

Tower RADIO



10¢

15¢ in Canada

A TOWER MAGAZINE

September

**NEVER TRY
TO BE FUNNY**
says
JACK BENNY

•
**THE NATION'S
LISTENING POST**

*Uncle Sam selects the best
reception spot in America*

•
**NEXT SEASON'S
TREND
ON THE AIR**

•
**HOW RADIO
GUARDS
THE NATION'S
WEALTH**

•
**HOW TO WRITE
FOR RADIO**



CONNIE
BOSWELL

**THE MOST DRAMATIC STORY EVER
WRITTEN ABOUT A RADIO STAR**

**CONNIE
BOSWELL'S
BATTLE**

TO BE LIKE OTHER GIRLS

...AND IT'S A GLORIOUS HIT!

Because...more than 62,000 fans
asked for an encore to "Dancing
Lady"...they're together again!

M.G.M. Studios
Hollywood, Cal.

May we please see
Joan Crawford and Clark
Gable co-starred again,
like they were in
"Dancing Lady".

They were glorious. please
please let us see them
together again
Mary Lou Hart
Cherokee
Loring



JOAN

CLARK

Crawford Gable

CHAINED

with

OTTO KRUGER • STUART ERWIN

A CLARENCE BROWN

PRODUCTION

• Produced by Hunt Stromberg •

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

Isn't It A Shame!



SWELL GIRL . . . GRAND LITTLE MOTHER . . . BUT OH, HER TERRIBLE TEETH!



Sally's baby is the cunningest thing in town—and women love Sally! She's clever and spirited and gay! But—there's a "but" about Sally!



When the crowd wants to dance or play contract, they always say, "Let's go to Sally's!" But—the "but" about Sally often sends her to bed in tears!



Sally's young husband is handsome—and lately he has had "a wandering eye." Tired of Sally? Never! But—he's noticed. For the "but" about Sally is her teeth.



Sally doesn't know that it's "pink tooth brush" which has robbed her teeth of their brightness, and ruined the charm of her smile. Perhaps she'll ask her dentist.



He'll tell her at once to clean her teeth with Ipana—and to massage Ipana into her gums. He'll tell her to get rid of "pink tooth brush"—to use Ipana.



It won't be long before Sally's young husband will find her just as pretty as when they were engaged! Sally's teeth will soon be brilliant again!

YOUNG mothers have to be even more careful about their teeth than other girls do. But every girl should know that tender gums are responsible for the teeth's looking dingy and grayish.

Your dentist will explain this to you.

"Today's soft foods," he will tell you, "aren't coarse or crunchy enough to exercise your gums.

Avoid "Pink Tooth Brush" with Ipana and Massage!

Lacking stimulation, your gums tend to become flabby and tender. Then—you notice 'pink' on your tooth brush."

"Pink tooth brush," he'll explain, "is often the first step toward gum troubles as serious as gingivitis and Vincent's disease. It may not only

dull your teeth—but *en-dan-ger* sound teeth."

But he'll tell you how simple it is to check "pink tooth brush." You should clean your teeth with Ipana, and massage a little extra Ipana into your gums—and you'll soon have "pink tooth brush" under control. For the ziralol in Ipana aids in firming tender gums. Your teeth will soon be brilliant again!

TUNE IN THE "HOUR OF SMILES" AND HEAR THE IPANA TROBADOURS WEDNESDAY EVENINGS —WEAF AND ASSOCIATED N. B. C. STATIONS

IPANA
TOOTH PASTE



VISIT

"A CENTURY OF PROGRESS"

SEE IPANA MADE FROM START TO FINISH
See the Ipana Electrical Man. General Exhibits Group Building No. 4 —Chicago, June —October, 1934.



White Studios



"I KNOW KATE SMITH"

*How she was discovered,
how she became a star—
the first complete analy-
sis of the national radio
star by her manager*

TED COLLINS

In Next Month's Tower Radio

Tower Radio

CATHERINE McNELIS, Publisher

VOL. 1, NO. 6

A TOWER MAGAZINE

SEPTEMBER, 1934

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FREDERICK JAMES SMITH, Managing Editor

MARY MARSHALL, Director of Home Service - **HUGH RYAN, Art Director**

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OFFICERS

Catherine McNelis, *President*
John P. McNelis, *Vice-President*
Theodore Alexander, *Treasurer*
Marie L. Featherstone, *Secretary*

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ON SALE AT WOOLWORTH STORES AND NEWSSTANDS THE FIRST OF EVERY MONTH



**Thousands say:
"clothes last 2 or 3
times longer"**

YOU'LL save lots of money, washing clothes the Rinso way. For there's no scrubbing to streak colors— weaken fabrics— fray edges. Clothes not only last 2 or 3 times longer but they come from a Rinso soaking 4 or 5 shades whiter.

Makers of 40 famous washers recommend Rinso. It is tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Grand for dishes and all cleaning. Saves time— saves work. And so easy on hands!

Rinso gives lots of rich, lasting suds—even in hardest water. Get it at your grocer's.



The biggest-selling package soap in America

HOW SHE WON HIM BACK



IT'S DONE WONDERS
FOR MY COMPLEXION,
TOO

HOT, cold, hard or soft water—it makes no difference! Lifebuoy always gives quantities of rich, creamy lather. It gently cleanses away pore-clogging impurities—makes dull skins fairly

bloom with new, radiant health. It purifies and deodorizes body pores—stops "B.O." (body odor). Its fresh, clean, quickly-vanishing scent tells you Lifebuoy protects. Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau





Ray Lee Jackson

Behind the Dial

By
NELLIE REVELL

Eddie Duchin started to be a pharmacist, following in his father's footsteps. But his hobby was piano playing, which led to his radio success.

The latest news about favorites of radio—in the studios and elsewhere

RADIO celebrities being very much in the public ear as well as the eye and their large incomes being equally well known, fear of kidnaping is constant in their thoughts. The narrow escape of Jack Benny from a gang of snatchers who lured him to a lonely spot in uptown New York served to make the menace more real. In consequence, a good business has developed among those huskies who hire out as protectors of radio stars and their families. One man soliciting clients inserted an advertisement in a newspaper stressing "a wardrobe suitable for all occasions." In other words he is a gun-toting bodyguard sartorially equipped to accompany his employer either to a cocktail party or a prize fight.

When Goodman Ace of "Easy Aces" was doing his column "Lobbying" on a Kansas City daily he established quite a reputation as a wise-cracker. He is a natural wit as you have doubtless discovered if you follow "Easy Aces" for he writes those scripts. The other day he was awaiting a friend in the corridor of a certain New York studio. He was smoking a cigarette and was accosted by a page boy. "Sorry, sir," he said loftily, "no smoking allowed." . . . "Why not?" demanded Ace. . . . "Because it makes me sick," was the

surprising explanation. "What a swell idea!" exclaimed Ace.

• • •

THEY are telling a story about a certain well-known script writer famous for his conquests. This man, according to the narrative, was seen in a Radio City restaurant with an ether actress of great pulchritude. First it was observed that he patted her hand. Then it was noted that he petted it. At which point Ray Knight, an interested onlooker, cracked, "Bill doesn't know whether to write a play for her—or make a play for her!"

• • •

AS Behind the Dialists know, Major Edward Bowes not only broadcasts the Capitol Theater Family Program on NBC, Sundays, but he is also the major domo of Station WHN, New York. A feature on its kilocycles is Mother Horn, a Negro evangelist holding forth from the Lenox Avenue Church in the heart of Harlem. The discovery of Mother Horn was most interesting. The major, motoring along Lenox Avenue, heard the singing in the church and ordered his chauffeur to stop. He entered and

(Please turn to page 8)

Vivienne Segal, the pretty little lady who duets with tenor Oliver Smith over CBS.



Sun-faded Fabrics become Gay and New Again with **Tintex**

Use **TINTEX** for

Underthings • Negligees
Dresses • Sweaters • Scarfs
Stockings • Slips • Men's Shirts
Blouses • Children's Clothes

Curtains • Bed Spreads
Drapes • Luncheon Sets
Doilies • Slip Covers



Summer wardrobes rejuvenated!
—at the cost of but a few cents!



NO need to buy new dresses and sports-wear to replace the faded ones in your wardrobe. Just buy Tintex—and save many, many dollars!

Quickly...easily...you can restore the original color, or give an entirely different color, to every faded fabric. And what marvelous results! Only expensive professional work can equal the perfection of Tintex.

Start using Tintex today—35 brilliant, long-lasting colors from which to choose!

PARK & TILFORD, Distributors

On sale at drug stores and notion counters everywhere

Tintex *World's Largest Selling* **Tints & Dyes**

How destiny singled out Maestro Isham Jones and lifted him from coal miner to millionaire

(Continued from page 6)

was so fascinated by the primitive music and its rhythmic rendition by the congregation that he arranged to broadcast the services. The result has quite justified the claim that Major Bowes knows a good radio program when he hears it.

Behind
THE
DIAL

Add to odd accidents: Al Jolson, one of radio's better golfers, killed a bird when his ball driven from the 14th tee at Hillcrest, California, hit it in mid-air. Jolson, by the way, imported from the Hillcrest Country Club two waiters to serve as butlers at his recently opened Scarsdale, N. Y., country home.

IN German the last name of Grete Steuckgold, the operatic soprano who has been heard with Andre Kostelanetz' orchestra over the Columbia network, means "piece of gold." The diva, new to radio, is well named. Her hair is golden, her complexion fair and her voice, too, may be described as golden. Miss Steuckgold, incidentally, is a singer with a sense of humor. She loves to take liberties with the lyrics she sings and frequently at rehearsals improvises lines that would distress the song writer but which cause great glee in the studio.

THAT European edition of The Revelers, the Comedian Harmonists, are expected to return to the American airways in the Fall. The Comedian Harmonists (the title is a misnomer) made an excellent impression here. Two of the group are German, the others being natives of Bulgaria, Poland and Austria. They sing in several languages every type of song from jazz to Strauss waltzes. They are a discovery of John F. Royal, NBC vice-president in charge of programs.

DESTINY has smiled upon Isham Jones, the band man, since he quit his job as a coal miner to become a musician. Today he is one of the four millionaire maestros on the air. His very first endeavor as a



Vincent Lopez and Bob Ripley are caught by the camera during a recent broadcast, heard throughout the world by short wave.

composer won recognition for him in a rather spectacular manner. He wrote a march called "Soldiers of the Sea" and induced a band to play it at a contest in Saginaw, Michigan. The leader relegated it to secondary importance, arranging his program so that when the band passed the judges stand they would be playing a Sousa composition. But he miscalculated the distance and when the outfit reached the reviewing stand he was dismayed to find they were still going strong with "Soldiers of the Sea." The dismay turned to high elation when they were awarded first prize. The determining factor was the originality of "Soldiers of the Sea" for all the other bands played Sousa marches.

Mary Livingstone (Mrs. Jack Benny) is a natural born gambler. Roulette has a terrible fascination for her and she will play Russian bank until the milkman comes in the morning. An (Please turn to page 10)



United Artists

Eddie Cantor and his daughter, Marjorie, hard at work. She became papa's secretary in preference to completing finishing school. It is Marjorie Cantor who protects Eddie from the army of people who daily try to see him. P. S. She keeps regular office hours.



Maurice Scymour, Chicago

Joy Hodges is the pretty little miss who sings with Carol Lofner and his orchestra over the CBS network.

THE WARING • SONGSTERS



● They call her Pat, this Priscilla Lane, who, with her sister, is on the air with Fred Waring and his Pennsylvanians. Pat is only eighteen.



● Rosemary Lane is the other half of the Lane Sisters who started their professional career with the Waring orchestra. Rosemary is the older.

● The third member of the Waring Trio is Babs Ryan. She had her own orchestra at twelve.

Maurice Seymour



What! Rob Roy, Scottish chief, was ancestor of our Gracie Allen

(Continued from page 8)
inveterate card player, she has never been able to conquer at contract.

Behind THE DIAL

DR. WALTER DAMROSCH likes to tell the anecdote of the trumpet solo that was never played during one of his concert tours a few years ago. It happened in a small New England city where the auditorium was so small that there was no space for the cornetist to do his stuff off stage during the rendition of a Beethoven overture. Instead, the maestro arranged for the trumpeter to play from the sidewalk in front of the hall, the doors being opened to convey the sound to the audience. But as the soloist raised his instrument to his lips at the proper moment, a constable suddenly appeared, snatched the trumpet from his hands and smacked the musician sharply with his billy. "Quit that, you scorpion," shouted The Law. "You can't toot that thing out here—there's a concert agoin' on inside!"

VIA short waves: A genealogist has discovered that Gracie Allen is a direct descendant of Rob Roy, the Scottish chieftain. Hoot mon! . . . Frederick Worlock, English actor appearing in various dramatic offerings on CBS, is the former husband of Elsie Ferguson, stage star also now active in air productions. . . . Joey Nash, soloist with Richard Himber, reads Mark Twain and Nick Carter with equal relish. . . . Alden Edkins, the bass soloist who won the Atwater Kent prize in 1931, was brought up in Somerville, Mass., with Charles O'Connor, Don Lowe and Howard Petrie, all three now NBC announcers. . . . The 50,000-watt transmitter WOR is erecting at Carteret, N. J., costing \$300,000, will go into operation in October.

Joe Cook played a dirty trick at a luncheon of the Circus Saints and Sinners. As guest of honor, under the club's regulations, he was privileged to do or say anything pleasing his fancy. So what do you think Joe did? He insisted upon reading "Anthony Adverse!" He got a good start on the first volume before he relented.
(Please turn to page 93)



Wide World*

Richard Barthelmess recently made his radio debut on Rudy Vallee's Fleischmann hour, that famous gateway to the airways. And, always a good actor, he gave a splendid account of himself.



Fray and Braggiotti, the pianists. Jacques Fray was supposed to become a Parisian banker, but his love for music won his full time. Mario Braggiotti has studied piano since a child.

*Have Dainty Legs
Avoid All Re-growths*

MAKE UGLY LEG and ARM HAIR

INVISIBLE with
MARCHAND'S Golden Hair Wash



New Black & Gold Package 1934



"DARK hair on arms and legs used to drive me to tears," writes a woman. "I shaved it off. I tried rubbing it off with a sand paper gadget. But back it grew every time, coarser and blacker than ever. On a friend's advice, I used Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. *It actually made the hair invisible.* Everything you say about it is true. I have no more worries about re-growths or skin irritations. I'm not afraid to show off my arms and legs now!"

Just another case of a girl who tried to stop natural hair growth, but only stimulated it instead. Nature won't let you destroy hair growth. But nature will let you take the blackness, the real ugliness out of excess hair. Marchand's Golden Hair Wash makes it like the light, unnoticeable down on the blonde.

Easy, safe to do at home. Excess hair stays invisible indefinitely. Takes only 20-30 minutes. Inexpensive. Refuse substitutes if you want the results. Get genuine Marchand's Golden Hair Wash.

Ask Your Druggist or Get
by Mail—Use Coupon

Marchand's Hair Experts Develop Marvelous New Castile Shampoo to Cleanse All Shades of Hair.

Now a shampoo that brings out the hidden beauty of the hair—Natural lustre and color—soft, caressable texture. The new Marchand's Castile Shampoo cleanses perfectly and rinses completely—that's why it leaves hair so lustrous.

For everyone—brunettes, blondes, titians. Does not lighten or change the color of hair. Ask your druggist for Marchand's Castile Shampoo. This New product is entirely different from Marchand's Golden Hair Wash, which is used to lighten hair.

MARCHAND'S
GOLDEN HAIR WASH

C. Marchand Co., 251 W. 19th St., N. Y. C.

45c enclosed (send coins or stamps).
Please send me a regular bottle of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. T.M. 934.

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

Another \$1,000

TELL US YOUR MOST ENJOYABLE

It's *Easy . . . Fun . . .* Write a Short, Simple Letter . . . Fill in Ballot on Right-hand page and be a Lucky *September* Winner



By Ewmg Galloway, N. Y.

Department Store salesperson, if you try for an award. Chances are very good that *you* may capture one of the 82 cash prizes. And that your friend behind the counter may obtain both local and national fame. You do not have to buy anything to compete. Letters will be judged on their merits: value of salesperson's service to *you*—manner in which Department Store buying experience is told—its *simplicity*, its *clarity*. (Entries may be used by publisher in any manner desired and will not be returned.) Duplicate awards in case of tie. Decision of judges final. TOWER employees and their families are excluded. Only *one* statement per person for each of the monthly cash offers in this series.

Remember—You can still try for July and August Awards—\$3,000 in ALL!

Midnight, August 15th, is closing date for July prizes of \$1,000 for letters telling of an enjoyable Drug Store Shopping Expe-

You need not be a literary expert to share in these attractive cash awards. Just think of an enjoyable Department Store shopping experience. *What* did you buy? What salesperson gave you *friendly, helpful* service—adding to the thrill of your purchase?

Jot down in your own words, a short and interesting report of this delightful buying visit. Fill in coupon at bottom of right-hand page and mail it (attached to your letter) to Shopping Editor, TOWER MAGAZINES 55 Fifth Avenue, New York.

* *That's all . . .* It takes only a few minutes to write a letter that the judges may decide merits a cash award—and make possible extra enjoyment to yourself and family. But don't delay! Clip coupon *today* and send us your entries well in advance of final closing date, Oct. 15, 1934!

A 2-Way Offer for our Readers and Store Salespeople

Not only will you be doing something to your own advantage, but you will be helping a deserving Department Store salesperson, if you try for an award. Chances are very good that *you* may capture one of the 82 cash prizes. And that your friend behind the counter may obtain both local and national fame. You do not have to buy anything to compete. Letters will be judged on their merits: value of salesperson's service to *you*—manner in which Department Store buying experience is told—its *simplicity*, its *clarity*. (Entries may be used by publisher in any manner desired and will not be returned.) Duplicate awards in case of tie. Decision of judges final. TOWER employees and their families are excluded. Only *one* statement per person for each of the monthly cash offers in this series.

TOWER MAGAZINES

in cash this month!

SHOPPING EXPERIENCE in a DEPARTMENT STORE

Help TOWER MAGAZINES choose the 1934 RETAIL SALES HONOR ROLL

Join this nation-wide movement to promote more helpful and understanding relations between store salespeople and their customers. Name the person behind a retail counter that *you* would like to see earn a free trip to New York City—FAME—in the Tower Retail Sales HONOR ROLL. Fill in the ballot below and mail it with your enjoyable shopping experience letter according to terms given on opposite page. Share, *yourself*, in \$1,000 to be distributed among September TOWER readers!



Department Store Salespeople Please Note

Receipt in our office of 5 ballots, bearing your name, admits you to membership in the 1934 TOWER Retail Sales Honor Roll. You will be presented with an attractive *bronze* honor badge of identification. 10 ballots, similarly received, entitle you to membership and a *silver* HONOR badge. 25 ballots, similarly received, give you membership and a *gold* HONOR badge—highest recognition of all.

10 FREE TRIPS to New York for Salespeople

Each 1934 TOWER Retail Sales Honor Roll winner will be provided an opportunity to obtain still greater reward. A FREE trip to New York—FAME—as one of the nation's best salespersons. This is the final goal for each of these best 10 retail Salesmen or Saleswomen who write the best short statements about WHAT CONSTITUTES *Friendly, Helpful* Service. Be the Department Store salesperson from *your* city to earn this glorious visit to the center of retail activities. Civic and merchandising leaders will be here to acclaim you for your achievement!

Beautiful Display Seals for Department Stores

Beautiful *Friendly, Helpful* Service Window Seals are yours for the asking. They will identify you as co-operating in this tremendous nation-wide movement to improve store SALES and SERVICE. Write Ben Irvin Butler, TOWER MAGAZINES, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

82 CASH AWARDS:

- (1) First Prize for the best letter . . . \$250.00
- (1) Second Prize for the 2nd best letter . . . 100.00
- (1) Third Prize for the 3rd best letter . . . 50.00
- (4) Fourth Prizes for the 4 next best letters, ea. 25.00
- (25) Fifth Prizes for the 25 next best letters, ea. 10.00
- (50) Sixth Prizes for the 50 next best letters, ea. 5.00

(Awards given ONLY in accordance with rules stated in left-hand page of this announcement)

MAIL THIS OFFICIAL BALLOT TO SHOPPING EDITOR, TOWER MAGAZINES, 55 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

Write, clearly, in this space, name of your most *helpful* Department Store Salesman or Saleswoman, together with name of store in which *he* or *she* is employed. Mail this official ballot (or facsimile) completely filled, to Shopping Editor, TOWER MAGAZINES, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

.....CHECK
(Dept. Store Salesperson's Name (Man?) (Woman?) WHICH

.....
(Name of Store in which employed) (Department of Store)

.....
(Address of Department Store)

.....CHECK
(Your Name) (Married?) (Single?) WHICH

.....
(Your Address—Street, City, State)

.....
(No. of children in your family) (Occupation of head of family)

.....
Do you OWN? . . . or RENT? . . . (apartment?) . . . (house?) . . .
CHECK WHICH

HOME • MYSTERY • SERENADE
TOWER RADIO • NEW MOVIE

The GIBSON FAMILY



Pretty Sally Gibson is getting a hand.

"Your eyes, your skin—golly, you're a knockout," breathes Ted.

"Oh, really!" blushes Sally. "You know the other girls won't believe that I just use Ivory Soap, but as Doctor MacRae says, a sensitive skin needs a pure soap."

Yes, doctors like their patients to use Ivory. They have no use for the exaggerated promises of many soaps. Doctors say: "Use a pure soap." Don't let impure soaps dry out your skin.

PROTECT your complexion. Pure Ivory Soap will help you.



"THESE SOCIETY LADIES'D give a mint for your skin, young feller," says Jenkins. Nurse Tippit smiles. "Do them a lot more good to use pure IVORY SOAP!"



THUMP! THUMP! THUMP! . . . Pete Clancy's loving heart pounds like mad every time he takes a cup from Julia's smooth hands. And when his hand touches hers (by accident, we trust) he goes all pink in the ears!

As for Julia—she silently thanks Mrs. Gibson for saying, "Yes, Julia, use Ivory for everything. It will keep your hands looking nice when you serve the table!"

IVORY FOR DISHES KEEPS HANDS NICE



"GO ON, GRIN, Sally Gibson!" says Jane. "I wash-ee wash-ee stockings. And I know half of them have runs!"

"If you wash-ee every night with Ivory Flakes," teases Sally, "your stockings would not run-nee, run-nee so much."

"That's what the salesgirl at Baxton's said," says Jane. "She gave me a lecture on Ivory's purity, she did. So don't preach to me, Sally. From today I'm using Ivory Flakes."

FINE STORES ADVISE IVORY FLAKES

The Central Monitoring Station
at Grand Island, Nebr.



Uncle Sam's LISTENING POST

The Radio Commission selected the Nebraska prairie as America's best reception spot

By ROBERT D. HEINL

THE best radio spot in the United States is Uncle Sam's unique listening post, which after a careful survey of the entire country he established in the flat prairie regions of Nebraska. Here in almost the exact geographic center of the nation, with the aid of the most precise receivers ever designed the famous old gentleman in red, white and blue, keeps his ears tuned, day and night, week days and Sundays, not only to the almost 600 broadcasting stations of our own, but to radio stations all over the world.

Out there on those level prairies where reception is good in all directions and man-made and other forms of electrical interference are practically unknown, Uncle Sam's radio inspectors are apparently able to listen to everything everywhere. Probably that is one reason why he is so wise.

The super-listening project is known as the Central Frequency Monitoring Station. It was erected at a cost of \$200,000, exclusive of the price of the grounds, and its main purpose is to keep broadcasting stations on their toes in the matter of staying exactly on the broadcasting path, or frequency, to which they are assigned.

If a station's frequency, or broadcasting beam wobbles the width of a gnat's hind heel it collides with the frequency of another station and causes an ethereal train-wreck. The Frequency Monitoring Sta-



The map just above shows the location of Uncle Sam's listening post 150 miles from Omaha, Nebr. Below, the antennas cover fifty acres. From this station the commission listens to the world, studies air programs and checks frequencies.



Special Photographs for TOWER RADIO by Locke Photo Service

tion watches this with an eagle ear. Also it sees to it that a station doesn't cause undue atmospheric disturbance by using more power than it should.

Once when Old Man Henderson ("Hello World") of KWKH, Shreveport, was being examined in Washington by the late, and beloved, Admiral Bullard, the admiral, then chairman of the Radio Commission questioned him very closely as to how and why his low-powered station way down in Louisiana was being heard by practically the entire United States.

At first Henderson said it was because his country seemed to provide a natural sounding board. Finally when Admiral Bullard crowded the Old Man, the latter created a small-sized sensation by admitting that he was using about three times as much power as he was authorized to use.

Today instead of sending for a station operator and depending upon him to tell whether he is keeping within his legal power limits, radio inspectors at the never-sleeping Central Frequency Monitoring Station near Grand Island, Nebr., (Please turn to page 58)

A Cook's Tour of Sleepless Hollow



Joe Cook was born in Evansville, Ind. And he has never really grown up.

BY the time Summer is over, a good many millions of people throughout the country will feel that they know Joe Cook, newest rising radio star and the life of the Colgate House party.

But no one who has not seen Joe Cook as the genial mine host of "Sleepless Hollow," undoubtedly the maddest menage of a continent, may know just how much the Life of the Party he can be.

For "Sleepless Hollow" is Joe Cook materialized. All his characteristics are there—his elfin prankishness, his wild imagination, and his endless patience in concocting weird devices for the amusement and amazement of his guests.

Come with me, then, if your nerves are strong and you are willing to believe the incredible, for a weekend visit to "Sleepless Hollow."

As you sweep down upon it from a neighboring hill on a bright Saturday afternoon, you observe what purports to be merely a large stone house situated in the midst of spacious grounds sloping gently to beautiful Lake Hopatcong in the highlands of New Jersey, some two hours' ride from New York. The innocent appearance of "Sleepless Hollow," like that of its master, is deceptive.

You receive your first slight shock as you notice clus-

ters of pineapples growing in lush tropical splendor from the austere boughs of pine trees. But it has been a long ride. Everything else appears to be in order. So you blink once or twice and set it down as an optical illusion.

DESCENDING from the car, a slight man in white flannels with a boyish grin steps forward to greet you, ducking his head and tipping his white hat. So painfully shy and embarrassed is he in mumbling his unintelligible introduction, that you would mistake him for the gardener, did he not bear such a striking resemblance to Joe Cook.

He waves you toward the house and then suddenly vanishes as though by some occult trick.

Diffidently you ring the bell, and the upper half of the door flies open, revealing the torso of a butler garbed in resplendent white and gold livery that might have come straight from Buckingham Palace. This, you will learn later, is Wellington, the slightly eccentric major domo.

Wellington looks at you long and fishily, down his red, aristocratic nose, as though waiting for you to tell him you are working your way through college. Then, apparently only half satisfied that you are not a book agent or a collector, he grudgingly admits you and holds out his hand for your hat.

He takes it, turns it inside out and examines the label, whereupon he either hurls it contemptuously into a corner, or throws it on the floor with a scream of rage and jumps on it. At this stage of your visit you are mildly startled. Later, nothing Wellington may do can surprise you.

Wellington then leads you onto a wide stone piazza, commanding a beautiful panorama of Lake Hopatcong, where you again find your host standing with his hands in his pockets, still grinning.

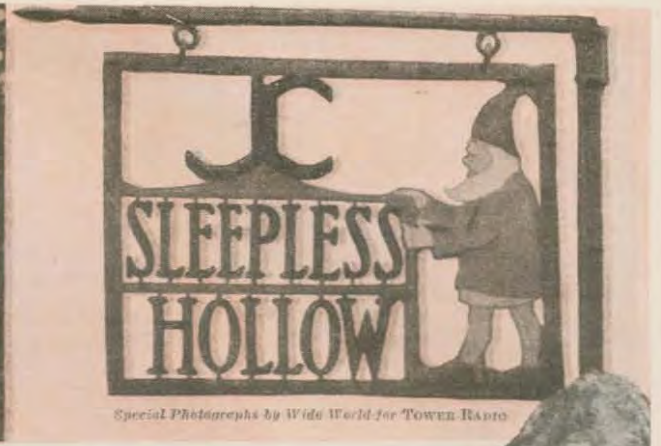
"But Mr. Cook!" Wellington complains loudly, "you didn't tell me anyone was coming! We have nothing in the house to eat or drink!"

The host scrapes his toe in silence. Your face falls, for you are hot, hungry and exceedingly thirsty. Joe Cook's genius in matters of food and drink is widely known and this is a grave disappointment.

"Perhaps," continues Wellington, "I had better summon the other servants for a conference in this crisis." The host nods sullenly.

Wellington thereupon blows three loud resounding blasts on a kazoo, and like an army starting up out of ambush, there appears such an array of servants as you have never seen or doubtless will ever see again. They

By EDWARD R. SAMMIS



The maddest menage of a whole continent is the comedian's New Jersey estate

are all garbed as resplendently as Wellington, except for small oversights like the wearing of short socks and garters with knee breeches, and they range in size from Jack the Giant, to Herman the Midget, a graduate of Singer's.

They all fall to wrangling among themselves while the host appears to become more and more chagrined. Then they disappear as suddenly and inexplicably as they have come.

Apologizing profusely, Joe suggests everybody be seated while he sees if he can rustle up something from the neighbors' larders.

YOU sink into a chair and keep right on sinking until you are sprawled on the floor. The chair has given way under you. The host does not laugh. He mutters something about "priceless antique—in the (Please turn to page 56)

Joe Cook's "Sleepless Hollow" estate, at Lake Hopatcong, is as mad as any of his comedy. Top, the house; right, Joe at the estate entrance; left below, the tower golf tee; below center, the third (tunnel) hole; below right, the ninth (funnel) hole for automatic hole-in-one.



Fantastic "Sleepless Hollow" is a boy's dream come true.





Connie Boswell

At last! Connie Boswell discloses the dramatic story of her great courage in overcoming a tremendous physical handicap without appealing to public sympathy

By
NAN CAMPBELL



Barnaba Studio

MY FIGHT TO BE LIKE OTHER GIRLS

FOR the first time Connie Boswell has talked about her physical handicap, which might have defeated a person with less courage than she possesses.

In fact, few people even know that Connie has been a cripple since she was five years old. Naturally, those associated with her at the radio station have seen her being wheeled before the microphone in her invalid's chair. But she, herself, has kept quiet about her handicap for a very beautiful reason.

"When my sisters and I first began making a little success as a singing trio on the stage," she told me earnestly, "theater managers thought it would be a great piece of showmanship to have me wheeled on the stage by Martha and Vet. But I didn't want that. I didn't want the audience to realize that I was handicapped. You see, we were just starting. I wanted to get by on my own merits. If they had known that I couldn't walk they might have applauded my singing out of pity. And I wanted to get by on my talent—if any—just the same as other people have had to do!"

The fact that she told me this so simply, without any display of dramatics, gave me an insight into the brave heart of this forthright girl.

She then told me the whole story and TOWER RADIO MAGAZINE is printing it now because it is a message of hope, a document of inspiration for those who have ever suffered, have ever been discouraged by the difficulties of life.

For without complaining, without once seeming to be

"different" from the others around her Connie Boswell has become a success and a woman of mental strength and power.

There were four children in the Boswell family—the three girls and an older brother. Until she was five Connie was just like the rest—a mischievous, healthy child. And then, one day, she and some other youngsters were riding down the hill on a home-made scooter. Connie was on the back and, in some inexplicable manner, she fell and her head contacted the pavement with a thud. When her mother was called and carried her in the house she was unconscious.

THERE followed months of anxiety for the Boswell family. Little Connie was completely paralyzed. She could move neither legs, arms, nor head and the doctor expressed grave doubts that—if she lived—she would ever move again.

But slowly she regained movement in her arms, head and upper body. Only the little legs were limp and useless. When she was well enough to be out of bed, the doctor said she would never walk again and, of course, she should be taught to use crutches at once.

And then the mother did a courageous thing. "Our neighbors said she was just hard-headed and stubborn," Connie told me, "but she and my father and brother were determined that I shouldn't have crutches."

They were afraid that, with these (Please turn to page 79)

CONNIE'S GREAT PLUCK

She wanted to succeed on her own merit. To trade on sympathy was distasteful. Now, for the first time, Connie Boswell tells of the long struggle to overcome her handicap.



NEVER TRY TO BE FUNNY

says

JACK BENNY

As told to CHARLES MARTEL

*Be nonchalant and never reach
for a gag, says the comedian
— and he ought to know*

THERE was a time in the history of radio, and not so long ago at that, when the name of the sponsor or the sponsor's product could only be mentioned over the air in tones of hushed reverence, accompanied by a heavenward rolling of the eyes.

Then along came a serious, mild-mannered young man who up to that time had been known as probably America's most famous performer on the silent violin. His name was Jack Benny and he had just been signed to his first regular radio series, for Canada Dry Ginger Ale.

"I am an old incurable tuner-inner myself," he remarked on signing his contract, "and I like everything about radio fine except for those long, solemn commercial announcements. Why not just eliminate those? In fact, why not kid them all over the place?"

Practically everyone connected with the program was appropriately stunned at this heresy. It was patiently pointed out to him, how radio was and how there were certain things one just didn't do.

But the mild young man with the prematurely gray hair had a streak of stubbornness in him too. And he held out for his idea.

Reluctantly they agreed to let him try it, for a few programs, just to see how it went. He tried it, and oddly enough, the heavens did not fall. No vice presidents were stricken with apoplexy.

In fact the line "a nickel for your bottle back, your bottle back for a nickel," variously twisted and injected at inopportune moments with comic effect by



Special photographs on these pages for TOWER RADIO by Wide World

Jack Benny and his wife, Mary Livingstone. Jack has the gift of being able to concoct a fresh weekly radio program out of the commonplace things that happen about him. Too, he has the faculty of making comedians out of his orchestra leaders. And he has even made an effective comedienne out of his wife.

Mr. Benny, became justly celebrated by everyone.

Since that time it has become quite possible to speak lightly of a sponsor and a sponsor's product, but Mr. Benny remains outstanding as the man who can go farthest in making advertising the subject of his quips and get away with it.

To anyone who has been around the studios, there is no one more impressive in dignity than an orchestra leader. It is a maestro's job to be impressive, for in addition to drawing forth sweet sounds from the brasses and strings, he must also serve as a bit of window dressing.

Yet in his rake's progress on the air, Mr. Benny has turned every orchestra leader with whom he has worked into a willing, nay, an eager, clown. First there was George Olsen, then Frank Black on Chevrolet, then Don Bester and Jimmy Grier on his present General Tire Show.

In fact no one who happens to be in the studio at the time, announcer, singer, or production man, may escape becoming a wag. He has even made a very effective comedienne out of his own wife, Mary Livingstone, who had nothing to do with the theater before her husband enmeshed her in its toils. She had been in fact, an important dress buyer in a Los Angeles department store.

Your usual comedian believes in hoarding the laugh lines for himself and leaving the care and feeding to his stooges. But Benny gives the laughs away with careless prodigality, to anyone who happens to be around, letting the quips fall where they may.

It is partly due to his theory of what is funny,

and partly to the fact that although he is billed as a comedian, he is a born master of ceremonies.

One of his favorite gags is that on the day he entered this world in a Chicago Hospital (it was St. Valentine's Day, 1894) he smiled at the doctor and said:

"Doctor, I now wish to present to you a very charming lady—my mother."

Except for a few years when he thought he was going to be the Fritz Kreisler of Waukegan, Ill., he has done a good deal of presenting ever since.

On the air of course it is primarily the comedian who gets himself and everyone else into cock-eyed situations. But only his training as a master of ceremonies could make it possible to give away so many of his laughs without a qualm of chagrin.

We were talking about it one evening in the studio after the show. He sat with his hat on, a soft crush hat which he usually wears while broadcasting, not from superstition or baldness for his iron gray hair is striking in effect, but because he feels more comfortable that way. He sat sprawled out negligently on three chairs, twisting an unlighted cigar in his fingers, expounding his theories of humor.

"No one should ever try to be funny," he said, "because when your audience knows you are trying, and sees you working for a laugh, they're all tired out with your efforts by the time you come to it.

"For that reason we try to make our show as off-hand, as natural, as easy as possible. Our motto is: 'Be nonchalant!'"

"What time do you start (Please turn to page 96)

Jack Benny won success because he was guilty of radio heresy

Radio's Biggest Gamble



*How the latest radio sensation—the
Beauty Box Theater—grew from an idea*

By TOM CARSKADON

Special Photographs for TOWER RADIO by Wide World

ALL—or nothing!
That was the stake in the Palmolive Beauty Box program. Radio is frequently called a gamble, and this was the greatest gamble of them all.

The producers used the largest cast in radio. They had the longest run advance contract ever given a major program. They gave it the greatest exploitation campaign in radio's history. They cut off all possibility of retreat. They staked everything they had on one program idea—and won handsomely!

The Palmolive series of operettas has been the out-

standing success of the summer season in radio. How did it happen? How did a mere idea, popped out on the table at a program conference, translate itself into one of the most popular features on the air today?

Let's begin at the beginning and follow it through. Let's see how a radio program is built from the ground up. Let's take a look behind the scenes.

It is the summer of 1933. Palmolive, once one of radio's largest advertisers (remember Paul Oliver and Olive Palmer?) has been off the air for almost two years. Virtually every large advertising agency in the country is angling for that account, seeking to dangle

At the top is William Bacher, who turned from dentistry to radio. Above, view of the NBC studio with the production of "Rio Rita" in progress. Gladys Swarthout is singing, while Theodore Webb is at her side, John Barclay and Peggy Allenby are at mike at left, while the chorus is in the background.



Just above, Gladys Swarthout, Met soprano, runs over her music with Musical Director Nathaniel Shilkret.



In the Palmolive control room sit Kenneth MacGregor, NBC production man, and Dick Weed, NBC engineer.

Right, the Rio Rita cowboys arrive via sound effects. The sound men are Clem Walter and Ray Kelly.



a radio program in front of the sponsor's eyes that will lure Palmolive back to the air.

Benton and Bowles is a young, aggressive advertising agency in New York. The year before, when all radio was going hog-wild on fifteen minute programs (following the success of Amos 'n' Andy and the Camel Quarter Hour) this agency crashed through with a successful full hour program—the Maxwell House Showboat.

THE agency was now ready with another idea—a full year of one-hour operettas. Maybe it is better to write that in semicolons, to give you an idea of the elements involved—a full year; of one-hour; operettas. Behind each of those semicolons is a bitterly disputed point in radio.

Let's begin Chinese-fashion and consider the last one first. There is a legend in radio that whenever one of the big broadcasting chains needs something to fill up sustaining time, they turn to Victor Herbert or Gilbert and Sullivan. Countless "condensations," "arrangements" and "adaptations" of light opera had been broadcast, some good, some bad, some slipshod, some brilliant—without making any very lasting impression on the listening public.

Ah, but this was going to be dif'runt, Graham! These operettas would have the very finest singers and actors that the music and dramatic worlds afforded. They would

be adapted and arranged, not according to stage traditions, but for radio; suited to radio's peculiar needs—and opportunities! After all, light opera is one of the most enduringly popular forms of stage entertain-

ment, and if handled properly it should be equally popular on the radio. Okay. Light opera it is. But what about a full hour program? A full hour's time on a coast-to-coast network costs a hatful of any man's money. Great radio reputations (Ed Wynn, Lawrence Tibbett, March of Time, for instance) have been built in half-hour programs, and others (such as Morton Downey, Kate Smith, and Rise of the Goldbergs) in fifteen minute programs—so why spend all that money for a full hour?

Two answers to that one. The first is that you can't give a really good presentation of light opera in less than an hour. If you are going to do a thing at all, you might as well do it right. Then, many listeners object to a fifteen minute program. Too much jumping up to switch the dials. If they know a full hour of something good is coming, they will settle back and enjoy it all.

ALL right. It's operetta and it's one hour. But what do you mean, a full year's contract in advance? Don't you know that the accepted tryout period in radio is thirteen weeks? That gives a sponsor a chance to see how the program is going and decide whether or not he wants to continue. Every new program is a gamble, at best, and you can't see what it is really like until it gets on the air. Occasionally, if the line-up is especially strong, a preliminary contract is given for twenty-six weeks, but never for a full year. It's unheard of!

It'll be heard of this time! The agency was unyielding on this point. (Please turn to page 88)



Right, Tiny Ruffner, musician, actor and executive, who directs the Palmolive show.



Roy Lee Jackson

THE SINGING TROUBADOUR

Theodore Webb would still be a business man but for the World War

By
MARY JACOBS

IF you had asked Theodore Webb what he wanted to become when he was a little shaver, he would have said, "A real violinist." If you had asked him his ambition when he was sixteen, he would have said, "To become as fine a business man as my boss and sit behind a shiny desk all day and give orders." Theodore was an office boy in the freight department of the Cana-

dian National Railway in Winnipeg, his home town.

Today, he is one of the best-known and oldest baritones on the air, in point of service.

You hear him every Tuesday night singing the lead baritone role in the Palmolive Beauty Box operettas, opposite Gladys Swarthout. Yes, it is Theodore Webb who does the singing, even if he isn't announced. John Barclay gets the billing as the lead; usually Barclay, an experienced actor, plays the talking role while Webb does the singing for that role.

In radio this sort of thing is frequently done. For instance, if you've ever visited a Show Boat broadcast you've seen Muriel Wilson as the singing Mary Lou, and Rosaline Greene doing the talking.

On Wednesday night you hear Webb with Fred (*Please turn to page 81*)

OUT OF RUSSIA'S REVOLT

IT'S a long, long way from complete obscurity of war-torn Odessa to the mazda magic of Broadway and the security of radio stardom. It's a long road and a good fight. But it's worth it. At least Tamara thinks so. And she should know. It was Tamara, you may remember, who spanned that grinning chasm in exactly a dozen years, simply because she wouldn't give up!

Some radio stars have fame thrust upon them, such as Ruth Etting, who admits she never even tried! Others are related by marriage to microphonic prominence, like Ethel Shutta, who joined husband George Olsen's orchestra and made a name for herself. A few, prominent among which is Tamara, achieve fame because they will stop at nothing less!

"There are all sorts of



Tamara has brought her song to radio

By
HELEN HARRISON

disappointments," says Tamara, "and more ways of being discouraged than there are pages in a mail-order catalogue; to succeed one must have the combined natures of an Indian rubber man and a Mexican jumping-bean!"

Tamara Drasin is such a person.

Ben Pinchot Beautiful, her features well spaced, a throb in her voice and courage in her heart, you know she must succeed! And suddenly her success becomes vital to you. You are caught up in the exotic tempo of her Russian blood. Her vitality, her enthusiasms, far more dangerous because they are so subtle, sweep and carry you along as she has her triumphs, triumphs that date back less than a twelve-month!

Tamara's childhood in the small Ukrainian towns where she lived and was educated, punctuated by the gruelling experiences of one's beloved country (*Please turn to page 66*)

SHE MARRIED HER SPONSOR

"... As difficult as for a soprano to get a hearing in a broadcasting studio." That quotation is from a recent news story.

It has no bearing on Lois Bennett, except that it gives you an idea of what she has had to contend with. In this day and age of crooners, lyric sopranos are very little in demand.

And yet, Lois Bennett has been singing on the air for five years almost without interruption. And never once on a sustaining program!

You knew her in her recent role as "Mary Lou" on the Maxwell House Showboat hour, before Muriel Wilson returned to that part. She sang, too, with Harry Salter's orchestra on the Hudson-Essex program, before that program took a summer vacation.

Radio has done a lot for Lois Bennett. Through radio she has found not only fame and some fortune, but it has

Lois Bennett sang over the airwaves and found love in the studio

By
KEN HUTCHINSON

brought her romance. Lois Bennett married one of her sponsors.

Let's go back to the beginning.

Lois Bennett came to New York from Oklahoma City to study singing with Percy Rector Stephens. Her ambition was to go on the concert stage.

And she was headed that way rapidly, when a little thing happened to change (Please turn to page 69)

Florence Vandamm-Culver



HE'S been in a school for incorrigibles . . .

He's been so poor he's turned thief. . . .

Life hasn't always been kind to Paul Keast, the baritone you hear on "The Silver Dust" program. But, contradictory as I may sound, neither has it been cruel to him. For it hasn't passed him by. And it's better, surely, to have lived fully, to have drunk deeply of experience than to have gone scooting, untouched, over the surface of the years. Especially if you're any manner of an artist and must work with the emotions.

Paul's people were Evangelical Lutherans, fairly Quakerish. They lived frugally and conservatively and very sedately, indeed, in Philadelphia in the prim brick house his father had built for them before his death.

Impossible almost for a healthy growing boy to adjust himself to this repressed existence. Paul didn't. For besides being a healthy growing boy Paul was, temperamentally, a stranger in his own home, among his own people. He wasn't placid and passive. He was restless and curious, rebellious and eager.

It was in the school-room that Paul made up for the restraint he was obliged to practise at home. He threw the most brazen spit-balls. Even in his recitations he somehow managed to seem boisterous. And the boys and girls



Strauss Peyton

BAD BOY MAKES GOOD

who sat near him were constantly reduced to a state of uncontrollable giggles.

Nevertheless until Paul reached the seventh grade his teachers liked him. Then he came a cropper. The seventh grade teacher found Paul not simply mischievous but malicious. Her personality and his clashed. There was open warfare between them.

Scarcely a day passed that Paul wasn't sent to the principal. He was blamed for everything, even for those offences of which other pupils insisted he wasn't guilty.

If Paul had eased his resentment against these injustices with tears it would have been better. Instead he took it out in even more flagrant disobedience and insubordination.

The day a rotten onion smashed against the blackboard—and this Paul did throw—he was expelled, slated for the truant school.

We sat in one of the Columbia Broadcasting offices, high above midtown New York, Paul Keast and I. (Please turn to page 60)

Paul Keast ran the gamut of life until Fortune smiled on him

By **ADELE FLETCHER**



More and better music will be the slogan next season. Palmolive's Gladys Swarthout and Theodore Webb, chief Beauty Box singers, left, personify this vogue.

Say the Radio Czars:



Harris-Ewing

Merlin Aylesworth, head of NBC:
"The new season will see longer programs. Sponsors will join in devising an evening's radio bill of fare."

William S. Paley, head of CBS:
"We shall see a great influx of theater personalities this season. Longer programs are due, too."



Wide World



Wide World

Will the gag continue in popularity? What will happen to comics like Ed Wynn? One thing is sure—the public wants to laugh and the comedians will continue at the top of popularity.

What will be NEXT

WHAT will be the new season's trends in radio programs? Will there be longer or shorter periods this Fall and Winter? What about the comedian situation? Will radio drama make any headway? How about commentators? Music? Variety shows? Just what seems to be in store for the dialer?

The heads of the two networks and the radio directors of the advertising agencies, which handle the expenditure of millions of dollars each year on ether programs, have been taking account of last season's successes and failures, as well as making last-minute appraisals of the entertainment aspects, in preparation for what promises to be a banner year of offerings to the 18,000,000 homes equipped with radios. With anxious brows they are hoping and praying that they are gauging accurately the preferences of the fan, who, though he doesn't pay a cent for the entertainment he receives over his set, nevertheless is a most captious and demanding patron. The theater and movies are not alone in having their failures. Radio has its costly "flops" as well. The producers of air shows know too well how ruthless the dialers can be if a program doesn't please them.

We have asked the leading *entrepreneurs* of the ether, upon whom is devolved the task of producing the programs aimed at our mass acclaim, to tell the readers of TOWER RADIO what the trend in entertainment will be as it seems to them at this time. Not all of the producers were willing to be interviewed, many preferring not to hazard a prognostication, but we shall present

the thoughts of those who were willing to be quoted.

It seems only fitting that we should start with the heads of the two chains—William S. Paley, president of the Columbia Broadcasting System, and Merlin H. Aylesworth, who guides the destinies of the National Broadcasting Company's two webs.

"RADIO is rapidly smoothing out its rough spots," said Mr. Paley, "Fall programs show definitely that producers have profited by their experiments. Crowding of shows with big name talent merely for prestige rather than entertainment value is on the way out. The day of the leisurely program is dawning. I don't mean the slow-paced program, but the one which is built to present each unit in its best possible light; attention is being turned to the show as a whole. Heretofore the identity of many shows has hinged on the personality of their stars. Under new producing methods the show will be its own trademark."

"In the past several months," he went on to say, "more and more trained actors came to radio from the legitimate theater and the theory that a stage star's personality vanishes on the air was pretty thoroughly exploded. Helen Menken's work in 'The Big Show' was a fine example and Fay Bainter, Elsie Ferguson, Hugh O'Connell and others in the Ward Family Theater program proved the point further. We shall probably see an even greater influx of theater personalities this season."

"Longer programs are due, too. Periods ranging beyond the half-hour mark are gaining in popularity

By JESSE BUTCHER

What are you going to hear next Fall and Winter when you turn your radio dials? Here's the answer.



Wide World

What the Experts Predict for the Next Year of Radio:

- More experienced players from stage and screen.
- Longer and better balanced programs.
- More and better drama.
- More fine music.
- Continued success to comedians who depend upon presentation rather than material.
- Less gags, more comedy of situation.
- More variety shows but with less expensive talent.
- More commentators upon current news.
- and—
- MORE SHOWMANSHIP.**

The success of the *March of Time*, shown being broadcast at the left, is likely to bring other interesting novelties to the air this Winter.

SEASON'S TREND?

and I think the new trends in program building have much to do with this. In special features the tendency for some time has been away from the pure stunt programs based on legitimate interest. Radio used to bring in voices from Europe because of the novelty of long-distance broadcasting. Now we pick up the Byrd expedition because it is a dramatic human adventure; we broadcast a horse race from England because people are interested in the race rather than in the fact that it is being run on the other side of the ocean. We have been using specialists as announcers of public events programs for some time and we shall continue to do this on an even larger scale.

"Specialists are being employed, also, in the script department. We are, of course, interested in developing our own writers, but, where the trained dramatic writer can do the job better, he is being given the assignment. Dramatic writing will be important in radio's immediate future, because more mature drama will be broadcast in the form of original stories and adaptations of plays, short stories and novels."

MR. AYLESWORTH affirmed his belief that there would be more radio drama this season, better written radio plays, too. He said drama's opportunity had arrived as the result of the audience becoming more and more "earminded" and able to build up its own picture of the scenes. He cautioned, however, that there should not be too much talk on the air.

Regarding program time schedules, Mr. Aylesworth said:

"I think there have been too many fifteen minute programs in the past. Such units do not work for a continuity of fine entertainment. The new season, I believe, will see longer programs; sponsors will join in

devising an evening of diversified and entertaining radio bill of fare."

He predicted that lovers of fine music would find their preferences recognized among next season's offerings. He cited the success of the Lucky Strike sponsorship of the Metropolitan Opera House performances last Winter in a series which he declared gave a new dignity to opera, which was made available to millions who were unfamiliar with the great voices that echoed in the Manhattan opera center.

"I don't think we will have to worry over the willingness of sponsors to take that part of serious music that has cultural value," he added. Programs featuring popular music and semi-classical numbers would be well scattered over the broadcasters' schedules to meet the demands of the millions who like and demand these hours, he said. He thought the new season would see a greater trend in the direction of authoritative commentators, to whom the audience turned for enlightenment on the problems of the day. Radio would continue to play an even more important part in arousing the interest of the people in the problems of our government and the great questions of the day. More and more the trend would be in breaking down the isolation of not only communities here but between the nations of the world, Mr. Aylesworth said.

Arthur Pryor, Jr., head of the radio department of Batten, Barton, Durstine and Osborn, producer of a score of sponsored shows each year, but best known as the genius back of the production of "The March of Time," believed that the coming season would see radio presentations becoming less and less adaptations of the movies, the theater and the concert stage and more and more essentially "radio theater" or radio shows.

"In order to arrive at the (Please turn to page 89)



Right, the villainess of "Buck Rogers in the 25th Century." Elaine Melchior is snapped just before her skirt is whisked off for a set of tennis in shorts.

Left, Paul Keast plays golf for relaxation—and his chip shots are good, even out of a sand trap. Paul is the baritone on the Silver Dust program over CBS.

Below, Vera Van relaxes on the beach to acquire a beautiful mahogany suntan. This radio singer is heard on Sunday evenings over Columbia network.

All photos by Bert Lawson



Vacation TIME

Lillian Roth enjoys her sun bath. Looking at this, can you blame the Judge? See page 30.



Sylvia Froos ran away to the beach for a little rest from her busy days of singing over NBC and CBS networks.

Thirty Two Dollars ... and FATE

Lillian Roth faced Judge Shalleck, lost her case but won a husband after an amazing courtship

By
NAN CAMPBELL

THIS is one of the most romantic stories of the romantic land of radio.

It is the story of how Lillian Roth found the man she loved because she was a stubborn girl and just wouldn't pay that thirty-two dollars. And all the circumstances are so curious that they make one believe in Fate's intervention in our lives. Here is how it happened:

A couple of years ago when Lillian Roth—and you know her warm, lovely voice in the movies and over the Multisified Coconut Oil program over the radio—was in California she gave a friend permission to use her car in New York. But it was with the understanding that Lillian would pay only for garage storage. When she returned she found that the car had been damaged and that the garage had charged her \$232 for repairs.

That made Lillian mad. At first she refused to pay the repair bill at all. Then she said she would settle for \$200. (The extra thirty-two dollars seemed such a silly amount.) The garage agreed to this but when she gave them a check they refused to accept it and sued her for that thirty-two dollars.

Then Lillian got stubborn and said, "Okay, if that's the way you feel, go ahead and sue me."

The case came to court on a certain April 19, 1932 (a date which Lillian will never forget). That week she was playing in a Brooklyn theater, doing five shows a day, and it was a terrific rush for her to get to court. When she arrived she was tired and mad about the whole thing, so her mother—just to cheer her up—said, "Look, Lillian, at that handsome judge."

Lillian turned her eyes toward the bench and saw a young, good-looking man with brown hair and twinkling brown eyes. Somehow, his very presence made her feel better.

Her lawyer asked for a postponement because



Special for TOWER RADIO by Wide World

Lillian Roth always asks the Judge to be her sincerest and most severe critic.

Lillian had to get back to the theater. The lawyer for the garage insisted that the trial go through then. The judge smiled down at Lillian, "I am in favor of a postponement," he said. "There is so much unemployment now that it seems to me if this little lady has a job she should not be kept from it."

Score one for Lillian and romance!

Lillian started to speak—to thank him for his kindness.

He said to her, "You don't need to say anything. Your lawyer will speak for you."

That made Lillian decidedly annoyed but now—she will tell you—that was the first and last time Judge Benjamin Shalleck has ever told her to shut up!

THE case was postponed for two weeks and during that time Lillian found that she was thinking about nothing but the handsome judge who had asked her, gently but firmly, to keep her mouth shut.

George Jessel was on the Brooklyn bill with her and knows a number of attorneys and judges. Lillian asked for an introduction, but nothing came of it.



Special for TOWER RADIO by Wide World

Maurice Seymour, Chicago

Lillian Roth knew that Fate had made her stubborn. Although she lost the case, she will be forever thankful for her mother's chance remark, "Look at the handsome judge."

A few days later she was playing bridge with some friends and it was obvious that she was feeling blue.

"Who's the man, Lillian?" they asked her. "Isn't there somebody you'd like to have here now?"

"Yes," said Lillian, "Judge Shalleck."

It seemed that these friends knew him and promised to introduce her but instead they simply told him that Lillian Roth had a crush on him. It was not until the case came up again that they met once more.

And what do you suppose happened!

Judge Benjamin Shalleck gave his decision against Lillian. He said that he felt she had enough money to pay the bill—or at least he split the difference between the amount for which she was sued and the amount she wanted to pay which, by the time the case came to court was less than \$200.

Even with his split, with lawyers fees, etc., she had to pay \$240.

Just as she was leaving the court Judge Shalleck asked her, "Well, Miss Roth, were you satisfied with the decision?"

"Goodness no!" Lillian answered. "Why, you decided

against me. You know you did!" She was peeved.

He laughed. "That's in the line of duty," he said. "But I'll try to make up for it, if I can, by buying you a glass of beer tonight. Will you let me?"

Would she let him! Lillian had completely capitulated by then. And that very minute she knew that fate had stepped in and that some good angel had inspired the stubbornness which made her refuse to pay that thirty-two dollars.

THAT night—and they actually did have beer—was the beginning of their romance. Every time Lillian saw him she was more and more convinced that this was the Real Thing—that honest-to-goodness love had come into her life. For eight months they spent all their free time together.

And then Lillian was called to California to make a picture.

She didn't know it was possible to be as lonesome for anyone as she was for Ben and she realized—being away from him—that he was the most important person in her life—that he (Please turn to page 78)



Special Photograph by Tower Studios

YOU read in the papers about some gentleman who lived 115 years. The wets say it was because he took a daily "eye opener." Or you hear of an Indian woman who lived to 130 because she chewed tobacco. I guess there is no certain prescription for living to a ripe old age. Perhaps it makes a difference whether you chew tobacco or whether you eschew it. Then again, your life span may be determined when you are born. These are matters about which we would like to know more.

You may think 100 years is a whale of a long time to live. But, is it? The world has been going on for many æons, and we are told it will go on for eternity. How long is that? A billion years, perhaps. Compare that to a paltry 100 years. Just a wee drop in the bucket! Our only chance to make good in this vast kaleidoscope of the universe is given us in this microscopic bit of time between the cradle and the grave. No wonder a philosopher once said that the best preparation for the hereafter is to "live each day as if it were your last!"

If you don't believe in co-operation, watch what happens to a wagon when one wheel comes off.

WE have some practical jokers at the radio studios. The other day a facetious announcer flashed a pamphlet on which was printed, "WHAT EVERY GIRL SHOULD KNOW." Naturally there were some intently curious people present and they could hardly wait to see what was on the inside of the booklet. Well, this is what it said: "HOW TO KEEP THE HANDS NEAT—Soak in dish water three times daily while

The Wisconsin radio philosopher pauses to muse upon life, money and happiness

mother sits quietly by and rests."

OF course the man with the money has great advantages over the poor man. An American writer once said, "Save money and it will save you." I have worked for the men with the dollar since I was twelve years old and I know how much truth there is in that. But I have an idea that it will not always be so. I have an idea that some day it will be this way: "Get knowledge. The man who is ignorant must do what the man who knows tells him to do." I think that's the way it will work some day. Knowledge will be the greatest power on earth.

Make one person happy every day and in forty years you have made 14,600 human beings happy for a little time at least.

YESTERDAY I visited a country place and there I met a Man With a Dog. The dog was all he had in this world as far as family went. Her name was Peggy and she was anticipating a puppy or two. You should have seen how that man took care of the dog. It was as though his whole life was dedicated to her. He would be

reading a magazine, but every once in a while his eyes would wander solicitously to where the dog was. He looked at his watch frequently to note whether it was time to get her meal ready. When that time did come, he began to get very busy. He took some liver, and chopped it into fine pieces, which he placed in a bowl. Then he took some cracked wheat and dropped it in. He had some vegetable soup on the fire. He strained the soup, removed the vegetables, which included carrots, parsley, celery, parsnips, green lima beans, and onions. He mashed them into a pulp and dropped them into the bowl. Over the concoction he poured some of the soup. After mixing the stuff, he went to the door, where Peggy had been squatting patiently, and whistled. She got to her feet pretty quickly for a dog that was soon to become a mother and trotted in to her master. As she bent her head gratefully over the bowl, he patted her flank and went to fill another bowl with water in case his Peggy wanted to wash down her food with a drink.

Yes, my dear readers, no child ever got more loving care than that dog did from her master. I dread to think what would happen to him if he lost Peggy. For his sake and for the sake of so many others like him, I'm glad there were dogs on Noah's Ark, aren't you?

Money talks, but it never gives itself away.

YOU know, I wish I had a dollar for every time I've been stung because I bought something that was advertised very cheap. Neckties worth (Please turn to page 87)

Jane and Goodman Ace believe a stroke of luck made them radio's famous "Easy Aces"

By NAN CAMPBELL

JANE and Goodman Ace are the anomalies of radio. Neither of them has ever been on the stage. Jane Ace was a Kansas City housewife without any career ambitions at all. Goodman Ace was a Kansas City newspaperman, who, like all newspapermen, thought that some day he would write short stories, novels—maybe a play. To him, the radio was nothing more nor less than the means of picking up a little extra money. And when I say "little" that's just what I mean. When he started he got ten dollars a broadcast!

Now that they are coining money, now that their famous "Easy Aces" program is as well known as any program on the air, they are as bewildered about it as you would be if you found yourself in their position. They keep the healthy viewpoint that it was a stroke of luck which put them where they are and some curious good fortune which keeps them there.

The story of their success bears recounting—and some of the facts in that chain of events has never been told before—because it all might have happened to you or to me.

They were in the same grade in school and even then Goodman thought that Jane was the prettiest girl he had ever seen, but she was so well surrounded by numerous admirers that he never had a look-in on her affections. Through high school they never had a single date although he was aware of her presence even if she weren't of his.

Then came graduation—and separation. Goodman got a job on the paper. Jane spent her time being bearded around by all of the handsomest young swains.

One day Goodman met her on the street. They chatted about school days and that night he got the courage to call her and ask her to go to an Al Jolson show, which was playing Kansas City at the time.

"That was my lucky break," Goodman will tell you now. "The only reason she went with me was because, through the paper, I had gotten good seats to the show. It was a sell-out and none of her other boy friends could get tickets.

So Goodman followed up on this advantage (Please turn to page 95)

IT
might have
happened
TO
YOU



Special photos for TOWER RADIO by Wide World



The "Easy Aces" script is written by Goodman Ace, after he and wife Jane have talked it over. "It's all been so easy," says Mr. Ace. They are bewildered by success.

Listen... Graham

It took Ed Wynn to transform McNamee into the perfect stooge but Graham's real love is news broadcasting

By LEWIS REID

A NEW tendency in radio that has gone more or less unnoticed is the reliance of the broadcast barons again upon Graham McNamee in the leading sports events. For vocal appeal in sports broadcasting there is still no one in the latter's class.

Other commentators may know their stuff, but their voices lack the glow, the lift of their microphone rival. It is this quality that makes you overlook McNamee's inaccuracies; well, if not overlook, at least tolerate them. NBC, I notice, is using him more and more to thrill that portion of the citizenry that goes down to the arena in armchairs.

Sharp criticism of the fellow's proneness to miscall names, of his general air of confusion, caused the broadcasters to sidetrack him from the arena for a time while they tried out other announcers on their roster. The substitutes proved more accurate, but they failed to bring the necessary palpitation to the listener.

And Graham was summoned back with his microphonic trade-mark: "Good-evening (or good-afternoon, as the case may be) ladies and gentlemen of the radio audience." Summoned back for the major football games, to fill in with local color at the race track when Clem McCarthy isn't calling the horses, to air the Baer-Carnera pawing and the contest of those stalwart oarsmen who die for dear Alma Mammy on the Hudson.

PROBABLY next Autumn, Czar Landis willing, McNamee will get a chance again at the World Series. He was out of hearing, you'll recall, in the last two series, and their failure to be the dramatic events anticipated must, I'm convinced, be laid chiefly to his absence from the radio.

Graham cannot be called a painstaking commentator. Unlike some of his colleagues, he doesn't devote considerable preparation to his work. Unlike them he doesn't visit training camps far in advance of the event

in order to absorb atmosphere, gain detailed information for later use.

To him a sports event is a spot news broadcast, teeming with potential drama. The more spontaneous he can make his description seem, the more thrilling he can picture the contest, without sacrificing the essential note of accuracy, are for him the only rules of conduct.

Now drama to the ear- (Please turn to page 54)

Ray Lee Jackson



Graham McNamee is still the best news announcer, because he can inject the most thrills into his descriptions. This buoyancy, too, makes him a perfect foil for Ed Wynn. He has the heartiest laugh on the air.

I Like to be on the Radio

by

Nancy Kelly.



*She's the best known
child actress on the air*

(This, boys and girls, is little Nancy Kelly's very own story about herself, dictated to TOWER RADIO'S special correspondent, and printed exactly in Nancy's own words. You have known and loved Nancy as the Dorothy of "The Wizard of Oz" hour and you will be happy to know she will be back this Fall.)



Little Nancy Kelly is quite famous, having played in the films and posed for 12,000 advertising pictures.

WHEW-W-W-W! That's a cyclone. Let's go riding on it and see the wonderful Land of Oz. There'll be all sorts of adventures and such queer people. Really and truly it's just a pretend game. But it's such fun, you ought to try it too.

Acting out the "Wizard of Oz" was my favorite game, beginning, oh way back, when I'd just learned to read, when I was only about five. Of course I was Dorothy on the "Wizard of Oz" show last Spring and I will be back on the air again in the early Fall. Mother says being Dorothy for the radio makes me a star. That's why I get paid lots of money for playing a game—just about the way I used to in Long Island City with the kids in the neighborhood. Being in the Oz story is so real to me that lots of the time I really think I am Dorothy. It's kind of funny, maybe, being Dorothy and being Nancy Kelly, too; but anyhow, that's the way I feel.

When I used to be Dorothy in the Oz game we played at home, we tried to make my wire-haired dog be Toto. But he didn't learn very fast. Now when I say Toto, he gets up and begs. But he hasn't learned to talk, so he

couldn't be on the radio program. Bradley Barker who does the strange noises for Oz really can bark just about the same as my Toto, so I had to leave the doggie outside the studio. And Junius Mathews does the talking for Toto and he is a very nice man who brings me toys.

I can bark too, but not as well as Toto. Mr. Barker is teaching me how to roar like a lion. I have the cutest little horn and every day after rehearsal he used to roar and then I roar through the horn. Every day I roar better. Mr. Barker says soon I can go to the zoo and all the lions will roar right back at me like I was their friend or something.

Being Dorothy in the "Wizard of Oz" is my first real radio part. I tried out on one very small part before that and Donald Stauffer liked my voice. He asked me how I'd like to be Dorothy and right away I acted out the part about Dorothy meeting the Scarecrow without any brain and then he said "O. K." I could be Dorothy when the "Wizard of Oz" went on the air.

Before that I was in the movies. I didn't count them but Mother says there were fifty of them. Once I was with Gloria Swanson—such a beautiful lady. And once I was Hope Hampton's little girl and went to Bermuda on a big boat.

But I didn't like the movies anywhere near as much as the radio, because I had to stand (Please turn to page 94)



Radio Guards the

Nation's Wealth

By
ROBERT D.
HEINL

The United States Treasury, to which has just been added a two-story vault of steel and concrete.



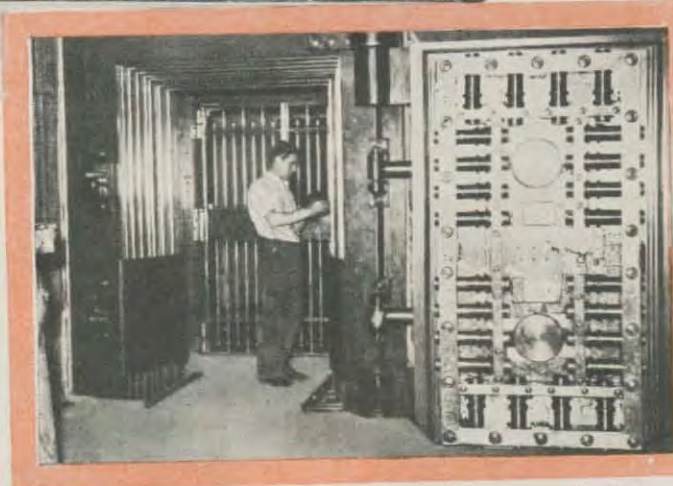
IN what will probably be the world's greatest money vault, with a capacity for holding billions of dollars in gold, silver, and currency, Uncle Sam has craftily enlisted a radio device as super-protection. The vault, really a two-story steel and concrete fortress being erected in a courtyard of the Treasury in Washington, is a challenge to the most expert safecrackers.

It is built to withstand attacks by high explosives and bombs. Likewise it is protected from fire and flood. The walls are three feet thick, and the entrance door of steel weighing thirty-six tons, is protected with one of the most intricate timelocks a human brain has ever devised. If the combination for this lock were ever lost it would probably take the country's most skilful experts three days to get into it.

A burglar tunneling in from outside, if such a thing were possible, would encounter six feet of steel and concrete in the floor. Even if he got through that obstruction the minute he touched the doors of the chamber with a torch flame, he would release gas, the quantity of which Treasury officials declined to estimate, but which one of them remarked "would be a plenty."

HAVING taken all of these precautions Uncle Sam got the bright idea of going one step farther and equipping each of the sixteen chambers of the two-story vault with microphones which would instantly transmit the sound of tampering to the Treasury guard room which is in direct connection with the Washington Police Department and the Marine Barracks and the Army Post at Fort Myer.

Washington radio equipped police cars have special instructions for responding to Treasury alarms. Washington police radio calls are regularly heard by the



The entrance door to the new vault weighs 36 tons. Inside, chambers are guarded with mikes.

Baltimore police and the state police of Maryland and Virginia.

No one knows exactly how many guards are stationed at the Treasury but in addition to those men about thirty special White House police, patrolling the Executive Mansion just across the street from the Treasury, are almost within shouting distance of the great money vault. Nevertheless the Washington

How microphones are used in the United States Treasury to protect one of the greatest accumulations of money in modern times

city police always keep several radio equipped cars cruising in the immediate vicinity of where Uncle Sam caches his gold and silver.

So an S.O.S. from the microphones of the new vault, located as it is in one of the most intensely guarded areas in the United States, would bring out a force of policemen, marines, soldiers and secret service operatives sufficient to make the National Capital seethe with excitement.

The microphones used in the vault are not the ordinary kind that are employed in broadcasting. They consist of a delicate wire mechanism and transmit electric tones only. These impulses register on an indicator in the office of the Captain of the Watch in the Treasury Guard Room.

THE vault microphones seem to be almost human in being able to pick up certain kinds of sounds but in not getting unduly excited about others. For instance if employes are working in the vault chambers—which by the way look for all the world like the inside of a prison—the microphones may be so adjusted that the sound of the employee's conversation or the noise of their shoes as they walk about, will not be transmitted. Even should they bump steel trays or money drawers against the sides of the chambers no alarm would be given.

So fine is the adjustment of these microphones, according to James D. Owens, constructing engineer of

vault chambers the microphones could be especially adjusted so that after the vault had been closed the slightest movement of the person inside could be immediately detected. If Treasury officials were suspicious of employes and desired to check on them, regular microphones could be substituted for the ones transmitting only electric tones. Thus conversations employes might have in the vaults could be heard by their superiors and amplified to sufficient volume to be recorded on aluminum discs and used as evidence.

ONE of the difficulties encountered in connecting the microphones with the office of the Captain of the Watch was that the wires had to be strung through the old Treasury foundation walls built in 1858 of Vermont granite six feet thick. Radio engineers probably never found themselves up against such a proposition as that before.

Microphones will also serve as a protection to anyone who might accidentally get locked in the vaults. There would be no danger of suffocation because, though the doors to the vault are practically airtight, a special thermostatically controlled system gives heat and ventilation to all chambers. Nevertheless it would be a disagreeable experience to have to remain in such a place all night. The microphones would prove of valuable assistance in relieving this situation.

The installation of microphones has not yet been completed but the construction of the vault is nearly finished. It was begun March 18, of last year, and the vault will probably be ready for use on or about August 1st. The cost of the microphonic equipment will be negligible as compared to the vast outlay for the vault itself which will be in the neighborhood of \$400,000.

There is quite a contrast between the new vault and the old one which stands alongside it built in 1868 but since brought up-to-date through remodeling. It contains 60,000,000 dollars in silver and 11,000,000 in gold. How much the new vault will contain is problematical. There is always plenty of loose change to be taken care of at the Treasury. Although much coin is stored at the mints and the Assay Office in New York, Secretary Morgenthau has in his keeping in the old Treasury in Washington a reserve paper currency stock of some two and a half billions, about eighteen millions in gold coin and eighty millions in silver. Enough to keep the wolf from the door.

Since the new vault will contain one of the greatest accumulations of wealth in modern times, Uncle Sam will not depend entirely upon mechanical protection for his sixteen-room money house but there will be numerous guards in addition to the small army already assigned to the Treasury. The guards will also patrol the passages underneath the vault where special flood lighting arrangements have been made. Treasury officials are obviously not telling everything they know, not even about the microphonic devices.

Nevertheless radio engineers are watching the latter development with great interest and if it proves a success, as it doubtless will, big banks throughout the country will be quick to follow suit. Thus radio will play its part in a new era of protecting the vast wealth of the United States.



The new vault in course of building. It occupies an old courtyard of the Treasury building.

the Treasury, that they can be set not to be actuated by the sound of one or two taps. On the other hand five or ten taps with a hammer or a burglar tool, such as might be given by a safecracker beginning to tamper with a lock, would be sufficient to set off the alarm, which among other things would cause the main doors in the Treasury to be automatically closed.

If anyone were suspected to be hiding inside the

Voice of Experience

SOLVES YOUR PROBLEMS



Specially taken for TOWER RADIO by Wide World

The counselor to a million hearts is very proud of this model ship. It is made of solid ivory and is said to be over 300 years old. It represents the nine gods of Buddha.

Have you parent trouble?

Is marriage complicated?

Turn to adviser of millions

By
VOICE OF EXPERIENCE

I WANT to express my appreciation of the confidence shown in me by the many who have submitted their problems for analysis and solution. I wish, however, to make a suggestion.

Many of my correspondents are aware of the fact that I am broadcasting over a coast-to-coast network eight times per week, and, since they are willing to be answered through the medium of the broadcast or in my column in TOWER RADIO, many of my readers are addressing their letters to me at my post office box in New York City, evidently under the assumption that letters sent to that address will receive more prompt attention than those addressed to me in care of TOWER RADIO.

Because we receive many thousands of letters each week it is necessary for us to classify all letters. Those which come through the medium of TOWER RADIO are kept intact and the selection of letters to be used in my column are made from this group. There is, therefore, less likelihood of an early reply to your letter if addressed to the post office box than if you follow in-

structions and send your name to me as directed in this column.

Naturally, I cannot answer everybody. I choose those letters which I feel are most important to the individual sending them and, at the same time, most interesting to all readers of the column. I regret my inability to answer everybody, but I assure you that I will try to rotate the different types of problems in such a manner as to reach as rapidly as possible a problem similar to yours, even though I am unable to choose your particular letter for analysis.

To those who give me their correct names and addresses, in the event that their letters are not chosen for answer either on the air or in my column, we choose from a large number of pamphlets which I have written on human problems and their solution those that we feel will be helpful and mail them to those individuals who would otherwise be disappointed.

It is important, then, from your standpoint that you address your mail to me, "Voice of Experience," c/o TOWER RADIO, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Here are the letters chosen for consideration this month:

DEAR VOICE OF EXPERIENCE:

I have a close friend who was married in 1932 to a man thirty-one years old. She at the time was twenty-four. She is of a very lovable nature, while he is just the opposite—not affectionate—in fact, quite indifferent.

After one year of marriage they were divorced, both agreeing that it was for the best because of their widely different natures. Two days after the divorce was granted, the former (*Please turn to page 70*)

HOW TO WRITE TO THE VOICE OF EXPERIENCE: *You can write the Voice of Experience by sending your letter in care of TOWER RADIO, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. It will be forwarded to the counselor unopened.*

From these letters the Voice of Experience selects a number for reply in TOWER RADIO. To the others the Voice will endeavor to send literature helpful to the solution of the writer's individual problem. The Voice will keep all letters in confidence.

Microphonies

The radio humorist offers another burlesque program, all to make America Phewie-conscious

By RAYMOND KNIGHT

THIS column comes to you through the courtesy of Garfinkle-Smeck and Plotz, Inc., makers of Phewie, the Personal Hair Tonic. Do you want to attract attention wherever you go? Do you want to have that well-groomed look that the best race horses have? Do you want people to exclaim—My, *what* is that? or rather—*who* is that? . . . Just go to the nearest drug store and say PHEWIE! The clerk will know what you mean. Apply Phewie every morning for a week and look at your hair—Apply Phewie every morning for a year . . . and there won't be any to look at. Use our hair tonic and when your friends meet you they will know! They will say—PHEWIE!

7:00-7:15—Morning-After-Setting-Down Exercises

GOOD-MORNING EVERYBODY! I HOPE EVERYBODY HAD A SWELL TIME LAST NIGHT AND IS ALL READY FOR BED. ARE YOUR WINDOWS OPEN? BE CAREFUL AND DON'T FALL OUT!

READY FOR THE EXERCISE NOW. I ASSUME THAT YOU ARE ALL LYING FLAT ON THE FLOOR. DON'T MOVE EVEN IF YOU ARE ABLE TO.

(PIANO PLAYS—"FATHER MOVE THE REFRIGERATOR AWAY FROM THE STOVE BECAUSE SMOKE GETS IN MY ICE.")

THE FIRST EXERCISE ON THE CHART IS TO OPEN THE LEFT EYE SLOWLY WITHOUT LOSING YOUR BALANCE—THAT'S IT. NOW THE NEXT THING IS TO LOCATE THE BED. EVERY TIME THE BED GOES BY, LOOK AT IT FIRMLY—DON'T BE AFRAID OF IT.

(PIANO STOP)

NOW WE ARE READY FOR THE SECOND EXERCISE. THIS TIME WE ARE GOING TO STAND UP! IT WILL BE HARD AT FIRST, BUT WITH PRACTICE EVERY MORNING WE'LL BE ABLE TO DO IT EASILY IN A FEW WEEKS.

(PIANO PLAYS SWAN SONG ENTITLED—"WAY DOWN UPON THE SWANSONG RIVER")

YOU WILL NOTICE THAT THE ROOM IS REVOLVING RAPIDLY AROUND YOU. NOW, FIRST SIT UP SLOWLY. THIS MAKES THE ROOM GO AROUND TWICE AS FAST BUT IGNORE THAT. NOW SUPPORT YOURSELF BY YOUR HANDS AND PUT THE SOLES OF BOTH FEET ON THE FLOOR. THAT'S IT. NOW PUSH THE FLOOR AWAY FROM YOU — HARD — PUSH — ALMOST THERE—REMEMBER THE FEET POINT FORWARD AND NOT BACKWARD. YOU SHOULD HAVE ONLY TWO FEET ON THE FLOOR! GOOD.

(PIANO STOPS)

(Please turn to page 50)

A Radio City page boy in his simple, unpretentious uniform. He is an impressive sight.



Drawings by
D. B. Holcomb



The announcer of Mr. Knight's suggested exercises for the morning after.

How to Write for



A dramatic scene of T. S. Stripling's radio drama, "Conflict." Left to right, Bill Johnstone, John Mitchell, Art Dickson, Joe Cotten, Jane Houston, Ray Collins and Fannie May Baldrige.

CONFLICT

TOWER RADIO herewith reproduces a portion of a recent broadcast of T. S. Stripling's radio drama, "Conflict." This is reprinted as an example of unusually expert radio writing, in order that TOWER RADIO readers may see what a real air manuscript looks like. Mr. Stripling is one of America's most distinguished writers.

This portion of "Conflict" is reprinted with the permission of Mr. Stripling and of the Columbia Broadcasting System.

Announcer: In a previous scene of T. S. Stripling's Radio Drama, "Conflict," Mr. Clive Donnelly with a big gang of railroad laborers has been trying to lay a line of railroad through Decatur County within the space of a single night.

They have just rolled out of the way the shack of Mr. Bledsoe Bumpass, a local ruffian and bully. Mr. Bumpass has dashed off to Perryville, the nearest town, to get an officer and a posse to stop the railroad's illegal seizure of its right of way.

Therefore the hurry of the railroad crew has been greatly increased in order to complete the road against Mr. Bumpass' return. (FADE IN SOUNDS OF AXES CHOPPING, TREES CRASHING TO GROUND, HORSES PULLING AT LOGS, NEGROES SINGING).
A Negro: Stan' away dah, black boy; don't let dat tree hit ya. (CRASH OF FALLING TREE.) Now swa'm aroun' . . . dig up dat stump . . . git dat stump out o' heah.

Gad Long, a Foreman: Level that off there, nigger . . . fix a bed for that cross tie! (FAINT SOUND OF LOCOMOTIVE.)

Clive Donnelly: Long! Gad Long! Nigger, where's the foreman in charge of this crew?

Negro: There's Mistuh Long, Mistuh Donnelly; right there's Mistuh Long.

Gad: What is it Mr. Donnelly?

Clive: I've got to see the head engineer—where is he?

Gad: Back with the locomotive where they're moving it up on the track they've just laid. (PUFFING OF LOCOMOTIVE BECOMES CLEARER AND NEARER.)

Gad: Shove along there, black boy. Want that engine to ketch up with us and run off the end of the track?

Clive: (CALLING) Whitcomb! Call Whitcomb!

Several Voices: (WHITE MEN AND NEGROES) Mistuh Whitcomb! Oh, Mr. Whitcomb! (MAKE THESE CALLS RECEDE IN DISTANCE.)

Gad: Yonder he comes now, sir, the man with the lantern.

Clive: (CALLING LESS LOUDLY) Mr. Whitcomb!

Whitcomb: Yes, Donnelly, did you get the Bumpass shack moved out of our right-of-way?

Clive: Yes, but Bumpass got away.

Whitcomb: Great heavens, you didn't expect to kill him, did you?

Clive: I mean he's on his way to Perryville to get an officer and raise a posse to stop us!

Whitcomb: Oh, I see. What are we going to do?

Clive: That's what I wanted to ask you.

Whitcomb: What kind of arms do you suppose the posse will have?

Clive: You know . . . shotguns and squirrel rifles.

Whitcomb: Listen; how's this: send out a gang of negroes with axes and picks to stand 'em off while the rest of the crew goes on with the work.

Clive: No, no; we're not outlaws. We ought to find some legal way to do this!

Gad: (BURSTS OUT LAUGHING) Legal way! Listen at that! Roll a man's house off his land, build a railroad down his corn patch, then when the feller comes and tries to take it back, stand him off in some legal way! (LOUD CLAPS OF LAUGHTER.)

Whitcomb: I don't know whether there's any legal way to do it or not. We would have to see old Judge Decker about that.

Clive: (SURPRISED) Judge Decker? Why, I thought he was on the steamboat side of this fight?

Whitcomb: What made you think so?

Clive: I heard him making a big anti-railroad speech in Perryville on the day of the election.

Whitcomb: That's funny . . . I don't understand that. The Superintendent of this division of the road told me if I needed any legal advice, or, in fact, advice about anything at all, to see Judge Decker, he was the railroad attorney.

Clive: (BEWILDERED) Do you suppose the Judge is playing double—taking fees from both sides?

Whitcomb: I don't know. . . . President Furbush told me to see him if I needed anything.

Clive: Well, you need something . . . you need something quick. Where is Judge Decker?

Whitcomb: He's in Decaturville.

Clive: How far is that from here?

Whitcomb: About twenty miles.

Clive: Twenty miles! That's too far.

Gad: If it's too far, send a railroad gang over and have 'em move Decaturville this way apiece.

Clive: (ANNOYED) I mean too far to see Judge Decker before Bumpass brings his posse from Perryville. Why, he'll be back here—in—three or four hours. Won't be back in that time?

Gad: Why, yes, if he rushes.

Clive: (SHARPLY) He'll rush. Look here, how could I possibly get from here to Decaturville and back inside of three or four hours? Does the railroad run in that direction? Suppose we could back the train—

Whitcomb: Oh, no, no. . . .

Clive: Well, if I had a fast horse—a very fast horse . . .

Gad: (LAUGHING AGAIN) Imagine a race horse in this country!

Whitcomb: It's just like I tell you, Donnelly; there's not a way in the world for you to get to Decaturville and back by the time Bumpass gets here with his posse. If we don't arm our men and protect our property, this rail- (Please turn to page 73)

RADIO

What are the chances for an air author? Can he make a living in radio and how can he sell his manuscripts?

By
DARRELL WARE



Gertrude Berg, Roslyn Silbur and James Waters in that perennial of the air, "The Goldbergs," an outstanding example of fine radio writing. Like Amos 'n' Andy, the Goldbergs have a high record for sustained interest.

IT seems that everyone cherishes a belief that "if I had the time I could write." Due to the depression, many of the people who have said this for years have not only found themselves with time on their hands but have actually begun to write. Most of them aim first for the magazines, but even while doing this the majority gaze at radio fondly.

And why not? Think of the bushels of scripts that radio burns up in a day's time! Thousands of pages of continuity fresh each morning on the studio desk and soiled each night in the studio wastebasket. And even as the ether gobbles up this material avidly, more is written, more, more, more!

Radio, then, is assuredly a tremendous market. The great blockade confronting both the novice and the writer who has been successful in other fields is the difficulty of finding out not only where to sell his play, but how to write it. What are the requirements of radio? What is this talk about technique? What are the rules for a radio show, what form does it take, how for heaven's sake, do you start?

WE might as well leave the story of how to sell the show for another article,

because first of all something about radio itself must be learned. Radio authorship is a highly specialized business. One of the first things to be learned is that in the face of any advice you get, remember that no two radio shows are run in exactly the same way. The method of selling, of buying, of producing varies widely. Although the business has seemingly had sufficient time to standardize itself, it has not done so. The reasons for this have been many, but one of the most important for the writer to realize is the following:

I am personally convinced that radio is run haphazardly because of the sponsor's definite and personal interest in his program. For if most everyone wants to write, it is equally true that most everyone would like to have something to do with theatricals. Witness the business men who gamble on legitimate shows. The sponsor of a radio program, often a terrifically astute business man, cannot resist the desire to have an active part in purchasing, casting and producing his radio material.

Can You Write?

Everyone cherishes a belief that he or she can write. And radio rather proves the theory, for its successful script men have come from such widely divergent fields as the ministry and dentistry. But can you write? Read this article and analyze your qualifications. Maybe a remunerative career is just around the corner.

be auditioned. Later in the day the author may find that seventeen other producers and agencies have already auditioned for the client!

That's all part of it, however. What you want to know is how to write your dialogue show. Here are a few hints:

Get into the story at once—(Please turn to page 72)



SHORT WAVE

By Captain
HORACE L. HALL

The foremost short wave authority
in America writes exclusively for
TOWER RADIO



*How to ride the magic carpet
of radio to distant lands via
your short wave set*

Reception Turns Upside Down

TWO years ago if you told a short wave listener that he would hear the Asiatic countries in the "good old summer time" he would have scorned the idea and politely but firmly told you that you were laboring under an illusion. Why, was it not a known fact that the cold winter months were the Asiatic months? And the warm weather automatically brought us exceptionally fine reception from the foreign locals? No amount of argument could have convinced him that he might be wrong.

But this year all short wave reception has been "topsy-turvy" and our stand-bys, *i.e.*, the "foreign locals," France, England, Germany, and Spain, folded up like the "tents of the Arabs and silently stole away." We have had spells of weeks on end, when it was almost impossible to listen in comfort to a European program. Listeners in the eastern part of the United States were not the only "sufferers" but from every part of the world letters reached me from fans bemoaning their poor reception.

What caused this tremendous upheaval? Many of the stations that we had "roaring" in last year have since increased their power and even gone to the trouble and expense to beam their transmissions toward this country. Not claiming to be a technical man but from a lifetime spent at sea and knowing that nature has in her control all the elements, I concentrated my study on the forces that we have to fight when at sea. First, I made an exhaustive study of the moon's effect on short wave reception. In the quiet of my tuning laboratory I checked and double checked day by day and night by night reception of several of the leading foreign stations. This is the sum total of my experiments. That when the moon was full we had maximum reception; when the moon was

going underground, as we seamen say, or after the last quarter and until the new moon appeared, I found reception on these changes to be the worst. These were the two extremes.

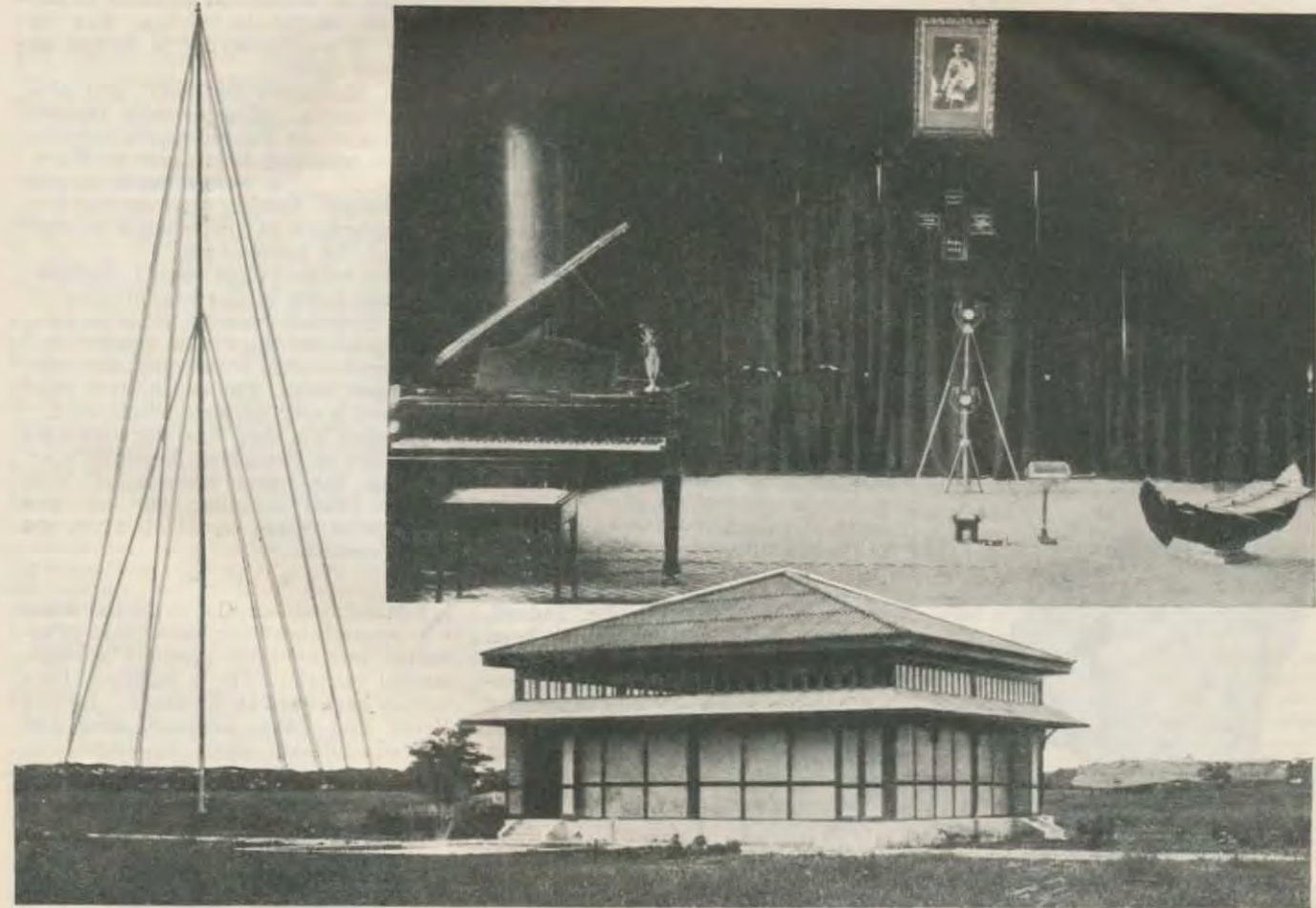
One man's study of this condition was not sufficient. So, through my correspondents throughout the world we decided to take graphs on graph paper of reception of one of the best of our stations. Leonard Reading, experimenter, was the representative in London, England; Mr. Yoshimura in Moji, Japan; J. V. McMinn in Wellington, New Zealand; D. R. D. Wadis, Bombay, India and myself in the United States. We all started the same month. At the end of the month these graphs were mailed to me and compared and everyone of them showed that my original conclusion was justified. These graphs, made in every part of the globe, showed that the signal strength fell when the moon was leaving us and moved up when the moon was growing. The study of the moon question is far deeper than we can go into here. But if the moon can control the strongest element on earth, salt water, is there any reason why it cannot control radio waves?

Back to the study again as there still was something radically wrong. The moon, might be our evil genii, but conditions were growing worse. Then the scientists blasted all our hopes by informing a poor unsuspecting public that spots had appeared on the sun. We wearily went through a siege of "sun spotty" reception. Any fan will tell you how terrible that was. As a chap in India wrote me, (*Please turn to page 84*)



Main station studio of
VUB, Bombay, India.
Broadcasts from this
studio are sent via VMY,
Poona, India.

DEPARTMENT



Exterior and interior of HSP, at Bangkok, Siam, at the crossroads of the Far East. Note the low microphones, designed for easy broadcasting as the entertainers recline in Oriental fashion on cushions. This station is one of the most interesting catches for short wave fans.

Summer Catches

A TIP to DXers: if you want to know if you are going to be able to "log" elusive stations try the Australians first. If they come in good stay up and try your luck.

Here is the story of some of my recent catches. One morning I rose very early—five o'clock—and started to twirl the dials. A very strong carrier was heard. Carriers mean something, especially in the wee hours of the morning. I left this carrier and combed the air to see if anything else was on. But it was one of those days when all the world seemed to have gone scrambled speech and code was too prevalent to suit the short wave listener's fancy. So I went back to my original find, on 38.5 meters, and it was still there and much stronger. Then as though the program had been on for hours, a man "rattled" off a few words and then began the gongs. These kept up for fully five minutes at fifteen minute intervals but between these periods the queer voiced gentleman was saying long four and five syllable words first in English and then in Japanese.

Then he would change and give the Japanese word followed by the English pronunciation. I held this program for about forty minutes. And then with much fanfare, bells, gongs and a single announcement "JOAK," he was gone. JOAK is one of the principal long wave broadcasting stations of Japan. The programs originating in the studios of JOAK are transmitted by Japanese short wave stations over various wavelengths. Sometimes the short wave stations use call letters but the majority of times they consider the long wave announcement sufficient. J1AA is the official short wave station of Japan.

The first Jap of the season and in the summer time! Then one morning after an all night DX party we started to tour the world. Reception the night before had been rather spotty, as, for instance, we had Germany on 19:73 meters sending a program to Oriental listeners; England (31:55 meters) on Australian transmission; XEBT, 49:94 meters, Mexico City, strumming away until 4 A.M.; H-1-1-A, 47:8 meters, Santo Domingo; VK2ME, 31:3 meters, Sydney, Australia, on its first transmission. Then we (*Please turn to page 84*)

RADIO PAGEANT

*Critical comments
on programs old
and new*

By
**THE TOWER
OBSERVER**



*Photo specially taken for
TOWER RADIO by Wide World*

Joe Cook, the comedian, has been developing his mad style on the air. How far can whimsy go? Read what the Tower Observer has to say.

HOLLYWOOD seems to do something to radio and radio seems to do something to Hollywood. The two would appear to be poles apart.

Every time a film star tries the airways the results are usually pretty disastrous. In this new land where retakes are impossible, the Hollywood luminaries seem to be at their worst. Now and then there is an exception, as Dick Barthelmess when he made his ether debut on the Vallee hour.

The radio folks are just as much at sea in movieland. Hollywood seems to slow them up, fold them in a mantle of ennui and make them take the easiest way to get by. Even Jack Benny slumped when he landed out in California, the usual nonchalance dragging to the point of indifference.

IT is pretty late to enter the controversy regarding Graham McNamee as a sports announcer. As you know, it is a question of excitement *vs* facts. Graham broadcast the heavy-weight championship slaughter of Primo Carnera by Max Baer but an ear observer of the fight hardly got an accurate idea of the battle. Indeed, after the Italian colossus had been down and up all through rounds one and two, McNamee conveyed the impression that the giant was staging a nice recovery, even taking a round or two. Imagine listeners' surprise when

Max Baer, the new heavyweight champion of the world, has been demonstrating his radio abilities. The lad has a way with him, both in and out of the ring. Ask Primo Carnera!



Ray Lee Jackson

Goliath came toppling down upon the mike a half dozen or so times in the tenth and eleventh rounds.

Graham put over a lot of excitement but he seemed to be blind to the massacre until the victim was as groggy as a man trying to escape an insurance agent.

Both McNamee for NBC and also the Columbia microphoners messed the finish of the Poughkeepsie regatta. Graham awarded first place to Navy, while CBS gave second spot to the same crew. Neither was correct but the excitement of the officials seemed to upset the announcers.

Radio, we regret to record, continually falls down in the presentation of news. Probably because the boys have to be quick on the verbal trigger and then have to stall with words for minutes upon end. The announcers need time and a city editor's blue pencil.

Another air dud was the elaborate broadcast of President Roosevelt's review of the naval armada off New York. Piled together, the needless descriptive words would sink any six battle cruisers.

NBC staged an Old Timers' Hour recently and the result left graybeards puffing their pipes in a sentimental reverie. For a moment, time turned backward in its flight. Donald Brian and Ethel Jackson sang and danced (*Please turn to page 76*)



*Photo specially taken for
TOWER RADIO by Wide World*

Jack Benny, the nonchalant, has moved to Hollywood with Mary Livingstone and Frank Parker, there to broadcast while he makes a movie. Jimmy Greir is the new stooge conductor.

Radio from the Inside

BY THE MAN AT THE CONTROLS

A GREAT many of you listeners, ear-cuppers, dial-twisters, or radio fans—pick your own name—have sat up and taken notice of the striking similarity between the music produced by the Messrs. Guy Lombardo and Jan Garber. From the vast Lombardo camps have come a hue and cry of protest. Their hero has been carbon-copied, they claim. Guy himself is pretty mad about the whole business, and nobody can get madder than a mad Lombardo because they're such nice fellows when they aren't mad.

No one had to convince me that Lombardo is the original, and that not long ago Garber used to have a peppy and fast-playing orchestra—a far cry from his current music—but I wanted to learn what it was all about. After all, a feud in radio is a feud whether it's Crosby vs. Columbo, Vallee vs. Osborne or Toscanini vs. Calloway. So I delved.

It seems that several years ago in Cleveland there was a small orchestra of youngsters who were a second edition of Lombardo. Their duplication of the latter's rhythms was well nigh perfect, lacking only the finishing touches. Little Freddie Large had charge of the baton, and under his direction the band did very nicely, thank you. That is, until difficulties caused the band to disband. Just then, along came Jan Garber, who had his eyes and ears on the Little Freddie Large outfit for some time. Garber broke up his old combination, and hired Large's group—musician by musician—until he had gradually garnered them all.

That's why you hear music identical to the Lombardo handiwork, which has caused a rift between the two leaders. But the ironic twist of this little narrative is that Little Freddie Large and the other young musicians, now the Garber color-bearers, are all Canadians, hailing from the region about London, Ont.—the Lombardo homeland. And as kids, while still brushing up on their music lessons, they had listened to every Lombardo broadcast and recording and copied the orchestrations—for Guy was their idol.

RADIO'S a grand business for the wives, husbands and relatives of the artists when it comes to finding niches for themselves. Everett Crosby handles the managerial reins for Bing. Jack Rich looks after Freddie Rich's interests, and Emery Deutsch is guided by Brother Arnold. Mrs. Little superintends the business transactions of Little Jack Little, giving her double assurance of having the last word. If you want to engage the services of Ruth Etting you must first consult her husband, Colonel Snyder. Another Mr. who guides the radio affairs of his Mrs. is Herman Rose who's Annette Hanshaw's life partner. Herman Bernie is business manager for brother Ben. Carmen Lombardo's attractive wife is the financial adviser for the House of Lombardo. Then, there's Don Ross, who, when not singing, arranges the contracts for wife Jane Froman. Gertrude Niesen and Sylvia Froos are handled by their papas. And Bill Vallee is the press agent for his famous crooning brother. All of which goes to prove that there is something to this theory of relativity.

SOMETIMES the most interesting and amusing things are said in the studios before or after the broadcasts. Not long ago, Mayor LaGuardia of New York was about to broadcast a talk over one of the state-wide networks. Just before air-time, a production man hastened over to say that he'd signal His Honor when first three, then two, and finally one minute remained of his allotted period.

"You don't have to worry about shutting me up," replied the Mayor good-naturedly, "I'm not Huey Long."

I'M beginning to think that sponsors aren't the old fussies they used to be. For there's a singer by the tag of Joey NASH featured on the STUDEBAKER program. But speaking of names—a few of them are very appropriate, you know. The label of an NBC chap who simulates dogs and other animals is Bradley BARKER, and another, christened Dana NOYES creates sound effects for some of the better script acts. And if you want to let your imagination take flight you might include Frank CRUMIT on a bread program. But what really has us all a-twitter is the rumor that troubadour NICK Lucas is being auditioned by a razor-blade firm. "What's in a name," Shakespeare once asked—and it took radio to prove it.

THOSE crowd noises you hear on some of the NBC and CBS dramatic shows are effected by stage and radio Thespians who receive five dollars a broadcast for their contribution to art. . . . Tony Wons is vacationing in the Wisconsin woods, and a lot of artists aren't vacationing in the Wisconsin woods. . . . Jeanie Lang introduces her husband around as her brother—for Auld Lang Syne, I guess. . . . The new

carpets in Radio City have been worn thinner than the tissue between calling cards by the tramping hordes of sightseers at forty cents per tramper. . . . The last photo ever taken of the much-photographed Rudolph Valentino hangs in the studio of WPG, Atlantic City, where his last public appearance was a radio talk just five days before his untimely death. . . . Lanny Ross would really like to fall in love if he can meet the "right" girl. . . . Some people make mountains out of mole-hills, but some tuner-inners go even farther—they make mountains out of Vallees. . . . Prospective sponsors are pestering the networks for the choice time spots this Fall and Winter. . . . You've probably never heard of Harry Conn, but he's a serious fellow who draws \$1,000 weekly for writing Jack Benny's jokes. . . . The Chesterfield series will return to Columbia in early October. . . . Hope Wendell Hall doesn't sing "It Ain't Gonna Rain No More" no more. . . . Mrs. Morton Downey, the former Barbara Bennett, is having the cradle taken out of the attic. . . . The oldest radio star is Uncle Bob Sherwood who was a young lad when Lincoln freed the slaves. . . . The reason Ken Roberts always announces Leon Belasco's St. Moritz broadcast is because Vivian Janis sings there. . . . When Johnny Weissmuller, who wrestles lions and tigers, broadcast recently he was so jittery that he let out a Tarzan shriek to ease his nerves. . . . There will be a close tie-up between Hollywood and the radio studios this Fall to exploit the films. . . . The sponsors wanted Annette Hanshaw to be "the other woman" in the Showboat romance, but she negated the idea, saying it would be a terrible blow to her millions of fans. . . . A soprano is a girl who can't get on the air.

RADIO BOOKKEEPING

ARTIST	DEBIT	CREDIT
Rudy Vallee	self-importance colorless announcements	"The Man on the Flying Trapeze" guest stars
Georgie Jessel	singing	"Hello, Mama, this is Georgie"
Graham McNamee	boxing football	"Tell me, Chief—"
Kate Smith	"He-Jo Everybody"	golden voice
Robinoff	accent	45 musicians
Phil Spitalny	accent	28 musicians
Street Singer	bad publicity	"EH EH"
Paul Whiteman	suits (court)	modern music
Ben Bernie	W. W. cigars	trick phrases commercial jesting
Ted Husing	bell-bottom pants	any sports broadcast
George Burns	vaudeville hangover	Cracie Allen
Ozzie Nelson	"I'll die for dear old Rutgers"	wavy hair college-appeal
Goodman Ace	sour expression	Jack Benny's voice
Eddie Cantor	"I"	Ida and five daughters
Gertrude Niesen	Mae West strut	torch songs
Fred Allen	chewing tobacco	original material

About Radio Personalities

Clara, Lu 'n' Em started their fifth year of broadcast tongue wagging on June 18th. . . . They went on the air in 1930. . . . Theodore Webb has a country home at Sharon, Conn. . . . Marjorie Anderson is star of the Beatrice Fairfax heart counselor dramas over NBC. . . . Harry Richman made his first public appearance in 1908 when he participated in a debate at the Ohio Mechanics Institute, Cincinnati. . . . The subject was ambition and Harry lost the debate. . . . Ruth Etting sang "Ave Maria" at the Hollywood funeral of Dorothy Dell, the pretty motion picture actress who was killed in an automobile accident. . . . Miss Dell had been Miss Etting's understudy in the Ziegfeld Follies. . . . The Goldbergs started a sixty-day vacation on July 12th, their first in three years of uninterrupted broadcasting. . . . These human interest sketches return in the Fall. . . . Floyd Gibbons' apartment in New York boasts four globes, five atlases and six framed wall maps.

THE following period is reserved by Terraplane.

Did this announcement over NBC on Saturday nights cause you to emit a cheer for the shortest commercial on the air—when you didn't hear another mention of the product for the ensuing half hour? Or, did it cause

(Please turn to page 64)

Programs You'll Want to Hear

THE list of your favorite programs is as accurate as we can make it, but we cannot be responsible for any changes in schedule. All time given is Eastern Daylight Saving Time. CBS stands for the Columbia Broadcasting System; NBC stands for the National Broadcasting Company. The stations connected with NBC-WEAF belong to the so-called red network; the stations connected with NBC-WJZ belong to the blue network.

Popular Variety Programs

A. & P. Gypsies—Directed by Harry Horlick; Robert Simmons, tenor (Great Atlantic and Pacific Tea Co.) 9:00 P.M., Monday, NBC-WEAF.

Accordiana—Abe Lyman and his orchestra. Vivienne Segal, soprano; Oliver Smith, tenor. (Phillips Dental Magnesia Co.) 8:30 P.M., Tuesday, CBS.

Armour Program—Phil Baker; Harry McNaughton; Irene Beasley, blues singer; Mabel Albertson; Roy Shields' orchestra. (Armour Company.) 9:30 P.M., Friday, NBC-WJZ.

Bowes Capitol Family—with Major Bowes; Waldo Mayo, conductor and violinist; Tom McLaughlin, baritone; Nicholas Cosentino, tenor; Hannah Klein, pianist; The Guardsmen. 11:15 A.M., Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

Broadway Vanities—Everett Marshall, baritone; Elizabeth Lennox, soprano; Victor Arden's Orchestra; chorus. (Bi-So-Dol Co.) 8:30 P.M., Wednesday, CBS.

Chase and Sanborn Hour—"Schnozzle" Jimmy Durante; Rubino and his violin; orchestra. (Standard Brands, Inc.) 8:00 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

Chase and Sanborn Tender Tea Leaf Program—Jack Pearl, with Cliff Hall; Pete Van Steeden's orchestra. (Standard Brands, Inc.) 8:00 P.M., Wednesday, NBC-WEAF.

Conoco presents Harry Richman with Jack Denny and his orchestra; John B. Kennedy. (Continental Oil Co.) 10:30 P.M., Wednesday, NBC-WJZ.

Contented Program—Gene Arnold, narrator; the Lullaby Lady; male quartette; orchestra directed by Morgan L. Eastman. (Carnation Milk Co.) 10:00 P.M., Monday, NBC-WEAF.

California Melodies—Raymond Paige's orchestra; interviews with movie stars; Kay Thompson and Rhythm Kings. 10:30 P.M., Wednesday, CBS.

Corn Cob Pipe Club of Virginia—Rustic music; soloists; male quartette. (Larus and Brothers Co.) 10:00 P.M., Wednesday, NBC-WEAF.

Fleishmann Hour—Rudy Vallee and his Connecticut Yankees; guest artist. (Standard Brands, Inc.) 8:00 P.M., Thursday, NBC-WEAF.

Forty-five Minutes in Hollywood—Mark Warnow's orchestra; radio preview new movies; Cal Yorke interviewing guest stars. (Borden Co.) 10:30 P.M., Sunday, CBS.

General Tire Company Program—Jack Benny and Mary Livingstone; Frank Parker, tenor; Jimmy Grier's orchestra. 10:30 P.M., Friday, NBC-WEAF.

Gulf Headliners—International broadcasts from London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, etc., featuring European stellar attractions. (Gulf Refining Co.) 9:00 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

Hall of Fame—Guest artists; orchestra under direction of Nat Shilkret. (Lehn & Fink Products Co.) 10:00 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

Hour of Smiles—Fred Allen, comedian; Theodore Webb; the Ipana Troubadours; Sylvia Froos, blues singer; the Marshall Bartholomew singers; Lennie Hayton's orchestra. (Bristol-Myers Co.) 9:00 P.M., Wednesday, NBC-WEAF.

Lavender and Old Lace—Frank Munn, tenor; Muriel Wilson, soprano; male quartette; Ohman and Arden, piano duo; Haenschen's orchestra. (Bayer's Aspirin.) 8:00 P.M., Monday, CBS.

Let's Listen to Harris—Phil Harris and his orchestra; Leah Ray, blues singer. (Northam Warren Co.) 9:00 P.M., Friday, NBC-WJZ.

Little Miss Bab-O's Surprise Party—Mary Small, juvenile singer; Landt Trio and White; William Wirges' orchestra. (B. T. Babbitt Co.) 1:30 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

Manhattan Merry-Go-Round—Tamara, Russian blues singer; David Percy, baritone; Men About Town; orchestra under direction of Jacques Renard. (R. L. Watkins Co.) 9:00 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

Maxwell House Showboat—Cap'n Henry (Charles Winninger); Annette Hanshaw, blues singer; Lois Bennett, soprano; Conrad Thibault, baritone; Molasses 'n' January; Gus Haenschen's Showboat Band. (Maxwell House Coffee.) 9:00 P.M., Thursday, NBC-WEAF.

Mollé Show—Shirley Howard and the Jesters; Milton Rettenberg, piano; Tony Calucci, guitarist. (The Mollé

Co.) 7:30 P.M., Monday and Thursday, NBC-WEAF.

Morton Downey's Studio Party—with Mr. Downey as master of ceremonies and star soloist; orchestra; guest artists. 8:00 P.M., Saturday, CBS.

Nestlé's Chocholeaters—Ethel Shutta, soloist; Walter O'Keefe, comedian; Bobby Doland and his orchestra. (Lamont, Corliss & Co.) 8:00 P.M., Friday, NBC-WJZ.

Parade of the Champions—with Morton Downey, Jane Froman, Reinald Werrenrath, Joey Nash and chorus; Fray and Braggiotti; Richard Humber's orchestra; David Ross announcing. (Studebaker Corporation.) 9:30 P.M., Tuesday, CBS.

Raymond Knight and his Cuckoos—Mrs. Pennyfeather; Mary McCoy; Jack Arthur; the Sparklers and Robert Armbruster's orchestra. (A.C. Spark Plug Co.) 10:00 P.M., Saturday, NBC-WEAF.

Silken Strings—Charles Preven and his orchestra; guest artists. (Real Silk Hosiery Mills.) 7:00 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

Silver Dust Serenaders—Paul Keast, baritone; Rollo Hudson's orchestra. (Gold Dust Corp.) Tuesday and Thursday, 7:30 P.M., CBS.

Sinclair Greater Minstrels—Minstrel Show with Gene Arnold, interlocutor; Joe Parsons, bass; male quartette; Bill Childs; Mac McCloud and Clifford Soubier; end men; Harry Koge, band director. (Sinclair Refining Co.) 9:00 P.M., Monday, NBC-WJZ.

Spotlight Review—Frank Crumit, master of ceremonies; Col. Stoopnagle and Budd, Parker Fennelly; Vivian Ruth, blues singer; Victor Young's orchestra. (Schlitz Brewing Co.) 10:00 P.M., Friday, CBS.

Voice of Columbia—starring George Jessel; guest artists; orchestra. 8:00 P.M., Sunday, CBS.

Ward's Family Theater—James Melton, tenor; guest stars; Joseph Pasternack's orchestra. (Ward Baking Co.) 9:00 P.M., Sunday, CBS.

Waring's Pennsylvanians—Fred Waring conducting his orchestra; Poley McClintock; the Lane Sisters; Babs Ryan and her brothers; chorus, guest artists. (Ford Dealers.) 9:30 P.M., Sunday, CBS.

Paul Whiteman and his orchestra—Deems Taylor, master of ceremonies; radio entertainers. (Kraft-Phenix Cheese Corp.) 10:00 P.M., Thursday, NBC-WEAF.

Dance Bands

Charlie Barnet—12:30 A.M., Friday, CBS.

Ben Bernie (Premier Pabst Sales Co.) 9:00 P.M., Tuesday, NBC-WEAF.

Don Bestor—12, midnight, Monday, NBC-WJZ; also 11:15 P.M., Wednesday, NBC-WEAF.

Emil Coleman—11:00 P.M., Friday, NBC-WEAF.

Jack Denny—12:30 A.M., Tuesday, and 10:30 P.M., Saturday, NBC-WJZ.

Jan Garber—12:30 A.M., Saturday, CBS.

Glen Gray and the Casa Loma orchestra—11:20 P.M., Monday and Saturday, CBS.

Isham Jones—11:20 P.M., Tuesday and Friday; also 7:00 P.M., Saturday, CBS.

(Please turn to page 48)

Things You'll Want to Know About Radio People

The Eton Boys are from Missouri, not the celebrated British school. . . . They were organized by the Daly Brothers, Charlie and Jack, who started out as acrobats, began singing songs and threw away their tumbling shoes. . . . Harry Tugend collaborates with Fred Allen on his radio sketches. . . . Don't worry, Ed Wynn will be back this fall as star of another series of half-hour broadcasts for the Texas Company. . . . You've heard those Chesterfield programs, starring Rosa Ponselle, Nino Martini and Grete Stueckgold. . . . They require 108 working hours to get each and every one of them in finished form. . . . The conductor, Andre Kostelanetz, lost fifteen pounds between the time the series started in April and the middle of June. . . . Recently Eric Madriguera asked his listeners to guess when he used a rare old Guarnerius and an ordinary fiddle in playing the strains of "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes." . . . 54% of the replies were wrong, showing that either Eric is a swell violinist or the great listening public is tone deaf. . . . Eddie Peabody left the U. S. Navy in 1921 with the rank of quartermaster, having served five years, mostly on submarines.

Harriet Hilliard

Each month this star gives beauty suggestions. This time, she offers hints for a good figure

*Specially posed by
Tower Studios for TOWER RADIO*



talks on
**CORRECT
POSTURE**

LIKE a lot of young women of today, I grew up at a time when girls weren't supposed to stand up straight. When I was thirteen or fourteen it was the smart thing to slouch. And I think all sorts of defects of posture nowadays come just because so many girls, at the age when their bodies were growing up, slumped and slouched and crouched in the fashionable way of the day.

I stand up straight, today. Ozzie Nelson did a lot to cure me of my bad posture habits.

"Stand up straight," he'd say, every time he noticed me letting my shoulders and hips droop. And I'd straighten up and push my shoulders back and my chin out. And after a while it became a habit with me to stand straight.

So many readers write asking for advice about round shoulders or thin arms or big ankles or an awkward walk. And the thing they all need is to learn to stand straight.

Here's one letter, for instance:

"I really haven't a bad figure. But I am a little round shouldered and of course that is a serious defect. Is there anything I can do at my age (twenty-four) to overcome it? Now that girls stand so straight, and that clothes offer so little help in hiding defects of the body, I'm getting self-conscious about it."

Of course, there is something you can do—at your age or at any other. The younger you start standing up straight, the better. But even old ladies can improve their posture by making up their minds to do so and by taking the right corrective exercises.

Here is my pet shoulder exercise. To begin with, learn to stand well. It is difficult, but it is possible, to hold the shoulders up and back and the hips a little forward. That means that you mustn't let your spine sag too much. This puts the whole body in a good

If you would like Miss Hilliard to help you solve your beauty problems write to her care of TOWER RADIO, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Please enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for a personal reply.

position—for walking, for standing, for sitting, for dancing. Whatever exercises you do, practice this manner of holding the body.

Now for the round shoulders. This exercise, which I do every day as part of my general work for keeping fit, is good to develop chest and arms, as well as to flatten out round shoulders. Stand up, straight, with the feet about six or eight inches apart. Stiffen the arms at the sides and swing them, in a big sweeping circle, upward and forward, then backward, until they come to rest straight at the sides again. And draw deep breaths as you work. You can do one arm and then the other to begin with, if you have trouble keeping them both going at once. But after you have practiced a few days you should be able to do it easily ten times daily without straining the muscles.

AND here is a girl with a usual fault. Listen to what she has to say:

"I am not overweight, Miss Hilliard," she writes, "but I want to be slimmer through the waist. My stomach and abdomen seem to be a little too prominent. I don't overeat, and I walk a lot. What can I do?"

That's easy. Lie flat on the floor on the stomach. Now reach back and grasp your ankles—the right one with the right hand, the left one with the left hand. Raise the head as high as you can, raise the ankles, grasped firmly in the hands, as high as they will go. (Please turn to page 64)

Programs You'll Want to Hear

(Continued from page 46)

Roger Wolfe Kahn's Claremont Inn orchestra—12:30 A.M., Monday, NBC-WEAF, and 11:30 P.M. Friday, NBC-WJZ.

Wayne King and his orchestra (Lady Esther Co.) 10:00 P.M., Sunday and Monday, CBS, and 8:30 P.M., Tuesday and Wednesday, NBC-WEAF.

Guy Lombardo and his Hotel Waldorf-Astoria Orchestra—11:00 P.M., Monday, and 11:35 P.M. Thursday, NBC-WJZ; also 10:30 P.M., Saturday, NBC-WEAF.

Vincent Lopez—7:00 P.M., Thursday, and 12:30 A.M., Saturday, NBC-WJZ; also 11:35 P.M., Friday, NBC-WEAF.

Mills Blue Rhythm Band—12:00 midnight, Sunday, NBC-WJZ; also 12:05 A.M., Thursday, NBC-WEAF.

Red Nichols—12:00 midnight, Sunday and Wednesday, CBS.

Leo Reisman's orchestra, with Phil Duey. (Phillip Morris & Co.) 8:00 P.M., Tuesday, NBC-WEAF.

Buddy Rogers and his College Inn Orchestra—12:00 midnight, Tuesday and Friday, NBC-WJZ; also same period Wednesday, NBC-WEAF.

Waltz Time—Abe Lyman's orchestra; musical interludes by Frank Munn, tenor, and Vivienne Segal, soprano. (Sterling Products Co.) 9:00 P.M., Friday, NBC-WEAF.

Concerts and Classical Music

Cities Service Concert—Countess Olga Albani and Cities Service Quartette; Frank Banta and Milton Rettenberg, piano duo; Rosario Bourdon's orchestra. (Cities Service Co.) 8:00 P.M., Friday, NBC-WEAF.

Detroit Symphony Orchestra—Victor Kolar, conductor; 3:00 P.M., Sunday; 4:00 P.M., Tuesday and Thursday; 9:30 P.M., Saturday, CBS.

Hoover Sentinels—Edward Davies, baritone; Chicago a Capella Choir under direction of Noble Cain; Joseph Koestner's orchestra. (The Hoover Co.) 5:30 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

La Forge Berumen Musicale—3:00 P.M., Wednesday, CBS.

Palm Olive Beauty Box Theater—Musical comedies and light operettas with galaxy of well known stars; Nathaniel Shilkret's orchestra; Palm Olive chorus. (Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co.) 10:00 P.M., Tuesday, NBC-WEAF.

Philadelphia Summer Concerts—From Robin Hood Dell in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia; Alexander Smalens, conductor. 8:30 P.M., Thursday and Saturday, CBS.

Radio City Concert—Radio City Symphony; chorus and soloists. 12:30 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

Voice of Firestone Garden Concert—Featuring Gladys Swarthout, mezzo-soprano, with William Daly's Symphonic String

Orchestra and Rose Marie Brancato, soprano; Fred Huffsmith, tenor, and Frank Chapman, baritone. (Firestone Co.) 8:30 P.M., Monday, NBC-WEAF.

Piano and Organ Music

Abram Chasins, pianist—2:15 P.M., Sunday, CBS.

Fray and Braggiotti—10:45 P.M., Thursday, CBS.

Pollock and Lawnhurst—7:45 A.M., daily, except Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

Playboys—Leonard Whitcup, Walter Samuels and Felix Bernard, 7:15 P.M., Friday, CBS.

Ann Leaf at the Organ—2:00 P.M., Monday; 2:15 P.M., Tuesday, and 4:00 P.M., Saturday, CBS.

Salt Lake City Tabernacle Choir and Organ—12:00 noon, Sunday, CBS.

Alexander Semler, pianist—2:15 P.M., Sunday, CBS.

Lew White at the organ—Daily, 8:30 A.M., NBC-WJZ.

Children's Programs

Babe Ruth—The King of Swat himself. (Quaker Oats Co.) 8:45 P.M., Monday, NBC-WJZ.

Jack Armstrong—(General Mills, Inc.) 5:30 P.M., daily except Sunday, CBS.

Bobby Benson and Sunny Jim—(Hecker H-O Co.) 6:15 P.M., daily except Saturday and Sunday, CBS.

Dicie Circus—"Uncle" Bob Sherwood, Frank Novak's Orchestra. (Individual Drinking Cup Corp.) 6:45 P.M., Monday, CBS.

Horn and Hardart Children's Hour—with Paul Douglas as master of ceremonies. 11:00 A.M., Sunday, WABC (only).

Lady Next Door—Directed by Madge Tucker. 4:45 P.M., Monday, Tuesday and Thursday, NBC-WEAF.

Little Orphan Annie—(The Wander Co.) Daily except Sunday, 5:45 P.M., NBC-WJZ.

NBC Children's Hour—Milton J. Cross, master of ceremonies. 9:00 A.M., Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

Singing Lady—Nursery jingles, songs and stories. (Kellogg Company.) 5:30 P.M., daily except Saturday and Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

Skippy—(Sterling Products Co.)

5:00 P.M., daily, except Saturday and Sunday, CBS.

Dramatic Sketches

Conflict—Written by T. S. Stribling. 10:00 P.M., Tuesday and Thursday, CBS.

Death Valley Days—With Tim Frawley, Joseph Bell, Edward M. Whitney, John White, the Lonesome Company; Joseph Bonime orchestra. (Pacific Coast Borax Co.) 9:00 P.M., Thursday, NBC-WJZ.

First Nighter—June Meredith, Don Ameche, Cliff Soubier; Eric Sagerquist orchestra. (Campana Corp.) 10:00 P.M., Friday, NBC-WEAF.

Irene Rich—Dramatic sketch. (Welch.) 7:30 P.M., Wednesday, NBC-WJZ.

One Man's Family—With Anthony Smythe; 9:00 P.M., Saturday, NBC-WEAF.

Raffles, the Amateur Cracksman—8:30 P.M., Monday, CBS.

Soconyland Sketches—Arthur Allen and Parker Fennelly. (Standard Oil Co. of New York.) 8:00 P.M., Monday, NBC-WEAF.

Tastyeast Theatre—One-act plays under the direction of Marion Parsonnet. (Tastyeast, Inc.) 9:30 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

The Wife Saver—With Allen Prescott. (Fels & Co.) 11:00 A.M., Monday and Wednesday, NBC-WJZ.

Vic and Sade—Comedy sketch; 12:30 P.M., daily except Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

Comedy Sketches

Amos 'n' Andy—(Pepsodent Co.) 7:45 P.M. (East) and 11 P.M. (West), daily except Saturday and Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

Clara, Lou 'n' Em—Louise Starkey, Isabelle Carothers and Helen King. (Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co.) 10:15 daily except Saturday and Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

George Givot—The Greek Ambassador with Freddie Rich and his orchestra and others. 9:00 P.M., Monday, CBS.

The Honeymooners—With Grace and Eddie Albert, 11:00 A.M., Tuesday and Saturday, NBC-WJZ.

Gordon, Dave and Bunny—(Oxol Co.) 5:45 P.M., Monday and Wednesday, CBS.

Al Llewelyn and Brad Browne—(Tastyeast, Inc.) 7:30 P.M., NBC-WEAF.

Mystery Sketches

Eno Crime Club—Edward Reese and John MacBryde. (Harold S. Richie Co.) 8:00 P.M., Tuesday and Wednesday, NBC-WJZ.

Featured Singers

Irene Beasley—(F. W. Fitch Co.) 7:45 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WEAF. (Please turn to page 62)

BIRTHDAY GREETINGS



WHY NOT SEND

TO YOUR FAVORITES?

William Daly	Sept. 2	Guy Bates Post	Sept. 22
Dave Rubinoff	Sept. 3	Vaughn de Leath	Sept. 26
Emery Deutsch	Sept. 10	Phil Cook	Sept. 27
James Wallington	Sept. 15	Boake Carter	Sept. 28
Mary Charles	Sept. 17	Pedro de Cordoba	Sept. 28

Sylvia Froos **PREDICTS**

A definite trend in color and style of smart accessories for early Fall



■ Sylvia Froos, popular radio star, wears this smart turquoise hat of antique velvet velour from Tappé Inc., and a beautifully tailored Sudanette blouse also of blue, with a simple, dark, early fall suit.



■ A Tappé sports hat of brown circus felt with a hand manipulated double flap crown and a slightly profiled brim is selected by Miss Froos to wear with a dark brown suit and an apricot ribbed celanese tailored blouse.

■ Because of the detail in line this black antelope felt hat from Tappé Inc., worn by Miss Froos, is made without any trimming whatsoever. The jabot profile is a definite expression of the new trend for the autumn season.



■ The four-eyelet oxfords and envelope bag are perfect accessories for fall suits. The shoes are kid and may be had in black or brown. They feature the rounded toe which is very flattering to the foot and ankle. The bag is made of heavy leather and has a simply designed metal clasp. Shoes and bag from Ansonia.



Photographs by
BARNABA STUDIOS

Blouses Courtesy of
SIDNEY HELLER

Microphonies

(Continued from page 39)

10:30-11:00—Indoor Sports

GET READY FOR THE THIRD AND FINAL EXERCISE. WE ARE NOW SWAYING AROUND THE ROOM.

(PIANO PLAYS MEXICAN POPULAR SONG—"YES, WE HAVE NO MANANAS.")

THAT'S IT, KEEP ON SWAYING AND KEEP TIME WITH THE ROOM. READY NOW—TENSE ANY MUSCLES THAT YOU MAY HAVE.

STOP THE WAVERING SLOWLY AND LEAN TOWARD THE BED. SMILE KINDLY SO IT WON'T BE FRIGHTENED—MORE—MORE—NOW READY TO FALL ON IT. 1—2—3!

(CRASH)

GOOD! NOW KEEP YOUR POSITIONS JUST AS YOU ARE. CLOSE BOTH EYES. NOW OPEN THE MOUTH WIDE . . . WIDER . . . INHALE . . . EXHALE. NOW CLOSE THE MOUTH. DON'T OPEN IT AGAIN. KEEP IT CLOSED FOR THE NEXT FOURTEEN HOURS. THEN WHEN YOU WAKE UP WRITE TO US IN CARE OF THIS STATION AND WE'LL TELL YOU WHAT HAS BEEN HAPPENING—GOOD MORNING!

8:15-9:00—For Ladies Only

This month I am answering a whimsical little letter from Mrs. Pearl Button of Oshkosh. Mrs. Button is evidently in a hole, as she asks me to answer this question—"How to serve prunes."

Dear Mrs. Button—I'm not sure whether you wish to serve prunes which are in a dish or those who are seated at the table. I assume you mean the former, so I shall try to follow the spirit of your inquiry instead of the latter.

Now there are two problems to solve when solving prunes. I should say to solve when serving prunes. The first is that too often the little prunewoonies get all wrinkled up and shrunken, instead of nice and fat and plump. The second is that a dish of prunes looks terribly unattractive after the prunes have been served.

Now I am going to kill two prunes with one stone, as it were, because I am going to solve *both* problems with one device. And here's the way I shall solve it. For each prune to be put in the serving dish, take one little toy balloon. Inflate each balloon, then attach a balloon to each prune. Before serving, carefully squeeze each balloon, thus forcing the air out of the balloon into the prune. This will make the prunes blow up and look very plump. That, you see, solves the first problem. Now here is what is going to solve the second and make the table, oh so attractive. As the prunes are served, do not use a serving spoon, but very daintily take the prune between the thumb and forefinger, and squeeze the air back into the balloons! Do you see? As the prunes are used, the place of each is taken by a nice brightly colored balloon, and as the last prune is lifted out a dish full of gay colors greets your eye instead of muddy waters.

Isn't that lovely? I have another little thought for next month which is just as interesting as this one.

Now don't be too impatient, please.

I CAN'T USE NAMES, BUT HERE'S ONE THAT GAVE SOME OF THE BOYS AND GIRLS IN THE RADIO DEPARTMENT OF ONE OF THE GREAT BIG ADVERTISING AGENCIES A LAUGH THE OTHER DAY. THEY WERE ALL INSTRUCTED TO THINK UP PROGRAM IDEAS FOR—LET'S CALL IT—"OLD GRAY MARE MAYONNAISE—THE SALAD DRESSING WITH A KICK." THEREUPON THEY ALL WENT BACK TO THEIR CUBICLES AND GOT TO WORK. NOW YOU KNOW, IN THOSE BIG AGENCIES, ALL THE FELLOW-WORKERS HAVE TO FILL OUT TIME SLIPS ON EACH ACCOUNT. AND THEY HAVE TO ACCOUNT FOR NOT ONLY HOURS, BUT HALVES AND QUARTERS. AFTER HOURS OF COGITATION, ONE OF THEM—A WOMAN—GOT DESPERATE ABOUT THESE TIME SLIPS AND PUT DOWN—"2¼ HOURS THINKING—OLD GRAY MAYONNAISE. ONE-QUARTER HOUR STOPPING THINKING—OLD GRAY MAYONNAISE." SHE DARN NEAR GOT FIRED.

12:00-12:30—Lecture—The History of Radio

I find the first mention of radio in history during the battle between the Constitution and the Guerriere, when the American Commander shouted, "Every man to his station."

Some years after this, about 1835, a Yankee by the name of J. Phineas Tidbit, who lived in Massachusetts (although he paid alimony in New Jersey), erected a broadcasting station in the hoopskirts of Boston. Think of this, a broadcasting station in 1835. The radio, however, had not yet been invented, so the project fell through.

In 1875 the first great step toward radio was made. The President at Washington gave a reception to his Cabinet and the Speaker of the House.

Speaking of Radio—

The Bobby Benson series has been signed for another year. . . . Walter G. Haenschel (you know him as Gus, master of music on the Showboat hour) was graduated from the Washington University, St. Louis, in 1914 with the degree of Bachelor of Science. . . . The Boswell Sisters left the Columbia airwaves on June 8th. . . . They've moved to NBC. . . . Co'onel Lemuel Q. Stoopnagle calls himself Public Heckler No. 1. . . . Arlene Jackson is only four feet eleven. . . . "After conquering the old mike," said Max Baer, new heavyweight champion, before he met Primo. "I feel that guy Carnera is going to be a pushover!" And was Max right! . . . Ted Husing has had a race horse and a Pullman car named after him. . . . The Pullman is more successful in covering distance. . . . Richard Humber, the orchestra leader, was born in Newark, N. J., in 1906 and made his public debut at 14 as violin soloist at a local high school.

This gave us three important parts of radio—reception, the cabinet, and the speaker.

On a September evening in 1901 Eustace T. Winterbottom, the man who discovered fly paper (after a famous detective had given him the glue) suddenly conceived an idea. It was to send voices over the air! Hastily seizing a pencil and a piece of drafting paper he sat down at his desk. Unfortunately there was no chair there—he was thrown back upon his own resources and was laid up for several months.

In 1914, when the War began, an unconscious contribution to the science of radio was made by the British army, which equipped its soldiers with khaki breeches and tunics. It was Summer and the men took off their tunics to keep cool. They would crowd around the army radio headquarters to watch the Morse operators at work and they would use their tunics for tunic-in on the radio.

From then on radio became simple. It is still simple. And today there is practically no American home which does not have its own radio set with a little switch on the side to turn off radio programs.

2:00-2:45—Statistics Report

THEN THERE WAS A RECENT BIG TIME BROADCAST WHICH HAD A DRESS REHEARSAL JUST BEFORE THE PROGRAM WENT ON THE AIR. THE WOMEN WERE IN LOW CUT EVENING DRESSES AND ALL THE MEN WORE FULL DRESS WITH TAILS. SUDDENLY CAME A GREAT RUSHING AROUND IN THE CONTROL ROOM. THERE WAS AN UNEXPLAINED CRACKLING NOISE IN THE MICROPHONES WHICH THE ENGINEERS COULDN'T EXPLAIN, AND THE PROGRAM WAS TO BE ON THE AIR IN FIVE MINUTES! AND THEN A BRIGHT YOUNG MAN HAD AN IDEA. HE LISTENED—AND THE SECRET WAS SOLVED.

THE CREAKING AND CRACKLING OF FIVE STIFF WHITE SHIRT FRONTS WAS MAKING THE STATIC! AND SO WITH ONLY A FEW SECONDS TO SPARE, THE FIVE TOOK OFF THEIR SHIRTS AND APPEARED BEFORE THE STUDIO AUDIENCE IN THEIR B.V.D.'S AT LEAST IF THEY HAD, IT WOULD HAVE MADE A SWELL STORY.

3:30-4:00—Poetry Hour

This delightful little poem was recently read over the air by Miss Eugenia Skidmore on the Ye Happy Sunshine Hour for Shut-ins. It breathes the spirit of the New Deal throughout—or something.

LIFE IS A FLAT TIRE

LIFE IS ENIGMATIC,
LIKE TIRES ARE PNEUMATIC;
LIFE IS FULL OF DIRE,
LIFE IS A FLAT TIRE.

(Please turn to page 62)

The Heart Disease Paradox

In this country more cases of heart disease are being prevented each year —yet more deaths are charged to the heart than ever before.

DESPITE seeming contradiction, those are the facts. Better protection of children against diseases which are often followed by heart trouble means that fewer young hearts are being exposed to injury. Better treatment of hearts temporarily damaged by the “poisons” of acute infections often prevents such damage from becoming permanent. Better control of venereal and other diseases that damage hearts has been another important factor in reducing the deathrate from heart disease at all ages up to 45 years.

* * * * *

You can help to prevent heart disease in your home by having your children immunized against diphtheria and by protecting them, so far as possible, against other heart damaging diseases, such as sore throats, repeated colds, acute rheumatic fever, scarlet fever, measles and typhoid fever.

Should they have any of these diseases, see that your doctor's orders are strictly obeyed, so that injured hearts may not result. Especially follow his instructions as to how long the child is to be kept in bed. Rest is an important part of the treatment for “poisoned” hearts during and following any acute infection.

Annual health examinations offer a further
Send for Metropolitan's free booklet “Give Your Heart a Chance.” Address Booklet Dept. 934-B.

opportunity to control heart disease. In middle-aged people heart disease frequently results from chronic or focal infections in teeth, tonsils, sinuses or in other parts of the body.

When advisable, your doctor may employ the fluoroscope and electrocardiograph to determine the condition of your heart. He can see whether or not it is showing the effects of wear and tear long before it actually breaks down. If necessary, your doctor will advise changes in habits of work and rest, food and drink, or the correction of impairments.

Far from being cause for alarm, the mounting deathrate from heart disease at the older ages is encouraging evidence that needless deaths in childhood, youth and middle age are being prevented. Many of the deaths of older people ascribed to heart disease are really due to heart failure—just the natural, peaceful ending of a long life.

* * * * *

More than half the readers of this page, who are about 35 years old, will pass the age of 70; and one out of five will outlive fourscore years. Many a man is adding years to his life and is enjoying what is literally a new lease of life by taking care of his heart and by making intelligent changes in his living habits.



METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT

ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

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Radio's Favorite Snack

PICKING out stars in Hollywood—at the Brown Derby, at Sardi's, at Levy's and the rest—is comparatively easy, because in the very nature of things stars are known by sight. But with radio people, lunching or dining or dropping in for a late breakfast or a mid-afternoon snack in Radio City, it's different. Because, unless you know them personally, or have studied their photographs with unusual care, you don't know them by sight. If they sang or crooned or warbled as they ate, it would be different.

Besides, radio stars constitute only a small proportion of the frequenters of the main dining room, the tea room or the grill of the Gateway Restaurant in Rockefeller Center. To all intents and purposes it is just like any other place to get first-class food and drink in the big city. You are not looking for stars, as you would be at the Brown Derby, and so Rudy Vallee may be sitting with his friends at the next table, or Ed Wynn might be enjoying corned beef hash at another table, and no one would be the wiser, save the waiter.

Radio stars enjoy good food as much as anyone else, this waiter would tell you, and perhaps, being artists they are a little more willing to express their appreciation than most folk. When they are in a hurry, they will take the regular table d'hote dinner or luncheon. But when they have more time to pick and choose they will order some of their favorite specialties on the a la carte service, such as Gateway Special, grilled sweetbreads with ham on toast, Julienne potatoes and cauliflower.

They go for sea food in a big way, these radio stars, and during summer months there are always hurried orders for bouillabaisse-Marseilles, Maine lobster stew, Lobster a la Newburg, Uncle Clem's clam hash. But with the passing of August you'll be seeing Gladys Swarthout and Frank Chapman or any of a dozen other stars in the N.B.C. firmament, sitting at the Gateway Oyster Bar or at one of the side tables, enjoying Blue Points, or an oyster stew.



Oyster cocktail is always popular at the Gateway.

Gladys Swarthout and her husband choose oysters at the Gateway Bar

By
RITA CALHOUN



Small oysters wrapped in crisp bacon make delicious appetizers.

William Haussler



A seafood luncheon is being thoroughly enjoyed by Gladys Swarthout, popular radio singer, and her husband Frank Chapman at the Gateway Restaurant in Radio City.

"Their Skin is 10 years younger than their Age"

Dermatologists examine skin of noted beauties

Find it free from skin faults usual at their age



Mrs. Robert McAdoo

"Mrs. McAdoo's skin has the fresh appearance of a skin in the twenties. There are no noticeably large pores, wrinkles or disfiguring marks."—*Dermatologist's report.*
Mrs. McAdoo says: "I use Pond's Cold Cream night and morning and several times during the day."



Lady Smiley

"Lady Smiley's skin has the bloom of a girl in her teens. Circulation very good. No blemishes."—*Landon Physician's report.*
Lady Smiley says: "Pond's Cold Cream keeps my skin clean and soft—prepares it for powder." (Note: Pond's is the largest selling Cold Cream in England.)



Mrs. Adolph Spreckels, Jr.

"Mrs. Spreckels has a perfect skin, younger than her age. Texture fine, tone excellent. No blackheads."—*Dermatologist's report.*

Mrs. Spreckels says: "Two years ago I began using Pond's. My skin began to get smoother. Lines left, never came back."

DERMATOLOGISTS judge the age of your skin by certain definite points.

Loss of tone . . . impaired vasomotor circulation . . . development of wrinkles . . . loss of natural skin oils.

From 16 to 20, a woman's skin literally "blooms." Its texture is satiny . . . the color glows. The skin is firm—unlined.

From twenty on, the fight to keep a youthful appearance begins. Deep down in your skin thousands of tiny oil glands are beginning to function less and less.

Then the skin shrinks! Gets harsh-lined.

Replace natural oils . . . this way

The only way to check these faults is to replace those failing oils!

That is what Pond's Cold Cream does!

It contains the purest of specially processed oils that sink into the skin . . . stir up the deep skin to vigorous action. Revitalize it. Liven up the circulation. Erase lines that are threatening to crease into wrinkles.

That is the reason the women who use Pond's have skin that appears a full ten years younger, or more, than their actual age.

Today—1 out of every 5 women whose cream uses Pond's—though there are over a thousand creams!



Deep-penetrating, Specially Processed Oils in this Cream keep skin Young—soft—wrinkle-free

CORRECTS THESE SKIN FAULTS

in 20's



Roughness Blackheads Dryness and large pores



Laughter lines Little blemishes

FIGHTS OFF THESE AGE SIGNS

after 30



Crepey skin Worry lines Sallowness



Sagging tissues Discolorations

Pond's is a superb cleanser and much more than a cleanser. Use it night and morning for pore-deep cleansing, for softening, for tissue stimulation—always before applying make-up. Pond's Cold Cream serves every complexion need.

Pond's also makes Pond's Liquefying Cream, a new quicker melting cream that melts the instant it touches the skin. Not only

Pond's Cold Cream cleanses. Corrects skin faults. Used by 1 out of every 5 women who use cream. Pond's Liquefying Cream serves the same purposes—is quicker melting. Cleanses and beautifies.

is this new cream a thorough cleanser, but it contains the same specially processed oils as the famous Pond's Cold Cream.

Give it a 3-day trial . . . Tear out the coupon below this very day and send with 10¢ for a liberal supply of this youth-sustaining cream with samples of three other beauty aids.

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. J
48 Hudson Street, New York City . . . I enclose 10¢ (to cover postage and packing) for a three days' supply of Pond's Cold Cream with samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and special boxes of Pond's Face Powder.

I prefer 3 different Light shades of powder
I prefer 3 different Dark shades

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

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Listen, Graham!

(Continued from page 34)

drums is based not so much on knowing the exact position of contestants as in the ability of the commentator to convey the spirit of the contest, to make the listener "see" it in all its breath-taking thrills. And McNamee has that all-vital vocal lift which is so essential to effective sports reporting. He has natural enthusiasm, youthful eagerness. They are reflected in his voice on the air.

He represents, too, the viewpoint, the philosophy of the average man. He puts himself in the average man's place because, microphonically, he is the average man.

"When the average man," he says, "goes to a ball game or a fight he wants to get excited. He'll miss half the blows that are struck in the ring but not one that's struck in the crowd. The sight of a pop bottle hurtling through the air is worth the price of admission—all good Americans naturally hate the umpire. These are the things I try to get into a broadcast. I think they're what the average man sees at the game."

McNamee admits he misses a lot of the details in his ringside descriptions, but he believes he has a good explanation. Words can't move as fast as fists. He knows the blows in fighting, knows—he'll have you know—a left hook from a right cross.

"But I don't think that makes an awful lot of difference to the great air audience," he adds. "It's my opinion that the audience often doesn't know or doesn't care what a left hook or in-fighting is. The listener wants a dramatic picture of the scene, he wants to follow the progress of the fight. I try to get him the information as fast as I can and I get excited like anyone else while I'm doing it."

In addition to his heaven-sent gift of enthusiasm, McNamee has one special quality to keep in mind. He must be impartial. His job depends upon fairness, a refusal to regard a contestant as friend or enemy.

The millions listening in the armchairs are divided more or less equally in their allegiance between the two contestants. The commentator is seeing the struggle through the listener's eyes, and he must see the fight absolutely impartially because he is seeing it for both groups of listeners.

The business of keeping a running story of a fight or a football game going through the ether is one also that requires a good deal of physical strength. A gift of gab becomes a drawback if words become halting and repetitious. Thus there is a nervous strain of keeping continuously fresh. After every big broadcast McNamee feels, he said, "as though I were the one taking the beating."

"PUT yourself in my place," he declared. "We're at the second Tunney-Dempsey fight in Chicago a few years back. . . . The biggest crowd that ever saw a fight. . . . Men fighting for a million dollars. . . . The champ and the challenger are in there fighting away, punching so fast your eye can't follow. . . . Tell that to the radio audience but tell 'em about every punch, too. . . . Tunney's down. . . . The crowd is stark, raving mad, but you've got to

keep your voice down so the millions of listeners can understand you. . . . It's a tough job."

Or there is a football game with its agonizing moments—agonizing for both announcer and armchair.

"The Red team is up against its own goal line. The Blue team has marched steadily down the field, reeling off big gains. . . . Third yard and two yards to go. . . . The ball snaps back, a few gestures with it to bewilder the Red players and then a plunging mass of arms and legs. . . . The ball is nowhere in sight. . . . Is it a touchdown? . . . Or did they fall just short of that last white stripe?"

"I have to tell the listeners about it. Fans are groaning over the delay. You can almost hear them screaming at you, 'Come on, what happened?' Those are the seconds that are years long for an announcer. You appreciate the impatience of the listeners, but you can't do anything about it until you see what's happened. Maybe five or six seconds go by before you can tell them about the play. To me it seems like five or six minutes, and to the average listener I suppose it seems like five or six hours."

Graham McNamee likes his job. It is, incidentally, one of those rare jobs that combines immense pleasure and large remuneration. I don't suppose

he would trade it for any other job in the world. A hundred football games, more than forty world series games, a score of championship fights, a half dozen regattas and a host of other special and sporting events in various parts of the country have left him still happy and rarin' to go.

NOT so long ago he became in addition to his sports reporting, the prize stooge of the studios, the perfect "yes man." Playing straight to Ed Wynn's oafish comedy, he has become the one celebrity in these United States who is known by his first name. Sports may have established his reputation, but stooging is keeping it going between rounds. Meanwhile, babies are being named for him—especially those that broadcast at night. Does he mind? He does not. He has an answer. "My friend, Milt Cross, is namesake for a Pennsylvania mule and Alois Havrilla is the name of a racehorse which has never won a race. I can stand to have a baby or two named Graham." All he hopes is that they don't grow up to be palookas.

It is a pretty well known fact that McNamee began his professional career as a church baritone. That his voice was above the average is attested by the fact that he made a successful concert tour of the easy-sneering East. Yet, the booking agents set up no clamor for his services.

But just around the corner opportunity was waiting. Opportunity led him one Spring to the door of the American Telephone and Telegraph Building on lower Broadway, on which a brass plate read "Station WEAJ." He went inside, applied for and obtained a job as announcer. He thought it would tide him over until the Fall warbling season began. Between announcing he filled in as baritone soloist.

When Fall came McNamee stayed on. His big sports reporting chance came in the following Summer. He was assigned to describe the Greb-Wilson middle-weight championship bout. His broadcast was a hit. So vivid was his story, so full of human interest detail that thousands of letters poured in from listeners. His place in the radio world of sports was set over night. A few weeks later he took over the description of the World Series in the second game because listeners complained that the sports writer who was doing it mumbled too much. McNamee didn't mumble. After the series he jumped around the East covering football games.

YET it was not in sports that he first acquired a nation-wide reputation. The Democratic National shindig in Madison Square Garden in 1924 accomplished that for him. The convention dragged on, you'll recall, for days and days, and McNamee had to stay in his booth, had to keep gabbing, had to tell a weary world that Alabama was still chalking up "twenty-four votes for Underwood."

A history of the last ten years can be embraced in the list of the special events McNamee has covered for the armchairs—Presidential inaugurations, New York's welcome to Lindbergh, Byrd, Chamberlain, Earhart—gridiron battles, Kentucky Derbies, this and

(Please turn to page 83)

Things You'll Want to Know About Radio Folk

Gertrude Niesen is on a vaudeville tour that will carry her through the month of August. . . . The Voice of Experience recently purchased a block of 27 lots at Atlantic Beach. . . . Late in June Paul Whiteman played a concerto, "Pearls on Velvet," by Victor Young for the first time on the air or otherwise. . . . Young is the conductor of those Chevrolet programs. . . . On June 21st Whiteman featured May Singhi Breen and Peter de Rose in a birthday broadcast, celebrating their eleventh anniversary on the air. . . . During this time Miss Breen and Mr. de Rose have been off the air just two weeks (for marriage and a honeymoon) and they have broadcast more than 2,000 times. . . . Ed Wynn's son, Keenan, is studying to be a mechanical engineer. . . . Fancy that, Graham! . . . Priscilla Lane, the petite warbler of Fred Waring's broadcasts, weighed twelve pounds when she was born. . . . Columbia's youngest announcer is Bert Parks, age 19. . . . Everett Marshall won a \$500 prize in the Irish Sweepstakes. . . . Lanny Ross went back to his alma mater, Yale, in June to participate in the commencement week events. . . . Lanny appeared in a presentation of Shakespeare's "Two Gentlemen of Verona," playing Valentine and singing "Who Is Sylvia?" . . . The remainder of the cast were undergraduates. . . . Ross also appeared as a guest singer with the Yale Glee Club. . . . For three years Ross was a member of this group when he was a student at New Haven.

"DICK, DON'T YOU LOVE ME ANY MORE?"



ROMANCE WAS WANING, UNTIL

His side of it—



"Helen was always exquisitely dainty when we went to a party. And, boy, was I proud of her—



but at home—well, she certainly was different. I tried to speak to her about it, but shucks,



a man can't tell his wife just how she's offending. But her sister must have guessed what was wrong.



Anyway she fixed things up while she was here on a visit. And now Helen is the daintiest girl in the world—always!"

Her side of it—



"I was so happy with Dick—our own little home. But gradually his attitude changed. I thought my heart would break the day he turned away when I said, 'Don't you love me any more?'



I cried about it when I told my sister. 'But, darling,' Anne said, 'perhaps you're to blame. The least little hint of perspiration odor in underthings kills romance—



and with Lux it's so easy to avoid offending.' Now I Lux underthings after each wearing . . . And I'm so happy—Dick has fallen in love with me all over again."

Don't Risk Happiness—

Perspiration odor clings to underthings. Avoid offending this easy 4-minute way . . .

Romance can't survive this unforgivable fault—don't take chances! Luxing underthings each night banishes every hint of perspiration odor, and it keeps colors lovely as new.

Lux has no harmful alkali as ordinary soaps often have, and there's no cake-soap rubbing to weaken fabrics, fade colors. Safe in water, safe in Lux!



—for underthings *Removes perspiration odor—Saves colors*



A Cook's Tour of Sleepless Hollow

(Continued from page 17)



Above, Joe Cook's trophy room, showing the prize collection hanging from the ceiling; left, "Schultz's," in Joe's garage, where the comedian keeps his splendid collection of steins; lower left, Joe's private theater, which seats seven and has a royal box.



family for generations—impossible to replace." He motions you to another.

This next may turn into a chute the chutes, propelling you again to the floor, or it may be seized with a violent fit and throw you like a bucking horse. By this time you decide it is safer and more comfortable to remain standing.

Then at this zero hour when you are about to turn and flee for the door, Wellington suddenly appears, staggering under a huge silver lighthouse. This beacon of hope turns out to be a cocktail shaker.

The next half hour is given over to being revived and refreshed. But little do you suspect that you are being prepared for further ordeals, like a lamb for the slaughter.

The host finally suggests that he has everything in the way of outdoor sports for those who wish to try them. A game of golf perhaps? A round of tennis? Or a little fishing in the lake?

It does not matter which you choose. You are in for it in any event.

Suppose you elect to play golf. Up among the hil-

locks across the road, you will find your clubs all laid out for you. You will even discover that each bag is equipped with a tube of Colgate's toothpaste—in case you get caught in a bunker over night.

Then just as you are about to praise your host's thoughtfulness, alas, you find that there are no golf balls. As you look about you in perplexity your eye suddenly lights upon a botanical monstrosity. It is a golf tree and it appears at first that golf balls are growing there in abundance, although closer inspection will reveal that they have been cleverly wired on. You must be careful not to pick the green ones, though. They are small and stunted and rather too hard.

By this time, Wellington, who is to act as your caddy, will have come on the scene, insistent that you see the view from the water tower. Out of good manners you follow him, albeit somewhat petulantly, because you had thought you were going to play golf.

YOU arrive at the top red-faced and out of breath after your climb, whereupon Wellington, throwing out his arm like Balboa gesturing toward the Pacific, cries:

"Yonder lies the first green."

And you are on the Number One tee. Driving from the top of a water tower has its difficulties, such as maintaining your balance. But eventually you have done it, only to see your ball go dribbling down the slope far past the green.

The second hole is only slightly worse. Here you find the green entirely surrounded by a deep stone moat. You will get to know this moat well. In fact, you may run across someone who has been there for days. Then you will be thankful for the toothpaste and wish a ham sandwich had been thrown in.

The third hole requires nothing more difficult than driving through a sewer pipe placed horizontally in the side of a hill. On the next you play in sand traps all the way. There is no fairway to speak of.

By the time you have reached the ninth hole you will be reduced to a gibbering maniac, ready to commit mayhem and go right back to the city.

But on the ninth hole you see that the green is within easy reach and you take (Please turn to page 85)



COATED TONGUE

"Her breath was bad, too," states Dr. Eckhart, "and her digestion very poor . . ."



HEADACHES

"She was high-strung and nervous. Was also growing weaker and weaker . . ."



CONSTIPATION

"... the intestines felt limp, worn out. Poisons seeped through her body."



DR. ECKHART heads a very famous clinic in Vienna's chief free hospital; is a leading member of the Vienna Society of Internal Specialists.

"Harsh Laxatives had weakened her... dangerously"

states DR. FRIEDRICH ECKHART, noted Vienna clinic head

Do you have any of the symptoms illustrated above? . . . If so, this "case history" can help you!

STUDY THE CASE that the famous Dr. Friedrich Eckhart describes. Then think of the troubles YOU have. Aren't they perhaps quite similar?

"M. J., a young woman of 26," reports Dr. Eckhart, "told me she had been subject for years to headaches, indigestion, biliousness.

"She avoided social activity. Her breath was bad. She was under weight. Had little strength. Harsh laxatives

had weakened her . . . *dangerously*.

"My examination showed that her stomach juices were flowing too slowly . . . that there was no healthy muscular reaction in her intestines . . . and that the young lady's system was filled with poisons.

"I instructed her to eat yeast three times a day before meals. A month of it gave remarkable results."

Thus her three chief troubles were corrected by *one* treatment!

You can get Fleischmann's



Eat 3 Cakes a Day

Yeast at grocers, restaurants, soda fountains. Rich in vitamins B, D and G. Start eating it tomorrow without fail! Then see how soon you feel better!

To benefit THOROUGHLY, eat it REGULARLY!

Don't expect troubles that come from years of neglect to be cured "overnight." Fleischmann's Yeast, remember, is a *food*—not a violent drug. Eat three cakes every day—for thirty days at least, or until you really *feel* well—and *look* well! It has proved of benefit to thousands.

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Uncle Sam's Listening Post

(Continued from page 15)

about 150 miles west of Omaha, know exactly what he is doing. The instant the station gets off its frequency a report goes to the Radio Commission and a carbon to the station.

Thus Uncle Sam now does the telling and with considerable assurance because the Monitoring station is not only the most complete and modern institution of its kind in the world but it has a higher degree of accuracy.

"THE accuracy of routine measurements at Grand Island is one part in a million," William D. Terrell, Chief, Division of Field Operations, who was one of the two first radio inspectors in the United States, declared. "If necessary, measurements can be made to an accuracy of one part in five million."

Because of this fact the Monitoring station serves as our observer as to whether or not foreign stations are keeping to the straight and narrow paths and are complying with the international radio treaties. Likewise the Nebraska station furnishes our evidence in the arbitration of radio disputes between this and other countries.

The listening range of the station is phenomenal. Radio stations heard and measured daily at Grand Island are located in Argentina, Austria, Australia, Brazil, Belgium, Canada, Chile, Cuba, Colombia, Costa Rica, China, Czecho-Slovakia, Dominican Republic, England, France, Egypt, Germany, Hawaii, Holland, Indo-China, Italy, Japan, Java, Madagascar, Morocco, Mexico, Norway, New Caledonia, New Zealand, Portugal, the Philippines, Panama, Persia, Russia, Spain, Syria, Venezuela, and other countries.

Doubtless the first question the man or woman using an ordinary radio set will ask, in connection with the marvelous sweep of the listening post is:

"What kind of receivers do they use that they are able to pick up stations in so many parts of the world?"

"The station employs specially built sets designed by the Westinghouse Company according to U. S. specifications," Mr. Terrell replies.

"For intercepting the signals of the transmitting stations," Benjamin Wolf, manager of the big station adds, "receivers of the superheterodyne type are used for all but the lowest frequency bands for which a tuned radio frequency receiver with three tuned and two untuned stages of amplification ahead of a regenerative detector is employed."

WHILE it is true, that the Grand Island equipment as Mr. Terrell says, is all made to order, I'll tell you a little secret. When you hear of the accurate work of the Federal radio supervisors in different parts of the country—policing the broadcasting channels, as it were—you doubtless imagine they must be equipped with specially built apparatus. The fact is that mostly they use standard superheterodyne sets, very likely the same as yours.

"What sort of antennas are employed at Grand Island?" the listener probably wants to know.

The Monitoring antenna system covers more than fifty acres and makes use of four high frequency multiple

doublets, five single doublets, four Beverage twin conductor broadcast band wave antennas, several simple antennas and one for frequencies as low as ten kilocycles. Standard inside loop systems are also available when necessary.

The doublet and Beverage wave type directional antennas are so located to deliver maximum reception service from the directions of most congested radio station locations. The Beverage broadcast band antennas are all normally directive southward and in different easterly directions but by manipulation of connections at both far and near terminals are made directive in the reverse or north and westerly directions. Some of the antennas are located over a city block from the receivers and one of the antennas is 1500 feet long, or more than a quarter of a mile.

PERHAPS the biggest surprise the layman gets at Grand Island is the squat appearance of these antennas. A popular conception of a great antenna tower is the massive steel structure at Arlington, or the Eiffel Tower, such as were thought necessary for long distance reception in the old days.

To the contrary the "towers" at Uncle Sam's No. 1 listening post have more the appearance of overgrown wooden telegraph poles. They look like the center poles of the main-tent at the Ringling-Barnum Circus before the canvas is hoisted.

I am told that the Radio Corporation at its receiving station for Marconi beam wireless on Long Island erected 300-foot steel towers but found that wooden poles sixty or ninety feet did the business just as well, or better, in fact, because the wooden poles did not absorb electricity as does steel.

Naturally the location of the Central Monitoring station in Nebraska was decided upon only after exhaustive tests and an extensive search. It was necessary that it should be near the geographic center of the country. This permitted a careful study of receiving conditions in Kansas and Iowa as well as Nebraska. This study covered all frequencies now in use in the radio spectrum, and as a basis for conclusion contained as subjects for investigation signal strengths, static levels, noise levels, fading possibilities, and the proximity of nearby radio stations which might cause interference. Finally the prize went to the level site six miles west of Grand Island. The flat prairie's making receiving conditions good from all directions was considered an important point, but oddly enough, atmospheric conditions were not a factor.

BESIDES its frequency checking operations of national and international stations, the Grand Island station also serves as a check over the other six secondary stations, installed at strategic points throughout the United States, Hingham, Mass., near Boston, Fort McHenry, (Baltimore), Atlanta, San Pedro, near Los Angeles, Portland, Oreg., and Great Lakes, Chicago.

These secondary stations may be cross-checked at any time with the Grand Island station, so that a maxi-

mum condition of accuracy pertains at all times. The frequency measuring facilities of the division of field operations therefore becomes a closely knit organization, capable of fast manipulation with accurate results.

In many cities throughout the United States, hundreds of miles from district headquarters and branch offices of the field division, are low powered radio transmitters, including local broadcasting stations of one hundred watts power and less, the operation of which can not be observed from the Central Frequency Monitoring Station or the secondary frequency monitoring stations.

Stations of this category are capable of creating considerable carrier interference over great distances despite the fact that the modulated carrier does not have sufficient range to permit identification at any of the division's fixed monitoring stations. Such stations when deviating from their assigned frequencies, are also potential sources of interference within their own range with stations operating on other channels.

TO provide supervisors of radio with the necessary equipment to check the frequency of such stations and to observe their operation, a mobile type frequency monitoring station has been developed for installation on radio test cars specially designed for this phase of regulation. They are smartly turned out automobile trucks stationed in Boston, San Francisco, Seattle, Chicago, and Detroit.

On these cars are carried field strength-measuring apparatus, and devices to be used in the inspection of radio stations and the examination of radio operators. They are, in fact, portable laboratories, which make regular trips throughout the various districts, making available for the use of radio inspectors, mobile radio receiving equipment and power checking apparatus. These radio test cars being required to travel great distances over all types of highways necessitated the use of strong, heavy type of automobile chassis and especially designed truck-type bodies in which the equipment, including heavy storage batteries, may be housed and operated.

The bodies are constructed of composition, the use of metal being prohibited by its shielding effect upon the operation of the equipment. The test cars, complete with equipment, weigh approximately, 7,000 pounds. Use is made of heavy springs and balloon-type tires to insure a minimum of shock to the delicate measuring equipment carried on the cars.

Government radio officials, in providing the highly accurate Central Frequency Monitoring Station, the several secondary monitoring stations, and the radio test cars, have provided a complete and modern system of observation and checking of radio station operation, which makes available all of the required facilities for solving the many theoretical and practical problems involved in the operation of more than 20,000 radio stations in the United States, which includes the 600 program broadcasting stations as well as the government and commercial radiotelegraph stations.

EXTRAORDINARY COLORS FOUND IN HUMAN SKIN MAKE POSSIBLE

Amazing New Powder Shades



Bright Blue
Leaf Green
HIDDEN IN THESE NEW SHADES
GIVE SKINS A FRESH YOUNG COLORING
NEVER OBTAINABLE BEFORE

Miss Dorothy Richards (center), dark, chic debutante, uses Rose Brunette. Miss Josephine Kidd, blonde, says: "Natural puts life into my skin."

YOU don't know about these extraordinary colors in your skin because the human eye cannot see them.

YOU don't . . . but this mathematically precise machine does.

It reads the colors that Nature cunningly conceals in skin . . . colors that make some skins clear, others pallid, still others florid.

For example: Bright blue gives to blonde skin an exquisite translucence. Leaf green gives brunettes that magnetic creamy bloom.

Immediately upon making this startling discovery, Pond's saw unique possibilities in analyzing human skin for colors actually in it.

Some two hundred girls' skins were examined by this machine—girls whose complexions varied all the way from pearly perfection to dull sallowness.

From these scientific findings Pond's originated six entirely new powder shades.



Made of the finest ingredients
ONLY 55¢
10¢
¼ the actual size

Shades that do more than match—they contribute needed tones—give a fresh quality that is young—appealing!

New shades flatter every type

NATURAL makes fair skin lighter, livelier.

ROSE CREAM, a triumph on most blondes—and many fair-skinned brunettes.

LIGHT CREAM flatters lily-pale blondes and creamy brunette skin.

BRUNETTE gives brilliance to brunette skins and flatters dark-skinned blondes.

ROSE BRUNETTE gives skin color and warmth—subdues sallowness.

DARK BRUNETTE glorifies sunburned skin.

Pond's Powder—enchantly perfumed—clings for hours. It is thriftily priced—a glass jar holding as much as many \$1.00 boxes is only 55¢ . . . the extra-big jar is \$1.10. Five-and-tens and variety stores carry 10¢ and 25¢ sizes.

*** Send 5¢ for two Special Boxes and an extra sample of Pond's Powder, three different shades, with directions for choosing your most flattering shade.**

See what a "lift" they give your complexion!

Pond's Extract Co., Dept. J, 92 Hudson St., New York

I enclose 5¢ (to cover cost of postage and packing) for Two Special Boxes of Pond's new Powder and an extra sample—three different shades in all.

I prefer 3 different Light shades
1 prefer 3 different Dark shades

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Copyright, 1934, Pond's Extract Company

It's hard to
outguess this
adaptable film . . . It
soaks up the sun's
brilliance . . . it
drinks in the dull
light of the shade
. . . works on days
when ordinary
films fail.



**HOW VERICHROME
DIFFERS FROM ORDINARY FILM**

1. Double-coated. Two layers of sensitive silver.
2. Highly color-sensitive.
3. Halation "fuzz" prevented by special backing on film.
4. Finer details in both high lights and shadows.
5. Translucent, instead of transparent.

Made by an exclusive process of
Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y.

**KODAK
VERICHROME
FILM**

Bad Boy Makes Good

(Continued from page 25)

"The principal who sent me away to that truant school," he told me, "I count as good a friend as I've ever known. He realized, undoubtedly, that no association I might make there could do me the harm I would be done if I continued with that teacher. He was astute enough to recognize that what previously had been mischief was turning—rapidly too—into the very malice of which I was accused."

Years later, incidentally, when Paul was playing "The Vagabond King" in Philadelphia that principal came backstage to see him, to tell him that he always had believed in him, and been sure that one day he would turn to music to find success and happiness.

During the musical assemblies that school held, you see, when visiting musicians came to entertain the pupils, Paul was seated prominently in the first row, together with the other pupils whose reputations recommended close surveillance. And on these occasions the principal had noticed that Paul was as docile as a lamb, that the throb of a violin or the lilt of a voice raised in song smoothed away the restlessness and rebellion which otherwise possessed him.

Paul's people wanted him to be a doctor. Paul wanted to be an architect.

"Being a doctor," he told me laughing, "would have meant a lot of Latin. That was enough to put the kibosh on it as far as I was concerned. Latin!"

He's tall, Paul Keast. With youth in his blue eyes. And enthusiasm in his speaking voice. A youth and enthusiasm beyond his twenty-nine years. Those early struggles and difficulties obviously did him no harm. Good metal does not crack in the fire.

Completing high school, unable to agree with his family about what he should do, Paul went to work in Strawbridge and Clothier's, a large department store. And because his grandfather, a member of the Oratorium Society himself, had seen to it that Paul had had voice instruction he soon was singing with the store band.

THEN, quite suddenly, Paul decided he wanted to dance.

It was as if, subconsciously, even at this time he was preparing for his real work. The logical way for a singer to start in the theater is via the chorus. And you can't get in a chorus unless you can dance.

Those who are fatalists will, of course, attribute a different reason to Paul joining that dancing class. For it was there, the very first night he went, that he met Marguerite Kovall.

Marguerite, tall and fair, was studying for the stage. That in itself would have intrigued Paul even if it hadn't been for other things. The way she moved her hands. The laughing warmth of her voice.

Paul was in love. Just like that! So, blessedly enough, was Marguerite. Both lived from one dancing class to the next. Both experienced the identical sinking sensations in the region of their hearts at the possibility of the other not attending the next class after all. As if either would have missed it!

Soon it proved too long, much, much too long, for them to wait from one week to another to see each other. There

were a number of dates between times. Life was exciting. Life was a little terrifying to.

At the store Paul made progress. He was over nine men in the collection department. And when their amateur production of Gilbert and Sullivan's "Pirates of Penzance" was cast he was given a small role.

This production played a week at the Academy of Music. Obscure as Paul's part was, that week changed his life. Behind the footlights, he was convinced, was where he belonged. To do anything else now did not seem worth while.

The Keasts, horrified, gave warning. If Paul went on the stage—you might have thought he was proposing to enter upon a life of burglary—they washed their hands of him. They were shocked to the very bottom of their individual Evangelical Lutheran hearts.

Only Marguerite understood. She bade him go. She would wait, she promised. He must be happy first if they were to be happy together later on.

IT was May when Paul arrived in New York. Which shows how little he knew of the show business. In those days, even less casting was done in the Summer. And from May until September is a long while to live on twenty dollars which was all Paul possessed in the world.

"I allowed myself ten cents a day for food," he told me. "And when I discovered a restaurant where they gave you a roll with your bowl of soup I used to walk thirty blocks there and thirty blocks back for my dinner."

"Once in a while I would make seven-fifty posing for photographs. But it never represented affluence since I never knew how far it might have to stretch."

"The family remained disapproving, except that disapproving is much too mild a term. They would send me money if I would return home and mend my ways. But not one cent to remain in New York looking for work in the theater."

He smiled reminiscently, "It was pretty bad."

It was when Paul felt he must be at rock bottom, when he didn't see how things could get any worse that they proceeded to get very much worse indeed.

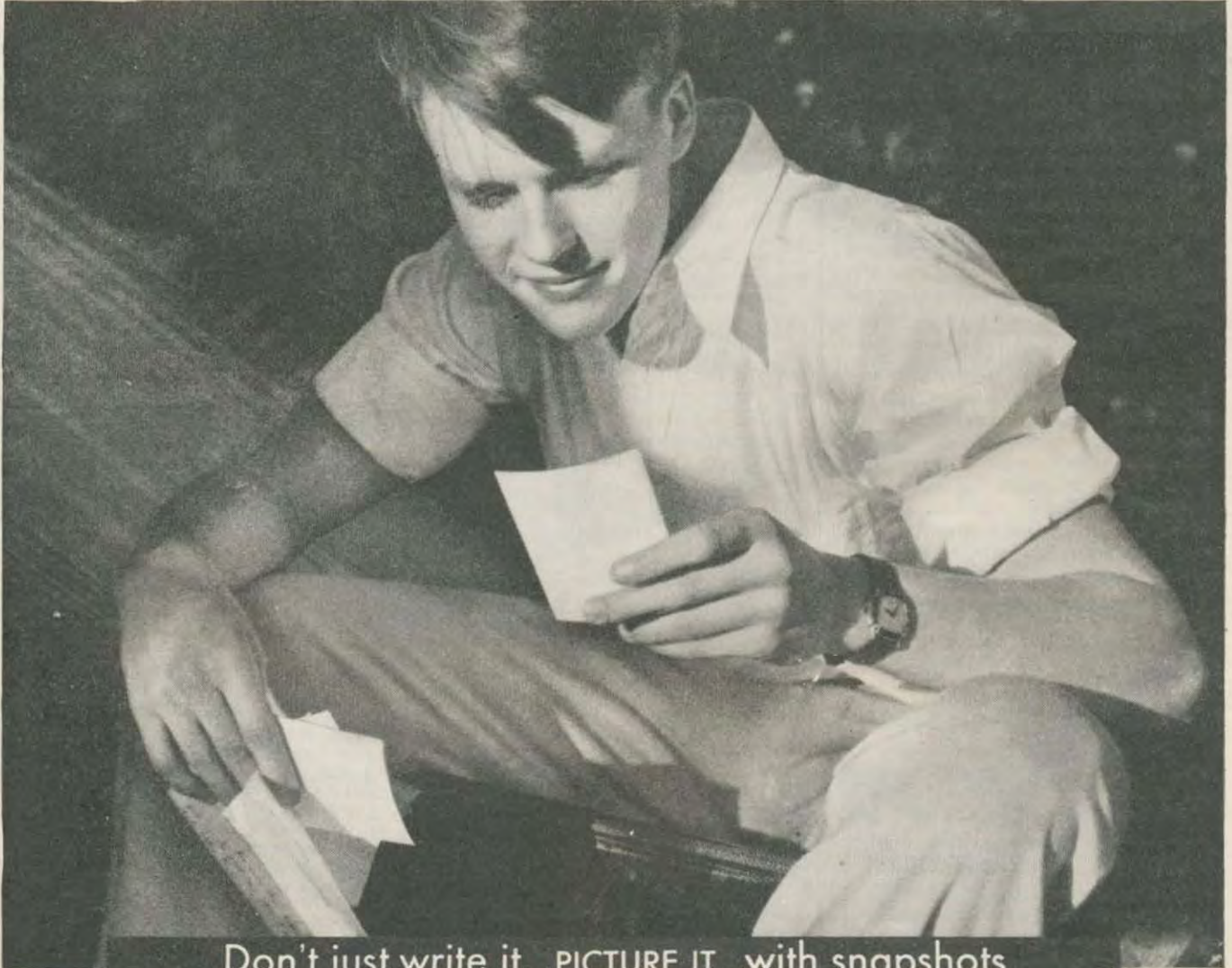
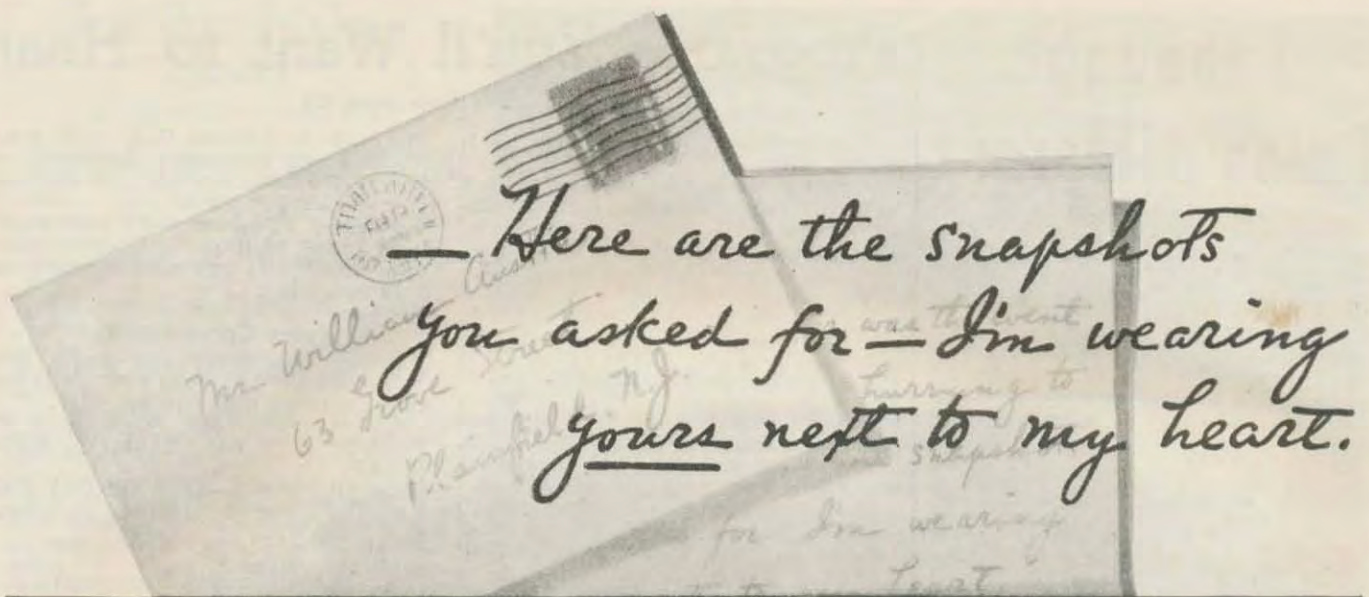
The manager of the miserable side-street hotel in which he lived informed him if he did not pay the thirty-three dollars he was in arrears that he would be turned over to the police. He was given three days' grace. Uselessly enough, he felt. It might as well have been thirty-three thousand dollars he had to raise for all the chance he had of raising it.

He wrote Marguerite. On hotel stationery. That cost nothing. Even on the other side of eternity he pledged his love.

Then he turned thief! Penniless, he stole the stamp he put on her letter. It might, he thought, be the last letter he ever would write to her or anyone else.

His pride made it impossible for him to return home. A failure. Proof of all the grim prophesies his family had indulged in when he had turned to the theater.

(Please turn to page 63)



Don't just write it—PICTURE IT—with snapshots

The day takes on a new glow—here's a letter! With snapshots of the one and only girl. The wonderful, wonderful girl . . . How important it is that snapshots can be taken, and sent speeding to their destinations, to make a young man's heart tremble and pound . . . So anything that improves snapshots is important, too. They've become much better since Kodak Verichrome Film came along. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, New York.

I thought I was different



I know better now!

"THIS is a hurly burly world—rushing around—gulping down food—staying up late—no time for exercise.

"So it isn't strange that, like a lot of us, I had to take a laxative now and then.

"And when that happened I used to go to the medicine cabinet and get the bottle of 'strong stuff' I had been using for years.

A Midnight Dilemma

"This time the bottle was empty—and next to it was a little blue box with the word 'Ex-Lax' on it. I knew Ex-Lax. It was that little chocolate tablet my children always take, which I thought is good for children only.

"But it was after midnight and the stores closed, so I said to myself 'I'll try this Ex-Lax tonight—maybe it'll work on me, too.'

I Make a Discovery!

"Next morning I learned that Ex-Lax was just as effective for me as the strong, nasty stuff I had been using for years—that a laxative didn't have to be unpleasant and violent to be effective.

"So I say to you: If you think you are different, try Ex-Lax tonight! A box of six tablets is only a dime, and I'm sure you'll be as pleased with it as I am."

WATCH OUT FOR IMITATIONS!

Ex-Lax has stood the test of time. It has been America's favorite laxative for 28 years. Look for the genuine Ex-Lax—spelled E-X-L-A-X. 10c and 25c. At all druggists.

Keep "regular" with

NON HABIT-FORMING
EX-LAX
THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

Programs You'll Want to Hear

(Continued from page 48)

Charles Carlile, tenor, 6:30 P.M., Saturday, CBS.

Frank Crumit and Julia Sanderson—(Bond Bread Co.) 5:30 P.M., Sunday, CBS.

Mario Cozzi, baritone, 7:45 P.M., Monday, and 10:15 P.M., Friday, NBC-WJZ.

Yascha Davidoff, baritone, 6:30 P.M., Wednesday, NBC-WEAF.

Doris Doe, accompanied by NBC Symphony Orchestra, 10:30 P.M., Friday, NBC-WJZ.

Mary Eastman, accompanied by concert orchestra, 8:00 P.M., Friday, CBS.

Evan Evans, baritone, with concert orchestra, 8:00 P.M., Thursday, CBS.

Sylvia Froos, blues singer, 11:00 P.M., Saturday, CBS.

Grace Hayes—7:45 P.M., Tuesday and Wednesday, NBC-WJZ.

Ralph Kirberry, the dream singer, 9:45 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WJZ; also 12 midnight, Thursday and Friday, NBC-WEAF.

Maxine, with Paul Spitalny's Ensemble. (Cheramy, Inc.) 8:00 P.M., Wednesday, CBS.

Household Hints

Cooking Close-ups—Mary Ellis Ames, home economist. (Pillsbury Flour Co.) 11:00 A.M., Wednesday and Friday, CBS.

Mystery Chef—(R. B. Davis Co.) 9:45 A.M., Tuesday and Thursday, CBS.

Ida Bailey Allen—10:15 A.M., Thursday, CBS.

Inspirational Programs

Cheerio—8:30 A.M., daily except Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

Choosing a Career—Noted leaders in industry and professions interviewed by college graduates, 7:30 P.M., NBC-WEAF.

Looking at Life—Roy Helton, 9:30 P.M., Wednesday, CBS.

Tony Wons—With Keenan and Phil-

lips. (S. C. Johnson Co.) 1:45 P.M., Tuesday and Thursday; also (sustaining) 11:30 A.M., Monday and Wednesday and Friday, CBS.

Voice of Experience—(Wasey Products, Inc.) 12 noon, daily except Saturday and Sunday; also Monday at 8:15 P.M. CBS.

News Commentators

Boake Carter—(Philco Radio and Television Corp.) 7:45 P.M., daily except Saturday and Sunday, CBS.

Looking Over the Week—John B. Kennedy, 6:30 P.M., Thursday, NBC-WEAF.

Lowell Thomas—(Sun Oil Co.) 6:45 P.M., daily except Saturday and Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

Miscellaneous Programs

Arthur Bagley—Setting-up exercises. (Metropolitan Life Insurance Company.) 6:45 A.M., daily except Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

Byrd Expedition—William Daly's orchestra; guest speakers; 10:00 P.M. Wednesday, CBS.

Gene and Glenn—(Gillette Safety Razor Corp.) 7:15 daily except Saturday and Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

Johnny Green in The Modern Manner, 9:30 P.M., Friday, CBS.

Elder Michaux and His Congregation—10:30 P.M., Saturday, CBS.

Radio Pulpit—The Rev. Charles Goodell, 10:00 A.M., Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

Science Service—Instructional and informative special talks, 4:30 P.M., Wednesday, CBS.

Ellsworth Vines, Jr., tennis star discusses fundamentals of good tennis, 9:30 A.M., Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

Woman's Radio Review—Conducted by Claudine Macdonald; guest speakers; orchestra under direction of Joseph Littau; 3:30 P.M., Monday to Thursday, inclusive, NBC-WEAF.

Microphonies

(Continued from page 50)

LIFE IS UP, AND THEN IT'S
DOWN,
FIRST YOU SMILE, AND THEN
YOU FROWN;
OUT OF THE FRYING PAN INTO
THE FIRE,
LIFE IS A FLAT TIRE.

LIFE IS LIKE A LIVERY STABLE,
WHERE TO RIDE YOU ARE NOT
ABLE;
BECAUSE IT HAS NO HORSES TO
HIRE,
LIFE IS A FLAT TIRE.

LIFE IS LIVING AT ITS WORST,
FIRST THE CRADLE—THEN THE
HEARSE;
NEXT THE BLAZING FUNERAL
PYRE,
LIFE IS A FLAT TIRE.

LIFE IS JUST OUR DAILY BREAD,
FIRST YOU'RE LIVING—THEN
YOU'RE DEAD;
FIRST YOU'RE BREATHING—
THEN YOU EXPIRE,
LIFE IS A FLAT TIRE.

LIFE IS WHAT WE ALL GO
THROUGH,
THE WORMS ARE WHAT WE'RE
COMING TO;
A GHASTLY GAME WITH DEATH
AS UMPIRE,
LIFE IS A FLAT TIRE.

Note: Followed by the full Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra playing "Happy Days Are Here Again."

6:00-7:00—Opera

In the annual Surprise Party at the Metropolitan Opera House this year, which is given by the members of the opera company for the benefit of the Musicians' Fund, there was a scene supposedly laid in the NBC Studios. It called for a page boy in regulation uniform, so the broadcasting company agreed to furnish one of its regular pages. A young man with a deep rich voice who takes guide parties around Radio City was selected. He has always had dramatic aspirations and
(Please turn to page 77)

Bad Boy Makes Good

(Continued from page 60)

Besides he could not bear it that he should fail where Marguerite had succeeded. She was making good, dancing on a local vaudeville circuit. On the other hand, the idea of arrest was a humiliation not to be considered.

THE first of those three days passed. Slowly. Hopelessly. The second day passed. Relentlessly. Paul's brain spun with dizzy plans. The third dawn came.

It was, virtually, at the eleventh hour that his brother arrived. To pay the hotel bill and talk Paul into a healthier frame of mind.

"It may sound like something out of a book," Paul told me, "but it was as my brother and I were walking down the street toward the station that a fellow I knew came running after us.

"They're casting a new musical," he said, "why don't you try for it!"

"My brother gave me a long hard look. Then he turned around and went to the theater with me. He was a sport. It was 'The Love Song.' I got a chorus job at forty-five dollars a week.

"I didn't have to go home after all." Things took a turn for the better then. Marguerite Kovall came to New York with her mother and brother. Rooming with them Paul's heart was lightened of its loneliness.

They were married. Paul went on tour with "The Vagabond King." Marguerite went too, as a dancer in the company. It was only for a few months before Joan Marguerite was born and a month afterward that Paul's wife was out of the cast.

By the time they played Philadelphia, Paul had been elevated to the title role. His family, convinced now that there must be good in the theater—after all wasn't their own flesh and blood in it?—occupied a box.

"Like it?" Paul asked his mother when she came backstage after the final curtain.

"I can't tell," she said. "I saw so little of it. For my happy tears."

Right now, temporarily at any rate, Paul is out of the theater. Radio work is pleasanter for a family man, for a family man with a house in the suburbs, near a golf course, near a beach.

And his radio career is so very, very promising.

It seems almost as if the Fates had repented, as if they were trying to atone to Paul for all those other years, those tragic, youthful years.

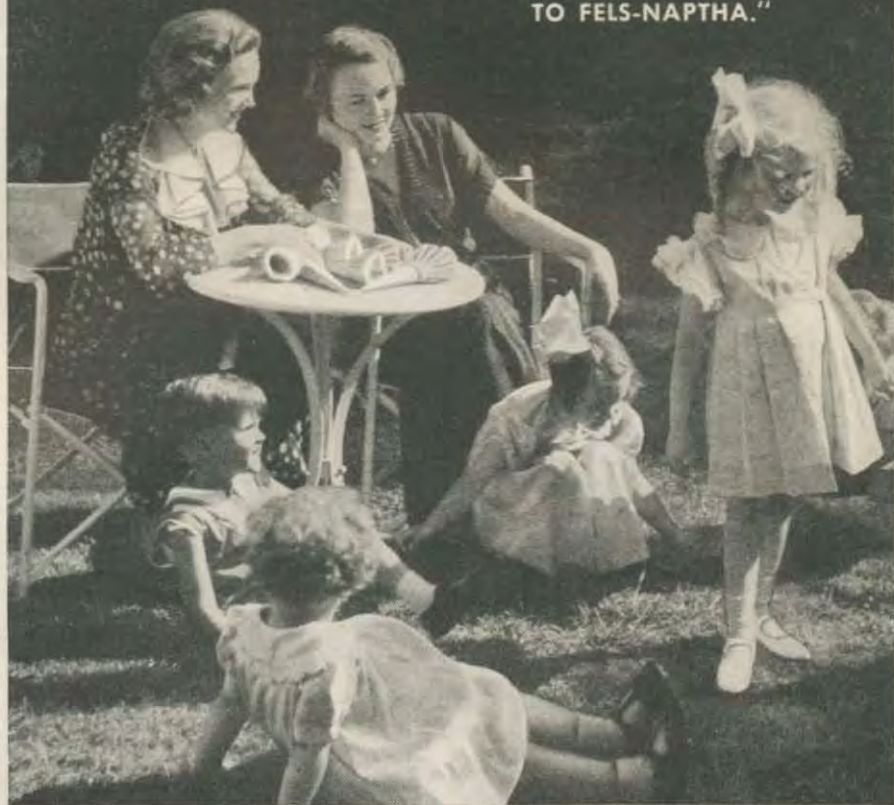
Behind the Dial is written by

Nellie Revell

the personal friend of your favorites on the air

"CUNNING DRESS—BUT IT CERTAINLY HAS A BAD CASE OF 'TATTLE-TALE GRAY.'"

"IT'S A SHAME! BUT THAT 'TRICK' SOAP JANIE'S MOTHER USES JUST WON'T GET OUT ALL THE DIRT. I WISH SHE'D CHANGE TO FELS-NAPHTHA."



"Tattle-tale gray"

in the clothes you wash. Here's what that means . . .

Clothes that look foggy and gray. Clothes that say plain as plain

can be—"We aren't really clean."

Who's to blame when clothes get that way? More often than not, it's "trick" soap. For no matter how hard you work and rub, "trick" soaps can't get out ALL the dirt. Neither can "cheap" soaps!

But change to Fels-Naptha Soap and see what a glorious difference! When it tackles the wash, dirt *can't* stay in. Out it goes—every last speck of it! For Fels-Naptha is full-of-action soap! *Golden* soap that's richer—with plenty of dirt-loosening *naphtha* added.

Two lively helpers instead of one! Together, they get clothes clean clear through and *sparkling white!*

And the beauty of it is, Fels-Naptha

is *safe* for everything! Douse your frilliest things in Fels-Naptha's suds—silk stockings, filmy lingerie, even your pet woolens. Just swish the bar in your basin till the water's good and sudsy—then take out the bar—and there isn't a chance of any undissolved soap particles sticking to dainty garments. (And that's what turns brown under the iron, you know.)



Fels-Naptha Soap is specially easy on hands, too. For there's soothing glycerine in every bar.

Use it **YOUR** way!

Fels-Naptha boils or soaks clothes beautifully. It washes clean in hot, lukewarm or cool water. It does fine work in the tub. And as for washing machines, women who *know* from experience—women who have tried all kinds of soaps—say nothing beats Fels-Naptha!

Fels-Naptha now sells at the lowest price in almost 20 years. Get a few bars at your grocer's.

© 1934, FELS & CO.

EVERYBODY NOTICES "Tattle-Tale Gray"

... BANISH IT WITH Fels-Naptha Soap!

Radio from the Inside

(Continued from page 45)



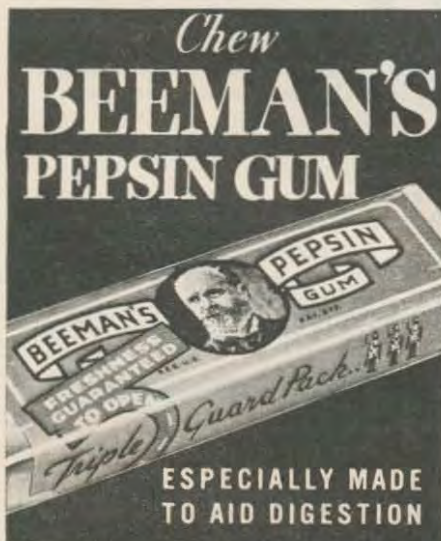
*The sky's
the limit!*

VIGOROUS!... ROBUST!... JUBILANT!
All outdoors can't hold you when digestion is good, when jabs and stabs and twinges aren't cutting down your spirit and efficiency.

Beeman's helps keep digestion honey-sweet. It is smooth, mellow — especially made to gently stimulate digestion.

Beeman's is so pleasantly healthful! Its beneficial qualities are matched by a flavor that's cool, fresh, and exhilarating. A flavor that tempts your taste—a flavor kept unflinchingly fresh by the amazing new Triple Guard Pack.

Try Beeman's today! Smell its aromatic freshness as you puncture the airtight wrap. Enjoy its genuinely fine flavor. And chew it regularly for its mild, pleasant aid to digestion.



your expression to twist itself into a question-mark to hear this sentence—and nothing more? Well, anyway, here's the low-down.

The Hudson-Terraplane firm decided to take its series, featuring one Al Trahan (comedian) off the kilocycles—claiming that it was impossible to produce any more cars since their plants already were working to capacity. But NBC was determined they abide by their contract—too much business or no business—and stated that as far as the chain was concerned H. T. was still on its wave-lengths. So the announcements were made each Saturday night, and followed by a fill-in sustaining program in the time allotted to the auto show.

And now, the broadcasting company, it is said, intends to collect in full.

NOT long ago, Edwin C. Hill came to the Columbia studios without his necessary pince-nez. In his haste, he had left the glasses home, and it was too late to send for the precious lenses before air time. The predicament was solved by having an announcer read the script, prefaced by an apology for Hill's absence—although he sat beside the announcer in the studio.

More recently, another case of misplaced eye-glasses found a happier, but rather unusual, ending. T. S. Stribling, Pulitzer prize winner and author of the radio serial, "Conflict," was scheduled for a microphone interview. A few minutes before the broadcast, he began a frantic search through his pockets for the ocular aids. But they just weren't around. The situation blackened for Stribling as the precious minutes were erased by the second hand of the studio clock. Then someone had an idea. Page boys were

sent scurrying through the studios and reception rooms. In a few moments they returned with a dozen musicians, artists and other people—all bespectacled.

Then, came the hasty routine of trying each pair of glasses on the celebrated author to find the nearest fit. Finally, just before the air period, the most suitable pair, was selected and borrowed from their owner—a gentleman who said he didn't mind missing his suburban train to be of service to his favorite author. The radio interview came off very nicely, and the donor was rewarded by Stribling with an autographed copy of his latest work, "Unfinished Cathedral."

FUN WITH ARTISTS AND NETWORKS

edwin C. hill	graham mcNamee
tham Jones	fred Allen
stoopnagle and budd	seTh parker
bUrns & allen	phl baker
nino Martini	cOuntess albani
albert spalding	rubiNoff
gertrude Nissen	rudy vAllee
nick lucAs	harry horLick
howard Barlow	frank Black
fred waRing	jessica dRagonette
andre kOstelanetz	lanny rOss
rosA ponselle	jack peArL
morton Downey	jimmy Durante
bing Crosby	joE Cook
mark wArnow	James wAllington
kate Smith	sisters of the Skillet
alex. woolfoTt	lawrence Tibbett
daveId ross	cheerIo
gleN gray	geNe and glenn
johnny Green	Gus Haenschen
ted huSing	richard Crooks
waYne king	major bOwes
singing Sam	paul whiteMan
boake carTer	vincent loPez
george jessE	Jack benney
everett Marshall	ireNe beasley
	john s. Young

NOW YOU TRY THEM FOR
A WHILE—I'LL SEE YOU
NEXT MONTH

Harriet Hilliard Talks on Correct Posture

(Continued from page 47)

After you have mastered this exercise, your body rests on the floor only on the stomach. Relax and repeat. And does that wear off the pounds! You can eat what you want if you will go through that exercise ten times a day. But don't overdo it to begin with. If the muscles are sagged and soft, this will prove a strain. Try it only once or twice the first day, but add a little every day or two. In a couple of weeks you can do it ten times without feeling it uncomfortably.

When you have mastered that exercise, roll forward to the chin and backward to the knees, in the same position. Back and forth, back and forth, just like a rocking chair. This is a good toning up exercise for almost all the muscles, and does a great deal to make the body slender and supple.

Here is another one good for ton-

ing the muscles of the abdomen and making waist and hips slender. It's an old timer, but no set of exercises is complete without it. Stand up straight, feet slightly apart and parallel. Lean forward, with the arms straight, and go as near to the floor with the finger tips as you can. You must do it smartly, not sloppily, if you want results. But don't overdo it at first. A strenuous exercise like this done once or twice, and done well to begin with, is much more helpful than the same exercise done carelessly a dozen times.

"DEAR Miss Hilliard," writes another reader. "I know curves are in, but my hips are too big. Walking doesn't seem to reduce them. Can you suggest a diet or some sort of exercise that would help me?"

Diet, unless you overeat all the time,

isn't so important as exercise in reducing the size of the hips. Your muscles are probably lazy. You have learned to walk, perhaps for miles, without really putting much strain on them. You must do something strenuous that really makes them work. Well, here it is. I do it every morning, ten times. And it's a beautiful exercise.

Sit on the floor, legs straight out. Now hitch across the room, one leg after the other. Sit up straight. Don't push yourself forward with the hands. Just hitch along on the hips, making sure you raise each one from the floor in turn. Draw nice deep breaths, as you go—so that your lungs will have plenty of air. And hold the shoulders up and back, the chin up and forward, to get the best results.

Then there is this matter of awkward ankles. Very often ankles that seem thick are really slender enough. They just aren't held gracefully. Of course, one of the first things anyone learning to dance professionally must do is to hold the ankles gracefully. I've worked hard over that problem, so I know what advice to give this reader:

"My ankles seem thick, though they really don't measure much more than the ankles of other girls my size. Is there anything I can do, within reason to reduce them?"

If you really exercise the muscles, the ankles will become normal in size, whether they are too thin or too thick. But perhaps you hold them stiffly. I use a lot of exercises to keep my ankles limber and graceful. Most important of all, perhaps, isn't really an exercise. It is just this. Whenever you cross the legs, point the foot down, as far down as you can, and keep it pointed down. You know how many women hold their feet stiffly at right angles to the legs? That makes the foot and ankle look awkward. Just remember to keep the foot pointed easily downward, not stiffly but naturally, and you will notice the biggest difference in the way your ankles look. People will begin to say nice things about them, even if they have seemed unattractive before.

And here is a good exercise. Sit in a chair and hold the legs straight out, not bending the knees. Point the toes straight forward and make circles with the foot, slowly, then fast, then slowly again. Keep working away, from the ankle joint, until you have made it flexible and graceful.

JUST one more. You see, I've done so many of these special exercises all my life, that I know a great many of them, and I really like to pass my favorites on. This one is a wonder for limbering up the body and making it graceful.

Sit flat on the floor. Point the toes and flatten out the feet as much as you can. And then make the muscles contract all the way from toes to hips, so that you feel them tighten up. Relax and repeat ten times. And hold your shoulders up and back while you are doing this exercise. Don't let them get into slouchy habits just because you're not giving them special attention.

And now—my last word is something to remember first thing you wake up in the morning. Everybody should stretch hard before getting up. Just lie luxuriously for a minute or two, breathing deeply, and stretching every muscle in the body that you can. Just this one thing will do a lot to improve your posture and carriage and to give your body more grace.

*It's a secret
but I'll tell you!*



MAYBE there are many ways to prepare a good spaghetti feast. Maybe. For me—only *one*. I want, first, pure and firm Durum-wheat spaghetti. I want tomatoes—nothing but red, juicy sun-ripened fellows. Cheese—not too mild, not too tangy. Just *right*. I want choice meat stock. And—ah!—the seasoning. For that I must have certain spices not easy to get. No, my way is not easy . . . But all these things are brought to me in the Heinz kitchens. Spaghetti we make ourselves, to be *sure*. This we cook till toothsome and tender, then completely drench it with the high-flavored ruddy sauce . . . And wherever you live this spaghetti is waiting at your grocer's, ready for you to heat and serve.

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY
PITTSBURGH, U. S. A. · TORONTO, CANADA · LONDON, ENGLAND



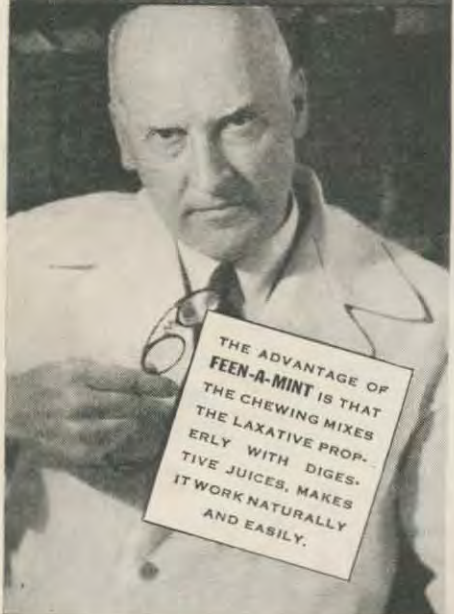
HEINZ *Cooked* **SPAGHETTI**

Out of Russia's Revolt

(Continued from page 24)

CHEW
YOUR
LAXATIVE

RELIEF FROM
CONSTIPATION FOUND IN USING
LAXATIVE IN CHEWING-GUM
FORM, SCIENCE REPORTS



THE ADVANTAGE OF
FEEN-A-MINT IS THAT
THE CHEWING MIXES
THE LAXATIVE PROP-
ERLY WITH DIGES-
TIVE JUICES. MAKES
IT WORK NATURALLY
AND EASILY.

Every day new thousands of people turn to FEEN-A-MINT for relief from constipation. And here's the reason. It's so easy to take—it's so modernly scientific because it mixes the laxative with digestive juices, thus letting nature do its part in helping the laxative work more thoroughly.

FEEN-A-MINT gently increases the movement of the lower intestine, which is what nature wants. It doesn't give you that distended feeling that many cathartics do, it does not cause cramps. And, above all, it is not habit-forming.

Join the more than 15 millions who take their laxative this modern, easy way—by chewing FEEN-A-MINT.

I REALLY
LOVE THE TASTE OF
FEEN-A-MINT—AND
IT CERTAINLY WORKS
MORE EFFECTIVELY
AND SMOOTHLY THAN
ANY OTHER LAXATIVE
I'VE EVER TRIED.



Feen-a-mint
The Chewing-Gum LAXATIVE

engaged in the throes of civil war, are legion. There always seem to be more anecdotes, some sad, some gay, some infinitely tender. They have been formative. Impressions of these experiences lurk in her sweet, sensitive face. They partially account for her ideas—her tenacity.

Eventually her father, Boris Drasin, achieved sufficient means to bring his wife, the little Tamara, and her small brother, Las, to America. Physically weakened, Drasin spent his days dreaming of White Russia, where he and his girl wife had been so happy. Where, just past their own student days, they had held gay parties in their small quarters, affording Tamara her first inarticulate ecstasy as songs of war and love, joy and renunciation poured liltingly from their merry hearts!

And so there increasingly fell a great responsibility on the shoulders of this young Russian girl, frail, yet with the greatest robustness of character and courage. She became, in fact, "head of the house."

Singing, always singing, she worked painstakingly for hours perfecting the quaint Russian songs which became her very destiny!

FINALLY came her first real break on the stage with that revue of several seasons ago, "The New Yorkers." She appeared in a few of the skits and sang her Russian ballads with the aid of her guitar. She had picked up some tunes by ear, and although she confesses she read notes badly, the effect was charming—and it sufficed. George Vassilovsky, who also appeared in the show, and among many others was in love with the fascinating Tamara, offered to teach her the guitar—and to him must go the credit for her new mastery of this instrument.

It was all so glorious. This new country with its strange, improbable, glistening dream towers and its only less abstract opportunities. Especially, of course, if one is young and extremely beautiful. Looking from the small window of their modest apartment, over the town which had dealt so kindly with her, life became miraculously sweet.

But it didn't last.

The show closed and there were months of worry and scraping and managing. Things looked black indeed. Make the rounds once more, Tamara.

There followed other shows—the Schwab musical, "Free for All," "Crazy Quilt," "Americana" and "They All Come to Moscow." Not one of them played a run.

If there had been any "home" to go back to she would have gone. But there wasn't—so she had to stay. Secretly, I believe she loved it! I mean fighting everything in the keen, inflexible way she has when it comes to such impersonal things as fame and success.

Then she hammered away at the night clubs and before she knew it she was playing extended engagements and word was getting around about the new personality, Tamara. Being entirely herself there is something dramatic about her, something in the nature of that aura of mystery that

has been built around Garbo. Women sense it and men, without reasoning, are fascinated. She was heard at the Club Abbey, Club Richman, the New Lido, the El Patio—practically every exclusive night spot in the metropolis.

THEN came the Summer of 1933. In one's early twenties, Tamara reasoned, success must come—or be forever lost.

She was at an impasse, and distinctly dissatisfied with her management. For once she didn't know what to do!

One day, humid and close, she lunched with a friend at Longchamps. Max Gordon, who had shared offices with her agent, passed her table and spoke a few words with her. He told her he was going to the Coast, but that upon his return she should come to his office. She did. He asked her to bring her guitar and he arranged for Jerome Kern and Otto Harbach to hear her!

Next day the decorous little brunette with the huge guitar sang but one song for Kern and Harbach. But it was enough! They agreed she was to have the part of Stephanie in "Roberta!"

When they left Max Gordon asked her who her manager was.

"I'm my own manager," Tamara declared, typically.

"Well, I'm your manager from now on," said Gordon—and the arrangement was witnessed only by a solemn handshake.

She has done some intermittent radio work and, among other engagements, appeared on the Vallee program as guest star. She soon was signed as headline singer on the Dr. Lyons' tooth powder program known as Manhattan Merry-Go-Round over an NBC-WEAF network on Sunday nights. She was an immediate sensation.

Not for nothing were those long years of privation and despair, hope and achievement. It was all there, in her voice, vibrant, full, rich, telling of woes and sorrows crowned by joy. No wonder blase New York listened and thrilled as her throbbing tones went straight to their hearts!

And so went the fate of Tamara. She was besieged by offers. She was wanted immediately for Earl Carroll's "Murder at the Vanities," and was given screen tests by both Metro and RKO, both of which companies are angling for her services. But Gordon feels she must devote more time to the theater before breaking into pictures. And she is, of course, intelligent enough to realize that the best time to sign contracts for real money is at that well-known "psychological moment." She'll wait.

MEANWHILE she maintains a lovely apartment in the 70s right off Central Park West, where she is catching up with herself. She has a mere handful of friends, but is devoted to those fortunate few. She supports her parents and is sending her brother through Cornell to become, in the American manner, an "agriculturist." Her place is modernistic, with suitable concessions to her birthright. And there, of course, are her Russian books.

Tamara is "forever in love." It is impossible that she should not be! But she has a plan of life that is very definite. She wants to become a dramatic actress. Not being the typical musical comedy type—all blonde hair and blue-eyed sweetness—she realizes the impossibility of finding a sufficient number of suitable vehicles. Her "ideal arrangement" would be to appear in dramatic roles on the stage half the year, in pictures the other half, with radio offering a still wider audience and the opportunity to pursue a musical career.

"There is an inexplicable thrill that comes from singing over the radio," she will confess, her soft brown eyes luminous with wonder and imagination. "To know that millions are listening in! Yet it is the most exacting of mediums. The average singer, when rendering a modern song, has an individual style and no matter how an orchestra tries to follow the tempo it is practically impossible. Therefore it is hard on both!"

She is, moreover, a very normal person. She loves clothes, and wears hers in the best of taste. They are made by Madame Tafel, who furnished the costumes for the spring show of "Roberta," and her preference runs to black, red and white. She dresses smartly, and with a distinct Russian flavor.

TYPICAL of her was her first real holiday. She spent a heavenly month in Cuba. She would have liked to stay longer—but ran away while things were at their very height. She avoids nothing so much as that let down feeling.

"Why," she will ask, in her direct manner with the merest trace of an accent, "are people so, so unwilling to overcome obstacles? Perhaps it is that most Americans have had tranquil existences—they have not had to struggle as some other peoples have. They are not to be blamed. I believe there is always an element of luck in success—but, nevertheless, there is hard work and years of heart-ache and despair, too. Nothing that is worth getting is easily achieved. But does not that make the getting even more worth while?"

And she knows what she's talking about. You know it, too, when you look deep into her eyes that have seen and suffered. The mobility of her features and the tranquillity of her mind come from knowledge—the inner knowledge of the world and of humanity—and they seem to transmit her faith.

Her next Broadway appearance is planned to be a play, "with music," rather than a musical show. Sidney Howard is rumored to be doing the script, with Kern composing the music. It should put the final stamp of approbation upon the lovely Tamara, who, not forgetting her own hardships carries the torch for thousands of aspiring and talented youngsters.

Tamara may be heard each Sunday evening at 9:00, E. D. S. T., over the following NBC stations:

WEAF, WTIC, WJAR, WFBR, WRC, WGY, WWJ, WSAI, WMAQ, KSD, WOC, WHO, WOW, WDAF, KHQ, KOA, KDYL, KGO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, WFI, WTAM, WTMJ, KSTP, WEBC, CFCE, WTAG.

Tower Radio, September, 1934



● "Well, well, am I feeling good this morning! All bathed and powdered and full of pep!... Got to work off steam somehow. Guess I'll try that somersault Brother Bill was trying to teach me yesterday."



● "Boy—what a queer feeling! Where do I go from here? This wrong-side-up business certainly gets a fellow hot and bothered... Gee, have I got enough nerve or haven't I? —Come on, you scare-cat—PUSH!"



● "Uump! — Ouch! Shucks, that was easy! I'd do it again —only I'm a little warm and tired. Better get Mother to give me another rub-down with my Johnson's Baby Powder. And listen, all you other baby athletes..."

● "Tell your Mothers to test different baby powders with their finger-tips. They'll find some gritty—but Johnson's is softer than a bunny's ear. No zinc stearate or orris-root in it, either."

Send 10c in coin (for convenience fasten coin with strip of adhesive tape) for samples of Johnson's Baby Powder, Soap and Cream. Dept. 75, Johnson & Johnson, New Brunswick, New Jersey.

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY



JOHNSON'S *Baby* POWDER



Learn HER MAGIC SECRET of BEAUTY

Hers is a maddening loveliness yet her magic secret is so simple. Every day she uses Blue Waltz Beauty Aids and every day she grows more charming and attractive. She has dates by the score and captivates hearts by the dozen...



You, too, can be completely lovely and captivating, but first your make-up must be flawless throughout... so begin with Blue Waltz Face Powder, a satin-soft, delicately smooth powder that blends perfectly with your skin...



then let one of the four exciting new shades of Blue Waltz Indelible Lipstick add sweet allure to your lips...



finally, for lingering loveliness, a touch of enchanting Blue Waltz Perfume.

These and the other supremely fine Blue Waltz Beauty Aids, each only 10c, at your 5 and 10c store. Ask for them by name. Try them today.

Make This FREE Test

Get a free perfume card sprayed from the Giant Blue Waltz Atomizer at the cosmetic counter in the 5 and 10c store. Keep it. Hours later, its alluring fragrance will still delight you.



Blue Waltz

FIFTH AVENUE · NEW YORK

Face Powder, Lipstick, Perfume, Cold Cream,
Cream Rouge, Brilliantine, Talcum Powder.
Each only 10c at all 5 and 10c stores

Know Your Music

By
PITTS
SANBORN



Franz
Schubert

FRANZ SCHUBERT was one of the most spontaneous, original, prolific and versatile of composers.

He excelled in instrumental music, whether for orchestra, for various chamber combinations or for piano. He wrote a quantity of choral music, sacred and secular, including six masses, and he also composed for the theater—operas, operettas, and incidental music. His place among the world's five or six supreme melodists is beyond dispute; and largely because of this inexhaustible fertility as an inventor of memorable tunes he ranks as the greatest master of the art-song (as distinguished from the folk-song) that has ever lived. Since the German Lied, (or German art-song) as we recognize it, had existed only in a few examples before his day, he has even been called, with pardonable exaggeration, the creator of that form. Because of the rich luxuriance and exuberant romanticism of his talent, together with his early death, analogists long ago dubbed him the Keats of music.

Schubert's life, covering less than thirty-two years, was largely a struggle with poverty and ill health. He was born at Lichtenthal, a suburb of Vienna, on January 31, 1797, the son of a peasant schoolmaster and a former cook. The family was musical, and Franz, further, had lessons from the village choirmaster, becoming soprano soloist of the parish church. His proficiency won him admission in 1808 to the "Imperial and Royal Konvikt," a boarding-school in Vienna, where singers were trained for the Imperial Chapel. Though Salieri, who had taught Beethoven, was one of his teachers, the instruction he received in musical theory, as well as in the rudiments of book-learning, was rather superficial. Still, as early as 1810 he was diligently composing. One of his most famous songs, "Gretchen and Spinnrade," belongs to 1814; another, "Der Erlkoenig," to 1815. Such was his astounding facility, as well as his precociousness, that he is said to have dashed off seven other songs on the same day with "Der Erlkoenig," and in the course of his eighteenth year alone he composed no less than 144. The total number of the authenticated songs of Schubert is 603, setting verses by poets ranging from Shakespeare to Goethe, from Colley Cibber to Heinrich Heine, and including of course the

universally beloved "Serenade."

Failing to obtain a scholarship from the Konvikt when his voice changed, he studied

long enough at the Normal School to qualify as his father's assistant at Lichtenthal. But his heart was in music. He kept on composing avidly—songs, masses, piano sonatas, orchestral works—and late in 1817 he left Lichtenthal to devote himself to music in Vienna. Two summers (1818 and 1823) he spent in Hungary as music tutor in the family of Count John Charles Esterhazy, with whose daughter Caroline he seems to have been somewhat in love.

Although small of stature, Schubert as a youth was sufficiently robust, but in 1822 a grave constitutional ailment declared itself. This, along with overwork and the privations due to penury, wore down his strength. Yet there was no let-up in his enormous production. The publishers, however, preyed upon him to the very end, underpaying him scandalously, and for all his prodigious industry, his music, while he lived, did not obtain the recognition that wins suitable terms. His life earnings from some thousand compositions amounted to approximately \$2,875. Yet the publishers made \$320 from "Der Erlkoenig" in a single year. Among his last works, the "Winterreise" cycle of twenty-four songs brought him an average of twenty cents each, and when he died, over five hundred pieces of unpublished manuscript were sold for about \$2. In 1927, however, the manuscript of a single song from that assemblage commanded £149.10! (English pounds). If Schubert's music for the theater had prospered, his fortunes would inevitably have been different. But when the music itself found favor, the libretto or the play proved an insurmountable obstacle.

In spite of the Esterhazy family, Schubert was without position in Viennese society, which had welcomed Mozart and Beethoven; nor did he acquire influential sponsors. He broke with Salieri, who seems never to have taken a very keen interest in him. Goethe ignored his tribute of "Der Erlkoenig" and other songs. True, Beethoven, almost a neighbor, once or twice received the shy young worshiper, but only when dying did the deaf, tormented Titan speak out: "Truly in Schubert lives the divine fire!" And that fire then was nearly

spent! Schubert did not attempt to spread knowledge of his works by giving a public concert until within eight months of his death, and though the concert was artistically successful, besides gaining him as much as \$160, it happened too late.

Buoyant, genial, magnetic, and overflowing with the enthusiasm of youth, despite his disappointments and sorrows, Schubert was the center of a lively circle of young Bohemians, with whom he passed many a convivial evening when a more worldly musician would have been seeking social and business contacts. While he feared no man and respected few, he began toward the end to fear poverty and lack of recognition, and it is a fact that but for the solicitous generosity of his closest friend, Franz Schober, the Swedish dilettante, he might at times have been without food and shelter. However, when Schubert at last understood fully the perils of his situation, it was too late for him to "play the game."

In the Autumn of 1829 Schubert's health failed rapidly. Typhus set in and he died on November 19th. On his death bed he was haunted with the thought of Beethoven. So they buried him near Beethoven in the Waehring cemetery.

The astonishing improvidence of Schubert's career stands out in certain posthumous instances. His great C major symphony was not performed until 1839. His "Unfinished" symphony, containing the theme that has been called "the most charming melody in all music," came within an ace of never being performed at all. Rescued in 1865 from a decrepit desk at Graz, it was a forty-three-year-old novelty at a concert of the Vienna Friends of Music in December of that year. The overture and incidental music to "Rosamunde" were buried at the publishers and only unearthed by George Grove and Arthur Sullivan in 1867. Yet on those compositions rests much of Schubert's fame.

(Next month Mr. Sanborn will write about Tschaiakowsky.)

She Married Her Sponsor

(Continued from page 25)

everything. Bill Murray, at that time a music critic, heard her sing at Aeolian Hall. He sent for her.

"You have a perfect musical-comedy voice," he told her. Lois Bennett was a little indignant. She had loftier, more classical ideas. But she thought it over and took Mr. Murray's advice, going into vaudeville. It wasn't musical comedy at first. She toured for a while with Carrie Jacobs Bond. She sang Carrie Jacobs Bond's songs while the song-writer accompanied her.

Then Lois Bennett put on an act of her own.

After that came the musical comedy—comic opera, as a matter of fact—when she signed up with Winthrop Ames to sing Gilbert and Sullivan operas. That was a long-running, highly successful venture—"Yum-Yum" in "The Mikado," "Phyllis" in "Iolanthe," etc.

Curiously, it was the same Bill Murray who had turned her from concert work to the stage, who now led her (Please turn to page 71)



"Aren't you going to eat your ice-cream, dear?—Polly, I don't know what ails Tommy—he isn't a bit like himself. He won't eat, and he's lost all his pep!"



"Alice, I wouldn't worry about Tommy. Jack was the same way a month ago, and I found all he needed was a laxative. Give him some Fletcher's Castoria."



"You're just the person I wanted to see, Polly! Tommy's been out playing all morning. I gave him some Fletcher's Castoria last night, and it's certainly wonderful!"

● "Yes, it certainly is, Alice. Fletcher's Castoria is the ideal laxative for children. It's pleasant to take, too—because it tastes awfully good. You know, it hasn't any of the harsh drugs in it that are in some grown-up's laxatives. Don't forget that it's just the thing for colic in little babies, too! The signature Chas. H. Fletcher is always right on the carton."

Chas. H. Fletcher. **CASTORIA**

The children's laxative

• from babyhood to 11 years •

Mother, whenever your child needs a laxative—for relief of constipation, for colic due to gas, for diarrhea due to improper diet, for sour stomach, flatulence, acid stomach, and as the very first treatment for colds—give Chas. H. Fletcher's Castoria.



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Maybelline Eyelash Darkener instantly darkens eyelashes, making them appear longer, darker, and more luxuriant. It is non-smarting, tear-proof and absolutely harmless. The largest selling eyelash beautifier in the world. Black, Brown and the NEW BLUE.



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These famous preparations in 10c sizes mean simply that you can now enjoy complete highest quality eye make-up without the obstacle of cost. Try them and achieve the lure of lovely eyes simply and safely, but . . . insist upon genuine MAYBELLINE preparations . . . for quality, purity, and value. Purse sizes obtainable at all leading 10c stores.

Maybelline Co., Chicago.

Maybelline
EYE BEAUTY AIDS

The Voice of Experience Solves Your Problems

(Continued from page 38)

husband came to his ex-wife with open arms and heavy heart, saying that he regretted the divorce; that he loved her and could not give her up. Since that time they have gone steadily with each other and now are planning on remarriage in the Fall.

The point is, the husband hasn't changed at all in his ways. While he visits her each evening, most of the time he is sullen, talks little, says he is tired and leaves almost immediately. There is no other woman in the case. It is simply his way.

There seems to be only one tie which binds them together—and that is physical in character. While this should play its natural part in the happiness of husband and wife, really it seems it is not the major tie. There must be companionship, mutual understanding, common ideals; which are minus here.

Since the divorce, arguments are as frequent as before; chiefly because the man is undemonstrative; and as the woman can't understand why, if a man loves a woman, he is unwilling to show it. He simply claims that it is not his nature to show affection.

Now, Voice of Experience, she has made one mistake and lived in misery for a whole year as a result. Do you not think that she should have learned her lesson and be willing to let well enough alone?

HER FRIEND.

ANSWER:

Human nature is a hard thing to understand, even when all the facts in the case are known. But we who interest ourselves in our close acquaintances and friends, oftentimes wonder at their actions and can see what we consider to be their mistakes, when, in reality, we are not able to judge adequately because we are not in possession of many intimate details which may have a direct bearing on the actions of these friends.

You say that this girl friend is of a very affectionate disposition. Naturally, then, she craves the close companionship of some man. You don't refer in your letter to her having had other close friendships with men. The possibility is, now that she has been separated for some time before getting her divorce and since the divorce was secured, she feels the loss of even the small amount of affections bestowed upon her by her former mate.

Being somewhat emotionally immature, or probably not being the best mixer in the world, this man who was her former husband affords even in a small way some response to her demand for the expression of her emotional nature. Therefore, she reasons that the arguments, the lack of mental and spiritual compatibility, the dearth of common interests, can be borne with some degree of fortitude in compensation for the opportunity provided by this former mate of something like normal life on the physical plane. We will grant that her reason is faulty, but evidently from your letter that is the train of her thought.

If I had a close friend like this, I would create opportunity for her to meet other men—men who are not selfish, moody, undemonstrative, and through that avenue would attempt to

open her eyes to the fact that she is not in love with this man, but is in love with love, and he represents to her the only avenue through which this love life can normally be expressed. Without arguing with her against her ex-husband, I would give her the opportunity to learn the advantages of common interests, of mental companionship.

Personally, I think it would be a grave mistake for her to remarry under the conditions that you have outlined. But the only way for you to let her see her mistake is not by finding fault with the ex-husband, but by giving her the opportunity of making comparisons and contrasts through associations with other men. If you are able to create situations where informally she can meet eligible men, I believe that you will find that by degrees she will come to her senses of her own volition. Mere arguments on your part will prove fruitless.

I suggest that you give me your name and address, send me fifteen cents in stamps, and I will send you five little pamphlets which I feel will be of real value to her in the solution of this problem. One is called, "Falling in Love." The others are "The Battle of the Sexes," "Arguments," "Crushes," and "Physical Attraction Mistaken for Love." These pamphlets don't argue the point. They simply, sanely, analyze a number of factors that make for happiness between the sexes. I will be glad to send these to any others who are interested in the solution of similar problems.

DEAR VOICE OF EXPERIENCE:

I have been married seven years and have a little boy of four. We have had hard luck and husband has been out of work a long time. Now he has just gotten a good job and his sister writes and says that his father is sick and they need him to come and take care of him. My husband thinks that he should give up his job and go, forgetting that he is married and has a wife and baby to support.

Should he go to his father, who is ill, and leave us destitute, or is it his duty to keep his job so as to care for his wife and baby?

MAUDE.

ANSWER:

As I have stated in the above problem, the parents' first duty is to their children. Certainly a husband's first duty is to his wife and child. If, in this instance, going to his father would leave his wife and child destitute, then, in turn, this little family of his would become either public charges or would face starvation.

Much as a man would naturally be drawn to his father's sick bed, I maintain that his first duty is to remain with his wife and child. Evidently this father has other children, because the letter comes from a sister. If the husband has a good job and can afford to send money for medical care and other expense, this would be his natural duty. But, in my opinion, it would be a poor husband and father that would leave a destitute wife and child behind, even under the urgent pull of a father's sick bed.

(Please turn to page 91)

She Married Her Sponsor

(Continued from page 69)

away from the stage! He was no longer a music critic. He was with William Morris, the theatrical agent.

"Miss Bennett," he said. "You ought to be singing for radio."

This time Lois Bennett didn't question his suggestion. He had been right once before. The matter seemed worth looking into.

She had a series of auditions. The Armstrong Quaker people were her first sponsors.

IT was while she was singing for Fada Radios that the romance came about.

Her sponsors had asked her to come to Detroit to sing at a special radio show they were putting on. The show lasted a week, with different guest stars each night. After each night's program there was a little party for the artists and the company executives.

Mr. L. J. Chatten, vice-President of Fada Radios, happened to be there the night that Lois Bennett sang. They met at the party later, and were instantly attracted to each other.

That was in October. Weeks later, Mr. Chatten came to New York. He looked up the soprano he'd met in Detroit. They had dinner together. There followed several meetings in which they found more and more that they had in common.

Then, one night in January, Lois Bennett was leaving the broadcasting studio, her day's work done. "There's a long-distance telephone call for you, Miss Bennett," the girl told her. "St. Louis is calling."

A little mystified, Lois Bennett went to the phone. It was Mr. Chatten. First of all, he wanted to congratulate her on the excellence of her singing that night. He'd been listening to her. But that wasn't all! Why didn't she take a train to Chicago? He'd meet her there, and they'd be married!

The suggestion was certainly sudden, but perhaps not totally unexpected. That night Lois Bennett took the train. Her little daughter by a previous marriage had helped her make up her mind.

For a long time the little girl had been begging her mother to get her a little brother. Mr. Chatten had a son. Lois Bennett asked her daughter: "Would you still want a little brother if you had to take Mr. Chatten, too?"

The little girl had met Mr. Chatten and adored him. She thought that would be lovely. That settled it!

IN the Chatten home now there are three children; the little girl who is Lois Bennett's; the little boy who is Mr. Chatten's; and another little girl who belongs to both. Though, of course, no such family distinctions are made.

Mr. Chatten left Fada Radio, and is now President of the Cape Cod Manufacturing Company, making supplies for gas and oil stations. They live out on Cape Cod at Barnstable, but are moving to East Dennis.

Every Monday afternoon Lois Bennett takes the Fall River Line boat to New York. Every Friday afternoon she takes the boat back. She's home really only over those long week-ends. It's a happy family then.

FAOEN BEAUTY AIDS

make Loveliness

Inexpensive!



They cost but 10c — yet they equal \$1 to \$3 brands in Quality

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Beauty Aids

Your beauty is too precious to be entrusted to anything but the best. With Faoen Beauty Aids you are sure of the finest quality that money can buy... a purity and quality attested by the most exacting scientific analysis... yet the price is a tiny fraction of what you once paid for the best. As a result, America's loveliest and smartest women are Faoen-wise. They have learned that Faoen Beauty Aids at 10¢ are as fine as those selling from \$1 to \$3! Faoen Beauty Aids have made loveliness inexpensive! You owe it to yourself to start using Faoen today!

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Ruined? NOT A BIT!



S.O.S WILL MAKE IT SHINE in 10 quick seconds

There it is! That new aluminum pan of yours. Scorched! Positively black! But cheer up. That's just where S. O. S. shines.

Really like magic. The edge of an S. O. S. pad dipped in water—a few scouring rubs—a rinse—and you'd think the precious saucepan had never sat a-top a stove before.

Get a package today—at your grocer's, department, hardware, or five and ten cent store—or mail coupon below for free trial package.



FREE Mail this coupon or a post-card to The S. O. S. Company, 6202 W. 65th Street, Chicago, Ill., for a free trial package of S. O. S. You'll like it!

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____ A

How to Write for Radio

(Continued from page 41)

setting, time, the period, characters, type of story all must be established within a half dozen speeches.

Plant your love interest early, ordinarily letting it run as a secondary theme behind big situations until toward the finish when the show is tapered off and everything is subordinated to the love theme.

If you are writing for an established show which buys outside manuscripts, and if the same cast works the show each broadcast, be sure to provide definite characterizations. This helps to sell the show and proves a boon to the actors who get tired of being merely leading men and leading ladies all the time. Only the author can build the versatility of a cast.

AVOID continuous dialogue between two persons—weave your characters in and out to avoid monotony. If your scene demands dialogue and no action, then use sound effects to provide additional interest.

And do not forget sound effects at other times. A producer writes me good advice: "Just let the suspense creep up on the listener, building one situation on another up to a big smash situation which is rather super—a wreck—a fire—an earthquake—a race—almost anything that will tax our ingenuity in manufacturing sound effects. We can do anything."

Please accept this tip, in that regard: Always provide a dialogue line after an important sound effect to explain it in case the effect fails to come through properly. I am not speaking of some local show in this either; coast-to-coast experience goes into this warning.

Keep your show moving along. Brilliant dialogue writers often have a tendency to stay in one spot, relying on the smartness of the conversation. It can be done on the stage, even in the movies at times, but radio demands movement. Action, effects, clear plot and an occasional twist never fail to sell a show to the public.

Another producer writes me, "... the bright, easily understood comedy having no intricacies of plot or attempts at psychological reaction will always make for good radio." But with comedy, you must be sure it has "legs under it." Comedy dialogue in story form is not enough—the show must have movement, twists, and smash laugh situations.

TRY to time your show, or the production man will probably cut your prize speech. As a rule, a typewritten page of dialogue will run a minute when played. More accurately, in a dramatic show you can figure 150 words to the minute. Another fact to remember is that while a fifteen-minute show may run fourteen minutes in rehearsal, it will "swell" a minute during the actual broadcast.

Sad to relate, if you're after ready money, do not be too original. In radio as in motion pictures the tendency is to copy the style and presentation of hit programs rather than seek new ideas. But when you have extra time and money, by all means labor for something original. Someone does this now and then or we'd never have a hit.

What should your fifteen minute

script bring you? Well, who are you? Fifty dollars on this program, two hundred and fifty on that. Script prices are no more stabilized than the rest of the radio industry. If your show is three-a-week, that enters in. Five-a-week, something else again. If it is to be electrically transcribed, there's still another price. A ten-minute show may bring the author five times as much as someone else's half-hour masterpiece. There's no measuring stick.

Material is usually paid for when it is produced on the air. Sometimes a small binder check is issued on acceptance. Some people are said to get full price at that time, but I have never seen such a marvel in the flesh—except for those drawing straight salary and writing the show alone.

LEAVING these hints for now, and all of the selling material for a later article, let me remark that Henry Justin Smith, author and editor, has said that no one is an accomplished author until he has written a million words. This will not automatically make him a good writer, but he will at least be a veteran.

TAKING Mr. Smith literally, it is safe to assume that 750,000 of the million words will be badly strung together. As a writer progresses in his trade he will wince on stumbling over material turned out during his more formative period, and his temptation will be great to destroy it. My personal advice is to save every scrap of it.

It is probably a mistake to take something that missed the first time, say a magazine story, and attempt to rewrite it in the same form. BUT, behind the atrocity there must have been the germ of an idea. It is possible that the germ could have been good but was killed through the culture you made of it. You can take the central idea sometimes and use it in another medium. I have salvaged many a short story, yes, and even a movie scenario that missed, by turning it into a radio play.

This much is certainly true, the plots of an author's apprenticeship while probably technically incorrect and poorly developed, have at least the audacious originality of youth. After a few years of writing an author is apt to repeat his successful themes, following the certain formula which his editors paid for. In this way, he loses originality in proportion to his growth in craftsmanship. It may do him good, occasionally, to hark back to the days when his mind was questing, and thus steal from himself. This advice should encourage the beginning writer, and lead him to save his manuscripts.

WHILE I have warned the embryo author on radio to avoid being too original, he must realize that his best chance for outstanding success after being established is in creating something new. The young writer who aims for magazines should realize that on his side, from the very first, is the editor who senses something new and fresh in the approach.

As in all business, rewards go to the man who is in the limelight. Sponsors and networks alike are not too anxious to publicize a radio author,

knowing that a good-will public which demanded a certain writer could not be gainsaid, regardless of the price the wiser author asked. Therefore, under the American system, few radio authors are well known to the public. However, agencies and producers know who is on the upgrade, and an author so labeled is often showered with work. One Chicago writer makes \$40,000 a year from radio alone, and others contrive to do very nicely on less. But it is a business well worth considering if writing is to be your profession.

In concluding this article, let me say that it is not addressed to beginners only. I have seen dozens of scripts from well-known novelists and dramatists submitted for radio production either free of charge or at lowered rates on the plea that this personage wishes to learn radio technique. This influence is reflected in the method through which most producers succeed in battering down the price of the first scripts accepted from an author. The thing to do is to take the reduced fee—and not to forget about it. Later on you may be in a position to make it all back, with interest.

(Next month Mr. Ware will talk about selling shows, where plots come from, and include a portion of a sketch which was produced coast-to-coast to give you an idea of the radio "form.")

Conflict

(Continued from page 40)

road will never get through Decatur County.

Gad: (AMUSED) Protect your property! I like that. Chase a man off his farm and if he tries to get back on it, you get busy and protect your property!

Clive: (ARGUMENTATIVELY) Well, Gad, it's a fact. It's our property. Railroads are public improvements. We have a right to condemn land along our right-o'-way. It's true we are doing this informally, but the principle's there.

Whitcomb: Don't argue with Gad. Here, Gad, you get a— What are we going to arm these men with, Donnelly? We got to put out a guard to meet that posse.

Clive: Anything! Anything at all—axes, hatchets, spike poles. . . .

Gad: Hey! Here! Hold up here! I didn't join up with this railroad to git into a fight. I have enough fights of my own.

Whitcomb: (CHIVVYING HIM ALONG) Go ahead, move along; this is a part of your work. Now you get about twenty negroes and—

Gad: Thunderation! I'll not do it! How long do you think twenty negroes would stand up against a bunch of white men with shotguns?

Whitcomb: I don't know. But we've got to try something! We can't just stand here and let 'em stop us.

Gad: Well, here, if we must try something, let it be some'pn besides fightin'. I—I jest nachelly don't like for nobody to shoot at me with a gun. It—it's dangerous.

Whitcomb: Well, you get your gun—and some of the negroes are bound to have guns. Go on, now.

Gad: No, thunder no, not me. Looky here; do you say Judge Decker could

(Please turn to page 74)

HIDDEN DIRT

CAUSES "PARALYZED PORES"

"I Challenge the
Most Fastidious
Woman in
America to Make
This
'Hidden Dirt' Test"

• Lady Esther



Shocking, but Enlightening

If you think your skin is really clean; if you think that your present cleansing methods, whatever they are, are getting all the dirt out of your skin, just make this experiment.

It may prove shocking to you, but it also will prove enlightening!

First, cleanse your skin as you now do it. Clean it extra well! If you use soap and water, use an extra amount. If you use cream, use two or three coatings. Keep cleaning it until your cloth shows not a trace of soil.

Now Look at the Cloth!

Now that you think your skin as clean as can be, take some Lady Esther Face Cream. Smooth or pat it lightly on the skin. Never mind rubbing—it isn't necessary. Leave the cream on a few minutes. Now take a clean cloth and wipe off the cream. Look at the cloth. That skin you thought perfectly clean has blackened the cloth.

This shows how Lady Esther Face Cream cleanses as compared to old-fashioned methods. It brings out unsuspected dirt and grime because it reaches that "second layer" of dirt that

defies ordinary cleansing methods. It's the pore-deep dirt that causes most skin troubles. It continues filling the pores with wax-like grime until they become actually paralyzed, which brings on Enlarged Pores, Blackheads, Whiteheads, Excessively Oily or Dry Skin, Muddiness and Sallowness.

At My Expense

So far as the Lady Esther Face Cream is concerned, you can make the "hidden dirt" test at my expense. I will send you more than enough cream to make the test. Just your name and address will bring a 7-day tube free and without obligation.

Write for it today and compare my method of skin care with the one you're using. I'll leave it to your cloth to decide which is the right method. Mail the coupon (or a postcard) now. Lady Esther, Evanston, Ill.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

FREE

LADY ESTHER

2020 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois

Please send me by return mail your 7-day tube of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream.

Name

Address

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

This offer is not good in Canada (6)

Conflict

(Continued from page 73)



"The Sheen of Youth"
Nestle
COLORINSE

● Has your hair that "vital look" which every one associates with "youth" and "health"? It's so necessary to look young these days. And there's a way to keep your hair so every one notices its natural beauty. It only needs an occasional rinse with ColoRinse to recapture "The Sheen of Youth"—the glory of natural coloring and youthful vigor.

Millions of women, ever fastidious in their hair grooming, use ColoRinse after every shampoo. It has their complete confidence because it is a harmless vegetable compound—not a dye or a bleach—made by Nestle, the originators of the permanent wave, in 10 authentic shades.

For it's more than marvelous how ColoRinse eradicates streaks, imparts brilliant highlights and pliant softness to the hair—giving it the sparkle and sheen of irrepresible youth and glamorous health.

THE NESTLE-LEMUR COMPANY
NEW YORK

10c at all 10c Stores and Beauty Shops
... Nestle Colo-Rinse, SuperSet,
Golden Shampoo and Henna Shampoo

get you-all out of this hole you're in?
Whitcomb: I said he probably could, but there's no way to reach—

Gad: Well, I don't know whether there is or not. Maybe there is.

Clive: What do you mean—maybe there is—when you know there isn't?

Whitcomb: Oh, it means he's scared and sparring for time.

Gad: Well, I am skeered of a sheriff's posse. A man that ain't is a fool. But I mean what I say—maybe there is a way to git you to Judge Decker inside a hour or so.

Whitcomb and Clive: (SIMULTANEOUSLY) How? How'll you do it?

Gad: Now, now, I don't say I'll do it. I say maybe I'll do it.

Whitcomb: If you can, do it; if you can't get your gun and some negroes and go out and try to stop—

Gad: Daggone it. I kain't do it, But I believe my cousin Heck Long can.

Clive: Your cousin Heck Long?

Gad: Yes, Mr. Donnelly, my cousin Heck.

Clive: He'll get me to Decaturville—and back—in three hours?

Gad: That does soun' like a lie, don't it?

Clive: It certainly does.

Gad: Well, I guess he kain't, myse'f.

Whitcomb: Of all fools! Donnelly, don't bother with him!

Clive: Look here, he must have had something in his head. Gad, what made you ever say your cousin Heck could take me to Decaturville in three hours?

Gad: Why, cousin Heck claims he's got a little dinkus that will—

Clive: A what?

Gad: A little dinkus that'll take you from here to Decaturville and back—

Clive: (SKEPTICALLY) Inside of three hours!

Gad: Why, cousin Heck would claim he could do it quicker'n that if you'd lissen to him.

Clive: Can he?

Gad: Search me. I don't know. I never rode in his dang contraption myse'f. I always skeered she'd blow up.

Clive: Look here, is this thing something you ride in?

Gad: I don't ride in it. Heck does—but, then, Heck's a blame pin-headed fool. He's got the least sense of anybody in our fam'ly.

Clive: But you've seen the thing?

Gad: Oh, yes; lot's o' times.

Clive: It goes fast?

Gad: Fast! Why, man, you ain't got no idyah how fast it does go. I see Heck git in it and outrun a fox houn' right down the road—he outrun two fox houn's.

Clive: Well, can another man ride in it with Heck?

Gad: He can if he's that big a fool. I tell you, Mr. Donnelly, it's a dangerouser thing you ever saw. Between ridin' with Heck and facing the sheriff an' his posse, I'll face the sheriff ever' time, because the posse can shoot an' miss me, but this here dinkus that Heck's got is bound to git ye ever' time. Now, they wouldn't be no misin' with that thing.

Clive: But it hasn't killed Heck?

Gad: Not so far, but my Lord, jest any day I expect to hear that it jest

about tore him all to pieces.

Clive: What does he call it? What's the name of this contrivance?

Gad: Well, Heck calls it a hossless buggy, but I call it the Fool Killer. I always heard there was a Fool Killer an' I never b'lieved it till Heck ordered this dinkus of his'n.

Clive: Oh, that's it. Why, I saw one of those in St. Louis just before I came down here. I had no idea it would run as fast as you say.

Gad: I don't say it. That's Heck's lie.

Clive: Well, where does your cousin Heck live? Where is this machine?

Gad: Oh, about a half mile back in the woods. The railroad jest missed his corn patch. If you're willin' to risk yore life in his hossless buggy, Heck'll be glad to see ye. He's been wantin' to carry pasengers.

Clive: Lead the way. (THEY START OFF, WALKING FAST.)

Gad: This shore will tickle Heck to death—that is, if he can start his machine. (CONTINUE WALKING. SOUNDS OF CHOPPING AND TREES FALLING DECREASE IN DISTANCE.)

Clive: Does he have trouble starting it?

Gad: He has trouble startin' it and steerin' it an' stoppin' it. He don't have nothin' but trouble.

Clive: Does he ride in it often?

Gad: Jest as often as he gets well from bein' bunged up. It throwed him over a fence twicet and through his barn wall oncet; it broke down his own peach tree with him—but, by gum, Heck ain't skeered of it, I can say that much for him. He goes right back at it the minute the doctor lets him out of bed. Here we are now. That black patch yonder is Heck's house. (CALLING) Hello! Hello, Heck! (SUDDEN WAILING AND BARKING OF DOGS.) Hey, get away from here, you dirty hounds! Throw a rock at 'em, Mr. Donnelly! Throw a rock at 'em! One of them houn's'll bite ye! Hey! Heck, call off your dogs. My Lord, I bring a passenger fer yore blame hossless buggy an' you let yore dawgs eat him up before you git him inside the thing!

Lizzie: (SHOUTING FROM HOUSE) Hey, Bulger! Tiger, Dolly Madison! Be quiet, you dern fools! Who are you-all out there waking up folks this time of night?

Gad: It's me—Gad. I've brought you a passenger for Heck's hossless buggy.

Lizzie: What darn fool is he? Git up, Heck! Someone wants to ride in your horseless buggy.

Heck: (EXCITED) A passenger! I allus told ye, Gad, the time would come when people would travel in hossless buggies. What does he want? Want to go somewhere, or jes take a little ride for fun?

Gad: Why, you dern idiot, nobody would ride in that mantrap of yours for fun. He's in a splittin' rush to git to Decaturville.

Lizzie: What's the matter? Want a doctor?

Gad: Naw, he's not after no doctor; he wants a lawyer.

Heck: A lawyer.

Lizzie: Good heavens, has he killed somebody?

Gad: Naw, he ain't killed nobody. He's jest tryin' not to kill nobody.

Heck: Good Lord, he must be a mean man, has to go to a lawyer to keep hisse'f from killin' somebody.

Clive: (IMPATIENTLY) That's all right. How long will it take you to get me to Decaturville?

Heck: Why, I can git you over there in about a hour if I don't have no bad luck.

Clive: All right—get moving—start!

Heck: All right. That's the way I like to hear a man talk—right down to business. (CALLING) Lizzie! Lizzie! Ol' woman, heat me a pot of watter.

Lizzie: (CALLING FROM INSIDE THE HOUSE) I'm heatin' it right now.

Heck: (EXCITEDLY) I got a passenger for the hossless buggy. I told Lizzie the time ud come when people would flock to my hossless buggy if anybody ever got in a hurry.

Clive: (CALLING) Look here, what do you have to have hot water for? Does it run by steam?

Heck: (STEPS AS HE APPROACHES) Naw, sir, it runs by benzine. The hot watter he'ps heat her up, then I put this here blow torch to her and git her red hot, an off she goes like a skered rabbit. (HE PUMPS BLOW TORCH, LIGHTS IT, APPLIES IT TO THE CARBURETOR.)

Gad: Look here, Mr. Donelly, you can stay here if you want to, but I'm goin' back down the road couple a hundred yards (BACKING AWAY). Be kerful there, Heck; that dang thing'll blow up in yore face!

Heck: Why, they ain't no danger as long as my han's stiddy an' the flame don't touch this little dinkus here. See, I point it away from that. I tell you, Mister Donelly, the time's goin' to come when these hossless buggies will be so improved they'll have blow torches already attached to 'em, pointed in the right direction. Then they'll be foolproof. (CALLING) Ol' woman, bring on the hot watter.

Lizzie: (HURRYING OUT TO MEN) Here it is; now lemme git away before you pour it in!

Heck: (POURING) I swan, that woman seen me run this dinkus into fences, trees, waggins an' even houses, an' it never has blowed up.

Lizzie: Not yit, it ain't.

Heck: By George, she's skered for me to pour hot watter in it. All right now, now I'm goin' to crank her. Watch out now.

Lizzie: Stan' back, Gad.

Heck: I got to jump at that throttle if I ever git it to goin'. (BEGINS CRANKING. CRANKS AND CRANKS. BLOWING AND PANTING) Phew! By gosh, sometimes it takes—phew!—a little more crankin'—than—than—at other times.

Gad: This must be a bad time, cousin Heck.

Heck: Now—this is adout ordinary—so far. (CRANKS AGAIN. AFTER ABOUT THIRTY SECONDS' CRANKING A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION—SCREAMS. HECK JUMPS, THEN CRIES IN INTENSE FRUSTRATION) Doggone it, I didn't ketch it!

Clive: (ANXIOUSLY) Didn't catch what?

Heck: Why, the spark. When it shoots like that you got to jump and pull down the spark.

Clive: You'll never make it. Could—could I pull it down for you?

Lizzie: You ain't skered?

Clive: Well, yes, some—but I've got to get to Decaturville.

Heck: Shore, shore, I forgot about youre trouble. All right now. You stan' here and jerk that little dinkus down the minute she begins to shoot, (Please turn to page 76)

Gorgeous Lemon Pie Filling **WITHOUT COOKING!**



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MAGIC LEMON MERINGUE PIE

- | | |
|--|--------------------------------|
| 1½ cups (1 can) Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk | 2 eggs |
| ½ cup lemon juice | 2 tablespoons granulated sugar |
| Grated rind of 1 lemon or ¼ teaspoon lemon extract | Baked pie shell (8-inch) |

Blend together Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk, lemon juice, grated lemon rind and egg yolks. (It thickens just as though you were cooking it, to a glorious creamy smoothness!) Pour into baked pie shell or Unbaked Crumb Crust (See FREE cook book). Cover with meringue made by beating egg whites until stiff and adding sugar. Bake until brown in a moderate oven (350° F.). Chill before serving.

● Here's a lemon filling that's always perfect! Never runny. Never too thick. Try it, and you'll never make lemon pie filling the old way again! ● But remember—Evaporated Milk won't—can't—succeed in this recipe. You must use *Sweetened Condensed Milk*. Just remember the name Eagle Brand.



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from your customers, sent in on the official ballot which you will find in this issue of Tower Magazines, will put your name on the Honor Roll. For complete details about the Tower Honor Roll and a FREE trip to New York for outstanding retail salespeople, see pages 12 and 13 of this magazine.

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Have the lure and charm of lovely hair without the expense of a hairdresser. It is now possible to keep your hair in a lovely wave at a very nominal cost to you. Dr. Ellis' Special "Quick Dry" Waveset keeps your hair soft and lustrous, and it is so easily applied that today it has become the most popular waveset at your cosmetic counter.

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DR. ELLIS
Sales Company
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Conflict

(Continued from page 75)

but say, don't jerk it down too quick. It'll shore break my arm.

Clive: Look here, will it do anything to me?

Heck: Naw, It couldn't possibly do anything to you unless the clutch happens to slip loose and the machine runs over ye—naw, you're in one of the safest spots around here. All right, are ye set?

Clive: Yes, I'm set.

Heck: Gad, don't you want to go with us, too?

Gad: Yes, by George, I'll go . . . a man kain't die but wunst.

Heck: All right . . . once more . . . le's go! (CRANKS FIVE OR SIX SECONDS . . . BLAST OF TERRIFIC EXPLOSIONS, HECK SHOUTING ABOVE IT) Pull her up a little . . . pull her down. . . Here, lemme do it (EXPLOSIONS STEADY) Git in now while she's going. . . (MACHINE STARTS OFF, GETS FASTER AND FASTER, HECK SHOUTING ABOVE IT) I tell you, Mr. Donnelly, there's goin' to be a big improvement made in cranking these here hossless buggies. . . One o' these da's, instid' o' gittin' out and sweatin' like a nigger all you'll haif to do is to set here in yore seat and turn a little win'llass that's rigged up with yore crank, you know, with an endless chain drive. . . (FADES OUT, FADE IN NOISE OF SAME MOTOR CAR FROM SILENCE TO LOUD NOISE.)

Heck: (EXCITEDLY AND WARNINGLY) Don't you do no sech thing!

Clive: Why . . . what's the matter?

Heck: Why, you'll git chawed all to pieces, walkin' in like that!

Clive: Who . . . Judge Decker?

Heck: Naw . . . his dawgs. Here, I'll call him. You set here in this machine where they can't git at you if they run out on ye (CALLING) Oh Jedge Decker! O-oh Jedge Decker! Oh Judge Decker!

Decker: (ANGRILY FROM INSIDE HOUSE) Who are you routing me out at this time o' night? What in the Tom Walker do you want?

Heck: Jedge, hold yore dawgs, we want to come in an' talk to yo.

Decker: Dogs! You thick-skulled hill-billy, I haven't got any dogs. I'm a civilized human being, not a yokel bedded up with a pack of fox hounds! What do you want anyway?

Heck: I got a man here wants to see you!

Decker: Who has he killed?

Heck: He ain't killed nobody yit, but he will if he don't see you.

Decker: (AFTER A MOMENT'S PAUSE) What's he stole?

Heck: Nothin'.

Decker: What woman has he got into trouble with?

Heck: None, that I know of.

Decker: (VERY IRRITATED) Then what in the Tom Walker does he want to see me about?

Heck: (LOWERING HIS VOICE) Why . . . the railroad!

Decker: (SOMEWHAT MOLLIFIED BUT STILL GROUCHY) Oh . . . the railroad. I thought you said he hadn't stole anything . . . bring him on in. (MEN DESCEND FROM CAR . . . STAMP FEET TO GET STIFFNESS OUT OF LEGS.)

Radio Pageant

(Continued from page 44)

that sensation of 1907, the Merry Widow waltz. Fritzi Scheff came back to trill "Kiss Me Again" from "Mlle. Modiste." Cissie Loftus imitated Harry Lauder for an audience that probably knows the Scot only as a name. And De Wolf Hopper gave "Casey at the Bat" with many a rolling r-r-r and many a vocal trick.

WILL Joe Cook become the next top man of air comedy?

There is no question but that the Sage of Lake Hopatcong has been improving, that he is developing a distinct style. But, it would seem to us, there is a limit to the popularity of mad, gloriously careless whimsy. Those lunatic inventors, Stoopnagle and Budd, have their following but it does not yet menace Joe Penner. Whimsy demands a great deal of its audience. Too much, we fear, for Mr. Cook to ascend the gaggled heavens of Ed Wynn.

TRYING out in the New York radio district has been an air novelty called "Your Lover." Muted music offers the background as this gentleman whispers into the mike:

"Hello, young lady . . . Yes, I mean you . . . It's grand to be with you . . . And it's sweet of you to let me have the thrill of talking to you . . . Come over here near me, please . . . I want to

be close to you . . . Look at me, darling . . . Just for a moment let's forget everyone else in the world . . . No one under heaven knows the joy and happiness and beauty that came into my life when I found you. . ."

Then Your Lover bursts into song, lapses back into breathless, panting confessions of his adoration. He is, it would seem, the answer to all the loveless maidens' prayers.

Our spies tell us that Your Lover's real name is Frank Luther and that he thought of the idea himself. Also that he is drawing fan mail of handsome proportions.

A FEW random thoughts:

Too bad Will Rogers doesn't take more time with the preparation of his broadcasts. Nobody can be better, or worse, than Bill.

The Palmolive Beauty Box Theater touched its highest point to date with Noel Coward's sentimental tragic-romance, "Bitter Sweet." This ideally fitted the cast, admirably adjusted itself to the necessary air limitations.

Our favorite acting of the month was contributed by Helen Hayes as the stage idol on the edge of middle age in Sir James Barrie's playlet, "Rosalind."

Vocally we were charmed most by Amelia Galli-Curci's lovely rendition of Brahms' Cradle Song.

Microphonies

(Continued from page 62)

when he discovered he was to appear in the same scene with Lawrence Tibbett, Lily Pons and Rosa Ponselle, he nearly swooned with joy. Each day at rehearsals at the "Met" he would deliver his one line—"I'm sorry we're holding no auditions"—with his best diction and in his most perfect tones. And then the day of the performance he came down with laryngitis and couldn't be heard beyond the orchestra pit!

8:00-8:15—Advice to the Lovelorn

QUESTION: "DEAR MR. KNIGHT: I AM A GIRL OF FIFTEEN. I AM IN LOVE WITH A MAN OF THIRTY. I KNOW HE IS TWICE AS OLD AS I AM, BUT I AM IN LOVE WITH HIM. WHAT SHALL I DO? (SIGNED) FIFTEEN-LOVE."

ANSWER: DEAR FIFTEEN-LOVE: YOU ARE FIFTEEN. THE MAN IS THIRTY. I ADMIT THAT IS TWICE AS OLD AS YOU. BUT WHEN YOU ARE TWENTY, HE WILL BE THIRTY-FIVE. THAT ISN'T QUITE TWICE AS OLD, IS IT? NO! HAVE COURAGE. BECAUSE YOU WILL BE GAINING ON HIM. WHEN YOU ARE AROUND FORTY OR FIFTY OR SIXTY, YOU WILL CATCH UP WITH HIM AND YOU WILL BOTH EVENTUALLY BE THE SAME AGE. WRITE ME AGAIN IN A COUPLE OF DECADES AND LET ME KNOW WHAT HAPPENED.

9:00-10:00—Music Depreciation Hour

This month we play for you a seldom heard composition—The Bathtub Suite. It was written by Offenbach in honor of Axel Axelson, the inventor of the bathtub. It seems that when Offenbach first saw a bathtub, at the age of fifty, he exclaimed—"Oh, isn't that Bathtub Suite!" This name was given to his new composition and nobody seemed to care.

Since the music is pretty bad, I shall tell you instead, of Axel Axelson. He was a Greek and he was named after the town in which he was born—Axel, Greece.

In 1950 Axel invented the hot water faucet which read "Cold" and the cold water faucet which read "Hot."

In 1866 he invented the slippery bathtub and people fell for it. In 1890 came his crowning glory. After numerous experiments in a boys' school, he invented the ring around the bathtub which is found today wherever bathtubs are used.

We are now ready for the selection. On second thought, let's cancel the broadcast.

12:00 Midnight—Sign-Off

This column has come to you through the courtesy of Schwarzkopfer's Herrings.

Schwarzkopfer's Herrings please those who are not difficult to please. They come in air-tight containers which defy you to open them. Also they are varnished and shellacked to preserve the true briny tang.



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The smart Parisienne has long practiced the subtle art of the correct use of perfume. She chooses her perfume for its effect, for its ability to make her truly irresistible. But no longer need you envy her choice, for now with Irresistible Perfume, you can give yourself that indefinable charm, that unforgettable allure that has attracted men the world over. You will find Irresistible Perfume at your 5 and 10c store. Buy it today. One trial will convince you that it has the magic power to make you, too, more irresistible.

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IRRESISTIBLE — 71 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

Thirty-two Dollars and Fate

(Continued from page 31)

"Happy Days" September Babies!



NOW, you September Babies, we want to tell you something for your own good. Watch your diet very carefully. Gobble up your vitamins and calories and minerals—but lay off the matches and safety pins.

Some things digest and others don't. And, when you get a few months older, tip your mother off to a line of strained cereal and vegetables that are so good—and so easy to digest—that you'll yell for more. They're full of vitamins and good-for-you mineral salts, too.

They're Gerber's—the strained foods that make babies big, husky, happy and strong. That's why doctors all over recommend them.

The reason Gerber's are Better for Babies is—a different way of preparation. An exclusive way. Of course, only the finest, freshest garden-ripe foods are used to start with.

They're strained five times as fine as ordinary home-cooking methods permit. Then they're cooked by a special oxygen-excluding process which retains vitamins in high degree. Mineral salts, too.

But the best part of Gerber's—almost—is the amount of work they save mothers. No long hours of cooking over hot stoves—then straining—when they serve Your Little Highness these strained foods. And because they're so packed with nutrition they actually save money.

Anyway, if they're Better for Baby, isn't that all mother needs to know?

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When you go shopping, look for the Gerber complete line. It means "Baby Headquarters."

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ASK YOUR DOCTOR



Gerber's

9 Strained Foods for Baby



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meant more to her than anything else and nothing was worth while but just being with him.

She had planned to stay on in California after the picture was finished. And then she talked to him over the telephone one night—and asked him to marry her!

"I suppose I shouldn't admit it," she will tell you now in recounting the story of her romance. "I suppose it was very bold of me but I knew that he loved me and that all he needed was something to make him propose. I knew he felt I wouldn't want to give up my career. I knew he felt I wouldn't be content living on his salary. So I just upped and asked him if he'd marry me—and over a long distance telephone at that!

"He told me that there were a lot of things he wanted to talk to me about and that he would come to California at Christmas time, which was three weeks off. But I didn't wait. I got on a train for New York the next day and we were married January 29, 1933."

The thing that had made Ben hesitate was Lillian's career. He had never known an actress before. He thought perhaps her work meant more to her than love and he had read enough about that war—love vs. a career—to make him hesitate.

He talked to Lillian about it. "Darling," she said, "I've been in the theatrical business since I was five years old. Compared to our love it means nothing. I'll give it up at once."

Offers came, but she turned them all down. She was too busy buying furniture for the apartment.

AT that time, she didn't know Louis XIV furniture from Queen Anne. Both names were something she had read in a history book. But she knows all about them now.

Without the help of anyone she designed the interior of their entire apartment. The beautiful living room is in black and white with early English furniture. The bedroom is modernistic and the dining room is Jacobean. She selected everything herself and it is a triumph of beauty. It made Ben Shalleck realize that she meant it when she said love and domesticity were more than the shallow triumphs of a career.

And when he saw how sincere she was and how many theatrical offers she had turned down without hesitating, he told her that, if she liked, she could work in a theater for one week a month. An offer came to make a film in New York. To this he did not object. That's why you saw her in "Take a Chance." Movie short subjects are made mostly in New York and that's okay, too. The important thing is that they be together.

And then when the radio offer came, he made no objection since it meant she would stay in New York.

But everything she has done in a theatrical way since their marriage has been with his consent. Her marriage—her love—come first. And there's no bunk about that.

And their life, now, is idyllic. Their birthdays come at the same time. Lillian discovered that when she was in court. Because she was a minor during the trial her mother had to testify concerning her age. "Lillian was born December 13, 1910," she said. The judge smiled. "A great man was

born December 13th," he joked. It was his birthday, too.

Nor is this all they have in common. They are perfectly happy, because they have a perfect understanding.

Whenever she works at a new place he visits her once.

Once a month she goes to court with him. She used to sit on the bench with him, but now she sits at the back of the room and listens.

At the dinner table every night he tells her of some difficult legal problem he has encountered during the day and they discuss that. She counters by asking his advice concerning a song.

On Monday night, when she broadcasts, he plays poker with a group of young attorneys, but they stop the game to listen when Lillian comes over the air and he makes a record of her voice so she can hear it when she comes home and correct any mistakes she's made.

Tuesday night is their "alone night." On Wednesday they go out with a couple of very good friends.

Thursday they go to the theater. But always—on week nights, since he has to be up early—they're asleep by twelve o'clock.

He does not work Saturday and Sunday—so week-end nights belong to Lillian. "Those are hot-cha nights," she tells you—devoted to dancing and night clubs and grand late hours.

Every Sunday they dine at the same restaurant—have steak and French fried potatoes—and go to the movies.

And Lillian Roth—who has lived all her life in the excitement of the theater—is perfectly content with this charming, but simple routine.

AND what a good wife she is! Actually, she does the marketing and plans all the meals. She had never done that before, but Judge Shalleck says she's a grand little housewife now.

Every night—before they go to bed—she lays out the clothes he is to wear in the morning. When she first met him he didn't care whether his tie matched his shirt or not. Now that's all changed. Lillian selects and purchases his shirts and ties; they have to match.

Although he is thirty-seven, he looks much younger. He and Lillian could be mistaken for brother and sister.

He can't sing a note, but he knows what tones in her voice he likes and is always trying to tell her about it—much to her amusement and delight.

This Summer they're going to California and he has given his consent for her to make a picture. He is satisfied, now, that a career and a home can walk hand in hand, for he has seen how beautifully Lillian runs their home. The only thing he is positive about is that they shall not be separated!

And all of this companionship, all of this happiness, all of this beautiful, lovely life—the private life of Judge and Mrs. Benjamin Shalleck—happened because Lillian was stubborn and would not pay that extra thirty-two dollars on her garage bill!

Don't tell me that Fate doesn't guide our lives!

Lillian Roth may be heard every Monday evening at 8:30, E. D. S. T., over the following CBS stations: WABC-W2XE.

My Fight to be Like Other Girls

(Continued from page 19)

props, she would never make her legs move, would rely on the crutches completely. Besides she was a girl and would some day grow into a beautiful woman. Mrs. Boswell did not want to see her daughter further maimed by ugly arm muscles and huge shoulders—the inevitable result of using crutches.

So, when the doctor dismissed the case, her brother took little Connie out into the big New Orleans backyard and there he taught Connie to crawl. He would put a doll or some object she wanted ten feet away from her and tell her to get it. The crawling, he felt sure (and he was right) would make her use those limp muscles.

Her brother and mother both believed that there was strength to be gained from the earth. They based this belief on no science—they just felt it, that's all. So the brother dug a hole for her in the ground and there she would lie for hours, taking the power that Mother Earth gave her.

"And as for climbing trees," she said, "Well, I was the best tree climber in the neighborhood. I can still climb trees. I'll challenge anybody to a championship match any day."

The other kids soon discovered that Connie was not just a weak cripple. One little Northern visitor discovered it to her sorrow when she called Connie "a rebel." Connie lit into her—and that memorable fight is still recalled by their New Orleans neighbors.

Strangely enough, the legs grew stronger. Surely, it was not in the cards for all that effort and all that faith on the part of her family to go unrewarded. And slowly she began to use her legs. Much to the joy of those who loved her, she took her first step. Then she took another and by the time she was in her teens she could walk across a room.

THE career of the Boswell trio started during the Mississippi flood. Their mother and father both played the piano, violin and guitar. So Martha, Vet and Connie were taught music. They all played various instruments and they all sang. After the flood they appeared at dozens of benefits. Connie, who had had her share of suffering, wanted to do her bit to help the flood sufferers.

Theatrical managers heard them and they were called to fill in for an Orpheum act when the principal in that act became ill.

Although she was walking pretty well she would not trust herself to walk across a stage, so the curtain rose on the Boswell sisters, with Connie seated and the other two standing behind her.

After their first professional work at the Orpheum they sang and played at a number of New Orleans theaters. A phonograph man had them make a record. They began meeting theatrical people and eventually got a booking for a series of small towns out of Chicago.

It was in Chicago that the second accident occurred.

They had a little apartment on the first floor and one day, Connie, to play a joke on her sisters crawled out the window to hide from them when they came in.

(Please turn to page 80)

... HOW JANE WON HER HUSBAND A JOB



WHY HEXIN DESERVES THE CREDIT

JANE'S nerves were strained to the breaking point. She was tired—she had a frightful headache.

How could she face this important situation? She was so anxious to make a good impression. Luckily, she took Bill's advice—2 HEXIN tablets with water.

All Jane really needed was rest but that was out of the question.

HEXIN made her relax even while she was getting dinner. That's how HEXIN works. It contains no habit-

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After taking HEXIN, Jane began to feel more and more relaxed. Then it seemed as though her headache were being drawn away and sure enough it had vanished a few minutes later.

Jane was radiant and charming that evening. Bill got the job and they are leaving for New York next week.

Bill says Jane got the job for him but she gives HEXIN the credit.

Send coupon below for FREE trial size package.



HEXIN NEW PRICE 25c

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Please send me a generous FREE sample of HEXIN.

Name

Street Address

City State

His Wife

alone

KNEW



TO others there was no noticeable difference—but she knew something was disturbing him. He seemed self-conscious and over-sensitive about slight skin irritations which at first had appeared of little importance, but which seemed over a period of months to be growing worse. She believed Cuticura Ointment would help him . . . and it did!

* * * *

Some men are indifferent to the appearance of casual pimples; others are too self-conscious about skin-irritations of any kind. And either characteristic keeps them from seeking the advice that would suggest the sure, simple Cuticura way of relief. So many thousands know this amazingly simple treatment for skin troubles, pimples, eczema, through its successful use in their own cases. When other treatments have failed, Cuticura Ointment proves its worth by clearing up skin annoyances which would not yield to other methods. And the daily use of Cuticura Soap continues the good work by maintaining the skin in constant health.

For over half a century, the world over, Cuticura Ointment and Soap have enjoyed a success in removing irritations of skin and scalp that is surpassed by no other similar products. Start using Cuticura Ointment at the first sign of trouble. It will not disappoint you.

Cuticura Ointment 25c and 50c. Soap 25c at leading drug and department stores. Also at variety stores in 10c sizes.

FREE! Helpful folder on Cuticura Products for the care of the skin and scalp. Write Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. T.M.-6, Malden, Mass.



Cuticura OINTMENT AND SOAP

... Over half a century of success in controlling and healing skin troubles.

My Fight to be Like Other Girls

(Continued from page 79)

With much laughter and pretended fright they discovered her there, but in getting back into the room somehow Connie fell.

White faced and stricken by fear Martha and Vet jumped out the window and picked her up. The doctor was called. She was badly bruised—one arm was cut and her ankle was swollen. But the dreadful part was that she discovered she could not move her legs.

Each trying to hide their tears from the other, they decided that they should not write their mother of the accident. Their brother—the one that had taught Connie to use her legs after the first accident—had died in 1918 and the mother had not yet recovered from the shock. They were afraid of what another shock might do.

A GIRL with less courage would have given up then, but Connie knew that the future of the trio depended upon their continuing the tour—making the most of their first real theatrical break. So it was she who insisted that they go on.

They did not miss a performance. Connie would take the bandage off her arm and conceal it in the piano just before the curtain rose, but she could not play the saxophone—which had been a part of the act. She would tuck her swollen leg under her and let her evening gown cover it.

From Chicago they played innumerable small towns—played in mean little theaters—stopped at inconvenient hotels. There was no money with which to buy Connie a wheel-chair so Martha and Vet had to carry her—making a pack-saddle of their four hands—from the hotel to a train, from the train to the theater. Martha and Vet were Connie's legs.

Eventually the tour took them to San Francisco and there Connie could see a good doctor. He examined her thoroughly and gave her light treatments which helped her, but still she could not walk.

In Los Angeles they were asked to sing for the radio. That was much easier than appearing on the stage and it fitted them for the great radio success they were to have later. For a year and a half they broadcast from Los Angeles and then came the offer of New York radio work.

By this time, of course, their mother had been told of the second accident and Connie had a chair which made traveling much easier.

But not once during her entire career has she ever allowed her handicap to make the slightest difference. She has done what the others have done. Her energy is limitless.

At one time they were broadcasting twice a week, rehearsing constantly for these broadcasts, playing five shows a day in a New York theater and making phonograph records in their "spare" time.

"I can't be inactive," Connie told

me. "I've always got to be doing something. I just don't understand those people who sit down and do nothing. Right now I can move every muscle in my body. I can move my legs and it seems to me that they're getting stronger every day. I have the firm conviction that I will be able to walk again. I know I will! I did once before and I can do it again. I have much more energy than I did a few years after the second fall. I move my legs all the time. All I need now is for them to get enough strength to support my body. Then I'll walk again.

"But in the meantime I can't just sit and wait for that to come. You see, Martha and Vet and I make all our own arrangements. We sit around the piano and work out the songs. Most of the time when I'm not actually at the radio station I'm rehearsing here at home.

"But even when the time comes that we decide to retire—or the public gets tired of us and decides that we should retire—I'll never be idle even then. I love to paint—that's a little oil I did over there. I paint a lot when I haven't anything else to do. I can't imagine myself doing nothing."

AND, incidentally, she was very anxious that I clear up the confusion about her singing without the others over the Camel cigarette hour. This does not mean that the trio has dissolved. At first, when she was offered the chance of singing alone—although she had done a sustaining hour alone for a long time—she hesitated about taking it. The three girls were in Florida on a vacation, when the offer came, and they insisted that she go ahead. "We need a rest," they said, "Go on, Connie, support us!" And, while they were laughing and kidding, Connie agreed.

"But we're still a trio. No sir, three people as close as we are couldn't ever break up."

Connie Boswell is a beautiful little thing. She looks like a gypsy, with her dark hair and bright, bird-like eyes. When she cuddled down on the end of a sofa you would never know that she was different from any other girl. But when you hear her talk you realize that she is different from the average run of complaining, whining folk throughout the world. It really made me ashamed of myself that I had ever complained of anything, when I realized what this girl has accomplished in spite of her severe handicap.

Connie Boswell has not wanted to talk about this before, because she wanted to get by on her own merits and not receive applause through pity. Well, she has got by on her own merits. And, most certainly, you can't pity a girl like that. Pity is too weak, too puny an emotion.

You can give her your profound admiration and find in her a truly great and fine inspiration.

Are you reading

Radio from the Inside?

The first authentic gossip column written from behind the controls.
Here is the genuine low-down on radio personalities.

TINY TOWER IS JUST WHAT JIMMY NEEDS - AND MANY OTHER MOTHERS WILL WANT TO SUBSCRIBE, TOO



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Can you use some extra money . . . easily earned in your spare time? Tiny Tower, the new fast-selling magazine for young children makes big profits. This fascinating things-to-do magazine sells itself as soon as it is seen. No experience necessary.

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Write today for details how to increase your income.

Olive Reid, Dept. S,
TINY TOWER MAGAZINE
55 Fifth Avenue New York, N. Y.

Tower Radio, September, 1934

The Singing Troubadour

(Continued from page 24)

Allen on his Hour of Smiles. Theodore Webb's been the Singing Troubadour since Ray Heatherton went off this program. The first time Webb sang on this hour he received no billing, either.

It seems quite a habit, this singing without being announced on the air. It extends back to seven years ago when Webb was The Golden Voiced Baritone on the first La France programs.

The makers of La France soap got what, at that time, was a novel idea for the air. They decided to launch the best singer they could find without revealing his identity. He would be The Golden Voiced Baritone. They appealed to WEA. The program director immediately suggested Theodore Webb and he was put on the air as The Golden Voiced Baritone without an audition.

HOW did this tall, dark-eyed, dark-haired son of Canada become a singer instead of a business man? It all dates back thirty years, when as a little boy with a big voice he began to attract the attention of the neighbors, who loved to hear him sing. His mother, from whom he had inherited his musical talent, was all for encouraging him. But his father, a sturdy business man of the old school, was strongly prejudiced against male singers. He thought that all singers were sissies and wanted Theodore to become a business man.

Nothing more was said about Theodore's singing. Young Teddy Webb, who loved the out-of-doors and football and hockey (still his favorite sport) forgot all about his voice. He was just as well pleased.

He went to the Central Collegiate School in Winnipeg to study civil engineering. Even his father admitted that was a man-sized job.

But Fate intervened, as it often does. Family finances dictated that he stop his studies, and go to work. He got a job as an office boy in the Canadian National Railway. He stayed for five years and rose to be chief clerk in his department. He might still be there if it hadn't been for his sister and the World War.

His sister, a member of the choir of the Methodist Church at home, felt Theodore had too lovely a voice to waste. She kept after him till he agreed to join the church choir. This was when he was eighteen.

Within six months he was chosen to be the bass soloist. And was terribly proud of himself. Till the morning for his initial solo.

The nearer the hour approached, the more nervous he got. It was a lovely May morning, warm and clear. He kept thinking of what would happen if his voice cracked, if he forgot the words of his selection. There'd be no brother-choir to help him out. The prospect of facing the entire congregation appalled him. He had such a bad case of the jitters he felt he just couldn't sing.

At the last minute, he tried to beg off. But William Dichmont, the church organist who coached the choir, wouldn't hear of it. He assured young Webb everything would be all right.

(Please turn to page 82)

No more blind dates

for me!



"NEVER AGAIN. From now on I'm through with blind dates. I don't say a girl must be pretty. But she must be some other things. Why on earth doesn't this girl know she ought to do something about it?"

Who can blame a man for resenting the odor of underarm perspiration upon a girl? It's altogether inexcusable when it can be avoided so easily with Mum, the dainty, fragrant cream deodorant.

Just a little half minute when you dress to smooth on a bit of Mum, and you can forget your underarms for *all day*.

You need not hesitate to use Mum. It's harmless to clothing. And it's soothing to the skin—so soothing you can even use it right after shaving the underarms.

Use Mum regularly every day. Then you'll offend no one with this unpleasantness which always robs a girl of popularity and admiration. Bristol-Myers, Inc., 75 West St., New York.

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DEPEND UPON MUM TO DO THIS. Use Mum as a deodorant on sanitary napkins and enjoy absolute security.



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SMOKE



KOOL
MILDLY MENTHOLATED
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Exhilarating as sinking your putt from the far edge of the green! KOOLS are definitely cooler: distinctly refreshing. They're mildly mentholated by a clever process that preserves the full flavor of the fine tobaccos. Cork tips don't stick to lips. Coupons packed with KOOLS good for gilt-edged Congress Quality U. S. Playing Cards and other nationally advertised merchandise. (Offer good in U. S. A. only.) Send for illustrated list.

SAVE COUPONS for
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15¢ for TWENTY 25¢ in CANADA

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.

The Singing Troubadour

(Continued from page 81)

Young Webb stood up to sing. He felt as if he had the palsy. His knees knocked together. The perspiration ran down his cheeks in huge drops. In his nervousness and excitement he had forgotten to take a handkerchief. The sheet of music became so limp and twisted it was difficult "to read the words. His selection was Lord, I Hear of Showers of Blessing."

Just as he began to sing the song, one of the most beautiful thunder storms you ever heard came up. He swears this is the gospel truth. And it shocked him out of his self-consciousness so that he finished the piece quite respectably.

Dichmont encouraged him to sing at concerts. He found that music and business didn't mix. But the Webb family still needed his support. He couldn't afford to quit his job then. For a while it looked as if business would win out.

THEN the World War came along. Webb enlisted and rose to be a Sergeant in the Dominion Army.

Overseas, during his years of service, he had plenty of time to think things out. He decided if he came back alive, he would take a fling at what he really wanted to do—sing. He had only one life to live, and it was passing. If he failed as a singer, he could always go back to clerking.

When the war ended he came straight to New York. He had saved up \$500 and decided that he would give himself a chance, study for six months here. Try to get some engagements. If he was any good, he'd stay permanently. If his voice proved not good enough, well, at least he would be convinced and have no regrets.

He had been recommended to Frederick E. Bristol, famous vocal teacher. Perhaps you'll recognize him under the name Pop Bristol, with which his students affectionately dub him. Pop Bristol thought Theodore Webb would make a swell singer, and advised him to register at church agencies for singing jobs. Within six weeks he had been chosen as soloist at the society church of Irvington-on-the-Hudson, the famous Methodist Church which Mrs. Helen Gould helped support.

Webb settled down to studying in earnest at all hours of the day and night. No gay night-life for him. And Lady Luck and hard work won out. Within three months his teacher had recommended him to sing in the Capitol Theater in New York, where they were putting on grand opera. He got the role of the father in Hansel and Gretel, and met Sara Burdick, who was playing the role of the wicked, cruel step-mother. She has been Mrs. Theodore Webb for the last four years.

Then he toured the Eastern states with a group of young singers, The Operatic Players. Sara Burdick was in the group. "I guess we were pretty terrible," he confessed with a laugh, "but we managed to get by, playing little New England hamlets where they had never seen a real opera. And did we feel important!"

"I was always pretty lucky," he told me. "And I think it is because I decided upon a course of action early in my career, and stuck to it. First, I never cry for the moon. Second, I try

to develop myself to the point where I feel sure I have something to offer. Then I wait. Invariably someone seeks me out, some opportunity comes along.

"I've never had to give a radio audition, though I've been on the air since 1921. I've never had to beg for a job. I've usually been recommended by someone who knew me. I sang on the stage, at concerts, and even entered radio this way."

IT was back in 1921 that Webb first broadcast. Hugo Riesenfeld had heard Webb sing at Pop Bristol's summer camp in Maine, and had invited the young baritone to sing at the Rivoli and Rialto Theaters, in New York, which Riesenfeld managed.

A Westinghouse official was present at one of Webb's performances, and when the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company opened station WJZ in Newark, back on October 1, 1921, with a dinner in honor of the electrical wizard, Charles Steinmetz, Webb was asked to be soloist there.

From that day on he was a radio addict. He was thrilled with the idea that he reached more people with one broadcast than he could in ten years on the concert stage! He still keeps up with his concert and opera work, but his greatest love is radio. When the original Eveready program was assembled, he was offered the baritone part. When the Cities Service Mixed Quartette came into being, he was selected as its baritone, too.

He has sung on hundreds of commercial programs since. On practically all of the sustaining operatic excerpts NBC has sent out. He is the leading soloist with the National Grand Opera Company, and has starred in radio revivals of Gilbert and Sullivan's operettas, on the Maestros' Hour. He has been baritone on RCA programs, on the General Electric Home Circle, for General Motors broadcasts. He was one of the first five singers to be approached by the Artist's Bureau of the National Broadcasting Company and requested to sign up exclusively under their management. A real honor when you stop to think of the thousands of singers they have had on their programs.

ONE of the funniest experiences he ever had occurred a while ago when he was doing The Spectre's Bride with the Pittsburgh Mendelssohn Choir Concert, in Pittsburgh. The program was given in Pittsburgh's huge museum auditorium, which was half an hour's ride from Webb's hotel.

Webb, who is a stickler for neatness, unpacked his suitcase early in the afternoon. Everything was in order except the pants of his evening suit, which were slightly creased. Down to the hotel presser they went, with the strict injunction they must be returned to Mr. Webb by six o'clock. The concert was to start at seven-thirty.

Came six o'clock. No pants. Six-thirty. The presser said he was sending them up immediately. Seven. Still no pants. It did no good to keep phoning the presser, he had shut up shop for the night. The hotel management tried calling him at home; there was no answer. Seven-thirty. Still no pants.

Webb phoned the auditorium and

"Everybody Says You Look So Young Again"

NOW YOU CAN BRUSH AWAY

GRAY HAIR

You can easily look years younger. With an ordinary small brush and BROWNATONE, you can tint those streaks or patches of gray or faded hair to lustrous shades of blonde, brown, or black. Also splendid for toning down over-bleached hair.

For over twenty-two years this tried, proven and popular preparation has aided American women the country over in retaining their youthful charm and appearance. Millions of bottles sold is your assurance of satisfaction and safety. Don't experiment. BROWNATONE is guaranteed harmless for tinting gray hair—active coloring agent is of vegetable origin. Easily and quickly applied—at home. Cannot affect waving of hair. BROWNATONE is economical and lasting—it will not wash out. No waiting. No disappointments. Just brush or comb it in. Easy to prove by applying a little of this famous tint to a lock of hair. Shades: "Blonde to Medium Brown" and "Dark Brown to Black"—cover every need.

BROWNATONE is only 50¢—at all drug and toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.

the **CHORE GIRL** PURE KNITTED COPPER
INSTANTLY CLEANS POTS AND PANS
 No More Kitchen Drudgery!
Patented parallel outer layers provide—
"Double the Wear, where the Wear comes"

A Popular HOTEL IT MUST EXCEL!



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 Every Room with Bath
 Daily \$2.00 up
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Located in a delightful section which retains traditional dignity and quiet charm. Here is every provision for comfort. Solarium, roof garden, lounge, library, recreation rooms and entertainment.

2 DAYS IN N. Y. \$5.50
EVERYTHING INCLUDED

Room and private bath. Meals at hotel. Sightseeing tours. Radio City Music Hall. Shopping tours.

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Room and bath. Meals at hotel. Royal Blue Line sightseeing, uptown and downtown. Radio City Music Hall. Empire State Observation Tower. NBC Broadcasting Studio at Radio City. Choice of other entertainment.

Also 4, 5 and 6 day tours at proportionately low cost.

WRITE FOR DETAILS

The **GEORGE WASHINGTON**

23rd Street and Lexington Ave., New York City

explained his predicament. After all a soloist couldn't appear on the stage minus pants, could he? He said unless they located his trousers he'd have to wear his blue business suit.

That's what he did. The program was held up twenty minutes when he arrived. The audience had been let in on his trouble.

"They evidently appreciated the joke at my expense," he said, "because they gave me the biggest round of applause I've ever gotten." Even the papers jocularly referred to his ability to sing without benefit of evening clothes.

The next morning the pants presser cleared matters up. He had sent the missing article to another Mr. Webb in the hotel!

Webb is one of the most easy-going, untemperamental stars I've ever met. His favorite pose for rehearsing is seated in a chair that is tilted on the two back legs, while he leans in comfort against the wall. In all his years on the air, there has been only one time when he got really fighting mad. That was on a Hugo Mariani program. Webb was singing the baritone's delight—On the Road to Mandalay. He had just got into his stride when the announcer motioned him to stop suddenly. Nothing less than an SOS could cause this, he thought.

But it wasn't an SOS. The announcer merely wanted to chime the quarter hour! He was green on the job, and so anxious to obey all the instructions. After the last chime had died away, Webb was permitted to take up the song.

This Horatio Alger, who rose from office boy to famous baritone, still clings to his boyhood simplicity. He and his wife rarely enter a night-club or go in for extensive entertaining. They spend all their spare time in swimming and golf and tennis. Mrs. Webb has given up her singing career to be plain Mrs. Theodore Webb.

Listen, Graham!

(Continued from page 54)

thata in every part of the country.

He keeps his youth and his enthusiasm. Part of the secret—if it is a secret—lies in his laugh. It's a full-throated, whole-hearted he-man laugh. The laugh, you may say, of that average man who loves life and likes to believe he lives it to the full. It's his ability to laugh that has made Graham the perfect stooge. It has also lighted up many a sports broadcast. He not only enjoys the amusing incidents at the arena, but through his infectious good humor, makes listeners enjoy them too.

Today he is the highest paid announcer in the world. He has made a highly specialized profession out of sports broadcasting. There are many radio amateurs that have been called to the radio colors to describe sports events—experts in the line from newspapers, magazines, official sports circles. But none of them has won for himself a permanent place among the word-slingers when the race or the fight or the game is on.

Sports broadcasting demands more than a good eye and a vocabulary. It demands enthusiasm, fairness and, above all, a voice. Graham McNamee is enthusiastic and impartial, but more than anything else he has a voice. It's a voice with a capital V.

FEET FIRST into Fashion



GRIFFIN ALLWITE for all white shoes

For that "new shoe" finish, be sure you use GRIFFIN ALLWITE. Not a chalky coating that soon wears away. This *different* cleaner actually removes spots, cleans as it whitens, and will not rub off on clothing or upholstery.

Use GRIFFIN ALLWITE on all white shoes, fabric or leather. Buy it for as little as 10¢ . . . in the convenient ready-mixed bottle or the economical tube.



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Nature's Way

A GENTLE FLUSH



Avoid Laxatives That Constipate!

Ever hear of "cathartic constipation"? Medicine laxatives cause it. Most of them work by irritating the membranes of the digestive tract—and when taken regularly lose their effect. Soon the laxative-constipation habit has you in its grip!

That's why more than 50,000 physicians recommend Pluto Water. For Pluto is not a drug or medicine laxative, but a saline mineral water. The same amount each time—no need to increase it—always performs, does not gripe, gives positive results in less than one hour. It cannot give you the laxative habit!

Pluto Water is gentle—but speedy. It promptly opens the pylorus valve—permitting the flush to enter the intestines without anxious hours of waiting.

The proper dilution—one-fifth glass Pluto in four-fifths glass hot water—is practically tasteless. Take it whenever sluggish—get results within an hour—and end that laxative habit! In two sizes: Splits (8 ounces), 25c—large bottles (3 times the quantity), 50c. At all druggists.

**PLUTO
WATER**
America's Laxative Mineral Water

Short Wave Department

About Captain Hall

CAPTAIN HALL is considered the foremost short wave authority in this country today. A veteran navigator, Captain Hall became interested in radio about eight years ago.

He was born in Baltimore in 1880. His family had followed the sea for generations; his father was a sea captain and Hall naturally turned to it. For twenty-eight years, Captain Hall has held an unlimited master's license, which requires six years of training before an examination is possible.

Hall enlisted in the United States Navy after we went into the World War, in September, 1917, and was assigned to the "U. S. S. America," which was part of the first convoy to land American troops in France. Hall saw active service all through the war handling the transport of troops, finally commanding the "S.S. Santa Rosa." He came out of the Navy with the title of lieutenant-commander.

On Feb. 1, 1920, he was named as marine superintendent for the United States Government for the district including France, Portugal and Spain, with headquarters in Paris. In 1922 he was ordered to the command of the "Steamship Prusa," taking that vessel upon an experimental tramp cruise twice around the world. At the time the government was investigating shipping conditions and the possibilities of the trampship trade.

Captain Hall left the sea in 1925 and engaged in the business of building ship models for wealthy patrons, among them being Colonel H. H. Rogers and Louis de Coppel. At this time he became interested in short wave radio.

Captain Hall visited every port on the globe during his maritime career. Without realizing it, he was building a splendid groundwork for his other cruises as a short wave enthusiast. He picks up distant ports with the same ease that he handled sailing ships and steamships in the old days.

Summer Catches

(Continued from page 43)

stopped for a breathing spell. At five A. M. we went back to the dials and although the nineteen-meter band fairly bristled with carriers, not a voice came in. At exactly 6.20 A.M. when the DX party was just breaking up, a powerful carrier was snared on about twenty meters. A typical Frenchman talking English said, "Hillo, Hillo. This is Radio Nations. Hello, Japan. How are you receiving us? Hillo, Japan. Ah! We are receiving YOU very well." Excitement reigned. Even we "gray beards" in short waves shook the assumed mantle of disinterestedness from our shoulders and, upon hearing Geneva say that they were receiving Japan very well, we started to "fish" for this particular Oriental. After consulting our time charts we found it was about 7.30 P.M. in Japan so we thought that they would be coming over on a high frequency, maybe 38.5 meters. But no, a fairly mad dash over the dials brought us down to 19 meters and there was our Jap. The signal that was being radiated from this transmitter was almost as strong as the one from Geneva.

Now to detour for a moment. For several weeks I have been experimenting with a recording outfit in order to make records of my "catches." Here was a chance. The record that was made so clear that it was re-broadcast on my Sunday night program over one of New York's stations, WBNX, 1350 kc.

WHEN Japs are here, there and everywhere on your dials, here are three distance stations for you to go after. If listeners in the Metropolitan district of New York can pull in Asiatics through all the local and man-made interference, anyone can.

On approximately 28:80 meters you will hear, any time from 6 A.M. Eastern Standard Time to 7 A.M. a very weak signal. But do not be discouraged. Hold on to it. Build it up. Your reward will be a program, con-

sisting of Oriental music. Remarkably long pauses. It is one of Shanghai, China, stations that has been heard by the writer on several occasions.

Way down on 19:96 meters at about 5.35 A.M. Eastern Standard Time, a sweet-voiced female can be heard almost every morning calling, "Hello Taska, Hello, Taska." This is Moscow calling Tashkent in Turkestan.

For those who are interested in logging another Asiatic besides Japan, China, Indo-Japan and the Philippines, turn your dials ever so slowly until you come to about 19:70 meters and there you will hear a gruff-voiced man also calling but he will be saying, "Hello, Moskva, Hello, Moskva." Then you will hear a two-way conversation between Moscow and Turkestan.

These last three catches are those that professional DXers are really and truly interested in.

Bad Reception

(Continued from page 42)

"Reception is worsening." After we passed through this attack along came another scientist who informed us that radio reception and health conditions on this planet will be very poor for a while because a huge red spot has been discovered on the planet Jupiter. That was too much. And at the time of writing that is what we are going through. Now, if the scientists and the planets don't get together and find some new trouble I think we may hope for better results.

Through all this time several peculiarities stood out. The first one was that the South American stations did not seem to be affected by moon or "planet complaint" but were becoming literally saturated with static. That was to be expected as we have become use to it for many years on the signals from the Latin-American countries. Then we noticed that when the sun was going down the signal would build up. But no matter how they tried to "come in" if the moon was in her last quarter they never came up to standard.

A Cook's Tour of Sleepless Hollow

(Continued from page 56)

heart. You drive with a mashie. It goes on. You rush up to see what has happened, and lo! Your ball is in the cup. A funnel-shaped green has done the trick, and before you can catch your breath, Wellington rushes up to congratulate you and presents you with an embossed card, certifying that you have made a hole-in-one. Beaming, you return to the house.

Later perhaps, Joe will explain how the trick course came into being. Its history is characteristic of his patience and stubbornness and industry.

Some years ago the boys at a nearby club chided Joe on the fact that their course seemed to be too tough for him. So Joe decided then and there to build a course that would be really tough.

He carved it right out of the forest, dynamiting hundreds of tree stumps, and hauling away some ten thousand tons of boulders. It took him seven years to build those nine trick holes for the amazement of his friends and guests. He is at work on another nine now which he expects may take him another seven years to complete.

By the time you have reached the house, the other guests will have begun to trickle in, bearing strange tales. Those who have tried the tennis courts report that everything seemed to be in order except that the balls were slightly lopsided and inclined to bounce off at odd and unexpected tangents.

ODDDEST of all are the stories of the fishermen. They declare that they were fishing from the dock with worms under the guidance of Herman, when he asked them to hold his pole for a moment. Immediately he cried out that they had a bite and on pulling in the line, found a sizeable shark at the end of it. The only catch was that the shark was dead. Herman felt pretty badly about this but pointed out that it had its advantages, because the shark was already stuffed for mounting.

At this point you are invited into the study where you find that the master of the house has been making use of his spare moments in working on his radio scripts.

You come on him talking rapidly into a dictaphone. Joe talks his stuff. That's the way it comes out of him. And when there is no one around to remember what he has said, he talks to the dictaphone and there it all is.

With Joe there is no worry about running short of material, because he is an inexhaustible mine of it. Perhaps you have seen him ramble on about something inconsequential on the stage, getting funnier and more fantastic as he goes. Well all that just comes natural to him.

Once he started to tell an anecdote to an agency man and before he was through it was past closing time and Joe had enough material for three broadcasts. Every time he plans one he ends up with material enough for four or five more.

And that is the reason why Joe is just about the only comedian who works on the air without a stooge.

"Stooges," he said, "are artificial. This question and answer stuff isn't

natural. If I have any value as a comedian, it lies in my monologues, in just rambling on and on, without getting to any place in particular. To have any interruption would break the thread of it, and throw people off."

JOE COOK, as one of the outstanding comedians of the stage, has been slow in coming to radio. But perhaps he has been biding his time. At any rate, he feels that the swing has come just recently to the sly, quiet, insane type of humor in which he excels.

"On the air now, it's just the way it used to be in vaudeville," he continues, "when I would play a town for the first time, the gag comedians on the bill would get all the big laughs. They didn't seem to know what to make of my stuff. But when I would go back later, I'd get the laughs, because apparently they'd be tired of the gag comedians. Their stuff wasn't new or fresh. On the other hand, my stuff would seem to go over better a second time because it wasn't anything like my first routine.

"The air is like that now. People are comedy-wise. Gags are too much alike. They've heard them all and they're ready for something fresher and more subtle."

He tells then the story he has been dictating. It is a domestic tragedy, about how he takes his girl to the sideshow and she falls in love with the stuffed whale, so that when they are married, in order to make his girl happy, he has to take the whale home to live with them. But as time passes, the whale grows restless; and every time he flips a fin, he demolishes some of the furniture. At last, one night when his wife is out, Joe has a heart to heart talk with the whale. The whale admits that he hasn't been happy either, that he only came home with Joe to escape from the sideshow. The upshot of it was, that Joe and the whale shook fins and the whale jumped out the window and swam away.

"Oh, I forgot to mention," adds Joe as an after thought, "we were living on the boardwalk at Atlantic City at the time."

BY this time, you and everyone else are very, very hungry, and Wellington, ringing a fire gong, summons the guests to a barbecue dinner beneath the stars. The barbecue sauce is Joe's special pride and joy. It took him seven years to wheedle the recipe for it out of a friend in his home town of Evansville, Indiana, and he guards it like a bride, only breaking down to admit that it contains thirty ingredients and would be a total failure without any one of them.

The only trick during dinner is the disappearing barbecued chicken stunt put on by the guests and it matches in effectiveness any of the host's ideas.

Finally Joe himself puts an end to the after-dinner lull by suggesting that everybody go over to Kelly's. No one has the slightest idea who Kelly is, but Joe leads the way.

Again you enter the stone house and proceed through a series of labyrinthine passages that finally end up,

(Please turn to page 86)



Too Late... She Learned How To End That

"NERVOUS POWDERING"

I WAS furious when Fred said it looked cheap, for a girl to be powdering her nose every few minutes. Yet—I knew he was right. For no really well-bred woman indulges in that constant powdering. It looks as if she wasn't sure of her appearance—as though her skin was naturally coarse, greasy and not well kept.

Right then I decided to test a new powder I had just read about. It was triple-fine. But it had two other amazing qualities, which made it stay smooth and fresh hours longer. It actually repelled moisture—refused to mix. Instead of getting down into pores and clogging them up, it contained a refining and skin-toning ingredient.

Make This Test Yourself!

I decided to get a box of this Golden Peacock Face Powder. The very first time I wore it—what a surprise! It was so fine—so smooth, and so even that I really didn't look powdered. Instead, my skin had a natural "peach-bloom" look. What was most wonderful, that lovely bloom and freedom from shine lasted for hours—kept right on looking perfectly fresh.

Just test Golden Peacock Powder yourself. Particular women everywhere use nothing else. Get it from any good toilet-goods counter, only 50c a box; or try the purse size at any 10-cent store. If your dealer cannot supply you, write us direct and we will send a generous trial box, free. Specify shade—whether White, Flesh, Light Brunette or Dark Brunette. Address Golden Peacock, Inc., Dept. M-212, Paris, Tenn.



Golden Peacock Face Powder

DO THIS for white shoes

Clean with Shinola. Fine for all shoes—suede, buck, canvas and kid. Removes spots quickly and restores that "new shoe" look. At all stores.



There's a Shinola Product for every shoe. Pastes and liquids, all colors, only 10¢ each.



BLUE PRINTS. Colonial House, Italian House, each 6 rooms. Normandy House, Swiss Chalet, Modernistic House, Spanish House, each 5 rooms. If you're interested in a new home, send 3 cents for each of the blue prints you want to Tower Magazines, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.



A Cook's Tour of Sleepless Hollow

(Continued from page 85)

astonishingly, in Joe's own basement.

It is the blind door of a speakeasy and at Joe's signal, a panel slides back and there is the gimlet eye of Kelly. Joe gives the password and you enter the premises known as Kelly's. In the corner presiding over the bar, stands Kelly himself who turns out to be none other than Wellington, who has acquired a brogue and a white apron.

This also is Joe's trophy room and museum, his pride and joy. Suspended from the ceiling is probably one of the strangest collections in the world, his assortment of objects no bigger than a man's hand.

There, hanging in clusters and festoons you will find, a glass eye, a set of brass knuckles, a sail needle, a moustache cup.

A GAME is connected with it. You think of an object smaller than a man's hand, then bet Joe five dollars it isn't in his collection. Chances are you'll lose. Joe has spent years and thousands of dollars on this collection, bringing the objects from all quarters of the globe. And if he wanted to sell it, he probably could realize something less than a dollar ninety-eight cents on the lot.

But the walls and the mantelpiece are replete with trophies. Over the fireplace, carefully preserved in a glass case, you will find the only baseball Babe Ruth never autographed. It stands right next to a huge silver loving cup tastefully inscribed:

"To Joe Cook, heavy-weight champion of the world, 1897-1911, with admiration, John L. Sullivan."

On one wall is a huge fish, bearing the modest collector's label, "Giant Sardine." On another is the head of a six-legged deer. At least Joe says it was six-legged.

Go farther and you come into Joe's private theater, slightly bigger than a bushel basket, with seven plush chairs and one royal box, complete with opera boxes. Backstage are four dressing rooms, each one labeled "star" out of deference to artistic sensibilities and plastered with many signs, mementos of Joe's own trouping days, such as "Don't send out your laundry till the management sees your act."

BY now the truth must have dawned on you that all this vast fantastic outlay of "Sleepless Hollow" exists not so much for your amusement but for Joe Cook's own and that of Joe and Leo, his two boys, and the girls, Jo and Doris. He likes to have you in because in watching you view it for the first time, he enjoys it all over again. For him it is a natural outlet for his Puckish nature, a translation of his boyhood dream world into concrete objects.

In his boyhood days in Evansville

there was a barn. It was Joe's particular paradise. There, of a Saturday afternoon in resplendent tights fashioned from old drawers by his foster-mother, Mrs. Cook, (his parents having died when he was young), Joe got his start as an acrobat and tight rope walker.

When the family moved away to New York, Joe missed that barn with its infinite capacities for ingenious devices. He found the substitute for it when he bought "Sleepless Hollow" seventeen years ago, and in the years since much of his earnings from the stage have gone into the development of his many hobbies, the real importance of which is clear only to himself and to his boys.

At any rate, Joe has become so attached to "Sleepless Hollow" that when he is playing on Broadway, he drives back and forth every day no matter what the weather.

Well, when the possibilities of Kelly's have been exhausted, Joe suggests that everyone go over to Schultz's. Another trek over the hills to what appears to be a garage. A password in German and the door opens on a magnificent *Bier Stube* replete with more steins than one would think could be found in all Germany.

Joe immediately introduces you to Schultz who once more turns out to be the ubiquitous Wellington, having mysteriously grown a blond moustache and a bay window.

Then a whisper goes round. Why not go to Gaston's? It is very, very Parisian. Once more you follow Joe, over rocky paths beneath the trees. And this time you find yourself beside your car with coats aboard and luggage packed, ready to leave "Sleepless Hollow."

It is Joe's subtle way of saying goodbye. Otherwise he knows he could never bring himself to do it. But there is another broadcast next week. And the dictaphone is waiting to take down the latest of his magnificent stories.

So you go, still dizzy with astonishment and with envy too, thinking what fun you, too, could have with a citadel of insanity like "Sleepless Hollow."

Joe Cook may be heard every Monday evening at 9:30, E. D. S. T., over the following NBC stations:

WEAF, WTAC, WEEL, WCSH, WLIT, WFBR, WRC, WBN, WCAE, WTAM, WWJ, WMAQ, KGW, WOC, WHO, WOW, WDAF, WTMJ, WIBA, KSTP, WEBC, WDAY, KFJR, WPTF, WWNC, WIS, WJAX, WIOD, WFLA, WSM, WMC, WSB, WJDX, WSMB, KVOO, WFAA, KTBS, KPRC, WOAI, KOA, KSD, WJAR, WGY, WRVA, KDYL, KGO, KFI, KHQ, KOMO, WOW.

In Next Month's TOWER RADIO "I KNOW KATE SMITH"

The real story of Kate Smith told by her personal friend and manager, Ted Collins, the man who is responsible for her discovery and success.

Win a Cash Prize with a

Simple Letter



Tell us about your most enjoyable shopping experience in a department store and share in the \$1,000 cash awards.

WHAT shopping experience have you most enjoyed in a department store? What salesperson, through friendly, helpful service has made you want to continue your patronage there?

For the best 82 answers to this question, Tower Magazines is dividing \$1,000.00 in cash among its readers. For an official voting ballot and complete details how you can share in these awards, turn to pages 12 and 13 in this magazine. Your letter must be mailed by October 15th . . . but don't delay. Send it NOW to be sure that you do not miss this opportunity to win a cash award and help bring recognition to some local salesperson.

TOWER MAGAZINES

INCORPORATED

55 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK, N. Y.

Tony Wons' New Scrap Book

(Continued from page 32)

ten cents, marked down from two dollars to fifty cents; clothes; second-hand automobiles; radios "as good as new;" shoes, etc. Of course not all cheap things are shoddy, but whenever price alone is advertised, I think of that quotation from John Ruskin, "There is hardly anything in the world that some men cannot make a little worse and sell a little cheaper, and the people who consider price only are this man's lawful prey." . . .

All things will come to the other fellow, if you will only sit and wait. . . .

THERE have been any number of poets, writers, preachers, teachers and philosophers with interpretations of life and what it amounts to, and after they're all through trying to tell you what they're driving at, the whole thing turns out to be as simple as a problem in primary arithmetic, according to some one who says:

*"There isn't much to life but this—
A baby's smile, a woman's kiss,
A book, a pipe, a fire, a friend,
And just a little cash to spend."*

If you have a baby's smile, you have a bit of heaven; if you have a woman's kiss, you have love; if you have a book, you have companionship; if a pipe that draws well, you have peace; a fire, you have warmth for the body, and dreams; if you have a friend, you have one of earth's richest treasures; and if you have a little cash to spend—you should worry!

An executive is a man who looks solemn and tells you to go ahead and do the best you can. . . .

THINGS I'd like to do again: Fly a kite, trudge barefoot over dusty roads, ride on handlebars of a bike, roll hoops on wooden sidewalks, have mud ball battles, make a raft in an old swamp, catch pollywogs, play circus in the woodshed, walk barefoot in the cool grass after the rain, run on top of box cars in switch yards, chew slippery elm, ask the butcher for a hunka baloney, look for pennies through grates in the sidewalk.

AMONG the prettiest words in our language are "Good-morning," "How do you do" and "Hello." People in various parts of the world have different language sounds conveying a greeting. Here is how some of these greetings look when translated into English:

Greek—How are you getting on?
Turkish—God grant you his blessing.
Persian—May your shadow never grow less.
French—How do you carry yourself?
Dutch—How do you travel?
Swedish—How can you?
Spanish—How are you passing it?
And, among foreign variations, perhaps we should include the latest slang greeting, "Harya, toots!"



I wondered why my face always had a dull, pasty look until I discovered that I was using the wrong face powder that clogged my pores and irritated my skin. Fortunately, I found another powder—so delicate—so fine in texture that I never have that powdery look. It is called MELLO-GLO.



If you want a face powder that spreads with velvet-like smoothness, try MELLO-GLO. Don't worry about tiny lines and wrinkles. MELLO-GLO will hide them. I have simply amazed my friends with the magic of this wonderful face powder. They all say I look years younger.

WONDERFUL FACE POWDER Stays On Longer

Beautiful women everywhere are raving about new, wonderful MELLO-GLO, the face powder that stays on longer. Apply it in the morning, and without constant retouching, your face will have a glorious, youthful glow. No trace of shiny nose—no blotches—no pasty look. Perspiration does not show through. Prevents large pores. Make this test yourself. Notice how much younger you look. Enjoy the smoothness, the exquisite fragrance, the delicate texture of MELLO-GLO. One of the largest selling \$1.00 face powders in America. Special purse size 10¢—now on sale at your favorite 5 and 10¢ store. Get a box today!

I know I can depend
on F-O polish to the end



5 SMART SHADES

Friends of F-O Nail Polish know
that quality and style are assured

AND . . . F-O Cuticle Remover . . . F-O Creme Polish
F-O Polish Remover . . . F-O Oily Polish Remover

AT ALL 10c STORES

FREE CHARACTER READING CHART

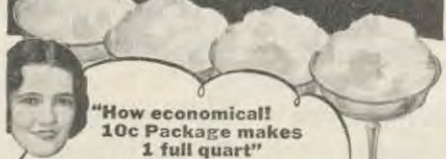
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Study your sweetheart's character • Analyze your friends • Learn what you are, and why you are • You will be amazed with the mysteries that this chart will reveal to you.

Mall your name and address on penny post card. No cost. No obligation. SEND NOW TO Rejuvia Beauty Labs., Inc., Dept. J-40 395 Broadway, N. Y.

Try REJUVIA Lipstick today, velvet smooth, permanent waterproof, indelible, in correct shade for your individual complexion. A tested quality full size lipstick for only . . . 10 cents at most F. W. WOOLWORTH Co. Stores. . .

REAL Home made ICE CREAM in 3 minutes!



"How economical!
10c Package makes
1 full quart"

SO easy—you'll enjoy making your own ice cream this new way. Costs so little—you'll serve it often! Just mix KREEMY FREEZE, pour into refrigerator trays or hand freezer and freeze. Most delicious, velvety-smooth ice cream you end your guests ever tasted! Try it! Two pure flavors: Chocolate and French Vanilla. W. F. STRAUB & CO., 5520 Northwest Highway, Chicago.



Failure-proof
Directions in
Each Package

Lake Shore ORIGINAL
KREEMY FREEZE 10c
AT MOST WOOLWORTH STORES

Radio's Biggest Gamble

(Continued from page 23)

The undertaking was too big, the preliminary work too vast, to risk on a mere thirteen weeks' trial period. Either one full year, or else "no soap." It was all—or nothing!

The proposition was so big that the sponsors were a little breathless, but finally the Palmolive executives said they were willing to listen. The agency set to work and prepared a radio version of "The Rogue Song." An audition was held in the fall of 1933, and everybody, including the prospective sponsors, agreed that it was a honey.

But an unexpected difficulty developed. The program was *too good*. It was so good that the sponsors didn't see where they could interrupt it anywhere to put in the necessary sales message. If a sponsor is paying out a terrific amount of money to make such entertainment possible, he has the right—and fair-minded American listeners generally accord him the right—to present his product to the listening public. But where could you insert a sales message in so perfect a presentation of light opera?

The agency thought that one over carefully. They called in their smartest merchandising experts. They worked over every possible angle, and they evolved their plan.

They made a direct tie-up with the product by creating the Palmolive Beauty Box Theater. The name, the setting, everything about this framework, would suggest the product. Then very adroitly they worked in testimonials from theatrical beauties that would seem to belong very naturally in such a setting. Carefully they carried out the illusion of a real theater, even to having the actors and singers called out on the stage for applause at the end of the acts, and during this very natural break in the operetta's action, it would be simple enough to insert a tactfully worded sales message.

ANOTHER audition was held in December, this time with all the advertising elements worked out to the last detail and inserted in their proper places. Again it was a great success, and the sponsor was ready to go on the air. This time, however, it was the agency that said—wait. They wanted to be sure of every possible detail. They had to clear a full hour of choice broadcasting time on a popular and crowded network. They combed the musical rights field until they had full options, signed and agreed-upon prices, for permission to broadcast sixty of the world's most popular light operas. They were certain of the material to fill out a full year.

This done, they launched the heaviest advance campaign in radio's history. The agency said it is useless to put a program on the air, if no one knows it is coming. The public must be told that the program is there to listen to—and in newspapers, magazines, billboards, and many other mediums, they were told.

Finally, when all was ready—and with more money tied up in advance than had ever been sunk into an untried radio program before—the program went on the air. The big gamble was on. The first broadcast took place April 3, 1934, and the success of the Palmolive Beauty Box Theater is a matter of radio history.

As a listener, you probably know all about that success, but you may not know about the infinite care and detail that goes into the making of one of those Palmolive operettas. Let's go backstage and watch one being assembled.

First a meeting of advertising agency executives and representatives of the sponsor is held to decide what operettas are to be broadcast. One of the outstanding productions last Summer was "Carmen," an excursion into grand opera there, so let's follow it through as an instance.

After "Carmen" is selected comes the job of casting the various parts. Gladys Swarthout, mezzo-soprano of the Metropolitan Opera Company and one of the most beautiful and talented young singers in the country, is the star of the Palmolive Beauty Box Theater. The music of "Carmen" lies right in her voice and she gets the leading role. Opposite Carmen is Don Jose, and the singing of that is entrusted to the handsome and brilliant James Melton, famed tenor of radio, stage and screen. The "menace" role of Escamillo, the toreador, is sung by Theodore Webb, noted baritone.

THESE people are chosen primarily because they are *singers*. That's the first consideration in opera, and these are outstanding voices. But there also must be *actors* to speak the parts. The acting is all-important for radio interest and vividness.

Here the producers of the program were faced with a dilemma. Very few singers can act as well as they sing, and very few actors can sing as well as they can act. Nature isn't so prodigal with her talents as all that! But the program had to have the best of both acting and singing. So the agency decided to have not one but two casts, one for the singing and one for the acting.

John Barclay, featured in many stage productions both in England and America, heads the acting company. In "Carmen," he plays the swaggering toreador, the part that Theodore Webb sings. There are two experienced radio actresses, Peggy Allenby and Georgia Backus, whose speaking voices resemble the singing voice of Gladys Swarthout. Georgia Backus plays Carmen. Alan Joslyn, popular young actor for stage and radio, is found to have a voice quality matching that of James Melton, and he speaks the role of Don Jose, which Melton sings. And so the matching goes for the other roles in the opera.

All production is under the general supervision of the head of the radio department at the agency. He is Edwin Ruffner, familiarly known as "Tiny" because he is only a mere six feet seven inches tall in his stocking feet. Ruffner is a musician, an actor, a director and a business executive, qualifying as top grade in all those departments, and having a richly varied record of achievement both on the stage and in radio.

WORKING with Ruffner is William Bacher, a wild-eyed, tousle-haired living embodiment of what all poets are popularly imagined to look like, although few of them do. Bacher, decidedly a "regular" fellow, for all his

Harpo Marx appearance, was a successful lawyer and a successful dentist before he made a great hit in radio by writing the Maxwell House Showboat program, and now he not only writes and directs that program, but also makes the adaptations and does the actual directing of the Palmolive operettas.

Ruffner, Bacher, and the musical director, Nathaniel Shilkret ("Doctor" Shilkret now, by virtue of a recent honorary degree from Bethany College) go over the script of the operettas. They decide what are the outstanding musical numbers to be retained in condensing a two and one-half-hour operetta to one hour, what are the chief lines of dramatic action to be retained, what ones to be eliminated, and just how the completed radio production will shape up.

"I then write my script," says Bacher, "to embody and work up to the chief musical numbers. I use radio technique exclusively in working out dramatic action. I make the characters themselves set the stage by describing the scene in natural dialogue. I make a character indicate a forthcoming scene, and then bridge over to that scene by bringing up the music for transition, and then fading down into the scene itself."

Bacher indicates exactly what and how much of music he wants under each portion of dialogue, and just where the principal musical numbers will come in. Shilkret makes the master arrangements of the music, and his personal staff of two assistant arrangers, five staff copyists and Ben Barenblatt, his music librarian, prepare the music for the singers and chorus and orchestra. There is an orchestra of forty musicians, a mixed chorus of twenty voices, and usually eight or ten principal singing roles.

WITH the dramatic script written, and the music all prepared, rehearsals begin. For the one-hour performance each week which you listen to so pleasantly, there are at least thirty-six hours of rehearsal. Gladys Swarthout says that she rehearses

more for a Palmolive program than for the Metropolitan Opera!

On Thursday the chorus and principals go through a piano rehearsal to get an idea of what the music is like. On Friday the principals go through an intensive study of their particular roles. On Monday morning the dramatic cast is assembled and works all morning, developing characterizations and interpretations and going over the script. On Monday afternoon, the orchestra and singers are added, and late Monday afternoon a preliminary "dress rehearsal" is held of the entire show.

This brings out the weaknesses, if any, the awkward spots, and gives an idea of the timing. There results some feverish activity Monday night, adding here, cutting out there, rearranging the other, cutting the whole thing for time. On Tuesday the entire day is spent going over the whole operetta, getting the music set, getting the voice blends between singing and acting portions exactly right, fitting in the sound effects, getting the timing down to the precise second. A final dress rehearsal Tuesday afternoon, and the performance is ready for Tuesday night.

A blast of trumpets. Up goes the curtain of the Palmolive Beauty Box Theater. Are you in your seats at home, and ready to listen? You will hear not only one of the most talented programs on the air, but the result of radio's most daring gamble.

P. S. They won! The fact that you are listening helps to prove it!

The Palmolive Beauty Box Theater may be heard each Tuesday evening at 10:00, E. D. S. T., over the following NBC stations:

WEAF, WTAG, WEEL, WJAR, WCSH, WEBB, WRC, WGY, WWJ, WBEN, WCAE, WTAM, WOW, WMAQ, KSD, WOC, WHO, WOW, WTMJ, WEBC, WDAY, KFJR, WRVA, WPTF, WWNC, WIS, WJAX, WIOD, WFLA, WSM, WMC, WJDX, WSMB, WAVE, WSOC, KTAR, WKY, KTBS, WOAI, KOA, KDYL, KGIR, KGH, KGO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, KFSD, WKBF, KPRC, CRCT, KVOO, WSB, WBAP, KSTP, CRCF, WDAF.

What Will Be Next Season's Trend?

(Continued from page 27)

perfect air entertainment," he said, "we must utilize the peculiar strength of the radio rather than adapt other forms of entertainment. Certain methods of production and direction are unique to radio alone and the utilization of these in their fullest degree will eventually produce the perfect radio show."

THERE is general agreement among the producers that the neglected radio drama, or script act, will play an important part in the Fall and Winter season. While the names were not so important, as the skill and knowledge of plot construction that well known writers possessed, these prominent figures would be drafted to produce good drama for the air, in the opinion of Frank McMahon, of McCann-Erickson, Inc. Herbert Richlund of H. W. Kastor and Sons Advertising Agency, who is making elaborate plans to further the radio drama, declared there

was a legitimate mass audience for continued drama on the air.

Because of the admitted success of his "Fire Chief" show starring Ed Wynn we sought out Louis A. Witten of Hanff-Metzger, Inc., to inquire into the comedian situation. He said:

"This Fall and Winter will find the outstanding comedians on top. The top notchers who will remain are those who depend not so much on material as method of presentation. With Wynn it is that chuckling, infectious way he tells a joke or a pun which, if I told them, wouldn't get a smile. Jack Pearl's dialect, Eddie Cantor's hysterical mannerisms and delivery—these are the specific assets that will keep comedians of their school on the air.

The gag as a laugh getter will remain in force in the opinion of Mr. Witten although he had a feeling that the new radio year would see some programs in which the comedy was built

(Please turn to page 90)



BE DAINTY In Spite of Hot Weather

WITH X-Cream Deodorant you can safeguard yourself against any trace of offensive perspiration or body odors. This snow-white, pleasant deodorant cream is cooling, soothing, and positive in its action. Harmless to skin or fabrics—does not interfere with nature. It's the best cream yet!

For sale at the better 10c stores exclusively. Buy it today!

X-CREAM

PREVENTS BODY ODORS

If You're Giving A Party

... you want to be sure of the success of your refreshments. "Refreshment Menus" gives you new ideas about menus and recipes . . . games and card parties. Send 10c for your copy to Tower Magazines, Inc., 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.



Use Nature's own beautifier

If you want a dazzling smile and firm, strong, beautifully clean teeth, be careful what you put in your mouth. Your doctor prescribes salt as a gargle, your dentist prescribes salt as a mouth wash—and that is why salt forms the base of this new Worcester Salt Toothpaste. It cleans teeth safely, it heals tender gums, it restores the natural beauty of your teeth. 35c in the large tube; 10c in the guest size. Order a tube today.



Change Now!



Betty Lou

TROPIC TAN

FACE POWDER

to enhance the beauty of your SUMMERTIME COMPLEXION

TRY IT.... YOU'LL LOVE IT

CANADA 15c



10c

SOLD EXCLUSIVELY AT ALL F.W. WOOLWORTH CO. STORES

Blend-Rite COIFFURE PINS they blend with your hair

New "textured finish" absorbs rather than reflects the light and makes the pins an unseen part of your hairdress. Look for them at your favorite store or write for free sample—specify color.



STAR-RITE HAIR PIN CO. Shelbyville, Ill.

Dress up your kitchen with new towels, pot holders, stenciled food containers, etc. Send 10c for diagram pattern to Frances Cowles, Tower Magazines, Inc., 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

PLEASANTLY REMOVE HAIR

Smell the contents of the DEWANS bottle. See how pleasant it really is!

Hundreds of thousands gladly paid \$1 for DEWANS, because it is pleasant and gentle... safe for the face. The same big bottle is now only 50c

so anyone can afford to use it on arms, underarms and legs. Therefore, why use anything else?



DE WANS Special Facial HAIR REMOVER

What Will Be Next Season's Trend?

(Continued from page 89)

on situation, for the most part.

Let us hear what some of the other representative producers had to say on the subject of radio trends. Charles Gannon, who heads Erwin, Wasey and Company's radio department made an interesting prediction in the course of his remarks. He said:

"I do not look forward to any important structural changes in the existing program scheme during the next year, but rather that the present proportion will remain substantially the same. The usual refinements may be expected. Most certain to return to a dominant position on the air is daily news, so restricted by the shortsightedness and fearsomeness of certain publishers.

"It is much easier to say what is required of a program to be a success than it is to predict a trend," said Edmund Ruffner of Benton and Bowles, who produced "Show Boat" and the "Palmolive Beauty Box Theater," among others. "In my opinion, to meet the requirements of the radio audience that will be at the loud speaker this Winter, the fine essential is a fresh idea and a masterful touch in production.

"A good musical production no longer is sufficient, nor is a mediocre script and musical program. Programs which follow the lines of former successes must meet more and more rigid requirements. Radio simply must improve itself to remain a potent force."

LAWRENCE HOLCOMB, of Fletcher and Ellis agency, said he had a "hunch" that there would be a definite trend toward crime dramas. He was certain there would be a tendency to longer periods in variety programs, the three quarter hour period finding favor among the listeners. He believed the variety show would remain an audience winner, a conviction that was expressed by many of the large producers in the radio capitol.

Fulton Dent of the Frank Presbrey Company radio department had this reservation, however, on the variety show:

"I feel that the review type of radio program, overburdened with talent, if it is doing a job, is doing it too expensively. There naturally is, in such cases, too much talent consciousness on the part of the audience. I believe the trend will be in the direction of a sponsor building a show around a personality with the intimate touch emphasized. There will, I am certain, be more originality in programs next season, and surely new types of radio entertainment."

Montague Hackett, vice president in charge of radio of Lord and Thomas, which handle Lucky Strike among other air shows, expressed his views in a written statement in which he declared:

"It is apparent even to the lay public that radio entertainment has been moving in cycles during the past few years. The variety program, the

comic, the dramatic and straight musical have each experienced a period of supreme popularity and then ebbed slightly. Today they still command tremendous audiences.

"This leads me to believe that a new program or type of program will find the nucleus of its audience among the regular radio devotees. The rest will convert any occasional listeners. Sponsors may make a bid for the latter group by presenting a program of the nature of the Metropolitan Opera broadcasts which were exceptionally well received last winter, and attracted people who do not ordinarily spend much time with their radio receivers.

"It is difficult to presage the particular type of program that will find favor this fall, but as always, it will provide what the public rightfully expects and deserves—good entertainment."

"Next season's trends?" asked Richard Porter, radio director of the Stack-Goble Advertising Agency. He answered his question in this manner: "What the sponsors will buy from an agency will depend on what the sponsor has found to be paying. The sponsors have thrown on the producers and agencies the responsibility of getting circulation. The smart ones will determine their programs by the sales sheets."

CARLO DE ANGELO, head of the radio department of the Blackman Company, prophesied that greater showmanship would be required in the new programs to get across with the audience. More and more it had become apparent that genuine craftsmanship by men who had a thorough knowledge of the technique and possibilities of the radio medium was needed in program building, he declared.

"I believe also the new season will see deft comedy built on situation rather than gags very much in demand," Mr. De Angelo said. He believed, as did Mr. Paley, that more and more stage personalities, skilled actors who knew correct timing of lines and who had extensive histrionic training, would be drafted into radio. He cited the success of Burns and Allen and Julia Sanderson and Frank Crumit as illustrating that the entertainer who had been through the vaudeville or legitimate stage school was apt to win laurels on the air because of his experience.

Mr. De Angelo went on to predict that radio would use seasoned authors—successful novelists and short story writers—in preparing original material or adapting some of their own works for the air. No longer would the dialer tune in to hear slipshod scripts written by amateurs, who, in many instances, knew little about plot construction or situation, he asserted. He believed radio directors this season would be calling in good writers and taking the time to teach them the essentials of writing for the air before "turning them loose" to write drama.

Are you sending your beauty problems to HARRIET HILLIARD?

The lovely radio star gives you advice See page 47

The Voice of Experience Solves Your Problems

(Continued from page 70)

DEAR VOICE OF EXPERIENCE:

I am a boy of nineteen and my problem is what to do after graduation. My uncle said he would get me a position with the telephone company, but I have thought of joining the Navy and staying in for a pension. Then I could enter railroading like my ancestors have done. What do you think of this plan?

MELVIN.

ANSWER.

In the first place, Melvin, just because your ancestors have done railroading is no reason why you should choose that particular profession. There are many round pegs in square holes just because boys have tried to follow in the footsteps of their forebears in the selection of a life work.

Two things are essential in the choosing of a profession or a trade. First: Will you be happy and ambitious for advancement in the work that you are contemplating. Second: Are you physically and mentally adapted to that particular kind of work.

I think you are wrong in your conception of a pension from the Navy. The first thing I would do then would be to go to a recruiting office and get actual facts. Many a boy has prepared himself for life in a number of different avenues through the facilities available in the Navy. But every boy owes it to himself to use foresight before "joining up" (as he calls it), merely because it offers four years of bread and butter. There should be a definite purpose in any kind of apprenticeship.

Almost every library and every college can furnish excellent books on vocational guidance and, if I were undecided at nineteen as to just what I wanted to do, in the event that I could not afford to have a discussion with a good psychiatrist or the head of a mental hygiene clinic, I would procure from the librarian a list of texts on vocational guidance and study myself in the light of the facts that I found in these volumes. Such a course, lad, would be invaluable to you in determining not only the line of work that you will eventually choose, but also in giving you encouragement to really succeed in the work that you have selected.

DEAR VOICE OF EXPERIENCE:

I am fifty years old, married, have five children—all of whom live at home. For twelve years now my mother, eighty years of age, has lived with us. In the last three years she has consistently grown more unbalanced mentally, until now she doesn't know who any of us are. To her I am "that woman" and my husband is "that man." It is getting more and more difficult to care for her and, while my husband has been very good about it, he thinks it advisable to commit her to a state institution. I would hate to do this, but I can understand how he feels and the strain is telling on me, too.

Would I be doing wrong in having her sent away? I have given this much thought and don't know who to ask. (Please turn to page 92)



"MAY I HELP YOU?"—the girl behind the counter says it *with a smile!*

The salespeople in department stores want to give you *friendly, helpful* service. The girl behind the counter has been selected for her ability to meet you pleasantly and serve your needs intelligently. Usually she has had special training to do her job well. She is glad to help you make the most suitable purchases and to give you the benefit of her knowledge of merchandise.

Now this description must remind you of some shopping experience you have especially enjoyed in a department store. Tell us about it! Tower Maga-

Tell us about your most enjoyable shopping experience and share in \$1,000 in CASH

zines are awarding its readers \$1,000 in cash for the best letters—\$250 first prize.

For an official voting ballot and complete details about these cash awards, turn to pages 12 and 13 of this magazine.

TOWER MAGAZINES, Inc.

55 FIFTH AVENUE

--

NEW YORK, N. Y.

She's an ex-AIREDALE



Hollywood saw that she was beautiful, but movie people work under pitiless lights, play in glaring sunshine. They called her an "Airedale" because her arms and legs betrayed superfluous hair.

You'll never guess her name—for she is now one of the most perfectly groomed women in the world—thanks to X-Bazin Cream. With X-Bazin, any woman can be exquisitely free of hair on legs, arms and under-arms.

Constant research and improvement have made X-Bazin more and more mild, efficient, and agreeable. This really reliable cream depilatory leaves your skin exquisitely smooth, white and hairless. Even the future growth of hair is retarded.

Insist on reliable X-Bazin—accept no substitutes. In new giant size tubes at drug and department stores—50c. Good size tubes 10c in 10-cent stores.

HALL & RUCKEL, Inc., Est. 1848, Brooklyn, N.Y.

X-BAZIN

REMOVES HAIR

SORE TOES

CAUSED BY NEW OR TIGHT SHOES
INSTANTLY
RELIEVED!

Use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads and you can wear new or tight shoes without discomfort. Tender spots on any part of the feet and bunions, enlarged or tender joints are instantly relieved; sore toes, corns and blisters are prevented. These thin, protective pads stop pain from corns in ONE MINUTE!

A COMPLETE, SAFE TREATMENT
—consisting of 12 soothing, healing pads to end pain and take off shoe pressure, and 8 separate specially Medicated Disks to loosen and remove corns. Also sizes for Soft Corns between toes,



Bunions and Callouses—each designed and medically formulated for the purpose by Dr. Wm. M. Scholl, foremost authority on ailments of the feet. Quick, safe, sure! Sold everywhere.

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

The Voice of Experience Solves Your Problems

(Continued from page 91)

so I am writing you. Please advise me.

DAUGHTER.

ANSWER:

There are several considerations of prime importance that must be kept in mind when making a decision in your case. Naturally, since it is your mother, I can understand your zeal in wanting to keep her with you, even though she has reached a point where she is unable to recognize you as her daughter. Your husband is to be complimented upon the cooperation he has given you. But, probably, there are conditions which you have not mentioned in your letter that may cause you to feel that the placing of your mother in an institution would serve the best interests of all concerned.

In the first place, with all deference to the veneration of age, particularly in your own parents, the responsibility of a man and a woman lies first with their own children. If then, the responsibilities incumbent upon you and your husband in caring for your mother are going to cause your children to suffer a lack of the necessary parental care, or if your mother's presence in your home in her condition of mental affliction is going to seriously affect the outlook on life of your children, then I would say that conditions such as these would warrant your husband in urging you to put your mother in good hands in an institution where every care and consideration is given to patients of this kind. If, on the other hand, the best interests of your home are in no way endangered by your mother's presence and it is merely your desire to shift responsibility, in that case I would say that such a move would not be justified.

I like to believe that a home is a unit in which mutual interests and cooperation for mutual benefits are of primary consideration, and if you will view your problem from this standpoint, analyzing the many issues that you have not presented to me in your letter in the light of the best interests of all concerned, I think there is no question as to the advisability of the conclusion that you ultimately reach.

I keenly regret the state of your mother's minds and I sincerely hope that whatever decision is made that the

short remaining span of her life may be spent at least in physical comfort.

Here is another letter which calls for a reply similar to that just given.

DEAR VOICE OF EXPERIENCE:

I am a young woman with a college education and expect to start teaching this Fall. I am in love with a young man, but my parents forbid him to come to our house because he has been married before. I see him elsewhere and he and I are determined that we want to get married.

Don't you think that such a marriage would succeed in spite of the fact that my parents are against it? Please answer me soon.

Miss S. S.

ANSWER:

The fact that you say you are a college graduate and are preparing to teach school this Fall is evidence that you have reached legal maturity. Obedience to one's parents is a prime essential during the period of development, but after one has matured, be it a boy or a girl, such obedience is not required by law nor by common custom.

If the man to whom you refer has been divorced and your religious views are against divorce, naturally, this condition should have considerable weight in your decision regarding marriage. However, if this is not the case with you, but is merely an objection on the part of your parents, I can only remind you that, while friendships on both sides of the household are desirable, a boy and a girl who are contemplating marriage must take into consideration first their own mental, spiritual and physical qualifications and adaptabilities to each other, and if these are all they should be, the wishes of the parents can well be ignored.

Don't misunderstand me! I am not trying to turn parents against children or children against parents. I am simply making a frank statement of fact, which the most exhaustive records that I believe any man in America possesses fully substantiate.

Be sure that you two are suited to each other and that not just on one plane, and then, when this assurance has been reached, go ahead and get married, but not before.

Watch for the Autographed Portraits in Color

Suitable for framing—in each issue of

TOWER RADIO

Last month's TOWER RADIO gave you Jessica Dragonette

This month

CONNIE BOSWELL

Next month's portrait will be

LANNY ROSS

Behind the Dial

(Continued from page 10)

SINCE Baby Rose Marie went on an all-day peeve because Governor Laffoon wouldn't make her a Kentucky Colonel, radio stars have been trying to dodge those commissions, regarding them as more or less of a gag. Instead, they are turning to other titles. Frank Novak, the one-man band, was made "honorary" shortstop of the Yankees and as far as I know he is the only individual in the country so honored.

BROADCASTING briefs: Morton Downey has melted away thirty-five pounds in a year and now tips the scales at 182. He won't be satisfied until he loses twenty-five pounds more . . . Rudy Vallee looks forward to the day when he retires as an entertainer and blossoms forth as a radio executive . . . Al Lewellyn, the comedian-singer, once sold cemetery lots for a living . . . George Jessel has his own private office on the 18th floor of the CBS building . . . Gertrude Niesen's business manager is her father . . . Edwin C. Hill paid a pretty tribute to Mrs. Hill the other day when somebody

asked him who he would rather be, if he could be someone else. He promptly replied, "My wife's second husband."

And Ed Wynn, who acquired his education at the University of Hard Knocks, is now an "honorary" member of the Class of '24 of Yale University. The Fire Chief in his uniform with helmet 'n' everything, astride a white horse, led the parade of the class through the streets of New Haven to the Yale-Harvard baseball game. That night, at the anniversary dinner, he was presented with parchment proclaiming him an "honorary" classmate "in recognition of his talents as an actor, a Fire Chief and a gentleman."

OF course, I don't believe it but May Singhi Breen, the ukulele lady, insists it's so. May says it happened in a certain New York station where the management decided to clip the salaries of sustaining artists for the Summer. It seems this studio employs two songbirds who are deadly rivals and spend their spare time thinking up and saying mean things about each other. When the manager lopped five dollars per broadcast off one canary's income, she demanded to know his intentions toward her competitor. "I'm going to cut her five dollars, too," he said. "It would be okay with me," exclaimed the singer, "if you made the cut from ear to ear!"

JACK BENNY, who has been making a movie this Summer, is to be starred in the Fall by Sam H. Harris in "Bring on the Girls," a farce by George S. Kaufman and Morrie Ryskind. Eddie Cantor, who has also been cavorting before the cameras lately, will appear in still another Harris production. It is a play by Cantor and his literary man Friday, David Freedman, and is based on the comic's own life story. And still another radio headliner scheduled for the stage shortly is Joe Penner, who will be seen in a Broadway revue fashioned to his talents by Lew Brown.

JOE PENNER'S opening on Broadway will be of unusual interest to the dramatic critics of Gotham. Since last seen on the legitimate stage he has been a phenomenal success on the air and in personal appearances in vaudeville and movie houses. But a few years ago when he appeared in the regular theater, giving practically the same performance he does now, the New York reviewers turned thumbs down on the comic. The musical was called "East Wind" and after the panning of Penner blew into Cain's storehouse, a \$100,000 flop.

Victor Young, the composer-conductor, collects Gilbert and Sullivan anecdotes—of which there are plenty. One of his favorites has to do with the retort of Sir. W. S. Gilbert to a voluble young woman at an English social function. She insisted upon discussing the merits of composers. "How I love Sullivan's music," she gushed. "And Bach, too. Is he still composing?" . . . "Since he has been gone so long," came gravely from Gilbert, "I rather fancy he is decomposing."

(Please turn to page 94)



DRYBAK ADHESIVE PLASTER WATERPROOF SUN-TAN COLOR

Better for household and surgical use. Same price as old-style adhesive plaster.

Send for FIRST-AID SAMPLER

containing small units of Red Cross Colton Bandage — Band-Aid, DRYBAK ADHESIVE PLASTER and antiseptic. Send 10c—less than the cost and mailing.



LEARN TO IRON beautifully speedily happily

Here's that modern way to hot starch without mixing, boiling and bother as with lump starch. Makes starching easy. Makes ironing easy. Restores elasticity and that soft charm of newness. No sticking. No scorching. Your iron fairly glides. A wonderful invention. This free test convinces. Send for sample.

TRY
THIS
FREE



THANK YOU—

THE HUBINGER CO., No. 794, Keokuk, Ia.
Your free sample of QUICK ELASTIC, please, and "That Wonderful Way to Hot Starch."

RADIO FINDS BOY

At the studios of Station WOWO in Fort Wayne, a little old lady, modestly dressed and obviously toll-worn, timidly approached the girl at the information desk recently.

Unable to understand what she wanted, the girl called J. Howard Ackley, announcer, who drew from the woman her pitiful story. "My name is Jemima Tift," she explained haltingly. "Twenty-six years ago I gave my four-year-old boy up for adoption. His name was Homer Faylor and he was a beautiful child with light hair and blue eyes. His father and I were separated and I could not take care of him. The people who adopted him moved away and I never knew their name or where they went. Do you think you could help me find him? I am an old woman. All these years I've worried about my baby. I'd like to know where he is and if he is all right."

With only the further information that the boy had been born on March seventeenth, nineteen hundred and four, Ackley went into quick conference with Bob Valentine, news commentator. At the next news period a few minutes later the story was put on the air.

Ten minutes afterward the telephone on Valentine's desk rang. A woman's voice explained that she believed the Homer Faylor referred to had been adopted by a W. S. Downs, who now lives near Wenatchee, Washington.

Ackley and Valentine dispatched a telegram to the name and address she gave. Soon the answer came back. "Homer Faylor, renamed Robert Downs, now lives on Route No. 2, Wenatchee, Washington," it said. "He is my adopted son. The description you give of him tallies." The telegram was signed, "W. S. Downs."

The wire was turned over to a very happy and grateful little old lady in Fort Wayne.

DYE Your Summer Shoes BLACK

So easy with ColorShine Black Shoe Dye. Any color shoes made permanent black. Polishes beautifully with ColorShine Black Creme. Each only 10¢ at Woolworth stores. 12 kinds of ColorShine for all colors and kinds of shoes. Wonderful!



AMAMI SHAMPOO

The World-famous Shampoo and Amami Auburn Henna Rinse well known Hair Beautifiers are now on sale at your favorite 5 and 10 Prichard & Constance, London and New York

"MOTHER WHAT CAN I DO?"

It's a question that sometimes taxes your ingenuity . . . particularly when the children have been playing hard and ought to relax.

What is a better answer than stories they love to read or hear?

You can now get two fascinating story books for only 10 cents each.

THE ADVENTURES OF A BROWNIE
THE UGLY DUCKLING

Send for Them Today . . . 10c Each

Tower Books, Incorporated
55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

NOW! THE GIANT TUBE

ZIP

PERFUMED DEPILATORY CREAM

ZIP EPILATOR—IT'S OFF because IT'S OUT PERMANENTLY DESTROYS HAIR

Behind the Dial

(Continued from page 93)

LANNY ROSS' experience in Hollywood apparently isn't helping him to a very exalted opinion of domestic life in the cinema citadel. He is quoted as defining an optimist as a man who believes that Hollywood will some day witness the golden wedding anniversary of a movie star!

In Harlem they speak a lingo all their own. A popular expression there now is, "I don't cop your jive," which is wholly unintelligible to a Caucasian. I asked Cab Calloway for an interpretation. "'Cop' means to grasp or understand," explained the band man, "and 'jive' is a line of talk. So the expression means, 'I don't know what you are talking about!'"

BABE RUTH took a day off from baseball and broadcasting and went cod fish with his pal, Lou Gehrig.

Neither hooked so much as a skate but came home with thirty pounds of cod between them. They bought them from the cap'ain of the fishing boat.

MAKING merry with the broad-casters: Ray Perkins reports Chicago police took a Sally Rand dance imitator into custody on the charge of fan-handling! . . . "I write jokes for a living," said a radio gag man to Leon Belasco, the conductor. "They keep the wolf away from the door." "Oh, I see," exclaimed Leon, who can get pretty caustic at times, "you read them to the wolf!" . . . Ed Lowry claims to have found in Hollywood a star so egotistical that even her double has a swelled head! . . . And Jimmy Melton is represented as being concerned about what the censors might say if Nudists bared their thoughts, too!

I Like to be on the Radio

(Continued from page 35)

still all the time while they fixed a lot of lights. And the lights glared.

Before and between doing the movies, I did posing—and that was easy. I'd just sit with a chocolate cake or put on a new dress and they'd take my picture. And then everybody'd be very nice to me and say I was a good girl and give me cake or ice cream. All together, Mother says I was in 12,000 advertising pictures, more than any other little girl, which sounds like an awful lot.

Only it didn't seem so to me, because they started taking pictures of me when I was a baby just about as little as my doll. Mother says I was a good baby and didn't mind the men taking pictures at all. So they paid me a lot of money. Which is why I have a bank account and have French and music lessons—besides going to school. If I learn all those things, Father says I will grow up to be highly educated like the Wogglebug in Oz—and sometimes it seems like too much trouble. But, anyhow, I try. And most of the time I have fun—especially when I am Dorothy and have adventures in the Land of Oz with the Wogglebug and the Scarecrow and the Tin Woodman.

It really was lucky I'd learned the "Wizard of Oz" book all by heart before I went on the air. Because otherwise I'd have had a hard time learning so much to say. But it's just fun, because I know already what's supposed to happen in Oz and what Dorothy has to do about it. You see, I had the whole gang trained in our neighborhood so they could be the Cowardly Lion and the Scarecrow and the Tin Woodman and all the rest. And, my, didn't we have fun.

Although once we got in a lot of trouble. It was the time when we were acting out the part about the Land of China—maybe you remember? It's in the first part of the "Wizard of Oz" where Dorothy gets in a country where all the people and all the houses and animals and even the trees are made of china. And the people in the country don't like Dorothy. So the Scarecrow and the Cowardly Lion and the Tin Woodman and Dorothy have trouble. The Tin Woodman falls on the China Cow and breaks him.

WELL, we want to get just the right sound, so we took some china that Mother never used and fixed it up so Jimmy, who was the Tin Woodman, could fall on it. Which was very bad—oh, very bad, because, the reason why Mother hardly ever used the china was because she figured it was her best china. But we didn't know that till afterward and it was too late and Mother cried. But for the radio show, Mr. Barker makes all the noises like that and I just talk. I talk into the funny little round thing they call a microphone.

About the most exciting thing about talking on the radio is all the letters I get. On Valentine's Day I used to get a lot of envelopes addressed to Nancy Kelly, but now every day I get ten times as many as I ever got on Valentine's Day. And they are so exciting. Lots of little girls have been listening in and they want to know what the Land of Oz is like and whether it is a real country. Of course, it's only make-believe, but I tell them that I know Oz so well I almost feel it is a real place now and that I am a real Dorothy.

And lots of mothers and fathers write in and say how nice it is that nobody in Oz is a criminal and nobody suffers so that the "Wizard of Oz" show is good for their children to listen to because it doesn't give the kids bad ideas like some movies and some other radio programs. They say the "Wizard of Oz" is a great service to mothers because Oz is wholesome and a—what do you call it?—classic. But say, it is fun being Dorothy of Oz.

Now I've got to go to a rehearsal of "The Lady Next Door" so I can't say any more except that I hope you will all listen in on the "Wizard of Oz" when it goes on the air next Fall, and have as much fun as I do.

Nancy Kelly may be heard every Saturday afternoon at 4:30, E. D. S. T., over the following NBC stations:

WEAF, WEEL, WTIC, WJAR, WTAG, WCSH, WLIT, WFBR, WRC, WGY, WBEN, WCAE, WTAM, WWJ, WSAI, WMAQ, KSD, WHO, WOW, WDAF.

It Might Have Happened to You

(Continued from page 33)

and not so long after their renewed acquaintance they were married.

It was love which brought them together and love which kept them together for making a newspaperman's salary stretch far enough to cover all expenses is no easy task—as any newspaperman's wife will be only too happy to testify.

They struggled valiantly—but they were always in debt and Goodman realized that if they were to maintain a decent home his income would have to be enlarged. It was then that radio occurred to him.

Over the local Kansas City station he read the funny papers aloud to the kids. He started a program telling listeners-in about the best—and the worst—shows in town (he was dramatic critic on the paper) and he also had a short program in which he answered questions about movie stars. For all this he got the magnificent sum of ten dollars, and, of course, it was done in his spare time, that is, those few scattered minutes when he was not working hectically on the paper.

JANE'S appearance on the air was a fluke.

One night his stuff about the shows ran short. When this occurred it was the habit of the station to plug in on the net work and broadcast whatever was coming in. But on this particular evening Heywood Brown was on the net-work and it was impossible to plug him in in the middle of a speech, so the man in the control room gave Goodman the sign that he must continue for the remaining time.

He was panic-stricken for a moment. He is not, as I've told you, an actor. He didn't know the fine points of ad-libbing and there just wasn't one more thing to be said about Kansas City's theatrical attractions. In terror he looked about the studio and his eyes fell upon the pretty blond head of his wife, Jane.

Instantly he dragged her to the microphone and said, "Folks I want you to meet my room-mate."

Jane, bewildered, laughed and the two started to chat informally before the mike. They kept it up for five minutes, mopped their brows when it was over and thanked heaven that they had come through okay. That was that—and sort of funny that Jane had spoken over the air.

But the next day letters began pouring in asking for more of that informal chatter between Jane and Goodman Ace. And that's when the idea was born!

They had quarreled about one thing only—bridge! They never quarrel now "because," Jane says, "I do everything that Goody wants me to." But their bridge arguments were famous in their neighborhood. Goodman played a swell game. Jane was rotten and their cross-table battles went on far, far into the night.

"The neighbors thought it was entertaining," Goodman said. "For three blocks they could hear us and every window used to fly open when we started to shuffle the cards. So I thought maybe if it amused them that much it might amuse a lot of other people."

He sat right down and worked out the first "Easy Aces" script. Then he

told Jane that he wanted her to do it with him.

"Oh, Goody, behave," she laughed. "I can't read lines. I can't go on the air. I'm too busy, anyhow. And besides I think talking acts on radio are the bunk. I like music."

The only thing that convinced her she should work with him was the fact that it would make some extra money which was badly needed.

They launched "Easy Aces" and their salary was—between them—thirty dollars a week!

Goodman used to rush home from the newspaper office and write the scripts. Often Jane didn't know what she was going to say until she was seated before the microphone. Sometimes his real work on the paper kept him so busy, that Goodman would write the stuff right at the radio station ten minutes before they went on.

Jane read her lines in a perfectly natural way. Goodness knows she and Goody had said just those very things around the bridge table at home. But it never dawned upon her that those broadcasts would amount to anything more but just a little extra money to help out with expenses.

BUT Easy Aces caught on and Goodman decided that he and Jane were worth more money.

"You're crazy," Jane told him. "Why, thirty dollars a week extra is a lot of money. We certainly aren't worth any more than that."

"I think we are," Goodman answered. "I'm going to strike for fifty dollars more. I'm going to ask for eighty dollars a week."

Jane nearly swooned. But Goodman asked for the raise.

The radio refused to pay it. "All right," said Goodman, taking a long, long chance, "we won't go on tomorrow night."

"All right," said the radio people, "that's okay with us."

They didn't go on, but when another program started in their time hundreds of telephone calls—people asking what had happened to the Easy Aces—began pouring in. The switchboard was so tied up that extra girls had to be brought in to take the calls. "My mother called eighty times," Goodman says now.

But there were more than eighty calls. There were thousands and the station realized that the Easy Aces were their most popular program. Next night they were on—at eighty dollars a week.

It was the greatest thrill of their lives. They couldn't believe that all that money was coming in just because they—two perfectly natural, ordinary people—sat down before a microphone and said perfectly ordinary things about a bridge game.

Eighty dollars a week! Why, it was all the money in the world. And then came the startling offer of a seventeen weeks contract at \$500 a week over a Chicago station.

"I thought they were kidding me," Goodman Ace says. "But when I realized that they weren't I multiplied seventeen by five hundred and said to myself, 'Well, we'll take this money and that's great and then we'll be all washed up.'"

(Please turn to page 96)



Bring out the HIDDEN CHARM in your hair

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TM-9

Name _____

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It Might Have Happened to You

(Continued from page 95)

"It never occurred to me that the thing could go on after those seventeen weeks. It was a great break, that was all. But it was just an interlude. It was impossible that radio should be our future, so I asked for a leave of absence from the paper and I was so afraid that—after the seventeen weeks was over—I couldn't get it back that I offered to do my column for nothing to make sure I'd keep my job. And I did that during those seventeen weeks."

As you know, Goodman Ace did not go back on the paper. That radio contract led to others and others. Those two people—the Kansas City housewife and her newspaperman husband—were forced to realize that they were now radio stars!

"IT'S all been so easy," Goodman said, "that I don't understand when the other radio people tear their hair and take themselves seriously and complain about their scripts."

"We don't care about anything like that. We just keep on being amazed that this thing has happened. And we would broadcast out the window if they wanted us to. I'm trying now to get away from the bridge table idea. I think that has run its course. I'm trying to put plot in the scripts—but honestly I just weave those yarns and haven't the faintest idea how they're going to turn out."

"Jane and I sometimes talk over our stuff together. And sometimes we have to stop and laugh when we think that we're called 'entertainers.' It is too incredible that we—whose lives were as far from theatricals as it is possible for two lives to be—should be known as 'entertainers.'"

"I suppose it is terrible to say so,"

Jane added, "but I haven't any ambitions for my future at all. We started this to make a little extra money, so that we could have a nicer life together. Instead we happened to make a lot of money. I'm thankful, grateful and amazed. But I couldn't take myself seriously, could I? I couldn't go around thinking of myself as a 'star'. As a matter of fact, I still don't like to listen to a lot of talk over the radio. I really like music much better."

And that's the way they are—natural, simple folk whose very naturalness and simplicity struck some chord of human understanding in the great listening audience of radio.

Goodman still continues to write all their stuff. He is, primarily, a writer. It just happens that they two read the lines he writes. She spends her days shopping and hob-nobbing with her friends. Their best pals are the Jack Bennys and Fred Allens. They both enjoy the races and go whenever they can. And, although they live in a beautiful New York apartment, they have never felt quite at home. They still call Kansas City home and believe that they are on the air for just a short spell.

Except for two things the life they lead in New York is no different from the life they led in Kansas City. And what are those two things?

Well, naturally, with all the money they're making they're able to live better and they don't play bridge any more!

Except for that they're just the same Jane and Goodman Ace they were before all this happened. They are bewildered by their great good fortune, but look forward to enjoying it for some time to come.

Never Try To Be Funny

(Continued from page 21)

planning your Friday show?" I asked. "Oh, we start thinking about it on Wednesday afternoon," he said. "I call up Harry Cohn. He is an old friend of mine, a well-known Broadway sketch writer who does some of my material for me. When I was in vaudeville I used to write my own material. But when you're putting on a new show every week, you've got to have help."

"THEN I say, 'Well, Harry, have you got any material for this week's show?' And he says, 'Well, I've got some stuff about your going to a party somewhere and then you're held up on the way or something that I think we can work something out of.'"

"I tell him that sounds all right and I guess we can work something out of it, so we won't worry any more about it until rehearsal on Thursday."

"Then on Thursday we show up at the studio. Everybody is tired. No one feels much like working. Someone is drumming at the piano. We can't seem to get started. Then Mary is late. A guy in the orchestra makes a crack about it. We guess maybe we can work that into the script."

"Then Frank Parker asks Mary and myself to come out to his house on Sunday. Harry Cohn speaks up and thinks maybe that would work in all right with the hold-up man continuity. Or maybe

we could make him a taxi driver. Then Harry suggests what if we went out to Frank's house and everybody in the family was singing all the time? Frank thinks that would be pretty funny. I'm not sure about it and we argue for a while. Then Mary comes in and she joins the argument. Don Bestor makes a crack and we write that down."

"After a while we decide maybe we have enough stuff to make a show. We decide to run through it once. After we've gone through it everybody looks at everybody else. We all have one thought in our minds: 'It's awful!' Our rehearsals are undoubtedly the worst in the world."

"And that's just the way we want them to be. If it's all set, if we know just where the laughs are going to come, it won't be any good."

"So if it's pretty terrible, everybody is happy and satisfied. By that time Mary and I are pretty well worn out from the strain. So we rush right off to a movie to keep ourselves from thinking about it."

"Then the time for the broadcast comes and somehow all those lines that we have thought up on the spur of the moment slip into place and we have a program. Maybe it won't be too smooth. Maybe there'll be slips. We hope there will, because those are where you get your real laughs."

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"THE whole thing is that people expect us to be easy, effortless, spontaneous and natural. And we try to prepare our program just that way as much as possible.

"It isn't just unselfishness that makes me give away the laughs, either. It's not so important when I get a laugh. That's what I'm paid for. I'm supposed to be funny. But when Frank Parker gets a laugh, or Don Wilson or Don Bestor, it's unexpected, and therefore twice as effective."

This carefree method of preparing a program came to me as something of a shock when I thought of the labor that some of the other comedians put into their funny business; Ed Wynn, timing his labor thirty-five hours to the program, Jack Pearl rushing home after a broadcast to play the recording over and over, spotting the laughs and checking the weak spots, so he will know where to improve next time, Eddie Cantor balancing laughs against pathos and Col. Stoopnagle haunting the newsreel theaters for ideas.

IT'S a gift, that's all. Any man who can concoct a fresh weekly program out of the commonplace things that happen around them must be possessed of a particular kind of genius.

"Does your type of easy, subtle comedy sometimes go over people's heads?" I inquired.

"If you read the fan mail you wouldn't think so," he smiled, "and most of it comes from people in little towns kidding us back in our own vein. Believe me, the sooner radio comedians get over indulgently regarding the residents of the country outside of New York as hicks and morons and stop playing down to them, the better off they'll be. They're just as sophisticated and intelligent as any Broadway audience I ever saw."

Although he has been in radio some two years now, drawing down a very neat weekly sum, Jack Benny still has to pinch himself to believe it. That is the principal reason why he is spending the Summer in Hollywood making two feature pictures between broadcasts from there, and also why he is going into a Broadway farce this Winter, which is being written for him especially by George S. Kaufman.

"I believe in keeping going in a lot of different fields," he said, "then at least one of them is sure to turn out."

The story of Jack Benny would not be complete without a word about Mary Livingstone, an important part of the act, both before the microphone and at home.

They met at a dance at the Ambassador Hotel when Jack was on the Coast making his first big picture, "The Hollywood Revue." They were married the next Winter, in 1927, at his home in Chicago.

After a season as master of ceremonies in Earl Carroll's Vanities, the Bennys took to the road again, playing vaudeville. Mary got bored sitting around hotel rooms, waiting for Jack to come home, so he wrote in little bits for her. Eventually he found that he couldn't play without her.

When Jack went on the air, Mary thought she would like a taste of home life for a change and retired. But she couldn't resist coming over to the studio to watch rehearsals, and, of course, Jack couldn't resist giving her a line now and then.

Mary might have gone right on speaking her occasional lines, had she not been taken sick one time. The

mail rolled in demanding to know what had become of Mary.

She was brought back immediately upon her recovery, and now is just as much interested in it as Jack is and gets her share of important lines.

Paradoxically enough our man of nonchalance before the microphone is anything but nonchalant in his daily life. He is serious-minded and methodical and can spend minutes just figuring out what dish he ought to order on a restaurant menu, or what tie he should choose to go with what shirt.

But ever since the night, some years ago now, when he was playing the violin at a Navy benefit, stopped his playing to ask for funds, got some laughs, kept on and got some more laughs and stuck to it, he has found that his particular gift for getting laughs lies in his easy manner, maintaining his half-apologetic poise amid all sorts of goings-on.

THE Bennys spend most of their time in New York, where they are members in good standing of the comedians' colony. Next door to their apartment in Essex House on Central Park South live Jane and Goodman Ace. By rapping on the ceiling they can signal to George Burns and Gracie Allen to come down for a game of bridge. The Jack Pearls live not far away.

They are all thick cronies, spending much of their free time together. The girls all talk about clothes and the things that women everywhere discuss. But the men immediately go into a huddle, whispering:

"Listen to the routine I've got for my next broadcast." Buzz. Buzz. "Is that a wow or isn't it?"

This goes on until the "girls" break up the session with loud wails of protest. On these occasions George Burns is the wag of the party, and Goodman Ace the gagster. Jack Pearl will sometimes contribute one of his priceless imitations. But Jack Benny is usually the appreciative audience.

Of them all, George Burns and Gracie Allen are perhaps their closest friends. Jack and George used to troupe together years ago in vaudeville.

When Jack's Chevrolet contract was terminated because a new official came in who preferred music to comedians, he was almost sorry when General Tires snapped him up—for one reason.

For years, the Bennys and the Burnses had planned to tour Europe together. Countless times something had happened at the last minute to break up their plans, but this time they were going to make it for sure. Then along came this swell break for Jack, but it meant that the Burnses had to go without them.

"Gosh," said Jack wistfully, "can you imagine doing Europe with George Burns? Why, he's the kind of a guy you could have a grand time with in Storm Lake, Iowa!"

Jack Benny may be heard every Friday evening at 10:30, E. D. S. T., over the following NBC stations:

WEAF, WITC, WTAG, KTHS, WPTF, WFAA, WEEL, WJAR, WCBS, WLIT, WFBR, WRC, WGY, WTAM, WWJ, KGW, WDAY, WMAQ, WOW, WDAF, WRVA, WSM, WMC, WSB, WJDX, WSMB, WAVE, WKY, KTBS, KPRC, WOAL, KDYL, KGO, KFL, KOMO, KHQ, KSD, WTMJ, WIBA, WEBC, KFYR, WBEN, WCAE, KOA, WOC, WHO, WWNC, WJAX, WIOD, WFLA, WIS, WLW.

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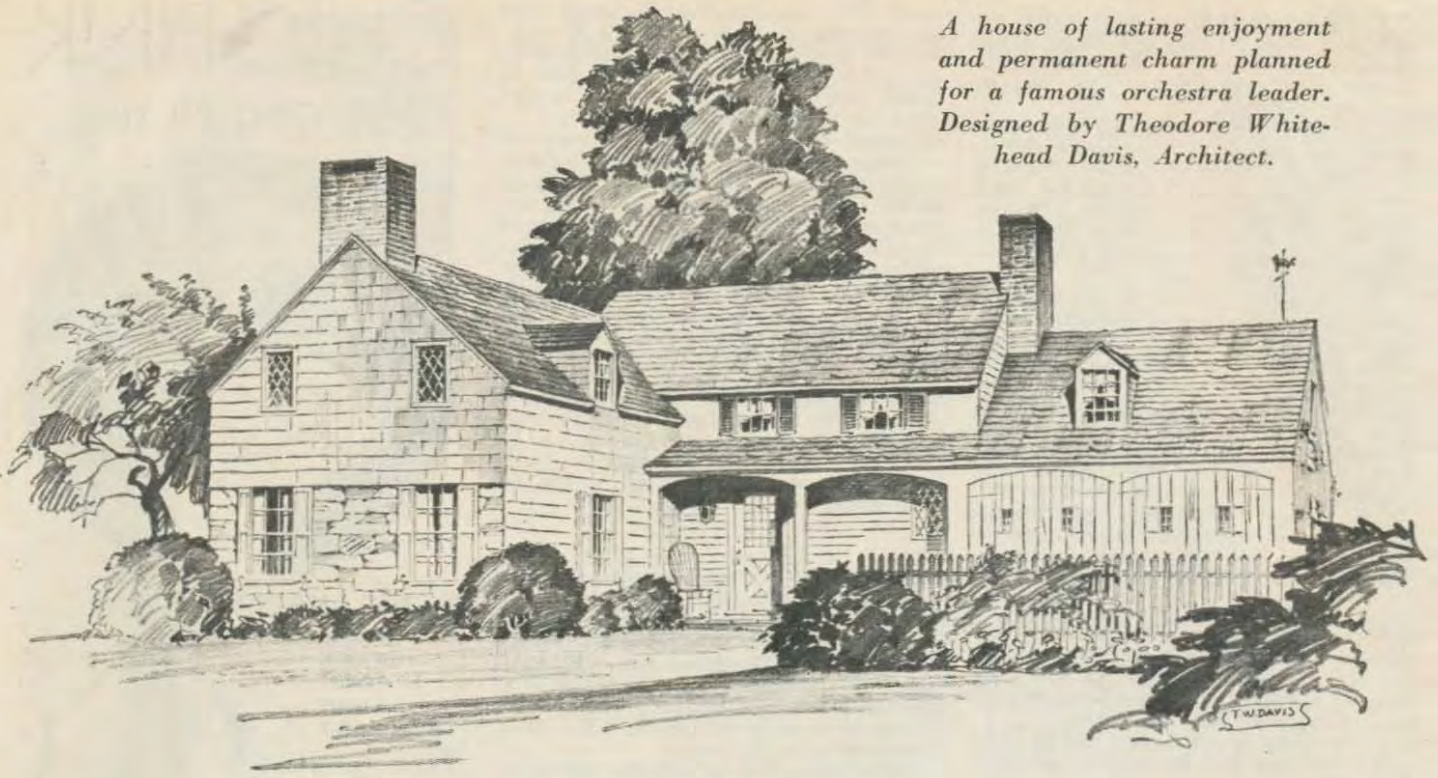
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A House for FRED WARING

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MR. FRED WARING studied to be an architect before he became the leader of his famous Pennsylvanians, so he was ready with an answer when we asked him what kind of house he would like to build. "Colonial, Pennsylvania Colonial of course," he told us with a smile. "I do not want a large house but something simple and comfortable that I can always enjoy."

Mr. Davis, in charge of our architectural department, forthwith went into an architectural conference with Mr. Waring which resulted in plans and drawings of this charming Dutch Colonial house so typical of the old houses you see scattered around the Pennsylvania countryside.

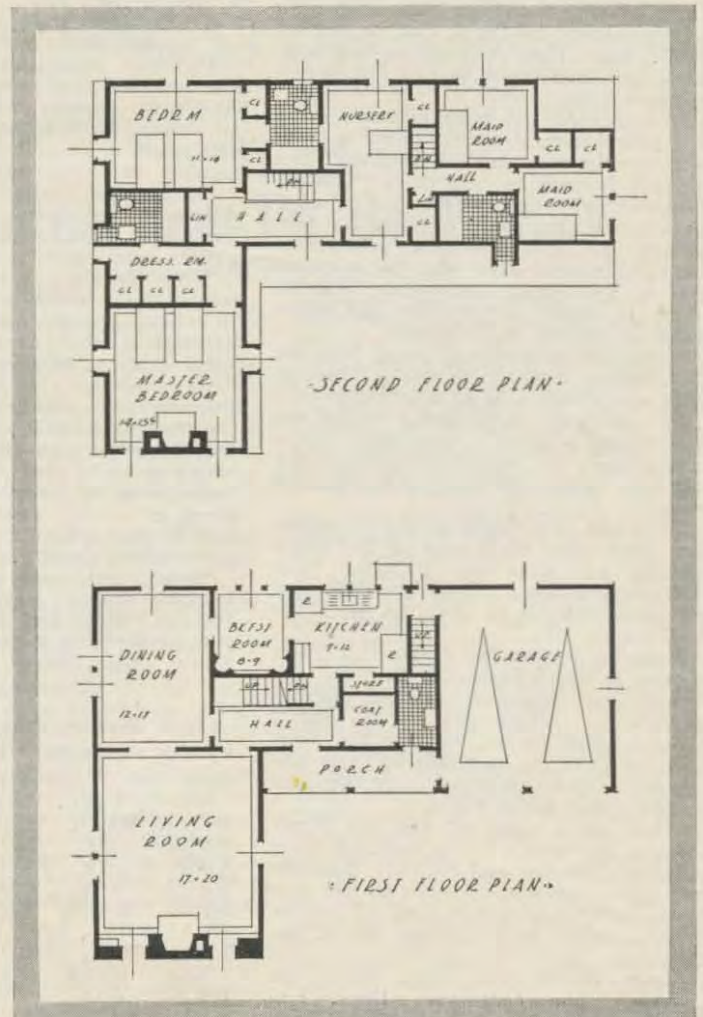
The exterior of the house is constructed of clapboard and field stone topped by a sloping roof of wide shingles.

The first floor contains a small entrance and stair hall opening from which is a coat closet and lavatory, a spacious living room with an open fireplace, a large dining room, a small breakfast room with two built-in corner china cabinets, and a completely equipped kitchen with a service entry and a door giving access to a two-car garage.

On the second floor is a large master bedroom with an open fireplace, a connecting dressing room and bath, a guest room, nursery and bath.

The charm of this house lies in its simplicity. It is not a large house but it provides ample room for the average family.

While it was definitely designed to suit Mr. Waring's taste and requirements it is a practical, livable sort of house with none of those too-individual features that might lower its resale value.



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