

Tower RADIO

A TOWER MAGAZINE

JANUARY 1935

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FICTION • GOSSIP

PAGES FOR BOYS
AND GIRLS

SHORT WAVE
DEPARTMENT

PERSONALITY
STORIES



JANE
PICKENS

AM I TEMPERAMENTAL? By ROSA PONSELLE

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A Dancing Darling (UNTIL SHE SMILES)



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Makes her avoid all close-ups
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DON'T NEGLECT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

And, neglected, that "tinge of pink" is often the preliminary to serious gum troubles, to gingivitis, Vincent's disease—even pyorrhea.

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the gums and in bringing back healthy firmness.

Your teeth will be whiter with Ipana. Your gums will be healthier. And your smile *will* be the magic thing it should be!

WHY WAIT FOR THE TRIAL TUBE?

Use the coupon below, if you like, to bring you a trial tube of Ipana. But a trial tube can be, at best, only an introduction. Why not begin, today, to get the full benefit of the Ipana treatment in a full-size tube? Buy it now—and get a full month of scientific dental care . . . 100 brushings . . . and a quick start toward firmer gums and brighter teeth.



IPANA
TOOTH PASTE

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Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a 3¢ stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

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cover of lovely

Harriet Hilliard
on the February
TOWER RADIO



Miss Hilliard, one of the beauties of radio,
writes exclusively for TOWER RADIO
each month on beauty.



MARY PICKFORD, America's Sweet-
heart, won over from the screen to radio,
will be the subject of a remarkable story
by the gifted writer, Margaret Sangster,
in next month's TOWER RADIO.

VOL. 2, NO. 4

TOWER RADIO

JANUARY, 1935

CATHERINE McNELIS, *Publisher*

OTHER TOWER MAGAZINES • MYSTERY • SERENADE • HOME • NEW MOVIE • TINY TOWER

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Behind the Dial.....	Nellie Revell	4	What the Colleges Think of Radio.....	20
Christmas at the South Pole.....	Margaret E. Sangster	7	Jimmie Wanted a Boat.....	22
Stand By for Santa Claus Land.....	Henry Albert Phillips	8	In the Spirit of the Old South.....	23
The Radio Comedy Crisis.....	John Seymour	10	Time Marches On.....	24
How to Be a Radio Star.....	Raymond Knight	11	Pompeii to Radio.....	26
A Song at Twilight.....	Margaret E. Sangster	12	Keeping Up with the Davises.....	27
What Does Your Dog Think of You?.....	Tom Carskadon	14	Tin Pan Alley Goes Radio.....	28
Radio Pageant.....	Tower Observer	16	In Defense of Temperament.....	30
Little Girl, You've Had a Busy Life.....	Dorothy Ann Blank	17	Let the Voice of Experience Help You.....	33
"Be Honest," Says Lawrence Tibbett.....	Nan Campbell	18	Short Wave Department.....	36
			Know Your Music.....	47

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NEW ISSUE ON SALE THE FIRST OF EVERY MONTH

DAVID

COPPERFIELD



ONE OF THE GREAT!

You have heard so much about it. The world's eagerness to see this beloved Charles Dickens novel on the screen will be amply repaid. The two years of waiting are at an end. Never before has any motion picture company undertaken the gigantic task of bringing an adored book to life with such thrilling realism. 65 great screen personalities are in this pageant of humanity, adapted to the screen by the famed Hugh Walpole. The original scenes, the vivid characters, the imperishable story . . . they live again!



METRO - Goldwyn - MAYER

Directed by GEORGE CUKOR
Produced by DAVID O. SELZNICK

Behind the Dial

"ARE you married, Don?" I asked Donald Novis while interviewing him recently on my NBC program. "You bet your life I am married, and what's more I am going to stay married," came the emphatic and somewhat startling reply.

The information that he is married is not new, that is a well known fact, but that he intends to stay married came as a surprise to this reporter. Last month in this same space appeared the story of their separation and contemplated divorce and the authenticity of it was at that time unquestioned. Don obviously has experienced a change of heart.

The dove of peace is probably closely related to the Blue Eagle and promises a New Deal. At any rate, I left Don at a jeweler's shop, where he was selecting a handsome present for Mrs. Novis as their fifth wedding anniversary gift.

IT is supposed to be a secret but Rudy Vallee, who took up law at Yale, is diligently continuing his studies as a disciple of Blackstone. Despite his tremendous radio, night club and motion picture activities, Rudy sets aside a certain number of hours each week for this work. He is preparing himself against the time when his role as the Vagabond Lover may end, for Rudy has no illusions about the fickle character of his calling. Lanny Ross is another radio star who studied law at New Haven. But Lanny doesn't fancy a career as a counselor and has other plans when the time comes for him to retire from the studios. He wants to become a teacher of music.

ALL of a sudden the unknown artist has become the least forgotten man in radio. Ernest Cutting started it by produc-

Elsie Hitz and Nick Dawson of "Dangerous Paradise" in which she is in the role of a girl newspaper reporter and he is a member of the mounted police.

Itsy Lee Jackson



TOWER RADIO brings to you each month first-hand news of your ether favorites

By
NELLIE REVELL



Maurice Seymour, Chicago

Above, Dorothy Lamour is the glamorous young lady who sings the blues songs with Herbie Kaye's orchestra. They broadcast regularly out of the Chicago studios of the Columbia network.

ing his "Air Breaks" on NBC. Then Major Edward Bowes made "Amateur Night" an outstanding feature on WHN, one of New York City's independent stations. Now Freddy Martin and Lanny Ross are exploiting entertainers new to the networks. And Station WOR, Newark, N. J., serving the metropolitan area, presents still another amateur show with Bide Dudley, theatrical writer and reviewer, serving as master of ceremonies, aided and abetted by Al and Lee Reiser.

Irene Beasley, crowned 1934 Radio Queen, is known as "Bee" Beasley to her intimates. Now, you know why they are calling Irene the "Queen Bee."

ADELAIDE MOFFETT, daughter of James A. Moffett, the Federal Housing Commissioner, who recently made her debut on Kate Smith's program, got the engagement on her own merits. Under an assumed name she was picked as one of the best bets of many entrants in a radio contest. Her identity didn't become known until then, when also her troubles started, for at first Commissioner Moffett was violently opposed to his daughter's becoming a broadcaster. Indeed, the oil magnate has had a hard time trying to curb Adelaide's career. A year ago this Winter she got her first professional job singing in a Florida night resort. Papa Moffett found it out after she had been there two nights and yanked her home. Adelaide remained in seclusion, a dutiful daughter, until the "Hollywood Hotel" nation-wide auditions deigned to pick a girl to sing opposite Dick Powell. As "Diana Dorrance" she entered the contest and although she didn't win that coveted post she did find favor with Kate Smith. Meanwhile Mr. Moffett has become reconciled to Adelaide's determination to snub society and succeed as a singer.

Thumbnail biography of Gladys Swarthout: Born in Deep Water, Mo., December 25, 1904, a Christmas gift to the world of music . . . She sang her first solos in church. . . . Engaged in 1924 by the Chicago Civic Opera Company. . . . Signed contract without knowing a single complete operatic role. . . . Mastered 21 roles in the three summer months preceding her debut in Chicago. . . . Joined the Metropolitan in 1929, singing first in "Gioconda." . . . During that season gave 56 performances, a record for any individual of the company that season. . . . Is happily married to Frank Chapman.

IF you don't think advertising on the air is expensive consider these items: It is costing Listerine \$375,000 to broadcast the Metropolitan operas. Campbell's Soups will contribute to Columbia \$1,350,000 to project the "Hollywood Hotel" sessions on the air for a year. Of this amount \$850,000 is for broadcasting facilities and \$500,000 for talent. In addition to the \$100,000 paid the baseball commission for the right to broadcast the World Series games from St. Louis

Why so many of the radio headliners insist upon being seated while broadcasting

Behind THE DIAL

and Detroit, Henry Ford spent \$275,000 for time charges to the networks and other expenses. Ford is a heavy radio spender now.

"The Easy Aces" always broadcast while seated.

Goodman Ace finds that posture reduces the hazard of "mike fright" and makes for a greater spirit of informality and naturalness. Babe Ruth came to the same conclusion when he was on the air. When he stood up to the microphone his knees shook and his nervousness was sensed by listeners. He overcame it by sitting down alongside a table mike. I do my broadcasting seated, too, but don't picture me reclining in a rocking chair—that is reserved exclusively for Mildred Bailey.

IDIOSYNCRASIES at the microphone: Joe Cook always wears a battered old hat . . . Jane Froman twists on the fourth finger of her right hand a ring presented by her mother . . . Maestro Peter Van Steeden insists upon entering the studio carrying his own music . . . James Melton stands with one hand in his pocket caressing a lucky dime carried for years . . . Frank Parker always approaches the mike from the left . . . Billy Jones keeps his fingers crossed . . . Frank Black, NBC's general musical director, won't pick up a baton if he drops it. He carries a spare in his breast pocket for that contingency . . . Maestro Willard Robison, entering the studio, steps carefully over the door-sill, whether there is one or not . . . Composer George Gershwin won't go on the air until he has had a session with the piano stool. It has to be adjusted just so before he seats himself at the piano.

Thumbnail biography of John Barclay, leading man of the Palmolive Beauty Box Theatre: Born in Bletchingly, England, May 12, 1892. . . . Came to this country in 1921 after a most exciting youth as athlete, world-traveler and soldier. . . . First years in the United States spent on the concert stage. . . . His biggest thrill of that period came when he appeared as soloist with the Philadelphia Symphony under Stokowski.

SOMEBODY in Boston, incorporating himself as the Uproar Company, had a bright idea. He was going to publish the scripts of the Ed Wynn broadcasts and peddle them to the public at 10 cents per copy. So-o-o-o-o-o-o-o he arranged with the Fire Chief to issue the pamphlets on a royalty basis. But the august United States Court, whose aid was solicited when NBC and the Texas Company repudiated the agreement, decided otherwise. Federal Judge Elisha H. Brewster found that the oil sponsor was the sole owner of the rights to the scripts after paying Wynn \$5,000 a week



Cosmo-Sileo Co.

Jack Benny, the nonchalant comedian who, with his wife and faithful co-worker, Mary Livingstone, may be heard each Sunday night over the NBC coast-to-coast network.



Muriel Wilson, who sings Mary Lou on "Showboat." Left, she is photographed before she visited Hollywood and above, as movie studios transform her.



Above, Frank Crumit with his prize-winning Boston terrier, "Tiny Princess." And Julia Sanderson is that proud for in private life, you know, she is Mrs. Crumit and co-owner of "Tiny Princess."

for writing and producing them. It was also brought out in the proceedings that Graham McNamee collects \$250 for each appearance as a stooge for the Fire Chief. Is it any wonder Graham can laugh so heartily at Ed's jokes?

COMES to my eager ears a story giving the real low-down on how and why Detroit lost the World Series. If you credit this yarn—and I am disposed to—you will learn that the Cardinals conquered indirectly because of the radio. Here's what happened: After the fifth game when the standing was Detroit 3 and St. Louis 2, Schoolboy Rowe, the Tiger's star pitcher, appeared as a guest on the Rudy Vallee-Fleischmann hour. He signed off his part of the program by exclaiming: "Hello Ma, Hello Edna! How am I doin'?" (The Edna was Edna Skinner, his Eldorado, Ark., sweetheart whom Rowe married after the series finished.) The next day, the sixth game, Rowe went out to pitch for Detroit again and the Cardinal players, led by Bill De Lancey, the St. Louis catcher, proceeded to "rib" Rowe about his "Hello Ma, Hello Edna" salutation. They never overlooked an opportunity to re-echo his words and their constant repetition is believed to have had a deleterious effect on Rowe for Detroit lost the game by one run.

Had the Schoolboy been in his usual form for that crucial sixth game baseball experts insist Detroit would now be the World's Champions of 1934.

Thumbnail biography of Peggy Allenby, one of radio's most dependable actresses: Is a native New Yorker of some 27 years' standing. . . . Graduated from three convent schools. . . . Started stage career in stock in Memphis, Tenn. . . . Toured with the late Leo Dietrichstein for a year. . . . First New York engagement on radio in "The Little Spitfire". . . . Is accomplished in the Spanish and Italian tongues and has done many dialect parts (Please turn to page 34)

The GIBSON FAMILY



Sally Gibson, 22 years ago when she had been using IVORY SOAP for 11 months

WHO CAN BLAME JACK HAMILTON for adoring lovely Sally Gibson?

Sally's complexion *is* rave-worthy. It's been treated to pure Ivory Soap—and nothing else but—ever since she frolicked around in shirt-and-booties.

Sally pooh-poohs thrilling soap advertisements that talk of wonderful ingredients and beauty oils.

Time and again Doctor MacRae has told her, "Soaps can't feed your skin with magic oils or ingredients. The smoothness and fine texture of your skin depend largely upon thorough, gentle cleansing. Use IVORY, it's the best soap for sensitive skins."

IVORY SOAP, pure enough for a baby's skin, will keep your complexion smooth and fine-pored, too.



SALLY GIBSON TODAY. Her skin can stand a "close-up" because it still has that smooth "Ivory-baby" look. You too, can win that

baby-clear, baby-smooth complexion with **IVORY SOAP . . . 99 ⁴⁴/₁₀₀ % PURE**



"AH SAYS TO MAHSELF," says Theophilus ("Awful" for short). "Ah says—Mr. Gibson, he madder dan a wet rooster if he have to use dat smelly soap of Mr. Bobby's—so ah brung some Ivory up."

"O.K., 'Awful,'" grins Mr. Gibson. "Give me one cake of that Ivory—save the rest and I'll have good clean-smelling baths for months."

PURE ODORLESS IVORY BATHS SOOTHE THE NERVES



"C'MON, BOBBY GIBSON, help me out!" puffs the girl friend. "Has this sweater shrunk!"

"Tut, tut," reproves Bobby. "Come 'round sometime, Dot, and let sister Sally show you how bright little girls wash their sweaters in cool Ivory suds. That keeps 'em right." Bobby's right, too—

FINE STORES SAY, "PURE IVORY FLAKES FOR WOOLENS"



Christmas

AT THE SOUTH POLE

A Christmas song—a song from home—
It drifts across the ice-bound miles
And men who strive for new frontiers
Mask loneliness with gallant smiles.
And each one dreams the self-same dream
Of gleaming hearths and candle glow,
Of tinsel festooned, splendid trees,
And stockings hanging in a row.

A Christmas song—a song from home—
It murmurs on the frigid air
And men who fight the elements,
A world away from anywhere,
Think wistfully of shining things,
Of mistletoe and holly spray,
Of chimes that welcome in the dawn
And bells that echo through the day.

A Christmas song, a song from home,
A song of hope and faith and cheer—
And men who do not shrink from death,
Who have no sense of pain or fear,
Are not ashamed of misted eyes,
Of hearts that long for peace and rest,
That long for hands outstretched and warm,
For simple scenes that they love best.

A little tune that tells the tale
"Of peace on earth—to men good will,"
And these, our modern pioneers,
Are deeply touched, and strangely still.
The radio, with magic voice,
Has thrilled the souls of men who roam,
By bringing them—past untold space—
A Christmas song—a song of home!

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

Drawing by Grattan Condon

CONDON

STAND BY FOR SANTA CLAUS LAND



Copyright Statensradiofonien, Denmark



By
HENRY ALBERT
PHILLIPS

Left, across the page, is Debora Lund, of Godthaab, of last year's Eskimo broadcast from Copenhagen. Pretty enough to stand the Hollywood test.



Copyright Statensradiofonien, Denmark
Arcade of the broadcasting studios in Copenhagen, Denmark.

I HAVE seen the most curious radio program ever broadcast—and one of the most touching. It will be repeated this Christmas and I think that you who turn your radio dials so aimlessly and with so little thought for that miracle in your home should know about what I am going to tell you.

As I write this you are undoubtedly preparing for the holidays: "Now what can I get for Uncle Lawrence—he has everything and it's so hard to find the right thing for a man." "Oh, won't Sue be mad about this! She told me last May that she wanted one." "Just look at that grand picture book. Can't you see how Jackie's eyes will shine when Santa brings him that?"

The house is overflowing with packages, tucked away in secret places until the great

day. The smell of luscious cakes and cookies being baked is everywhere. The candles sputter on the Christmas tree. The walls are wreathed in red and green. And all about you there are smiling faces, gay greetings, good cheer and good fellowship. Friends and relatives together at Christmas time. Lots and lots of happy people together.

Perhaps you tell little Jackie about Santa Claus and his sled and reindeer who come from 'way, 'way in the frozen North. And now, just for a moment, I want you to think of Christmas in Santa Claus land. It isn't gay or jolly, I assure you. At any rate it wasn't until the miracle of radio came to pass.

Consider Greenland "the tomb of the icy Northland" for a moment. Actually its inhabitants are barred from inter-communicating

The frozen empire of Kris Kringle calls "Merry Christmas" over the air and the whole world listens



Drawing by James Reid

The Eskimo choir, singing Christmas anthems to loved ones in the lonely homeland—as well as the whole world—from the broadcasting station at Copenhagen, Denmark.



Copyright Statensradiofonien, Denmark

off from their dear ones in Denmark.

On the other side of the picture there are scores of Eskimos who come to Denmark and are as lonely there for their people as the Danes are for theirs.

And so Christmas—the time of happiness and good spirits comes around and far-off Greenland is cut off from the rest of the world. Or so it was until the radio knit the desolate country with the homeland.

AND now I must tell you of this amazing broadcast, the most curious Christmas party ever given. It takes place in Copenhagen, Denmark's capital, in the Statsradiofonbygningen. Don't let that word frighten you to death. It simply means the buildings of the State Radio Phone. The streets

of the city are covered with snow but inside the theater where the broadcast takes place all is warm and cosy and Christmasy. Wreaths and ropes of evergreens are strung around the woodpulp, sound-proof walls, as if this Yuletide gesture will in some subtle way inspire the inhabitants of Greenland with Christmas spirit. In the theater are about five hundred Danes and Eskimos in full regalia, the women with embroidered blouses of vivid blues, reds, greens and yellows. All wear sealskin breeches and do-skin booties, embroidered too.

But also in this gay throng you will discover a tall chic woman with closely cropped, graying hair. That will be Ruth Bryan Owen, United States Minister, who never misses a chance to (Please turn to page 46)

tion with one another and barricaded from the rest of the world. In late Autumn, one by one, avenues of traffic with the outside world are frozen up. Darkness and an almost abysmal silence—save for the thunder of freezing waters closing ever tighter in their own crushing, engirdling grip—take possession of a continent-island and its people. People of warm and sunny climes like our own are said to go mad under the continued pressure of such sinister forces of Nature stolidly crushing all semblance of human and animal life in their icy grip. Danes, however, who are in some measure accustomed to the rigors and gloom of the Norseland, are able to bear the hardships of Greenland for a time—then something psychological happens to them.

It seems a curious irony to me that in this frozen country which is the symbolical home of Santa Claus, the spirit of mirth and camaraderie, Christmas comes and goes and many people of Greenland are shut off from each other, are unable to get together for even one evening of friendly talk. The thousands of Danes—traders, missionaries, government officials and employees—who make Greenland their home walk into their icy tomb and close the door after them for six months of every year. It seems a great price to pay, a terrible sacrifice to make, even though Greenland is Denmark's outstanding colony.

Occasionally, in one of the settlements there is a makeshift celebration, but still these Christian home-loving people are cut



THE RADIO COMEDY CRISIS

The world has been combed for comics and can only look forward to a gagless tomorrow

EACH year for the past four years, ever since Eddie Cantor convinced doubting sponsors that there was a place for straight comedy in air entertainment, we have seen a new comic star shoot high into the firmament of fame, outshining all others.

Cantor, Ed Wynn, Jack Pearl, Joe Penner; each, coming to radio comparatively fresh, has succeeded the other in catching the fickle fancy of the public.

This year, for the first time, with the radio season well under way, no successor has yet come forward to claim the laurels won in turn by those just mentioned. The radio comedy throne stands empty.

Such a statement is of course likely to bring cries of outraged protest from the fans:

"What about Fred Allen? What about Jack Benny? What about Burns and Allen? What about Stoopnagle and Budd? or Joe Cook?"

True, all of these people are still in the top flight, with an assured following of loyal admirers, but theirs is a quieter type of humor, less calculated to arouse sudden enthusiasm than the more boisterous variety.

It is still possible that from their ranks, by the process of slow and quiet building may come the reigning jester of the year. But as weeks go on it becomes less and less likely. All of which can only lead to the conclusion that radio comedy faces a crisis—that it stands badly in need of new blood.

There are some who say that the vogue of

the comedian has passed—that the variety show is the rage today. But radio executives, whose job it is to devise the program fare, will tell you that the only reason comedians are giving way to the variety show is that there aren't enough new comedians.

It might seem at a glance that there are enough comedians on the air now to satisfy anybody, with at least one for almost every night in the week. But even now there are places on the air for more comedians in the opinion of the executives. And the crisis is bound to become more stringent as the current favorites wear out their welcome unless new names keep coming forward constantly to replace them.

It is now apparent that new names are not forthcoming with anything like the desired alacrity. The new season has produced only two outstanding laugh creators to date, the team of Block and Sully featured on "The Big Show," and El Brendel, the Swedish dialect comedian of the screen, who, as the dim-witted bus boy, furnishes the comic relief on "Hollywood Hotel." Both of these have only short spots rather than the full length programs so necessary for the build-up.

Block and Sully are further handicapped in reaching the absolute top by the fact that there are already two husband and wife acts, Burns and Allen and Easy Aces, on the air and doing well.

Brendel has a chance of being big. His personality is pleasing. With the exception

of "Tena and Tim" on WCCO which has a great following in the Northwest, there has never been a successful Swedish dialect comedian on the air. But with his limited time he needs more outstanding material to make a name for himself.

WHERE are the comics of tomorrow to come from? That is what the radio producers are asking as they anxiously scan the skies.

The stage has been stripped bare by radio and the talkies. These two mediums have fallen into the habit of helping themselves to each other's stars bringing about a vicious circle which can only result in a dearth of new talent.

During recent months in particular, Hollywood has offered a contract to almost everyone who has been a success on the air. Cantor, Jack Benny, Joe Penner, Jack Pearl, Ed Wynn, have all joined in the westward trek. Burns and Allen reserve time each year for Paramount. Stoopnagle and Budd have a long-term contract for the making of short subjects. (Please turn to page 48)

Drawings by
D. B. HOLCOMB

Where are the comics of tomorrow to come from? Radio producers will need more than a telescope to discover new stars in the comedy sky.

By
JOHN SEYMOUR



HOW TO BE A Radio Star

The Professor takes up the history of radio with diagrams and sedatives

By
RAYMOND KNIGHT

IF the class will come to order . . . I'll be surprised. Now, young ladies and young gentlemen, you are entering upon a career which is going to test your mettle, and don't believe the advertising slogans which say no mettle can touch you. And if your mettle is going to be tested, I want you to get high marks on the tests . . . so pay careful attention to the first lesson.

This month we are studying the History of Radio so that you may know what lies behind the radio star. Usually his friends lie behind him, but of that, more anon . . . In the chapter devoted to Stooges (which also contains notes on College Stoogents and Stooaged Prunes.)

The first thing to do is to get to the bottom of radio, and the next thing to do is to stay there.

But now to get on with my story and be stuck with it. We 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!"

"Not a bad idea," said a young continental sailor by the name of J. Phineas Tidbit, whereupon, without waiting to see the whites of the enemy's eyes, which he couldn't have seen anyway because they were bloodshot, he leaped overboard, swam to shore and proceeded to his station which was WWAS (wine, women and song) Boston.

Tidbit had built this station the previous year, in 1775, merely as a whim. "Where there's a whim there's a way," Tidbit had remarked to himself, and he had set to work with a Will. It was a Will Smith, if I remember my data correctly, and between the two of them the station was soon finished.

And speaking of my data, she's a year older than my son and a fine strapping girl, too.

Well, as I say, Tidbuilt had bit this broadcasting system, or maybe it was Tidbit who built it—yes, that last one is correct. Unfortunately, however, radio had not yet been invented so the whole project fell through, and we never heard of Tidbit again. An aunt of mine received a postcard from him last year, but postcards don't count.

IN 1875 the first grade step toward radio was made. The President at Washington gave a reception to his Cabinet and the



Upper right, one of those coy hot-cha radio singers. Below, the man who gets more applause than anyone else in a radio studio. Just above, a rare photograph of Dr. Marconi De Forest Knight, inventor of the first radio. His original transmitter: A, pay microphone, voice enters here. B, cough drops, voice is cleared here. C, sieve, for removal of impediment to speech. D, bowl of water and egg beater to produce long and short waves. E, ether. F, censor. G, batteries, for baseball broadcasts. H, loud-speaker. I, open window for broadcasting voice.



Drawings by
D. B. Holcomb

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

On a September evening in 1890, 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.

The next step came in 1895. During the great tonsillitis epidemic of that year thousands of people lost their voices and could speak only in whispers. About half of these opened speakeasies, and the rest became crooners.

In 1898 when the Spanish-American War began, an unconscious contribution to the science of radio was made by the American army, which equipped its soldiers with khaki breeches and heavy blue tunics. It was hot in Cuba, 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.

By now I think you students begin to get a rough idea of what this is all about, and if you're wise you'll ask for your tuition back. You'll ask for it all right.

This brings us up to 1898 and the building of the first practical broadcasting station with sound proof walls, antennae, debts and everything.

(Please turn to page 53)

A Song at Twilight

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

DRAWING BY CHARLES LA SALLE

THE four men had been playing bridge—playing doggedly, and for several hours. It wasn't a light-minded, gay way of passing the evening, either—not by a long shot! The four men were deadly serious—bridge might have been their common profession.

You couldn't tell, to see them, which was the largest winner or which was the heaviest loser. The slight, white-haired man with the rigid face was a good many thousands ahead, but he looked as if life tasted bitter in his mouth, and hope was vanished. The laughing gentleman—maybe thirty-five, maybe forty-five—with the red hair and deep-set blue eyes, was the farthest in the hole. He chuckled as he dealt the cards, but his heart was saying:

"This is the end, for me. I was a fool to

get into the game. I can't possibly settle—God, no! It'll have to be a phony check and an overdose of something before the bank opens in the morning . . ."

The stout, apprehensive-looking gentleman of fifty was perspiring freely. He was losing, too, but not as desperately as the red-haired man who was, at the moment, his partner. Not that it mattered much to him: He could afford to lose. He wasn't perspiring because of the money—it was because he was so anxious to make a good impression. He'd never been invited to play bridge with any of the club members, before. He'd never even been invited into one of the snappy little card rooms. They'd snubbed him; once he'd heard himself referred to as "nouveau riche." But tonight—well, he'd crashed through! Maybe, after this, he'd belong socially.

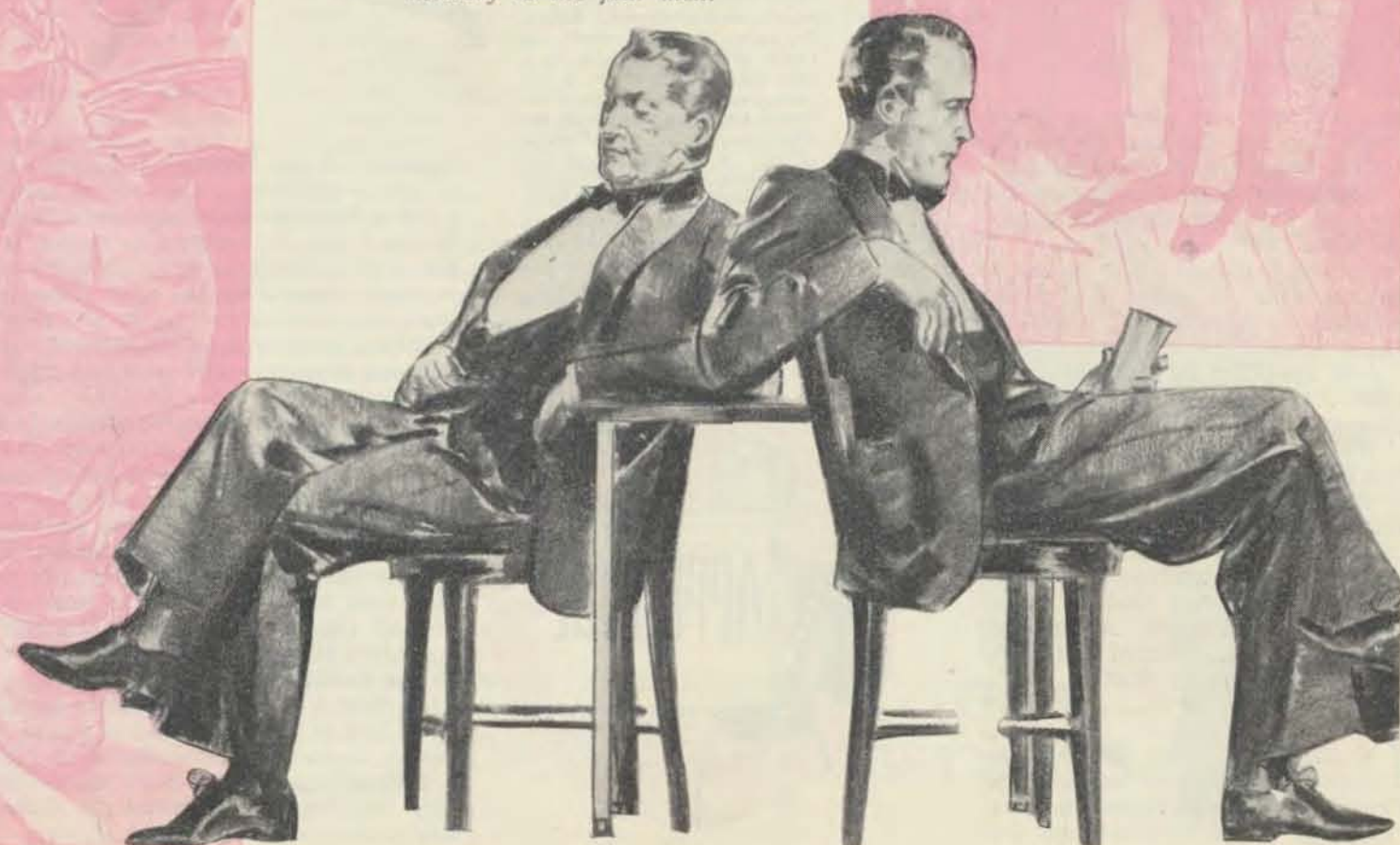
The fourth man was so young that he was scarcely more than a boy. Recklessness looked from his eyes, and his slightly weak mouth was quirked up at one corner. He was the other winner. He was thinking—

"Gosh, I'm good. This is an easier way to make money than working. To blazes with my job—I'm not getting anywhere. I'll chuck it, in the morning. I'll—"

THE white-haired man bid. "Four spades," he said, coldly.

The red-haired man mentioned five clubs

"Just a Song at Twilight" came from the radio to break the silences of the lull in the bridge game. As a woman's voice began to sing softly, recollections—tender, half forgotten—came down the path of memory to the four men.



Can a chance song out of the radio stir enough memories to rebuild four chaotic lives?

and wondered if his stout partner would know it was a psychic.

The boy, his glance suddenly sharpened, bid a little slam in spades.

The stout man, forehead dripping, passed. And in a few moments it was another rubber, plus any number of assorted kinds of gravy.

The red-haired man laughed lightly. He said, "Fortunes of war, eh, Sanford?" Sanford was the stout man's name. He thought, "Maybe gas would be easier, at that!"

The youngster—flushed and triumphant, but well bred enough to try to conceal his triumph—said:

"I'm due to be awfully unlucky at love, you know." He thought, "Another rubber like that and I can take a boat to Bermuda for a week. Maybe that little blonde is still selling cigarettes at—"

The stout man said, "I didn't have a thing, partner. Only a guarded queen and three small clubs."

The red-haired man told him: "You hadn't a chance. I held only three small clubs, myself."

"Then why," began the stout man, and caught his underlip between his teeth. He mustn't question his betters.

The white-haired man said, flexing his tense fingers: "Let's have time out. We'll call it a recess. Maybe a drink—and we can turn on the radio." He thought, "It's the last time I take pity on that fat fool." Only his innate sense of fairness bade him admit that the invitation to join them hadn't been prompted by pity. There'd been no one else at the club, that night, to make up a foursome.

The youngest of the men jumped up from his seat at the baize-topped table. He punched a bell, waited for the appearance of the somber steward. After various and sundry orders had been given—and taken—he turned toward the radio that stood, gaunt and silent, in the corner.

"What'll I get for you?" he wanted to know. "Have you any preference for your lighter moment?"

The red-haired man thought, "Lighter moment, hell!" He said: "Anything but a lecture by Culbertson."

The white-haired man added, "Or a political speech."

So the youngest man twirled the knobs of the radio until he was past what might have been a politician speaking, or a bridge expert. He paused finally at the place where an announcer was saying suavely:

"And, concluding her program of old songs, Madam will give us a perennial favorite, 'Just a Song at Twilight.'"

There was a light patter of music—maybe a piano, perhaps a harp.

The young man said, "Okay?" on a questioning note, and the oldest of the foursome nodded, and the stout man cleared his throat and said, "It's one of my favorites."

And then across the sudden stillness of the card room a woman's voice began to croon, very softly:

*"Just a song at twilight,
When the lights are low—"*

THE stout man listened and as he listened he ceased to perspire. For the song—old and threadbare as it was—had lifted him out of the hot, stuffy card room. It had done more—it had completely erased the three gentlemen with whom he had been playing. He saw a cottage set about with lilac bushes, sweet with the mingled fragrance of springtime rain and green growing things, and baking ginger- (Please turn to page 56)



What Does Your DOG Think of YOU?

By
TOM CARSKADON

HAVE you a dog of your own? If you have, you don't need to be told what a wonderful friend and playmate he is. All children know that a dog is the most faithful friend there is.

But how about the dog? Are you as good a friend to him as he is to you? That is an interesting question, and there is a man on the radio who may help to give you the answer.

He is Albert Payson Terhune, who has owned dogs and loved dogs all his life, and has written many books and stories and poems about them. Every Sunday afternoon, this famous author—who says that children made him famous!—comes on a coast-to-coast network of the National Broadcasting Company and tells stories about dogs. And, best of all, the stories really happened, and all of them are true.

After one of the broadcasts is over, let's go in to see Mr. Terhune and ask him about that question we want to get answered. There he is, standing over there by the microphone. My, isn't he big! Six feet, four inches tall and two hundred and thirty pounds in weight—he certainly looks as though he had spent a lot of time outdoors, and he has. Notice the kindly twinkle in his blue eyes. You just know that no child need ever be afraid to go up and speak to him.

"Children and dogs," he says, with a smile, "are like ham and eggs, or Mason and Dixon, or griddle cakes and syrup. They just naturally belong together. I've had many dogs, and I've reared a family of children, and I think I know a little something about both subjects.

"A dog makes a wonderful pal for a child. A dog is as faithful and friendly a companion as anyone, big or little, could wish. But I do think there is another side of the question that children should be reminded of.

"If a child owns a dog, that dog is absolutely dependent upon the child for his daily welfare. If the child treats him properly, the experience can develop a wonderful sense of kindness and responsibility in the child. If he mistreats the dog, and teases and pokes

him and pulls his ears and neglects his meals and doesn't remember to give the dog water, and things like that, the child is developing qualities that will cause him to show the traits of a bully and a tease as he grows older, and will certainly bring him trouble and grief.

"For that reason I say a dog is the best companion for a child, but sometimes a child is not good for the dog. I think every child should ask himself the question, 'What does my dog think of me?'"

There now. That is the question we want to get answered, and here is Mr. Terhune bringing it up himself.

"If a child is kind to his dog," says Mr. Terhune, "and sees to it that the dog is fed and watered and exercised regularly and properly, it is safe to say that the dog loves



Special Photograph
by Avery Slack for
TOWER RADIO



Rudy Vallee's own pet,
Windy. Of course, Rudy
loves his dog. He is part
Belgian police dog, part
chow, and he travels every-
where with Vallee.

"Children and dogs naturally belong together," says Albert Payson Terhune. "They make wonderful pals."

his master and thinks the world of him. A dog is the most faithful member of the animal kingdom. Remember that his only wish in life is to please you.

"A dog is not a toy or plaything. He has the breath of life, just as a child has. It hurts him to be picked up by the ears, to have his tail pulled, to be poked in the eye, or pushed in the ribs. A kindly child will romp and play with his dog to his heart's content, but he will never knowingly hurt his dog.

"Remember that a dog is helpless in a world of human beings. If you lock him up in a room and go off and leave him, he can't get out until you let him out. If he is in a house, he can't get water until you set it before him. Remember that a dog needs a drink of water more often than a human, and he should be given fresh water several times a day. He can't have food until you give it to him, and poor meals and irregular meals will upset his digestion just as they would upset yours. Your dog's health and happiness depend upon you, and it is a fine feeling for a child to know that he treats his dog well, and the dog loves him."

That certainly sounds like good advice, and we are grateful to Mr. Terhune for telling us these things. If you have no dog of your own, are you beginning to want one now? Perhaps Mr. Terhune will tell us how to go about getting one.

"FOR a small child getting his first dog," he says, "I would recommend a dog of mixed breed, a mongrel. When I say 'just dog,' any child will know what I mean. A mongrel ordinarily is stronger and healthier than a pure bred dog, his disposition is likely

to be more calm and affectionate, and he will get along better with a young owner who is not used to dogs. Later on, you may want to get one of the thoroughbred dogs, which cost more money, and usually are more high-strung and delicate. A good thing to do is to go to some public pound or home for dogs, and pick out some affectionate little mongrel and take him home to be your dog. If you live in a city apartment, be careful not to pick too large a dog. If you live in a small town or in the country, where the dog can live outdoors and get plenty of exercise, choose any kind of dog that appeals to you. But in a city apartment, I should say a dog should be about the size of a Scottie, or smaller; certainly no larger."

Does Mr. Terhune remember any little incidents that happened when he was a child and had a dog? Let's ask him.

"When I was about six years old," he tells us, "a dog—and my father—taught me a lesson I have carried through life. We had a little setter puppy, with long, floppy ears, and I picked him up by the ears, because I thought it was funny. My father looked out the window and saw what I was doing. He came out on the lawn immediately. He didn't spank me, or punish me or lecture me. He didn't say a word. He just picked me up by my head, taking care to see that firm, but not dangerous pressure was exerted on my ears, and held me there, wriggling and screaming with pain. Then without a word, he set me down and went back into the house.

"For a while I was burning with pain and



Illustrations by Clarence Reeder

anger and resentment, but pretty soon the lesson began to sink in. I could see that my father, who was a clergyman and a most kind-hearted man, was right. My father was a big man and a strong man and later he taught me every form of athletics, but that day he taught me by concrete example never to use strength against a weak and helpless creature. From that day to this, I have never knowingly been cruel to anyone or anything. I learned to protect dogs, to love and respect them for the fine animals they are, and thus laid the foundations for the literary success that was to come to me later in life.

"Dogs and children are indeed a great combination. It was the dogs, about whom I wrote, and the children, who read my stories, that gave me my real start as a writer. Publishers tell me that a majority of my readers are between the ages of ten and eighteen, and I must say that a writer could not possibly have a more loyal audience. Of course, grown-ups love dogs, too, and they read my stories and listen to my broadcasts, but somehow, I feel there is a special sympathy between me and the young folks."

MR. TERHUNE knows endless stories about dogs, and there is one story which shows how faithful and courageous they are. This happened to a neighboring family when he was a little boy. The house caught on fire in the middle of the night, and the barking of the dog aroused the family and enabled them to get out safely. There was a tiny baby, so small that a neighbor hurriedly removed the baby to the barn and wrapped him in blankets where he would be safe and warm. The mother didn't see the neighbor do this, and when she looked around and saw the baby was gone, she cried out, "Where is baby?" The dog heard her (Please turn to page 59)



Albert Payson Terhune writes books, finds time to broadcast and raise dogs at Sunnybank, his estate at Pompton Lakes, New Jersey. He raises collies because he likes them best.

RADIO

Pageant

The passing air show, with comments upon the new programs and personalities of the ether ways

By THE TOWER OBSERVER

Caricatures by Henri Weiner



Paul Whiteman, radio's bandmaster de luxe. Still the leader of his field.

THAT glamorous world at your elbow—the exciting realm behind the dial of your radio—is at its seasonal height right now. Good things elbow each other on the crowded air.

Sunday night has come to be the night of radio. Not so long ago it was a pretty dull evening, avoided by the big money sponsors. Now consider what Sunday night has been bringing: Jack Benny, Joe Penner, Eddie Cantor, Alexander Woollcott, Will Rogers and two symphonies.

ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT, now under the benevolent auspices of a breakfast food, has come to be the Observer's radio favorite. There is one reservation, however. Woollcott is an expensive gentleman to listen to. The next morning you find yourself rushing out to buy a recommended book or tickets to an approved show. Woollcott has the knack of arousing your interest as no one else. Costly, of course, but the Observer never will thank him enough for leading the way to James Hilton's glittering romance, "Lost Horizon."

Woollcott is the raconteur extraordinary. The intimate, confidential style of the town

Alexander Woollcott, raconteur extraordinary. Entertaining, but costly to listen to.



gossip is in the best radio manner.

RADIO has been banned from the New Jersey courtroom in which Bruno Richard Hauptmann is to be tried for the kidnaping of the Lindbergh baby. Reason: the court feared that it would upset the dignity and seriousness of the proceedings.

New York bar associations have been greatly exorcised by radio's recent invasion of the *Morro Castle* hearings. They felt that radio tended to "eliminate the solemnity and decorum of the occasion."

To all this, the Observer can only say that radio has entered the White House without injury to national dignity or prestige. In-

deed, radio was the one instrument used to restore our country's confidence during the crisis. King George has used it without loss of decorum. It has entered the walls of Congress without destroying any lingering American illusions.

It seems to the Observer that the great radio public, the same public that pays the country's taxes, should decide where microphones may go. And, if the presence of a mike can take some of the hokus-pocus out of the law, if it can break down the mass of legal technicalities, if it can speed up and clarify the even allotment of justice, the Observer is for radio in courtrooms.

WHEN King Alexander of Yugoslavia was killed by an assassin in Marseilles Europe held its breath. Would the World War—which also started with an assassination—repeat itself?

That night a worried Europe turned the dials of its radio. Did it hear announcements of military movements and warlike manifests? No, indeed. Vienna and Belgrade were broadcasting Strauss waltzes. So, too, was Berlin. Europe listened—and went to sleep, calmed and relieved.

Radio had helped again in maintaining world peace.

TURN to page 20 and you will find what colleges think of radio.

Radio has become as much a part of college life as it has of our national existence.

The college boys indicate a preference for what they call "intelligent comics," such as Fred Allen and Jack Benny. The university lads aren't alone in this growing preference. The whole radio public is thinking about the same.

Speaking of Allen, the Observer wants to know if you ever heard anything funnier than his recent corner in buttonholes. It was a hilarious high point of radio.



Fred Allen, that dryly humorous comedian. Idol of the American campus.

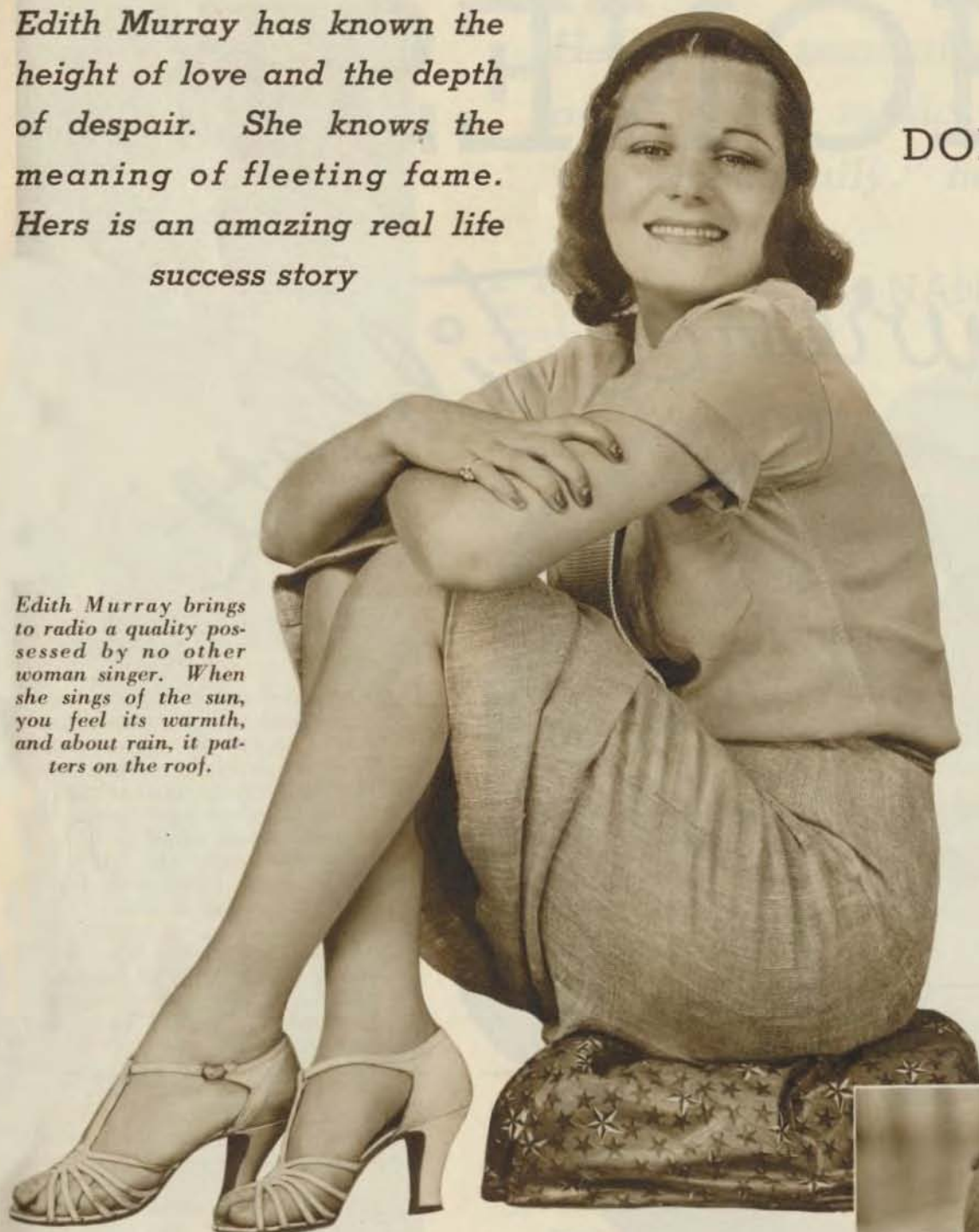
OF course, you have been listening to "The Gibson Family," the new radio melodrama of an American family. The music of Arthur Schwartz and Howard Dietz keeps up its high standard but, to the Observer, the story of Courtney Ryley Cooper gets duller and more involved every week. It weighs down the light and tuneful score. Incidentally, you would hear these charming numbers on other radio programs but for the fact that the sponsors of "The Gibson Family" insist upon the name of their soap being given in the credit permission.

Another word about Loretta Clemens. She is the only personable ingenue of radio—and a real find.

(Please turn to page 51)

Edith Murray has known the height of love and the depth of despair. She knows the meaning of fleeting fame. Hers is an amazing real life success story

Edith Murray brings to radio a quality possessed by no other woman singer. When she sings of the sun, you feel its warmth, and about rain, it patters on the roof.



By
DOROTHY ANN BLANK

Little Girl, You've Had a BUSY LIFE

RADIO is full of Cinderella stories. Sometimes they are true, because it is possible to skip up the rungs of the ladder of radio success almost overnight. But all stories of radio's great and near-great do not run along as smoothly as any babbling brook.

This, for instance, is not a Cinderella story. It's a story to be read thoughtfully by those of you who have been reading too many Cinderella stories—especially by young women who plan to come to New York and set Broadway and the radio networks on fire with their young talents as soon as they've seen Manhattan from the top of the Empire State Building.

It's the true story of a little girl with a great big voice and a musician's heart . . . Edith Murray. So now you know it isn't a story of frustration, either. It's a fighting story which happens to have a happy ending, because Edith Murray is one of radio's big names today. I'll try to tell it to you as I got it, partly from Edith herself, partly from those who have given her a hand when she found herself perilously close to the bottom of the ladder again.

Her fight began at home. As far back as she can remember, little Edith Fernandez, for that is her real name, has been singing;

and as soon as she knew what "the stage" was, she knew she wanted to be on it. Even at school she was a performer; her teachers would lift her up on a chair and let her sing for the class. But her family was bitterly opposed to her early stage ambitions.

Later, she was to become quite accustomed to surmounting barriers, but this one was too high for her; she had to watch for a chance to get quietly around it. When she was fifteen years old she attended a convent school in Jacksonville, Florida. She took piano lessons; but of course there, too, she was frowned upon when she played and sang popular music. And by this time it had become as necessary for her to perform as it was to breathe.

So Edith walked out of the convent. The fact that she had no money did not worry her. She knew she could sing not only for her supper but for three meals a day. They were pretty slim meals, however, because the only job she could find was playing the piano and singing at a music counter in a

ten cent store. She was almost glad when her family found her and took her back home. Secretly she decided to eat fast, and eat a lot, and then try again.

THE stage always fascinated Edith, and she hung around the theaters to catch a glimpse of the actors. One day she spoke timidly to a girl who was playing in a vaudeville act, begging her to take her backstage. But her family discovered her fraternizing with the cast and stage manager, and yanked her home again. She cried.

But when the act left town at the end of the week, Edith went with them. She was still fifteen. She dropped the name of Fernandez and took (*Please turn to page 38*)



"Be HONEST"

says Lawrence Tibbett



Lawrence Tibbett, musical rebel.

David Berus, New York

IF you're the sort of person who doesn't know much about art but know what you like don't be ashamed to say so. If some grand opera bores you to death, but if you are truly emotionally stimulated by some simple popular song—well, you're okay with Lawrence Tibbett.

Yes, I said Lawrence Tibbett, Metropolitan Opera star. You would expect a grand opera singer to laugh at you if you timidly confessed that you liked "A Perfect Day" for instance. If you told Lawrence Tibbett about it he would sing "A Perfect Day" for you with great gusto and tell you that he thought it was a grand song.

For if there's anything Lawrence Tibbett loathes it is a musical snob. You know those boys and girls—the ones who sit around drawing-rooms and drawl, "Well, it's very pretty, but is it art?" Larry Tibbett hates them. He's all for people like you and me who like what we like without measuring our tastes with a highbrow ruler.

And when Tibbett likes or dislikes he speaks right out in meeting. Naturally, you could not have heard that virile, vital voice of his coming to you through the air on the Packard Motor Car program without knowing that vitality is as much a part of him as his arms and legs. He has always been and will always be a rebel. When he was a kid in High School he threw down the gauntlet to convention by refusing to wear a tie. Now he refuses to join in with the musical highbrows—and admits it. Tibbett is a man of action. His father before him was a man of action—a California sheriff, shot to death while attempting to bring an outlaw to justice.

Tibbett is proud of his American heritage, thrilled with the fact that he got all his musical training in this country and did not have to change his American name to step upon the operatic stage. He thinks it absurd that opera dealing with the American scene should be sung in Italian or French. And when he was forced into it in "Girl of the Golden West" he had the time

of his life fairly shouting the words "whiskey" and "Wells-Fargo"—which defied translation and had to be used.

HOLLYWOOD knows Larry Tibbett for a Rebel. The Metropolitan Opera Company realize his radical tendencies. And effete, tea-sipping musical snobs shudder when he unleashes his musical theories.

"Listen," he shouts, pacing up and down the beautiful music room of his stunning New York apartment. "Any music which you like and which stirs you emotionally is good music. It's true—that over there in those huge books are phonographic recordings of the greatest operatic artists and the finest classical music ever written but also there you will find Paul Whiteman's orchestra doing 'When Day Is Done,' a number of Duke Ellington's records and many other popular numbers.

"I enjoy Rudy Vallee's voice. I think Al Jolson is fine. The Duncan Sisters have stirred me greatly with their amazing harmonizing. Ukulele Ike's sense of rhythm leaves me weak.

"There are plenty of people in this world

who rave and tear their hair over classical music which they don't enjoy or understand. They are posing liars when they say such music touches them. It's so doggone much better to be honest and admit to liking what you really like. It's so much more intelligent than that intellectual snobbery.

"Once after a concert in which I had given 'The Song of the Flea' a fussy old woman told me she thought it vulgar. I smiled and replied that she mustn't blame me for that, since Goethe had written the words and Moussorgsky the music. She was quite embarrassed. 'Oh, I'm so sorry,' she said. 'For, naturally, it's art.'

"You see? If two accepted geniuses produced it then the number was art and could be as vulgar as it chose to be. If I had told her an unknown wrote it—well, the story would have been different.

"I don't mind arguing with the greatest musicians in the world when some of my favorite songs are attacked—simple, charming little numbers that the musical snobs say are 'bad' music. There is no bad music if you like it and get a thrill from it."

But there was a time when Tibbett thought he should be very highbrow and, when he sang, pronounce "and" "ahnd" and say "wined" for "wind." He had these ideas literally knocked out of him by his first good music teacher. When I say these ideas were knocked out of him I mean just that. The teacher would come up behind him as he was singing and shout, "Loosen up, there," and would slap him on the back so hard that he staggered.

"You've got a great voice," he would say, "but don't let me catch you going arty. When you sing pronounce the words naturally. What's the idea of being affected just because certain nice words are set to music? Instead of telling me about these things simply and naturally you are singing them. Then why can't you be simple and natural when you sing?"

This teacher was as vigorous in deed as in speech. He used to make Larry sing while



He loathes musical snobs who say "But is it art?" "Any music you like and which stirs you emotionally," he says, "is good music"

By NAN CAMPBELL



Laurence Tibbett and his wife. Tibbett comes of hardy pioneer stock. His father was a California sheriff in the old rugged days.

he was rolling on the floor, lying face down on a couch and climbing up and down all the furniture in the room. And all the time that he was putting him through these gymnastics he was screaming at him, "Relax, relax!"

"YOU see," Tibbett said to me, "I love to sing. I love to sing anything that has a beautiful melody. It is an eternal amazement to me that I get paid, that I make a good living just from singing. And because I love song so much—any song if it is lovely—I hate those fools who exclude from their lives the simple, charming melodies which so many enjoy.

"What happens to the musical snobs is this—they hear a certain number over and over again. They grow tired of it. And just because they are tired of it they say that it isn't good music. All music is good music and the melody is no less delightful just because it has become overly familiar.

"The trouble with those people is that they believe only what they are told. They quote what they have read in highbrow treatises on music. If the critics say a thing is good then they take it for granted that it is good and don't think for themselves.

"Caruso contended that many times the terrific ovations he received were not because of his lovely voice but because his name was Caruso and he had a great reputation. People had been told he was good and they did not stop to consider whether they thought he was good or not. One night he put this theory to a real test. The Harlequin's serenade in 'Pagliacci' is given offstage by a minor character. Usually the singer elicits only slight applause because he is not important. Time and again Caruso had sung this serenade and not even the critics guessed that it was his voice. He, like the others who have sung it, received the usual faint applause.

"I think that that's a great joke on the musical snobs.

"I HAD a little fun of a similar nature once myself. In Hollywood I was asked to sing at a party. I sang. I was very, very dramatic. I made up words, which sounded vaguely like Russian words. I made up the music as I went along. I waved my arms and chewed the

scenery and when I was finished everyone wanted to know the name of the song. I told them that it was an aria from an opera by a Russian composer. I simply made up a name on the spur of the moment and put an 'ovitch' on the end of it. They were all tremendously impressed. They said it was delightful. You see?

"What I had sung obviously could not have been great music because I don't know how to compose great music, much less improvise it, but I told them it was good and they believed me.

"Listen, I've heard half-baked sopranos and tenors sing operas so badly that it would make your hair curl. And receive thunderous applause from audiences.

Yet these same people turn up their noses at great artists of rhythm like Ukulele Ike. Why?

"You know what I want to do? I want to sing grand opera in English—well enunciated English that people can understand. I think the American people deserve that kind of break—because opera is marvelous when it isn't cluttered up with a lot of hokum.

"Lots of people said that I was prostituting my art when I went into the movies and when I went on the air. I didn't agree. I'd much rather sing to a lot of people who love music for music's sake—and are willing to say honestly what they like and don't like—than to folks who deck themselves in mink and diamonds and want only to see and be seen at the operas or concerts, people who sit back and say, 'It's very nice, but is it art?'

"ONE of the greatest performances I ever heard was that of a huge group of Negro children in Alabama who sang Negro spirituals. They had been rehearsed by a colored man who knew none of the obvious theatrical tricks. They just stood there and sang because they loved to sing.

"Maybe it wasn't art, but it was one of the greatest things I've ever heard and it left me an emotional wreck for days. If sound can do that to a person, then I call it great art."

Tibbett sprawled in a comfortable chair. There sat one of the greatest singers of our day, a man who is not only able to thrill the masses but the socialites who attend the Metropolitan as well. Knowing his position as an opera star, he could so easily have looked down his nose at "popular" music. He could so easily have told me how bored he was with radio work. He didn't. He spoke what he honestly believes to be the truth.

"I admire your courage," I told him. "That's not courage," he said. "That's common sense. It makes me furious when the so-called intellectuals try to make simple people who love song feel ashamed of their sincere tastes."

Photos left (except "Merry Mount") by Carlo Edwards

At the left is a panel of Mr. Tibbett's opera roles. Top to bottom: the Pullman porter-king of Eugene O'Neill's "Emperor Jones"; in "Simon Boccanera"; as Wrestling Bradford in "Merry Mount"; and as Colonel Ibbetson in "Peter Ibbetson." His performances have been outstanding events of the Metropolitan Opera season.

What the Colleges Think of RADIO •

"Radio is no longer a luxury, it is a necessity," say the collegiate editors. The student has become an important factor of the radio audience

DO college students really listen to radio? And do they have decided opinions, pronounced likes and dislikes as to what they hear over the air? Interesting and rather surprising light has been shed on these questions in a recent poll of campus sentiment, conducted by TOWER RADIO through the co-operation of school newspaper editors at leading educational institutions.

The observations of the editors, although unofficial and informal, were strikingly unanimous in regard to all important phases of the symposium.

The returns settled conclusively all doubt as to whether college students are ardent listeners to radio.

The loud speaker has evidently become as important a piece of furniture to the student's room in dormitory or fraternity house as the study table.

No longer are the boys and girls content to have one radio set in the congregating room downstairs. Each must now have his own private set in his room to follow his own individual tastes and convenience in listening.

As more than one editor put it: "Radio is no longer regarded in colleges as a luxury. It is an absolute necessity."

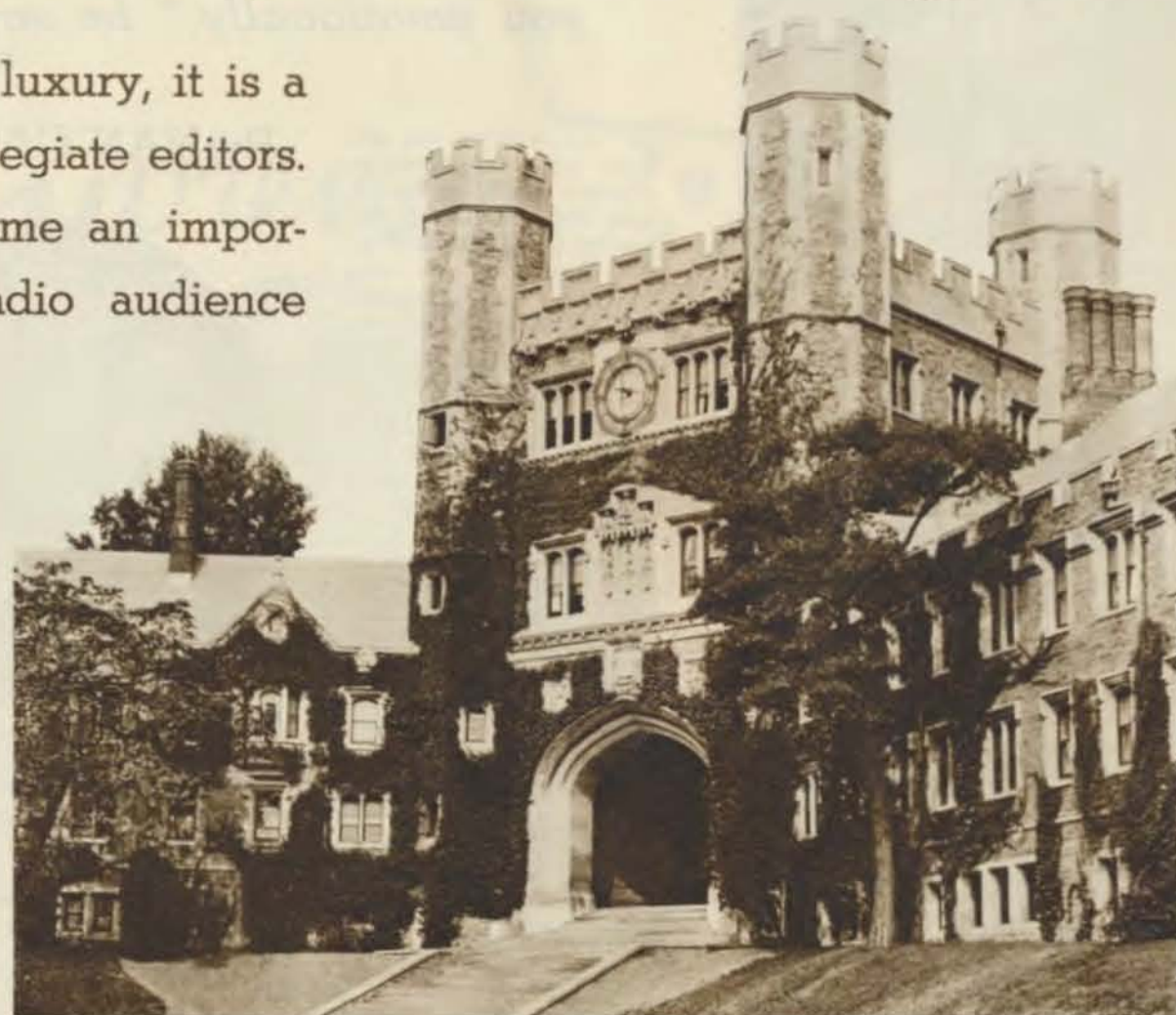
IN listening habits, students, like housewives, seem to keep the radio going all the time they are in their rooms as a background for their other activities. They listen all day and far into the night. It is the rule now, rather than otherwise, for them to do their studying with the radio turned on softly. For this reason perhaps soft music is always in demand.

And as to preferences? Good music, classical music, is a safe leader on the list. The Philharmonic and the Metropolitan Opera programs in particular are, to all indications, always assured of a large audience of college people. Other activities are dropped when these and other outstanding classical offerings come on the air.

At the same time the undergraduate is a person who is catholic in his tastes. The same individual who listens ardently to the Philharmonic on Sundays can be found tapping his toe with enthusiasm to the catchy rhythms of the Casa Loma band on Tuesdays and Thursdays.

There is, according to the editors, a considerable portion of the student body who would resent a distinction between so-called "good music" and jazz. They feel that the latter, artistically arranged and intelligently presented, is worthy of the highest appreciation.

Casa Loma now ranks an easy first in the



Blair Hall at Princeton.

Special for Tower Radio by Wide World

field of popular bands. Other campus favorites are Guy Lombardo, Fred Waring and Ozzie Nelson in that order.

Next to music in the scale of preferences come the "intelligent comics." There was scarcely a report which failed to make that distinction. Those editors who went into detail usually designated Jack Benny, Fred Allen and Stoopnagle and Budd as belonging in that category.

Many noted that straight gag comedians had once enjoyed a considerable campus following but were now generally regarded as bores.

Also noted for a place in the college radio curriculum was sports broadcasts. But these were far less popular than one would naturally be led to believe. Eddie Dooley in particular seems to be capturing the current fancy with his football talks.

OPINION is divided on the subject of the commentators, news and political subjects. It is generally agreed that college people use their radios to tune in on all important political talks. They listen to President Roosevelt. But no mention was made of Father Coughlin. Lowell Thomas leads among the news commentators. Some look upon the commentators as generally inferior while others regard them highly.

And as to dislikes? Here the undergraduates are even more outspoken. Wise advertisers might well take a tip from the universal annoyance expressed by the college students at excessive and

repetitious advertising content. One editor declared:

"Unless something is done about this soon, the American public will become deaf to advertising in any form."

The smaller stations were sometimes singled out as particular offenders in this regard.

Advertising when well done attracts attention from students. Says Joseph W. Carawath, editor-in-chief of *The Pennsylvania*, of the University of Pennsylvania: "A good advertising program is considered worth while and the undergraduates will give close attention to the advertising when it is presented in an interesting way, as for example, the method of presentation used by the Ford program with Fred Waring."

Ford advertising came in for a number of pleasant campus comments, particularly the way his sponsorship of the world's series was handled.

Next to injudicious advertising as a "pet hate" came the stale jokes perpetrated by comedians. These were variously characterized as "wet" and "appalling."

Any comedian who resorts to the time-tried chestnuts today can evidently feel quite certain of being immediately dialed out on all the campuses of the country.

These two objections evoked the most violent comment. For educational features, the collegians have no regard whatever. Said one:

"The student doesn't want from the radio what he gets all day. He turns to it for

his relaxation." Drama is just not considered. No one listens to it particularly. No one has any desire for more of it.

WHEN asked how radio could be improved, most cited the curtailment of advertising first. Another suggested "taking steps to keep popular numbers from being played to death." Another suggested "the elimination of many trashy programs, many smaller stations and the presentation of more music by real artists and politic comment by experienced observers." Another: "taking the blare out of jazz."

There was only one suggestion that the American system be superseded by the British idea of government control.

Lloyd Brogger of *The Annapolis Log* reported however that midshipmen of the Naval Academy who had a chance to listen to foreign programs while on a European cruise were decided in their preference for American programs.

"I have heard numerous opinions expressed," he wrote, "and not once did American broadcasts suffer from the comparison."

An adverse voice is raised by Robert Tuller, editor-in-chief of *The Lafayette*:

"I feel that student interest in radio is not as great as it used to be," he says. "My reasons for this are that the only programs are old ones from which the novelty has worn off, so that the old gags are pretty well shopworn. Even the best of the dance orchestras have lost their individuality. Something new and original is necessary to recapture this interest."

Individual listening problems at the various colleges as revealed by the letters is interesting. For example, Mr. Brogger wrote of reception at Annapolis:

"The one great disapproval was that there were no good programs on the air early in the morning. Because the time when a mid-

WHAT THE COLLEGES SAY

THEY LIKE—

SOFT MUSIC, particularly that of the Casa Loma orchestra, Guy Lombardo and Fred Waring. Students can play this sort of music in the background while they study.

GOOD MUSIC, notably that of the Metropolitan Opera and the Philharmonic.

SPORTS BROADCASTS.

INTELLIGENT COMICS, as Jack Benny and Fred Allen.

NEWS COMMENTATORS, particularly Lowell Thomas.

POLITICAL TALKS BY EXPERTS.

THEY HATE—

EXCESSIVE ADVERTISING.

STALE JOKES.

EDUCATIONAL FEATURES.

DRAMA.

shipman can use his radio is limited by regulations, classes, and athletic activities, he wants to play it whenever he has a chance. One of those times is in the morning from six-thirty until eight. So far there have never been any real good broadcasts at that time, and as far as a Midshipman is concerned, it is time wasted.

THOMAS H. LANE, editor-in-chief of *The Dartmouth* reported:

"Radio is indispensable at Hanover, isolated as it is from the more heavily populated centers of New England. Recently jurisdiction was passed allowing the use of radios in the dormitories before which time there was an administrative ban on their possession.

"With regard to programs, it is to be observed that students generally like to turn on the radio with the specific purpose of listening to one program, athletic report or dance orchestra, as the case may be.

"As to technical betterments, reception could be bettered very greatly during the daylight hours, when it is not possible to tune in on a large portion of the broadcast band on the type of set usually owned at Dartmouth."

Wrote Richard Helms, editor-in-chief of *The Williams Record*:

"I should say that almost the entire student body has radio facilities of one form or another and I would feel safe in saying that radio is the most popular and highly utilized form of entertainment in the college today.

"My own feeling as well as that of many other students is that excessive advertising patter of one form or another is making otherwise delightful programs almost unbearable."

Harvard students listen to radio a good deal in the evenings, turning to it as a relaxation from an evening of study. They tune in on symphonies, jazz music, political talk, commentators and sports.

At Yale, students often play the radio while studying. They like jazz, with good music a close second, with frequent comedy and occasional news.

RADCLIFFE girls listen to radio "in between times" and while doing something else. They rarely have time to listen through a full-length program.

Vassar stands out as a college where very few girls have radios and are not much concerned with it while in college.

At Brown, educational features are unpopular, according to Amos Landman, editor-in-chief of *The Daily Herald*:

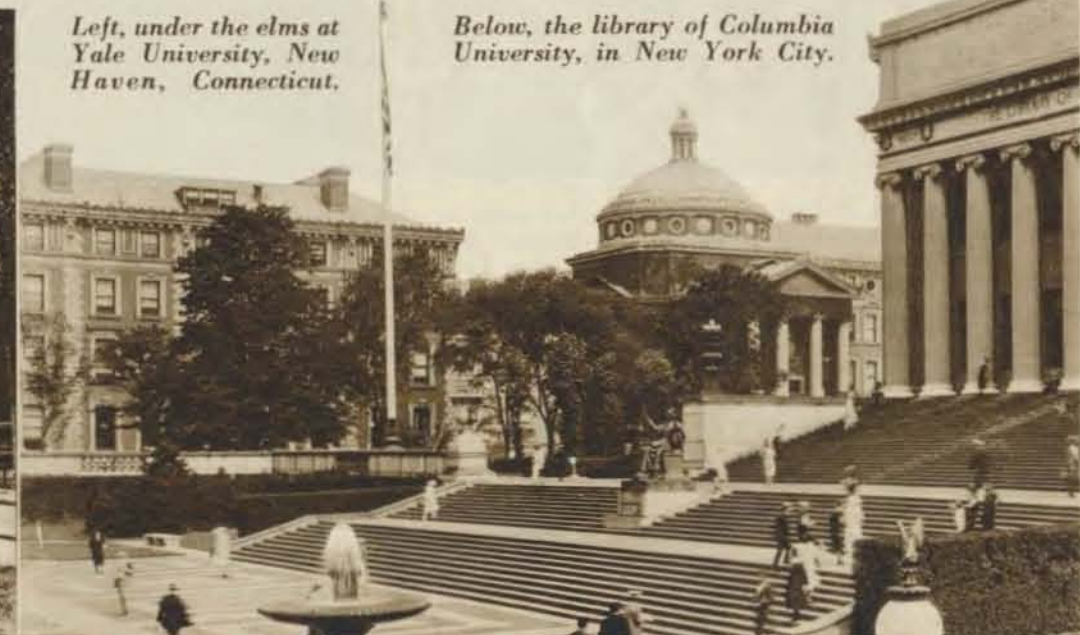
"A few students seem to prefer good music, but not many. Other features are as a rule far less popular than dance music. However, a (Please turn to page 55)

Wide World



Left, under the elms at Yale University, New Haven, Connecticut.

Brown Brothers



Below, the library of Columbia University, in New York City.

Jimmie wanted a Boat

But James Melton waited to become radio's singing Romeo before realizing his dream

By MARIE BLIZARD



Top. James Melton, the boy who has gone to the top through his will to succeed. Above. Jimmie and his missus on their boat, The Melody. Sometimes alone, frequently with friends who include Lawrence Tibbett and John Charles Thomas.

THE doctor pocketed a cigar and snapped his well-worn bag together as a lusty wail filled the air.

"James, that new son of yours has a mighty fine pair of lungs."

"That's good." The senior Melton dismissed the first acclaim accorded to this third son destined to echo—more eloquently and in but few years—from corners of the land far remote from this little town of Moultrie, Georgia, and one day, it seems not unlikely, from the greatest musical stage in

America, that of the Metropolitan.

Thus on January second, nineteen hundred and four, did he make his original debut, this lad who was called James Melton. Today he is *Jimmie* to the distinguished fellow artists who are his intimates, to the radio mechanics who work with him and to all who come within the spell of his laughing eyes and sparkling personality.

There were two other little Meltons, Bill and Guy, who preceded James, and later there were the three sisters, Frances, Vir-

ginia and Mary. A nice big family in a very small town where Father Melton was in the furniture business. A family of youngsters that trudged off to the little school-house, scuffed out its shoes and had measles.

James—the smallest boy—the one with the very yellow hair, wasn't what you'd call a distinguished child. He was, he says, "a puny kid." He ran errands for his mother, wore his brother's cut-down clothes cheerfully and brought home the golden star from Sunday school. He's very proud that he still knows the golden text.

When he was six and appeared to be the ripe old age of four, he became choir boy and when he was eight, he summoned the strength to hold the big hymn book straight before him and let loose on his first solo. Everybody thought it was "sweet."

About this time he began to develop a desire and one that is today all his hobbies in one. He wanted a boat and got one. That is, he got the lumber and spent almost a year building a rowboat. It was a beautiful piece of work that sailed gallantly into the water and sank! His first and last disillusionment.

BY the time James had arrived at his fourteenth year there were many changes in his life. The family had moved to another big, rambling house, established the children in another little school-house and sent James off to the choir of the church in the new home town, Ocala, Florida. Nothing new about this but about James himself there was plenty. The yellow hair was turning dark. He was growing tall and filling out. He didn't fit the cut-down clothes, and suits were ordered from the general store. By the time they arrived he had already outgrown them. Also he had fallen in love with a girl in Sunday school and Father was talking to him about studying law.

So, out of high school and having served three months in the Naval Reserve (because he wanted to get on a boat and did—for one day!) he went off to the University of Florida. When the college officials heard about his military experience, he found himself in the R. O. T. C. where soon it dawned on him that too much of his life was spent drilling.

"How do you get out of this drilling?" he muttered to a fellow sufferer.

"You either have to die or get in the band," was the muttered answer.

James, who had become Jimmie by this time, made short work of covering ground to the bandmaster's office.

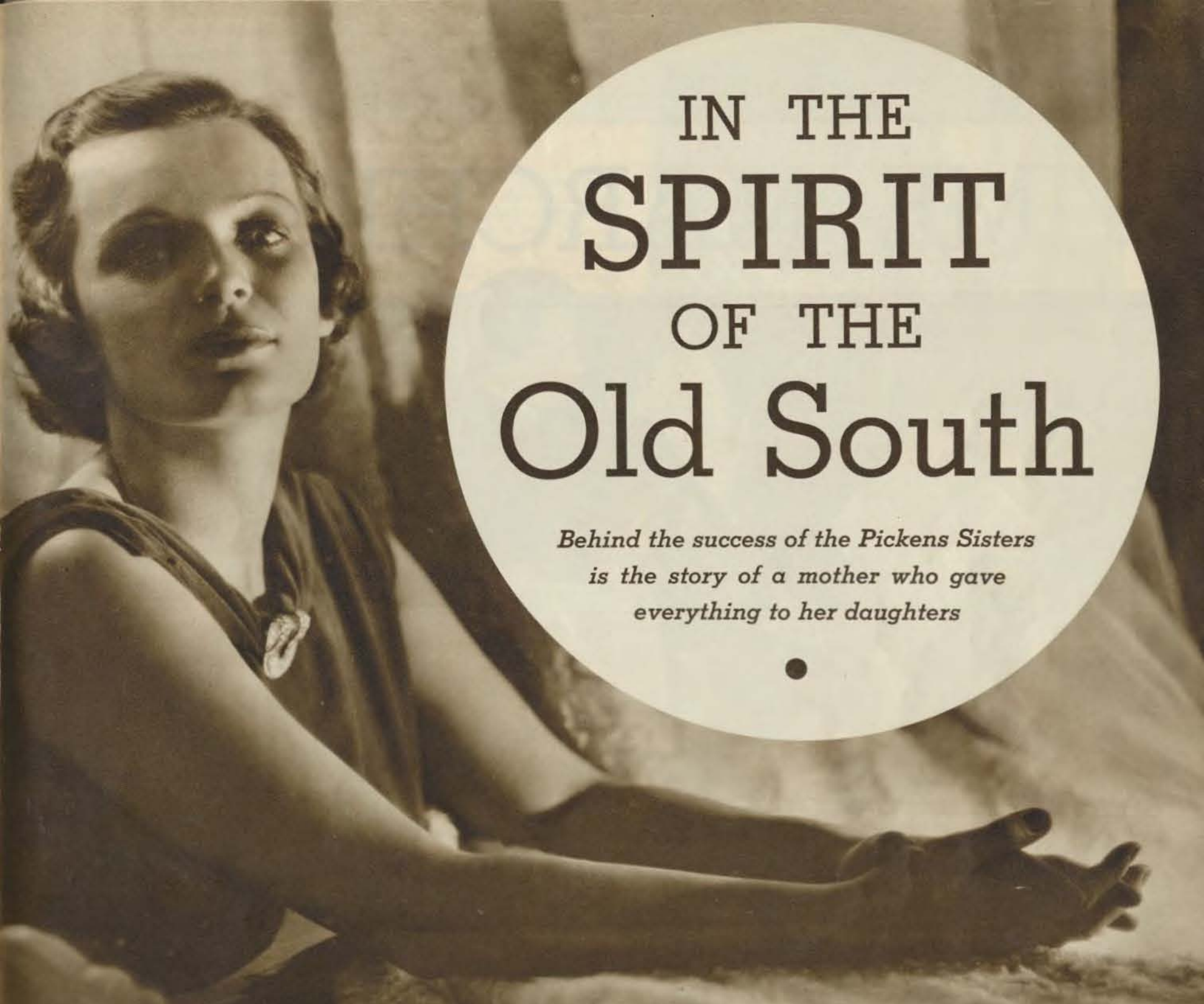
"Need any musicians?" That was all. No mention of the fact that he hadn't even a speaking acquaintance with any instrument.

"We could use a saxophone player. What do you play?"

"Saxophone," said Jimmie blandly. "Got one you could lend me for tonight?"

They had, and Jimmie, stuffing the door cracks with paper, sat down to spend the night teaching himself—by trial and error method—to play something that sounded like a scale.

The next day he was in the band and six months later had organized his own orchestra, played the lead sax which he had taught himself and for the rest of his college life supported himself (*Please turn to page 60*)



IN THE SPIRIT OF THE Old South

*Behind the success of the Pickens Sisters
is the story of a mother who gave
everything to her daughters*

•

Jane Pickens is the guiding force of the Pickens Sisters trio. And is Atlanta, Georgia, proud!

YOU undoubtedly know the vital statistics in the amazing success story of Jane Pickens, the guiding force of the Pickens Sisters trio. You know, for instance, that she was an Atlanta, Georgia, girl who was graduated with high honors from the Curtis School of Music, was picked by that incredible human dynamo, Madame Sembrich, as a special pupil, studied abroad for a year and then with two of her sisters—made a sensation on the radio.

The path a woman takes to reach the end of the rainbow of success is always fascinating, but there is a story behind the news of Jane's rise, a story few people know but one which explains the reason for her lovely voice and the power which enabled her to forge ahead as she has done. I am speaking of the Pickens Sisters' mother. You must know all about that mother if you are to know the girls. All they are they inherited from her. Jane, luckily born in a generation which allows women a chance to achieve greatness, is all that her mother might have been. Mrs. Pickens used her voice to lull her babies to sleep. Jane thrills millions with hers. It is a matter of place and period.

Let me tell you the story. Let me go back a generation and give you Jane's background before I tell you of Jane herself.

Jane's mother was named Adelina Patti Moore. Her father had fought for the Southern cause in the Civil War, but when the slaves on his lovely plantation were set free they remained loyal to him and not one of them left the plantation. They were slaves no longer but they lived in their same cabins and worked Moore's fields exactly as if Lincoln had never signed the Emancipation Proclamation. It was in this tradition—the tradition of the old South—that the mother of the Pickens Sisters was born.

The fact that she sang when she was eight months old did not astound the family on the plantation very much. This fact will, I'm sure, amaze every mother. Imagine a baby's actually carrying a tune before she walked or talked! But that's what Adelina Patti Moore did. Yet no one visualized her as a child prodigy. No one could see that in her tiny throat was the makings of an astound-

ing career. She was just little Patti Moore. She was very cute when, in a competitive singing-fest of all the neighboring churches, she sang a solo at the age of three (the church for which she sang won the prize). She had, it is true, a moment of glory. In her white dress and blue sash she was carried around on her father's shoulders and everyone called her a remarkable child. But it did not occur to anyone that her voice—trained and cultivated—might thrill many more people than the members of this rural community.

Does it sadden you to know that little Patti Moore's voice was lost and wasted? Do not feel badly. There was no loss. She, herself, did nothing with her talents. Nothing? I'm wrong. She did the greatest thing a mother can do. She passed her gift on to her daughters. And in them she is recreated.

Half-heartedly, she yearned for a career, but she knew that a girl of her birth and upbringing could not possibly break the mould. And then she found her career—in motherhood. She found a use for her lovely voice, singing lullabies (*Please turn to page 46*)

By PEGGY HARRIS

TIME MARCHES ON

By TOM CARSKADON

Special Photographs for Tower Radio by Wide World



Since news must be told by ear alone, sound effects are a vital part of *The March of Time*. Above, Ora Nichols and George O'Donnell. Left, Announcer Harry Von Zell.

*How the excitement of history in the making, the thrilling panorama of the news, is caught for your ears by **The March of Time***

TODAY is your day and my day. We are alive now, living and breathing within this present, the most turbulent twelvemonth since the World War. Headlines flash before us:—Anti-government riots in Paris . . . Assassination of Chancellor Dollfuss . . . Hitler's blood purge . . . the Morro Castle disaster . . . Hauptmann and the Lindbergh kidnaping . . . Assassination of the King of Yugoslavia . . . Ameri-

can elections . . . Christmas . . . A New Year for the New Deal. Beside this seething mass of actuality, any fictional melodrama seems pale and insipid. This is real, this is now, this is happening all around us. On the radio, only one program has the courage, the bite and the drive to plunge into this actuality and come forth with a panorama of the present. It is the *March of Time*. Listeners say it is the most vivid, the most real, the most significant program on the air. Radio ex-

perts call it the finest piece of out-and-out radio production on the air today. In addition to its great audience popularity, it is a "showman's show" if there ever was one. How is it done? How is this program, which depends not upon what somebody can think up but upon the unpredictable surge and flash of the news, assembled and brought to radio? How are items selected and written in so short a time? Where do they get those amazingly accurate voices to imitate outstanding figures in the news? What do they use for sound effects; how do the

manage to give such an astonishing air of reality to everything they do?

The answers to these and similar questions make up one of the genuinely inside stories of radio. Watch the *March of Time* program being built, and you see radio realizing its farthest and finest possibilities. Would you like to see the process? Come along, then, and we'll follow it through from the very beginning.

Great was the rejoicing of fans when the *March of Time*, after an absence on summer vacation, returned to the air last October. Let's take that opening program as an example, and see just exactly how it is handled, from beginning to end.

The story begins in the offices of the magazine, *Time*. Available in galley proof and page proof are the news stories which go to make up the current issue of this weekly news magazine. There are some 150 to 200 items in all. From these are selected eight or ten that seem especially vivid, that have special dramatic or human interest value and afford a contrast and variety among themselves.

These items are selected by the editors of *Time* and turned over to a special group of writers to be made into radio skits. These writers are not members of the magazine staff; they are specialists who write for radio and nothing else. The items are selected and the skits are written under the general supervision of Roy Larsen, circulation manager of the magazine.

As soon as the skits are completed, they are turned over to the Batten, Barton, Durstine and Osborn advertising agency, and the real work of production begins. For four

Right, Ted De Corsia, member of *The March of Time* cast, who plays ex-President Hoover and Gen. Johnson.



years now the program has been under the personal direction of Arthur Pryor, Jr., vice-president of the agency and manager of its radio department. He is a son of the noted bandmaster and the brother of the actor Roger Pryor, whom you may remember as leading man for Mae West in "Belle of the Nineties." That is the way outsiders usually identify Arthur Pryor, Jr., but in radio his prestige is so great that radio people are more likely to speak of the bandmaster and the actor as the father and brother of Arthur! It's all in the way you look at things.

ONCE the script reaches Pryor, he goes into conference with his two production assistants, Homer Fickett and William Dpier. These men have had radio, stage and music experience and are valuable aids to Generalissimo Pryor. Together these men determine the order of the skits, do the casting for all the speaking parts, and join together what is, on paper, a complete show. Howard Barlow, conductor of the Columbia Symphony Orchestra, is called in, and in consultation with Pryor, who has wide musical as well as dramatic knowledge, and the production assistants, the atmospheric and incidental music for the program is laid out. This music, played between sketches and often as background for some scenes, adds tremendously to the dramatic impact of the program.

Rehearsal is called for 9:30 on Thursday morning, and now you begin to see the real wheels revolve. Up to the twenty-second floor of the Columbia Broadcasting System building and into its ace Studio Number One comes the blue ribbon stock company of radio. These are the permanent players who form the week-to-week backbone of

the *March of Time* presentations. An amazingly versatile lot, they have an incredible range of voices, dialects and characterizations among themselves and seldom is it necessary to go outside this little group for any particular part. They have played together a long time, they have developed unusual responsiveness among themselves and with their director, and so great is the prestige of this acting company that radio players often will turn down more lucrative assignments in order to play even a small part in the *March of Time*.

Usually the cast consists of twelve principals, nine men and three women, who divide all of the main speaking parts between them; and a group of eighteen "extras" (radio has them as well as the movies) who do one-line "bit" parts ("the car is ready, sir") and are used for crowd and mob effects. In the *March of Time*, which depicts stormy parliaments, greetings to returning heroes, industrial strife, and all kinds of mass effects, the mob is vitally important.

It is interesting to note how a mob effect is achieved on the radio. Most stations nowadays have crowd records; that is, phonograph recordings of the actual sounds made by an actual crowd at an actual football game, political rally, or what-not. When played back via a phonograph, the crowd records give a fair effect, enough to get by on most programs, but they never sound really convincing (Please turn to page 42)



William Adams (above), who does the vivid imitations of President Roosevelt.

Right, Arthur Pryor, Jr., son of the famous bandmaster and for four years the power behind *The March of Time* program.





Above, the exterior of the Columbia Playhouse, in West 44th Street, New York. This was once the famous Hudson Theater.

The lobby of the Columbia Playhouse at the right. It is faced with rare black marble taken from the old theater of ill-fated Pompeii, destroyed by an eruption of Vesuvius in 79 A.D.

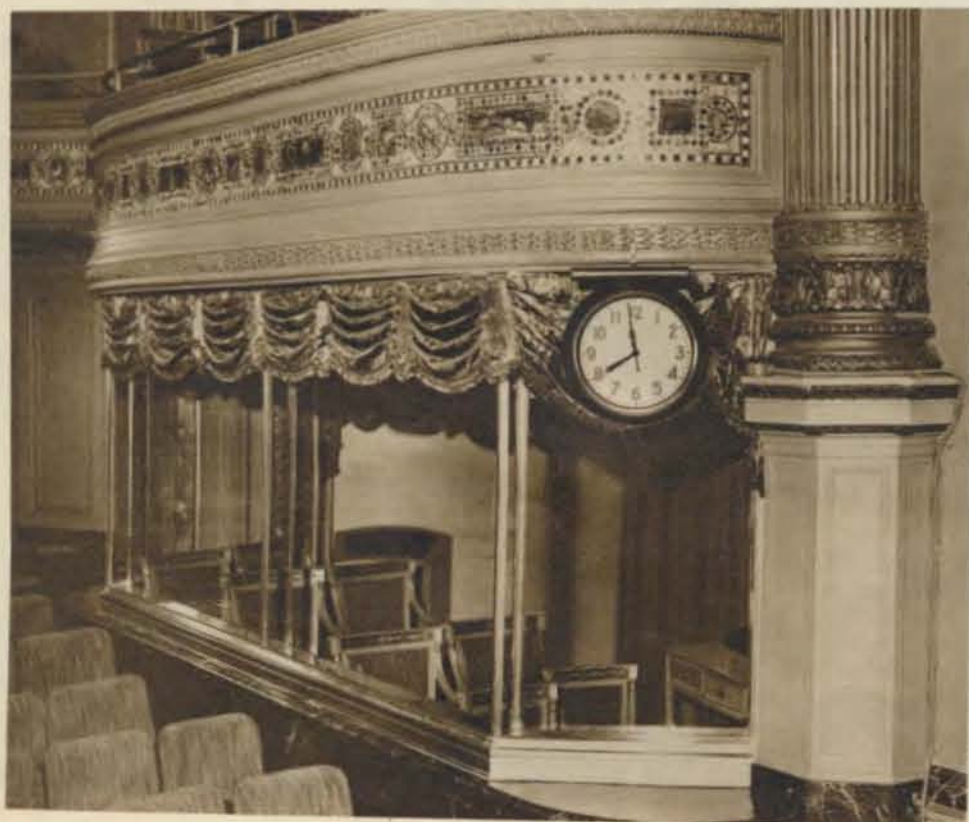


Special Photographs for TOWER RADIO by Wide World

POMPEII to RADIO

The Columbia Playhouse is built of marble and mosaics taken from the ruins of the ancient city

By LEE KUGEL



NINETEEN centuries look down upon radio broadcasts from the Columbia Playhouse in New York City, for this broadcasting headquarters contains a strange link between the past and the present.

When the Columbia Playhouse was originally built as the Hudson Theater it was decorated and embellished with colored mosaics and rare black marble taken from the ruins of one of the ancient theaters of Pompeii.

Pompeii was founded at the foot of Mt. Vesuvius six centuries before Christ and under Sulla became a Roman colony. In 79 A.D. Pompeii, along with Herculaneum, was destroyed by an eruption, some 2,000 of its 20,000 citizens perishing in what is still one of the major catastrophes of the world.

For centuries the city lay buried under eighteen to twenty feet of ashes, volcanic matter and the dust of the ages. In 1748 excavation began under Charles II of France and in time the forum, an amphitheater capable of seating 20,000, two theaters, seven temples, three public baths and other public buildings were unearthed. The paved streets, rutted by the passing of countless chariot wheels, again echoed with human life.

In the 1830's Edward Bulwer-Lytton wrote his famous novel, "The Last Days of Pompeii," the story of two Pompeian lovers who escape the burning city to find refuge in Greece. The novel, aside from depicting the barbaric abandon of the decadent day, presented a colorful picture of drama as it was in Pompeii just before Vesuvius rang down the curtain for the last time. This word picture fascinated Henry B. Harris, destined to become one of the great New York theatrical producers of the last golden days of the stage.

When he came to build the Hudson Theater as the headquarters for his Broadway productions, he conceived the idea of importing decorative marbles and mosaics from one of the Pompeian theaters. When the playhouse opened, on West 44th Street between Broadway and Sixth Avenue, on October 19, 1903, these historic decorations

were widely commented upon as a fascinating link between the past and the present.

The Pompeian theaters, such as the one from which the marble and mosaics were removed, housed (Please turn to page 44)

The control room of the Columbia Playhouse, showing the detail of Pompeii colored mosaics around the former theater box and across the balcony.

Oak Park is any small American town and
Red Davis is a typical High School boy

By
TOM
REYNOLDS

Right, Elizabeth
Wragge, who plays Sis-
ter Betty. She became
an actress at the mel-
low age of three.

Hay Lee Jackson



Keeping Up WITH THE DAVISES

The Davis Family: Mother,
Marion Barney; Red, Bur-
gess Meredith; Sis, Elizabeth
Wragge; Pa, Jack Roseleigh.

Special for Tower
Radio by Wide World



WOULD you like to go calling on the Davis family? They're neighbors of yours; Red, his mother, his kid sister, his pal, Clink—why, you'll recognize them the minute you see them. Come on, let's meet the folks.

That High School youth with the friendly (although a little bit bashful) smile who is coming toward you now is Mr. William Phillips Davis—Red to you. He seems to have a whole collection of arms and legs and hands and feet, and somewhere out of the collection he manages to stick forth a hand, and you find his grasp is firm and friendly. He reminds you so much of your own son—or brother, or cousin—that in no time at all you've got him pegged for exactly what he is. He's a typical American boy.

Well, sir, that young man, Red Davis, is the hero of a radio serial of American home life that has come to be one of the most popular human interest features on the air. It started last year on a comparatively small network, and the response was so great that this year the sponsors, the Beech-Nut Packing Company, are giving it a hearing over the entire country on a National Broadcasting Company network on Monday, Wednesday and Friday nights.

Maybe that word "hero" is a little strong to apply to Red. His pals at High School

certainly would kid the life out of him if anyone threw such a high-hat word as "hero" at Red. The more you hear of Red's adventures, the more you like him, but he is too human, too likeable, to be cast in marble and labeled "hero." His faults make him all the more lovable.

Red hates examinations at school, but was there ever a boy who didn't? Red's mother works hard and cooks a dinner, and when she has everything ready and on the table and the family is about to sit down, Red suddenly remembers that he hasn't yet washed his hands. Off he dashes while his dinner waits, but don't be too hard on him. Wives and mothers will tell you that half the masculine population of America, young and old, has exactly that same fault.

That kindly woman with a touch of gray in her hair is Red's mother. She has to use patience, wisdom, and good old common sense in dealing with Red, but underneath their sometimes playful banter, Red and his mother get along beautifully together. Over there in the easy chair is Father. He somehow never seems able to find the other half of the evening paper, and—to hear him tell it—he could go right out and give golf lessons to Bobby Jones, but old Dad turns out



Red Davis is Burgess Meredith, who
hails from Cleveland via Amherst.

to be true blue in a pinch, just the same. Often he understands Red better than Mother does, and he realizes there are times when "us men" have to stand together.

BETTY DAVIS is Red's younger sister. She is the kind of helpful soul who, when she sees Red all dressed up in his blue suit and the red necktie that he got for his birthday and about to call on his girl, breaks out with "Who do you think you are—Clark Gable?" Just the same, Betty really adores Red, and if anybody else started teasing him, she would be the (Please turn to page 50)

TIN PAN ALLEY Goes Radio

The broadcasters pay millions in royalties but they use up a song hit, once good for sixteen months' popularity, in three, cutting music sales from 2,000,000 to 200,000

By SPENCER ROBERTS

THE inhabitants of Tin Pan Alley have been complaining bitterly about an ogre named Radio. This fast-growing young giant, they say, has gobbled up the music business until there is nothing much left.

First of all, however, since this is mostly about Tin Pan Alley, let's first find out where and what it is.

It's quite different from any thoroughfare in your town. Some folks say that there's really no such place—that it's purely an imaginary term for songland. But there is a Tin Pan Alley—and its heart is in the broadcasting district.

From the days in the '90s when copies of "After the Ball Is Over" graced every piano in the parlors of the nation to just about five years ago when "Deep Night" became the last of the Great-Sellers, Tin Pan Alley was paved with gold. But, with the changing of the times, radio emerged as the most vital medium in the entertainment world.

A mechanical era for music developed. People had only to give the dials of their radio sets a twist to bring into their homes the most noted purveyors of popular music. The Whitmans, the Lombardos and the Vallees brought into your homes the best tunes done in the best manner, literally served on a silver platter.

No longer was it necessary to buy the words and music on the printed sheets in order to learn a favorite song. The broadcasters presented the hit songs dozens of times a day. Not only did this cut the sale of sheet music but it cut short the life of a hit. A popular song haunts every musical program until it reaches the saturation point—and suddenly it wilts—which is usually after six weeks or so. Where once upon a time a song hit sold upwards of a million copies—indeed it frequently reached the two million mark—nowadays the average song smash is lucky to win a niche in the 200,000 class. One hit, "The Last Roundup," startled the Alley with a sale of 350,000 copies. That was a record.

Irving Berlin presented his wife, the former Ellin Mackay, with the royalties of "Always" as an engagement gift. The amount was \$80,000. But today, the revenues from a corresponding hit would have brought her only an unspectacular fur coat.

The sheet music royalties were augmented by the sale of phonograph records. But there has been a swift and deadly decline in the sale of records. Gene Austin's version of "My Blue Heaven" and Paul Whiteman's rendition of "When Day Is Done" were the last records to be a source of joy and shekels. Their respective sales hovered around the 1,200,000 peak. Now, if you walk into a record-maker's place and see a general state of hilarity and celebration you know their ace record of the month has been purchased by 10,000 people who still do not mind changing their needles.

LET'S look at the facts themselves. In 1925, the radio audience was estimated at 16,000,000. In 1932, seven years later, the Department of Commerce judged it to be 60,000,000 persons. Back in '25 the

The Hits of All Time

A canvass of the big music publishers for a list of the twelve outstanding song hits of the last twenty years reveals a dozen titles that may surprise the public. The list follows:

- "Darktown Strutters Ball"
- "Dinah"
- "Alexander's Ragtime Band"
- "Down By the Old Mill Stream"
- "Glowworm"
- "Memories"
- "Missouri Waltz"
- "Let Me Call You Sweetheart"
- "My Gal Sal"
- "Schooldays"
- "St. Louis Blues"
- "Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life"

The publishers point out that there have been more meteoric hits but that this dozen goes right on in demand, on sheet music stands and on the air.



Wide World

Gene Buck, himself a writer of many song hits, is the president of the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers.

total sales of sheet music reached \$2,639,351, and the following year went even higher with a \$3,447,775 top. But from this peak it dropped down to a mere \$827,154 in '32. Royalties from phonograph records reached a high in 1926, and in two years it was weakly holding on to \$86,600. Today the sum is believed to be even much less than the last named figure.

As far as the songs themselves are concerned the average life of a song hit before '25 was sixteen months, during which time its sales reached 1,156,134 copies. Since 1931, the active life of a hit has been shaved down to three months, and it was lucky to reach a total sale of 229,885 copies.

In 1925, "Tuck Me to Sleep in My Old Tucky Home," did very nicely. Everybody sang and hummed it. More than 2,000,000 copies of the piece found their way into purchaser's hands. Last year "Annie Doesn't Live Here Any More" was the big novelty number of the period. Everybody sang and hummed it. But only 195,000 copies of "Annie Doesn't Live Here Any More" were sold.

Yet, notwithstanding all this, popular songs, both "terrific" and "floppo"—to use the vernacular of their creators—are still turned out by Tin Pan Alley. Because the life of a hit number has been cut down from a year or more to practically a small number of weeks, the pace is even more frenzied



Culver

George Gershwin and Irving Berlin (above) are among the half dozen or so first rank writers of America's songs. Their royalties from radio alone run around \$15,000 a year. Once a single Berlin song, "Always," earned \$80,000. Both of these writers have tried their luck as individual radio entertainers.



Big Lee Jackson



Wide World

Above, Sigmund Romberg, another AA leader of the ASCAP, the national organization of American tunesmiths and music publishers.

Left, Jerome Kern, super-melody constructor. You know him best for his musical score of "Show Boat," with "Old Man River."

plan might be the solution. Since the advertisers pay thousands for their radio presentations, it is believed by some that an insignificant assessment on each broadcast really wouldn't matter one way or the other. But all that still remains to be ironed out.

Although no official figures are released by the ASCAP, it is said that upwards of \$2,000,000 yearly pours into its coffers. This sounds like a mighty sum, but the society thinks it is inadequate. They say it is not nearly enough to compensate the songwriters and publishers for the loss of revenue which, they assert, is directly traceable to radio. The present contract between the National Association of Broadcasters and the ASCAP is a three-year agreement that terminates in September, 1935. It called for a graduating scale tax on all commercial programs. The first year the stations were assessed 3 per cent of all income from sold time, and currently, the tax is up to 5 per cent. The broadcasters are allowed to deduct 15 per cent of sales revenue, before the tax is deducted. (Please turn to page 54)

RADIO AND POPULAR MUSIC

In ten years radio has changed the whole world of song writing.

In 1925 the average song hit lasted sixteen months and the sheet music sales averaged 1,156,134 copies. Since 1931 the average life has dwindled to three months and the average sale to 229,885.

Gene Austin's "My Blue Heaven" and Paul Whiteman's "When Day Is Done" were the last big sellers in phonograph records. They hit a 1,200,000 peak. Now a hit is lucky to sell 10,000 records.

The American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers, controlling the songwriting market, receives \$2,000,000 annually in royalties from the two big radio chains.

than ever. The publishers and the writers are more dependent upon their respective positions in the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers, than upon the actual sales revenue from the sheet and mechanical sales.

This organization was formed twenty-odd years ago for self-protection. Gene Buck, former Ziegfeld associate and writer of songs galore, was selected to be its first president, and today he still occupies that position at an impressive salary. There are two boards of directors—one composed of the tunesmiths, and the other representing the publishers. There is a membership of approximately 87 music publishing firms, while the roll call of the songwriters is almost 600. There is no popular vote in the naming of the officials who reign over the ASCAP, as it is familiarly known.

WHEN the sale of songs to the public began its downward plunge, the ASCAP became greatly alarmed. The writers felt bitterly the need of some kind of reimbursement for their efforts, which, unless placed in shows or films, brought them meagre returns, while the large publishing houses with their large catalogs began to flounder. So the ASCAP decided to adopt a means of financial support for its members in the two branches, by taxing the broadcasting companies and their stations for the use of their copyrighted music, in addition to levies upon dance halls, theaters, hotel grills, and other amusement places where singers and orchestras utilized their products. They explain it simply by saying that the use of someone else's property for profit

In Defense of TEMPERAMENT

ROSA PONSELLE was scheduled to sing in concert in a certain eastern city a few years ago. Music lovers were in a state of jitters at having so great a diva appear before them. Arrangements for the concert were well under way when word came that La Ponselle requested—nay, demanded—that the ordinary white footlights of the theater be replaced by pink ones.

The story leaked out. "She's temperamental," everyone said. And some added, "What's the matter with her—she's an American girl, why, she's been in vaudeville, once sang in a cabaret—but now that she's a Metropolitan opera star she has to have pink footlights. Well, they all go temperamental, I suppose."

Rosa Ponselle once gave a concert in a small southern town. Traffic in this city was signaled by the ringing of an enormous, jangling bell. It rang every three minutes. For traffic it was okay, I suppose, but for Rosa Ponselle it was pretty terrible. Her room at the hotel overlooked the Main street. And every three minutes that bell rang. "Can't something be done to stop that noise?" Ponselle asked. The question made the headlines of the papers next day. The citizens were pretty angry that their ways should be mentioned. "Ah, these temperamental artists," they all said.

I could go on like this giving you a dozen or so such incidents.

Rosa Ponselle orders her food prepared in a certain way. Temperament! She insists that her hotel room be as high above the street as possible and away from noise and dust. Temperament! She refuses to attend a large party the night before a broadcast or concert. Temperament! So what?

Well, I think it's about time that Rosa Ponselle were given a chance to speak for herself. Will she admit to being temperamental?

"I'll admit it," she said, "if you'll take my meaning of the word, if you'll let the root be 'tempering,' to adjust—an artist's adjustment to his job. For everything that I have done that has been called 'temperamental'—and I know I've been accused—has a reason. I've been brought up in the old law of the stage that nothing can be permitted to interfere with the performance—the show must go on."

TAKE, for example the case of the pink footlights. Those who heard about the request wanted to know if white lights weren't good enough for Ponselle. They were—but they were not good enough for the audience. She is a singer, first of course, but she is also a show woman. And that night she had planned to wear a black satin gown with a rhinestone collar. She wore no rouge, simply accented her face with bright red lipstick and repeated that color on her fingernails. The footlights gave an effect she had planned to bring out these stunning contrasts. And she achieved this effect, because

Does Rosa Ponselle admit being temperamental?

YES—if you take her meaning of the word

By NAN CAMPBELL



Rosa Ponselle is a Meriden, Conn., girl who made good in opera. She fought her way to the Metropolitan via vaudeville.

the next day one of the critics spoke particularly about the footlights and how lovely they made the gown look. So was it temperament or was it merely the artist doing the most he can with his job?

Same way about the traffic bell. Rosa believes that to a large extent singing is a psychological work. Not only must her voice be in perfect condition, but she must be mentally fit as well. And the only way to achieve this is to have perfect health, which comes with proper food and rest. That traffic bell was driving her mad—as it would, it seems to me, any normal person. She knew that if her nerves were tortured in this way she would give a bad show the next night. If that be temperament, make the most of it.

"Isn't it amazing?" she said, her eyes wide and round, "that when a doctor has a diffi-

cult operation to perform the next day and goes to bed early the night before so that his hand will be steady and his brain clear, everyone says that he is a great surgeon. But when I refuse social invitations before I am to sing, they call me temperamental. Yet I swear to you that my head must be as clear and my hand as steady when I sing as the doctor's, who uses the knife.

"And what about athletes? Are they accused of temperament because they are careful of their diet, the ventilation of their rooms and living conditions generally? Oh no! But when I insist that my room be quiet, that my food be specially prepared—I cannot eat just before I sing but I must have energy so I usually have a nice thick steak at about four P. M., of the evening I appear—that I am free from drafts. Oh, well—it's just Ponselle being temperamental all over the place. But why? When nothing can affect the voice so much as the state of one's health.

"I'm not doing these things for myself—making these demands because I enjoy making demands. It's because those people who listen to me over the radio—those people who pay to hear me in opera or concert—should hear the best I have to give. That's why I'm temperamental, if you will. It's because I'm trying to give a show."

And trying to give a show dominates Ponselle's life. She doesn't miss a trick. This year—as last—her Monday night Chesterfield programs are given in the Columbia Broadcasting Theater where a thousand or so people are permitted to see as well as hear. She must play to that audience as well as her unseen one. She must give them a show, too. What does she do? Well, for one thing she wears a different gown every Monday night of the entire radio season. These she designs, for the most part, herself. She is meticulous about material and fit. Perhaps the fitters call her temperamental because she is so particular. But Ponselle knows that she *has* to make an impression.

Her hair and her make-up must be perfect, her manner is gracious to both audiences.

Yes, all her demands are motivated by the sincere desire to give a show.

SHE is, in reality, two different personalities rolled into one. Long schooled in the technique of show business, she plays the prima donna before her audience. Don't misunderstand. She is warm and charming, but she is the great diva, the Metropolitan star.

At home and among her very good friends she becomes someone else—the girl from Meriden, Conn., who began her career at fifteen dollars a week singing the illustrated songs at the “nickelodeon.” She gives everything demanded of her to her public—and is called temperamental for her pains—but few really know her.

She lives in a magnificent New York penthouse, but her existence is as simple as her life will allow. Her sister, Carmela, with whom she sang in vaudeville, lives with her and also Anna Ryan, the organist of the Catholic Church which she attended when she was a child. Her secretary, Edith Brilik, is also a member of the household and adores Rosa Ponselle. She has been with her since before she was a prima donna.

As part of her health routine, she spends her Summers in the country—and the wilder the place the better—and she can out-swim, out-row and out-hike the average man. She cooks because she loves it. Large parties bore her. But invariably after a broadcast or a concert a half dozen or so of her friends go home with her and before you can sing the first three notes of “Celeste Aida” she has prepared a midnight supper to make the chef at the Waldorf turn a pale green with envy. Temperamental? Not then. Her performance is over. The show has gone on. She can let down the bars, be herself, stay up as late as she pleases and sleep until noon the next day. In her home she behaves like a normal, simple woman. No reporters can mould her actions to fit into stories about her temperament.

Once in Chicago she took a long walk before a concert. She knew she must not eat before she sang so she stepped into an obscure tea room and ordered a cup of coffee. The next day the papers gave a minute account of that walk and were amazed by the fact that she would drink even so little as a cup of coffee in a small, ordinary restaurant. Rosa Ponselle was being natural and everyone thought it odd that a prima donna should be so.

SHE adores clothes and, as I've told you, designs many of her gowns herself. What's more she admits her love of finery because it was her desire for a willow plume that was partly responsible for her being where she is today. When she was singing at the nickelodeon, a rival movie-house manager heard her and offered her eighteen dollars a week—three dollars more than she was getting. She was quite content where she was, but that morning she had seen in a shop window a gorgeous willow plume which she could imagine adorning her hat. The extra three dollars would make the purchase possible in a few weeks. So she took the other job and it was while singing there that she was heard by a person of importance who told her how to go about starting her career. Since then she has believed her love of beautiful adornments a good omen. And, P. S., she bought the willow plume.

I wish that you might see her give a (Please turn to page 55)

© George Mallard Keslere

Says Rosa Ponselle: "I make demands, insist upon quiet, because my head must be clear and my hand must be steady in order to give a good performance. Nothing can affect the voice so much as the state of one's health."





1. "My uncle bought Mae West stock. It may come up some time, Graham."



2. "Oh, Graham, I've got a new skunk. Everybody likes him. He gets all over the town."

The Program's Going to be Different, GRAHAM



3. "The skunk's a community scenter. Graham, that's something new!"



4. "My pet moth flew back from California. That's not impossible, Graham. All moths fly from coats to coats."



5. "You go ahead and talk, Graham. But I'm going to stick to my horse."

These photos taken exclusively for TOWER RADIO by Rudolph Hoffman

Let the VOICE of EXPERIENCE

I AM deeply grateful to the great number of my readers of my regular column in TOWER RADIO for the confidence they have displayed in my ability to help them in the solution of their problems, but the ever-increasing size of the mail naturally makes it possible for me to answer a proportionately smaller number of letters to the actual amount received.

May I, therefore, make this suggestion: Since we always send literature covering any question submitted to us to those who send us their names and addresses, if you are really desirous of an answer to your problem, even though I am unable to present my reply to you through the medium of this publication, your affixing your name and address to your letter which, I assure you will be held in absolute confidence, will insure your receiving a reply by mail in the event your letter is not chosen for one of the current issues of TOWER RADIO.

DEAR VOICE OF EXPERIENCE: I am eighteen and he is nineteen. We have been going together throughout four years in High School—or rather he has been going after me. I am only fond of him but do not love him. I am sure that he loves me. He is always doing something to please me and I try hard to please him in return, yet he is always finding fault with me. In the future he is planning to marry me. My question is, can there be a happy marriage in this case? If not, what can I do so as not to hurt him? And signed

Miss M. S.

ANSWER: You have said a whole lot in those two paragraphs, Miss M. S., so much written between the lines, and although he is planning to marry you I know that you are planning how best to avoid that marriage. Although he is going after you I know without your saying so that you had much rather you were being courted by someone else.

Certainly, a marriage under these conditions, even though he plans it, should never be consummated. Your question to which you wish a reply is what can you do so as not to hurt him.

Don't you realize that if you were to marry him under the present conditions you would be doing him the greatest hurt possible, whereas, although there would be momentary mental pain, when you tell him frankly that you want to break the whole matter off, that is the kindest thing you could do, for that pain would only be temporary,

HELP YOU

whereas both of you are going to suffer if you continue keeping on with him and deluding him into thinking that the courtship will eventually lead into marriage.

If I were you I would put my cards squarely on the table—tell him how sorry you are that it is impossible for you to love him as you should love a husband, and that you feel it is for his best interest to know that now. You dislike to hurt him, but you would hurt him far more if you were not truthful with him and were to allow the wedding to go on.

I hope that you act on this advice, Miss M. S., because it is certainly the only sane solution to your problem.

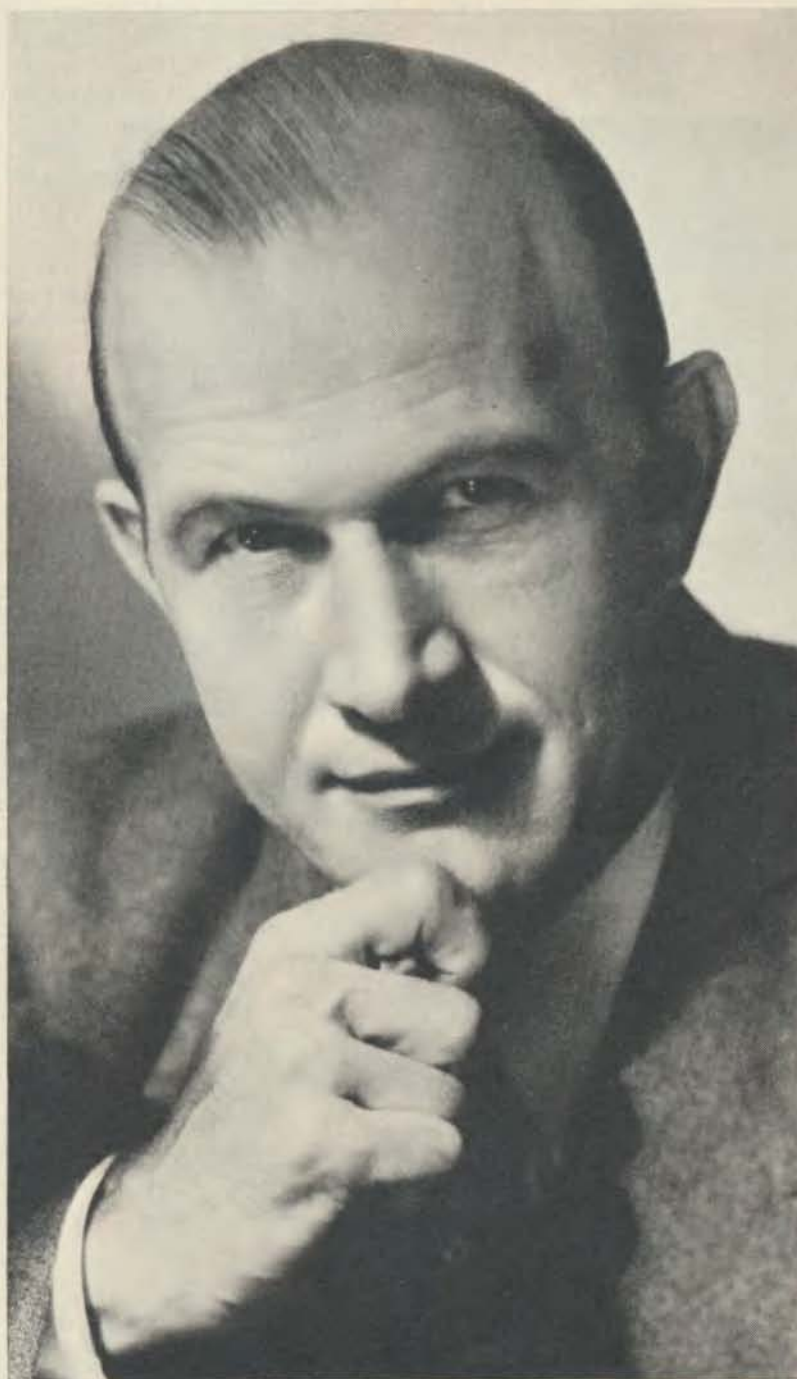
DEAR VOICE OF EXPERIENCE: My husband and I have just recently moved back into the town where his first wife, whom he divorced, also lives, and he has started seeing her regularly again. I have offered to give him a divorce if he wants to go back to her and remarry her, but he vows he does not want her back and says that I completely misunderstand his attitude toward her.

I admit that I am jealous of her and in trying to keep him away from her I have evidently only fanned the flames and made him more desirous of seeing her. What can I do to keep them apart?

ROSEMARY.

ANSWER: Rosemary, you say that your husband divorced this first wife before marrying you. Evidently then he found her very unsatisfactory, to have taken so drastic an action.

Having had one sad experience, if your husband is a thoughtful man he certainly must have had that experience in mind when he asked you to become his second wife. Unquestionably then you must have had certain qualities, certain qualifications, which he found lacking in her that attracted him to you in the first place. Just as certainly her having been divorced by him is not going to make her more attractive in his eyes. Therefore, it seems to me, that instead of studying your husband or his first wife to find the answer to your question, the exercise of introspection would be wise on your part to determine what there was in you that won your husband initially, and having recalled these characteristics I would certainly exemplify them to their fullest every moment that you are around your husband. Don't let him see that you are jealous of that first wife, for (Please turn to page 37)



*Counselor of millions, the world brings
its problems to his doorstep*

By VOICE OF EXPERIENCE

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.



Above, Vera Van who, besides having her own program, sings on the Columbia Revue each Saturday night.

Go to the small radio stations to get your experience, say the air moguls

BEFORE he got to playing the organ in the Rainbow Room, high up in the RCA Building, Radio City, he was plain Dick Liebert. Now that he is functioning in the Rockefeller sponsored resort, the world's swankiest night club, he is Richard Liebert. And I expect any day he will appear on the program listings under his full name of Richard Winthrop Liebert. Dick—beg pardon, Richard—is a native of Bethlehem, Pa., is 26 years old and his nimble fingers are insured for \$30,000. He is married to the daughter of Representative James V. McClintic, of Oklahoma, and has a child four years old. Liebert was married when he

nue, New York City. The Grik Ambassador gets a percentage of the gross receipts for lending his name to the enterprise.

NEITHER vocalists nor musicians eat much just before going on the air. Stomach muscles won't respond properly on a big dinner . . . The Boswell Sisters like to sleep three in a bed . . . The Fred Allens have a pretty ritual. Mrs. Allen never greets Fred nor leaves him, either in public or private—without kissing him on the lobe of the ear . . . Jack Denny's name is engraved on all his batons . . . Vivienne Segal hates to write letters. She either wires friends or phones them . . . Connie Gates still has her first baby stockings.

JOHAN ROYAL, vice president of NBC, in charge of programs, told me the other day that there is no school of training for air artists to compare with the small inland stations. The same day the mails brought me a letter from a young man associated with station WCBS, Springfield, Ill., and after reading it I had a better understanding of just what Mr. Royal meant. The writer, John H. McAleney, puts on a weekly dramatic program and when I say puts on I mean just that. First he makes the dramatization of a magazine story and then he fashions the continuity. The script set, McAleney assembles his cast and proceeds to rehearse the actors, using as few as possible that he himself may enact several roles and thus save salaries. When the drama goes on the air he is all over the place playing his several parts, helping produce the sound-effects and otherwise making himself useful. At the end of the week I don't suppose McAleney has much in money to show for his hard work but certainly the experience he is getting is something. For it is in these air academies of the inland towns that the future talent of the networks is being trained.

Thumbnail biography of Frank McIntyre, veteran character actor heard on Palmolive and Show Boat hours: Born in Ann Arbor, Mich., Feb. 25, 1881. . . . Began public career singing in a church but congregation found his 200 pound figure too amusing a spectacle. . . . Hence he became a comedian. Has been a well-known figure on Broadway for thirty years.



Wide World

Above, Jane Williams sings with William O'Neil on "Hollywood Hotel." Jane won the national contest for this spot.

Right, the Three Debutantes who appear with Ted Fiorito and his orchestra on "Hollywood Hotel." This program is broadcast each week from Los Angeles.

(Continued from page 5)
on the air. . . . Appeared in the movies with Frank Morgan and Spencer Tracy. . . . Has a lovely year-old daughter.

Behind THE DIAL

WHERE they were born: Frank Crumit, Jackson, Ohio . . . Julia Sanderson, Springfield, Mass. . . . Maestro Josef Pasternack, in a small Polish village not far from Warsaw . . . Ralph Kirbery, Paterson, N. J. . . . Musical Conductor Harold Levey, New York City. . . . Arthur Allen, Gowanda, N. Y. . . . Fred Allen (right name, James F. Sullivan) Cambridge, Mass. . . . Portland Hoffa (Mrs. Fred Allen) Portland, Oregon. . . . James Melton, Moultrie, Georgia. . . . Lennie Hayton, New York City . . . Conrad Thibault, Northbridge, Mass. . . . Conductor Gus (Walter C.) Haenschen, St. Louis, Mo. . . . Irene Hubbard (Maria of Captain Henry's Showboat) San Antonio, Texas . . . Louise Starkey (Clara, of Clara, Lu 'n' 'Em) Des Moines, Iowa . . . Isobel Carothers (Lu) Mt. Pleasant, Iowa . . . Helen King (Em) Clearwater, Calif.



Maurice Segman

was 17 and his bride was 14. They eloped and Congressman McClintic had the marriage annulled. Shortly afterwards they eloped the second time and were remarried. After that Liebert's father-in-law decided parental objections were useless and quit trying to keep them apart.

WILL-wonders-never-cease note: George Givot's ethereal creation, the Acropolis No. 7 Restaurant, has become an actuality. It is located on 34th Street near Fifth Ave-

A BEHIND THE DIAL reader has solicited my aid in a movement to stamp out what he describes as "radio's ace goat-grabbers." He refers to the practice of some announcers who call into play the rhetoric that was Mark Antony's when they give you the title of the next selection to be played. With intonations that are majestic and in tonal cadences that a United States Senator would hesitate to employ, they advise that "you will now hear 'WILL you always love ME?'"

"The word 'will' is said pleadingly; when the announcer gets to 'always' he has become highly wrought; 'love' is uttered fervently and at 'me' the spieler has worked himself up to a high pitch. Six distinct musical notes are employed in this simple statement, and one shudders to contemplate what the zealous lad would do with 'When You Were the Blossom of Buttercup Lane, and I Was Your Little Boy Blue.'" (Please turn to page 37)

Programs You'll Want to Hear

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

Popular Variety Programs

A & P Gypsies—Under the direction of Harry Horlick; Frank Parker, tenor. (Great Atlantic & Pacific Tea Co.) 9:00 P.M., Monday, NBC-WEAF.

Adventures of Gracie — With George Burns and Gracie Allen. (General Cigar Co.) 9:30 P.M., Wednesday, CBS.

American Album of Familiar Music—Frank Munn, tenor; Virginia Rea, soprano; Ohman and Arden, piano duo; Bertrand Hirsch, violinist; Haenschen orchestra. (Bayer Co.) 9:30 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

American Radiator Program—Queenie Mario, lyric soprano; orchestra; Graham McNamee, narrator. (American Radiator Co.) 7:30 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

Armco Ironmaster Program—Fifty-piece orchestra under direction of Frank Simon; guest artists; Bennett Chapple, narrator. (American Rolling Mills Co.) 6:30 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

Atwater Kent Hour — Guest artists; Joseph Pasternack's orchestra. (Atwater Kent Radio Corp.) 8:30 P.M., Monday, CBS.

Armour Program—Phil Baker, comedian; Harry McNaughton; Martha Mears, contralto; Leon Belasco's orchestra. (Armour Co.) 9:30 P.M., Friday, NBC-WJZ.

Baker's Program—Joe Penner, comedian; Harriet Hilliard, blues singer; Ozzie Nelson's orchestra. (Standard Brands, Inc.) 7:30 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

Big Show—With Block and Sully, comedians; Gertrude Niesen, featured singer; Lud Gluskin's Continental orchestra with Chiquito. (Ex-Lax Co.) 9:30 P.M., Monday, CBS.

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

Bromo Seltzer Hour — Dwight Fiske; Jane Froman, soprano; Earl Oxford; Al Goodman's orchestra. (Emerson Drug Co.) 8:30 P.M., Friday, NBC-WJZ.

Camel Caravan—Walter O'Keefe, comedian; Annette Hanshaw, blues singer; Ted Husing; Glen Gray's Casa Loma orchestra, featuring Pee Wee Hunt and Kenny Sargent. (R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.) 10:00 P.M., Tuesday, and 9:00 P.M., Thursday, CBS.

Carson Robison and His Buckaroos—Songs and stories of the Western plains. (Health Products Corp.) 8:00 P.M., Monday, CBS.

Chase and Sanborn Hour—Starring Eddie Cantor; Rubinoff and his violin; orchestra. (Standard Brands, Inc.) 8:00 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

Chesterfield Program — Rosa Ponselle, Nino Martini and Grete Stueckgold on respective evenings; Andre Kostelanetz orchestra and mixed chorus. (Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.) 9:00 P.M., Monday, Wednesday and Saturday, CBS.

Chevrolet Program — Isham Jones and his orchestra; guest stars; mixed chorus under direction of Leith Stevens. (Chevrolet Motor Car Co.) 9:30 P.M., Tuesday, CBS.

Conoco Presents—Harry Richman, star soloist; Jack Denny and his orchestra; John B. Kennedy, narrator. (Continental Oil Co.) 10:30 P.M., Wednesday, NBC-WEAF.

Contented Program—The Lullaby Lady; male quartet; orchestra under the direction of Morgan L. Eastman. (Carnation Milk Co.) 10:00 P.M., Monday, NBC-WEAF.

Enna Jettick Program—Starring Dennis King; Lou Katzman's orchestra. (Enna Jettick Shoe Co.) 10:00 P.M., Wednesday, NBC-WJZ.

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

Forty-Five Minutes in Hollywood —Movie star interviews; Mark Warnow's orchestra. (Borden Co.) 10:00 P.M., Thursday, CBS.

Forum of Liberty Program—Edwin C. Hill; guest speakers; Edward Nell, baritone; Fulton Oursler; Arnold Johnson's orchestra. (Liberty Magazine) 8:30 P.M., Thursday, CBS.

General Foods Program—Jack Benny; Mary Livingstone; Don Wilson; Frank Parker, tenor; Don Bestor's orchestra. (General Foods Corp.) 7:00 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

Gibson Family—Musical comedy serial, Lois Bennett, Conrad Thibault and Jack and Loretta Clemens; chorus; Don Voorhees' orchestra. (Procter and Gamble Co.) 9:30 P.M., Saturday, NBC-WEAF.

Gulf Headliners—Will Rogers and Col. Stoopnagle and Budd in

alternating cycles; Oscar Bradley orchestra; Frank Parker, tenor. (Gulf Refining Co.) 9:30 P.M., Sunday, CBS.

Hall of Fame—Guest stars; orchestra. (Lehn and Fink Co.) 10:00 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

Hollywood Hotel—Dick Powell, movie star; Ted Fiorito; Louella Parsons; The Three Debutantes; Muzzy Marcellino; El Brendel and William O'Neal. (Campbell Soup Co.) 9:30 P.M., Friday, CBS.

House By the Side of the Road—Musical and dramatic program, featuring Tony Wons; Gino Vanna, soprano; Emery Darcy, baritone; Ronne and Van; orchestra. (S. C. Johnson and Son, Inc.) 5:30 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

Kraft Music Hall—Paul Whiteman conducting; guest stars. (Kraft-Phenix Cheese Corp.) 10:00 P.M., Thursday, NBC-WEAF.

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; Fred Hufsmith, tenor; Ruth Denning and the London Four; guest stars; William Wirges' orchestra. (B. T. Babbitt Co.) 1:30 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

Log Cabin Program — Lanny Ross and his Log Cabin orchestra; guest artists. (General Foods Corp.) 8:30 P.M., Wednesday, NBC-WJZ.

Lombardoland — Featuring Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians; Pat Barnes, Master of Ceremonies. (Plough, Inc.) 10:00 P.M., Wednesday, NBC-WEAF.

Luz Radio Theater — Guest artists; orchestra. (Lever Bros.) 2:30 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

Manhattan Merry Go Round—Raquel de Carlay, blues singer; Pierre Le Kreeun, tenor; Jerome Mann, impersonator; Men About Town Trio; Andy Sanella orchestra. (R. L. Watkins Co.) 9:00 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

Maxwell House Show Boat—Lanny Ross, tenor; Lois Bennett, soprano; Conrad Thibault, baritone; Molasses 'n' January, comedians; Gus Haenschen's orchestra. (Maxwell House Coffee) 9:00 P.M., Thursday, NBC-WEAF.

Maybelline Musical Romance—Don Mario Alvarez, soloist; guest stars; Jimmy Fidler, Hollywood gossip; Harry Jackson's orchestra. (Maybelline Co.) 3:30 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

Melodiana — With Abe Lyman and his orchestra; Vivienne Segal, soprano; Oliver Smith, tenor. (Sterling Products Co., Inc.) 8:30 P.M., Wednesday, CBS.

Mollé Minstrel Show—Al Bernard and Paul Dumont; Mario Cozzi, baritone; Mollé Melodeers; Milt Rettenberg's orchestra. (Mollé Co.) 7:30 P.M., Monday and Thursday, NBC-WEAF, and 10:00 P.M., Friday, NBC-WJZ.

Music by Gershwin—Dick Robertson, tenor; Rhoda Arnold, soprano; Lucille Peterson, soloist; male sextet; Harry Von Zell. (Health Products Corp.) 6:00 P.M., Sunday, CBS.

Musical Memories — Charles Sears, tenor; Edgar A. Guest, poet; vocal trio; Josef Koestner's orchestra. (Household Finance Corp.) 7:30 P.M., Tuesday, NBC-WJZ.

Packard Program — Lawrence Tibbett; John B. Kennedy, narrator; Wilfred Pelletier's orchestra. (Packard Motor Car Co.) 8:30 P.M., Tuesday, NBC-WJZ.

Plantation Echoes — Willard Robison and his Deep River orchestra; Mildred Bailey, blues singer. (Vicks Chemical Co.) 7:15 P.M., Monday, Wednesday and Friday, NBC-WJZ.

Radio City Party—John B. Kennedy, interviewing radio's outstanding stars; Frank Black orchestra. (Radiotron Co.) 9:00 P.M., Saturday, NBC-WJZ.

Richard Himber and His Studebaker Champions — Richard Himber's orchestra; Joey Nash, tenor; David Ross. (Studebaker Sales Corp.) 9:30 P.M., Saturday, CBS.

Roxy Review—Roxy and his gang; male quartet; guest stars. (The Centaur Co.) 8:45 P.M., Saturday, CBS.

Royal Gelatine Program—Miss Mary Pickford, distinguished film star and supporting stock company; orchestra. (Standard Brands, Inc.) 8:00 P.M., Wednesday, NBC-WEAF.

Silken Strings—Charles Preven and his orchestra; Countess Olga Albani, soprano; guest artists. (Real Silk Hosiery Mills) 9:00 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

Sinclair Greater Minstrels — Minstrel show with Gene Arnold as interlocutor; Joe Parsons, bass; male quartet; Mac McCloud and Cliff Soubier, end men; Harry Koge, band master. (Sinclair Refining Co.) 9:00 P.M., Monday, NBC-WJZ.

Songs You Love—Rose Bampton; Nathaniel Shilkret's orchestra; Scrappy Lambert and Billy Hillpot, vocalists. (Smith Bros.) 9:00 P.M., Saturday, NBC-WEAF.

Swift Program — Musical hour with Sigmund Romberg; William Lyons Phelps, master of ceremonies; orchestra. (Swift and Co.) 8:00 P.M., Saturday, NBC-WEAF. (Please turn to page 62)

BIRTHDAY GREETINGS



WHY NOT SEND

TO YOUR FAVORITES?

Edwin Franko Goldman Jan. 1, 1878
 Nat Shilkret Jan. 1, 1896
 William Lyon Phelps Jan. 2, 1865
 Fred Hufsmith Jan. 5, —
 Smilin' Ed McConnell Jan. 12, 1892
 Pancho Jan. 14, 1900
 Goodman Ace Jan. 15, 1899
 Babs Ryan Jan. 16, 1914
 Lanny Ross Jan. 16, 1906

George Burns Jan. 20, —
 Freddy Rich Jan. 20, 1898
 Muriel Pollock Jan. 21, 1903
 Carveth Wells Jan. 21, —
 James Melton Jan. 22, —
 Rosa Ponselle Jan. 23, 1897
 Vivian Ruth Jan. 22, 1912
 Irene Beasley Jan. 28, —
 Walter Damrosch Jan. 30, 1862
 Eddie Cantor Jan. 31, 1893

Birthday congratulations sent by mail or wire in care of TOWER RADIO will be forwarded promptly



Short Wave Department



Winter brings better DX reception—Facts about the new radio sets—How to build an aerial

By Captain HORACE L. HALL

Foremost authority on short wave in America

GONE is the day when a person interested in short wave reception, has to go shopping for parts, condensers, etc., and then go home and assemble these various units according to his own idea. Gone is the day of the crystal set, using a loose coupler, that invariably was rewired every month.

By degrees, slowly but surely, the radio dealer has lured the prospective purchaser of a new radio into the realm of short wave. Very few of the newer receivers, now displayed, have not incorporated the all-wave element into them.

Many of the models are very attractive in appearance and do not belie their looks when performance is concerned. Attractive console and table models of all-wave and dual-wave design are now on the market. The multi-wave have five wave bands that range from the very high frequency band of 18,000 to 36,000 kilocycles; 1800 to 18,000 kc. for the short waves; 540 to 1800 kc. which covers the broadcast band and 140 to 410 kc. for the long wave. The airplane dial is most effective. This type of receiver comes with either ten or twelve tubes. The list price is from two hundred and twenty-five to three hundred and seventy-five dollars.

An exciting newcomer just toddled on the short wave tuner's horizon. This receiver is a fifteen tube model, superheterodyne, all-wave with a specially developed switching arrangement and band spread. Two calibrated dials are highly illuminated. There are two models, one a console while the other employs two units. The five bands cover 15 to 560 meters. The approximate price of this receiver is three hundred dollars.

A fairly reasonably priced table model short wave receiver has two airplane dials, draw type coils, band spread and seven controls. When used in conjunction with the latest pre-selector one has ten controls on this receiver. These pre-selectors will increase signal strength considerably and from my own experience I have been able to "pull in" a signal that was not even audible otherwise. This small unit can be easily attached to any short wave or long wave receiver and has proven its merits by actual experience. One must remember there are still broadcast band DXers and even these fans have found this little outfit indispensable when once used.

YOU may have the best radio made, yet because you do not train your antenna you fail to get the best results. At present there are several antennas in kit form on the market. But do not think that you can go to your roof and install this wire by fastening it on to the nearest chimney or soil pipe and expect good results. This is

absolutely wrong. When a fan asks me my suggestion as to how he should erect his antenna so as to eliminate traffic noises such as automobile ignition sounds, my advice is, run your aerial at right angles to this interference.

Another contention of mine, which has been proved by years of experimenting with aerials, is that they should be directional. Therefore if you wish to be guided along these lines and desire to construct a directional antenna, line your aerial up East and West. This, of course, is for radio fans living in and near New York. The west end will be directed toward the Far East and the east end will bring you fine reception from the European countries. If you are interested only in hearing the foreign locals,

i.e. England, Germany, France, Spain and Portugal, any piece of wire will ably perform the duty required of it.

Newcomers in the field of short wave may not want to invest in these kits. Then, my suggestion would be for them to buy seventy feet of number fourteen copper wire; six insulators; two good aerial poles; sufficient rubber covered wire for lead-in. With this equipment you can easily construct a flat top directional antenna. The writer does not recommend or approve of the doublet type antenna.

December brings us cold, bleak snowy days but what reception! Moscow should be heard. When it is Winter in Moscow it is a steady cold, one day after the other, but our climate is so erratic (*Please turn to page 53*)



Above, Rambji Ekek station, Bandoeng, Java. The antenna stretches from mountain to mountain, connecting to the station in the valley. This is an easy DX catch. Right, Radio Vienna.

Martin Gerlach, Vienna



Behind the Dial

(Continued from page 34)

"Can't we have a little more simplicity in announcements? Be yourselves, boys," pleads my correspondent in conclusion.

A FEW years ago Felix Ferdinando was a radio name to conjure with. His music was of such a quality that his orchestra was awarded fourteen spots weekly on Columbia. Three years ago Felix left the air for a Continental tour and when he returned to New York last Fall to play an engagement at a hotel, he was informed by the networks he would not be permitted to use the name Ferdinando. Why? Because his brother (also an orchestra leader who had studied under Felix) objected on the grounds that two bands of the same name would cause confusion. The brother, having a commercial, won his point and Felix went on the air simply as "Felix and his Orchestra." Felix Ferdinando, whose

music first won national recognition when he was conductor of the United States Marine Bands in Europe during the war, lost the right to use his own name which he had built up over a period of many years.

EVERETT MARSHALL, the robust baritone, spent a vacation at Lake Placid one year. Although he thought little of it at the time that vacation paved the way to his musical career. Each week-end musicians of the Boston Symphony Orchestra gave a concert at the club and Marshall appeared frequently as soloist. John Raskob and his wife heard him during one of the concerts and, when Marshall was graduated from the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music, the Raskobs sent him a thousand dollars and word to come East immediately. From then on they supervised his musical education.

BANDSMAN FREDDIE RICH is one of thirteen children. His six brothers are all musicians but his six sisters have no musical accomplishments. Some families are like that . . . Grete Stueckgold and Vivienne Segal take music lessons from the same vocal teacher, William S. Brady, a favorite with the opera stars . . . Should Edwin C. Hill ever tire of broadcasting there is a swell job awaiting him as copywriter in a certain advertising agency. Hill's pungent style and his ability to pack so much information in a single sentence appeals to advertising men . . . Peggy Keenan and Sandra Phillips, red-haired piano team, are now conducting their own orchestra. Their musicians are men . . . Color note: Rose Gray is the name of Johnny Green's secretary . . . Robert Simmons is now a permanent feature of the Cities Service program with Jessica Dragon-

ette and Rosario Bourdon's orchestra. He and Frank Parker were competitors for the highly coveted engagement.

ONE of the most delightful visits I have had in some time was from three gentlemen artists whom you have been hearing on the air a long time. They came into my apartment, the three of them, bowed together, and sat down on an easy chair. You say it is impossible—that all three couldn't occupy the chair at the same time? Nevertheless, it is true. My three visitors were Jack Arthur, Arthur Campbell and Johnny Hart, of Hollywood, whom you will recognize as one and the same person, the versatile baritone, actor and comic. Jack Arthur is his "Nom de air," Arthur Campbell is his real name and Johnny Hart was one of his most popular characterizations. Quite a one-man group of visitors.

Let the Voice of Experience Help You

(Continued from page 33)

jealousy never does make its object more considerate of the one who shows it, or more lovable to that one.

If you really want to solve that problem you sit down and study the little pamphlet which I have mailed out to you today called "Jealousy and How to Conquer It." I will assure you of this, that if that husband of yours is worth your holding, that pamphlet will help you to hold him. I am glad to have been able to forward this literature to you, which you made possible through sending your name and giving me your address.

DEAR VOICE OF EXPERIENCE: I am a young girl twenty years of age and am the sole support of a fifty-year-old widowed mother and a younger sister who is seventeen years of age. I earn only \$12.80 a week. Sister has tried to get work but failed. I have two older brothers and an elder sister, all married. One brother earns \$45 a week, the other one \$40 a week, and my sister, who has no children, earns \$24 weekly.

Mother realizes the load that I am carrying, has tried to talk to her sons and other daughter and get them to at least help with our expense. But they have refused to do anything about it, so mother has decided to take them to court.

Do you think that a court of justice would support mother's claim and compel them to contribute toward her support? I will appreciate your advice because I would not want mother to make a mis-step.
Miss A. C.

ANSWER: My girl, for me to answer your question would mean to step into a legal problem where I have no business. This does not mean that I am unsympathetic toward your mother in her want, nor unimpressed with the responsibility that you have tried to shoulder. I

commiserate you upon having two brothers and a sister who seemingly are in a position to help but have refused to do so—I cannot attempt to answer your question but would advise your mother or you either to ask the advice of some attorney or to call the Legal Aid Society in your city, and consult them before attempting to take this matter to court. I believe you will understand why it is impossible for me to offer legal advice.

DEAR VOICE OF EXPERIENCE: I earnestly request your opinion and advice on my problem. Six years ago I married a widow with three children. Now, the two oldest boys are fourteen years old and very disobedient. My wife has asked me to correct them, and also to punish them when necessary, but when I do that it causes a family argument and my wife goes to her mother with her troubles and naturally gets her sympathy.

Our last trouble came yesterday morning when I was compelled to punish one of the boys, and my wife said, "Why pick on one—go after the other one, too." Because of the boy's disrespect I did go after him, but did not punish him severely. It made my wife furious.

On coming home from work tonight I discovered that my wife had left me, taking her three children with her and also our own small son. She has gone to her mother's. Now, what am I supposed to do? I really am devoted to my wife, but these boys seem to enjoy seeing us argue. What do you advise?
H. H. H.

ANSWER: I think there are many of my readers who can sympathize with you in your dilemma, having gone through the experience of marrying a widow or widower with children. The step-child problem can become very serious indeed, unless there is a complete under-

standing on the part of both the step-parent and the blood parent as regards all disciplinary matters, and also unless both parents, by mutual agreement, refuse to enter into an altercation in the presence of the children.

Since I do not believe in corporal punishment except as a last resort, and since I have made a quite careful study of the step-child problem in general, instead of answering you at great length which it would require in this column, you gave me your name and address, so I have mailed you a pamphlet called "Disciplining Your Child" and another one called "Step-Child Problem."

With the information that you will find in these two brochures I think, if I were you, I would make an appointment to see my wife, sit down with her, talk this matter over quietly, and then the two of you study these two monographs together. I think if you can come to a mutual agreement, and will both make a serious attempt to carry out the ideas contained in these pamphlets, that you will be able to solve your problem successfully. At least, I hope so.

If there are others who are interested in securing either of these pamphlets just send me the name and address and a self-addressed envelope and I will be glad to send either or both of them.

DEAR VOICE OF EXPERIENCE: I have just received an "ad" from an advertising agency claiming they would purchase any quantities of names from me in lots of 500 or more, together with the addresses of the names. They also state they have nothing to sell, but that they are asking certain women to collect names in each locality. Here, however, is the catch. Before you are allowed to send in names you must send them one dollar to prove that you are not a mere curiosity seeker. They guar-

antee to return my dollar at some future date. What I want to know is, should or should I not take the gamble and send them the dollar?
Miss O. S., Illinois.

ANSWER: You say, Miss O. S., that this firm has nothing to sell, but certainly they are not just buying names unless they in turn expect to use those names for mailing out circulars and advertising material that some of their clients have to sell.

You ask me whether to take the gamble of sending the dollar, and that is exactly what you would do, "take a gamble." If the firm is a reliable one your dollar would be returned. If it is not reliable you probably would not hear from them again. However, since your letter comes from a fairly small locality, it seems to me I would think twice before selling the names of my friends and neighbors to an advertising concern. This is just my own personal opinion in the matter. For to me it would seem almost a betrayal of confidence to do a thing of that kind.

So, if you had asked me what I would do in your place, I would be compelled to answer I would keep my dollar. But, if you have no qualms about selling these names of your neighbors, then the matter rests entirely with you as to whether or not you wish to take a chance that this firm will keep its word. I admit that I am somewhat evasive in this reply, but I take it for granted that you can read between the lines.

DEAR VOICE OF EXPERIENCE: I follow your column in TOWER RADIO regularly, and I believe that as you have helped others so can you help me too, even though my trouble is somewhat different.

Last October I married a young man with whom I had gone steady.
(Please turn to page 44)

Little Girl, You've Had a Busy Life

(Continued from page 17)

her mother's maiden name, Murray. The act trouped up the Coast as far as Montreal, and after a few months in the chorus Edith was given a specialty number. Practically delirious, she forgot the lyrics of her song but saved the day with her dancing, and thereafter her individual act always got a right smart hand.

When she left this act, the name of which she cannot even remember, she joined a regular act of three people, in which she did a single. After a year of this, having reached the ripe old age of seventeen, she decided it was high time Edith Murray went up in lights by herself. And during the next two years she reached the top.

The musical comedy success "Good News" was packing 'em in on Broadway at this time, and its producer was gathering a second company to go to London. Edith Murray was offered the lead—at a much lower figure than her variety salary. But she saw at once that this was her chance to lift herself out of vaudeville. She cancelled her theater billings—and thirty weeks on the RKO circuit represented quite a sacrifice in cold cash. After a few months in rehearsal, she left London, where she starred in "Good News" for seven months. From there the show went down under the world to Sydney, Australia; then back to the United States, to tour key cities for almost a year.

THEN Edith fell in love—with the same intensity, the same wholeheartedness she puts in her music. She married, and for two years she was absent from the world of the theater. She had a lovely home, everything she wanted—for two years. Then suddenly, it was all gone—love, money, home, everything. It doesn't matter now how it happened. But when she woke fully to the realization that her life was in ruins about her, she turned again to her beloved music. She still had her voice, her career—that, at least, had not been taken from her.

But she had been away from the theater so long that she was even out of the habit of reading *Variety*, which is show people's bible. She did not know that in this two years' interim the bottom had fallen out of the vaudeville business. Talkies had come in; all the big vaudeville houses in the country were turned into picture palaces. Many vaudeville artists more famous than she were out of work. Even the personnel of booking offices had changed; there was scarcely a person in the business who remembered little Edith Murray and her poignant, disturbing voice.

So . . . she started all over again. From agency to agency she trudged; but nobody wanted her. She did not look well; worry and heartbreak had taken their toll. She was forced to sell jewelry and other personal belongings for what she could get, since her meager funds were rapidly disappearing. Occasionally she got a temporary job singing in a cheap night club, at a very low salary.

And this was the girl who had

brought London to its feet with her performance in "Good News."

A YEAR ago last July a young New Yorker and his wife, on their way home from the Belmont Park races, stopped for supper at a small club on Merrick Road. There were the usual line of tawdry girls, the usual mediocre principals, the usual boring show. Although the young couple sat at a ringside table, they paid little attention to anything except their food. They were, frankly, very hungry.

A small, dark, very thin girl came out, sang a fast number with the girls in the background. Then, seated in the path of a glaring spotlight, she played a tiny piano, began a torch song. The young man and his wife stopped eating, listened. This girl had a most unusual range in her voice, a peculiar, utterly individual quality. The young man reached in his pocket for a card, scribbled "Come and see me" on it and handed it into the spotlight. The girl took it, smiled wearily and went on singing.

The young man happened to be in the radio business. After nine years of association with the National Broadcasting Company, he had just been put in charge of commercial programs at Amalgamated Broadcasting, the company in which Ed Wynn was interested, which had such a short life. At that time the station had not yet opened, and this young man, whose name is Irvin Grayson, was looking for talent.

As Grayson went about his duties the following week, he thought often of the haunting voice of the girl in that night club. He wished he had made a definite appointment with her. She probably would never show up. She'd looked pretty down. Broke, in all probability.

But he didn't know Edith Murray—yet. Sick and broken as she was, the girl was still fighting, clutching at every straw—and in a few days she came into Amalgamated to see Grayson. That day she sang into a microphone for the first time.

Grayson was sure now that he'd found something. True, her singing was a little ragged, but in his own words, "she was swell." He got her sorry story out of her, bit by bit.

He asked her, begged her to leave her job, to rest up and rehearse with a microphone so she could sing over Amalgamated when the station opened in September. In the meantime he would pay her bills, stake her till she was earning money again. He was not in the booking business, but he was intensely interested in this girl. He saw the possibilities in her voice, and both he and his wife liked her.

FINALLY, the Graysons persuaded her to accept their offer, and she stopped working. They made her rest, eat, and sleep; made her rehearse, rehearse, rehearse, hour after hour over dead microphones at Amalgamated, to learn radio technique. Grayson prepared press notices introducing her. Just before the station opened, Grayson, learning that Amalgamated was in bad straits, resigned. And Edith Murray went with him. She was still not quite ready to stand on her own feet.

Grayson arranged an audition at Columbia. When Edith had sung but four measures of her first song, the man who was listening stopped her and summoned other executives to the studio. She sang on and on—eight, nine songs. At last that ability she had of dramatizing a song was recognized. For when she sings about the sun, listeners feel its warmth,

and when she sings about rain, it seems to patter on the roof. Her first audition proved conclusively that she brought to the microphone a quality possessed by no other woman singer.

Edith Murray signed a contract as sustaining artist that day. She first went on the air on Thanksgiving afternoon, 1933. No less than fourteen wires and long distance phone calls came in from out-of-town station officials, raving about this new singer. Not long afterward she was given the period from 8:00 to 8:30 on Thursday evenings, bucking no less than Rudy Vallee himself!

Early this Fall Edith Murray became homesick for the stage, sick for the patter of applause. Perhaps, now that she had been on the radio, a few people might remember her. When she toured the East and South, the reception she got from vaudeville audiences astonished her. Her fan mail had paved the way for her; now, instead of being forgotten, everyone knew her! Audiences started applauding even before she began to sing; stage doors were packed with eager autograph hounds. And, although the golden age of vaudeville has by no means returned, again she was receiving nice fat checks.

SHE considered her invitation to be Ben Bernie's guest star at his first Fall broadcast of the new Pabst program a signal honor. But Edith is a pet of all musicians; they can appreciate, more than anyone else, what miracles she performs with that amazing voice. They know, for instance, that her special arrangement of "Melancholy Baby" employs a new verse written around Cyril Scott's "Lento." She quite frankly borrows—but always, she insists, from the best people.

She adores doing old songs, and manages to sing at least one on each of her programs. "Singin' the Blues" is another of her famous arrangements. In the second chorus, she sings a very modern clarinet obbligato as devised and played by Bix Beiderbeck, of Paul Whiteman fame. This may not mean a thing to you, but it means a lot to a musician. And if you think it isn't hard to sing a saxophone or clarinet part with lyrics, try it on your own vocal chords sometime!

She works hard, but she loves it. She is crazy about radio almost to the exclusion of everything else, although she admires Lenore Ulric tremendously. She likes sports but has no time for them; she has little interest in clothes, hates crowds, loathes shopping, and usually runs in and buys the first thing she sees, providing it's brown.

Love? . . . Maybe, some time—but only if there is no chance of it interfering with her music. Love, she has found, can be almost as transient as fame. And neither life nor love are easy for a woman driven by the curse of ambition and the heart of a musician.

Now, do you still want to go into show business, be a radio star? Little girl, you'll have a busy time—take it from Edith Murray!



Drawn specially for Tower Radio by Walt Disney © Walt Disney

Walt Disney, creator of the Silly Symphonies cartoons of the screen, is making his Christmas gift to the children and parents of America in the form of a free broadcast on December 23rd. At this time he will have with him Mickey Mouse, Minnie Mouse and their friends.

Your House and Your Health



"Come along. You and I are going to inspect this house from top to bottom."

HOW you live is often far more important to your health than where you live. A striking example of what proper sanitation can do is shown in the Panama Canal Zone. Down there, homes have been made healthful as a result of the work done by the Sanitation Department of the United States Army. Constant vigilance keeps them so. Your home, wherever it is, requires equal vigilance.

Take an inspection trip through your house, from attic to cellar, and see whether the heating, lighting, plumbing and ventilating systems are in condition to give you and your family a full measure of health and safety. Should any of them be repaired, altered, or replaced?

If you find that your house is in apple-pie order, you will be gratified. If you find a condition which should be corrected, you will be glad to do what is necessary to make your home safer, more healthful and more comfortable.



INSPECT THOROUGHLY

Heating

Do your heating arrangements keep your home at an even temperature—about 70°? Have the flues and chimneys been cleaned recently? Is coal gas emitted from furnace or stoves?

Plumbing and Drains

It is essential to health that sewage should be properly disposed of, and that plumbing and drains be kept in repair. Is hot and cold water available for kitchen, bathroom and laundry?

Electric Wiring and Gas Outlets

Defective electric wiring or connections may cause fires. Gas leaks may cause suffocations or explosions. In case of doubt get professional advice. Repairs must be made by a qualified expert.

Ventilation and Screens

Adequate ventilation is important to health, but drafts cause discomfort and also waste fuel. Inspect the casings of doors and windows to see that they open easily and close tightly. Screens at the proper season are necessary to keep out flies and mosquitoes—disease carriers.

Food Protection

Does your refrigerator hold its temperature between 40° and 50° and keep perishable food in proper condition—especially the milk?

Leaks, Cracks or Breaks

Is there dampness in cellar or attic caused by a leak? Do clogged drain-pipes or gutters at the edge of your roof furnish breeding places for mosquitoes? Is there broken plaster in walls or ceilings in which vermin may breed? Shaky stairs? Weak banisters? Loose boards in floorings? They add to the number of falls—the most frequent of all accidents in homes.

Lighting

Correct lighting is needed to prevent eyestrain. Many a fall has been prevented by properly placed lights—particularly in halls and on stairways.

Garbage

Proper disposal of refuse and garbage is imperative.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT

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

© 1934 M. L. I. CO.

Radio From the Inside

BY THE MAN AT THE CONTROLS

WHAT'S in a name? . . . Shakespeare once asked. And it took radio to prove that there's really nothing much in one . . . and here's the proof:

NOW

Leon Belasco

David Ross
George Burns
Ben Bernie
George Hall
Eddie Cantor
Bing Crosby
Ed Wynn
Al Jolson
Glen Gray
Vera Van
Jean Sargent
Barney Rapp
Fred Allen
Mary Livingstone
Loretta Lee
Colonel Stoopnagle
Baby Rose Marie
Goodman Ace

ONCE

Leon Seminovich
Berladsky
David Rosenthal
Nathaniel Bornbaum
Benjamin Ancelowitz
George Pasalia
Izzy Iskowitz
Harry Lillis Crosby
Edwin Leopold
Asa Jolson
Glen Knoblauch
Vera Webster
Jean Scull
Bernard Rappaport
Fred Sullivan
Sadie Benny
Margaret Vlegas
F. Chase Taylor
Rose Curley
A. C. Eschkowitz

IT'S been some time now since Russ Columbo met an unfortunate death by a friend's accidental bullet, and much has been said about the occurrence and the singer himself. But there's one story that reached me from a Californian source which never has been spotted in print. The day Columbo died he was scheduled to go on a coast-to-coast NBC network that night. A National Broadcasting Company official communicated with Bing Crosby, whom, you may remember, feuded with Russ during their "swaddling clothes" days on the air. The executive asked Bing, who, by the way, is a Columbia artist, if he'd go on the radio that Sunday night in Columbo's spot in tribute to their recently-found friendship. Bing agreed, and even rehearsed Columbo's theme song and identical songs. But at the last minute, a mysterious call from NBC cancelled the arrangements, and Bing quietly stepped aside.

THERE'S a certain actress out in Hollywood whose last picture depicts a vibrant romance between her and the leading man. Their love-making on the screen brings many an envious sigh from the youthful element, but in private life, the only reason the feminine star hasn't murdered her "film passion" is capital punishment. A short time ago, a sponsor approached the actor and offered a specific sum of money to him and the actress for an appearance on a commercial broadcast from the film spot. It was agreed that the two would present a scene from their latest vehicle. But the actor, being a true product of Hollywood, went to his leading lady and explained that they had received an offer to go on the air but without compensation—solely as a radio ballyhoo for their new picture. He told her it would be a grand opportunity, so she agreed. It wasn't until several days after the broadcast that the feminine star learned the harrowing details.

Now, the man in the case would like to have his film company send him to Africa or China on location. He figures any place would be safer for him than Hollywood.

GERTRUDE NIESSEN has had her nose altered, and now it's quite pert . . . Since Henry Ford has been sponsoring everything from Fred Waring's novelty numbers to the World Series to Brahms, the chances are that the next war will be broadcast from the trenches with the tag line, "Watch the Fords go by" . . . Ted di Corsia, the March of Time mimic, who found Hoover and General Johnson his meal tickets in the past, has been the voice of Hauptmann, the accused man in the Lindbergh kidnapping case . . . Sopranos should practice what they screech.

IN Paris Lucien Delforge is serving a five year sentence for murder by radio. But he is grateful that the jury was sympathetic in decreeing his term a comparatively light one. Delforge, a night watchman, lived in an apartment house. His neighbor on the floor below bought a radio set which blared from dawn to dusk. This was bad enough, but when the tenant on his left purchased one, and the fellow on the floor below followed suit, it was more than he could stand. His mind, he told the jury, became affected. He figured it was a sordid conspiracy to keep him from sleeping. So he retaliated. He bought the most powerful radio and speaker obtainable, and opened every window. The neighbors protested, and many were the arguments in the corridors amidst the screeching loudspeakers.

Then, one day, there was a particularly violent quarrel. Delforge fetched a revolver and began firing. His bullets killed the building caretaker . . . the only man in the building who didn't own a radio.

MARK WARNOW, CBS orchestra leader, likes his Turkish baths. So does a friend of his whom he met for the first time since they were kids together, at one of these steam cabinet parlors. Mark recalled the other's first name, but the years had obliterated the memory of his last tag. The two began talking over their school days in Brooklyn.

"By the way, Irving," asked Mark, "whatever happened to that

older brother of yours? The one that used to get in all sorts of trouble and tried to borrow money all the time. How's he doing? His name was Dave, wasn't it?"

"Oh, he's doing all right, Mark," the other replied, "he's president of RCA."

It was then that Mark remembered the last name was Sarnoff. P.S. Several days later, a large radio set was delivered to the Warnow domicile. And attached card read: "With the compliments of Dave." Was his face red!!

AT one of the bigger New York hostilities is an orchestra leader who came to this country from Russia about four years ago. Like all other dance band leaders he is constantly surrounded by song-pluggers. The latter are a persistent lot, but one fellow in particular possessed more of this trait than the others. Finally, an argument ensued between the leader and this fellow who wanted his tune put on the radio program.

Finally, the song-plugger left in disgust, shouting, "All right, if you won't play ball, the devil with you."

The other went back to his friends at the table and complained, "I have a luncheon session, a tea dance, a dinner period, and then a supper job until three A.M., and he wants me to play ball. When would I have time to play ball?"

THIS really happened, s'help me.

An NBC vice-president recently went on a fishing excursion with several friends from the Fourth Estate, one of whom is the publisher of a many-linked chain of newspapers. While they were hooking fish, the boat's radio blared away. A friendly discussion on the radio-press controversy ensued.

The radio executive spoke: "You know, the big stations have only worth-while programs, and I don't think that they should be confused with the small fry outfits in judging radio. It's the type of program you're hearing now which is ground out one after another by these no-account stations that gives you the entirely

wrong opinion of broadcasting."

Just then, from the loudspeaker came the all-identifying sound of the gong, and "This is the National Broadcasting Company."

FRED ALLEN tells about the musician on a ship, who, when it started sinking, didn't jump and went down with the ship. He used to work in a movie palace that had one of those descending orchestra pits.

EVEN Elder Michaux's most ardent critics have to admit that "Happy Am I" preacher is an A 1 showman. His perception, humor and vitality are really amazing. And he possesses an uncanny way of getting around obstacles.

Last October he brought 200 of his negro congregation, including the singers and "stooges" to the Madison Square Garden in New York for a big revival meeting. Such an undertaking required considerable money to defray the costs of the transportation, rental, etc. Although a natural box-office draw, Elder Michaux realized he couldn't charge an admission price for religion. It just would not be right, he said. So instead, each member of the audience was required to buy two copies of his music, "Happy Am I" and "We've Got the Devil on the Run," which entitled the purchaser to one reserved seat. And every seat in the huge hall was a reserved one, so draw your own conclusions.

JUST before she was to appear on her radio broadcast not so many calendar pages ago, Ida Bailey Allen, the recipe-maker, had to leave town on an important mission. She asked her pianist, Ralph Christman, to pinch hit for her on the program. So instead of playing his regular classical music, he provided an entire quarter-hour of such appetizing melody dishes as "You'd Make a Peach of a Pair," "You're the Cream in My Coffee," "Yes, We Have No Bananas" and "Ida, Sweet as Apple Cider."

THE song-pluggers of Radio Row are sighing a sigh of relief now that the curtain is about to descend on the football season. With almost every musical program saturated with the "rah-rah" songs of the colleges, it was a difficult task for these musicians to sneak their firm's popular tunes on the broadcasts. About the only college medleys was the Philharmonic Orchestra. It was all very topsy-turvy, to say the least.

Fred Waring who directs his Pennsylvanians in a collegiate anthem, a broadcast all year round—even in the Spring and Summer when the football togs are safely snuggled in camphor—was accused of copying all the other radio programs with the "fight-on" melodies. In fact, the song-pluggers, who really have the never-say-die spirit, had to take their melody products to the college bands to play on the gridiron for "plugs."



Three radio musketeers get together in Hollywood. Dick Powell and Al Jolson welcome Rudy Vallee to the movie colony.

"They still have the Skin of their teens"

Dermatologist's Report

"Freshness and tone of much younger skin.

Mrs. Henry D. Phelps has an exceptionally clear skin—fine—smooth—free from lines," reported the dermatologist of the skin of Muriel Vanderbilt Phelps, granddaughter of the late W. K. Vanderbilt. "Pond's Cold Cream wipes away lines and discolorations. No other cream can equal it," she says.

"No blemish of any kind,"

said the dermatologist of the skin of Katrina McCormick. "It has unusual delicacy of texture." Speaking of Pond's Cold Cream, Miss McCormick said, "This cream keeps my skin clear, fine-pored and ready for powder."



Your Skin can be 10 years younger than your Age

COMPARE YOUR SKIN with that of other women your age. With the skin of women you know to be older—or younger—than you are.

Then you will discover for yourself—in actual life—this important scientific fact: *Skin age need not be governed by years.*

Dermatologists say that your skin must be elastic—must have an active circulation. Your glands must supply it with invigorating oils. Then, no matter what your age may be, your skin will look young.

But even as early as the 20's your skin begins to age—unless you give it the extra help it needs.

One Cream alone keeps Age away

You don't need expensive creams and lotions. There is one single cream that answers all the vital needs of your skin. A cream that beautiful women, in every country, depend on daily—Pond's Cold Cream.

In this one cream are rich, specially processed oils that seem to wipe away age signs. Stubborn skin faults—blemishes—aging lines—drooping contours—all are helped by this wonder-working cream. It brings to your skin that glorious bloom of youth itself.

The lovely porcelain complexions of Muriel Vanderbilt Phelps—of Katrina McCormick—whose portraits are above—are proof of the excellence and effectiveness of this world-famous cream. Use Pond's Cold Cream as they do.

Every night let its luxurious, whipped-cream texture melt into the pores—dissolve dust, make-up, grime. Then, wipe it off. Pat in a second application—let it linger a few moments. Know the full, rich benefits its youth-bringing oils can give.

When you arise in the morning, again treat your skin to this fragrant cream. Then make-up will cling smooth, fresh, vivid throughout the day.

Send right now for a generous 3 days' supply we have for you. See this one cream make your skin clearer—finer—smoother—gloriously fresh and young.

● Pond's Cold Cream cleanses, corrects skin faults—prepares for powder. Pond's Liquefying Cream contains the same rich, effective ingredients. It melts instantly on the skin.



**THIS ONE CREAM
FIGHTS OFF THESE FAULTS**

in 20's



after 30



Send for Generous 3-Day Test

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. A, 48 Hudson Street, New York City
I enclose 10¢ (to cover postage and packing) for a 3 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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Time Marches On

(Continued from page 25)



William Pringle plays the part of Chief Justice Hughes in the broadcasts of the news.

unless there are some real human voices in the foreground. The March of Time "mob" of eighteen mixed male and female voices going at full tilt in the studio and then amplified by bringing a crowd record in with them gives an unbelievably real effect of as many as 70,000 or 80,000 people in an athletic stadium, at a coronation, a Fascist mass meeting or other public event. That "mob" of eighteen people in the foreground costs money, and many programs won't pay it, but the March of Time will pay it, and the results show in the extraordinary vividness of their presentations.

THAT program, indeed, brings up the whole philosophy of radio. Remember that everything radio brings to you has to reach you through the ear alone. All that the eye sees, all that the tongue tastes, all that the nose smells, all that the hands touch in real life must reach you through the hearing alone. The whole of existence must be re-created through a single sense.

Confronted with this basic difficulty, all too many programs resort to rather stupid description, hoping that you will get what is going on because somebody is standing up at a microphone telling you about it. The March of Time, however, has hit upon the magic touchstone of *imagination*. By carefully evolved sound effects, by a thousand artful allusions in the text, they stimulate your imagination, cause you to see the scene yourself, cause the whole action to take place in your own mind. Imagination enables radio to go beyond its limitations, and the March of Time is preeminent in the use of this blessed, freeing quality.

But enough of philosophy! Here's a program to be produced. There are nine separate episodes (called acts in studio talk) in the initial script we have this Thursday morning.

First let's look over our acting company. That blond, dynamic young man at the microphone is Harry Von Zell, Columbia staff announcer, referred to throughout the script as the Voice of Time. He gives the actual content of the script. That tall, dark, dignified young man beside him is Westbrook Van Voorhis. His is the voice that comes forth in the midst of sketches to set scenes, give atmosphere, etc. He is referred to in the script by a name that started as a studio "gag" and has now stuck for four years. He is

known as the Voice of Fate.

The three women in the company are the blue-eyed, vivacious Marion Hopkinson, ingenue lead and "love interest," who also does character roles; Adelaide Klein, second leads, characters and heavies; and Nona West, dialects, leads and general business. These are theatrical stock company terms applied to a radio stock company. Today Miss Hopkinson will play Princess Marina, fiancée of Prince George of England, and also will play a widowed young mother; Miss Klein will play Queen Mary of England and an enraged Irish peasant woman; and Miss West will play a Scottish nurse and a passenger on a French railroad train.

The tall, prematurely gray man, with head and bearing somewhat reminiscent of Andrew Jackson, is William Adams. He happens to be a cousin of Maude Adams, but he is more familiar to you as the voice of President Roosevelt, whenever the chief executive is impersonated on the March of Time. With him is the dark-haired, solidly built young man of Italian descent who developed an astoundingly accurate impersonation of President Hoover, and is always used whenever the voice of our only living ex-President is represented on the March of Time. This actor is Ted De Corsia, who added General Johnson, retiring head of the NRA, to his list of impersonations, and will play both characters on today's program.

The middle-aged man with the very deep voice and gentle, friendly smile is William Pringle, who is always used as the voice of Chief Justice Hughes on the March of Time.

A versatile player, singer as well as actor, today he will be heard as a frightened butler and a captain of police. The alert young man in spectacles is Frank Readick, who played Jimmie Walker when New York's debonair, song writing Mayor was in office, and who today will play the earnest, sincere Henry Wallace, Secretary of Agriculture, in make-believe debate with former President Hoover. Completing the company are the rotund young man with the moustache, Jack Smart, well known on the legitimate stage as a comedian in musical comedy and a favorite player in radio; the dark-haired, good looking Fred Uttal, an actor with talents so versatile as to make him one of the few free-lance announcers in major radio circles today; Edwin Jerome, dynamic, incisive, with a wide range of characterizations; and the blond, mild-mannered Dwight Weist, who can be scholarly and stolid by turns and today will play both President Conant of Harvard and Bruno Hauptmann, the Lindbergh kidnaping suspect! These are the regulars, and an

addition to the company today is Leon Janney, erstwhile child star of the movies, now grown to be a fine looking, fair-haired youth, and still capable of taking the role of a young boy—on the radio!

THE cast is assembled, parts are assigned and rehearsal begins. Each sketch is gone over three or four times, Director Pryor taking infinite care to get exactly the reading he wants, to get the sound effects just right, to make sure the voices balance and contrast properly. Sound effects are managed by Ora Nichols, head of the sound effects department at Columbia, with George O'Donnell as her assistant. Door openings, pistol shots, horses hooves and countless other effects are at hand. An instance of the care taken in this department—the actual shuffling of feet on the studio floor to give the "Time Marches on!" effect at the opening of the program was found to be too heavy and muddy to sound convincing. Members of the cast were told to tread very lightly, and were given two pieces of sandpaper to hold in their hands and rub together to give the effect of shuffling feet. It worked beautifully; sounded much more real than actual feet actually shuffling.

With the cast before you and rehearsal in progress, a never-ending mystery is still unsolved. Where do the voices of celebrities come from? How can these few actors imitate such a wide range of national and international figures in the news?

William Pringle has a system that is very helpful. Whenever he sees a newsreel in the movies, or listens to a radio address or attends a public meeting, he carefully writes down the kind of voice, accent and manner of speaking which the celebrity has. These notes come in very

handy in casting parts and developing characterizations. Likewise all the other members of the cast, the director and producing staff, are constantly studying newsreels, movies, phonograph records, international re-broadcasts, and other sources with a schooled, professional ear and noting, sometimes mentally and sometimes in writing, the exact type of voice and mannerisms of speech of persons prominent in the news.

The nine episodes with which we started rehearsals are whipped into shape as the morning wears on; Howard Barlow comes in to play on the organ the music which his full orchestra will play the next day; and by one o'clock, the program is ready for its first preliminary "dress rehearsal"—another term borrowed from the theater and meaning, in radio, a performance with music and sound effects.

The program is found to be just



Frank Readick plays the roles of Secretary Wallace and Jimmie Walker.

about one and one-half times as long as it should be. That is usual. Some sketches which looked good on paper, turn out weak in the actual playing. Others, seemingly unimportant, show surprisingly good radio values. It is now up to the production staff of the agency and the writing staff of the magazines, to rearrange the entire show.

Remember that the March of Time does not give "spot news" as such—that is, the first tidings of any event do not come from this program. What they do is to take significant news already published and dramatize it to bring out all its values. Between the first writing of the sketches on Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, and the rehearsal on Thursday, important new trends in the news may have developed. Room must be made for these. New sketches must be written.

ALL afternoon on Thursday, all Thursday night, and ordinarily until five or six o'clock on Friday morning, the rewriting and rearranging goes on. By rehearsal time, 9:30 Friday morning, a vastly different show has appeared. Four out of nine sketches are gone completely. Three of the remaining five have been drastically revised, condensed and rewritten, brought up to date, and one entirely new sketch has been put in.

The show is now in approximately its final form. Some of the smartest, most alert brains in radio and advertising have worked on it. The final changes are given to the cast on Friday night, just before the broadcast.

Nine o'clock approaches. Director-general Arthur Pryor takes his place in the control room. With him is his assistant, William Spier, and out in the studio, directing the mob and relaying cues, is Homer Eickett.

The CBS production man, Davidson Taylor, takes out his stopwatch to time the running of the program. Irving Reis, CBS engineer, is at the controls.

A tense moment of silence. A signal light flashes. Time marches on the air!

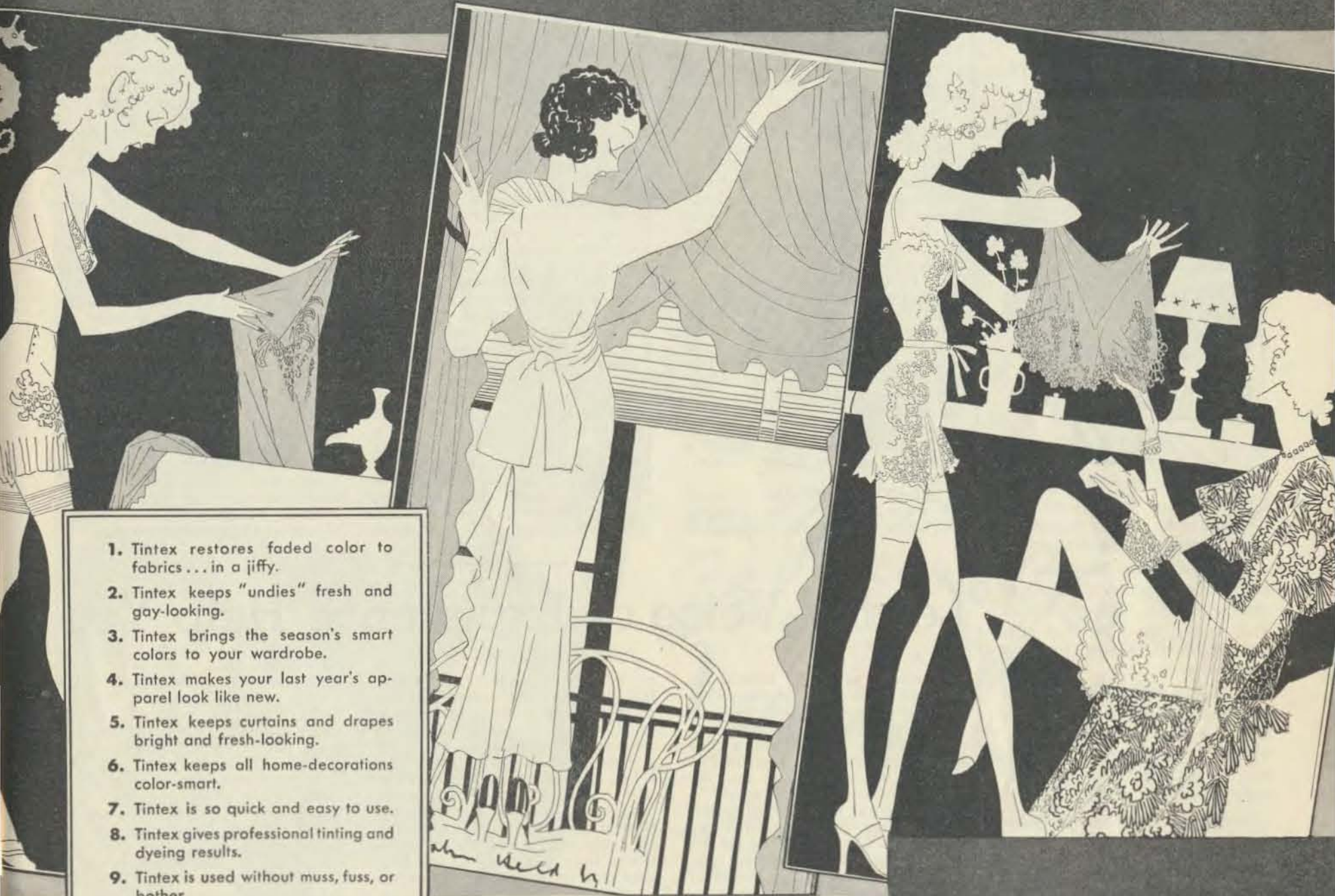
March of Time may be heard each Friday at 9:00 P.M., E.S.T., over the following CBS stations:

WABC, WADC, WOKO, WCAO, WNAC, WKBW, WBBM, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WOWO, WDRC, WFBM, WHAS, WCAU, WJAS, WEAN, KMOX, WFBL, WSPD, WJSV, WGST, KRLD, KILZ, WCCO, WDSU, KSL, KERN, KMJ, KHJ, KOIN, KFBK, KGB, KFRC, KDB, KOL, KFPY, KWG, KVI, KMBC.



The trio of March of Time—but they act. Marion Hopkinson, Adelaide Klein and Nona West.

10 REASONS WHY MILLIONS OF WOMEN USE TINTEX



1. Tintex restores faded color to fabrics... in a jiffy.
2. Tintex keeps "undies" fresh and gay-looking.
3. Tintex brings the season's smart colors to your wardrobe.
4. Tintex makes your last year's apparel look like new.
5. Tintex keeps curtains and drapes bright and fresh-looking.
6. Tintex keeps all home-decorations color-smart.
7. Tintex is so quick and easy to use.
8. Tintex gives professional tinting and dyeing results.
9. Tintex is used without muss, fuss, or bother.
10. Tintex costs only a few pennies and saves dollars.

Color-Magic for All Faded Fabrics

TINTEX has become a daily necessity in the home of every smart American woman. It saves dollars. It gives color-freshness, brilliance and smartness to every article of apparel... and home decoration. It

has hundreds of practical uses—morning, noon and night—restoring color to all faded fabrics, or giving bright new color, if you wish. It makes home-tinting and dyeing a joy... it's so quick and easy.

35
SMART
COLORS

Tintex

TINTS AND DYES

FOR EVERY
WASHABLE
FABRIC

The World's Largest Selling Tints and Dyes

PARK & TILFORD, Distributors



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

AT ALL DRUG STORES, NOTION
AND TOILET GOODS COUNTERS

Very Important IN A LAXATIVE FOR WOMEN



IT MUST BE
Gentle

STRONG, powerful "dynamite" laxatives are bad for anyone. But for you women... they're unthinkable!

Your delicate feminine system was never meant to endure the shock of harsh, violent purgatives or cathartics. They weaken you. They often leave bad after-effects. *Madam, you must avoid them!*

Ex-Lax is the ideal laxative for every member of the family, but it is particularly good for women. That's because while Ex-Lax is thorough, it works in a mild and gentle way. Why, you hardly know you've taken a laxative.

And Ex-Lax checks on the other important points, too: It won't cause pain. It won't upset digestion. It won't nauseate you. It won't leave you weak. And what's very important—it won't form a habit. You don't have to keep on increasing the dose to get results.

And Ex-Lax is so easy to take. It tastes just like delicious chocolate.

All the good points of Ex-Lax are just as important for the rest of the family as they are for women. So millions of homes have adopted Ex-Lax as the family laxative.

Keep a box of Ex-Lax in the medicine cabinet—so that it will be there when any member of the family needs it. All druggists sell Ex-Lax—in 10c and 25c boxes.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS!

Get genuine Ex-Lax—spelled E-X-L-A-X—to make sure of getting Ex-Lax results.

When Nature forgets—
remember

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

Pompeii to Radio

(Continued from page 26)

variegated entertainment. There were masked pantomimes and comedies of a degenerate nature, alternating with the old Greek dramas done in the original Greek for the visiting intelligentsia. The roofless theaters were of beautiful marble construction, the stages were elaborate and even possessed roll curtains. In fact, the slots of the roll curtains are still visible in the theater ruins.

These borrowed mosaics decorate the walls of the Columbia Playhouse and may easily be seen around the stage boxes. The black Pompeian marble forms the wall construction of the theater lobby.

It is interesting to note that these Pompeian theater decorations must have looked upon announcers in the long forgotten days that opened the Christian era. For theater performances were frequently sponsored by visiting kings and princes and by wealthy nobles. So the Roman announcers inserted—even as today—a little propaganda for the noble who spent a fortune to afford a Roman holiday.

A GLANCE over the brilliant stage history of the Columbia Playhouse when it was the Hudson

Theater will be of interest to radio listeners. The Hudson not only housed the offices of Henry B. Harris, who, with Charles Frohman and David Belasco was one of the great impresarios of his day, but it also housed a long procession of Broadway stage hits. Mr. Harris himself lost his life in the *Titanic* disaster.

The theater opened in 1903 with Mr. Frohman's presentation of Ethel Barrymore in her first starring vehicle, "Cousin Kate." A brilliant audience, composed of leaders in the arts, science and commerce, made the premiere a gala affair.

In 1904 Robert Edeson appeared as star in "Ransom's Folly," by Richard Harding Davis, celebrated war correspondent and leading literary light of the era. At the Hudson, William Faversham made one of the greatest hits of his career in Arthur Pinero's "Letty," Ethel Barrymore won high honors in "Sunday," Robert Edeson was a Broadway sensation in William C. De Mille's "Strongheart," and William S. Hart leaped to fame in "The Virginian." Such stars as Richard Bennett, Doris Keane, Marie Tempest, Mary Boland,

Helen Ware, Wallace Eddinger, Edmund Breese, Otis Skinner, Kyrle Bellew, Blanche Bates, Douglas Fairbanks, Madame Simone, Louis Mann, Alfred Lunt, George M. Cohan and Ellen Terry were among the celebrated players who graced its stage. Among the outstanding hits were Charles Klein's "The Third Degree," Arthur Hopkins' first production as a producer, "The Poor Little Rich Girl," and "Friendly Enemies."

Thirty-one years after its opening as the Hudson, radio took possession. And another landmark had given way to progress. The Pompeian marbles connect the greatness of the past with the greatness of the future. They have been silent observers of the pageant of entertainment through the ages, from the simple, austere days of primitive drama to the mechanical perfection of today's radio. What a historical drama they could unfold!

Recently NBC broadcast the rumble and roar of Vesuvius. It would be interesting to speculate upon what would happen if the Pompeian mosaics could hear the sounds. Probably the colors would blanch at their master's voice.

Let the Voice of Experience Help You

(Continued from page 37)

ily for two years. He seemed devoted to me all during that time. We had a lovely church wedding and everything in the world to make us happy. I gave up a good stenographic position to marry this boy, and never dreamed that we would be otherwise than happy.

Five months of marriage terminated in my realization that my husband had ceased caring for me—had no interest in me or my happiness—said many mean things to me—and finally I felt that a separation was the only solution. Then I went into a violent fit of depression—hysterics—deliriums—screaming out for my husband late in the night. The doctor, when I became so bad and lost so much weight, decided finally that I must move to different surroundings for a few months. I did—and improved. But now I am home again in the old environment and everything seems to be crushing me afresh. I know that the sensible thing to do is to get a divorce and then go back to my stenographic work, but my problem is how to throw off this depressed feeling and take an interest in life? I am only twenty-two and feel that certainly I ought to be able to help myself, but I do not know what to do. Awaiting your reply, I am,

Helen.

ANSWER: Helen, you have answered your own letter, if you would only stop to think, when you stated that your doctor had sent you to new surroundings and you had recuperated very rapidly, but that when you returned home that you again became despondent and depressed afresh. Although you did not say so, I am sure that you are not working. When you get

your divorce, go to work, or reverse the process. The most necessary thing for you to do is to get that mind of yours active, either in some job or some hobby. Certainly at twenty-two you can sustain such a loss—many others have done so when robbed of a husband by death or divorce, so, too, can you, but all who have succeeded in throwing off their moods and their melancholia have done so because they have actively interested themselves in something constructive. Go on out and get a job—make new friends—and by this I don't mean to encourage a new heart entanglement until you have freed yourself of the first tie, but be social and socialize, and I will guarantee you that your problem will solve itself.

DEAR VOICE OF EXPERIENCE: I am just a lonely girl at present. I have no friends. I guess because when I was a child I did not take advantage of school and so now, approaching thirty, I am trying to make up by working days and going to night school. But I just do not know how to make friends. I would like to belong to some clubs, but I do not know how to go about it. This may seem unusual to you, but it is a real problem to me.

Weary.

ANSWER: Weary, your trouble is simply that you have become self-conscious and hypersensitive because of your lack of education. You are afraid to meet friends for fear they will realize that you are not their equal in cultural arts. I congratulate you upon having tried to make up for this deficiency by night school work, particularly since you are having to work in a day-

time job. Most night schools have a class in psychology, and, if your night school is modern, it certainly should have a social department, too. I would take advantage of both of them, if I were you.

Did you ever stop to think that many of the people you meet are just as afraid of you as you are of them, for the large majority of folks are more or less self-conscious. If you really want to make friends, I suggest that you study carefully the pamphlet on "Magnetism" which I sent you, and the one on "Self-consciousness," and then, even though it is an effort, you try out the things that are advised in that second pamphlet and you will find that each time you try them they will be less of an effort and you will have more friends. See if I am not right.

Voice of Experience may be heard Mondays to Fridays, inclusive, at 12 noon, E.S.T., over the following CBS stations:

WABC, WCAO, WNAC, WGR, WBBM, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WOWO, WDR, KMBC, WHAS, WCAU, WJAS, WEAN, KMOX, WFBL, WJSV, KERN, KMJ, KHJ, KOIN, KFBK, KGB, KFRC, KDB, KOL, KFPY, KWG, KVI, WBT, KLZ, WCCO, KSL, WWVA.

Also on Sunday at 6:45 P.M., E.S.T., over the following CBS stations:

WABC, WCAO, WAAB, WKBW, WBBM, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WOWO, WDR, WHAS, WCAU, WJAS, WEAN, KMOX, WFBL, WJSV, WBT, WCCO, WWVA.

Also on Wednesday at 11:30 P.M., E.S.T., over the following CBS stations:

KERN, KMJ, KHJ, KOIN, KFBK, KGB, KFRC, KDB, KOL, KFPY, KWG, KVI, KLZ, KSL.



FOR *You* AND *You* AND
You . . . THIS NEW
Larger Size!

You are holding at this very minute a Tower Magazine which is one-third larger in size than last month's. Not only larger, but with new beauty in color pages, with better space for photographs and drawings. So many months of interesting work went into making this brand-new dress for Tower's Fifth Anniversary Celebration that we are eager to know your opinion of it. Thousands of letters which have come into this office in the last five years have given us a vivid picture of you, our readers. Homemakers, up to the minute in ideas and so interested in progress that we determined to offer you this new and most dramatic progression in magazines. So now, with the new larger size before you . . . won't you tell us how you feel about it? Drop a note to your Editor. Your frank opinion can be so helpful in making Tower Magazines of more genuine pleasure and of greater service to you.

NEW MOVIE • SERENADE • TOWER RADIO • MYSTERY • HOME • TINY TOWER

Will he remember
your EYES?

He can't forget
their beauty if
you use

Maybelline

EYE
BEAUTY
AIDS



More than any other feature, your eyes express YOU. When he meets you, the first thing he looks at is your eyes. If they are beautiful and attractive, they will be what he remembers most when he thinks of you... make them unforgettably alluring with the pure, harmless Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids.

The Approved Mascara



BLACK, BROWN AND BLUE



BLACK AND BROWN



COLORLESS



BLACK OR WHITE BRISTLES

Blend a soft, colorful shadow on your eyelids with Maybelline Eye Shadow, and see how the color and sparkle of your eyes are instantly intensified. Form graceful, expressive eyebrows with the smooth marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. Now darken your lashes into the appearance of long, dark, lustrous fringe, and presto... you will truly have eyes he cannot forget!

Keep your lashes soft and silky with the pure Maybelline Eye-lash Tonic Cream, and be sure to brush and train your brows with the dainty, specially designed Maybelline Eyebrow Brush. All Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids may be had in purse sizes at all leading 10c stores. Insist on genuine Maybelline products to be assured of highest quality and absolute harmlessness.



BLUE, BROWN, BLUE-GREY, VIOLET AND GREEN

In the Spirit of the Old South

(Continued from page 23)

nightly to her baby daughters.

And then the amazing thing happened. Grace—the oldest—whom Mrs. Pickens called, with true Southern humor, "amazin' Grace," cried a great deal as a baby. One day a neighbor asked Mrs. Pickens how Grace was getting along. "She's not so much trouble now," Mrs. Pickens said, "since she has learned to sing herself to sleep."

The neighbor laughed. "Of course, you're joking. An eight-months-old baby couldn't possibly know how to sing."

"Come see," Mrs. Pickens answered.

And the astonished neighbor saw a little baby lying in a hammock literally singing herself to sleep. She could not, of course, say the words, but she carried the tune of the simple little lullaby perfectly!

Helen, Jane, Patti—each, in turn, sang in the cradle. And even little Dorothy—the one who died—sang. She was buried on her first birthday, but she had been singing long before that.

"I know it sounds unbelievable," Mrs. Pickens tells you now, "but I can produce affidavits from people who heard my babies singing in their cribs."

Yes, they all sang, but it was Jane who, when she was a very young girl, decided that she must have a musical career. The sisters had appeared at every church and amateur affair in Atlanta. Patti, at the age of four, was actually harmonizing in alto with her sisters. It was Grace, Helen and Jane, however, who formed the trio. And it was Jane whose voice, in an amateur cantata, was heard by a New York musician, who begged her to train and develop that golden sound.

This was a different generation. Great things had happened to women since little Patti Moore had won the church prize. Then a career was unthinkable. But now there was no reason why Jane should not scale any heights she was able to reach.

They had a family conference. Jane must study, so they decided

that she should try to obtain admittance into the Curtis School in New York. Helen had planned to be a fashion designer. So the two sisters came to New York together, where, as you know, Jane was signaled out to be a pupil of Madame Sembrich. In order to polish off her musical education, Jane wanted to go to Europe. Helen accompanied her to study designing. When they returned, Grace came to visit them in New York. (She had recently been divorced and wanted a change of scene.) The three sisters again began their trio work. At a party one evening they sang. Somebody who realized what a sensation they would be on the radio heard them—and that started their careers. Things changed rapidly. Helen gave up her idea of being a designer. Mrs. Pickens came up from Atlanta, with Patti, the kid sister, and it was a good thing that Patti was in New York, because Grace was ill and could not work with the trio. Mrs. Pickens remembered how, at the age of four, Patti had harmonized with Jane. One afternoon it was decided that Patti should join the trio. The very next evening she was on the air. Later came theatrical performances, musical shorts and more and more radio performances. Grace manages her sisters. That is, she handles their business, signs their contracts, etc. Mrs. Pickens takes care of all the great and small details which need to be taken care of.

IT is she who sorts their fan mail. It is she who keeps their clipping books and sees that their clothes are in order. "It may not seem much of a job," she told me, "but just try sometime to do even the smallest tasks. Imagine, for instance, how much time it takes even to keep separate the stockings of four girls. I love to do it. And I know, of course, that Jane has no time."

Indeed, Jane has no time to do anything but work. Gifted with a great capacity for work, she arranges all the music—even writes the orchestrations—for every song

they sing. She hasn't time to take any exercise, yet she is in perfect health.

Yes, Jane and all the girls lead thoroughly normal, wholesome lives. To see them all at home with their mother—and occasionally their father, who travels and doesn't get to New York very often—you would think that you were in any nice, average home in Atlanta, Georgia.

Once Rachmaninoff, the great pianist, heard them over the radio and sent for them to come to his home for tea. While they were there, this great genius told the little girls from Georgia how remarkable their work was, made interested suggestions concerning songs he would like to hear them sing, filled them with praise—and Russian tea.

And it was the tea, rather than the praise from this famous musician, that they remembered best.

"IT is gratifying, of course," said Mrs. Pickens.

"Do you ever sing now?" I asked her.

She laughed. "Oh, sometimes I harmonize with the girls. And often I give Jane suggestions when she is making the arrangements, but my real singing days are over. I sang quite enough when the girls were babies. They were such hard children to get to sleep."

Yes, her singing days are over. Over before they had begun. For compared to the millions who are reached by her daughters, Mrs. Pickens was never heard. And she might have been one of the truly great. She might have been. So imagine how gratifying it is to her that she does not now need to moon over what she might have been. For—through Jane, through Helen, through Patti—she is. She gave her voice to them and she has lived to see the beautiful use to which it was put. Without her—and her talent—they would not have been. I think it is rather lovely that this is true.

Mrs. Pickens is a mother to be envied. Actually, she has everything, hasn't she?

Stand By for Santa Claus Land

(Continued from page 9)

be a part of the national celebrations. It was, as a matter of fact, such a Greenland celebration as this which inspired her to make a trip to Greenland. "The people are like children," she said. "Not childish, mind you, but a soft, sweet and gentle people. I have adopted them because as Minister to the Danish people I am their Ambassador, too, and they become my foster children."

The room is crowded and people of all classes are there.

At last the signal is given. The lights go red in all the hallways.

"Silence."

All over Greenland they are waiting for this moment—all those people who, unlike you and me, are cut off by the elements from their friends and dear ones at the joyous time. Some of them—Danes and Eskimos alike—have spent days,

others weeks, trekking and mushing it with sleds, dogs and skis and snowshoes, to the nearest possessor of a radio to take part in this great miracle of modern science. For over icebergs and floes, through ten thousand year old glaciers, leaping "Greenland's icy mountains," bridging the frozen seas, linking them to the rest of the world during the forbidden Winter comes the miraculous voice from thousands of miles away!

This Christmas you and I will turn the dials of our radios and enjoy what we hear, but we can never realize what this Christmas party given in Copenhagen means to those in Greenland.

For in Copenhagen people with kin in Greenland are allowed to speak into the microphone and send messages to their loved ones. How casually we say "Merry

Christmas" to each other. But how much these words mean to those bound together by love but separated by space! Yet the radio bridges that space.

Some mothers had not seen their sons for twenty years. Some had but recently given their sons to the icy wasteland.

I HAD always thought that Danes were incapable of emotional manifestations. I know now that I was wrong, because in this intensely emotional atmosphere their hearts seemed to melt like wax. Danish men as well as women forgot everything but their messages. I'm sure that for them the audience in the radio theater did not exist.

They all began their individual messages formally as they spoke into the cold, lifeless microphone.

(Please turn to page 49)

KOOL

MILDLY MENTHOLATED

Cigarettes

[CORK TIPPED]



Tuck a carton of KOOLS (200 cigarettes) into any smoker's stocking and listen to the grateful "O-ohs!" and "A-ahs!" you get. The mild menthol cools the smoke and soothes the holiday-harried throat, but the fine blend of Turkish-Domestic tobaccos is fully preserved. Cork tips save lips. Coupon in each package (like a touch of Xmas all year long!) good for nationally advertised merchandise. Send for latest illustrated premium booklet. (Offer good in U. S. A. only)

SAVE COUPONS for HANDSOME MERCHANDISE



Crown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.

The Radio Comedy Crisis

(Continued from page 10)

This is very handy for the movie barons as it relieves them of the painful task of developing new merry-makers of their own. But it is merely postponing the day of reckoning.

Radio, on the other hand, has tried almost every outstanding screen wag on the air at some time or other, either for a series or a guest performance. And there seems to be no anxiety at present to obtain for the air audience the permanent services of any of the jolly gentlemen who are able to panic the public in the neighborhood movie houses.

Wheeler and Woolsey, for example, who have been highly successful on the screen, did not work out so well for radio because of the confusion resulting from the fact that here were two comics, both out for laughs, rather than the time-tested radio formula of comic and feeder. Jimmy Durante finds himself without a new sponsor at the end of his Chase and Sanborn contract, due to inadequate material and the circumstance that his personality seems to register more effectively on the screen.

More alarming than the present lack of comic talent in radio and screen is the drying up of the springs that fed them.

Burlesque and vaudeville were the two great grammar schools for the comedians of today. Both are dead now, and although there are periodic rumors that vaudeville is about to be revived, it never quite seems to come to life.

Joe Penner, Jack Pearl, Fannie Brice and others cut their teeth in burlesque. In those days burlesque was the great low-priced form of entertainment, the family vaudeville theater, broad-rough-and-tumble, but without the vulgarity and smut which gives it a bad name today.

Burlesque, in the opinion of those who lived its hard life, was the greatest possible training school for comics. There was nothing slow or subtle about it. You had to get laughs "or else." And part and parcel of its technique was the art of exaggeration which has proved so effective on the air.

IN their extremity, the radio moguls have even combed the burlesque houses of today in search of unknown comics who might be developed for the air. But they have found none. The changed place of burlesque in the social scheme is no longer conducive to the development of artists as it once was.

Most fatal to comedians in vaudeville has been the competition of the motion picture house presentation. Vaudeville musical headliners who haven't been snapped up by the movies or radio have been able to swing over into the motion picture circuits. This is also true of some of the outstanding "dumb acts," jugglers, acrobats, adagio dancers, etc.

But for some psychological reason talking acts usually lose their effectiveness when presented on the bill on which a talking picture is featured.

Thus comedians have practically died out of what remnant of

vaudeville remains. Joe Penner is the only one who comes to mind who made a great success of appearing in motion picture houses before being signed up for the air.

Vaudeville trained Ed Wynn, Joe Cook, Jack Benny and Fred Allen. It was peculiarly valuable to radio performers because it gave them an opportunity to know first hand the tastes of the nation-wide audience to which they play on the air, an audience that is quite different from the hard-boiled audience of Broadway.

Now vaudeville, and its successor, the picture house presentation, instead of developing and training new talent of its own, seeks to capitalize wherever possible on the ready-made build-up by also taking well-known names from stage and screen, thus joining the vicious circle.

The Broadway revue and musical comedy, while perhaps doing little to discover new talent at least nourished the comic spirit and brought comedians into the spotlight. A typical Ziegfeld Follies would have Eddie Cantor, Will Rogers, W. C. Fields and Fannie Brice all on the same bill.

But the nature of the revue has changed to the satirical, sophisticated type of the "Little Show" series or "As Thousands Cheer," in which the material rather than the comedian is featured. Hence there is no hope there for the radio scout.

NOR is the humor shortage confined to performers. It extends likewise to the all-important gagmen who supply the material.

The screen draws on dramatists, novelists, short-story writers, magazine editors, vaudeville sketch writers for its laugh lines.

Radio gag-writing, by some curious circumstance, has all been done by a small handful of men scarcely more than half a dozen at the outside. The reason for this is that radio humor requires a special technique which can only be learned in performance.

As new comedians came to the air, after trying first one writer and then another, they turned in desperation to the veteran gagmen of radio until they were working nearly around the clock devising laughs for more than one show, sometimes three or four at a time. Sometimes the comedians had known these material men in their vaudeville days and turned to them as a matter of course.

By last year they had turned and twisted every joke in their voluminous filing cabinets so many times that all freshness had been wrung out of them. The public began to grumble. Comedians began to slip. They decided it was time for a little stock-taking. So they stopped punching their typewriters long enough to sit up and have a look around.

THE result has been considerably improved material for comedians who are on the air this season. With all the well-known, reliable comic situations thoroughly exhausted, such as the mother-in-law, the dentist, the Scotchman and the traffic cop, they are turning to the ridiculous, the fantastic,

and the far-fetched for laughs. So far the result is good. But with some comedian doing it every night in the week will the fantastic situation not become as tiresome in time as the gag?

These gentlemen of the agile minds have hitherto been able to meet every situation. But the time may come when their fertility is exhausted and then where may the sponsors look for writers of fresh material?

What is the answer to all this?

Many of the radio executives feel that while the eclipse of comedy is acute, that it is only temporary, that just as we have always had comedians, so we will always have them in the future, since man's recourse to laughter is eternal. But most of them are not clear just what the immediate solution is to be.

Carroll Carroll, ace gag-writer who works on the Burns and Allen show for the J. Walter Thompson agency believes that it is now squarely up to radio to save the comic life of the nation.

"There are hundreds of local stations around the country," he said. "It seems reasonable that the networks could look to them for comic talent in the future."

"The difficulty presented by the local artists is that they go in too much for copying the style of persons who are riding the crest of the wave.

"A certain amount of that is to be expected. After all, there was a little of Al Jolson in every comedian who followed him on the stage. But if these local comedians want to get on in radio, they will gradually infuse more of their individual essence into their work until they evolve something entirely their own and quite different from anything we have now."

MR. CARROLL lists his essential qualifications for the successful comedian as follows:

(1) He must possess a pleasing personality. That is most important of all. The public must like a comedian personally in order to take him to its bosom. Listeners have an uncanny knack of detecting that magnetic quality or the lack of it, as it comes out of the loud speaker.

(2) He must be clear. His diction, his delivery, his radio character and his relation to the other characters must always be easy to follow and never confusing.

(3) He must be credible. They must believe that he is really doing and saying what he claims to be doing and saying and his antics must not be so fantastic as to violate the illusion.

(4) He must stay in character. If he is built up on the air as a dumbbell, he must never deliver smart lines that would be out of character just for the sake of a laugh. Many potentially good comics injure their chances that way.

Of late, radio has given signs of recognizing the necessity of making a deliberate effort to discover new singing talent. There was the Hollywood Hotel contest in which more than eight hundred aspirants were auditioned. There are several programs which are now presenting

fresh voices on the networks.

But the need for unearthing fresh comic talent has been neglected. Until lately the various branches of the stage presented a rich vein which needed only to be probed.

Now that vein has been worked dry.

Radio has been slow in developing its own comic talent. Stoopnagle and Budd are the first comics who never appeared on any stage before coming to radio, who learned the tricks of their trade right there in the studio.

Even so, their success was largely accidental, a happy fusion of congenial personalities due to chance, and given scope to develop in the old carefree "ad libbing" days which no longer exist.

The outstanding effort in all radio to focus attention on fresh comic talent has been Rudy Vallee's Varieties. Here Joe Penner got his network baptism, likewise Burns and Allen. Lately Lou Holtz has been appearing there and showing more stuff than on previous broadcasts. But here again there is a shortage of new guest comedians.

Hope for the development of future performers would seem to lie then, largely with the managers of local stations who could do much by developing and encouraging local talent.

In radio comedy there is more room at the top today than ever before. When your little boy wants to show off give him a hand—and not where it hurts. He may be the Eddie Cantor of tomorrow.

Stand By for Santa Claus Land

(Continued from page 46)

They were choked with embarrassment. Then the knowledge that they were actually communicating with those they loved seemed suddenly to inspire them. They laughed or chuckled, cooed or wept softly into the mike and some had to be restrained from taking it into their hands and caressing it.

All that one old lady could say was (translated) "If this be you, Lars Andersen, from back of Bornholm, then I am your mother! I am your mother. I am your mother. Come home! Come home! Come home!" She had to be dragged away.

Again and again they must call for silence, so excited did everyone become.

For a moment, everyone seemed to forget that Greenland was but a colony of Denmark, and that it belonged to its own people, the Eskimos. But now twenty-four Eskimos stood on the platform. They brightened the scene in their gay plum-

age and their smiling faces contrasted vividly to the melancholy faces of the Danes. The Eskimos looked at the conductor and at a given signal began to sing.

Not only did they give their own chants and choruses but Christmas carols as well. And one pretty little girl—not over four feet tall—sang a solo so beguilingly and with such lovely technique that I felt she could quickly win herself a place in the hearts of American radio listeners. What did she sing? A simple little song to her mother in Greenland and another to her little brother.

The little brown Eskimos came to the microphone smiling and smiled throughout their songs or messages to friends. They always seem to be happy people despite the gloom and icy darkness of their country.

"Clear the air to Greenland" the call had gone forth, and it remained clear for many hours until the last and the humblest Dane and Eskimo had sent his simple and touching message across the frozen North and brought the Christmastide of Continental Europe through living voices into the villages, huts and igloos of Eskimoland.

At long last we all stood and sang a Christmas hymn that has been sung down through the ages. I noticed a strange and rather lovely thing. Nearly every one of those who came to talk to their living-dead ones had brought some little memento or Christmas gift which they had presented in spirit and essence and now clasped to their breasts as if they had been actually presented—as we give our gifts personally with a warm wish for happiness to our kin and friends.

Even the onlookers like myself were greatly moved by this spiritually beautiful ceremony, for we felt it the most important radio contribution in its human significance, we had ever seen. Radio had conquered the fiercest forces of Nature and overcome barriers against human contact and communication set up by the most formidable elemental enemies of our kind.

Yes, Santa Claus is supposed to live in some such place as Greenland and to come with Christmas cheer to us. But the radio was the agent which brought last year, and brings again this year, real Yuletide cheer to the inhabitants of Greenland.

I had tried seven
perfumes before I finally
discovered FAOEN



says—Mimi Richardson
(WELL KNOWN MODEL AND NEW YORK DEBUTANTE)

MORE than a mere perfume, FAOEN will give you a new *personality* . . . a more mysterious, thrilling personality, to bring men's hearts to your feet!

As Parisian as the Café de la Paix . . . as feminine as Cleopatra . . . as exciting as a champagne cocktail . . . FAOEN enhances your charm and discovers your hidden depths of lovely, languorous allure!

You would have to pay more, for a less effective perfume! The tuck-away size . . . can be bought at all F. W. Woolworth Co. stores.



FAOEN perfumes have their own singular captivating, yet delicate, fragrance.

PARK & TILFORD'S

FAOEN
(FAY-ON)
Beauty Aids

Face Powder • Lipstick • Cleansing Cream • Cold Cream • Rouges • Perfumes

With the Airliners

Lowell Thomas is now an adopted brave of the Mohawks . . . His Indian name, translated into English, is "Hot Coal" . . . Frank Parker exercises by skipping rope for fifteen minutes every morning . . . The Sinclair Greater Minstrels celebrated their 300th performance on the air on October 22nd . . . The program started out of Chicago with Gene Arnold and two end men, now the cast numbers twenty-eight . . . During her whole five years of married life Jane Froman has never removed her platinum wedding ring . . . Jesse Block and Eve Sully have moved to 55 Central Park West, New York, which houses such stars as Rudy Vallee, Roxy and Frances Langford . . . Frank Munn has established a record for continuous broadcasting . . . He hasn't missed a week in the past ten years . . . George Gershwin loves detective mysteries . . . So does Mary Livingstone (Mrs. Jack Benny) . . . But Jane Froman prefers authors to their books and specifically likes Jim Tully, Ben Hecht and S. S. Van Dine . . . Pearl Pickens, of Carson Robison's Backrooms, hails from Lebo, Kansas, and is not related to the Pickens Sisters . . . Isham Jones was born in Coal-town, in Southern Ohio, and his father was a mine boss and amateur musician.

Keeping Up with the Davises

(Continued from page 27)



Nestle
GOLDEN AND
HENNA
SHAMPOOS

Wash glorious color into your hair—and have the loveliest of shampoos—all at the same time! That's what these Nestle color shampoos mean to you. Wonderfully fine cleansers, made by Nestle formulas from the purest ingredients, they add the shimmer and sparkle of youth to hair that is faded and tired-looking.

The Golden Shampoo for glorious blond hair. The Henna Shampoo gives entrancing highlights for all darker shades of hair. Why permit your hair to look drab and listless when these dependable products—2 shampoos per package—will give you the happiness of well groomed hair. Use in connection with ColoRinse to insure perfect results.

Also ask for Nestle ColoRinse—ten tints to choose from, 2 rinses per package—and Nestle Super Set. Nestle Quality Products are made by the originators of the permanent wave.



10c at all 10c Stores and Beauty Shops... Nestle ColoRinse, SuperSet, Golden Shampoo and Henna Shampoo

very first person to resent it.

Red's pal and partner in all his schemes is "Clink." That's a funny, but real, name for a high school boy, and no matter how much he may kid Red about his big ideas, Clink is the first to follow in whatever adventure comes along. Linda is Clink's girl, a good-natured tomboy, who delights in joining such projects as trying to get a law passed to forbid teachers to give examinations in school.

These are the main characters in the Red Davis stories, and from time to time equally recognizable people appear. There's Red's aunt, for instance, and two girl cousins who usually succeed in making life miserable for him. The coach of the football team figures largely in Red's scheme of things, for Red is captain of the team. Then there is the long procession of Red's girls. Red doesn't have much luck with his "women." He either falls in love so hard that all he can do is sit and sigh, or else the girls turn out to be just a plain nuisance for him.

A new departure in the Red Davis programs this year is to have real celebrities brought into the script under their own names.

THE author of the Red Davis series is Elaine Sterne Carrington, whose novels and short stories have appeared in many magazines and have proved to be very popular with readers all over the country. When Mrs. Carrington deals with the problems of growing children, she knows what she is talking about, for she has two children of her own. Her richly sympathetic attitude toward family life and her understanding of human values give a very authentic ring to all of the Red Davis stories. Mrs. Carrington lives in Brooklyn, New York, and she says she tries primarily to write a clean and entertaining program that the whole family can listen to.

The Red Davis programs are directed by Edwin Wolfe, a member of the production staff of the National Broadcasting Company. Mr. Wolfe came to radio with a background of a thorough training in stage technique at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts and later as stage manager for David Belasco.

Would you like to meet some of the players in the Red Davis series? They are well worth meeting, I can assure you, and probably the first one you'd like to know about is the young man who plays Red Davis himself.

Burgess Meredith is his name, and he hails from Cleveland, Ohio. He is a restless soul, and after a year and a half at Amherst College, he decided to push out into the world to see what he could see. In rapid succession he was a newspaper reporter, department store clerk, salesman for vacuum cleaners, salesman for roofing materials and ordinary seaman on a freighter making two trips to South America. After all this, he naturally went on the stage! He was in Eva Le Gallienne's Civic Repertory Company in New York for a time, and followed this with Broadway appearances in "Li'l Ole Boy" and the smash hit of last season, "She Loves Me Not." Meredith is a slender young man

with fair complexion, blue eyes and light hair that borders on the red hair he is supposed to have in his radio character.

MA DAVIS is played by Marion Barney, an experienced actress from the legitimate stage who has appeared with such players as Theodore Roberts, Edgar Selwyn, Louise Closser Hale, Dustin Farnum, George Arliss and Margaret Anglin. She has been happily married for some twenty-six years and can play the part of a wife and mother with real conviction. One odd experience that she has is that she seems to handle her make-believe son, Red Davis, so well in the radio sketches that listeners frequently write to her for advice on what to do about their own children! She never knows quite what to do about these letters, but tries to give a helpful answer when she can. Meanwhile she is one of radio's most popular players.

The rich masculine voice of Pa Davis is frequently commented upon by listeners who visit regularly with the Davis family via radio. Pa Davis is played by Jack Roseleigh, an actor who has had notable success on the stage, in the movies and on the radio. Perhaps his best remembered stage role was that of Captain Flagg in the road company of "What Price Glory," which he also played on Broadway during the illness of Louis Wolheim. He has appeared with Francine Larrimore in the raucous "Chicago," Pauline Frederick in "The Scarlet Woman," Jack Dempsey in "The Big Fight," and Ethel Barrymore in "Scarlet Sister Mary." Roseleigh was born in Nashville, Tennessee, now lives on Staten Island in New York harbor, is an amateur gardener, breaks 100 at golf, and has three children. Aside from all this, he is one of the most-in-demand players in radio.

RED'S loyal pal, Clink, is played by Johnny Kane. Johnny had none of the trouble that so many boys have in trying to decide what work to go into. Johnny made up his mind at the ripe age of two, appeared as the infant in a stage play, and has been in dramatic work ever since! He has played in the movies with such stars as Norma Shearer, Dorothy Mackaill and W. C. Fields, and in such stage plays as the "Music Box Revue," "Princess Charming" and "Whistling in the Dark."

Clink's girl and Red's ally, the ever active tomboy, Linda, is played by Eunice Howard. Linda is always on the move in the radio stories, but Miss Howard, who plays the part, isn't nearly so strenuous offstage. She has natural vivacity and charm, and was the heroine of a very unusual occurrence last Spring. The great actress, Nazimova, said that of all the voices she had heard on the radio, only one had impressed itself permanently on her memory. She didn't know the name of the girl who had the voice, for the name was not announced, but she did recall that the name of the program was "Londonderry Air." A diligent search of NBC records was made, and it was found that the girl on this program was Eunice Howard. Nazimova was called on

the telephone, and given a chance to hear Miss Howard's voice. The great actress exclaimed with delight that this was indeed the voice and was profuse in her compliments, and Miss Howard was so excited she did a very feminine thing—she wept! Radio producers apparently agree with Nazimova, for Miss Howard appears on many fine programs.

THE baby of the Davis family is Red's younger sister, Betty, and the baby of the cast is the girl who plays this part, Elizabeth Wragge. She started in dramatic work at the age of three, missing Johnny Kane's record by exactly one year, but Betty says it takes girls longer to make up their minds. She was in the movies during most of her early childhood, later had extensive stage experience, and is now in radio. That is covering a lot of ground for a girl who is still in high school!

Red Davis has had many girls in his radio adventures, but the most consistent, and in many ways the most likeable of them is Connie. She is played by Jean Sothern, who was featured in many movies in the silent days and recently has been devoting all of her time to radio. The part of the young French countess, for whom Red fell so hard, is played by Rita Vale. She was born in Rochester, New York, has an excellent singing voice as well as dramatic ability, and her French sounds very authentic as a result of her studying for a year at the great university in Paris, the Sorbonne.

THE adventures of Red Davis have covered some wide territory since the program returned to the air last October with an enlarged network. There was Red's infatuation for the young French countess (who eventually turned him down in favor of the football coach); Red's very brief, but hectic, career as manager of the soda fountain in a local drug store; the visit of Madge Kennedy; the Halloween party; the project for a new car; the football season; the visit of the cousins; and numerous other adventures. Through it all Mom and Dad were ready with help and advice, Clink was loyal, Betty teased, and Linda and Connie kept things moving.

Now that you have met the Davis family, wouldn't you like to hear their future adventures? It's easy! All you have to do is to go over and turn on your radio on Monday, Wednesday and Friday nights.

Red Davis may be heard each Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 7:30 P.M., E.S.T., over the following NBC stations:

WJZ, WBAL, WMAL, WBZ, WBZA, WSYR, WHAM, KDKA, WENR, KWCR, KSO, KWK, WREN, KOIL, WIBA, KSTP, WEBC, WRVA, WPTI, WWNC, WIS, WJAX, WIOD, WFL, WSM, WMC, WSB, WJDX, WSMI, WKY, KTBS, KPRC, WTAR, WAVI, KOA, KDYL, WSOC, WFAA, WKBI

Also on the same evenings a 1:15 A.M., E.S.T., over the following NBC stations:

KPO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, KFSD.

"WE'RE HAVING
HEINZ
SPAGHETTI
TONIGHT, NORA"



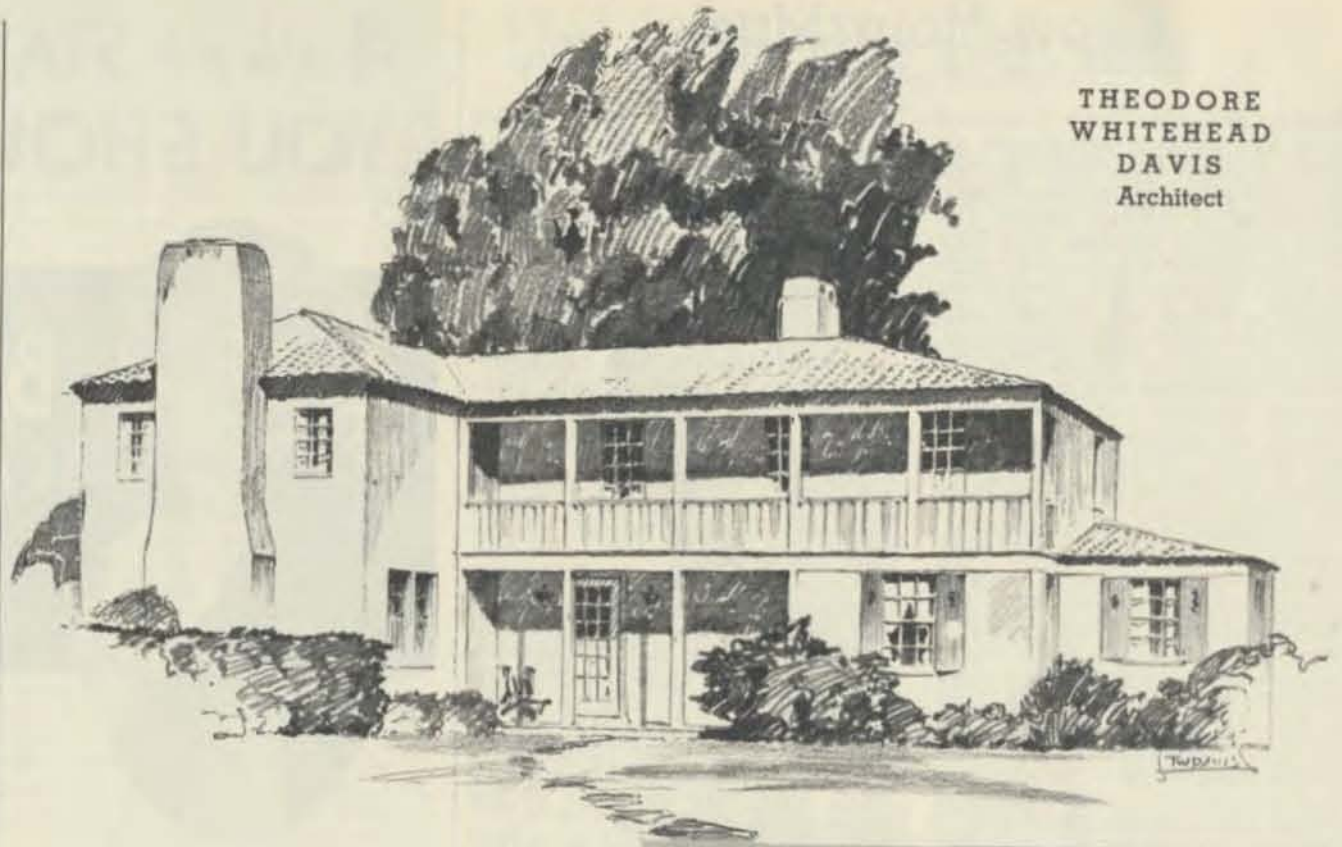
57

EACH day thousands of grocery lists include Heinz Cooked Spaghetti. It is such an appetite-enticing main dish, and so inexpensive and quickly fixed for serving! Tender strands of Heinz-made spaghetti come to you adrip with a sauce which many good cooks admit is better than their own concoctions. Made of ripe tomatoes, imported cheese and meat stock, deftly seasoned with just the right spices. It is rare good fare. Warning: Prepare for clamorous demands for second helpings.

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY
PITTSBURGH, U. S. A. • TORONTO, CANADA
LONDON, ENGLAND

HEINZ
COOKED
SPAGHETTI

THEODORE
WHITEHEAD
DAVIS
Architect



KATE SMITH plans a HOUSE

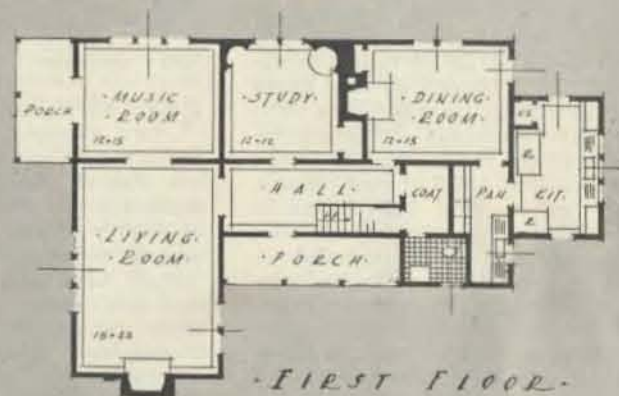
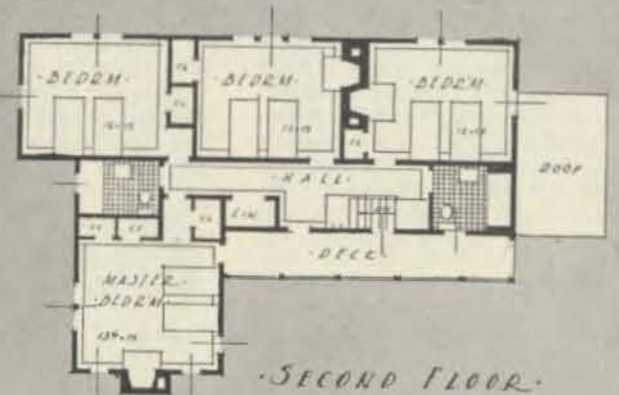
Large rooms, lots of fireplaces and a loud-speaker in every room are features of the house designed for Miss Smith

KATE SMITH is even prouder of her ability as a housekeeper than she is of her phenomenal success as a radio star, therefore, she is exceptionally interested in home planning and building. The type of home Miss Smith wants to build is the California Spanish style. A roomy house with lots of fireplaces and, of course, a radio in every room, including the bathrooms. She does not want servants' quarters in her house, as she likes to take care of it in her own way.

Miss Smith's ideas were adapted to this lovely design of an early California house. The exterior walls are cream-colored stucco, topped by roof tiles in tones of buff. The woodwork is of solid lumber, white-washed, which is so characteristic of this style of building.

The general design of the floor plan is in an L-shape, which gives excellent light and ventilation to the rooms.

On the first floor there is a large entrance hall with the living-room on the left. To the rear of the living-room is a music room. The study, with its small fireplace also serves as a library, with book-



shelves lining the walls. To the right of the entrance hall is the large coat closet and lavatory. The dining-room, pantry and kitchen make up the balance of the first floor.

The second floor contains four bedrooms, two baths, and a long, open balcony. Each bedroom is provided with ample closet space and the linen closet is exceptionally large and conveniently located.

As to furnishing and decorating her ideal house, Miss Smith expressed a desire for simplicity in the treatment throughout. She wants the interior carried out to be in perfect harmony with the rugged sturdiness of early California Spanish architecture, but equipped with every modern comfort and convenience.

If you would like to see a house designed for your favorite radio star in a future issue of this magazine, send in your request with the star's name to Tower House Editor, TOWER RADIO MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Short Wave Department

(Continued from page 36)

That one day it is cold and the next very mild. When we have one of those cold days, signals from Moscow, passing over the Baltic Sea, have no difficulty being heard here. Their new schedule of English programs is: Sunday, Monday, Wednesday and Friday, 5 to 7 P.M. Eastern Standard Time; Saturdays (on 25 meters) from 11 P.M. until sign-off. Sundays (on 25 meters) 7 A.M. and 11 A.M. Eastern Standard Time. It is possible that the Saturday program may not be heard.

Then, too, the Asiatics should come thundering in. Can you show me a short wave fan who does not wax enthusiastic when he hears Japan or Java? Short wave broadcasting stations are very active in these two countries. For many a week we all were hearing JVM,

27:93 meters but lately JVT, 44:44 meters, has been heard every morning from 4 A.M. E.S.T. until 6 and 7 A.M. The programs broadcast by this station are relayed from JOAK. They rarely are musical programs but consist of the stock reports, baseball games and sporting events. JVN, 28:14 meters is another of the active Tokyo stations and has been reported on the west coast as being heard quite clearly as early as 8 P.M. Pacific Standard Time.

FROM Java we received information on their short wave broadcasting stations, also their commercial phone circuits. The latter broadcasts occasionally using directional aeriels toward Europe, America, Australia and the Far East. A "sharp eared" tuner is li-

able to run afoul of one of these Bandoeng stations almost any morning. Try for them. Here they are. PMA, 25:27 meters; PLE, 15:93 meters; PMC, 16:55 meters; PLP, 25:27 meters; PMN, 29:24 meters, PLV, 31:90 meters. PLE is very active and it employs 8 kilowatts power to radiate its transmissions. Whenever this phone circuit is active it usually transmits music for modulation purposes. When you hear this station, the volume will astonish you and many a doubting Thomas will distrust his own ears.

With these latest schedules of the major and most reliable short-wave broadcasting stations, we have plenty to tune for on a cold frosty night. So until next month when we hope to greet you with a load of short wave tips.

How to be a Radio Star

(Continued from page 11)

It was an exciting year in 1898! Everywhere there was a new spirit in the air, especially in Cuba where our brave boys were being introduced to bacardi rum for the first time. Back home women were enjoying their emancipation and their new-found freedom. They were throwing off their corsets in wild abandon and all over the country bands were playing—"The Girdle I Left Behind Me."

Meanwhile, I was quietly at work in my experimental laboratory in Flushing, N. Y. Benjamin Franklin had discovered electricity, Edison had perfected the incandescent lamp and I was about to discover radio.

Twenty-four hours a day I puttered around among my test-tubes never realizing to what use they would be put in 1934. Always I had a vision ahead of me and without knowing it, I was on the road to success. A bad detour at Canarsie delayed me no end, but I kept my chin up and went forward. (When I work twenty-four hours a day I don't shave and if I don't keep my chin up, it raises ned with my collar.)

At the end of six months, I had discovered the atom. In a year I had developed an ohm, in two years an ampere, and in three years a watt! Pretty good, watt?

In five years I had succeeded in developing 67/8 watts, which by a coincidence is also my hat size. With this increased wattage, I was able to broadcast over a larger area than heretofore—or heretofore for that matter.

As I told the reporter at that time, in speaking of my wattage, "Wattage sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander."

SO it was in 1903 Station KUKU first saw the light of day in the middle of a stormy night. Today as I sit in my private office in the center of Radio City with microphones, wires, networks and Rockefeller all around me, I smile in retrospect at those early days and stick out an impudent tongue at the sign on the wall

which says—"Do not retrospectorate on the floor."

In that early day, KUKU had only 67/8 watts, one old microphone, six feet of picture wire and a ramshackle stable for a studio.

I clearly recall the day when I walked into the old stable. I stood there and looked around and said—"Well boys, it certainly is an old stable." How they laughed at my quick wit. They showed me a place in the stable which they said would be good for my studio . . . but it was only a stall. Nothing daunted, I placed my microphone in position, got the piano out of tune and I was ready to broadcast. Then it was discovered there was no connection for the electric current. Always ready for an emergency, I looked about the stable and discovered an old plug that had been left over. In a moment we were on the air. In two moments we were off.

I remember clearly, to this day, the first words that went on the air from Station KUKU. They were spoken by the electrician who touched a piece of bare wire, and he said—Well, anyway, our license was revoked for six months.

The history of radio is the history of Station KUKU and the history of KUKU is the history of radio, and that's an even break all around. For years KUKU kept faith with its public—the faith on the barroom floor.

As is well known in radio circles, the first microphone was the old carbon microphone, named after Alexis P. Carbon, the young engineer who married Virginia Dioxide, the youngest daughter of Senator Dioxide of North Carolina. The Carbon-Dioxide nuptials were the event of the season of 1904.

As it happened I was the inventor of the carbon microphone, the discovery taking place this way. One morning I was experimenting with various mixtures at my bench and by chance I poured two parts of H together with one part of O which as every scien-

tist knows make H-O. My elbow accidentally struck a bottle of BNO (banana oil) and spilled several drops into the test-tube. Immediately I heard a dull buzzing sound. I listened. The buzzing kept recurring at regular intervals. Then I recognized it. It was the dial tone! Then, sure enough, a feminine voice said—"What number are you dialing, please?"

"H-O," I said in amazement. "That number is now Trafalgar 7-6031," said the voice. And by George, it was!

That is how I came to invent the carbon microphone, of which I shall tell you more in my chapter on "Microphones" in a later lesson. (Advt.)

AS the years went on and Radio and I developed, I invented the condenser microphone (from an old can of condensed milk) then I perfected the ribbon microphone with different colored ribbons for the various networks, the crooner (who had no voice in the proceedings) and the female trio which sings all its songs the same. I did not, however, invent the high soprano.

The high soprano is a horse of another coloratura.

Today we stand at the crossroads and it would be much more intelligent if we would lie down on them. Where is radio going? Why is it going? Where is Sylvia? What happened to Charley Ross?

But always remember, dear students, that there is one great fact standing out clearly among all the scientific and sociological angles of this great modern luxury—radio. There is always one step that you, the individual, can take in the advancement of human happiness. There is always one thing left!

Every radio set has a little switch that you can push and turn the damn thing off!

Next month Prof. Knight will discuss the Voice! What to do with it, why and why not.

"YES, MA'M,
AND WE'LL NEED
HEINZ
KETCHUP, TOO"



57

SO many men *always* seem to need Heinz Tomato Ketchup with their meals that it's by far the largest selling ketchup in the world. Rich, red drops that give delicious and definite flavor to all sorts of things. Meats, fish, eggs, croquettes, hash, baked beans, and many other dishes. Heinz chefs take the time and pains to make it richly thick with the flavors of fresh-from-the-garden red tomatoes and rare good spices. Always say Heinz to your grocer.

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Stop a COLD the First Day!

Drive It Out of Your System
—Roots and All!

A COLD once rooted is a cold of danger! Trust to no makeshift methods.

A cold, being an internal infection, calls for internal treatment.

A cold also calls for a COLD remedy and not a preparation good for a number of other things as well.

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is what a cold requires. It is expressly a cold remedy. It is internal and direct—and it does the four things necessary.

Four Effects

It opens the bowels. It combats the cold germs and fever in the system. It relieves the headache and grippy feeling and tones and fortifies the entire system.

Only Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine supplies those four effects and anything less than that is inviting trouble.

Get Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine at any druggist, 35c and 50c. The 50c size is the more economical "buy." Ask for Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine by the full name and accept no substitute on any pretext.



GROVE'S LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE

Listen to Pat Kennedy, the Unmasked Tenor and Art Kassel and his Kassels-in-the-Air Orchestra every Sunday, Monday, Tuesday and Thursday, 1:45 p. m., Eastern Standard Time, Columbia Coast-to-Coast Network.

Tin Pan Alley Goes Radio

(Continued from page 29)

The ASCAP, in addition, collects about \$600,000 annually from the 600 stations in the country for the use of their music on sustaining programs. What the new arrangements will be when this contract expires, nobody knows. The stations want to pay less, the melody men clamor for more.

As far as the theaters are concerned, more than 12,000 of the film houses are licensed by the ASCAP. They pay ten to twenty cents a seat annually, depending upon their capacity. This is a new and higher rate that became effective this past October.

HOW then, you may ask, are the composers and publishing firms in the ASCAP allotted this money? What is the measuring stick by which the revenue is divided?

There are two systems of rating in the ASCAP—one for the music publisher, and the other for the author. Each is classified alphabetically, and the payment is according to the standing.

First, let us take the ones who concoct the words and tunes—the songwriters. In the top class—labeled AA—are such princely fellows of music as Jerome Kern, Sig-mund Romberg, George Gershwin, Irving Berlin, Walter Donaldson, and a few gifted others. Their annual stipend sometimes may reach \$15,000, contingent, naturally, upon what the intake is for the year. Close upon the heels of the "double A's" is the A class, then the BB, the B, and so on down the alphabet until the tail letters are reached. Those at the foot of the classes may receive even less than \$100, but they are the recently initiated members or unproductive members.

There isn't a set formula for the rating manipulations, which, by the way, are master-minded by the board of twenty-four directors. All sorts of phases are considered in determining the rankings, the prolificness of the writer in turning out smash hits, the type of his music, his seniority in the society, his contribution to the musical shows of stage and screen, and his prominence, leadership in the business and general reputation. However, it is the ability of the writer in turning out big-selling songs that really wields the most influence.

But now let us delve for a moment into the music publishers' angle. When the song-pluggers, or "contact men" of the music publishers, as they call themselves, work day and night, and night and day, to inveigle the artists and bands to purvey their current catalog, they have another reason other than to popularize the tunes. For, strange as it may seem, the rating of the publisher in the ASCAP depends almost wholly upon the "plugs" the firm can garner. Publishers are paid off by the society much in the same manner as the composer, according to their alphabetic listing. The music house's background and copyright ownerships have something to do with their rating, but the "plug" is the thing.

There you have the music situation. No matter what the songmen say about radio, they are

totally dependent upon the kilocycles to carry their tunes to the nation. It is the only way the numbers can be catapulted to popularity in order to capture whatever portion of the music-counter populace is still left. But, what is more important, the ASCAP pays off according to the number of "plugs" a tune factory can beg, steal, or borrow.

The reasoning for this method of money distribution seems fair enough. The broadcasting stations pay their percentage to the society, states the latter, for the privilege of using the copyrighted songs on their radio programs. Thus, by this token, the publishing firms whose songs receive the most airings, are, theoretically speaking, of greater service to the customer, and really deserve a higher share of the profit.

It may seem like a herculean task to keep a gauge of each "plug," for obviously, because of its dollar-and-cents value the report must be

ing this, he spends a considerable portion of his salary for capable joke writers—and, in addition, long hours of fretting over the final job. A song is material to the singers. But instead of spending a part of their income for this material, the vocalists and bandleaders have it brought to them on a silver platter by the song-pluggers. It is up to the artists to exercise their own good taste to select the wheat from the chaff. In some cases, performers are reputed to be paid by publishers anxious to have their songs aired. However, such tactics have been decreed unethical by the ASCAP.

The music world is a hectic one. The doors along Broadway's Tin Pan Alley, marked Shapiro, Bernstein and Co., Remick's, Harm's, and other firm names, harbor all variety of music writers. There are the Berlins, Gershwins and Kerns, and the stragglers who spend their crazy lives hoping their next tune will be a terrific smash. But it seldom is. The firms can only exploit five or six numbers at a time. Thousands are turned down. Some pieces wait years for their turn. "The Last Roundup" was one of these.

One of the strangest items about music row is the inability of certain writers to repeat after having produced a great song. Try as they do, it just doesn't succeed. "Yes We Have No Bananas" was a single hit. Its writers, Frank Silver and Irving Cohn, never produced another ditty anywhere near like it. Felix Bernard, one of the "Playboys" piano team on the radio, authored one of the biggest hits of all time, "Dardanella," but that remains his only claim to the fleeting fame of Tin Pan Alley.

A NUMBER of entertainers on the air today double in song-writing. Isham Jones has fathered almost as many never-to-be-forgotten melodies as anyone else. His titles, most of which were published when there were real royalties, include "I'll See You in My Dreams," "It Had to Be You," "On the Alamo" and "Spain." They made him a rich man, but, oddly enough, his very first hit, the greatest seller of them all, brought him only \$50 for its sale outright. You remember it—"You're in the Army Now."

A few years ago Little Jack Little was a song-plugger—he sang and played his Alma Mater's catalog whenever he got a chance. Then a few radio stations began to boast listeners. He was one of the first to appreciate the value of broadcasting as a medium of popularizing a song. He wrote "Jealous" and it sent him on a successful career as a tunesmith. Ted Fiorito, Johnny Green, Carmen Lombardo, Peter de Rose, Gus Arnheim, and Willard Robison are among radio names who write words and notes under the ASCAP banner in their off-the-air moments.

They, too, complain "It ain't what it used to be." That may be true. But it doesn't disturb the surface of Tin Pan Alley. The search for hits goes hopefully on with radio as the new outlet for all their musical efforts.

Along the Airways

Annette Hanshaw's 17-year-old brother, Frankie, has organized a band, with Frankie singing as well as conducting . . . "Too many orchestras use the same arrangements," protests Jack Denny, "so it's no wonder new songs are done to death so quickly" . . . "I'm told radio is an instrument of the home," remarks Alexander Woolcott, "but I haven't been home since I was twelve years old, so I have to stick to an itinerary of my friends' homes in order to hear my favorite radio shows" . . . John B. Kennedy was born in Quebec, Canada, the son of an Irish father and a French mother . . . Conrad Thibault has signed a contract to sail with the Maxwell House Show Boat until September, 1935 . . . The Westminster Choir, American vocal group now touring Russia, reports that the favorite of audiences over there is "St. Louis Blues" . . . Pitts Sanborn, TOWER RADIO'S own contributor on famous writers of music, is commentator with the Philadelphia Orchestra . . . The team of Ohman and Arden is splitting.

accurate. However, only the network performances of songs are tabulated. The ASCAP itself maintains an elaborate system of check-ups through a large listening and clerical staff. The radio chains also keep a fool-proof accounting of each song that emanates over its webs. First, the detailed numbers must be submitted in advance to their music divisions—and cleared—before permission for the broadcast of the songs is given. This is cross-checked by the production man's report on the broadcast itself, listing each and every musical selection played or sung. Each publisher subscribes to his own daily survey. Someone got the bright idea to hire a few shut-ins to listen to the major New York stations at all hours, and publish a mimeographed report of the tunes heard on each station for delivery on the publishing moguls' desks bright and early the next morning.

A radio comedian is dependent upon his material. He's never funnier than his script, and, know-

In Defense of Temperament

(Continued from page 31)

broadcast. Instead of having the microphone placed directly in front of her face—as the other stars have—she uses one which hangs over the audience. This gives her a chance to give that audience a real show, exactly as if they were attending one of her concerts. She makes the most elaborate gestures, the lowest bows and turns on the full fire of her histrionic talent. But before she goes on, she is utterly certain that everything is exactly right. Her accompaniment must be perfect, the stage lights must be placed just a certain way, her gown must fall in fixed folds, the microphone must be in the proper place. Upon all these things Rosa Ponselle insists. She gets them, too. And, if that be temperament and the result the

perfect performance that Ponselle gives, then we could use a lot more of it in show business.

Rosa Ponselle may be heard each Monday at 9:00 P.M., E.S.T., over the following CBS stations:

WABC, WADC, WOKO, WCAO, WNAC, WKBW, WBBM, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WOWO, WDRG, WFBM, KMBC, WHAS, WCAU, WJAS, WEAN, KMOX, WFBL, WSPD, WJSV, WMBR, WQAM, WDBO, WDAE, KERN, KMJ, KHJ, KOIN, KFBK, KGB, KFRC, KDB, KOL, KFPY, KWG, KVI, WGST, WPG, WLBZ, WBRC, WICC, WBT, WDDO, WBNS, KRLD, KLZ, WLBW, WBIG, WHP, KTRH, KLRA, WFEA, WREC, WISN, WCCO, WLAC, WDSU, KOMA, KOH, WMBG, WDBJ, WHEC, KSL, KTSB, WTOG, KSCJ, WMAS, WIBW, KTUL, WACO, WMT, KFH, WSJS, WORC, WNAX, WKBH, WDNC, KGMB, WALA, WSFA, WMBD.

What the Colleges Think of Radio

(Continued from page 21)

considerable number of men listen to the Philharmonic and other concerts regularly."

From the University of Vermont, Dustin White reported:

"The men like sports especially. Nearly everyone heard at least half of each world series' game. Second to that they like slow music. It doesn't disturb them while they are studying. In general a college student is full of facts and cares for little more."

MARVIN C. WAHL of *The Syracuse Daily Orange* observed that, "because of its ever-widening scope, radio is becoming more vital in our daily lives.

However, there is decided room for improvement."

At the University of Virginia, ninety-five per cent of the students would like to own a radio, according to Murat Williams of *College Topics*:

"Of these I think that twenty-five per cent would like to have the radio in operation at all hours. This latter group I cannot call serious students. They are those who consider college a drudgery and who want to escape the burden of studying by having radios play in their ears while they read their college texts. I believe that sixty per cent of the students have no discrimination between the various types of programs they hear. Anything that furnishes a so-called relaxation is agreeable, and at the expense of the discriminating students they will keep a radio going in spite of the program. The majority of students look on radio as an escape from their surroundings. The best students look upon radio as an evil during ninety per cent of the time and an opportunity for enjoyment when they have thirty minutes or an hour to hear a good program."

Thus Mr. Williams seems to find the serious minded minority at variance with the general campus preference.

AT Bowdoin, students assert that if soft music is playing they are able to concentrate on their studies much better. It is held to be more popular than the movies as a source of diversion, chiefly because it is free. The student body takes it as a matter of course. Probably twenty per cent own radios and the rest listen in at dormitories or fraternity houses.

It becomes clear from this survey that the collegian is thus an important factor of the radio audience and a factor with ideas and tastes so well defined that they are worthy of consideration.

CONTRIBUTORS TO THE TOWER RADIO COLLEGE POLL

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The Lovely Golden Hair You Had... When You Were A Little Girl... Why Not Have it Again?



RESTORE LOST LOVELINESS TO DARKENED BLONDE HAIR—SAFELY, SKILLFULLY WITH MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH!

The shining blonde hair that captured hearts when you were a little girl—Why Not Have It Again—To Capture Hearts Again!

Remember—Nature gave you pretty blonde hair—you have every natural right to keep your hair as lovely as nature created it. Give blonde hair the special simple treatment it needs—and darkening will stop—lustrous golden tints will creep back into your hair.

Marchand's Scientifically Prepared for Darkened Blonde Hair

The Marchand hair experts have spent a lifetime studying blonde hair—what causes it to darken and how to offset the effects of darkening, safely and successfully. The fruit of their long scientific labor is Marchand's Golden Hair Wash, tested and proven a thousand times over. Right now thousands of women are using this fine product to protect light hair from darkening.

Some women want radiant, striking blonde hair—others want only to give their hair a tiny, highlight tint—without making a

decided change in the shade. Marchand's Golden Hair Wash will do either. Its effect can be controlled very closely. Hair can be lightened a tiny shade at a time until you obtain the tint that pleases you most. New hair growing in can easily be matched.

Marchand's is perfectly safe, it is not a dye or powder. It will not wash out or come off, it has a lasting effect on the hair. Easy to do at home. No skill required.

Restore youthful golden beauty with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. Get a bottle today.

Also Makes Arm and Leg Hair Invisible!

The same reliable Marchand's makes dark excess hair INVISIBLE like the light unnoticeable down on the blonde's skin. This avoids shaving—you have no fear of re-growths at all because you do not cut or attempt to destroy the hair. Limbs look dainty and attractive through the sheerest of stockings. The easy, inexpensive, and most satisfactory way to treat excess hair.

Ask Your Druggist Or Get By Mail—Use Coupon Below

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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.G. 135.

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

162 HANDS TALK IN 7-DAY MANICURE TEST

Test proves Chic Nail Polish equal to "salon" polishes costing 75c or more



This test was made with Chic, costing only 10c, on one hand and an expensive "salon" polish on the other. The polishes were supplied in plain unlabeled bottles, simply marked "A" and "B." The women testing them did not know which was which.

"A"—expensive "salon" polish

"B"—Chic Nail Polish



After 7 days' wear the results show—

81% find Chic equal to costly salon polishes or better . . . and two out of three of them say Chic is actually better and give definite reasons for saying so!

This test proved to them that Chic Nail Polish applied evenly and did not crack or peel . . . that Chic retained its color . . . that its luster was of lasting quality.

You can make this simple test yourself and discover a really fine polish for only 10c.

5 CHIC SHADES

CLEAR
PINK
CORAL
RUBY
DEEP

•ALSO•

Chic Creme Polish
Chic Cuticle Remover
Chic Polish Remover
Chic Oily Polish Remover



AT THE 10c STORES

A Song At Twilight

(Continued from page 13)

bread. He saw a cottage colored amethyst by the evening and blessed with a sense of peace. He was tiptoeing down a graveled path so that he could come up to the kitchen window and peer through it, and say "Boo!" It hadn't seemed at all silly, either—he had been slim then, and in his early twenties.

He tiptoed on, along the graveled path—along the road of memory. She was singing, or was it some strange woman's voice, coming out of a radio cabinet in a swanky club? It was an old song, and her high notes were like the spring-time.

Springtime? No, the room was back again. The stout man noticed that the three other men were listening in an odd, rapt way. Would they be surprised if he said—

"You don't count, you and your money and your names in the social register! Once I was married, and in love with my wife. That was real. She died . . . What right've you got to think I'm small-time, anyway?"

THE man with the red hair thought of a youngster, laboriously learning to play the violin. This had been the song she was practising—this maudlin thing about twilight—and he'd been sap enough to experience a thrill out of hearing the kid get it straight. Maybe it wasn't the song that gave him such a funny feeling now, in the pit of his stomach. Maybe it was the thought that the youngster was nearly a woman grown, and going to make her debut next Winter. He'd heard she was pretty wild, and that she never touched her music any more. A darned shame. If Milly had given him another chance—if she hadn't been so money mad—things would have been different. Darn right he would have kept the youngster interested in her violin, and straight, too.

A girl needs more than a mother, thought the red-headed man savagely. A girl needs a father—a father that's been around himself—to set her right in this crazy, changing, chaotic world! Milly hadn't any right to divorce him not on such flimsy grounds. The Judge had been crazy to give the custody of a child to a woman with shallow eyes.

All at once the man with the red hair was sitting erect. What would this crowd do if he said, simply:

"I can't pay the money I've lost. I'm flat as a flounder. You'll have to take my note for it—and trust to God that the note'll be good in a hundred or two hundred years. Whether it's good or not doesn't matter a darn bit to me—I've a job on my hands. I've got a kid I haven't seen for ten years, and she's running loose, and I'm going to find her and put her wise to a few things . . ."

The man with the white hair was thinking, oddly enough, of business. Perhaps it was the phrase, "at twilight—when the lights are low—" that set him going. They'd had a crust, those

junior partners at the office, to think that he was ready for an old ladies' home, that it was time for him to retire.

"You're coming into the twilight zone, old man," one of them said. "You've worked hard, and put this outfit in the money, and now you deserve a rest!"

REST, indeed—the white-haired man nearly snorted as the lovely voice drifted out of the radio cabinet! The very next day the Barringer crowd tried to double-cross them, and the junior partners were in such a dither that they stuttered when they tried to speak across the inter-office phone. He hadn't stuttered, even though he was in the "twilight zone." He had sent for Clyde Barringer and told him—in words of one syllable—where he and his crowd got off.

"C. B.," he had said, "you stay in your alley and I'll stay in mine, and we'll both be all right. But the minute you start trespassing, you'll find that I've enough in my mind—and in my safe deposit box—to give you a pretty nasty time."

Barringer had looked like a schoolboy who had robbed an orchard and was full of green apples. He swallowed hard and said:

"I don't like threats, you know."

But he signed an agreement, before he left, that was worth a cool million to the firm.

The junior partners were thunderstruck. One by one they had come to his office and apologized.

"You've got the bunch of us in a tight spot," the ring leader of them said. "We're too full of gratitude to be articulate."

The white-haired man was staring at the boy who had played with him for the last couple of rubbers. That boy might be a composite picture of all junior partners. His glance passed on to the stout man—he'd made his money, they said, raising hogs. The chap with the red hair—what was going on behind those wide blue eyes of his? Suppose he said, right off, to the three of them:

"I'm tired of playing bridge. Let's call it a day. This is just a silly waste of time, just a game. It's too piffling and picayune for a man of affairs. Get someone else to take my hand—try and get someone else! If you do I'll tear up the I O U's I hold against you."

THE boy wasn't thinking of a blond cigarette girl, now. He wasn't thinking of the wise-crack he'd make to his boss when he resigned on the morrow. He was thinking of a woman who had called "Just a Song at Twilight" the sweetest song in the world. She had called it his song, too. He was thinking of his mother, who had always come to his room to kiss him good-night, and had invariably hummed a bar or two of that song in her rich, throaty contralto.

His mother. She had been so beautiful when he was five, and six, and seven and ten. She had seemed like an angel, a radiant

being from another world, as she leaned above his bed and sang. He had always reached out to feel the silk of her dress, crisp, rusty taffeta, rich heavy satin, velvet like the ears of a little kitten.

She wasn't only a beauty, either—his mother. She was a good sport. When his father failed in business, she sold her flashing gems and her cars and even her taffeta and satin and velvet frocks. And she had gone off with him to the crummy little lodge in the mountains where they had spent three days, each Spring, fishing for trout. She tended a garden and did all the cooking and washing.

"I like it, too," she had written not so very long ago. "But I miss you, son. It's a miserable feeling to know that your only boy is working his head off, lonely and alone . . . I was humming a song, the other day, as I peeled potatoes, and when I realized it was your song, I had to blink hard—"

The young man was thinking: "I won't give up my job. I'll stick. I'll make the grade in a real way. It was gambling with stocks that wrecked dad's business. I won't follow in his footsteps."

The young man was wondering what his companions would say if he blurted out:

"This is the last time I'll ever play this lousy game. The money I've won tonight goes to my mother, see? With it goes a letter to say I'm through with a lot of things."

THE song on the air was quivering to a silence, and the voice of the announcer cut across the tinkle of piano music—or was it a harp? There was a knock at the door and the young man rose to open it. While the steward was placing various drinks at various elbows, he went over to the radio and switched off the current.

The white-haired man thought: "Hell, bridge is pretty good relaxation, at that."

He said: "Shall we cut for partners? It's a new rubber, you know."

The stout man thought: "What'd the crowd back home think if they could see me playin' cards with a wizard from Wall Street, and a famous man-about-town, and a young feller who was born on Fifth Avenue, with a gold spoon in his mouth?"

He said humbly: "I'll play better bridge after to-night. You chaps are teaching me a lot." He wiped his beaded brow with a clammy hand.

The young man thought: "What my mother doesn't know can't hurt her, and she said herself she was happy, and I do need a sea trip, and there's no future anyway in the machine shop where I work."

He murmured: "Any girl'd be safe with me, the luck I've had so far."

The man with the red hair thought:

"Maybe a revolver would be quickest—and best."

He raised his glass and said: "Here's to crime!"



Answers to readers' questions about the effect of diet on vocal performance

Ask
THE
DOCTOR

CONDUCTED BY DR. HENRY KATZ

A READER brings up the question of the relationship between bodily weight and the voice. "Most of the old-timers," she writes, "were decidedly overweight and, in my opinion, sang better than the half-starved performers of today. I am sure Kate Smith would lose something of her sympathetic appeal if she reduced to a fashionable weight. Is it true, that other things being equal, extra weight is helpful to the voice?"

Extra weight is no help to the volume and quality of the voice. There are some excellent opera singers who are definitely slender. A notable example is Lily Pons. We think of many of the old-timers as "plump" because they did not reach their pinnacles until well on in years. They took very little physical exercise, and just practicing their vocal chords certainly did not tend to reduce their weight.

"I HAVE heard," writes another reader, "that most radio performers, and singers generally, do not eat before an important performance. I am studying with the hope of being a radio singer some day and find that if I do not eat be-

fore a concert, I become faint. I would like to know if it is true that the voice is better when without food."

It is never a good plan to eat heartily before any important event, an athletic contest, an important business engagement or a radio performance. I do not mean that one should be hungry to the point of starvation. The voice is not better without food, but a loaded stomach draws so much blood from the brain and other organs that they become sluggish and incapable of the alertness needed for perfect performance.

"THERE is a predisposition to tuberculosis in our family. My ten-year-old child is in good health but I would like to have suggestions for a diet that would give him special resistance."

He should have a quart or more of milk a day. He should have meat usually once a day and eggs should be used frequently. Fruits, cereals and vegetables should be given liberally. At least one vegetable besides potatoes should be taken every day. Fresh vegetables are better than cooked vegetables.

This new department in TOWER RADIO is conducted by Dr. Henry Katz, experienced general practitioner and member of the staff of Fordham Pediatric Clinic, New York. If you would like expert advice about any questions of food or diet send them to the Diet Editor, TOWER RADIO, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Dr. Katz will personally direct the answer to your problem unless it is one that calls for advice of your family physician. Questions and answers of special interest will be published—with senders' names omitted—in this department, except where special request is made not to have the answer used in this way. Letters should enclose stamp, or stamped, addressed envelope for reply.

TAKE CARE.. COLDS-SUSCEPTIBLE!

AN EMINENT physician states that of the 60,000 preventable deaths yearly in the U. S., many are due to neglect of the common cold. It is vitally important, therefore, that colds be kept under control.

If you catch cold easily—and your colds hang on—don't take needless chances. Follow Vicks Plan for Better Control of Colds. Thousands of clinical tests, supervised by practicing physicians, have proved its helpfulness—for fewer, shorter and milder colds.

(You'll find full details of this unique Plan in each package of Vicks medications for different types and stages of colds.)

When Colds
THREATEN
..VICKS
VA-TRO-NOL



If a Cold
STRIKES
..VICKS
VAPORUB

Quick!—At that first nasal irritation or sneeze, Vicks Va-tro-nol. Just a few drops up each nostril. Used in time, Va-tro-nol helps you avoid many colds. It aids and stimulates the functions provided by Nature—in the nose—to prevent colds, and to throw off colds in their early stages. Va-tro-nol is remarkably effective, yet absolutely safe—for both children and adults. Easy to use.

At bedtime, massage throat and chest with Vicks VapoRub, the modern method of treating colds—externally. Through the skin it acts direct like a poultice or plaster, while its medicated vapors are inhaled direct to inflamed air-passages. This effective two-way medication brings soothing relief through the night—and without the risks of constant internal "dosing." Often by morning the worst of the cold is over.

These twin aids to fewer and shorter colds give you the basic medication of

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PURE KNITTED COPPER
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INSTANTLY CLEANS POTS AND PANS
Half-times kitchen work
Patented parallel outer layers provide—
"Double the Wear, where the Wear comes!"

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You earn a generous commission selling this children's magazine. Sales are easy and pleasant to make. Write today for details how you can earn more money to buy the things you want.

Olive Reid

TINY TOWER MAGAZINE

55 Fifth Avenue

New York, N. Y.

After the holidays
**HOW DO YOUR
POTS AND PANS
LOOK?**



**S.O.S. WILL MAKE
THEM SHINE AGAIN
LIKE NEW**

Chances are, those after-holiday utensils look dull and spotted, or even blackened. And, you know, if they don't look clean, they're not clean.

They need S.O.S. It cleanses, scours and polishes, all in one easy operation—because the soap is in the pad—an exclusive feature, found only in S.O.S.

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The best scents for you are the ones
you like the most



Tower Studios

I Like Perfume

WHEN anyone asks my advice about what sort of perfume to choose, I always say: "The one that appeals to you personally, the one you don't seem to get tired of."

I think that is good advice. Because, if perfume pleases you, it probably suits your type and personality.

Just the same, I think it is an excellent idea to change your scent once in a while. It makes you feel very rich and pampered to open a new bottle of a new kind of perfume. And it is a good idea, too, to surprise your friends with a different perfume now and then. With all the lovely ones to choose from, it is not difficult to find one that you like.

When perfumes were a lot more obvious than they are today—when the simple floral scents were chiefly used—and when they came in much smaller variety, lots of women used to mix their own particular scent, just so they could get something that really fitted their personality. No woman has to do that today. She can merely sniff a dozen or so samples and choose one that seems to have been specially concocted just for her.

I remember that when my mother was on the stage she used to blend her own perfumes, and everybody thought they were lovely. I thought so, too, and when I used to crawl up into her lap for a good-night when she was ready to go to the theater, I would dig my nose into her furs and think how much like her the lovely odor of her perfume was.

says
**HARRIET
HILLIARD**

I use eau de cologne rather lavishly. It is not a substitute for perfume. It should really be used for its effect on the skin—though the delicacy of its odors is very appealing and always so fresh.

Last Summer when I went on tour with Ozzie Nelson and his band, we sometimes had very long motor trips between towns where we were appearing. And sometimes, because of some delay, we would reach our destination just in time to go on the stage. So I would have to make up in the automobile. And I used eau de cologne to freshen up my face before applying my stage make-up. You can cleanse the face with cream, wipe it off with tissues, and then pat eau de cologne generously all over the skin. It leaves a lovely odor. More than that, it really has a stimulating effect on the skin.

Now that we are back on location, eau de cologne has its uses in my life, too. I pat it all over my skin after a bath. And sometimes I put a few drops of it on my pillow to soothe myself to sleep.

Girls in offices are often up against the same problem as mine—of getting ready for an evening date without a very good place to work in. I think a bottle of eau de cologne in the desk drawer is a great help. The face can be cleansed with cream, then stimulated with the eau de cologne—or, in a pinch, the eau de cologne alone can be used to cleanse the face before fresh make-up for the evening is applied.

You can use perfume after

Winners
to be announced
this next month



WATCH next month's magazine for the names of the Tower readers who wrote the best letters about helpful shopping experiences in Drug, Department and Grocery Stores and who will share in the \$3,000 prize awards.

THE judges are studying your letters now to decide who deserves the 246 cash awards. It is no small task, as you can well imagine, to select from thousands the best out of so many letters. Each one received told a revealing story of service and helpful interest and of its importance in making the sale and building good will for the store. Your letters—the first ever received in a national campaign for friendly, helpful service—give a valuable picture of the shopping experiences of a great cross-section of women who buy for themselves, their families and homes.

THREE men who are outstanding in their respective fields are acting as judges: Ken R. Dyke, advertising manager of the Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Company; Karl Egge, publicity director, Bloomingdale's Department Store, New York; and Thomas L. Burch, advertising manager of the Borden Company.

Don't miss the February issue for this important announcement.

Tower Magazines, Inc.
55 Fifth Avenue
New York, N. Y.

For children's CROUPY COUGHS

So often serious trouble starts with a croupy cough or slight throat irritation. Don't delay, rub chest and throat with Children's Musterole—good old Musterole in milder form. Recommended by many doctors and nurses because it's a "counter-irritant"—NOT just a salve. Its soothing, warming, penetrating benefits seem to melt away congestion—bringing ease and relief, generally. Three kinds: Regular Strength, Children's (mild), and Extra Strong, 40¢ each. All druggists. Hear "Voice of Experience"—Columbia network. See your newspaper.



Millions use **HUSH** Deodorants FOR BODY ODORS

Fastidious women prefer HUSH to stay sweet. Effective—easy

3 Kinds - CREAM - LIQUID - STICK

Now available in 10c sizes everywhere or send 10c for each kind desired.

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Burpee's Giant Zinnias
4 Pkts for 10¢

Four Best Colors
SCARLET, YELLOW, LAVENDER, ROSE

Burpee's Guaranteed Seeds. 4 Giant Zinnias, one regular full-size packet of each color (value 10c) sent postpaid for only 10c. Don't miss this remarkable offer. Burpee's Garden Book FREE. Write for your copy today. W. ATLEE BURPEE CO., 909 Burpee Bldg., Philadelphia

NEW EASY WAY **KEEP WIRES OFF FLOOR** (LAMPS AND RADIO)

10¢ JUSTRITE PUSH-CLIP AT WOOLWORTH'S

A neat job instantly. No damage to woodwork. No tools needed. Set of eight colored clips to match your cords, 10c.

Revealed!

THE SECRET OF HANDS THAT CREATE COMPLIMENTS

Hands, velvety smooth, that excite flattering comment, are yours surprisingly easy, by using Chamberlain's Lotion. It quickly youthifies your hands, makes them white, lovely. Containing 13 different, imported oils, it revitalizes the skin, restores beauty. Clear liquid, not gummy, Chamberlain's Lotion is absorbed in 37 seconds without bothersome stickiness. Let your own hands prove what it can do. Two sizes—at all drug and department stores.

USE THIS COUPON

Chamberlain Laboratories, Des Moines, Iowa.
Please send free trial size of your lotion.

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Address.....

Chamberlain's Lotion

using eau de cologne, as the odors blend and the eau de cologne is always delicate—just fresh and refreshing. Either eau de cologne or toilet water makes a very good scent for sports and morning use, generally. The heavier perfumes are most suitable for afternoon and evening.

Perfumes, by the way, should always be carefully applied. Some women just spill them on, you know. I put a little behind each ear and on the throat. The warmth of the skin brings out all their lovely odor.

I GET a great deal of enjoyment out of the letters from readers on their beauty problems. They show such an intelligent effort to make the most of their good looks, such willingness to take advice.

Here is one typical of many: "I am not bad looking" (that's just modesty, probably; I am betting the girl who wrote that letter is really pretty) "but my skin gives me a lot of trouble. It is too oily. What can I do?"

Most skins are either too oily or too dry—at least their owners think they are. But there is always something to do.

Thorough cleansing, first. If possible three or four times a day, with mild soap and warm water, then a thorough rinse with tepid and then cool water. At night use a mild cleansing cream, mas-

saging it lightly in with upward and outward movements. Wipe it off with facial tissues, and then give the face its soap and water cleaning.

If there is no eruption on the skin, use a flesh brush. Be sure to keep it immaculately clean, washing it with soap and hot water, then rinsing it in tepid water containing baking soda, then in clear, cold water. Let it get thoroughly dry every day, even if that means drying it on the radiator or in the oven. Never use it if it has laid damp for twenty-four hours. And if there is any eruption on the face, don't use the brush until it heals, for fear of spreading the trouble.

After rinsing the face at night, use a mild skin tonic, and use the tonic again in the morning after washing the face. Be persistent, and I am sure this treatment will help your skin.

Harriet Hilliard may be heard with Ozzie Nelson's orchestra each Sunday at 7:30 P.M., E.S.T., over the following NBC stations:

- WJZ, WBAL, WMAL, WBZ, WBZA, WSYR, WHAM, KDKA, WGAR, WJR, WLS, KWCR, KSO, KWK, WREN, KOIL, WTMJ, WIBA, KSTP, WEBC, WDAY, KFYR, WRVA, WPTF, WJAX, WIOD, WFLA, WSM, WMC, WSB, WJDX, WSMB, KVOO, WKY, WFAA, KPRC, WOAI, KOA, KDYL, KGO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHO, KTAR.

What Does Your Dog Think of You?

(Continued from page 15)

say, "Where is baby?", and thought the baby must still be in the blazing house. He started to dash back into the flames to the baby's crib, and the owner caught him just in time to save him from being burned to death. The owner had to struggle with the dog, who would not be quieted until he was taken out to the barn and shown that the baby was safe.

"When my daughter was a baby," Mr. Terhune recalls, "we had a collie, Lad, who acted as a sort of guardian for her. Whenever she would toddle up to an open fireplace and seemed to be getting too close, Lad would just quietly walk between her and the fire and keep her out of danger. He wouldn't bark at her or frighten or excite her. He just quietly put himself between her and danger. In the same way, if she walked too near the top of the stairs, Lad would be right there to walk in front of her and see that she didn't tumble down the steps."

MR. TERHUNE speaks always as a kind man who loves dogs, and he takes great pride in the dogs he raises on his beautiful estate, "Sunnybank," at Pompton Lakes, New Jersey. "I raise mostly collies," he says, "for they are my favorite breed. I don't say that collies are better than all other breeds. It just happens that collies are my favorite breed, and I love to have them around me. I think a dog owner should choose

whatever breed appeals to him most."

The same ability to tell interesting stories that Mr. Terhune showed in such books as "Lad, A Dog," "Buff, A Collie," "Black Caesar's Clan," "Grey Dawn," and "Lad of Sunnybank" he shows in his dog stories on the air. They are dramatized, and make very vivid episodes. Both children and grown-ups listen to his programs with great interest.

The programs are presented by the makers of Spratt's dog foods, and they make a generous offer in connection with their programs. They like to receive pictures of pet dogs from their listeners. Each week they select the five most interesting and appealing pictures of dogs that are sent in, and to each owner they award an Eastman motion picture camera. They also award dog kits to the next best fifteen pictures.

It is Albert Payson Terhune that listeners are most interested in, and if you tune in next Sunday afternoon he will have an exceedingly interesting dog story for you and all the family.

Terhune Dog Drama may be heard each Sunday at 5:45 P.M., E.S.T., over the following NBC stations:

- WJZ, WBAL, WMAL, WBZ, WBZA, WSYR, WHAM, KDKA, WGAR, WJR, WENR, KWCR, KSO, KWK, WREN, KOIL, KOA, KDYL, KPO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ.



NOW—Relief From Ugly Skin Blemishes, "Nerves" and Constipation

with Yeast in This Pleasant, Modern Form

DO UGLY pimples and other skin blemishes embarrass you? Does constipation drag you down, rob you of strength and vivacity? Do you often feel nervous, fidgety and irritable?

For all these troubles doctors recommend yeast. Science has found that yeast contains precious nutritive elements which strengthen your digestive and eliminative organs and give tone to your nervous system. Thousands of men and women have found this simple food a remarkable aid in combating constipation, "nerves," and unsightly skin eruptions.

And now—thanks to Yeast Foam Tablets—it's so easy to eat yeast regularly. For here's a yeast that is actually delicious—a yeast that is scientifically pasteurized to prevent fermentation. You will enjoy munching Yeast Foam Tablets with their appetizing, nut-like flavor. And because they are pasteurized they cannot cause gas or discomfort. This yeast is used by various laboratories of the United States government and by leading American universities in their vitamin research.

Any druggist will supply you with Yeast Foam Tablets. The 10-day bottle costs only 50c. Get one today. See, now, how this corrective food helps you to look better and feel better.



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FREE MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY
You may paste this on a penny post card

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Please send free introductory package of Yeast Foam Tablets.

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New *De Luxe* Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads for Corns, Callouses, Bunions and Sore Toes instantly relieve pain; stop shoe pressure; soothe and heal; prevent sore toes and blisters; ease new or tight shoes; and quickly, safely remove corns and callouses.

New SKINTEX Covering

De Luxe Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads have the marvelous new, velvety soft, flesh color *SkinTEX* covering which does not soil, stick to the stocking or come off in the bath. Hides foot blemishes. Get a box today at your drug, dept. or shoe store.

NEW De Luxe Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads
Put one on—the pain is gone!

Jimmie Wanted a Boat

(Continued from page 22)

by this means. The only thing that was hard about it was raising the ten-dollar instalment monthly on the new saxophone which he still plays at parties in his own home.

It was the quality of his tone, as he sang with the Glee Club, that attracted the attention of Dr. A. H. Murphree, president of the University, and led to his advising Jimmie to transfer to Vanderbilt University at Nashville so that he might also study music. Jimmie was a good boy who took advice, so he went to Nashville and became the pupil of Gaetano De Luca, famous opera singer, who was holding master classes at the Nashville Conservatory of Music.

After he finished his college course, he remained for two years more to study music at the Conservatory, and with a hundred dollars in his pocket and his head in the clouds he set out for New York.

HE didn't know a soul in New York, but he found an astonishing number of New Yorkers out that first day. Another lad—a boy from St. Louis and other parts named Lindbergh—had arrived from France. Melton spent his first day trying to cross Fifth Avenue.

When he succeeded, he headed for the citadels of Roxy, who was making the world sit up and listen to His Gang.

There was the place for a singer like himself. Roxy didn't reciprocate the enthusiasm for seeing him. A couple of secretaries who must have closed their eyes to that Melton smile made it perfectly clear that Mr. Rothafel was granting no auditions.

That being the case, there was only one thing for Mr. Melton to do. He leaned his six-foot-two of masculine pulchritude against the wall, stuck his hands in his pockets and lifted his glorious voice in song. A door flung open, Roxy burst out and Melton was in!

He was "in" with a salary of a thousand dollars a month to start, orders to "work two out of three weeks and get out into the country for a rest every third week." Not that he looked as though he needed it. He was what he is today, tall, graceful, broad-shouldered and slim-hipped, handsome and debonair, the once straight blond hair turned black and curly.

If his is no Horatio Alger story, it is not the saga of an accidentally successful boy. Too much drilling and the perception of a college president may have hastened his career, but it was inevitable that music would be his metier. He has always loved to sing. He has a mind as well as a voice and the accomplishment of its perfection—the gruelling, never-ending work—is passionately part of him.

Of the rapid rise and popularity of his golden voice little need be said here. Readily he is identified with The Revelers, of which distinguished quartet he was top tenor, the Seiberling Singers, The Voice of Firestone, Coca Cola, Salada, General Motors, Mobiloil, The Town Hall and countless other programs.

It was while he was with The Seiberling Singers that he was asked to make a concert appearance at the Seiberling home in Akron,

Ohio. It was just another concert to Jimmie and to Marjorie Louise McClure (home for the holidays from Bryn Mawr College) it was one of those things you have to go to.

Marjorie Louise, in a red frock that pointed up the dark gold of her hair and her flawless skin, sat dutifully beside her mother, Marjorie McClure, well-known novelist. She listened to the gentleman on the stage extolling the virtues of the fine, upstanding, supports-his-family youth, one James Melton. When a pale youth with great horn-rimmed glasses came upon the stage Marjorie gave her mother one of those wouldn't-you-know-he'd-look-like-that? glances. The youth sat down to the piano and Jimmie, flashing eyes and sweeping smile, walked onto the stage.

Marjorie reached for her vanity case.

Two hours later, Jimmie said to his brother Bill, "That girl in the red dress . . . I'm going to marry her. It's happened . . . I'm in love!"

It had. He knew she was the only girl for him. There was one twenty-minute date the next day and the second date two weeks later. That time they got engaged, and a year later, when Marjorie had her degree from college, she stole the show (the only one that wasn't Jimmie's own) when she walked up the aisle on his arm, a vision in white satin.

The Meltons have been married five years and they're in love with each other. They live in a charming, luxurious duplex apartment on East End Avenue in New York City high above it. An apartment that echoes with song, rings with laughter and houses the perfect continuity of living that exists between these two.

When they're not at the apartment or the studio, you'll find them on *The Melody*, the sleek and shining cabin cruiser that completes the Melton's enchanted circle. There's a captain and a houseboy, a piano, victrola and radio aboard her, and occasionally intimate friends, among whom you will find Lawrence Tibbett and John Charles Thomas.

There's luck and luxury, achievement and its reward in Jimmie Melton's life. Enough for any man unless he happens to be part Spanish, part Irish and all artist. And then there is always a higher goal. That's what Melton is and his goal is the Metropolitan Opera.

And this season he will stand alone on its hallowed stage in audition. A cavalier challenger to the company of the truly great.

James Melton may be heard each Wednesday at 9:00 P.M., E.S.T., over the following NBC stations:

- WEAF, WJAR, WCAE, WCSH, WLIT, WFBR, WRC, WGY, WBEN, WTAM, WWJ, WMAQ, KSD, WOW, WIS, WJAX, WIOD, WSB, KTBS, WTMJ, WDAF, WRVA, WSMB, KPRC, WOAL, KSTP, WLW, WTAG, WTIC, KVOO, WKY, WEBC, WPTF, WSM, WEEL, WMC (WFAA off 9:45).

Also on Wednesday at 12 midnight, E.S.T., over the following NBC stations:

- KOA, KDYL, KPO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ.



Now looks and feels like a new woman, thanks to DR. EDWARDS

DON'T let your skin get blotchy — don't let headaches dull your eyes and fill your forehead with wrinkles. This very night, give Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets a trial. For 20 years, they have helped thousands banish unsightly blemishes and pimples; have made dull cheeks bloom again with girlish beauty.

"The internal cosmetic"

An efficient substitute for calomel and much easier to take, Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets get at the cause of so many poor complexions. They help nature restore normal action in the intestines and sweep out deadening poisons of constipation.

See and feel how this tested compound of vegetable ingredients can bring back the buoyant joy of health. No griping. Safe and harmless. Non-habit-forming. For listlessness, sallow skin. Nothing better. 15¢, 30¢, and 60¢.

Children's Magazine

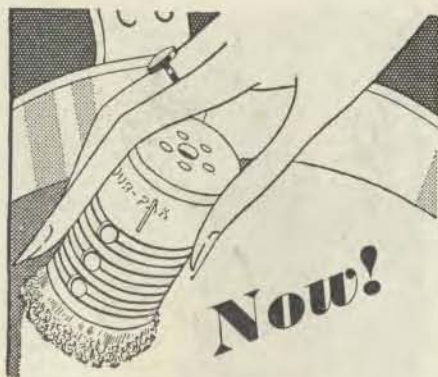
also in this
NEW LARGER SIZE

Boys and girls will have more fun than ever with TINY TOWER

Here's a magazine for children just as big as mother's! Bigger pictures. Longer stories. Larger puzzles. Better games. Bigger things to make. Small boys and girls have always loved Tiny Tower . . . and the larger size (beginning with the Christmas issue) will be more fun than ever. Be sure they find a copy in their Christmas stockings! Now on sale at F. W. Woolworth Company stores and also on newstands.

The Christmas issue will bring so much happiness that you will want it to come every month . . . so just send one dollar, with a child's name and address for a year's subscription.

TINY TOWER
55 Fifth Avenue New York, N. Y.



SKOUR-PAK

A Superior Scouring Brush of Steel Wool

- Protects fingers from scratching—you don't touch the steel wool!
- Scours more efficiently—gets into the corners—is easier to handle!
- Keeps clean. Skour Pak's steel wool is treated to resist rust.
- The rubber holder peels off as more steel wool is needed. One Skour-Pak outlasts two big boxes of ordinary steel wool.

Sold at 5 and 10 cent stores, Grocery, Hardware and Department stores...

RIDGWAYS, Inc. 60 WARREN ST., N. Y. C.

10,000 TINY SHUTTERS

Through a microscope, rough, chapped skin is like 10,000 tiny shutters torn open—broken skin—dry, hard, cracked. Ordinary lotions only glaze over this.

DAME NATURE Cream

is unusually rich liquid formulated by a woman physician who found others ineffective. It absorbs into your skin—softening, smoothing and healing it—not glazing it. It makes the entire skin fabric remarkably smooth, comfy, attractive. Redness, roughness, chap, dryness—disappear. 10c, 25c, 50c. On sale at 10c stores. Dame Nature Co., 251 W. 19th St., New York.

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.

Home of the International Correspondence Schools



Go to High School at Home

You can secure a high school education right at home by studying the splendid new courses recently prepared by the International Correspondence Schools.

These courses are equivalent to the courses given in resident high schools. They have been specially arranged for men and women who wish to meet college entrance examinations, to qualify for a business position, or to make up the education they missed when forced to leave school too soon. A diploma is awarded at graduation.

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Without cost or obligation, please send me full particulars about the course I have checked below—

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| <input type="checkbox"/> High School Commercial Course | <input type="checkbox"/> Chemistry |
| <input type="checkbox"/> English | <input type="checkbox"/> Radio |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Accounting | <input type="checkbox"/> Drafting |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Salesmanship | <input type="checkbox"/> Electrical Engineering |

Name.....Age.....

Address.....

PAUL WHITEMAN

Likes Almost Anything

MR. PAUL WHITEMAN is coming to luncheon—or at least, for the sake of the story, you assume that you are the cook about to plan the menu and prepare the dishes that he will most enjoy. So you walk right into the studio where he is rehearsing his orchestra, at half past nine in the morning and, reassured by his gorgeous smile, ask him what he likes to eat.

"Oh, I like to eat," he says, looking up from the score. "I like to eat everything."

"But there are special dishes that you like best, Mr. Whiteman. Dishes that strike you as being especially good, things that tempt you when you aren't very hungry."

"But I am hungry," he says, "and I like everything. You see I once weighed over three hundred—"

So you begin again—"But there must be something you don't like—most people, especially musicians, have all sorts of prejudices."

"Snails," says Mr. Whiteman simply. "They're the one thing I ever ate that I didn't like. And you can add rattlesnake meat. I've never tasted it, but I'm prejudiced about it. I like everything else."

"Probably you like foreign cooking," you persist. "Italian—"

Mr. Whiteman smiles his approval. "French cooking too," he says, "and German cooking, and Russian cooking. I like every kind of cooking."

"Who does the cooking at your house?" you ask. "A French cook or a German cook—"

"An old-fashioned southern cook," says Mr. Whiteman. "I like southern cooking, and New England cooking and—"

"Well, suppose you went to luncheon at a restaurant after you finish the rehearsal—what would you order?"

"Anything I happened to notice," says Mr. Whiteman. "I'd like everything on the menu—everything but snails. If I saw something new I'd order it to find out what it was like. I'd be sure to like it."

And the band plays on, and Mr. Whiteman goes on reading the score and you decide that it would be an easier task to cook the meals for the Whitmans than to attempt to tell his admirers what he likes to eat.

"What did you have as the main dish for luncheon yesterday?" you make one last appeal.

"That was at home," says Mr. Whiteman. "We had something new in the way of rice and cheese. Suppose you call them up and ask them how it was made—I know you'd like it."

And so we asked Mrs. Whiteman—and Mrs. Whiteman asked the cook, and the cook got out a pencil and wrote out the recipe. Here it is:

Cheese and Rice Roll

- 2 cups cooked rice
- 1 cup grated cheese
- 1 egg
- ½ cup chopped peanuts
- 1 teaspoon salt
- Pepper
- Milk
- ½ cup buttered crumbs

Mix first six ingredients with enough milk to moisten (about one tablespoon). Shape, roll in buttered crumbs. Bake in moderate oven (350° F). Place on a hot platter, garnish with slices of stuffed olives and parsley, and serve with hot tomato sauce. Six servings.

Try this as a meat substitute for luncheon or supper. It is easy to prepare and delicious.

Cheese and Rice Roll a la Paul Whiteman.



He will order anything on the menu and like it, except snails and rattlesnake

A TRUE STORY

By A MOTHER



who tells of "a vital factor in continuous good health" for herself and her two children

Following faithfully the advice of one's doctor or surgeon, as did Mrs. W. E. Waters, of 344 Lafayette Avenue, Lexington, Kentucky, is very sensible and wise. Read her letter below.

"Twenty years ago, after a painful operation for hemorrhoids, my surgeon warned me that my probably inherited tendency to faulty elimination would be apt again to cause me much misery unless I regularly took Nujol. Since then, Nujol has been as essential to me as drinking water. That is, Nujol is a vital factor in my continuous good health.

"Following instructions on the Nujol folder, I cured myself of life-long (I was then 17) constipation. For years I have been able to go for days without taking any Nujol, but if I am forced to eat white bread (which binds me) or am under any sort of nervous strain, then I can rely on a few nightly teaspoons of Nujol to keep me in good condition.

"Julia Ann, aged 13 and Billy, aged 11, have taken Nujol since babyhood. They both were bottle babies, raised on pasteurized milk which has a slight tendency to constipate. They love Nujol and fuss if I give it to one and not to the other.

"The secret of keeping Nujol palatable and agreeable to take is keeping it cold. There is always a bottle of Nujol in our refrigerator. If either the children or I are away from home, we forestall change of water, habits or diet, by taking a small bottle of the precious fluid with us.

"This I know from personal experience—if the directions with Nujol are followed exactly, anyone with patience and perseverance can develop those regular habits which are the foundation of health and comfort. Why suffer or let your helpless babies or children suffer when there's Nujol?"

Nujol, "regular as clockwork," now comes in two forms, plain Nujol and Cream of Nujol, the latter flavored and often preferred by children. You can get it at any drug store.

What is your Nujol story? If you have been using Nujol for ten years or more, if you are bringing up your children on it, tell us. Address Stanco Incorporated, Dept. 19W, 2 Park Avenue, New York City.

Constipated

Since Her Marriage



Finds Relief At Last—In Safe ALL-VEGETABLE METHOD

IT DATED from about the time she was married—her trouble with intestinal sluggishness, chronic tiredness, nervousness and headaches. Nothing gave more than partial relief until she tried a product containing a balanced combination of natural plant and vegetable laxatives, Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets). The first dose showed her the difference. She felt so much better immediately—more like living.

Your own common sense tells you an all-vegetable laxative is best. You've probably heard your doctor say so. Try NR a today. Note how refreshed you feel. Note the natural action, but the thorough cleansing effect. NR's are so kind to your system—so quickly effective in clearing up colds, biliousness, headaches. And they're non-habit forming. The handy 25 tablet box only 25c at any drug store.

FREE 1935 Calendar-Thermometer, beautifully designed in colors and gold. Also samples TUMS and NR. Send stamp for postage and packing to A. H. LEWIS CO., Desk 110-A2 St. Louis, Mo.

Nature's Remedy GET A **NR TO-NIGHT** TOMORROW ALRIGHT **25¢ BOX**

"TUMS" Quick relief for acid indigestion, sour stomach, heartburn. Only 10c.



The greatest metal scouring device value ever offered... you actually buy two and get one free. Items of lesser merit sell for 5c each. Gottschalk's Kopper Ball does a thorough scouring job with surprisingly little effort... will not rust, splinter or harm the hands. Burned, greased-encrusted pots and pans shine up like new. Avoid imitations. There is no substitute for Gottschalk Quality. On sale at 5 and 10 cent stores everywhere or direct on receipt of 10c. Metal Sponge Sales Corporation, Philadelphia.

Gottschalk's METAL SPONGE



and subtle flattery in these lovely toilettries. French essential oils give their exquisite odour; skin-blend powder tones harmonize with all complexion types. You'll love them... and they cost so little!

Use this COUPON for FREE SAMPLES

"RADIO GIRL", Saint Paul, Minn. Send me FREE Regular Size Radio Girl Perfume and Trial Size Radio Girl Face Powder. I am enclosing 10c (coin or stamps) for cost of mailing. (Offer Good in U. S. only.) T-1

Name.....
Address.....

Programs You'll Want to Hear

(Continued from page 35)

Texaco Program—Ed Wynn, the Fire Chief, with Graham McNamee; Eddie Duchin and his orchestra. (Texas Co.) 9:30 P.M., Tuesday, NBC-WEAF.

Town Crier—Alexander Woollcott; Robert Ambruster's orchestra; guest artists. (Cream of Wheat Co.) 9:00 P.M., Sunday, CBS.

Town Hall Tonight—Fred Allen, comedian; James Melton, tenor; Songsmith Quartette; Lennie Hayton's orchestra. (Bristol-Myers Co.) 9:00 P.M., Wednesday, NBC-WEAF.

Waring's Pennsylvanians—Fred Waring's orchestra with guest stars. (Ford Motor Co., dealers) 9:30 P.M., Thursday, CBS.

Dance Bands

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

Buddy Rogers—12:00 Midnight, Monday, and 12:30 A.M., Thursday, NBC-WEAF.

Dorsey Brothers—11:30 P.M., Tuesday, NBC-WJZ; 11:30 P.M., Thursday, NBC-WEAF.

Eddie Duchin—12:00 Midnight, Friday, NBC-WEAF; 11:30 P.M., Thursday, NBC-WJZ.

Guy Lombardo—12:00 Midnight, Monday, NBC-WJZ, and 11:00 P.M., Saturday, NBC-WJZ.

Imperial Hawaiian Dance Band — (Wyeth Chemical Co.) 2:30 P.M., Sunday, CBS.

Leo Reisman and His Orchestra —With Phil Duey. (Philip Morris & Co.) 8:00 P.M., Tuesday, NBC-WEAF.

Little Jack Little — 11:00 P.M., Sunday; 11:15 P.M., Thursday, CBS.

Ozzie Nelson—11:30 P.M., Wednesday and 11:00 P.M., Friday, CBS.

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

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

Piano and Organ Music

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

Jesse Crawford, organist, 11:15 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

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

Concerts and Classical Music

Carborundum Band — Edward D'Anna conducting. (Carborundum Co.) 8:30 P.M., Monday, CBS.

Cities Service Concert—Jessica Dragonette, soprano; Frank Banta and Milton Rettenberg, piano duo; Rosario Bourdon's orchestra; Grantland Rice. (Cities Service Co.) 8:00 P.M., Friday, NBC-WEAF.

Ford Sunday Evening Hour—Ford Symphony orchestra, Victor Kolar, conducting; mixed chorus and guest artists. (Ford Motor Co.) 8:00 P.M., Sunday, CBS.

General Motors Symphony Concert—Walter Damrosch conducting;

Geraldine Farrar, soloist; guest artists. (General Motors Corp.) 8:00 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

Kansas City Philharmonic Orchestra—Karl Kreuger conducting; De Wolf Hopper, narrator; guest artists. (United Drug Co.) 4:00 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

New York Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra — Guest conductors; 3:00 P.M., Sunday, CBS.

Palmolive Beauty Box Theater—Musical comedies and light opera with Gladys Swarthout and other stars; Nathaniel Shilkret's orchestra; Palmolive chorus. (Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co.) 10:00 P.M., Tuesday, NBC-WEAF.

Sentinels Serenade — Edward Davies, baritone; Charles Sears, tenor; Mary Steele, contralto; Josef Koestner's orchestra. (The Hoover Co.) 5:30 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

Voice of Firestone — Gladys Swarthout, soprano; Margaret Speaks, soprano; Fred Hufsmith, tenor, and Frank Chapman, baritone; William Daly's Symphonic String orchestra. (Firestone Tire and Rubber Co.) 8:30 P.M., Monday, NBC-WEAF.

Children's Programs

Adventure Hour—Og, Son of Fire series. (Libby, McNeil and Libby) 5:00 P.M., Monday, Wednesday and Friday, CBS.

Billy Batchelor — (Wheatena Corp.) 6:45 P.M., Monday to Friday, inclusive, NBC-WEAF.

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

Buck Rogers in the 25th Century —(Cocomalt Co.) 6:00 P.M., Monday to Thursday, inclusive, CBS.

Jack Armstrong—All-American Boy — (General Mills Co.) 5:30 P.M., daily, except Sunday, CBS.

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

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

Skippy — (Sterling Products, Inc.) 5:15 P.M., daily except Saturday and Sunday, CBS.

Tom Mix's Straight Shooters—(Ralston Purina Co.) 5:15 P.M., Monday, Wednesday and Friday, NBC-WEAF.

Dramatic Sketches

Dangerous Paradise—With Elsie Hitz and Nick Dawson. (John H. Woodbury Co.) 7:45 P.M., Monday, Wednesday and Friday, NBC-WJZ.

Death Valley Days—Tim Frawley, Joseph Bell and Edward M. Whitney; Joseph Bonime's orchestra. (Pacific Coast Borax Co.) 9:00 P.M., Thursday, NBC-WJZ.

Easy Aces—Jane and Goodman Ace. (Wyeth Chemical Co.) 8:00 P.M., Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, CBS.

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

Irene Rich — With supporting cast. (Welch Grape Juice Co.) 8:00 P.M., Friday, NBC-WJZ.

Just Plain Bill—Arthur Hughes starring. (Kolynos Sales Co.) 7:15

Now you can get the same Coiffure as the stars... with

HOLLYWOOD Rapid-Dry CURLERS

Scintillating screen stars like to be neat and immaculate—in the style in hair dress as well as the vogue in clothes. So naturally they use Hollywood Rapid-Dry Curlers to get the full, soft, lasting curls that distinguish the truly smart coiffure.

Only Hollywood Rapid-Dry Curlers have the soft rubber lock that keeps both hair and curler securely in place. As the name implies, Hollywood Rapid-Dry Curlers are quick-drying—the perforations permit abundant air circulation. And they fit so snugly that you can wear them comfortably while you sleep, least upon Hollywood Rapid-Dry Curlers.

At 5c and 10c stores and notions counters **5c** Ea

BACKACHES Need Warmth

Thousands who suffered from backaches, pains and chest congestion, now put on an ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTER and find soothing relief. It's simply wonderful for muscle pains of rheumatism, neuritis, arthritis, sciatica, lumbago.

ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTER gives a glow of warmth that makes you feel good right away. It draws the blood to the painful spot. Be sure druggist gives you ALLCOCK'S 25c. No porous plaster has ever been made that goes on and comes off as easily, or that does as much good.

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WITH LAIZ-FLAT THE ELECTRIC BANDING That makes home wiring easy, safe, slightly and theftly. LAIZ-FLAT will provide you with an unlimited number of outlets at trifling cost. Lays flat only, runs and a square, looks on walls, beams, etc. Colors to match woodwork. Always use for LAIZ-FLAT Electric Banding.

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WANT TO BROADCAST?

If you have talent here's your chance to get into Broadcasting. New Floyd Gibbons method trains you at home in spare time. Fascinating course fully explained in Free Booklet, "How to Find Your Place in Broadcasting." Send for your copy today. Give age. Floyd Gibbons School of Broadcasting, 2900 14th St., N. W., Dept. 5A90, Washington, D. C.



"I'm Having a Coming Out Party for the Hidden Beauty of My Hair"

"I used to wash my hair with any old soap. Treated it like a step-child, as though it didn't belong to me. But not since that first shampoo with Marchand's NEW Castile Shampoo. That was a grand coming out party for my hair—for its real hidden beauty.

Why is her hair lovelier, softer than ever before? Because now she uses the shampoo that RINSES COMPLETELY—Marchand's Castile Shampoo. Marchand's leaves the hair shining clean—glowing with natural color and lustre, easy to comb or rearrange into your wave. More shampoos per bottle. Cleanses all shades hair, will not lighten hair. Only 35c. Ask your druggist for MARCHAND'S CASTILE SHAMPOO. Or send to Marchand Co., 251 W. 29th St., N. Y. C.

I Reduced my Hips 4 inches in just 4 Weeks

"This is the first testimonial I have ever written, but I have had such wonderful results from using the Hemp Body-Massager that I feel I should express my thanks. I purchased the massager four weeks ago, and have reduced my hips four inches and my waist-line two and a half inches. In fact I have had to have all my clothes altered, and what a thrill to see the inches come off! With best wishes for the success of the Body-Massager." (Signed) Mrs. R. R.—56th St., N. Y. City.

This is but one of many unsolicited letters from enthusiastic users of the Hemp Body-Massager. (Names and addresses on request.)

It's Easy to Reduce

The Hemp Body-Massager removes fat where fat should come off. It takes off bulges *quickly* and easily from waist—hips—arms—legs or thighs and makes double chins disappear like magic. It firms up flabby flesh, strengthens and flexes muscles and brings grace of carriage and a soft and lovely skin.

Invented by a professional masseur it weighs less than a pound and uses no electricity. When pushed over the body, the soft rubber sphericals pick up and knead the muscles and tissues with the firm gentle action of a skillful hand massage. This is not only an effective aid in acquiring a lovely figure, but does wonders for a tired body and frazzled nerves.

Write today for details of this safe and sure way to new body beauty. There is no cost or obligation.

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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF MARCH 3, 1933

OF TOWER RADIO MAGAZINE, published Monthly at Chicago, Illinois, for October 1, 1934.

State of New York } ss.
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared J. E. Flynn, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the TOWER RADIO MAGAZINE and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation, etc.), of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Tower Magazines, Inc., 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Frederick James Smith, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Business Manager, J. E. Flynn, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Tower Magazines, Inc., 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Catherine McNellis, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Marie L. Featherstone, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

J. E. FLYNN,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of October, 1934.
(SEAL) LAURETTA E. GANLY,
(My commission expires March 30, 1935.)

P.M., daily except Saturday and Sunday, CBS.

Myrt and Marge—Drama behind the footlights. (William Wrigley, Jr., Co.) 7:00 P.M., daily except Saturday and Sunday, CBS.

Red Davis—With Madge Kennedy. (Beechnut Packing Co.) 7:30 P.M., Monday, Wednesday and Friday, NBC-WJZ.

Romance of Helen Trent—(Edna Wallace Hopper, Inc.) 2:15 P.M., daily except Saturday and Sunday, CBS.

Roses and Drums—Civil War stories. (Union Central Life Ins. Co.) 5:00 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

Soconyland Sketches—Featuring Arthur Allen and Parker Fennelly. (Socony-Vacuum Oil Co.) 7:30 P.M., Saturday, CBS.

Terhune Dog Drama—With Albert Payson Terhune. (Spratt's Patent, Ltd.) 5:45 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

Twenty Thousand Years in Sing Sing—Dramatic sketch starring Warden Lawes. (William R. Warner Co.) 9:00 P.M., Wednesday, NBC-WJZ.

Comedy Sketches

Amos 'n' Andy—(The Pepsodent Co.) 7:00 P.M., daily except Saturday and Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

Clara, Lou 'n' Em—(Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co.) 10:15 A.M., daily except Saturday and Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

Gene and Glenn—(Gillette Safety Razor Co.) 7:15 P.M., Monday to Friday, inclusive, NBC-WEAF.

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

Tastyest Theater—Charlie King and Peggy Flynn. (Tastyest, Inc.) 9:45 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

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

Mystery Sketches

Crime Clues—With Edward Rees and John MacBryde. (Harold E. Ritchie Co.) 8:00 P.M., Tuesday and Wednesday, NBC-WJZ.

The Shadow—Frank Readick. (D. L. & W. Coal Co.) 6:30 P.M., Monday and Wednesday, CBS.

Featured Singers

Bing Crosby and the Boswell Sisters—George Stoll's orchestra. (John H. Woodbury Co.) 9:00 P.M., Tuesday, CBS.

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

John McCormick—(William R. Warner Co.) 9:30 P.M., Wednesday, NBC-WJZ.

Kate Smith—3:00 P.M., Wednesday, and 10:30 P.M., Friday, CBS.

Whispering Jack Smith—(Ironized Yeast Co.) 7:30 P.M., Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, CBS.

Household Hints

Betty Crocker—Cooking talk. (General Mills Co.) 10:45 A.M., Monday, Wednesday and Friday, NBC-WEAF.

Betty Moore—House decorating. (Benjamin Moore Co.) 11:30 A.M., Wednesday, CBS.

Cooking Close-ups—Mary Ellis Ames, home economist. (Pillsbury Flour Mills.) 11:00 A.M., Wednesday and Friday, CBS.

Ida Bailey Allen—10:45 A.M., Thursday, CBS.

Frances Lee Barton—(General Foods Corp.) 11:15 A.M., Thursday, NBC-WEAF.

Josephine Gibson—Hostess counsel. (H. J. Heinz Co.) 10:00 A.M., Monday, Wednesday and Friday, NBC-WJZ.

Margaret Brainerd—Beauty expert. (Wm. Wrigley, Jr., Co.) 6:45 P.M., Thursday, Friday and Saturday, CBS.

Magic Recipes—Jane Ellison. (The Borden Co.) 11:45 A.M., Wednesday, CBS.

Mystery Chef—(R. B. Davis Co.) 9:30 A.M., Wednesday and Friday, NBC-WEAF.

Inspirational Programs

All About You—Harold Sherman. (Emerson Drug Co.) 10:30 A.M., Monday, Wednesday and Friday, CBS.

Cheerio—8:30 A.M., daily except Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

Catholic Hour—6:00 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

National Vespers—3:30 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

Voice of Experience—(Wasey Products, Inc.) 12:00 Noon, Monday to Friday, inclusive; also Sunday at 6:45 P.M., CBS.

News Commentators

Boake Carter—(Philco Radio and Television Corp.) 7:45 P.M., Monday to Friday, inclusive, CBS.

Edwin C. Hill—The Human Side of the News. (Wasey Products, Inc.) 8:15 P.M., Monday, Wednesday and Friday, CBS.

H. C. Kallenborn—Edits the news. 6:00 P.M., Friday, CBS.

Lowell Thomas—(Sun Oil Co.) 6:45 P.M., daily except Saturday and Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

Walter Winchell—(Jergens Co.) 9:30 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

Miscellaneous

American Bosch Radio Explorers Club—Talks by explorers; music. (United American Bosch Corp.) 5:30 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

America's "Little House" Program—4:00 P.M., Monday, Tuesday and Thursday, CBS.

Byrd Antarctic Expedition—News from the Antarctic; variety program for the explorers and radio audience; Mark Warnow's orchestra. (General Foods Corp.) 10:00 P.M., Wednesday, CBS.

Ivory Stamp Club—Stamp and adventure talks by Capt. Tim Healy. (Procter and Gamble Co.) 5:45 P.M., Monday, Wednesday and Friday, NBC-WEAF.

March of Time—Re-enactment of the news. 9:00 P.M., Friday, CBS.

National Barn Dance—(Alka Seltzer Co.) 10:30 P.M., Saturday, NBC-WJZ.

National Farm and Home Hour—12:30 P.M., daily except Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

Science Service—Instructive talks. 4:40 P.M., Tuesday, CBS.

Sports Parade—With Thornton Fisher. (P. Lorillard Co.) 6:45 P.M., Saturday, NBC-WEAF.

The Headline Hunter—Floyd Gibbons. (Johns-Manville Co.) 7:45 P.M., Saturday, NBC-WEAF.

Woman's Radio Review—Conducted by Claudeine Macdonald; guest speakers; orchestra under direction of Josef Littau; 3:30 P.M., Monday to Thursday, inclusive, NBC-WEAF.

Of one thing I'm really sure
F-O polish means allure



F-O polish... a real joy for every girl... in five becoming shades that apply evenly and have lasting luster.

At all 100 stores... Cuticle Remover... Creme Polish... Polish Remover... Oily Polish Remover...

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You can learn at home in spare time. Course endorsed by physicians. Thousands of graduates. Est. 36 years. One graduate has charge of 10-bed hospital. Another saved \$400 while learning. Equipment included. Men and women 18 to 60. High school not required. Easy tuition payments. Write us now.

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Extract of famous medicinal herb stimulates throat's moisture

WHEN you cough, it's usually because your throat's moisture glands have clogged. Their healthy secretions change. Your throat dries, sticky mucus collects. A tickling... then a cough! PERTUSSIN stimulates your throat's moisture quickly. Phlegm loosens—is "raised." Relief! Pertussin is safe even for babies. Tastes good.

Doctors have used Pertussin effectively for over thirty years because it is always safe and sure.

GLANDS HERE CLOG—THROAT DRIES—WHEN YOU CATCH COLD, THEN COUGHING STARTS!

"It's wonderful for all coughs," writes one doctor. "It always does the work," agrees another.

PERTUSSIN
helps nature cure your cough

Find Your RADIO Double

Let successful radio women help you to define your type and enhance your charm



Vivacious
JEANIE LANG

ONCE in the early days of radio, people seemed to think that voices over the air would remain just voices. The woman who sang or spoke or chatted, unless otherwise known to her listeners, felt that nothing else mattered, and that no one cared about anything besides the way she sounded. But listeners—especially women listeners—were curious. They wanted to know, and when they couldn't know they guessed, how these voice-women looked and dressed.

Now the personalities and appearance of the radio favorites are as well revealed as stage or screen stars. And radio women go before the microphone as carefully groomed and dressed for the part they have to take as performers who are seen as well as heard.

These women have much to tell you in the way of style and make-up. But the one whose advice and example would be most helpful is the one who in appearance, temperament and general type is most like yourself.

Gladys Swarthout reveals herself over the air as the woman of culture and sophistication. If you also belong to this type, you feel a special thrill of response when you hear her voice. Women of other types may admire her, but she belongs to you in the same way that the book of a favorite author is your possession.

To the athletic young American girl, Rosemary and Priscilla Lane bring a wealth of inspiration, and Jane Froman has special appeal to girls of the collegiate type. If you are vivacious, cute, youthful—and just a little coy—you will feel a special bond of sympathy with Jeanie Lang. Lee Wiley is a radio sister to girls of the siren type, while Muriel Wilson brings a sympathetic inspiration to women whose deepest interests are centered round their homes. Countess Olga Albani stands out as a perfect example of the glamorous European, with vivid appeal to girls of romantic taste, and the countless admirers of Jessica Dragonette may be sure that she, herself, is as lovable and sweet as her voice would indicate. Studying the photographs of these and dozens of other radio stars helps us to know them better, but it is through their radio work that their true types are most clearly revealed.

Finding your radio twin is worth while merely as a diversion. But it may also serve to help you to greater charm, to a closer definition of your type.

A NEW PERSONALITY SERVICE FOR READERS OF TOWER RADIO

And now to help you, and other readers of TOWER RADIO, we have arranged to provide something entirely new in the way of personal service. Write to the Type Editor, care of TOWER RADIO, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, giving a brief description of yourself—your height, weight, hair and eye coloring—and the name of the star whom you think you most resemble. If you have an inexpensive photograph or snapshot of yourself enclose it in your letter. In reply our Beauty and Fashion editors will give you advice and suggestions regarding make-up, dress, hair arrangement, etc., most appropriate to the type to which you belong.



Sweet type
JESSICA DRAGONETTE



Home
MURIEL WILSON



Athletic
ROSEMARY AND PRISCILLA LANE



Romantic
COUNTESS OLGA ALBANI



Sophisticated
GLADYS SWARTHOUT



Collegiate
JANE FROMAN



Siren
LEE WILEY



OVENSERVE dishes
*make a big hit as
 Christmas gifts*

OVENSERVE dishes are the gay, attractive Table dishes you can use for oven baking!

There are meat platters, for instance, on which you can bake meat loaf or fish, and pop right from oven to table. The shirred egg dishes are another suggestion. Look at the cute one-handed French casseroles too, the round baking dishes, bean pots and all the other pieces. Every single Ovenserve dish stands full oven heat, even to the cups, saucers and plates.

They dress up a table. Yet you can safely bake in them. Lift them out with a damp cloth, if you like. Set them hot, on a cold wet surface . . . they won't crack.

Save on the dishwashing, too, because no pots and pans are needed. And the dishes themselves have a fine high glaze that nothing sticks to—easy to wash.

Nice for the refrigerator, also. They don't mind cold any more than heat.

Cost a lot? No, indeed. They're economical gifts, the kind a woman can use every day of the year. And every time she does she'll call down blessings on your devoted head for giving her something that's so useful and so attractive.



OVENSERVE

SOLD AT MANY

F. W. WOOLWORTH CO.

FIVE AND TEN CENT STORES



**ANOTHER
 CHRISTMAS SUGGESTION**

Dinner dishes! In a delicate ivory tone, embossed, and beautifully decorated with platinum bands and striping. Complete dinner service or by the piece. Open stock.



MRS. BOYER'S BERGDORF GOODMAN GOWN IS OF UNCUT VELVET.

*Among the
many distinguished women who prefer
Camel's costlier tobaccos:*

MRS. NICHOLAS BIDDLE, Philadelphia
MISS MARY BYRD, Richmond
MRS. POWELL CABOT, Boston
MRS. THOMAS M. CARNEGIE, JR., New York
MRS. J. GARDNER COOLIDGE, II, Boston
MRS. BYRD WARWICK DAVENPORT, New York
MRS. HENRY FIELD, Chicago
MISS ANNE GOULD, New York
MRS. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, New York
MRS. POTTER D'ORSAY PALMER, Chicago
MISS MIMI RICHARDSON, New York
MISS EVELYN WATTS, New York



Another Camel enthusiast is Mrs. Allston Boyer

In the gay young group that dictates what's "done" in New York, Mrs. Boyer plays a charming part. What to wear, where to dance, what to see, how to entertain, what people prefer to eat, to smoke—she knows all the answers. That is why you find Camels in her house and in her slim cigarette case.

"There seems to be more going on this winter than ever," she says. "Lunches, teas, parties, dances—everyone is gay

and almost everyone is smoking Camels. They certainly add to your enjoyment with their mild, rich flavor and I notice that if I'm tired a Camel freshens me up. Lots of people have told me the same thing. I can smoke all I want, too, and they never upset my nerves."

People find that Camel's finer and MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS give them a healthy "lift" when their energy is low. Smoke one yourself and see.

*Camels are Milder!.. made from finer, More Expensive Tobaccos
.. Turkish and Domestic .. than any other popular brand*