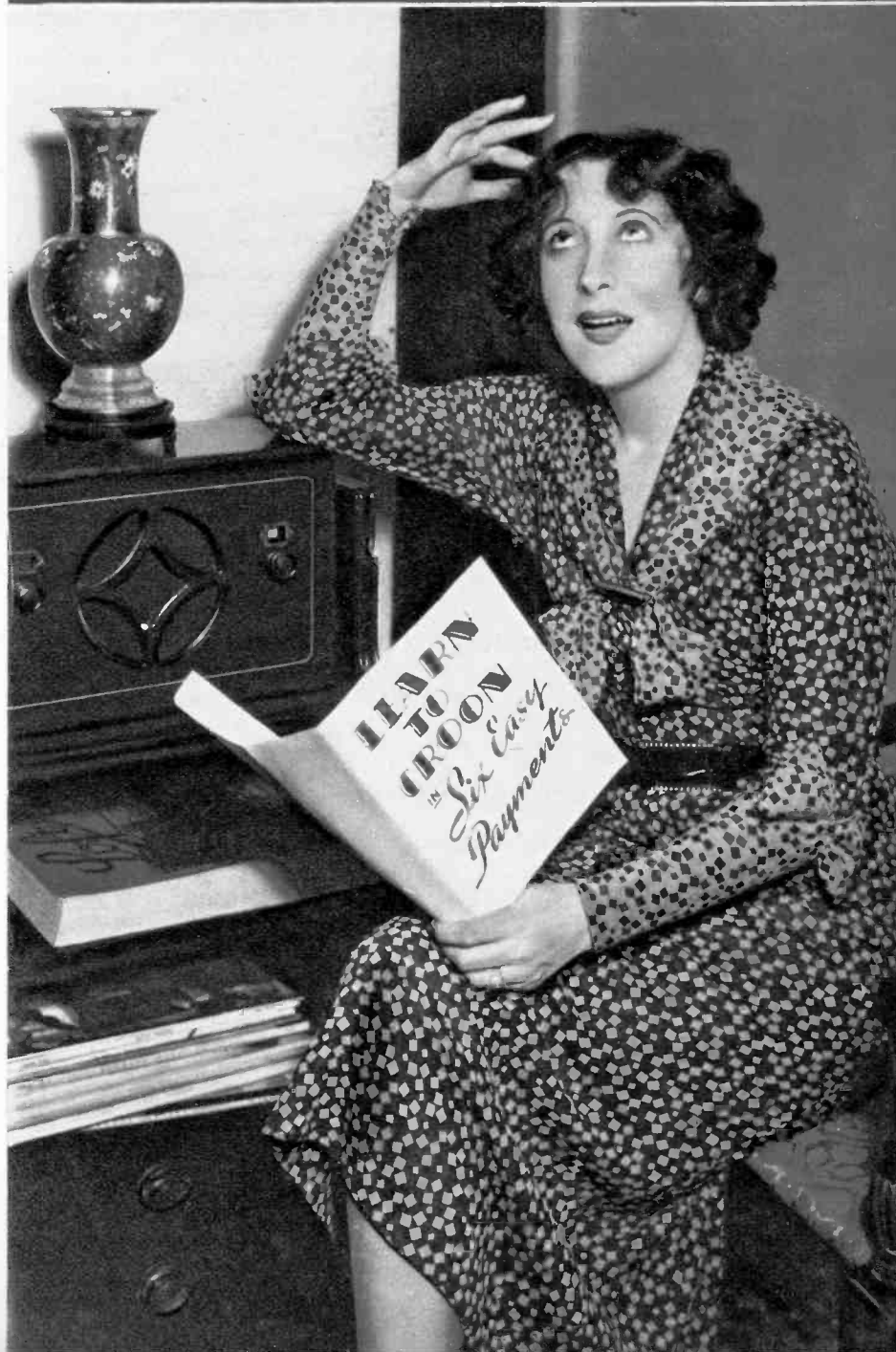
on our set so we have to go next door to the neighbors they always offer us refreshments . . . and that's why we always listen to KuKu. And I think that proves that Raymond Knight is very charitable. Because think of all the hungry people he is helping to feed. Someday I must remember to send him something to eat. I think he'd like it. I could send him some of my mother's corn bread. She makes it with oats. She used to make it with rye but my father wouldn't eat it because he likes wheat. So my mother tried making the cornbread with corn . . . but she had to stop because it tasted just like cornbread and we don't like cornbread.

You know my brother left home on account our having so much rye bread. He doesn't like bread made with rye. He thinks it's terrible wasting good liquor like that. He says he likes his rye with just plain ginger ale. He said he wasn't ever going to eat home again. My father said it wouldn't be long before he would eat his words and come back home and my mother put in and said that if he ate words like he used all the time he'd have a terrible case of indigestion.

Which reminds me that Georgie Jessell is one of my favorite comedians. I used to know him when he was just plain Enricho Hernandez Zilch. Then one time out in San Francisco he sang a popular song, "Jessell Little Love, a Little Kiss." And ever since then everybody has called him Georgie Jessell. A long time ago we used to trade gags. When he went on the air he offered to trade us five hundred gags for my brother. But my brother is funnier than all the gags ever written, especially when he's trying to be serious. We came back with a counter offer to throw in all my relatives but so far it is all up in the air as we never heard from Georgie again.

AND I guess that's all there is new on the radio this month except Mr. James Durante. I'm glad he's gotten his chance on the air because I think that what the air needs is more voices like Mr. Durante's and not so many raucous shouting screeching voices like Bing Crosby's and Rudy Vallee's and John Charles Thomas' and Lawrence Tibbett's and George Burns' and Carmen Lombardo's and Gracie Allen's.

One lesson, and Gracie's crooning already! George expects an earache.



YOU ASK HIM ANOTHER



His nickname was "Corn Cob," he likes Mexican Cooking, he's from the South, his wife likes him

IRVIN S. COBB



The grand old man of humor.

INQUISITIONING IRVIN S. COBB



Full name in private life?

A. Irvin Shrewsbury Cobb.

Q. When and where were you born?

A. June 23, 1876, in Paducah Kentucky.

Q. What was your father's occupation?

A. Tobacco warehouseman.

Q. Who was your childhood hero: (a) in fiction; (b) in real life?

A. (a) Tom Sawyer; (b) Stonewall Jackson.

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

A. Nature study, or rather outdoor life.

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

A. I have no sad memories of youth.

Q. Where were you educated?

A. I wasn't. (left school at 16, after part of one year in high school, but now have honorary degrees from Dartmouth and the Univ. of Georgia.)

Q. Were you ever expelled or suspended from school?

A. Well, I left school, by request, several times.

Q. Did you support yourself in whole or in part in school?

A. Helped to by delivering newspapers and driving an ice-wagon.

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

A. Driving an ice-wagon for \$3.00 a week.

Q. When and in what capacity did you make your professional debut as an entertainer?

A. Lecturing—at the age of 40.

Q. Trace briefly your professional career before your entry into radio.

A. As a lecturer, I have spoken in every large city in America and in all except three states—Vermont, New Mexico, Nevada. As a writer—see "Who's Who in America".

Q. Are you married? If so, when and to whom?

A. Yes—June 12, 1900, to Laura Spencer Baker.

Q. Where did you meet your wife?

A. Paducah, Ky.

Q. Any children?

A. Elisabeth Cobb Brody, novelist.

Q. What form of travel do you most enjoy?

A. Canoeing.

Q. What are your favorite sports?

A. (To play) hunting-fishing; (to watch) baseball, prize-fights, polo.

Q. What pets have you?

A. A bird and a dog.

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

(Continued on page 63)



once
they were
Sob Sisters



THE city rooms lost these charmers when radio discovered their talents. Jean Sargent (upper left) went to a finishing school and stepped right into the office of a Philadelphia newspaper where she did her daily stunt until she was picked out of an amateur theatrical production.

Columbus, Ma., gave Jane Froman (upper right) to the news-gathering profession. She started in as a society columnist, but with her looks and her voice she just couldn't remain unglorified.

Shirley Howard (right) was radio editor of a daily paper in Philadelphia (that city certainly has them) but her scribbling career came to an end when Rudy Vallee heard her sing and advised her to hasten to a studio and get herself set. Didn't she, though?



Guy Lombardo has a yacht, so all the Lombardos go to sea.



Milton Berle all set to defend his gags.



IT might be a bicycle built for two or a yacht to accommodate two dozen, a bag of golf sticks for the afternoon foursome or a box of lunch for the Sunday cross-country trek, but when the famous ones of the ether waves aren't warbling or emoting, baton-wielding or wisecracking, they're usually to be found following their favorite sport or pet diversion.

What's Phil Baker's fun might be hard work for Kate Smith; Ruth Etting's idea of a good time might bore Russ Columbo.

Some like it hot and some like it cold. They can't always have the sort of weather they enjoy but whenever it's possible the snowbirds rush north and the chilly ones follow the sunshine. Guy Lombardo has his boat and Gracie Allen has her bicycle. Give Ben Bernie a good cigar, a golf partner and a clear day, set him down at the entrance to any good links, whether they happen to be laid out in Ohio or Long Island, and he's happy.

Phil Harris and Leah Ray are both veterans of the saddle; Roger Wolf Kahn has a passion for guiding one of his specially-built planes above the clouds. Vice-President George B. McClelland of the NBC takes to flying when the spirit moves him but he lets Casey Jones do the work.

Ozzie Nelson and Harriet Hilliard think life is pleasant any place, provided they can be together but if they can have their choice and it doesn't interfere with broadcasting, they'll take a good beach and an exhilarating swim.

Vincent Lopez thinks he would have been a champion runner if he hadn't been so good at the piano, though right now he's more interested in numerology than in any dust trail on the open road.

Most of the orchestra leaders on the air, to say nothing of Sophie Tucker, are crazy about horses, provided the right one comes in first and there have been very successful evenings, according to them, with a box of chips and a deck of poker cards.

But whatever they do and wherever it takes them, everyone of the "raddio" celebrities emphasizes the importance of filling the playtime hours.

One of the most inveterate fishers in the ranks of CBS stars—be prepared for a shock—is Gertrude Niesen. She discards her rôle as glamorous lady in evening dresses, and fits with equal agility into the rôle of sporty damsel who rises at five (sometimes before that) to drive out where the fish are biting. The only trouble with that is—it's hard to find somebody equally stoic about early rising!

Louis Dean takes to horse-shoe pitching—but that sport is as rare as mah jong in these regions. However, he had a taste of it this summer when he went down to see his Grandfather in Valley Head, Ala. His Grandfather happens to be horse-shoe champ in

DON'T THEY HAVE

Fun!

STARS IN SPORTING MOMENTS



those regions, and Lou, with deplorable youthful conceit, went so far as to say he could snatch away the ancestral title for his own. Grandfather cinched the argument by staging a contest which the whole town of Valley Head turned out to view, en masse. The winner would receive a gold-lettered ribbon, labelled "Champ." . . . The battle was long and arduous. Young Lou, like the Village Blacksmith, was mopping honest sweat off his brow, and trying to pitch ringers and leaners—but Grandfather won out. So Lou had to buy him a box of cigars! Lou has also been going deep sea fishing these summer week-ends. He is palsy with fellow fishermen who have yawls, and take to the Sound.

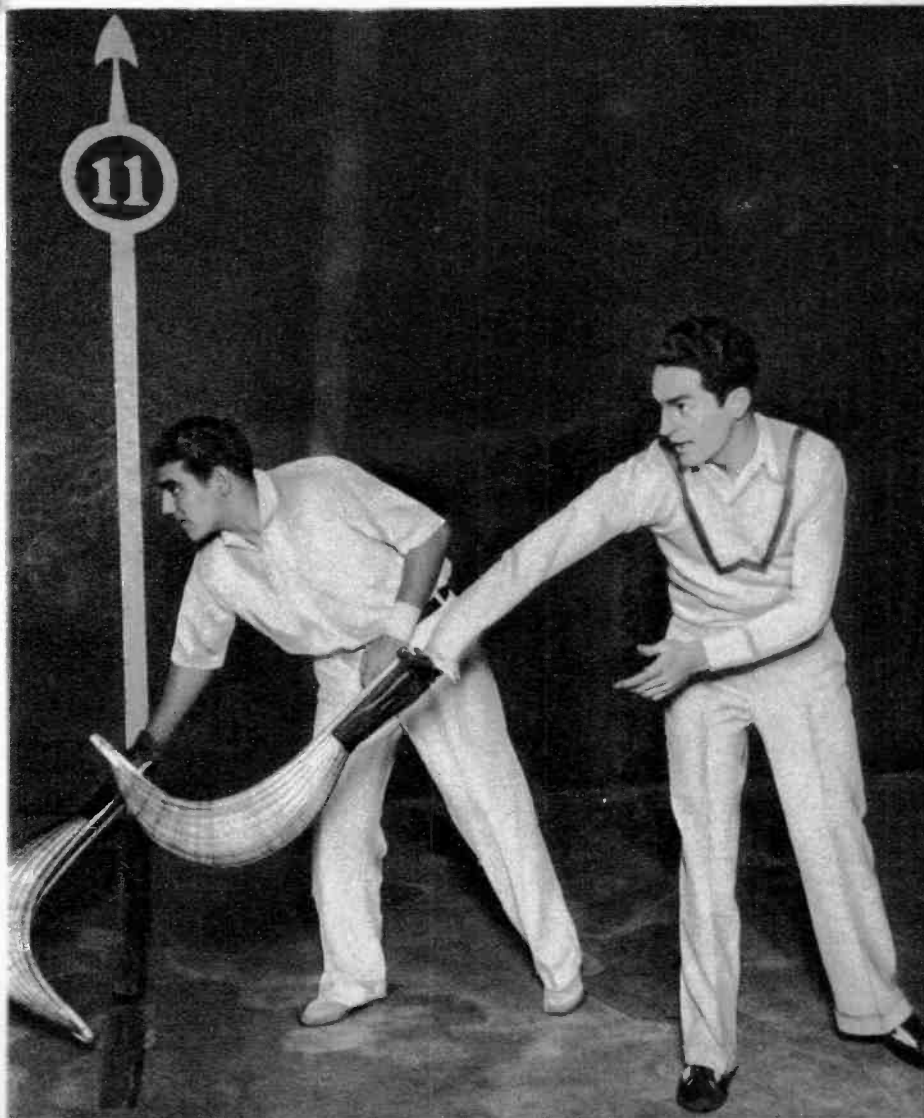
Betty Barthell goes in for ice hockey . . . it's a sport she learned to like when she migrated from Nashville. She plays tennis with her room-mate on Sunday mornings.

Little Jack Little would probably be a golf "pro" were he not inextricably tangled up in music. He goes so far as to say that some day he may succumb and turn to the mashie instead of a baton. . . .

Boake Carter likes sailing. . . . He's off on a sailboat whenever he gets a chance . . . doubtlessly finding plenty of time for contemplation when he's at the rudder! He likes to be out in a storm.

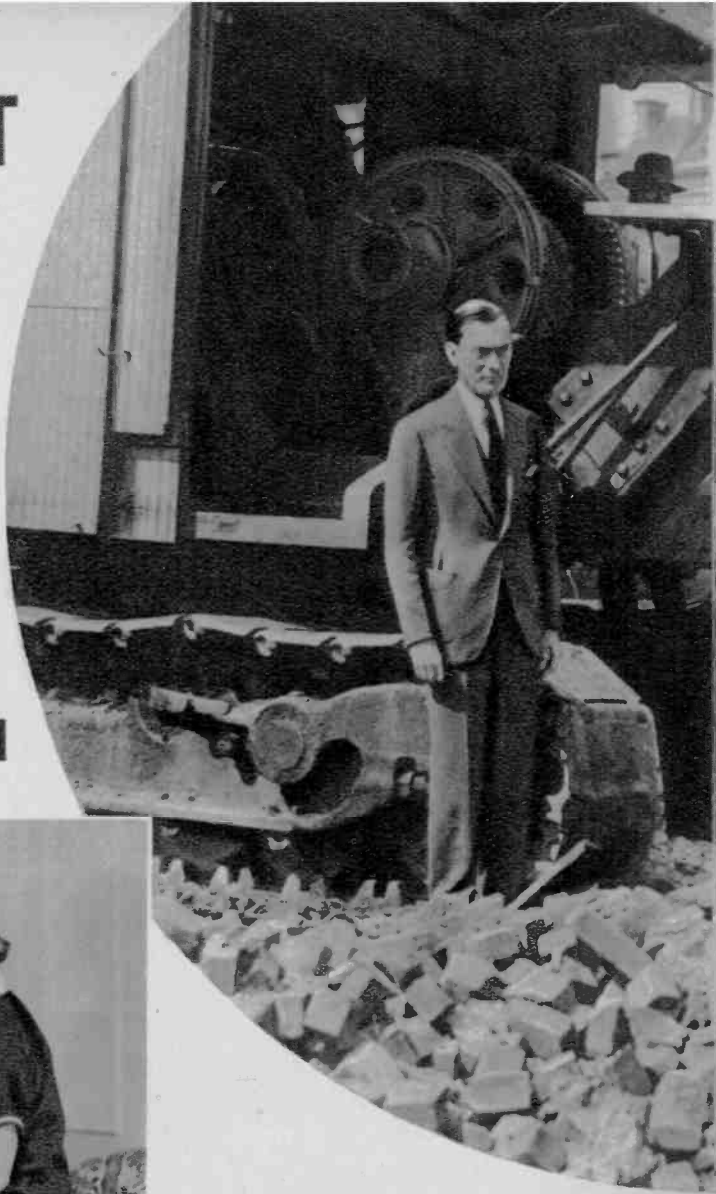
As for Irvin S. Cobb, he's an inveterate hunter, and if it (Continued on page 55)

Fred Waring holding a "Cesta" (bat to you) in a "Jai-alai" game.



RADIO'S FIRST ANNOUNCER LOOKS BACKWARD

by THOMAS H. COWAN



Left, Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks making their radio debut in 1923; below, Vaughn de Leath, first blues singer.



THE curious thing about the beginning of radio broadcasting was the attitude of the newspapers. They absolutely refused to get excited at all about "this radio blah!" Jack Binns did come over to Newark one night and looked around. We put him on the air hoping he would tell something about his epoch making "C Q D" from the sinking "Republic", but 'no', the ever modest Jack was friendly and optimistic about broadcasting and the union of telephone and radio. He gave my enterprise a splendid write-up in a special article, and never mentioned that epic night on the Atlantic when radio demonstrated that, as Capt. Rostron stated before our "mike" not long afterward, ships would never again leave the shores and be isolated for days in the vagueness of the great oceans, for radio had robbed the sea of its greatest terrors, accident and actual shipwreck. The world was still horrified at the loss of the *La Bourgogne*, and that was years before, but it was still a story. Then came Marconi, the signals between Poldhu and Canada, the *Republic*, Binns, legislation, and every ship at sea equipped with this great boon to the preservation of life. Jack Binns really did a "Lindbergh", in his way, as he refused to cheaply publicize his great deed, modestly took the official recognition that came at that time, and took his place, through no ballyhoo on his part, with the epic heroes of history.

One of the greatest "cheats" in radio of that day was for people to call up and say that they were certain noted people, and request information, or a special request on the radio.





Saying it with shovels after Ex-Mayor Walker's first inauguration.

Second installment of Mr. Cowan's radio reminiscing from WJZ's birth in Newark a dozen years ago.

●
 Fiorello H. LaGuardia's first radio address in 1921.



Right, WJZ's first Christmas party in 1921, with Marion Davies, May Peterson of the Metropolitan, Carolyn Beebe, and others.

The 'phone rang one day. It was always ringing. "This is Joseph Tumulty speaking", said the voice at the other end. But it couldn't fool me.

"This is Caruso," says I, "what can I sing for you?" I could feel the ice forming on the end of the line—

"I wish to get in touch with the radio telephone station WJZ, and in spite of your facetiousness, this is Mr. Tumulty."

I readily re-adjusted myself to the real situation and asked him how we might be of service to him. He told me that two of his youngsters had come in very late an evening or so ago, and when he questioned them they told him that they had been over to Johnny's house, listening to music out of the air from Newark, N. J. Before calling in a brain specialist he slipped over to Johnny's house himself, and sure enough, there was "the music in the air". We extended him an invitation to come over to Newark that very evening, as we were trying a "real" stunt, which originated in the fertile brain of Leslie Whalen, then publicity man for Famous Players-Lasky, now in the same capacity for Harold Lloyd.

Famous Players-Lasky had just achieved its fifteenth year and Adolph Zukor in New York addressed his entire organization in a broadcast from WJZ—Newark. Dr. Hugo

Reisenfeld and the entire Rialto orchestra came over to Newark. (That was the night Gladys Rice made her debut on radio with several other soloists.)

H. B. Schaad offered me the opportunity to present the concert pianist, Ignatz Friedman. I called for Mr. Friedman and he did not feel very well. "No, no, I do not think I go." "Oh!" said I, "Mr. Friedman there are millions of people waiting to hear you." (God forgive me, how did I know.)

"Well", our artist replied, 'I go, but I must have bottle of brandy on piano, no one can see me, and I have very, very bad cold."

I replied, "that will be attended to". (And the country just commencing to "dry".)

Ignatz Friedman sat down to the piano, and because of the lack of visible audience he could not become interested. However, Al mixed a few and passed them around, to all as well as our artistic invalid, and in a little while he suggested that we dim the glaring electric light. (Our studio was not yet an artistic triumph.) And then—Friedman played and played for over an hour, and as he said afterwards, "I somehow got the feeling that an audience was there, and from then on, I felt a very deep inspiration."

One day I met Betty Paine, the (Continued on page 59)

Look WHO'S

S U N D A Y



OLSEN AND JOHNSON

- 11:15 A. M. MAJOR BOWES' CAPITOL FAMILY—soloists and guest artists; orchestra direction Yasha Bunchuk. WEAf and associated stations.
The "majah" recites poetry and all his children perform.
- 12:15 P. M. BABY ROSE MARIE—Songs. WJZ and associated stations.
(Tastyeast).
After the fashion of her elders, this child goes very blue vocally.
- 12:30 P. M. RADIO CITY CONCERT—"Roxy" Master of Ceremonies; Radio City Symphony Orchestra direction Erno Rapee, WJZ.
The one and only Roxy who knows this show business—air or footlights.
- 1:00 P. M. LITTLE MARILYN MACK—songs. WEAf. (Julius Grossman Shoes).
A newcomer and what a promising tidbit of jazz tunes.
- 2:00 P. M. BROADWAY MELODIES with Helen Morgan and Albert Bartlett, The Tango King (Bi-so-dol). WABC and associated stations.
Miss Morgan with her moanin' torch songs nobody else can do.
- 5:00 P. M. ROSES AND DRUMS. (Union Central Life Insurance Company). WABC and associated stations.

Getting better and better as time goes on.

- 5:30 P. M. FRANK CRUMIT AND JULIA SANDERSON. (Bond Bread). WABC.
They'll never disappoint you.
- 6:30 P. M. SMILING ED McCONNELL. (Acme White Lead). WABC and associated stations.
It's no easy job, this continuous smilin' rôle and he does it well.
- 7:00 P. M. VARIETY PROGRAM with guest stars and orchestras. (D. L. & W. Coal Company). WEAf and associated stations.
The guests are good.
- 7:00 P. M. REAL SILK SHOW—Vincent Lopez and his orchestra; Alice Joy, contralto. WJZ and associated stations.
Please play that piano more, Vincent. You're as swell a soloist as you are a band leader and that's saying a lot.
- 7:30 P. M. JOE PENNER—The Baker's Broadcast. (Fleischmann's Yeast); with Harriett Hilliard and Ozzie Nelson's orchestra. WJZ and associated stations.
A really funny man in some really funny stuff and Ozzie to give the flappers their dance tunes.
- 8:00 P. M. EDDIE CANTOR AND RUBINOFF'S ORCHESTRA. (Chase and Sanborn Hour). WEAf and associated stations.
I want Cantor, you want Cantor, but why go on? Eddie does.
- 8:00 P. M. FREDDIE RICH ENTERTAINS. Mildred Bailey; Jack White, comedian; Do, Re, Me Trio; Eton Boys and Orchestra. WABC and associated stations.
The St. Louis Blues like you've never heard before and can Mildred sing them and we practically love the Eton Boys—in a musical way of course.
- 9:00 P. M. THE SEVEN STAR REVUE. With Nino Martini, Erno Rapee and his Orchestra, Jane Froman, Julius Tannen, Ted Husing, and the Vagabond Glee Club. (Linit). WABC and associated stations.
There is a voice as is a voice when Martini sings, with Miss Froman a close second and Mr. Tannen talking fast.

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

HARRIET HILLIARD

- Russia couldn't be so cold when they have hot music like Tamara sings and Mr. Rodemich is what I call a music man.
- 9:00 P. M. THE REVELERS QUARTET; Al Goodman's orchestra; guest artist (Gulf Headliners) WJZ and associated stations.
You'd think they would have their off moments but not the Revelers when they're on the air.
- 9:30 P. M. WALTER WINCHELL. (The Andrew Jergens Company). WJZ and associated stations.
Sees all, tells all and then we know all after being a weekly Winchell tuner-inner.
- 10:00 P. M. ANGELO PATRI, "YOUR CHILD". (Cream of Wheat). WABC and associated stations.
Giving you good advice about the kiddies.
- 10:00 P. M. CHEVROLET PROGRAM—Jack Benny and Mary Livingstone; Frank Parker, tenor; orchestra direction Frank Black. WEAf and associated stations.
The Benny has a sensauma that's especially well keyed to the air waves and that Mr. Parker is a vocalist, no foolin'.
- 11:00 P. M. SETH PARKER'S PROGRAM. WEAf and associated stations.
The ruralites as Mr. Parker sees them.
- 11:00 P. M. GUY LOMBARDO and his Royal Canadians. WABC and associated stations.
Dance tunes you just can't help from corraling out of the sky.



E A S T E R N S T A N

RADIO TOURS

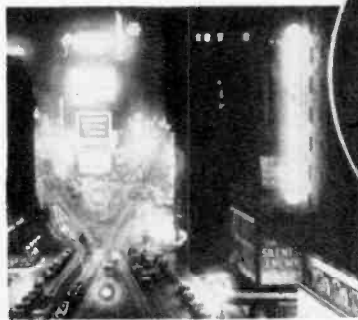
LET'S GO PLACES AND HEAR THINGS!

Replace weak, limping tubes with tubes made by RCA—and come on along!

DON'T be a stay-at-home... limited to the few stations near at hand! Come on a Radio Tour! Get the thrill of a "first night" in Hollywood... the Hill Billy "Shindig" in Asheville... those German comedians in Milwaukee... the "Tent Show" in Des Moines... your own college football game back home... "The Kingfish" speaking in Louisiana... Rhumba players down in Havana. A million dollars worth of radio entertainment is waiting for you... Go places hear things! With new, powerful tubes, with a good radio set thoroughly in order you can bring in stations beyond the reach of tubes that are worn and old.

Have your dealer test your tubes

To go on a great radio tour every night—your ticket is simply a good radio set plus a new set of Cunningham



Broadway and the great White Way. The heart of the show business... go there on a Radio Tour!



A million dollars worth of radio talent—yours on a Radio Tour!

Radio Tubes or RCA Radiotrons to replace weak and limping tubes. Only RCA Radiotrons and Cunningham Radio Tubes are actually *made and guaranteed* by RCA. Built to give you full, complete tone, wide range, sure performance and long life. A remarkable booklet, "Radio Tours" tells you whether your set is giving you all it should. It lists all stations in the U. S., Canada, Mexico; it provides a "radio yardstick" and a map that shows your own locality and all the stations you *should* get. Ask your nearest dealer for "Radio Tours"—or mail the coupon below.



Step into the heart of Chicago, hear the famous programs from the Loop—on a Radio Tour!



San Francisco's Chinatown... all the entertainment of the Golden West—on a Radio Tour!



Cunningham Radiotron



Without any obligation please send me your illustrated folder "Radio Tours" with station map and "radio yardstick". I am enclosing 10c in stamps for postage and handling.

Name.....

Address.....

(Coupon must be sent to RCA Radiotron Co., Camden, N. J.)

Look Who's Here

(Continued from page 41)

Tuesday

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

Maybe you didn't know a bridge game could be so entertaining, especially when you're not playing yourself.

6:45 P. M. "LITTLE ITALY" with Ruth Yorke. Also Thursday. WABC and associated stations.

Not so Venetian at that but a nice contribution.

7:00 P. M. REX COLE MOUNTAINEERS—Hill billy songs and sketch. WEA and associated stations.

They do say that people are simply ga-ga about the Hill Billies but you know what Gracie Allen says.

8:00 P. M. BLACKSTONE PLANTATION—Julia Sanderson and Frank Crumit soloists; Parker Fennelly; incidental music, direction Jack Shilkret. (Blackstone Cigars). WEA and associated stations.

This is what I call a first-class broadcast.

8:15 P. M. SINGIN' SAM, The Barbasol Man—also on Thursday. WABC and associated stations.

Shaving advice for the men and singing for everybody.

8:30 P. M. THE VOICE OF EXPERIENCE. WABC and associated stations.

You don't have to take the advice, of course.

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

A peppy act that's quite grown up now.

8:45 P. M. KATE SMITH and her Swanee Music. WABC and associated stations.

Radio wouldn't be the same if ever Kate decided to take a long boat ride and forget us.

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

You know exactly what he's going to say and still it's funny and doesn't the old maestro have a way with his music, though?

9:30 P. M. THE TEXACO FIRE CHIEF PROGRAM—Ed Wynn, the Fire Chief; Don Voorhees and orchestra; male quartet; Graham McNamee, master of ceremonies and announcer. (Texas Company). WEA and associated stations.

The evening's brighter now that Mr. Wynn has gotten Hollywood out of his hair.

10:30 P. M. THE BOSWELL SISTERS—Also on Thursday. WABC and associated stations.

The best sister team on the air, in spite of the other claimants.

10:30 P. M. MADAME SYLVIA and movie stars. (Ralston Purina Company). WEA and associated stations.

Makes you want to go out and look like Joan Crawford—or at her.

12:00 Mid. RALPH KIRBERY, the Dream

Singer. WEA and associated stations.

To lull you to slumber as it were.

Wednesday

10:45 A. M. WILL OSBORNE and his orchestra, Pedro de Cordoba. (The Voice of Friendly Philosophy). WABC and associated stations.

The early bird gets Will this time.

6:45 P. M. JACK DENNY'S ORCHESTRA; Jeannie Lang and Scrappy Lambert. WABC and associated stations.

Mr. Denny's a syncopating man and maybe you like Jeannie?

7:30 P. M. DJER KISS RECITAL—Cyrena Van Gordan, mezzo-contralto; Walter Golde, accompanist. (Vadco Sales Corp.). WJZ and associated stations.

A new artist and a welcome addition.

7:45 P. M. IRENE RICH in informal chats on Hollywood. (Welch's Grape Juice). WJZ and associated stations.

A movie actress talks about her kind.

8:00 P. M. BERT LAHR; George Olsen and his music. (The Royal Gelatine Review). WEA and associated stations.

Bert's getting into a snappier stride.

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

The Lyman aggregation going romantic on us.

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

Some hints on how to stay away.

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

We're always tuned in when Mr. Cobb talks.

9:30 P. M. JOHN McCORMACK, tenor, orchestra direction William Daly (Wm. R. Warner Co.) WJZ and associated stations.

Rides nicely along the ether waves.

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

This can't be touched, no how.

10:00 P. M. FRED WARING'S ORCHESTRA; Moran & Mack (Old Gold Program) WABC and associated stations.

How did we ever manage to forget Moran and Mack, now that their back and the Waring bunch are getting more popular with each broadcast.

10:30 P. M. ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT, "The Town Crier." WABC and associated stations.

This is the cleverest talker on any wavelength, make no mistake.

Thursday

11:30 A. M. TONY WONS with Peggy Keenan and Sandra Phillips, Piano

Team. WABC and associated stations.

More of Tony with the help of two pianos this time.

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

For variety, this is the ace program of its type.

8:45 P. M. CROONING CHOIR—13 male voices; director B. A. Rolfe. WJZ and associated stations.

What's a crooning choir?

9:00 P. M. PRESENTING MARK WARREN; Gertrude Niesen. WABC and associated stations.

Miss Niesen again.

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

A trip we hate to miss any week and we're just a couple of people.

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

Jolson's even better and the Whiteman music is what I call MUSIC.

Friday

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

To make you better and better.

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

Betty has her troubles.

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

Don't miss this program.

8:00 P. M. CITIES SERVICE CONCERT—Jessica Dragonette, soprano, and the Cavaliers; Henry Shope and Fred Hufsmith, tenors; John Seagle, baritone; Elliot Shaw, bass; Lee Montgomery—Rosario Bourdon's orchestra. WEA and associated stations.

Not for the jazz hounds but a well rounded program for those who appreciate the better things on the raddio

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

This keeps you stepping up with things as they happen.

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

The deep-voiced serenader and his swell music.

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

Mr. Allen's comedy sure gets over.

9:30 P. M. POND'S PLAYERS — Lee Wiley, in songs, and Victor Young and his orchestra. (Lamont Corliss & Company). WEA and associated stations.

Another blues singer and she's good too.

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

Now this is what we call good on account of Phil's in form every week and he peps up all his associates.

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

A well-known comedy team who are very popular.

Saturday

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

Answers to the ones you've been asking yourself.

6:30 P. M. MARY SMALL Juvenile singer of popular songs. WJZ and associated stations.

Mr. Vallee introduced her and she had an amazing start.

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

These Latins certainly know how to sing a love song.

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

Here she is again and we're glad of it.

7:30 P. M. SCOTT'S EMULSION CIRCUS DAYS—dramatic sketch by Courtney Riley Cooper. WJZ and associated stations.

For those that like their drama this is recommended.

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

You just ought to get thirsty because they're making this hour so pleasant for you.

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

Mr. Perkins is an old favorite—and even better now.

8:30 P. M. GOLDENROD REVIEW—Esther Pastor, Soprano; Nicolino Cosententi, Tenor; Julius Tannen; Phil Spitalny orchestra. WABC and associated stations.

Smooth and easy to take.

8:45 P. M. GERTRUDE NIESEN, Songs. Freddie Rich, conductor. WABC and associated stations.

What, again?

10:30 P. M. GEORGE JESSEL; Vera Van; Freddie Rich's Orchestra. WABC and associated stations.

Georgie is the best master of ceremonies we know and we hope he tells his best ones. Or can't he?

DON'T BE SKINNY
HERE'S MY SECRET—

NEW WAY ADDS 5 to 15 POUNDS in a few weeks!

Thousands who were once skinny praise quick way to get lovely curves and vital health!



I WISH I HAD YOUR FIGURE AND PEP!

STOP being ashamed of your figure—having people call you "skinny", and losing your chances of making friends on that account. Here's a new, quick, easy treatment that is giving thousands solid, healthy flesh and attractive curves—in just a few weeks!

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

Not only are thousands quickly gaining beauty-bringing pounds, but also clear, radiant skin, freedom from indigestion and constipation, strong nerves, 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 marvelous, health-building 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 ugly, gawky angles fill out, flat chest develop and skinny limbs round out attractively. And with this will come a radiantly clear skin, new health—you're an entirely new person.

Skininess dangerous

Authorities warn that skinny, anemic, nervous people are far more liable to serious infections and fatal wasting diseases than



Posed by professional models

the strong, well-built person. So begin at once to get back the healthy flesh you need. Do it *before it is too late*.

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands of others. So successful has it been in even hopeless cases that it is positively guaranteed. If you are not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money instantly refunded.

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

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health *right away*, we make this absolutely **FREE** offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body", by a well-known authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—or *money refunded*. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Dept. 4912, Atlanta, Georgia.



The Comedians Will Stay, But Drama's the New Thing

and began to cut down, for they said, 'Maybe I'm saying so much about my goods that the public will become disgusted and refuse to buy from me.' So now they use a small amount of type and a lot of white space. They make their advertising part of the entertainment often and insert it so cleverly that you hardly think of it as advertising at all.

"We always fix a limit on the number of minutes that can be used for advertising in a program, and no advertiser ever tries to break that down. They want the most for their money and are not going to risk building up ill-will. Mind you, I don't say that there may not be some local stations without high standards, who may be guilty, but in general that kind of thing is ended—ended by the proof that it didn't gain anybody anything."

Maybe you think of the president of a giant radio network as a great mogul sitting in a remote sound-proof room, too occupied with mighty thoughts to bother with the plaint of Orville Whosis out in western Iowa who objects to applause from the visible audience during a broadcast, or the sarcastic squawk from Sadie Bezits from California, who finds the networks announcers just too beautiful and British-sounding for words, but wonders if anything human ever talked like that. There may be some presidents like that, but Mr. Paley isn't one.

Ear constantly to the ground has been his policy since his earliest connection with broadcasting, and there is a standing order to bring on the brick-

(Continued from page 17)

bats as soon as they arrive. I took advantage of the moment to register my own suggestion for a central bureau of some kind that would keep a check on the song of the moment, with the idea of limiting its appearance to at least every other program during a day. I got negligible encouragement, but perhaps the thought will take root. "Lazy-Bones" will be old stuff by that time, though, and I'm sure I could never mind anything else quite so much!

I had something more on my mind that I wanted to attend to while I had a radio executive's ear. Every week, nearly, somebody from my home town or the old college writes to ask how people get into radio and what the qualifications are as to voice. I put both questions to Mr. Paley.

"A naturally beautiful voice is just as beautiful on the radio as anywhere else," he told me. "You used to hear a good deal about so and so's voice not being suited for the radio. Everybody supposed there was some trick to it. Maybe there was, but the trick was not in the voice but in the apparatus. With the improvement in the sending instrument, all that has been cleared up. Another old idea that we are getting away from is that to be suitable for radio a voice must have great volume. You need no more volume on the radio than in a theatre or a lecture hall."

"We had an amusing experience with the voice business on one of our outlying stations. We put in a new and

better type of equipment and the client who was employing a speaker from that station claimed we were distorting the speaker's voice. The truth was that the old equipment had distorted the voice—the new sent it over as it actually was. But the client liked the old way, and we had to put back the former equipment for his broadcast.

"Microphone experience isn't necessary to get on at CBS either, for it can be gotten from our production department and is not complicated. The one essential that a person must have to get on the radio is talent as a musician, speaker or actor—genuine, individual talent. That is what we are always hunting.

"We have stopped giving auditions to all who apply for them, because we found that we were wasting everybody's time, raising false hopes and not obtaining enough talent to make up for it. We depend now upon our scouts and upon definite recommendation from people who know the business. I am sure that is the better way, for it was sad to see people wasting their money to travel for tryouts, sometimes from clear across the country, waiting two weeks for their turn and then having nothing come of it. And this does not mean that if talent exists it will not get attention. Every one of our member stations is always looking out for that. They try their finds locally and, if they are good, they get a chance at the big time."

MR. PALEY believes that the "entertainment consciousness of the country is no longer sectional but completely national." It used to be that if the Middle West liked a program, you could be fairly sure that the East would show only a mild interest in it. But those days are gone forever, due, it must be, to the cosmopolitan effect of radio itself.

It is easy to understand why President Paley is often called the boy wonder of radio. He came into it so young and he has the hunch type of mind that we associate with youth. If he says people are going to like a thing, it's a pretty safe bet that they are, and he is just as quick to sense when they are going to tire.

Paley is a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania. He collects sporting prints, takes a mild interest in golf, boats and tennis, and gave a piano concert when he was eleven. His permanent hobby in the radio field is the School of the Air, which has the biggest hook-up of any sustaining program and is listened to by millions of school children every school day in the year. Education of young and old, he believes, is just as important a function of radio as entertainment, especially when the instrument used awakens the imagination and the zest to know.

Well, one thing I can say with conviction—as long as William Paley is at the head of a broadcasting system, there will be no lack of elements on the air to stimulate just these faculties of the human mind!

Victor Young looks impressed as Lee Wiley tries out some high notes for their broadcast



Hot and Airy

(Continued from page 5)

to sing those sweet songs with the Paul Whiteman tribe of merry-makers, won't any more because of a squabble with the once-portly Paul . . . Out in California, Bing Crosby's kid brother Bob, who also goes bub-bub-bub, is making quite a rep for himself . . . Guy Lombardo is saying "no-no" to all those picture offers from M-G-M, so you Lombardo fans will have to be satisfied just to listen to those sweet-lilting strains of the Lombardo melodies coming through your loud-speakers . . . Les Reis and Art Dunn, the harmonizers, are talking back to each other off the air . . . Take it from us, your next picture sensation is going to Russ Columbo . . . And if you've missed the ever-delightful voice of Donald Novis over the air-waves, let it be known that Don is out in California, his native land, where very recently he had his tonsils clipped. Both the tonsils and Don are doing okay, thank you! . . . Although his brother's seven room apartment on Central Park West is vacant, Bill Vallee, the kid brother, is living in a one room hideout at 14 East 60th Street.

* * *
Little Jack Horner
Sat in a corner

Talking of things and stuff,
He should have been with
Little Kate Smith

But there's no corner quite big
enough!

* * *
The Club Lyman they call it and the Waldorf, Cafe de Paris and the Coconut Grove haven't a thing on it for hospitality, good-food and fellowship . . . It's located, this Club Lyman, high up in the Warwick Hotel in New York, rendezvous of slicker favorites and microphone men and maids, and is presided over by that smiling, lanky Monsieur Abe Lyman, who hurls batons high in the air when he isn't chewing on big, black cigars . . . Nightly as the bright lights fade the hot shots of filmdom and the stage, not to mention the shooting stars of the Airialto and Tin Pan Alley, gather there for laughs and lemonade, and what's more important there's no cover charge . . . Wotta guy this Lyman lad . . . One of the most loved characters in show business . . . The Club Lyman, folks, names, names, names, from every walk of life . . . Senators, mayors, actors, singers, politicians all invade the sanctity of the Lyman homestead to turn it into a club. . . . So there you are folks . . . The

ideal club folks . . . Great food, entertainment and hospitality and no checks. . . . Come up and see him sometime! Paul Whiteman's ace orchestra had the distinction of introducing to the airwaves the catchy little melody which has every movie-goer in the country singing, "Who's Afraid Of The Big Bad Wolf?" It happened on one of the Thursday night broadcasts not-so-long-ago. Following the introduction to the tune, the Rhythm Boys and Peggy Healy of the Whiteman ensemble, took up the vocal endeavors.

Suddenly, and for the first time since Paul became a big time band leader, he found himself mumbling the words of the piece and inasmuch as he was standing immediately in back of the microphone, that Whiteman vocalizing, never before heard on the air, was the mysterious "off-stage" mumbling you heard during the rendition of the "Who's Afraid" melody, and until now, probably wondered about.

* * *
The National Broadcasting Company at its studios at 711 Fifth Avenue, have page boys who dress up like movie cathedral ushers and are supposed to live up to the very highest ideals of radio.

Two of them, descending in an elevator last Wednesday, fell into quite an argument, their voices became more and more excited, and finally one said, "Yeah and how would you like to have a smack in the puss, (mouth, to you). With that the elevator operator turned on them severely. "Boys, you forget you are in uniforms," he admonished.

* * *
Here is one on Vincent Lopez, the prince of the piano ticklers, that should interest you.

Vince, you must know, was made a Kentucky Colonel during his stay at the Congress Hotel in Chicago, the past summer.

There wasn't much to it after the piano pounder makes his remarks of appreciation, but Lopez did get sort of a kick out of the military connection along with his other honors.

Then one afternoon he was in the office of a friend.

The phone rang!
It was a call from the office of the governor of Kentucky. The office wished to speak to Colonel Lopez . . . Vincent answered it with a magnificent military air.

"Col. Lopez?" a voice asked.
"Yes sir", replied the slick-haired maestro.

WHAT'S WRONG WITH RADIO?

Next month ROXY (S. L. Rothafel) famous veteran broadcast impresario airs his real views on the fast-growing industry, makes several amazing criticisms and passes judgment on current air entertainers.

READ THIS INTERESTING INTERVIEW WITH THE POPULAR ROXY IN NEXT MONTH'S RADIO MIRROR.

5,000,000
WOMEN
CAN'T BE WRONG
in preferring
Maybelline
EYELASH DARKENER



because it is

- . . . absolutely harmless,
- . . . non-smarting,
- . . . tear-proof, and
- . . . instantly effective

Lashes that look long, dark, luxuriant and sweeping add a most exciting interest to eyes. A simple touch of Maybelline, and eyes that are "just eyes" instantly become lovely, bewitching pools—enchanted, beyond words to describe. Five million regular Maybelline users know this secret. They also know that genuine Maybelline is necessary to genuinely alluring eyes. The reason being that Maybelline gives an entirely natural effect.

In addition, genuine Maybelline is non-smarting, tear-proof, harmless and stimulating to lash growth. Five million women can't be wrong! Maybelline—Black or Brown—a year's supply—75c at Drug and Department stores.



The Perfect Mascara

"Col. Lopez, a strike has been declared in the coal mine districts. The governor has ordered out the state militia. We shall expect you to report at once. The necessary uniform and guns are awaiting your call."

The Colonel gulped a moment and then falteringly explained: "I'm afraid I'm in a bit of a jam. Will you tell the governor that I've got to conduct my orchestra tonight on a coast to coast commercial program. And if you've got to fight to be a colonel, maybe I better quit."

It was a fake call, of course! And Lopez, to this very day, still winces every time anybody addresses him as "Colonel."

Disciples of numerology might ponder if they like as to Jean Sargent's "luck" number, but Jean insists that it is "three." She has achieved success in three fields; as a writer for a Philly paper, as a stage star in "Flying Colors" and as a radio contralto, and within three weeks will be busily engaged in doing all three. She starts a new air series then, has been assigned to do a series of intimate studies of radio stars for a fan magazine and will be appearing at a local theatre.

* * *

THEY'RE GREAT GUYS, BUT:—

Graham McNamee is an international celebrity, but have you ever seen him with his pants pressed? . . . Ray Knight, the pilot of those KU-Kus hours, is a top-notch humorist, but he goes in for onions and would walk that mile for garlic . . . He's chock full of likeable traits, this Ted Tusing guy, but some of those clothing innovations he wears would make you smile from here to there . . . Guy Lombardo conducts one of the rhythm-iest bands on the air, but he only wears the tops of his pajamas . . . Curly-headed Ozzie Nelson, who once studied law, is a well-mannered lad, yet he's continually arguing about the various points of law . . . This Rudy Vallee fellow has the girls of the land under his spell, but the manner in which he ambles about his dressing room would make Earl Carroll blush. . . . Morton Downey can sing for us all day but the silly wears silk undies and is always knocking wood.

* * *

Old King Cole

Was A Merry ol' soul,

But that's all he was, you'll agree

The guy couldn't sing,

Or do anything,

So he's featured at NBC.

* * *

WHITEMAN versus Renard!

We've just learned that it's always been a bone of contention between Jacques Renard and Paul Whiteman as to which is the stouter.

Recently the two band boys got together and at once they proceeded to compare notes. As the result of their conference, the following facts were disclosed:—

Renard is two up on chins with Whiteman.

His face is a trifle fuller, even spotting Whiteman with his alleged mus-

tache. How it compares now with Paul's lip decoration quite heavier, we have no way of knowing.

Jacques has the edge on tummy and biceps, with Paul shading him slightly on wrists and ankles.

Until Paul stops conducting with his right knee, the thigh measurement must remain in doubt.

Actual stomach measurements were not made, but it was here that Whiteman conceded defeat without a struggle.

* * *

SHORT STUFF . . . Nat Brusiloff, who was Kate Smith's orchestra leader, since she started chanting into a mike, quit her flat because of billing trouble

. . . Ted Collins, Kate's manager persisted in keeping Nat's name from the public by refusing to give him air mention on the portly singer's air program.

. . . Nat felt that he was getting no fame or fortune through this set up, so he told Collins that he'd have to find himself a new orchestra pilot . . .

* * *

Hickory, Dickory, Dumbo

Bing Crosby met Columbo

Then both with a sigh

Said, "I hate that guy!"

Hickory, Dickory, Dumbo.

* * *

It was during the dinner hour at the St. Moritz Hotel that Leon Belasco noticed a young man of approximately four eating spinach with his mother, so Leon played "What Are Little Girls Made Of, What Are Little Boys Made Of," etc., for the kid's benefit.

After the tune was over, Leon asked the young blade how he liked it and the child said, "Aw, that's for babies. Play 'Pettin' In the Park.'"

* * *

Looks like Jane Froman, the good-looker, can't escape the flickers, because Paramount is taking not only that test of her in a scene from "Smilin' Through"; but also one from "The Silver Cord", two entirely different types of tests . . . There's \$25,000 of Colonel Jake Ruppert's money behind the Byrd expedition, but that isn't keeping Grapenuts from sponsoring the broadcasts . . . Billy Jones and Ernie Hare, who not so many years ago were the top-notch radio attractions, will make an attempt at another radio come-back, but it is only for three times a week over WOR, a New York local air factory . . . Just so you'll know, Dave Ross, winner of the diction award this year has a secret yen to air his tonsils and sing like a lark—tra-la . . .

* * *

Jimmy Melton never forgets a face. He can walk backstage after he's played there a year ago and call stage hands by their first names. Radio executives call him "The Man Who Never Forgets". And he never forgets anything—except his music.

* * *

Out of the New York phone book this month came the listing "The Men About Town". The singing trio found that too many lonely hearts and folks having parties were calling up to invite the boys to sing and have laughs. When Jack Parker, one of the quartet,

said "We never go out", one lass said, "Fine Men About Town!"

* * *

THIS AND THAT:—Lee Sims and Ilomay Bailey, the piano-vocal pair, spent two days a few weeks ago looking for, of all things, a coal mine. A specialist had told Ilomay that three hours there could cure her chest ailment—which, strangely enough, it did . . . You'd be surprised what many of the microphone men and maids find in their mail . . . The other day, Lanny Ross, opened a letter from a man who offered—for a fee of course, to trace Lanny's lineage back to Betsy Ross, the American patriot who made the first American flag . . . This man was also convinced that a little more research on his part would show the singer a relative of Sir Ronald Ross, the English physician who discovered malaria-bearing mosquitoes in Africa.

* * *

Victor Young, who conducts that Friday night beauty show over the NBC, often works all night making musical arrangements and the other morning at seven, when the maid come in, he was still at work. "What are you doing, Mr. Young?" she asked. Said Victor "making arrangements". Asked the maid, "Couldn't you make them by phone?"

* * *

What to give a child entertainer in token of appreciation is a perplexing problem to most celebrities who fall in fascination at the feet of Baby Rose Marie, the ten-year-old mike miss. So most of them compromise by presenting the juvenile songstress with dolls. Result is that her "papa", Frank Curly, had to build a special doll house for Marie at their Grantwood, N. J. home.

* * *

Some months ago when her tiny niece visited Mildred Bailey, the Rockin' Chair Lady, and when she was asked what she wanted to take home with her, she said, "A sponsor". Imagine Mildred's surprise to learn that the little girl now has one—on a children's program being broadcast in St. Louis.

* * *

It was backstage in Times Square, after the Whiteman show. The boys were talking of narrow-escapes; of dramatic moments when broadcasts were saved from ruin in the nick of time. It seems that such predicaments have occurred to many. Paul Whiteman's own experience, it seems, occurred on the first night of his present series. The band was playing "On The Trail", which requires vigilant leadership. Whiteman turned, for no reason, to face the audience and, in the front row saw a man who bore a staggering resemblance to Whiteman's father whom he knew to be in Denver. Paul was momentarily paralyzed, dropping his baton, and the music suddenly threatened to wind up in a free-for-all. But the players sensed the leader's predicament, and snapped out just in time to avert a programme wreck.

* * *

And along radio row it's the sponsor who pays and pays and pays!

Don't They Have Fun

(Continued from page 37)

weren't for radio, he'd be off shooting quail in the West, or heading up for Michigan in the deer season.

Mildred Bailey likes hiking through the woods. That is her favorite form of outdoor life, and almost every week-end she sets out with some friends in Connecticut, with a picnic lunch swinging over one shoulder.

Kate Smith is a swimming and tennis fiend. You ought to see her doing the Australian crawl . . . and she's light on her feet on the tennis court . . . a fact that anybody who's seen her dance can well believe.

Mario Braggiotti . . . of Fray and Braggiotti . . . is an athlete to the last muscle. He spends half his time in a gym, swinging on bars like a monkey, and, if he's visiting friends in the country, is apt to swing up a tree like Tarzan. Jacques Fray does not share his partner's vigorous enthusiasm, but he does play a "mean" game of tennis.

The Lombardos combine business with pleasure . . . especially in the summertime when they're stationed at the Pavillon. They spend all day aquaplaning, fishing and yachting—acquiring the famous Lombardo tan that looks so well with white linen suits.

AS for Freddy Martin and his Mariners . . . they have a sea-going atmosphere day and night. The drummer owns a sail-boat, the Band Box, and the boys spend much time on that, returning to the Marine Roof of the Bossert at night—with the statue of Liberty out of the window, and the roof decorated like the interior of a yacht.

Vera Van says her sport and recreation is acrobatic dancing. The other day when she was leaving one of her classes, a young man who was a member of the tap-dancing group approached her and asked her if she'd like to team up with him! Vera was forced to explain that her talents were signed over to radio—

The Casa Loma band are all great golfers . . . and when they were at the Glen Island Casino this summer, they had access to the best Westchester courses.

Howard Barlow's sport is farming . . . the pride and joy of his life is an old Connecticut farm he is cultivating and rejuvenating, and whenever the Columbia director can get away he motors out for a week-end.

The two Lane kids, Pat and Rosemary are ardent beach-combers, roller skaters, and tennis sharks. This winter will probably find them circling an indoor skating rink.

Gracie Allen, professed to be the world's dizziest girl, is probably one of the world's best bicycle riders . . . it was at Hot Springs that her husband, George Burns decided to show his wife what a great outdoor man he was. So he hired a couple of bicycles and cautioned Gracie not to break her neck. Imagine his astonishment when she put both feet on the handle-bars and coasted down-hill.

RADIO MIRROR

Half a Million People have learned music this easy way

You, too, Can Learn to Play Your Favorite Instrument Without a Teacher

Easy as A-B-C

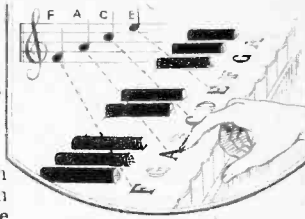
MANY of this half million didn't know one note from another—yet in half the usual time they learned to play their favorite instrument. Best of all, they found learning music *amazingly easy*. No monotonous hours of exercise—no tedious scales—no expensive teachers. This simplified method, perfected by the U. S. School of Music, made learning music as easy as A-B-C!

From the very start, you are playing *real* tunes perfectly, by note. Every step, from beginning to end, is right before your eyes in print and picture. First you are *told* how to do a thing, then a picture *shows* you how, then you do it yourself and *hear* it. And almost before you know it, you are playing your favorite pieces—jazz, ballads, classics. No private teacher could make it clearer. The cost is surprisingly low—averaging only a few cents a day—and the price is the same for whatever instrument you choose.

LEARN TO PLAY BY NOTE

Piano Violin
Guitar Saxophone
Organ Ukulele
Tenor Banjo
Hawaiian Guitar
Piano Accordion
Or Any Other Instrument!

Learn now to play your favorite instrument and surprise all your friends. Change from a wallflower to the center of attraction. Musicians are invited everywhere. Enjoy the popularity you



have been missing. Start now!

FREE BOOKLET AND DEMONSTRATION LESSON

If you really do want to play your favorite instrument, fill out and mail the coupon asking for our Free Booklet and Free Demonstration Lesson. These explain our wonderful method fully and show you how easily and quickly you can learn to play at little expense. Instruments are supplied when needed—cash or credit. U. S. School of Music, 49812 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC
49812 Brunswick Bldg., New York City

Send me your amazing free book, "How You Can Master Music in Your Own Home," with Inspiring Message by Dr. Frank Crane; also Free Demonstration Lesson. This does not put me under any obligation.

Name.....
Address.....
Instrument..... Have you Instrument?.....

KEEP YOUR BABY HEALTHY

"Physical Culture for Baby" — By Bernarr Macfadden. Will set you on the right track! How to feed, clothe, bathe, and exercise your little one. Send \$2.00 for a copy to

MACFADDEN BOOK CO., Inc.
R.M.-12, 1926 Broadway, New York City

Tell your HAIR TROUBLES to



The famous scientists of the Hair Research Laboratories—learn causes and simple remedies for loss of hair—early graying—dry hair—oily scalp—brittle hair—split hair—discoloration—fading—dandruff. Booklet Free on request. Send 3c postage. Address: HAIR RESEARCH LABORATORIES Dept. 15 11 West 42nd St., New York

WE MATCH PANTS 

To Any Suit!
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.
SUPERIOR MATCH PANTS COMPANY
115 So. Dearborn St. Dept. 91. Chicago

Be A Detective

Make Secret Investigations
Earn Big Money. Work home or travel. Fascinating work. Experience unnecessary. DETECTIVE Particulars FREE. Write GEO. A. WAGNER, 2640 Broadway, N.Y.

Make Money at Home

Grow our famous Fancy White Queen Mushrooms. Experience unnecessary—we tell you how. Big demand, at highest prices. Illustrated book free. Now is a splendid time to start. Write today!
AMERICAN MUSHROOM INDUSTRIES, LTD.
155 Woolnough Bldg., Toronto, Ont.
EARN up to \$25 A WEEK or More!

DOLLARS FOR YOU SELLING DRESSES \$

Latest Styles from the world's fashion center. Dresses for women, misses, girls, stouts. Raincoats. Remarkably low priced. "DISS OF THE MONTH" feature keeps offerings up to the minute. BIG CASH COMMISSIONS. Experience unnecessary. Complete Sales Outfit FREE. Write TODAY. Dept. RM12, FIFTH AVENUE STYLES, Inc., 31 E. 17th Street, New York

FAT CAN BE REDUCED IN JUST TWO WAYS

Fat enters the body when food is consumed in excess of one's needs; it can be removed by lessening the fat making food intake or by muscular exercise. There is no other way for it to get in or get out.

All other pills of the body may sometimes fail to respond even when the best known methods are applied. Not so with obesity. The cause and elimination of obesity is a matter of mathematics and there is no argument about it.

In His New Book entitled "HOW TO REDUCE WEIGHT"
Bernarr Macfadden

gives you the complete régime, for weight reduction, including full dietary instructions, actual menus, food classifications and reduction exercises.

It is by all odds the most thorough and effective work on weight reduction that we have ever seen. Only 50c post-paid—send for it today.

MACFADDEN BOOK COMPANY, INC.

Dept. RM12, Macfadden Building, 1926 Broadway, New York City

The Golden Key To Success



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

YOU CAN DEVELOP IT

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

THIS BOOK SHOWS YOU HOW

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

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

ECONOMY EDUCATIONAL LEAGUE
Dept. RM-123 1926 Broadway New York, N. Y.

Use the Coupon Today

Economy Educational League
1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y., Dept. RM-123

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

Name.....

Address.....

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

Nino Martini finds horseback riding his greatest joy. There was a time back in romantic Verona when Nino was one of the most breakneck caballeros in town, but he has become a somewhat subdued sportsman since his rigorous musical activities. However, he gets up early to take a canter around Central Park, and makes for bridle paths in Central Park over the week-end.

Don Ball, Columbia announcer, was born and brought up seaworthy. His father's boat has become a sanctuary for other would-be sailors at CBS. . . . Harry Von Zell is a frequent first mate on board. . . . Harry, by the way, was a champion amateur boxer before he came to radio.

Singin' Sam, the deep-voiced troubadour, is one of the most avid sportsmen on the air. Hunting and fishing are probably his most enthusiastically followed pursuits—that is, they were before radio absorbed most of his time. He and a friend since boyhood, a golf professional from his home town of

Richmond, Indiana, owns a hunting lodge in Michigan. Sam is also a golf bug, and spends what spare time he has on the links. Last summer he managed to effect a compromise between work and recreation, living at home on his Indiana farm and commuting once a week to Cincinnati to broadcast. There he farmed, fished, and golfed to his heart's content. Walter Hagen and Alex Morrison, the golf professionals, are two of his closest friends, and last summer he got the worst trouncing of his life when Hagen visited him and beat him royally on the links. Back in his school days Sam starred at football, baseball, and basketball. Those were the days when basketball was a new game and was popularly considered as being a sport for girls. Sam was one of the first basketball players in his town, but none of his schoolmates dared to rib him about it, for he was just a bit too rugged for that. He's an enthusiastic follower of football and hockey, and tries never to miss a game.

"SO-O-OH!"

(Continued from page 9)

ler than that of Wynn himself. Willie was getting Ed's first act costume ready. It was a ludicrous sailor rig.

With furtive deftness, Willie transferred sundry articles from a ridiculous dress coat hanging on a nearby rack, into the pockets of the coat he was laying out.

I knew Ed Wynn did not prop his broadcasts. Willie's actions aroused my curiosity.

"What," I asked him, "are you putting into those pockets?"

Mr. Crowley flushed with embarrassment. His keen, wrinkled face seemed to shed forty of its fifty years and glow with the confusion of a schoolboy. His cheeks were apple red. His lids dropped over faded blue eyes. The silence became awkward.

Ed Wynn came to Willie's rescue.

"Show him," he ordered. Willie began to dig out what he had just slipped into the pockets. As he spread them on the dressing table I gasped. Ed chuckled that satisfying contagious chuckle of his.

"Funny things for a Jew to wear, eh?" he questioned, "but they're just as sacred to me as they are to Willie. You see, Willie's a good Catholic. We pray together. My god is the God of Abraham. Willie's is the same God. So why shouldn't we pray together?"

There was a challenge in his voice that I liked as I pawed over Willie's treasures. There was a scapular, a gold medal bearing the image of The Virgin Mary, an Agnus Dei and a rosary.

Willie explained presently.

"You see," he said, "these things represent our dependence upon others. We're not fanatics or anything like that. I've been brought up to depend on God and the saints. We've got to do our share, but we ask their blessing whenever we start a performance. Mr. Wynn wouldn't think of going on that stage without these things. And I

wouldn't think of letting him go without them.

Wynn had finished with grease paint and stood up to dress. He leaned close.

"Watch when I leave the wings," he whispered as Willie replaced the sacred relics. "He makes the sign of the cross on me. I'm a ham, all right. I can't help being superstitious."

He slipped his feet into the bell-bottomed trousers and straightened up again.

"I tell you honestly," he continued, still whispering to exclude Willie from the confidence. "I wouldn't consider an opening anywhere unless I had gone to church with Willie the day of the opening. I stay there with him, too, and pray. Whenever we open Willie burns a blessed candle at the nearest shrine."

THIS was the man I had come to clown with. Until then I had known only the silly side of Ed Wynn. I had known of his being what the trade calls a "pushover" for benefits and touches. He was always a yes-man when the committee staging a benefit asked his contribution. And all Broadway knows how easy he is to win money from with a hard luck tale. But I didn't know until then what attitude of mind was behind his generosity.

That night I saw him on the stage with a hat which might have graced a bishop's head. Somehow the incongruity of the thing didn't hit me so hard. Ed Wynn might have been a top-notch parson.

But don't think I lost my sense of perspective in the dressing room scene. When I asked permission to write a portrait of him, I told Ed I didn't intend an eulogy.

"I'm not going to make you perfect," I said and his comedy eyebrows went up in mock amazement. "I'll itemize imperfections too."

ED. NOTE—To be concluded in the January RADIO MIRROR.

Five Years of Harlem

(Continued from page 13)

by all hands—except the listener-inners.

The boys—"Andy" is forty-three, "Amos" ten years younger—are able to keep everlastingly at it because of their great enthusiasm for the work, and because the characters they have created are as real to them as they are to us. The boys themselves sometimes don't know just what's going to happen next to the genial robots they have made. Thus it's always exciting to work out new adventures for them, to coin new phrases, to imagine fresh situations and bright humorous lines. "Amos" 'n' "Andy" made their aerial debut in 1928, on March 19 to be exact, and since then they've kept digging. It's hard work, but like mining gold, there's a big thrill comes each time they unearth a real shining nugget of entertainment.

Untrusting readers may sieze upon that starting date, March 19, 1928, as cause to doubt the veracity of the statement that Freeman and Charlie have been on the air for ten years lacking fifty-two weeks. But there's an explanation. They really did broadcast in Chicago back in '25—as singers, no less. But they sounded their "A's" for less than a year, and their blackface characters, then "Sam" and "Henry" came into being in January, 1926, and didn't adopt the "Amos" 'n' "Andy" aliases until two years later. Incidentally, the partners have been pals since 1919 when they first met in Durham, where the "Bull" comes from. They were working in a theatre—but not on the stage.

In the beginning they used no feminine characters in their sketches, but

later when they married, "Ruby", "Madam Queen" and the others came into evidence. From the first, however, they have adhered closely to authenticity. The dialect must be approximate actual Negro patois, and the situations must be those in which such characters might naturally find themselves involved. Without doubt the Southern heritage of both troupers has been immeasurably helpful in making this realism possible.

ALWAYS theatrical-minded, they are sufficiently versatile to play roles other than the headline "Amos" and "Andy" parts. Mr. Gosden, for instance, has been heard as "Kingfish", as "Brother Crawford", as "Lightnin'", while in addition to being "Andy", the deep tones of Mr. Correll have been identified with various nabobs of the "Mystic Knights of the Sea", and with other characters suited to his vocal range. With the possession of their genius, it is remarkable that they failed to find themselves earlier in life. Gosden did a hitch in the Navy, and was very nearly a shoemaker by trade. Correll was an itinerant brick-layer, a news vendor and a circus roustabout. Opportunity must have had a hang-over when she passed their doors without knocking during those years.

It is a tribute to their artistry that the "Amos" 'n' "Andy" adventures have never been allowed to degenerate into silly nonsense, nor have the creators overlooked the shadings of pathos, romance, almost tragedy essential to the fullest appreciation of the divine comedy with which they endow their man-



"Her Blonde Hair won me!"

ROMANCE always comes to blondes who keep their hair golden. And it's so easy with Blondex. This special shampoo not only prevents darkening—but safely brings back natural golden color to dull, faded light hair. Brings out sparkling lights—adds gleaming radiance. Not a dye. No harmful chemicals. Fine for scalp. Used and recommended by scores of famous blonde movie stars. Get Blondex today! Two sizes—NEW inexpensive 25c package and economical \$1.00 bottle. At any good drug or department store. Have you tried Blondex Wave-Set Powder? Doesn't darken light hair—not sticky—only 35c.



desiring information regarding positions in hospitals, sanitariums and institutions, anywhere desired. Enclose stamp.

NURSES ATTENDANTS & OTHERS

SCHARF BUREAU, Dept. 38, 145 West 45th St., New York

CURLS



The straightest hair can be made naturally curly with CURL-O-WAVE. FREE Booklet and sample of CURL-O-WAVE; enough for 2 weeks. Send 10 cents to cover mailing. Waves your hair like magic. Large size package, enough for 6 months, including French Wave Net, send 25 cents. At all good drug stores. CURL-O-WAVE CO., 201-B, North Wells, Chicago

Agents! Make 150% Profit! 10c. ea.

STATIONERY KITS WITH COLORED EMBOSSED EMBLEMS QUICK SELLERS AT 25c EACH! Leather bound portfolio filled with 24 sheets & envelopes. SEND 25c for SAMPLE KIT. CHRISTMAS CARD HEADQUARTERS! 25 GREETING FOLDERS (With envelopes to match) 21 or 25 XMAS CARDS AND FOLDERS (With envelopes to match.) Retail for 50c—Costs you 20c. These come in fancy Christmas Gift Boxes and can be used for packing gifts. SEND FOR SAMPLE BOX TO-DAY! Add 10c for Postage on all boxes. BUY FROM US! WE ARE WHOLE SALEMEN JOBBERS, NOT RETAILERS. CONSUMERS WHOLESALERS 715 6th Ave. Dept. R. M., N. Y.

ODORLESS HAIR REMOVER

Not a razor, liquid, 25c paste or powder Baby Touch is the simple, easy way to remove hair from arms, legs and face—quickly and safely. It is odorless and painless and leaves skin soft, white and beautiful. Should last a month. Don't confuse Baby Touch with cheap imitations made of carborundum or emery paper. Insist on Baby Touch—the choice of thousands of enthusiastic women. Only 25c at drug or department stores or send 25c direct to BABY TOUCH HAIR REMOVER CO., 1514 Olive St., St. Louis, Mo.

"A Woman may Marry whom She Likes!"

—said Thackeray. This great author knew the power of women—better than most women do. Men are helpless in the hands of women who really know how to handle them. You have such powers. You can develop and use them to win a husband, a home and happiness. Read the secrets of "Fascinating Womanhood" a daring book which shows how women attract men by using the simple laws of man's psychology. Don't let romance and love pass you by. Send us only 10c and we will send you the booklet entitled "Secrets of Fascinating Womanhood"—an interesting synopsis of the revelations in "Fascinating Womanhood." Sent in plain wrapper. Psychology Press, Dept. 9-M, 585 Kingsland Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.



Jolly Bill and Jane get into character for their popular broadcast.

HOW YOU CAN MAKE MONEY AT HOME!



Substantially bound
—146 pages of price-
less information.

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

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

Authentic Sources

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

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

ECONOMY EDUCATIONAL LEAGUE
1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Use the Coupon Today

Economy Educational League,
1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y., Dept. RM123

I enclose \$1.00 for which please send me a copy of 1000 Money Making Ideas. I understand that my money will be refunded if the book does not prove entirely satisfactory. (Enclose \$1.25 from countries other than U. S. and Canada.)

Name.....

Street.....

Town..... State.....

nikins. Real tears were shed in thousands of homes, and thousands more throats were sob-filled when "Ruby" lay ill, and there is a very genuine concern evidenced in hundreds of letters when any untoward experience threatens the idols or the characters surrounding them.

It is another bright plume in their well feathered bonnets that in all these ten—oh, all right then, nine—years they have avoided giving offense to any race, group or sect. Their popularity with the members of the race they josh is, if possible, more intense than with other admirers. In those great Ethiopian metropolæ New York and Chicago, they are equally beloved with such outstanding figures as the late Booker T. Washington, Paul Robeson and similarly mighty men. Indeed an evening in Harlem with "Amos" 'n' "Andy" may be compared to nothing save a jaunt down Fifth Avenue with Colonel Lindbergh upon that historic occasion when "Lindy" returned from France.

All this importance, all this adulation, has had no visible effect upon either of these famous fellows. They are quiet, unassuming, modest, fun-loving citizens, who always seem faintly surprised and mystified when, as recently, they are called upon to be honor guests at some event like Chicago's "Century of Progress". An honor shared, incidentally, by ex-President Hoover. Their personal appearances, whether professional or as private individuals, are signalized by a turn-out of the town in which they happen to appear. But, although always gracious, always appreciative of the homage offered, they give the impression of never quite being able to figure it all out.

Correll and Gosden are simon-pure radio products, neither stage nor screen may claim any credit for their discovery or development. Indeed until radio made them famous, and vice versa, they had never appeared as blackface entertainers. Since, of course, they have proven their ability in other mediums. And although their feature film called forth the two word review, "I'se Regusted", from one motion picture critic, they have been exonerated from blame, and have demonstrated their movie possibilities in two-reelers.

Aside from the magnificent universality of an artistry acclaimed alike by intelligentsia and hoi polloi, the national importance of the players may be estimated by their anticipation of

the Administration's attitude regarding national recovery, and indeed the entire principle of NRA, for it is a matter of record that they broadcasted an opening gun of what amounted to an NRA campaign over the NBC network as far back as July, 1932.

At that time, from what purported to be the lobby of the "Okay Hotel", an "Amos" 'n' "Andy" operated hostelry, the latter was discovered in a conversation with "Kingfish" about "de repression". In the light of more recent events it is interesting to quote an excerpt from that broadcast. "Amos" said:

"Ev'vbody know dat times is bad in ev'vy town, 'n' de quickest way out of it is fo' people dat kin buy a buy. De greates' trubbel wid de people is day is 'shamed to buy sumpin' 'cause other people is gwine think funny. A man might have a new suit o' clothes, an' he goes out to a party or sumpin'. Somebody at the party might say to him, 'Uh-hu, got a new suit of clothes'. But de man say, 'Oh no, dis ain't no new suit', cause he's 'fraid to let 'em know he has a new suit 'cause he thinks dey can't 'ford one. De truth is, when you buy a new suit o' clothes, you he'p de other fellow dat might be out o' work, 'cause when you buy a suit, dat gives a lot o' people work."

The talk explained the situation in various different industries, with "Andy", "Kingfish" and the others chiming in, and it was heard by a vast national audience throughout the highways and by-ways of the land. And it was a precursor of the plan that was finally adapted by the President, the "Brain Trust", the head-men of America to fight off dat ol' devil "repression"!

Since their meeting, and their decision to team up, there have been several additions to the permanent cast depicting the life stories of "Amos" Gosden and "Andy" Correll. When one of the boys married, it followed that the other would likewise find wedded bliss, as it is called. Thus 1927 is the matrimonial beginning for each. In June of that year Leta Schreiber was persuaded to become Mrs. Gosden, following the marriage of his partner to Marie Janes the preceding January. Now there is a Freeman F. Gosden, Jr., and a Virginia Marie Gosden, too. Thus far there are no little Corrells. Maybe "Andy" is waiting to see whether his radio work will be permanent.

VASS YOU DERE, SHARLIE?

Jack Pearl, the fabricating funny man of the air waves who has made Baron Munchausen a national broadcast goes to town in his inimitable fashion and Herb Cruikshank gathers the laughs, line by line in his behind-the-mike story of the real JACK PEARL, and his radio career.

THE JANUARY RADIO MIRROR GIVES YOU JACK PEARL AS YOU'VE NEVER KNOWN HIM AND THE BARON TELLS A FEW TRUTHS FOR ONCE IN HIS LIFE.

Watch Those Curves

(Continued from page 45)

proportions gives to the woman the most important requisite for true beauty—confidence in herself and her charms. Sylvia believes that a person who is fat is self-conscious, dubious about her ability and often has a bad carriage and sluggish appearance.

On the other hand, she admits, the too thin person has an equally difficult problem. Her body is rigid and the walking and sitting positions are graceless. When the body is limbered and flexible there is an ease and assurance which is a valuable asset.

It is not only the young girl who should worry about her figure but the married woman who wants her happiness. Sylvia says that the surging emotion which is mistaken for love cannot forever hold a husband's interest. It is essential not only to be attractive physically but in the spirit and if externally a woman is not fit then the mind is unhappy or in many cases quick temper, over-sensitiveness and dissatisfaction are dominant.

Sylvia suggests to all the RADIO MIRROR women readers that each of them find someone her own height and having about the same frame who is ideal in weight and appearance. Then mold her body after the model. It will probably make the woman temporarily dislike the more nearly perfect person but it will do lots to encourage toward ideal proportions.

The number of women who persist in exercising at night is still dangerously large. Sylvia urges them to try five minutes in the morning instead of ten minutes before retiring. At night strenuous muscle movement is bad, she says. It stimulates the whole system and causes sleepless hours or restless dozing. Exercise in the morning puts pep and vigor into the body for the whole day

and every task is tackled with bright anticipation and sound accordance of mind and body.

Sylvia does not condemn smoking, but forcefully denounces the practice of inhaling; as this she considers detrimental because it dries up the skin. It is ridiculous to suggest that cigarettes are reducing although they may quell the appetite for a moment but the feeling of hunger returns in a few moments.

The question of the effect of liquor is always provocative and causes heated arguments. Your Hollywood masseuse maintains that good liquor is an acceptable addition to any gathering, but in reducing it is a liability because it tends to increase the appetite, makes one hilarious and forgetful of the restriction on high caloric foods.

FAT is a handicap, this much is well agreed; it can do a deal in destroying the chance for marital happiness between two people. And so no emphasis is too strong to induce the reader to drink quantities of fruit and vegetable juices. This will not only obtain the desired waistline but miraculously change the skin and the eyes. Diets that are very rigid can do untold harm and shrink the stomach for the time, but the normal eating after the diet is over brings back the fat almost immediately. Water with lemon juice is fine for the digestive system if taken every day.

Madame Sylvia admits she is a fanatic on beauty, and says that to be successful, attractive and graceful you must follow her instructions in this manner. Keep away from starches, all sweets and sugars except that which are found in fruits, and exercise EVERY DAY.

Radios First Abandoner Looks Back

(Continued from page 39)

lady who introduced Caroline Andrews to the Capitol Theatre. "Quo Vadis," says I to Betty.

"Oh! Cowan, I want you to come along with me, I'm meeting Lypkowska at the Claridge". (The Claridge was grand then).

"More about Lypkowska," I replied. And then we arrived at the Claridge, and met a very, very beautiful woman, to whom Betty introduced me. I then suddenly realized that I was speaking to Mme. Lydia Lypkowska of the Chicago and Metropolitan Opera Companies. I invited the ladies to have luncheon in the beautiful dining room of the Claridge. Mme Lypkowska proved to be the exquisite continental at the luncheon, and when she heard about radio she told of a very interesting incident in her own career.

Quoting Mme. Lypkowska—"Just before I made my debut in the Imperial Opera at Petrograd, Marconi visited Russia and I had the pleasure of meeting him and watching a demonstration of his invention, the radio "apparut"

(I remember how she abbreviated the word), and then a few nights after I make my debut at the Opera in "Rigoletto". I make a very great success, and when I reach my home, I am very tired, and I sit down by my fire and fall into a light sleep. And then I dreamed that all of a sudden the entire wall of the opera house seemed to fade away and as I sang I could see the whole world listening. I never could understand that dream, but now that you tell me that artists can stay at home and yet sing to the entire world I do, for really, Mr. Cowan, an artist yearns for a home as well as the simplest person."

I got very brave, knowing the opera and concert fee of Mme. Lypkowska, and equally aware of the fact that I was not paying anybody to sing, I yet ventured to suggest that Madame sing for the radio. I made it plain that I was not offering her a contract of any kind, but I thought that it would be a culmination to her dream in Petrograd. She thought a moment, and then with a piquant smile she remarked:

GIVE ME YOUR MEASURE

I'll PROVE in 7 DAYS that I can make you a man of might and muscle! I changed myself from a 97-lb. weakling into winning the title "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man". NOW—

I'll Prove YOU CAN HAVE A BODY LIKE MINE!

I'll put layers of smooth, powerful muscles all over your body! If you're fat, flabby, I'll take you down to fighting trim—or build you up if you're skinny. I'll banish constipation, pimples, ailments that rob you of good times. I can make you a NEW MAN of amazing strength, without pills or straining apparatus! My book "Everlasting Health and Strength" tells how my natural method of Dynamic Tension gets quick results. Contains actual photos, valuable body facts. And it's FREE! Write today, for copy—NOW!

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 9212, 133 East 23rd Street, New York City

GRAY FADED HAIR

Men, women, girls with gray, faded, streaked hair. Shampoo and color your hair at the same time with new French discovery "SHAMPO-KOLOR." takes few minutes, leaves hair soft, glossy, natural. Does not rub off. Free Booklet. Monsieur L. P. Valligny, Dept. 47, 23 W. 30th St., N. Y.

PERSONAL STATIONERY PRINTED WITH NAME & ADDRESS

200 SHEETS & 100 ENVELOPES \$1.00 POST PAID
Rich, dignified, remarkable value—you will be delighted—choice of White, Blue or Gray bond paper, 5 1/2 x 7. Envelopes to match both in blue ink copper plate color, \$1.00 postpaid. West of Miss. \$1.10. ORDER NOW! No C.O.D. Agents wanted. Write for monogram stationery samples. INKTYPE PRINTING CO., 375 Classon Ave., Dept. 312, B'klyn, N.Y.

LET'S GO PLACES AND DO THINGS



Feel young again—full of youthful ambition and "pep." Take Rico-Brasil Mate. It picks you right up. Makes you feel like going places and doing things. Excites muscular activity. Keeps your system free from the poisons that slow you up. No need to act OLD or feel OLD if you use Rico-Brasil Mate.

three times a day. 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

BUNIONS Reduced Quickly



BUMP GOES DOWN!

Pain stops almost instantly! Then blessed relief. Fairyfoot gradually reduces painful, ugly bunions. Enables you to wear smaller shoes. No cumbersome appliances. No messy salves. Used on over 2,000,000 feet since 1897. Write for Free trial treatment. Fairyfoot Products Co., Chicago, Ill., 1223 S. Wabash Ave., Dept. 3569. FREE Proof

GOV'T. POSITIONS

SALARY RANGE \$105 to \$250 Monthly

- | | | |
|-------------|--------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------|
| MEN - WOMEN | <input type="checkbox"/> By. Mail Clerk | <input type="checkbox"/> POSTMASTER |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> P. O. Inspector | <input type="checkbox"/> Reamster |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> R. F. D. Carrier | <input type="checkbox"/> Auditor |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> Special Agent | <input type="checkbox"/> stenographer |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> Customs Inspector | <input type="checkbox"/> U. S. Border Patrol |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> City Mail Carrier | <input type="checkbox"/> Telephone Operator |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> P. O. Clerk | <input type="checkbox"/> Watchman |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> Matron | <input type="checkbox"/> Skilled Laborer |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> Immie's Inspector | <input type="checkbox"/> Statistical Clerk |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> Typist | <input type="checkbox"/> General Clerk |

INSTRUCTION BUREAU, Dept. 172, St. Louis, Mo.

Send me FREE particulars "How to Qualify" for future Government Jobs marked "X". Salaries, locations, opportunities, etc. ALL SENT FREE.

Name.....

Address.....

"For the next few weeks I will not be under management, but soon I sing the Merry Widow for the Henry W. Savage revival, so Mr. Radio Impresario, I will sing one night for the radio if you make the arrangement within the next week or so."

Can you imagine how quickly I made the arrangements, and on a very eventful evening, very soon after the luncheon at the Claridge, Mme. Lypkowska was in the studio of WJZ awaiting her cue for the radio curtain to rise on her brilliant personality.

Among others, she sang the aria from Rimsky-Korsakoff's, "Snegouratchka," or U. S. A. "The Snow Maiden", a part that Mme Lypkowska created at the Imperial Opera in Russia and for which the Czar decorated her. I described the general idea of the Opera Libretto, or story, and then Madame sang. About eight weeks later a letter came through from the wilds of Labrador, in which a resident of that desolate region outlined his experience that same evening that the beautiful "Snow Maiden" was singing in Newark. I quote the contents of the intensely dramatic letter, all the more so because it was written in such a calm, factual manner.—

"I was lying in my shack here in the wilds, and the first thing that made me think something was wrong was that the dogs suddenly became restless. There was a very severe storm of snow and wind howling about which made it impossible for anyone to be coming up through such a storm. My partner had gone down to town, but I knew he knew better than to try and return on such a night. Finally I got creepy myself, restless, I felt that someone was 'hangin' around'. Maybe an animal was in distress. When I leaned over a table to get a better glimpse of the scene, lo and behold, I could hear the head phones 'purrin'' and I picked them up and fiddled around to get a better signal, and then I heard the man tell the story of the 'Snow Maiden', and the lady sang about her. It was in Russian, as the announcer had said, but up here in the wilds, with the snow and wind howling about the place with more realism than any theatre or opera house could ever produce, I sat back and listened to the song of the Snow Maiden from Newark. I tell you it was all like a fairy tale to me. I cannot tell you the thrill I received."

This remarkable letter was handed to me with the remark—"This is a rather nice letter to receive". As I read it I could feel chills running up and down my spine. By that time Lypkowska was on her way to China and I sent her the letter. It was in reply to it that she sent me the famous missive addressed to "Mr. Cowan, WJZ, U. S. A." Radio had become a fascisti binding us all together. Mary Margaret McBride thrilled when I told her about it and she wrote it up in one of our New York papers.

Percy Grainger pronounced a classic when, with the famous Manager, Antonia Sawyer, he came over to do his 'bit' for radio. I started to tell him about some of the limitations of micro-

phones, now known by the term, "Radio Technique". He listened to me very patiently when I told him about the loud pedal, not great crescendos, etc., as "They blast the mike", and then looking me square in the eye, he replied, "I have spent years in studying and performing before audiences, and if you can't adjust your bally radio to meet the requirements of my art, you should have told me so, and I shouldn't have come over". Well, that was a large order, that has not fully been filled since, hence, crooners, and several others of the tribe "Radios Limitus". However Mr. Grainger played, and we heard his "Country Gardens" for the first time on this memorable night.

One of the grandest persons I ever met was Vaughn de Leath. We got to be very good friends despite many radio "fights".

Our first party occurred at Christmas, 1921, when Marion Davies, May Peterson of the Metropolitan Opera Company, Stuart Ross, Carolyn Beebe, the New York Orchestral Society, Senator Copeland, and others took part in a gala program.

When radio was very young, in its first few months at Newark, Billie Burke suggested that she come over to the radio station and send a little farewell message to her then very young daughter, as Miss Burke was leaving Newark that evening on a long tour, and would not be at home again for some time. She was playing at the Broad Street Theatre in Newark. Bertha Brainard, now an official of the National Broadcasting Company came down to the theatre with me to help complete the arrangements for Miss Burke's radio debut. I can vividly recall as I write this, that Miss Burke, upon seeing Miss Brainard, studied her very closely, and gently turning her face around to the light, remarked, "Why Miss Brainard, you are a double for me". Miss Brainard at that time was preparing to present the first theatrical review on the radio. She called me up one day and asked me what she could call it. Over the phone I replied, "B. B., your own initials, Bertha Brainard, call it — BROADCASTING BROADWAY", and that it became. Radio had its first dramatic critic, and a very friendly one.

THE anniversary of the death of former president Theodore Roosevelt came around, and a radio tribute and memorial service to the memory of that fine president was arranged for broadcasting from WJZ. Mr. Nathan Strauss, then venerable citizen of New York City, headed the committee of distinguished citizens who journeyed to Newark to honor the memory of Roosevelt. Also, a group of fine vocal and instrumental artists were on the program. The final speaker of the evening to be presented by Mr. Strauss was young Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., who was just about to try his wings in public life.

And now one of the perpetual anachronisms of radio raised its super annoying spectre over this brilliant evening. All broadcasting at that time was on a wave length of 360 metres, and radio stations were allocated by time,

not wavelengths. WHN, then a very small, un-expanded station at Ridge-wood, Long Island, followed us at 10:30 P. M. It was 10:25 P. M. when Mr. Strauss presented Mr. Vanderbilt to the radio. I gazed in terror at the clock, and the many pages of manuscript in Mr. Vanderbilt's hands.

I rushed to the phone to do my usual begging act of WHN to grant us just ten more minutes, which usually turned out to be possibly a half hour. I pleaded with Bill Boettscher, telling him how great Theodore Roosevelt was, and all the grand people who were there—"nix", said the unfeeling Boettscher, "you always have a lot of grand people over there just as it becomes time to turn the wave over to us. Either get off or we'll jam you." Imagine such radio conditions, if you can. The operators in the radio shack on the roof heard the telephone conversation, so to protect their licenses, they made a "sign off" from the roof, on the dot of 10:30 P. M.

EX-MAYOR JAMES J. WALKER was one of the swellest, kindest, most fascinating personages that I had the privilege of meeting through the medium of radio. Looking back over the unforgettable scenes at City Hall, when the notables and great of the world were being greeted by the imitable James J., I have heard in the back stage intimacy of the "Grande Spec-tacio", the unqualified admiration which kings, queens, statesmen, ambassadors, the leaders of science, literature, art, athletics, all in fact, enthuse over Ex-Mayor Walker. It is in the asides that people say what they think, and that's not such a strange interlude, either. As a host he was matchless in deportment, with a superb ability to epitomize New York as no one else could, and all felt, as they left City Hall that that beautifully proportioned, splendid mass of granite was the residence of Mr. and Mrs. New York, not a cold official building, thanks to the manner in which the scene was warmed and lighted up by the understanding personality of "our Jimmy". Such gifts are sure to inspire jealousies, with the heart-rending result that we have all been called upon to witness. An emulation that was inexcusable. Revenge is stupid, as witness "RIGOLETTO".

The triumph of radio has been entirely a technical one. That is, the technical element has been vastly improved and developed, while the artistic element has had no such progress. Listening to the average radio dialogue, even when great stars—stars who were developed brilliantly by the theatre—are making a radio appearance, such radio appearance has certainly no professional "esprit", more the effect of amateurs struggling with a medium they have no great powers to express, (particularly the much vaunted comedians), to say nothing of the childish "lines" that we hear on the best programs. The theatre, even in ancient Greece, when it may have justly been infantile, never suffered such a pre-weaning, vapid technique.

The arts were firmly established, as well as definitely developed centuries

before the advent of radio, with as much involved science as well as certain definitely developed techniques. Radio's greatest mistake has been to "rush in, where angels feared to tread," attempting anything and everything, whereas, due to the extent of its present development, it is only capable of doing a limited number of things completely well.

Carefully recorded electrical transcriptions more satisfactorily present opera and symphony than any attempt to broadcast these same performances direct from the stage with open microphones, which are sensitive to every other audio frequency as well as the sound waves emanating from the throats of the singers or the instruments.

Radio has seriously influenced and temporarily superseded many other industries. It has up to now almost annihilated the concert field, and thusly obliterated that group of great interpretative artists who added such lustre to the concert platform. Elena Gerhardt, Dr. Wullner, Gorgoza, the

Flonzaley, the Mendelssohn Quartets, to say nothing of the recording fields, and yet it would seem that a renaissance of great music is stirring. Music will then recognize its debt to radio in the educational work of interesting everyone in good music, in the enjoyment of which there never should have been any "snobbishness."

Unfortunately, Mr. John American Public is still a slavish adherent to the P. T. Barnum psychology. The publicity man tells Mr. John Public a certain thing is great (?), marvelous (?), sublime (?), and automatically it becomes so, if the ballyhoo is great enough, with all the modern agencies cooperating, to the utter annihilation of good taste, or any chance of establishing it. In the old world, things take their place for just what they are, no one thing incorporates everything, the theatre is the theatre, the opera the opera, the cinema a mild diversion, likewise the radio. No one of these fine institutions causes any confusion in the public mind, nor embarrassment to each other.

From Vagabond Lover to Master Showman

(Continued from page 29)

past year—every big name in all the fields of entertainment from Marie Dressler with her Motion Picture Academy Award that came after decades of plugging along as a grand old trouser, to the tiny Mary Small about whom nobody had ever heard until Rudy invited her to sing. The list reads on, Jimmy Durante, Helen Hayes, Bert Lytell, Fred Astaire, Dorothy Gish, Ethel Barrymore, Adolphe Menjou, Olsen and Johnson, Gilda Gray, Cab Calloway, Joan Blondell, Schumann-Heink, Katharine Hepburn, Nancy Carroll and the many more which fans remember.

It's been a long jump for Vallee from those Sunday afternoon dance programs of half a dozen years ago over WMCA to the weeks when he broke boxoffice records by crooning from the Paramount Theater stage. But not nearly so breath-taking as the leap from the warbling lad to the smart ringmaster we now hear when we tune in on the WEAF chain.

I happen to be one of the people who could go through life happily without personal contact with Vallee. In fact I've taken my share of slams at the Romeo and laughed a little enviously at the way millions of women went a little nutty over him not so long ago. But facts are facts and income tax figures are not to be sneezed at. Nor are programs such as he arranges to be ignored if one expects to get a fair return for the investment in a good walnut-console radio receiver.

When Vallee first hit the crooked streets of Manhattan he was a little of a hick, no matter how expert he seemed as a singer. And there's something of the rural aura that has clung to him after all these seasons of his New York migration. He's a curious mixture of the unbelievably naive and the surprisingly astute. He fools you

into under-rating him with one statement he gives out and then startles you with a subsequent clever gesture. He has the fortunate capacity, to him, of being romantically "misunderstood" by the mobs who make idols out of occasional performers and after all that's how theatrical fortunes are gathered up. But at the same time he's never had the ability to hold that pose long enough with those who really mattered in his private life.

Hordes of people he'll never meet have brought him into favor and yet the few about whom he's been concerned and the only ones for whom he's gone out of his way have contributed to his unpleasant hours—and a few ridiculous moments.

HE'S never been particularly popular with the professional world in which he's an important factor. He'll never be a beloved Cantor to his contemporaries but that's not entirely his fault. In fact there were dozens and dozens of his associates who waited impatiently for the grand flop of Rudy Vallee. They were doomed to disappointment for Rudy who always ignored their insincere back-slapping didn't give them a chance for the funeral cheers. He never became one of the "gang". He was always concerned in his work, even when the know-it-alls thought that was funny.

For all the way he eats up the applause of the public, caters meticulously to the public tastes and lives up to what he believes the public demands of him, he's always Number One where Vallee is concerned.

While he pleases his sponsors, gives a better show than most of his rivals and continues one step ahead of this year's idea of good air entertainment, who's to say he's wrong?



No ONE can yet say how far-reaching will be the effect of radio on modern living and business—but every one is agreed the industry is still in its infancy . . . that its possibilities are unlimited!

This is why the wisest counselors are advising young men to acquire the fundamentals of radio . . . to prepare themselves for the opportunities ahead. The future is exceedingly bright.

Thousands are finding exactly what they need in the International Correspondence Schools' Radio Course. So can you! Prepared by experts, and frequently revised by them, this course has the enthusiastic approval of the industry.

There is a consistent demand for radio mechanics, assemblers, testers, inspectors, draftsmen, service men, installers and salesmen; also, for operators and attendants on board ship and at commercial radio stations, government police stations and aviation stations. The field of opportunity is unlimited. Let us send you complete information—absolutely free. Use the coupon. Mail it today—Radio beckons you.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

"The Universal University"

BOX 3621, SCRANTON, PENNA.

Without cost or obligation, please send me a copy of your booklet, "Who Wins and Why," and full particulars about the subject before which I have marked X:

- | | |
|----------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> RADIO OPERATING | <input type="checkbox"/> Machinist |
| <input type="checkbox"/> RADIO SERVICING | <input type="checkbox"/> Gas Engines |
| <input type="checkbox"/> ELECTRICAL ENGINEER | <input type="checkbox"/> Diesel Engines |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electric Wiring | <input type="checkbox"/> Aviation Engines |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electric Lighting | <input type="checkbox"/> Civil Engineer |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Welding, Electric and Gas | <input type="checkbox"/> Refrigeration |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Telegraph Engineer | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Telephone Work | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Engineer | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Draftsman | |

Name

Age

Address

City

State

Occupation

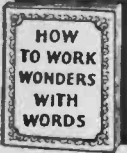
If you reside in Canada, send this coupon to the International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal, Canada.

They Married for Art

(Continued from page 11)

Public Speaking - Has Its Rewards

If you are interested—



NOW SENT FREE

—to develop the ability to speak effectively in public or in everyday conversation—to forge ahead twice as fast as you are now doing, read *How to Work Wonders With Words* now sent free.

This new booklet, recently published, points the road that thousands have followed to increase quickly their earning power and popularity.

It also explains how you can, by a new, easy home study method, become an outstanding speaker and conquer stage fright, timidity and fear. To read this booklet will prove to be an evening well spent.

Simply send name and address and this valuable free booklet will be sent at once. No obligation.

NORTH AMERICAN INSTITUTE
3602 Michigan Ave., Dept. 1719 Chicago, Illinois



BIG-CHEST

You can have strong lungs and increase your chest measurement five inches by following instructions in my book.

Chest Development and Correct Breathing
Send for it today. 25c coin or 30c in stamps.

ANTHONY BARKER

1235 6th Ave., Studio 10 New York City

HOT PIANO



Ultra-modern Piano Jazz taught by mail. Note or ear. Easy rapid lessons for adult beginners. Also Self-instruction system for advanced pianists. Learn 358 Bass Styles, 976 Jazz Breaks, hundreds of Trick Endings, Hot Rhythms, Sock, Stomp and Dirt Effects; Symphonic and Wicked Harmony in latest Radio and Record Style. Write for Free Booklet.

MODERN PIANO SCHOOL
1828 W. Adams St., Los Angeles, Calif.

HAIR TROUBLE?

Learn the one correct and harmless way to remove all dandruff and any itch from the scalp; how to stop excessive hair loss, and how it is possible to grow back the lost hair. A famous scientist explains everything in a free booklet. Write—

LINDAY, 361 W. 29th St., New York City
Name.....
Address.....

Help Kidneys

Don't Take Drastic Drugs

You have nine million tiny tubes or filters in your Kidneys which may be endangered by using drastic, irritating drugs. Be careful. If poorly functioning Kidneys or Bladder make you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Stiffness, Burning, Smarting, Acidity, Neuralgia or Rheumatic Pains, Lumbago or Loss of Vitality, don't waste a minute. Try the Doctor's prescription called Cystex (pronounced Siss-tex). Formula in every package. Starts work in 15 minutes. Soothes and tones raw, irritated tissues. It is helping millions of sufferers and is guaranteed to fix you up to your satisfaction or money back on return of empty package. Cystex is only 75c at all drugists.

LOVE CHARM PERFUME

Perfume brings peculiar and subtle psychological reactions on the human emotions. The enchantresses of old—Cleopatra—DuBarry—understood this magic power. Stars of screenland are inspired by realistic odors. Certainly a man's idea of a woman's charm may easily be changed with the proper perfume. That Love Charm is such we ask you to prove to yourself. Send 10c for sample vial.

Love Charm Co., Dept. M, 585 Kingsland St., St. Louis, Mo

she wasn't so sure about this marriage proposal. But Bob had a way with him, and, well, after awhile she surrendered. They, too, put on the matrimonial handcuffs, and for a time were very happy indeed.

But—

A snake in the form of a telegram from Paul Ash squirmed into their Eden.

It seemed that Paul Ash needed a singer for a show in Chicago, and he had heard of Ilomay Bailey's success at the Julliard School. He made her an offer. She was to report at once to the Oriental Theatre.

Was Ilomay happy? Well, can a comedian steal gags? I'll say she was happy!

But was Bob overjoyed? Humph! "A big opportunity, huh?" he asked. "Well, if you ask me, you've got a bigger opportunity to be happy at home than you'll have trouping around with a band. But if you want to go, well, go ahead, but don't say I didn't warn you."

Like Mrs. Babe Sims, Bob Steiner couldn't quite understand the urge that prompts those with music in their souls to give expression. Singing was all right, but if you've got a home and all the luxuries you need, why go around wearing yourself down for a few bucks, just to get your name on a program? There were plenty of singers for Paul Ash. Why, if you took a comb, and used it on Broadway, dozens of unemployed singers were likely to fall out of your hair.

Ilomay was puzzled. She realized she was at the crossroads, and she was uncertain. But there was the craving for expression, the artist's eternal urge to make the best of a good break. She decided she would go to Chicago, as long as Bob didn't exactly put down his foot and forbid her. So she went.

Bob salaamed to her. He was put out, but he wasn't really angry. He decided he would humor her and, to be a good sport, he agreed to go to Chicago and be among those up in the first row, applauding her. She might need the applause, he thought secretly.

Ilomay preceded him to the Windy City, and met Ash. The business details were arranged, but Ilomay ran up against a snag when she was forced to admit to Ash that she couldn't very well accompany herself on the piano unless she took a few more instructions.

Paul thereupon went in search of an instructor for Miss Bailey. He conferred with several showmen and all of them recommended Lee Sims, who was running a music school and doing all right, but who wasn't actually teaching music himself. Ash sent for Sims and a deal was made whereby he was to polish off the piano playing of Miss Bailey.

BUT it all ended with Ilomay going to the Sims school. There she and Sims became firm friends, and each sensed the other's innate love of music. They began exchanging confidences. Lee told Ilomay about his domestic situation. Babe was still seeing him occasionally. They were good friends, but Babe just didn't understand. They were happier apart.

This confidence inspired Ilomay to tell Lee that she was practically in the same boat. Bob was a good scout, but he had no inborn love of music. To him, music was a series of pleasant tones, and no more.

Ilomay's course was just about to end when Bob Steiner arrived from Wichita.

The time had come for Lee Sims and Ilomay Bailey to take leave of each other. But they found, much to their amazement, that the step was going to



Jacques Fray and Mario Braggiothi make magic with a pair of pianos to the delight of their fans on the Columbia chain

be difficult. They had fallen in love.

Simultaneously with Bob's arrival, Babe Sims blew into town, and, well that added complications. Ilomay and Lee had a final conference. That is, it was to have been a final conference. But, before it ended, they had come to a strange decision.

They decided to have a dinner party at which Mr. and Mrs. Sims and Mr. and Mrs. Steiner were to have a four-way conference. Lee Sims would confess to Mrs. Sims that he was in love with Mrs. Steiner. Mrs. Ilomay Steiner would gently apprise her husband that she was in love with Mr. Sims. They would ask Mrs. Sims and Mr. Steiner to grant respective divorces to facilitate the marriage of Lee Sims and Ilomay Bailey.

THE dinner was held. But, somehow, the divorce proposition didn't come up. It turned out to be merely a pleasant little dinner, after which Bob Steiner and Babe Sims went to see a show.

Then Fate played one of its little jokes. Babe Sims told Bob Steiner how hard it was to get along with an artist. It was very strange, too, for Steiner felt exactly as did Babe. It was a pity, he thought, that they hadn't each married a non-artist.

During the next few days Mrs. Sims and Mr. Steiner saw much of each other, and capricious fate played his kindly trick. It was funny, but Bob Steiner had fallen in love with Babe Sims. Funnier still, if you like, Babe was head over heels in love with the home-loving and domesticated Mr. Steiner.

"Let's," proposed Bob, "have another dinner for the four of us, and confess to Lee and Ilomay that we are in love and want them to divorce us."

"Let's," agreed Babe.
There was another dinner. Conversation lagged until nearly midnight, when Lee Sims arose. "I am going to confess something," he said.

"And I," added Ilomay. "Lee and I—"

"Sure," grinned Steiner. "Babe and I, too. That makes it unanimous."

"Great," smiled Babe. "We'll all get divorced, and then we'll all get married again, but to different husbands and wives."

And that's what happened, though not at once.

Lee and Ilomay were married first. Months later, Babe and Bob put on the ball and chain.

And, believe it or not—Mr. and Mrs. Steiner, that is Bob and Babe; and Mr. and Mrs. Sims, that is Lee and Ilomay, are very happy. Both women are good friends. Both men are close pals. And if you doubt it, go call on 'em all some time. They all live in the same house.

And a nice little arrangement it is. Sims and Bailey were never much as business folk. They were artists. Bob and Babe had business heads. Somebody has to make money while Sims plays and Bailey sings. So Bob Steiner is manager for the team of Sims and Bailey. Babe, his wife, is his assistant.

Go on and snicker, my dear readers! But the old fellows who wrote the fairy tales hit the ball occasionally when they wound up with—"And they lived happily ever after."

You Ask Him Another

(Continued from page 34)

- A. California.
- Q. How and where would you like to spend your summers?
A. In the woods.
- Q. If you were able to be someone else, who would you prefer to be?
A. Mrs. Cobb's second husband.
- Q. In order of preference, what were your early hobbies?
A. Collecting birds' eggs, stamps, nature study.
- Q. What are your current hobbies?
A. Collecting Indian relics.
- Q. Do you prefer life in the city or the country?
A. The country.
- Q. Why?
A. Probably because it is infinitely better.
- Q. Any narrow escapes from death? If so give details.
A. War time experiences: several; Automobile smash-ups: two; Drowning as a child: one.
- Q. What is your favorite popular song?
A. "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot."
- Q. What is your favorite classical number?
A. I don't know any.
- Q. Do you enjoy classical music?
A. No.
- Q. Whom do you consider the five

- greatest characters in history?
A. Aristotle, Shakespeare, Robert E. Lee, Jesus Christ, Tom Paine.
- Q. Whom do you consider the outstanding figures in the world today?
A. Mussolini, Al Smith, Stalin.
- Q. Do you favor any particular kind of cooking?
A. Mexican.
- Q. What are your pet hates?
A. People who get up questionnaires. People who say "what" when they understand perfectly what you have said. People who gush. People who are bright over the telephone. People who are brilliant before breakfast. People who can't mind their own business. Religious bigots. Professional reformers.
- Q. What type of music do you prefer?
A. The simplest.
- Q. What was your nickname when you were in school?
A. "Corn Cob".
- Q. What is your nickname now?
A. "Ivory".
- Q. Will you tell us five things you're fond of in life and of which you're

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



GET MY FREE SAMPLE LESSON Mail Coupon

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



Broadcasting Stations
Employ trained men continually for jobs paying up to \$5,000 a year.



Aircraft Radio
Radio is making flying safer. Radio Operators employed through Civil Service Commission earn \$1,620 to \$2,800 a year.



Set Servicing
Spare-time set servicing pays many N.R.I. men \$200 to \$1,000 a year. Full-time men make as much as \$40, \$60, and \$75 a week.



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

Many Radio Experts Make \$40, \$60, \$75 a Week

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

Turn Your Spare Time Into Money

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

Act Now—Mail Coupon Today

My offer of a free sample lesson plus my 64-page school catalog is open to all ambitious fellows over 15 years old. Find out what Radio offers YOU without the slightest obligation. MAIL THE COUPON NOW.

J. E. SMITH, President
NATIONAL RADIO INSTITUTE
Dept. 3N08 Washington, D. C.

MAIL NOW FREE PROOF

J. E. SMITH, President
National Radio Institute
Dept. 3N08, Washington, D. C.

I want to take advantage of your offer. Send me your Free Sample Lesson and your book, "Rich Rewards in Radio." I understand this request does not obligate me. PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY

NAME..... AGE.....
ADDRESS.....
CITY..... STATE.....

never had enough?

A. Fishing, hunting, friends, praise, leisure.

Q. Of what comment upon your radio work are you most proud?

A. My wife likes it.

Q. Who is your favorite fan, if any?

A. My granddaughter, age 6.

Q. Have any of your correspondents ever tried to identify you as a long-lost relative?

A. Yes—and wanted to borrow money.

Q. Your weight and height?

A. Weight 198; height 5-11½.

Q. What color hair and eyes?

A. Brown hair; gray eyes.

Q. What was the most you ever weighed?

A. 224.

Q. How much did you weigh when you were born?

A. Eight pounds, net.

Q. Did you ever perform any feats which might be termed heroic?

A. Never, except answering your questions.

Q. Were you in the war—if so in what capacity?

A. Yes—war correspondent.

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

A. Yes, and stay retired.

Q. To what place would you retire?

A. The South.

Q. And what would you do?

A. Enjoy life, or try to.

Q. Do you own anything which, although it has little or no intrinsic worth, you would hesitate to part with?

A. My oldest gun.

Q. Just what would you do if you had a million dollars—especially if it came to you out of a clear sky?

A. Spend it!

Kate Did It!

(Continued from page 7)

"I don't," I snapped.

"Other girls might get away with it—but not you, Miss Smith," he said. "You're not the type."

And we both laughed. He found out in due time what my real vice is—chocolate frappes and sundaes.

"I tell you what I like about your voice," Ted went on. "You sing for all you're worth, and you don't evade notes. I'm tired of singers who can't sing a song as it was written."

I liked Ted's directness, and I think he liked mine. He told me he thought the world was ready for simple and heartening music—and he thought perhaps I could fill the ticket.

We agree perfectly on all points except one—and I'll mention that later. He realizes that I dislike insincere people, newspaper men who are profane (for no good reason except to sound like "The Front Page"), and parties, among professional or society people. So we steer clear of these.

Now for the point we don't agree on—I guess few people realize that I am, as Ted says, "screwy" about speed. I like to drive a car fast, a motor boat fast, and I adore airplanes. Airplanes are one thing Ted put his foot down on. How I envy the girls who aren't forcibly "grounded." And I'm so much in sympathy with it that I offered a trophy for the women's race at the Air Pageant at Roosevelt Field.

A week or so ago I sang with Stokowski—one of the greatest thrills of my life. But maybe one of the great thrills of Ted's life was driving to Philadelphia with me! I do love to step on the gas. The result was that somewhere in New Jersey, Ted took the wheel himself and handed out a lecture something like this:

"Kathryn you are just ridiculous. You haven't got any sense, that's all—about speed. Up in Lake Placid—what did you do? Dived from a motor boat going forty-five an hour. Also dived from a high diving board too—it's dangerous—a big girl like you—230 pounds."

I'm also, says Ted, "screwy" about sports. That's true. I don't give a rap about night life—I hate clothes—that is, shopping for them, and I don't have any more jewelry than when I started on the air—a watch and a ring comprise my "jewels"—but if I didn't honestly

believe that my game of tennis has improved these last summers, I would give up in disgust.

I have a decided fault in connection with this. As Colonel Stoopnagle says, "I always want to be best"! I hate to be beaten at any game. There's one story Ted is fond of telling on me.

While we were presenting my act at the Palace, there was a little dancer in it who was a whizz at handball, and we'd go out in the alley next to the theatre to play it and pass the time. She beat me continually, and I wouldn't let her go in and put on her make-up until I'd beaten her. She'd keep pleading "Aunt Kate—it's time to go in", and I'd retort "You just *can't* go in. You've *got* to give me another chance to beat you."

Finally, I did—by the skin of my teeth—and also by the skin of my teeth—got dressed in time for the act.

TED'S comment was, "Kathryn, you're still a little show-off at heart when it comes to sports." And he was right, too. But I could take it!

I'm also ready to admit that when it comes to cooking implements, I am screwy. I probably have more special pots, pans and gadgets than a department store in my kitchen. But if I'd rather collect aluminum than etchings, what of it?

I'm rising for my own defense in this matter of singing for soldiers and shut-ins. The pen, they say, is mightier than the sword, and many writers have published stories concerning my "publicity mad" efforts to be known as a Good Samaritan. I have had to take it and grit my teeth, but if it still holds true that the pen is mighty, I now have an opportunity to answer back, and say a few cutting words myself.

There is much undercurrent of war being talked now by everyone. There is a tense feeling of a big mine of dynamite about to explode. I believe that if everyone had visited veterans' hospitals as I have, and had seen the human wreckage from that last great war, they would think twice before they made any trouble that might bring on another one. But people would rather forget about unpleasant things, and many of my shut-ins are living, as it were, in a past chapter that is closed forever in the world's history. They

were heroes then—they are considered by many a drag on the country's charities now. But I'm not saying anything new.

I'll tell you this though. When I was a little girl in Washington, I saw those same soldiers starting off to war, certain that they were fighting for a marvelous cause, giving themselves eagerly and generously for ideals that were evidently imaginary.

I was in pigtails, and khaki seemed very romantic. I'd sing for them in the camps around Washington. Remember those old war tunes, "The Rose of No Man's Land", and "Over There"? I was at the age where those soldiers made a great impression on me. I loved singing for them.

When I came to radio, many of those same boys tuned in from hospital cots—more than a decade later. When I heard from them, the tragedy of it came home to me, and I felt that if my voice could give them any pleasure, and if personal visits to the hospitals would in any way make them realize that as far as I am concerned they are still heroes—I would lose no time in reaching them by singing their requested songs, and dropping in to see them.

Call it publicity if you like. There's nothing I can do about it. But I'll sing dozens of songs in one hospital ward before I'll sing a single song at the coming-out party of Mrs. Van-Something-or-other's daughter.

PEOPLE also wonder about my "vast fortune". At the end of my first year in radio, I had very little money in the bank. Why—I hadn't spent much on myself. Ted discovered that I had been handing it out right and left, often to charities that turned out to be unworthy.

Now he has somebody handle all my financial affairs. I have to come to him to beg for \$20 for myself! Also, I employ secretaries, and assistants to help in my duties for the NRA. I do not employ a chauffeur, a maid, or a butler. And I still live in a two-room apartment.

Writers, with their words, make me seem anything from a Cinderella to a 230 pound angel. I have to take all that—but I hope you'll draw your own conclusions!

Thanks for listening.

I saved 1/2 by buying direct from the Midwest Laboratories

Yes, and it gives you WORLD-WIDE Reception!



Amazing New SUPER Deluxe

16-TUBE ALL-WAVE Radio

9 TO 2,000 METERS



New FREE CATALOG WRITE TODAY!

30 DAYS FREE TRIAL

THOUSANDS of satisfied customers have saved from 1/3 to 1/2 on their radios by buying direct from Midwest Laboratories. You, too, can make a positive saving of 30% to 50% by buying this 16-tube DeLuxe ALL-WAVE radio... finest development of Midwest's 14 years experience as leading radio manufacturer... at the sensationally low direct-from-laboratory price of only \$49.50. You'll be amazed and delighted at its super performance! It brings in broadcasts from stations 10,000 miles and more away. Gives complete wave length coverage of 9 to 2,000 meters (33 megacycles to 150 KC). Send for the big FREE catalog today! This bigger, better, more powerful, clearer-toned, super-selective radio has FIVE distinct wave bands: ultra short, short, medium, broadcast and long... putting whole world of radio at your finger tips. Now listen in on all U. S. programs... Canadian, police, amateur, commercial, airplane and ship broadcasts... and world's finest stations as: DFA, Nauen, Germany—REN, Moscow, Russia—EAQ, Madrid, Spain—12RO, Rome, Italy—VK2ME, Sydney, Australia. Never before so much radio for so little money. Don't buy any radio until you learn about this greatest of radio values. Send today for money-saving facts!

40 NEW 1934 FEATURES

Try this Midwest radio... in your own home... for thirty days before you decide. See for yourself the 40 new 1934 features that insure amazing performance. For example—Automatic SELECT-O-BAND (exclusive with Midwest), simplifies short wave tuning, instantly pointing out wave length of the station.

Other features include: Amplified Automatic Volume Control, 16 New Type Tubes, Balanced Unit Superheterodyne Circuit, Velvety Action Tuning, Super Power Class "A" Amplifier, 29 Tuned Circuits, New Duplex-Diode-High Mu Pentode Tubes No-Image Heterodynes, Full Rubber Floated Chassis, Variable Tone Blender, Centralized Tuning, 7 KC Selectivity, New Thermionic Rectifier, Totally Scientifically Shielded (coils and switch catcombed), etc. These and many additional features are usually found only in sets selling from \$100 to \$150

WORLD'S GREATEST RADIO VALUE

\$49.50 with New

Deluxe Auditorium Type SPEAKER

BIG FREE CATALOG

The 24-page catalog shown above pictures the performance curves of this super radio. It illustrates a complete line of beautiful, artistic, de luxe consoles... in the new modernistic designs... priced to save you 30% to 50%. You can order your Midwest radio by mail with as much certainty of satisfaction as if you were to select it personally at our great radio laboratories. Write for your FREE catalog NOW!



WONDERFUL FOREIGN RECEPTION

NEWBERRY, S. C. — My Midwest 16 is the finest radio I ever heard. I have tuned in "everything" in United States, Canada and Mexico. Have picked up stations in South America, England, France, Spain, Germany, Italy. Also airplane and ship transmitters, police stations, and numerous "ham" phone and code transmitters.

WILBUR LONG, JR.,
746 Pope St.

TERMS AS LOW AS \$5.00 DOWN

DEAL DIRECT WITH LABORATORIES

Increasing costs are sure to result in higher radio prices soon. Buy before the big advance... NOW, while you can take advantage of Midwest's amazingly low prices. No middlemen's profits to pay! You save from 30% to 50% when you buy direct from Midwest Laboratories... you get 30 days FREE trial—as little as \$5.00 down puts a Midwest radio in your home. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back! FREE catalog shows sensational radio values. Write TODAY!

SAVE UP TO 50%

RUSH THIS COUPON FOR AMAZING 30-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER AND NEW 1934 CATALOG

MIDWEST RADIO CORP.,
Dept. 314,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

Without obligation on my part send me your new 1934 catalog, and complete details of your liberal 30-day FREE trial offer. This is NOT an order

AGENTS! Make Easy Extra Money

Check Here for Details

Name

Address

City State

MIDWEST RADIO CORP.

DEPT. 314 — CINCINNATI, OHIO, U. S. A.

Established 1920 Cable Address Miraco. ABC 5th Edition



HELLO, EVERYBODY

If you possess natural talent, you can be trained to enter Broadcasting as an:

Announcer	Program Manager	Musician
Singer	Sales Manager	Reader
Actor	Advertising	Writer
Musical Director	Publicity	Director

or any other field of Broadcasting

Excellent opportunities in Broadcasting are open to talented men and women after they have mastered the technique of radio presentation. Read below how you can prepare yourself for your share in Broadcasting.

Let FLOYD GIBBONS train you for a Broadcasting career

HAVE you an idea for a radio program? Can you describe things? Have you a Radio voice? Are you musically inclined? Have you the ability to write humor, dramatic sketches, playlets, advertising? Can you sell? If you can do any of these things—*Broadcasting needs you!*

Last year alone, more than \$35,000,000 was expended for talent before the microphone to entertain and educate the American people. The estimated number of announcers, speakers, musicians, actors, etc., who perform yearly at the 600 or more American Broadcasting Stations is well over 300,000 persons.

The Fastest Growing Medium in the World

The biggest advertisers in the country recognize the business strength of Broadcasting. They rely on it more and more for publicity, promotion and sales work. They are seeking new ideas, new talent every day.

If you are good at thinking up ideas; if your voice shows promise for announcing or singing; if you can play an instrument; if you can sell or write; if you possess hidden talents that could be turned to profitable broadcasting purposes, you may qualify for a job. Let Floyd Gibbons show you how to capitalize your hidden talents!

No matter how much latent ability you possess—it is useless in Radio unless you know the technique of Broadcasting. Unless you know how to get a try-out. How to confront the microphone. How to lend color, personality, sincerity and clearness to your voice.

Merely the ability to sing is not sufficient. It must be coupled with the art of knowing how to get the most out of your voice for broadcasting purposes. Merely

the knack of knowing how to write will not bring success as a radio dramatist. You must be familiar with the limitations of the microphone, and know how to adapt your stories for effective radio presentation. It is not enough to have a good voice, to be able to describe things, to know how to sell. Broadcasting presents very definite problems, and any talent, no matter how great, must be adapted to fit the special requirements for successful broadcasting.

The Floyd Gibbons School of Broadcasting shows you how to solve every radio problem from the standpoint of the broadcaster. Floyd Gibbons, one of America's foremost broadcasters, has developed a unique method for training men and women at home for this fascinating work. This home-study course offers you a complete training in every phase of actual broadcasting. Now you can profit by Floyd Gibbons' years of experience in Radio. You can develop your talents right at home in your spare time under his guidance, and acquire the technique that makes Radio stars. Out of obscure places are coming the future Amos and Andys, Graham McNamees, Rudy Vallees, Kate Smiths and Floyd Gibbons whose yearly earnings will be enormous.

Unlimited Opportunities for Men and Women

Men are needed to do special broadcasting of all kinds: Descriptive broadcasting of political events, banquets, football games, boxing, wrestling, baseball and hundreds of other occasions of a similar nature.

Women, too, have found Broadcasting a profitable new field of endeavor. Broadcasting Stations are always interested in a woman who can present a well prepared program devoted to domestic science, interior decorating, etiquette, child welfare, styles, beauty and home making.

A Complete Course in Radio Broadcasting by FLOYD GIBBONS

A few of the subjects covered are: Microphone Technique, How to Control the Voice and Make It Expressive, How to Train a Singing Voice for Broadcasting, the Knack of Describing, How to Write Radio Plays, Radio Dialogue, Dramatic Broadcasts, Making the Audience Laugh, How to Arrange Daily Programs, How to Build Correct Speech Habits, Money Making Opportunities, and dozens of other subjects.

Booklet Sent Free

An interesting booklet entitled "How to Find Your Place in Broadcasting," tells you the whole fascinating story of the Floyd Gibbons School of Broadcasting and describes fully the training offered in our Home Study Course. Here is your chance to enter a life-long profession—to fill an important rôle in one of the most glamorous, powerful industries in the world. Send for "How to Find Your Place in Broadcasting" today. See for yourself how complete and practical the Floyd Gibbons Course in Broadcasting is. Act now—send coupon below today. Floyd Gibbons School of Broadcasting, Dept. 3S72, U. S. Savings Bank Building, 2000 14th Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.



Floyd Gibbons School of Broadcasting,
Dept. 3S72, U. S. Savings Bank Building,
2000 14th Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

Without obligation send me your free booklet "How to Find Your Place in Broadcasting," and full particulars of your home-study course.

Name..... Age.....
(Please print or write name plainly)

Address.....

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