

Tower RADIO



10¢

A TOWER MAGAZINE

APRIL



RUTH
ETTING

Confessions of a Crooner by **BING CROSBY**

ADMIRAL BYRD'S MOTHER LISTENS IN

RADIO IN THE WHITE HOUSE

THE VOICE OF EXPERIENCE ANSWERS YOUR QUESTIONS

RADIO PERSONALITY STORIES
FEATURES • NEWS • PICTURES

Wallace BEERY



The screen which has waited ten years for a picture to equal the thrill, the epic humanity of "The Big Parade" now welcomes "VIVA VILLA." Because "in its 1001 nights of amazing, romantic adventure...in its story of riotous revolution and revelry...in its blood-tingling heroism is entertainment that will pack the theatres of the nation!"

"VIVAVILLA"

An all-star cast with thousands of others
in METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S Giant of Screen Triumphs!
Directed by JACK CONWAY
Produced by DAVID O. SELZNICK

The lies a mirror
can tell!



LAST night, when you were dressed and ready to go, a last look in your mirror showed you a picture that suited even you. You felt that *he* would be pleased, too.

And yet, somehow, he wasn't. His eagerness had cooled.

The trouble? The trouble was, your mirror lied to you!

It told you you were lovely. And you *weren't* altogether lovely.

For your mirror failed to tell you one important thing—that you had carelessly let the unpleasant odor of underarm perspiration creep in to ruin the effect of your lovely appearance.

Don't trust your mirror on this. The only way to be safe from this unseen danger is to make it *impossible*.

Mum! That's what up-to-date girls and women use. A quick bit under each arm and you're safe for all day.

Mum is perfectly harmless to clothing. And it's soothing even to a sensitive skin—so soothing you can use it right after shaving the underarms.

Remember this—in destroying the ugly odor of perspiration, Mum does *not* prevent the perspiration itself.

Trust Mum to keep your underarms always fresh, free from odor. Get Mum at any toilet counter. Mum Mfg. Co., Inc., 75 West St., New York.

**TAKES
THE ODOR OUT OF
PERSPIRATION**

ANOTHER WAY MUM SERVES WOMEN. Mum on sanitary napkins gives that assurance of protection which means a complete and comforting peace of mind on this old, old feminine problem.



NEXT MONTH

"I LOVE PUNS"

Says

ED WYNN

How a boy's joke book made him a star



Catherine McNelis
Publisher



Hugh Weir
Editorial Director

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Frederick James Smith, *Managing Editor*

Cover design by Margaret Lieberman

Tower Radio, April, 1934

Here's *CLAUDETTE COLBERT* talking to YOU!

WHAT IS IT MAKES A GIRL IRRESISTIBLE TO MEN? YOU'VE ALL WONDERED HEAPS OF TIMES, I'M SURE! ONE THING'S CERTAIN — MEN ALWAYS FALL FOR TRULY BEAUTIFUL SKIN ...



WHEN I TELL MY FANS HOW REALLY SIMPLE MY COMPLEXION CARE IS, THEY ALWAYS SEEM SURPRISED! FOR YEARS I'VE USED LUX TOILET SOAP REGULARLY.



GIRLS, DON'T BE CONTENT WITH ANYTHING LESS THAN A TRULY FASCINATING COMPLEXION IF YOU'LL TRY MY BEAUTY SOAP, YOU'LL SEE HOW EASY IT IS TO HAVE THIS CHARM MEN CAN'T RESIST.

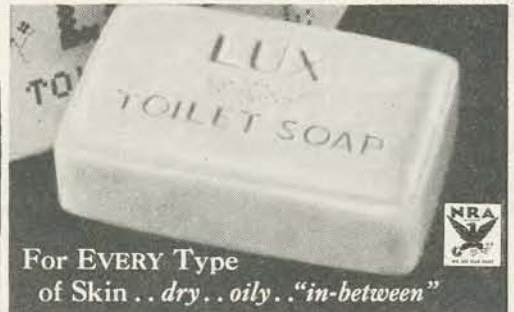


Here Claudette Colbert talks to you about *her* beauty care . . . Lux Toilet Soap. Tells you how *easy* it is to have a truly fascinating complexion!

This bland, fragrant, white soap brings out the hidden beauty of your skin. 9 out of 10 screen stars use it. Girls all over the country are finding that this simple care . . . used regularly . . . keeps their skin radiantly lovely . . . soft and smooth.

Try it! Start *today* to win new loveliness the screen stars' way!

STAR OF PARAMOUNT'S "CLEOPATRA"



For EVERY Type of Skin . . . dry . . . oily . . . "in-between"

Scientists say: "Skin grows old-looking through the gradual loss of certain elements Nature puts in skin to keep it youthful. Gentle Lux Toilet Soap, so readily soluble, *actually* contains such precious elements—checks their loss from the skin."

YOU can have the *Charm* men can't resist



Mack Gordon and Harry Revel, the song-smiths, pose below with some of the chorus of "Sitting Pretty."



By

JOHN
EDGAR
WEIR

The STORY

Behind the Song Hits

How "Did You Ever See a Dream Walking?" came to be written in Hollywood

SITTING in the studios of the great Paramount Pictures Corporation in Hollywood early last Winter was an unusual team, Mack Gordon, lyricist, and Harry Revel, his music composing partner. Gordon, large, heavy and with a humorous twinkle in his blue eyes, and Revel, slight, slender and inclined to be studious. They had flown to the Hollywood studio at the command of the great picture moguls with the order to fashion some tunes for the picture "Sitting Pretty," in which Jack Oakie and Jack Haley were to be starred.

Suddenly one of Paramount's most glamorous stars passed before their view. We won't tell you who she was, because we have a lot of friends out there and we don't want to get in Dutch with all the other lovely ladies of the screen.

Mack Gordon spied her.

"Boy," he said to Harry, "Isn't she a dream?"

"She certainly is lovely," replied Harry. "Wouldn't she make the boys back on Broadway turn around and look if she were walking along that street."

Mack's eyes twinkled. He enjoyed a little fun at the expense of his friend and partner.

"Did you ever see a dream walking?" he kidded.

Harry didn't answer—a train of thought had been started by that chance remark. He turned to Mack. Their eyes met. And then in almost one voice—"I believe we've got it," they said.

Harry rushed to the piano and pounded out several notes; Mack stood beside him and ad libbed several words. Within a few minutes they had the frame work of a song that was destined to sweep across the country—on the air, in the dance halls, and on the vaudeville stage.

You've heard it, on the air perhaps, maybe in the picture "Sitting Pretty," for which it was written. The final title of the song was, "Did You Ever See a Dream Walking?"

De Sylva, Brown and Henderson, who published the number, felt that it would be the biggest hit of the year. Immediately after the first weeks of its release, it passed the mark set by "Underneath the Harlem Moon," last year's smash hit by the same two boys. Another of the songs from the picture, "Many Moons Ago," is also making a great number of friends throughout the country.

Mack Gordon, who writes the (*Please turn to page 69*)



MR. CARR NEVER CALLED BUT ONCE. I WONDER WHY MEN LOSE INTEREST IN ME SO QUICKLY

SHALL I SPEAK FRANKLY, DEAR?



PLEASE DO, SIS. I REALLY WANT TO KNOW

LATELY YOU'VE BECOME A LITTLE CARELESS... ABOUT "B.O." I MEAN WHY NOT USE LIFEBOUY?..



HOW FRESH AND CLEAN LIFEBOUY MAKES ME FEEL! NO CHANCE OF "B.O." NOW



"B.O." GONE - romance comes

MAMA, I SAW MR. CARR KISSING AUNTIE

THAT'S ALL RIGHT, NORA MR. CARR AND AUNTIE ARE ENGAGED



LIFEBOUY IS MARVELOUS FOR THE COMPLEXION, TOO!

LIFEBOUY'S bland, creamy lather gives that thorough, pore-deep cleansing that is the foundation of all complexion beauty. Massage this rich, soothing lather well into the pores; then rinse. Do this rightly—watch your skin

grow clearer, fresher—lovelier than ever!

Its very scent is different!

Clean, fresh, vanishing as you rinse, Lifebuoy's pleasant, hygienic scent tells you this delightful toilet soap purifies pores, gives extra protection against "B. O." (body odor).

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau.



HOW BETTY SAVES MONEY ON WASHDAY



BILL, I'VE SAVED AT LEAST \$100 SINCE I THREW OUT MY WASHBOARD

HOW, BETTY?



BY SOAKING CLOTHES IN RINSO SUDS INSTEAD OF SCRUBBING THEM THREADBARE AGAINST A WASHBOARD

THAT'S FINE



MY CLOTHES LAST 2 OR 3 TIMES LONGER SINCE I CHANGED TO RINSO

—AND YOU'RE GETTING YOUNGER AND SWEETER-LOOKING EVERY DAY SINCE YOU STOPPED SLAVING OVER A WASHBOARD

RINSO WASHES CLOTHES WHITER?

YES - 4 OR 5 SHADES WHITER!

Approved by Good Housekeeping Institute.

Be clever! Use the soap that saves scrubbing and boiling—that does away with the old-fashioned washboard.

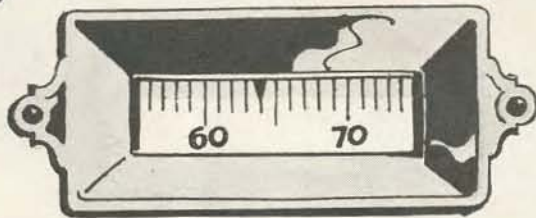
Be thrifty! Use the soap that soaks out dirt—makes clothes last 2 or 3 times longer—saves you lots of money. Many women save as much as \$100 or more on clothes washed this safe, easy way.

Be modern! Use Rinso. Its lively suds last and last—even in hardest water. Wonderful suds that soak your week's wash whiter than ever. The makers of 40 famous washers recommend Rinso. Makes dish-washing and all cleaning easier, too. Saves the hands.

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS CO.

The biggest-selling package soap in America

Behind the Dial



By
NELLIE REVELL



What is going on in radio. Latest news of the private lives of the stars who ride the airways

NELLIE REVELL, who will write intimately of radio people for TOWER RADIO each month, is probably the best known newspaper woman in all New York City. Well known as a writer for newspaper syndicates and magazines, she knows everyone prominent in the theatrical, radio and literary world.

Born of a famous circus family, Miss Revell spent her early years with traveling shows. After the completion of her education in the Middle West, she turned to journalism and later became America's first woman press agent. Later, she became widely known in New York newspaper circles as one of the editors of the famous old Morning Telegraph. With the development of radio, Miss Revell became deeply interested in this newest field of entertainment and education. No writer is better known or has more personal friends in the world of broadcasting than Miss Revell. She writes at first hand of her subject and her comments, to appear

exclusively in TOWER RADIO, are vivid, authentic and interesting.

MAUDE ADAMS, most glamorous figure of the American stage, made her radio debut on the Pond Program under circumstances as unique as her personality. On February 10th of last year she visited the NBC studios to observe the workings of the wireless and to determine if her talents might be adapted to that medium. Nobody but John Royal, vice-president in charge of programs, knew her identity. Although her researches continued for months, none suspected that the little lady having *carte blanche* about the place was the most famous actress of her time. When her true identity was disclosed,

(Please turn to page 10)

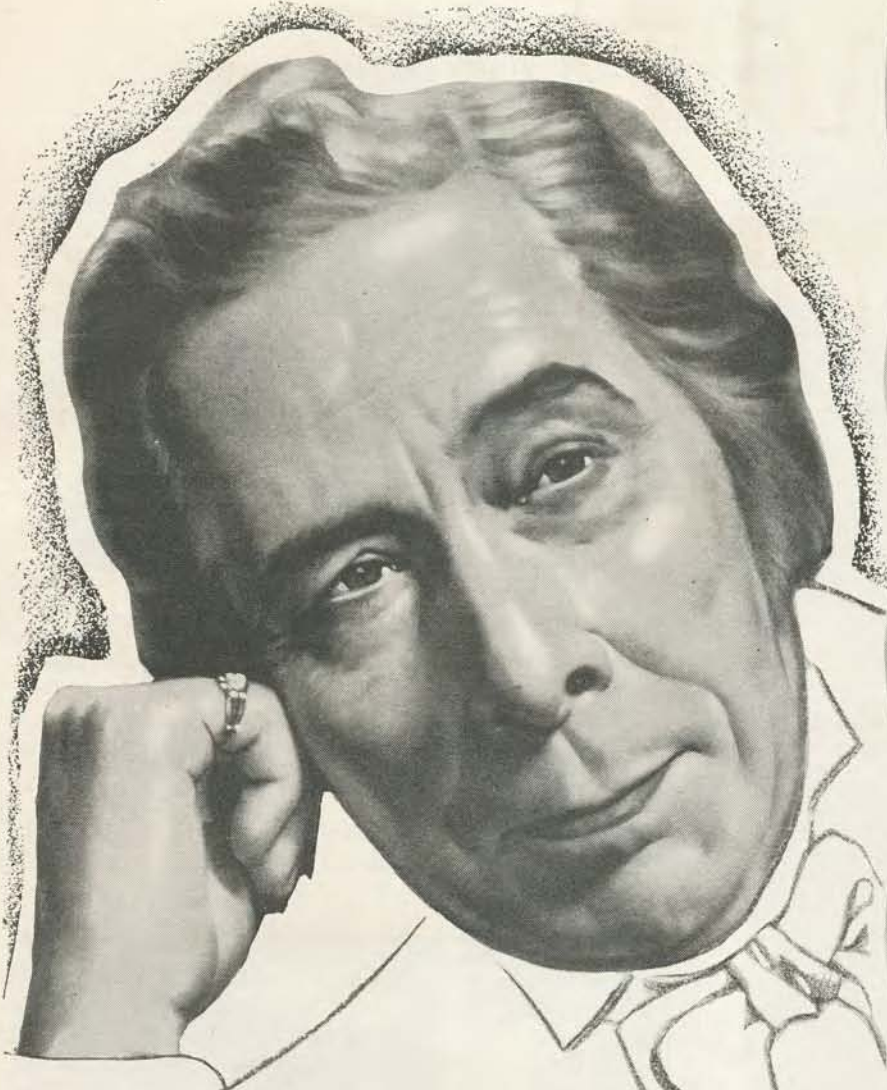
At one time **B. A. Rolfe** was a producer of musical extravaganzas for vaudeville.



Rosemary and Priscilla Lane have spent their entire professional career with Fred Waring and his orchestra.



Culter



The
YEAR'S GREATEST
PICTURE IS ON
THE WAY! . . .

His heart bled for the shattered romance of his lovely daughter. To rebuild it he matched his wits against the brains and power of Europe, and pulled down from heaven the star of Napoleon's destiny...This is Arliss at his greatest.

JOSEPH M. SCHENCK
P R E S E N T S

GEORGE ARLISS

IN A DARRYL F. ZANUCK PRODUCTION

The HOUSE of ROTHSCHILD

WITH
LORETTA BORIS ROBERT
YOUNG · KARLOFF · YOUNG
AND A SUPERLATIVE CAST OF MORE
THAN 100 FEATURED PLAYERS

A
20th
CENTURY
PICTURE.
Released
thru
UNITED
ARTISTS





Violinists never use valuable instruments when playing over the airwaves



Gypsy Nina, born in Chicago, spent her childhood touring Europe, making her a gypsy.

Culver

(Continued from page 8)

the most surprised man was the engineer who had spent weeks with her in experimental broadcasts.

Major Edward Bowes, father of the Capitol Family which attends services on an NBC network every Sabbath morning, is now head of an important radio station in the New York area. Stations WRNY, WPAP, WQAO and WHN, all of the metropolis, have been merged into WHN, owned and operated by the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Film Company, and managed by the Major.

Bob Taplinger, who conducts those "Meet the Artist" sessions on Columbia, reports a sidelight on the Byrd Expedition, which his company is covering so successfully with its rebroadcasts from Little America. It happened when the crew to the South Pole was being recruited. An ad soliciting seamen for the long and dangerous voyage to the Antarctic appeared in a morning newspaper and it was still damp from the press when the captain of the *Jacob Ruppert* was awakened by the violent ringing of his door bell. On the threshold stood a man in evening clothes as dishevelled as his speech. "Mornin', Captain," said the stranger. "Jus shaw your ad and want to shay I cannot, under any shircumstances, join the 'xpedition!'"

George McClelland, who resigned as a vice-president (there were only ten others at the time) of NBC to start a new network, is the creator of the American style of broadcasting; i.e., the plan whereby the advertiser pays the freight instead of the set owners as in Europe. In 1922 on Station WJZ McClelland induced a dairy manufacturer to sponsor a program advertising his butter product. McClelland's new chain, to be composed of existing independent stations from coast to coast, isn't expected to function before the Fall.

Eddie Cantor and Ed Wynn clash about the desirability of studio audiences. The Coffee Salesman wants to abolish them; the Fire Chief wants to retain them. In the midst of the controversy, Wynn tells about a comedian who wouldn't permit spectators at broadcasts because he had been working in vaudeville so long the sight of an audience unnerved him! Of course, he didn't mean Cantor, for Eddie makes pictures when he isn't clowning on the air, but just the same the banjo-eyed comic thought it a dirty crack.

Tito Guizar's business manager is his wife. In Mexico, their native land, she is known as Nenett, a popular singer and dancer. Nenett gave up her own theatrical career to handle her husband's affairs, and Columbia officials will tell you she is very able at it. The Guizars have a boy, now at the teething age, and it is Tito's regular job to lullaby him to sleep nights with his guitar.

Annette Hanshaw, blues singer on the Maxwell House Show Boat program, doesn't dare take any sugar in her coffee the night of the broadcast. It makes her voice too husky. Miss Hanshaw was a recording artist and entertainer at exclusive social functions of New York's 400, before coming to radio.

The script called for a lion's roar, the pant of a tugboat and the crackling of ice on a river. Were the Columbia sound effects men stumped? Not a bit of it. They reproduced the lion's bellow by playing, very slowly, a phonograph record of a barking dog. The exhaust of the tugboat was obtained by similar handling of the victrola disc of a railroad locomotive. The grinding ice cakes were simulated by the property man rubbing an inflated balloon.

If anybody tells you (as they most likely will) that violinists like Albert Spalding, Jascha Heifetz, Yehudi (Please turn to page 51)



Culver

In a year Nino Martini rose from a little known tenor to a star of the Metropolitan opera.



Culver

Betty Barthell, snapped in a telephone booth. Is she phoning one of her many suitors?

Carl Laemmle, Jr.



CHALLENGE of YOUTH!

Carl Laemmle, Jr., Executive Producer
of Universal, Looking for New Faces

By DEXTER WYNNE

DRAMA! Movement! Color! Youth! But above all, youth—challenging youth, new faces, new blood, new zest! That is what young Carl Laemmle—they call him "Junior"—production head at Universal City, is looking for. Which is right, too. For he's the spirit of youth, in his own life, his own personality, his own smile—this chap who is himself little more than a boy and who is known as the youngest major producer on the Coast.

His smile was more youthful than ever when he told me of Universal's plans for the Spring as he sat at his great flat desk in the New York offices.

"We have some great pictures coming," he declared, "pictures that we are all proud of and that the exhibitors will rub their hands over. And in them all we are trying to emphasize that spirit I've been telling you about—the spirit of youth. You can spell the word in as big capitals as you want. We have 'The Countess of Monte Cristo' with lovely Fay Wray, which Karl Freund did for us. And we have 'Let's Be Ritzy' with Lew Ayres, which Edward Ludwig is directing. And, speaking of this, we have 'Glamour' with Constance Cummings and Paul Lukas. There is a play for you. William Wyler is handling the megaphone.

"And not to be outdone, Universal is going into romantic plays. There is, for instance, Vicki Baum's 'I Give My Love.' And there is that realistic romance of modern futility, 'Little Man, What Now?' This will be Margaret Sullavan's second picture, and Universal is counting heavily on Frank Borzage's handling of this actress. And, did I hear somebody mention John Stahl's name? Well, he is deep in Fannie Hurst's 'Imitation of Life.' Just wait until you see what he does with such a story!

"But don't forget," he concluded, "what I told you about youth. That is what Universal is pounding hardest at in its program—the spirit of youth—not the coming generation, but the generation that is here now!"—Advertisement.



Lovely Fay Wray in "The Countess of Monte Cristo" and, below, Frank Borzage, who will direct "Little Man, What Now?."



Fannie Hurst, distinguished novelist and author of "Imitation of Life."



Margaret Sullavan of "Only Yesterday" fame, who stars in "Little Man, What Now?."



Eddie Cantor has become
a big brother to all his
radio audience

By
JOHN
SEYMOUR



"The public is sick of
gags," says Eddie Cantor.
"I know what the com-
mon people want because
I'm one of them."

MIRTH with

WHEN an entertainer's routine becomes so familiar to the public that they are able to anticipate his next stunt, then you may know, even if he doesn't, that he is on the way to the scrap heap.

Sometimes it is a circuitous route, leading by way of decreased salary checks and less favorable press notices to run-down vaudeville houses, where the performer lingers on, a pathetic spectacle, ringing the changes on the old act, wondering why the public doesn't crowd in to see him any more.

This is especially true of comedians, and most of all, of comedians in radio. Even while he is enjoying his brief span of glory some other wag who can make a new kind of funny noise or is ready with a new catch phrase is already waiting in the wings to crowd him out of the spotlight.

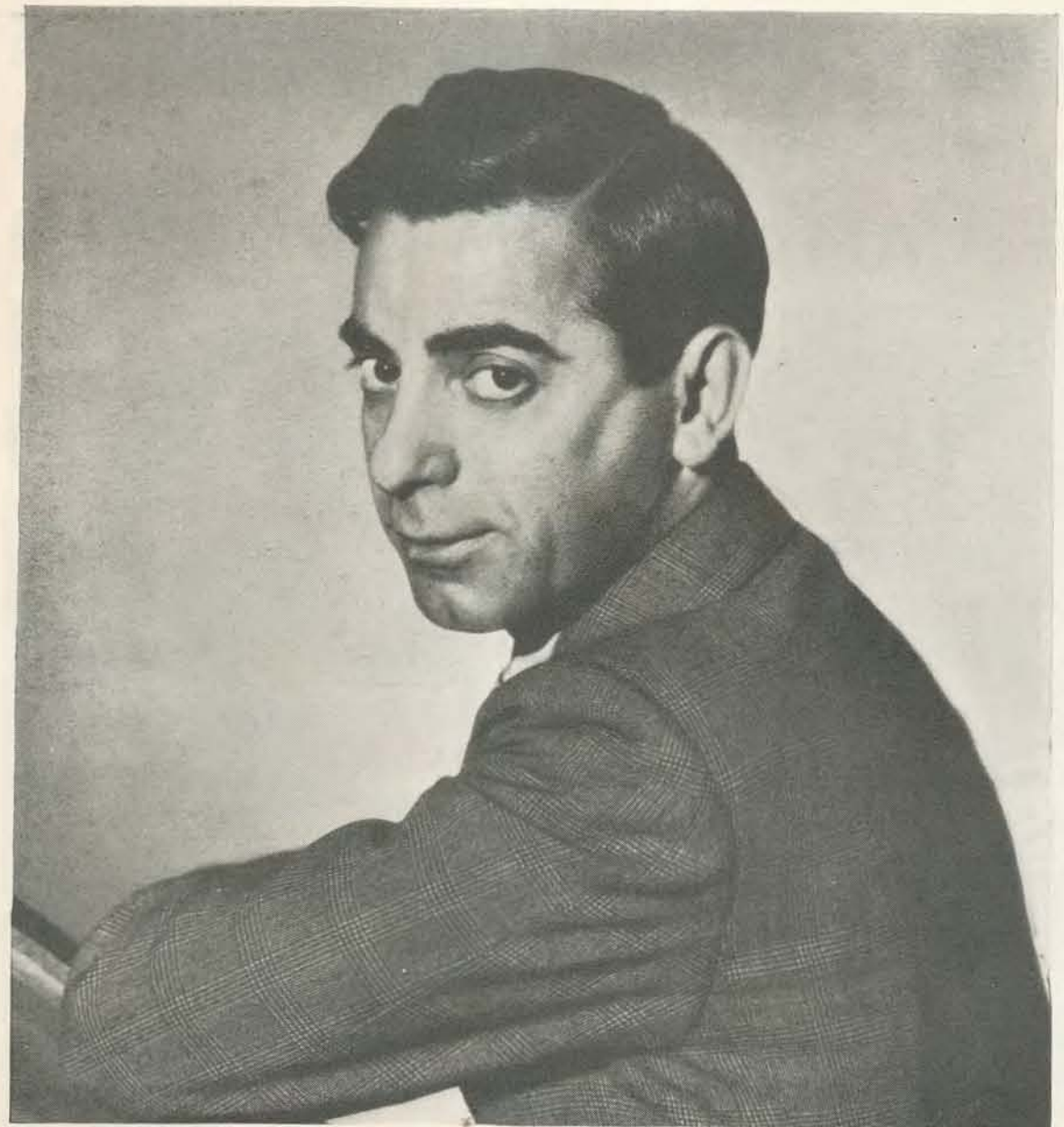
Eddie Cantor, the shrewdest of his tribe, is fully aware of this state of affairs. And he has worked out a simple

antidote for it. Eddie succeeds himself. Just about the time his fans think they have him pegged, he turns up with a new line of attack and has them guessing all over again. He is the man who has been waiting in the wings with a new funny noise and a new catch-line, to capture the public fancy afresh.

As a result, Eddie finds himself still at the pinnacle after twenty-five years of trouping, at a point in his career when a good many comedians would have retired to raise ducks on Long Island.

At the time I saw him in richly appointed Studio H in the new Radio City headquarters of NBC, just before his Sunday night broadcast, he had only been back on the air three weeks and he had already been placed first in a popularity poll conducted by a Cleveland paper. His different type of comedy had caught on.

I asked Eddie just how his program had changed. The



a MISSION

set-up looked the same. There was Rubinoff, his shaggy head bent over his fiddle, still the butt of Eddie's jokes. There was Jimmy Wallington with his unvarying smile and ever-ready questions.

"I'm changing my program this way," Eddie said. "When I started out on the air, I used mostly gags with some situation comedy. Last year I used about half gags and half situations. This year I am using ninety per cent situation and only ten per cent gags. I'd like to get away from gags altogether. What gags I do use are only for insurance. Situations are a gamble. You can't tell how they are going to hit people. Gags are the sure-fire laughs."

"Then why get away from gags?"
"Because the public is sick of them. They know all the answers. What's the use of kidding ourselves? We've all got the same little books, you know—"Fun in a Smoking Car" or "Minstrel Wit and Humor." We rewrite the old

jokes, dress em up, and call 'em new gags. But you can't fool the public. They're the same old friends with their whiskers trimmed.

"So comedians have either got to stop gagging or get off the air. People won't stand for the old stuff any longer. I've lectured the boys until they're sick of me. I've said: 'Boys, if you'll throw those little books away, you'll be better off. Stick to those gags long enough and they'll strangle you. Better give 'em up.'"

"Then why don't they do it?"
"Most of them are afraid. Gags are sure-fire. That's the way they got started on the air in the first place. Radio was new. They didn't know what would make people laugh over the air. But they were sure listeners would get a play on words. So they stuck to those, plugged them and ran them into the ground. Now they're afraid to risk anything new."
(Please turn to page 77)

Helen Enjoys the Good Times that come to Girls with **CAMAY COMPLEXIONS!**



1 "All my friends had sweethearts and dates. But night after night I sat home all alone. For my drab skin spoiled my looks. But now I use Camay —my complexion has improved—and I'm having a wonderful time!"

2 "In the mirror I frankly admire my newly acquired Camay Complexion. Men compliment me on it, too."

Get out of the rut of a humdrum life. Enjoy the good things the world has to offer.

Every day brings good times, if a girl has a Camay Complexion.

WIN YOUR BEAUTY CONTEST

For every day you live—like Helen above—you compete in a Beauty Contest. Why, you can't even go for a walk down the street, but what someone's eyes search your face—judge your looks—and

notice the texture of your skin.

So get yourself a Camay Complexion—a skin soft as velvet and gloriously fresh. It attracts admiration—yes, and often romance.

Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women, is pure, creamy-white and unusually mild—the modern way to care for your skin. Use it one month, and you'll be delighted with the improvement in your looks.

Get a supply of Camay today. The price is amazingly low.

Pure, creamy-white and delicately fragrant, Camay comes in a green and yellow wrapper, in Cellophane.



Copy. 1934. Procter & Gamble Co.

CAMAY The Soap of Beautiful Women

MRS. BYRD

*listens
In*

I NEVER give interviews and would not have consented to see you here except for my deep appreciation of the great interest shown throughout the United States in the broadcasts of my son, and because the radio and newspapermen have been so kind to him.

"I am always reluctant to speak for publication and am only making an exception in this instance because I want to do everything I can to help my son to please the American people, which he wants to do above everything else."

So spoke Mrs. Eleanor Bolling Byrd, distinguished mother of Rear Admiral Richard E. Byrd, when asked what her reactions were as she listens to the history-making broadcasts of her world-famous son from his ship plowing its way through the drifting ice of the Antarctic.

"Through these marvelous radio-broadcasts, the like of which the world has never known, coming as they do to me here in Virginia and to the entire country, from a ship thousands and thousands of miles at sea in the Southern Pacific Ocean, it is a comfort for me to know that my son is still

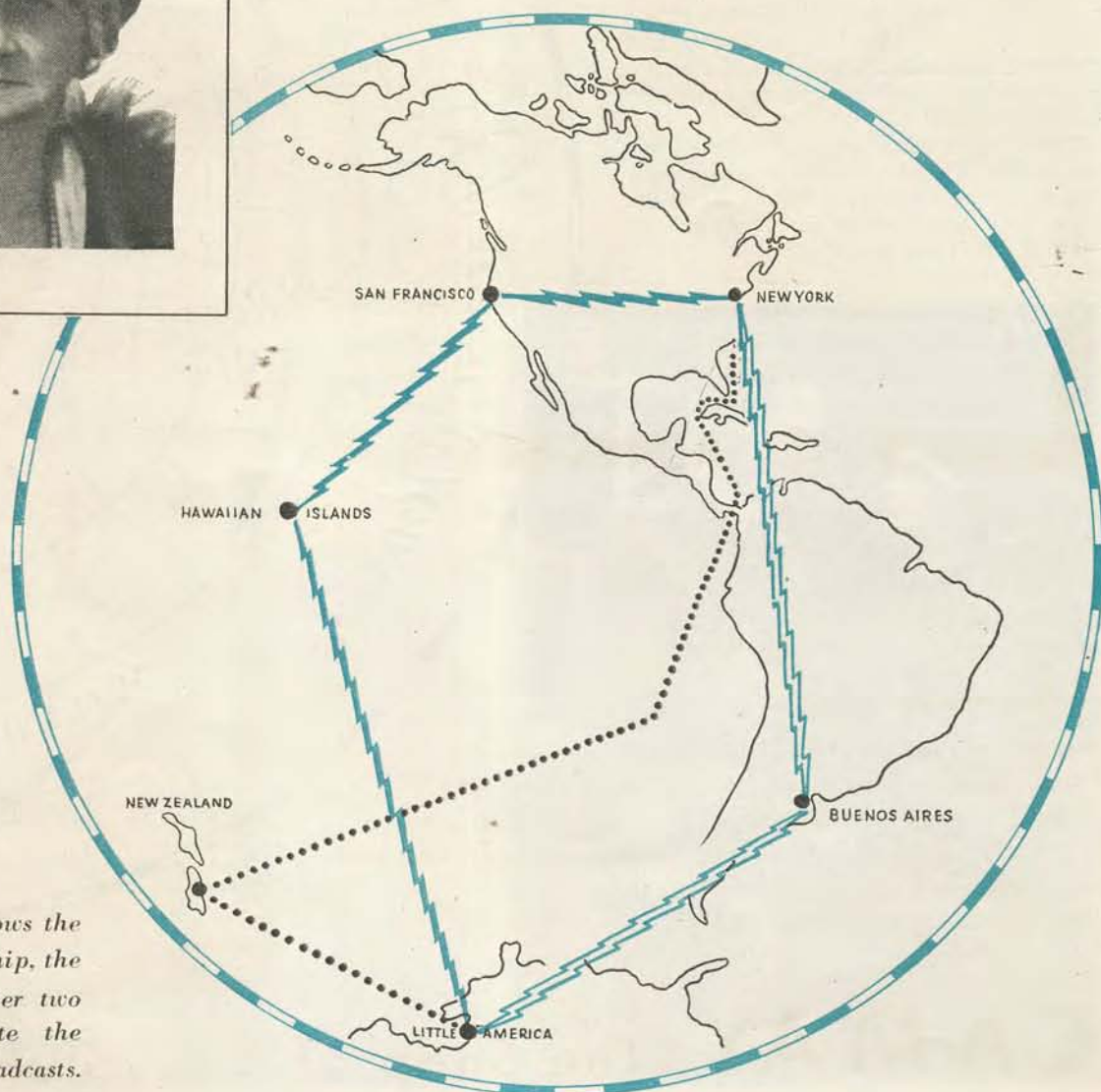
Admiral Byrd's mother tells what it means to hear her son nine thousand miles away



Mrs. Eleanor Byrd

By
ROBERT
D. HEINL

The dotted line shows the route of the Byrd ship, the Ruppert. The other two blue lines indicate the paths of the broadcasts.



alive and that the men are all well," Mrs. Byrd continued. "In a way, however, the first three broadcasts upset me very much because the ship was in such terrible storms. I could actually hear the waves dashing against the *S.S. Jacob Ruppert*. I heard my son say, 'This ship is pitching and tossing so much I am having a hard job standing before the microphone.'

"It was so rough that Mr. Murphy, radio engineer of the Columbia Broadcasting System, and others were desperately seasick. That affected me very much, especially when I knew they were all going farther and farther away. At the time of the storm broadcasts I became extremely excited and nervous. They almost lost their big airplane, which had been stowed on deck, in one of these terrible storms. Why my son and his men go through such hell for the sake of the explorations, I don't know.

"During my son's conversations I just hold my breath. There is always a sense of disappointment because there is absolutely nothing personal about them. Although I always have a feeling that there might be a personal message to me, I realize, of course, that this is an impossibility."

MRS. BYRD was speaking in the spacious living room of her residence at Winchester, Va., about seventy-five miles from the national capital. It was the most beautifully furnished old southern home I had ever seen. Admiral Byrd seemed almost to be with us because of the presence of so many reminders of him. These included a three-quarter length oil painting by Hartman, of New York, of Byrd in full uniform when he was a midshipman at the Naval Academy; a head of Byrd sculptured in bronze; his Admiral's flag; and a photograph of him in white Navy uniform with his dog, "Igloo."

There was a panoramic view of the large assemblage at Albany at the time Governor Roosevelt presented to Admiral Byrd the New York State Medal for Distinguished Service. This was inscribed:



"To Dick's splendid mother—from Franklin D. Roosevelt."

Nearby was a photograph of Admiral Byrd sent to his mother by the Mayor of Dunedin, New Zealand, who wrote that he had heard her son speak there that day and that he seemed almost inspired.

In the corner rested a large silk American flag, a gift of the late Rodman Wanamaker of New York, backer of a previous expedition, which bore a gold plate upon which was engraved:

"To the mother of Lieut.-Commander Byrd, who inspired the will, courage, and faith to reach the North Pole."



Top, how the polar flight will be broadcast: plane to dog sled to Little America, then to the world. Left, Mrs. Byrd and her son.



The lovely old Byrd house at Winchester, Va., where Mrs. Byrd waits for her son.

Evidence that Mr. Wanamaker was correct in that assumption may be found in Admiral Byrd's book "Skyward," in which he wrote:

"When I entered aviation my father told me good-bye. It was his impression that he would never see me alive again. The other members of my family felt about the same; all except my mother. She was the one who let me go around the world alone at the age of twelve. To her, flying didn't seem to have any more danger in it; just a different kind."

The explorer dedicated his first book, "Little America," to his mother and the first copy off the press which was presented to her, may be seen on a table in the room in the Winchester home where Admiral Byrd was born. On the fly-leaf underneath the printed dedication which read:

"To My Mother, Eleanor Bolling"

Byrd added in his own handwriting:

"The finest mother any man ever had; one who is utterly unselfish; my sweetheart; with a world of love, Dick."

It would bring joy to the heart of every mother in America to see how meticulously Mrs. Byrd has kept everything in the room where was born the man destined to be the first to fly over the North and South Poles.

Admiral Byrd may travel the world over, but here, thanks to this wonderful mother, his lovely home down in old Virginia always awaits him just as he left it.

Imagine Whistler's mother as depicted in the artist's world famous painting, sitting in front of a radio set and I suppose you would have a popular conception of Mrs. Byrd listening to the broadcasts of her son, which are now of such absorbing interest to the people of America.

If that is your conception, you could hardly be further wrong. In the first place Mrs. Byrd is much younger. Admiral Byrd, despite his great fame, is only forty-five years old. His almost equally famous brother, Harry F. Byrd, United States Senator from Virginia, formerly the Governor of Virginia, is but a year older.

MRS. BYRD is as alive and active, almost, as Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, except that she confines her efforts entirely to her home and to her immediate locality. She is highly spoken of in Winchester for her charitable efforts.

"You might think she would have an air of 'make way for me because one of my sons is an Admiral and another is a Senator,'" said a local resident, "but there is nothing like that about Mrs. Byrd. I don't think there is another person in Winchester who has more consideration for the less fortunate or is kinder to the poor people."

(Please turn to page 93)

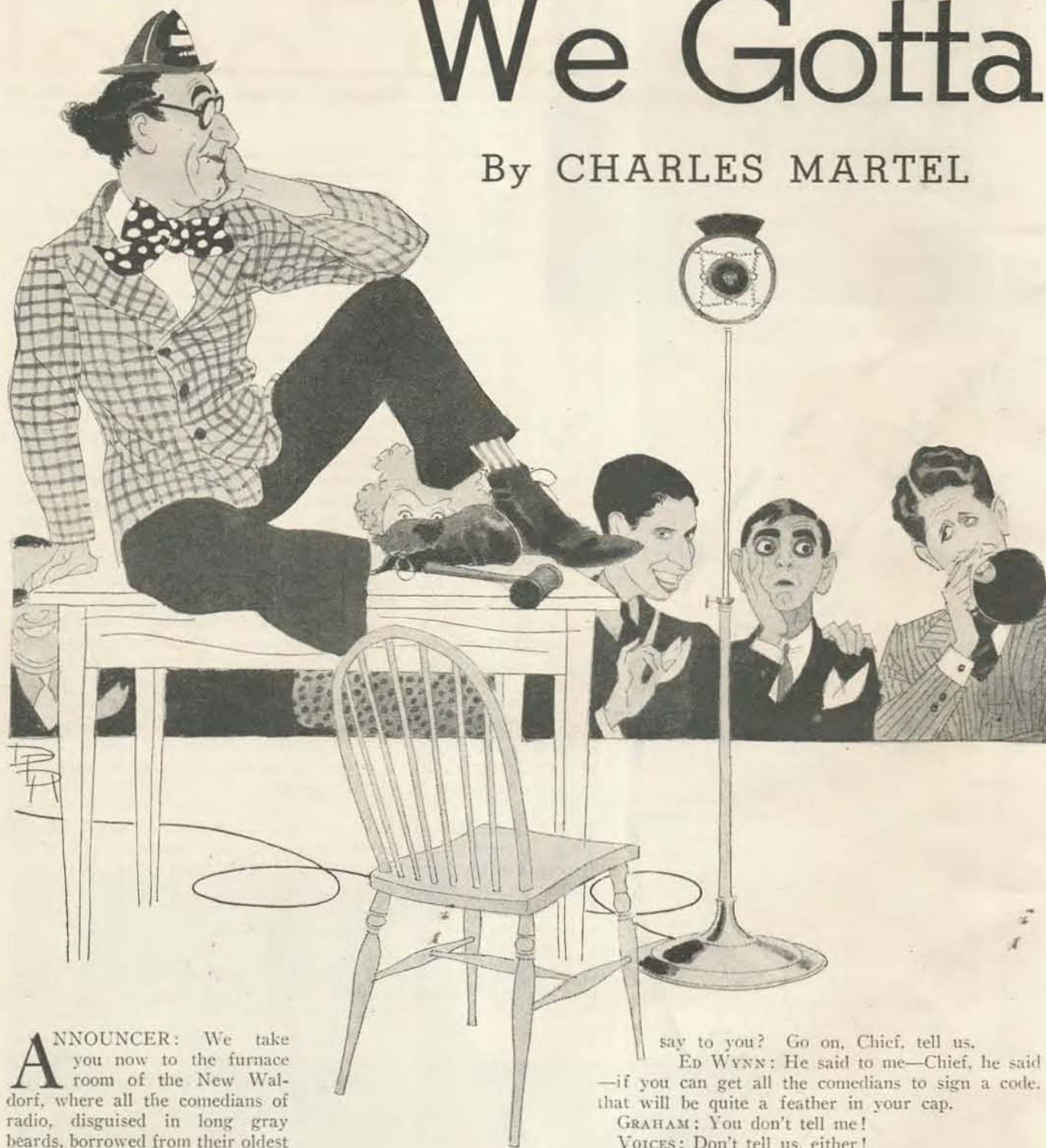


In this room Mrs. Byrd listens to her son. Radio is at lower right, picture of Admiral Byrd at left.



We Gotta

By CHARLES MARTEL



ANNOUNCER: We take you now to the furnace room of the New Waldorf, where all the comedians of radio, disguised in long gray beards, borrowed from their oldest jokes for the occasion, are meeting in secret conclave to do something about a code. Baby watchers have a code. Corkscrew winders have a code. Everybody has a code but the comedians. Word has come from General Johnson in Washington that this can't go on. But it must go on. The show always goes on! What to do? What to do? We now turn the microphone over to the comedians.

ED WYNN: Gentlemen and ladies . . . I put the ladies after the gentlemen because they always *are* after the gentlemen, if you get what I mean. . . .

GRAHAM: Ha! ha! ha!

ED WYNN: Wait a minute, Graham. This'll *slay* you! I was talking to the General yesterday and do you know what the General said to me?

GRAHAM: No, Chief. Ha! ha! ha! What did the General

say to you? Go on, Chief, tell us.
ED WYNN: He said to me—Chief, he said—if you can get all the comedians to sign a code, that will be quite a feather in your cap.
GRAHAM: You don't tell me!
VOICES: Don't tell us, either!
ED WYNN: And do you know what I said to the General?

GRAHAM: No, Chief, what did you say to the General?
ED WYNN: This'll *kill* you, Graham. I said—General, I'm supposed to be a *Fire* Chief, not an *Indian* Chief.

GRAHAM: So that's what you said to the General. Ha! ha! ha!

LULU McCONNELL: ARE YOU DYING?

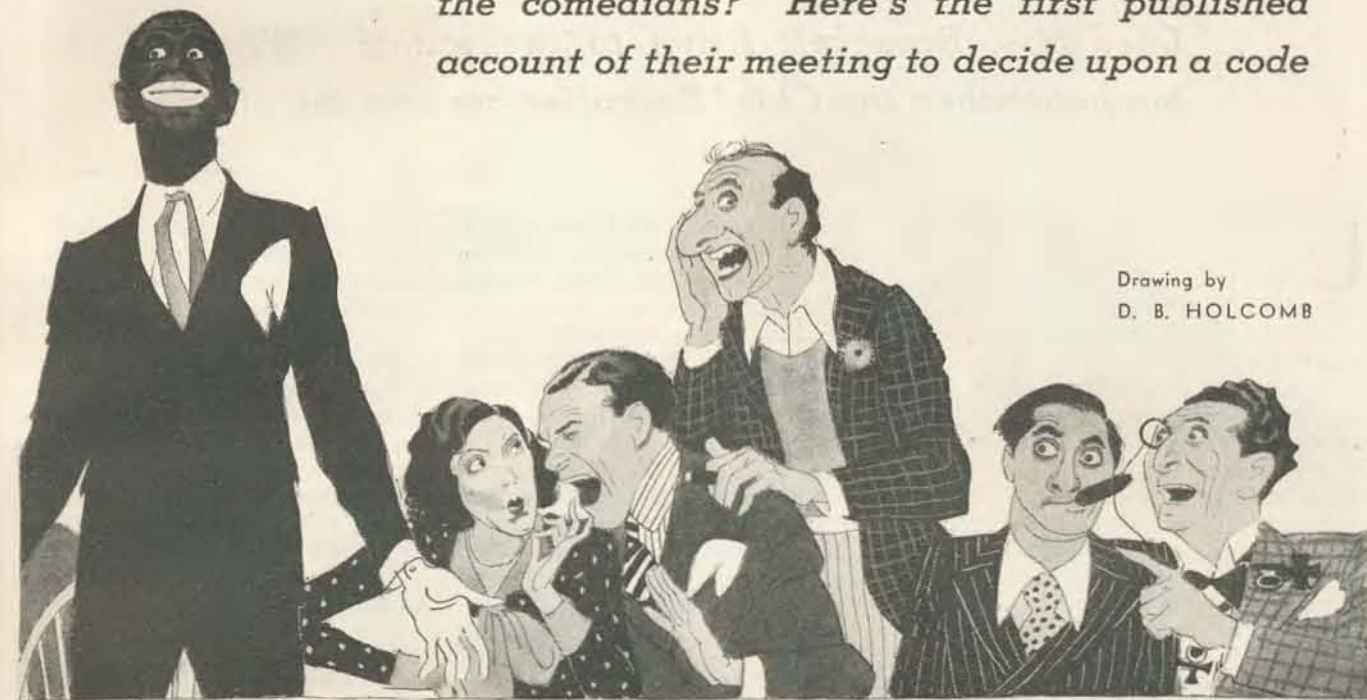
VOICES: Never mind the gags! We want to hear about the code.

ED WYNN: SO-o-o-o-o-o! . . . I told the General we would get up a code, even if we had to make one up out of our heads.

GRACIE ALLEN: Oh that will be easy. I've had a code in the head for three weeks now and I don't seem to be able to do anything. . . .

Have a Code!

The whole country goes NRA—so why not the comedians? Here's the first published account of their meeting to decide upon a code



Drawing by
D. B. HOLCOMB

Recognize 'em? Ed Wynn is on the table, behind you will find Rubinoff, Penner, Berle, Cantor, Vallee, Jolson, Burns and Allen, Durante, Jessel, and Pearl.

GEORGE BURNS: Gracie! Will you please. . . .
GRACIE: Why you know perfectly well I have a code, George. Can't you see I'm talking through my nose?
JIMMY DURANTE: It's mutiny! You can't use dat line. It's my line (*singing*). And when it's my line, it's a by-line, an on-the-sly line. . . .

VOICES: Stop him! Stop him! Throw him out!
JIMMY: There yuh go! Moiderin' me unfinished symphony. The coise of posterity will be on yer heads.
GEORGE: You don't need to worry, Jimmy. Gracie isn't talking through her nose. She's talking through her hat. Now Gracie—will you put your head right there between my hands while I try to explain to you what kind of a code the General really means?

RUBINOFF: Gr-r-r-rumph! Geyar-r-r-h-h!
EDDIE CANTOR: Just a minute. Rubinoff says he knows what kind of a code the General wants.

JIMMY WALLINGTON: What kind of a code does Rubinoff say the General wants, Eddie?

EDDIE: Rubinoff says the General wants a code to go with his extra pair of pants.

JIMMY: So the General must be feeling all pent-up, hey Eddie?

RUBINOFF: Gr-r-rumph!

VOICE: M-m-m-isther Chair-r-rman!

ED WYNN: The chair recognizes Joe Penner.

GRAHAM: I suppose you recognize him by those funny hats, eh, Chief? Ha! ha! ha!

JOE PENNER: Speaking of codes, does anybody wanna buy a duck? Well, does anybody's brother wanna buy a duck?

GRACIE: Listen, Joe. If you had a duck, would he wanna buy my brother? What do you say to that, Joe?
ED WYNN: Now, now, now. We're here to discuss a serious matter. It's about the NRA, Graham.

GRAHAM: Ha! ha! ha!
BERT LAHR: Oh, the NRA! Ong! Ong! Yong! You know what that means, bwoy, o-bwoy, o-bwoy?

GEORGIE JESSEL: Say, that don't mean: No Relatives Around, does it? What's a broadcast without a mother?

JESSEL'S MOTHER: Ha! Ha! Ha!
GRACIE: Oh, no! I know what that means. It means No More Radio Auditions!

GEORGE: Gracie! Will you *stop*? That doesn't make *sense*!
GRACIE: Oh, yes it does. It makes dollars and cents. We can sell it to Paramount!

VOICES: Over our dead bodies!
(The telephone rings.)

JACK BENNY: That must be for Fred Allen. Nobody else uses that gag.

(It is for Fred. It is always for Fred.)
FRED: Hello? So it's you, General Johnson. You say that the washing machine crowd has just submitted a code? What's that? You rejected it because they're letting in wringers? Why those fellows would take the shirt off your back, General!

TELEPHONE OPERATOR: Ha! ha! ha!

FRED: What's that, General? You say everyone is joining up? Even the horse thieves have submitted a code? There must be some mistake, General. We're just meeting tonight for the first time, General.

(Please turn to page 68)

RADIO in the

White House

*Who are the kilocycle favorites of the President?
Does Mrs. Roosevelt listen to the radio? What
happens when the Chief Executive goes on the air?*

By
HERBERT COREY

UNDER President Franklin Delano Roosevelt the radio has developed into the chief instrument of the government in welding public opinion. The President used radio throughout the critical year of 1933 to allay national fears, weld a new faith in government and lay the basis of the New Deal.

Realizing the President's faith in radio, it is interesting to view the part it plays in White House life.

No one really knows the President's radio favorites. The President likes to listen in to Will Rogers, and Ed Wynn's perfect cuckooness has given him a laugh many a night. Every now and then Rudy Vallee has had a few minutes of the President's time. Sometimes Rudy sings a number or two that the President likes particularly. There is "My Home in the West," for example. They say the President might stop almost anything to hear that well sung. The President, too, has taken pleasure in the Potash and Perlmutter series and he likes hill billy songs.

But it is not possible to say that the President has any particular favorites. He would not want to hurt others by singling out any individuals, in any case. Even if he did have some favorites, what chance has he to enjoy them? No President ever had every minute parcelled out as Mr. Roosevelt has. It is only in this way that he can get through the enormous volume of work put before him each day, and yet never seem flustered. The President, by the way, always approaches the mike calm and smiling and kindly.

You might think that Mrs. Roosevelt

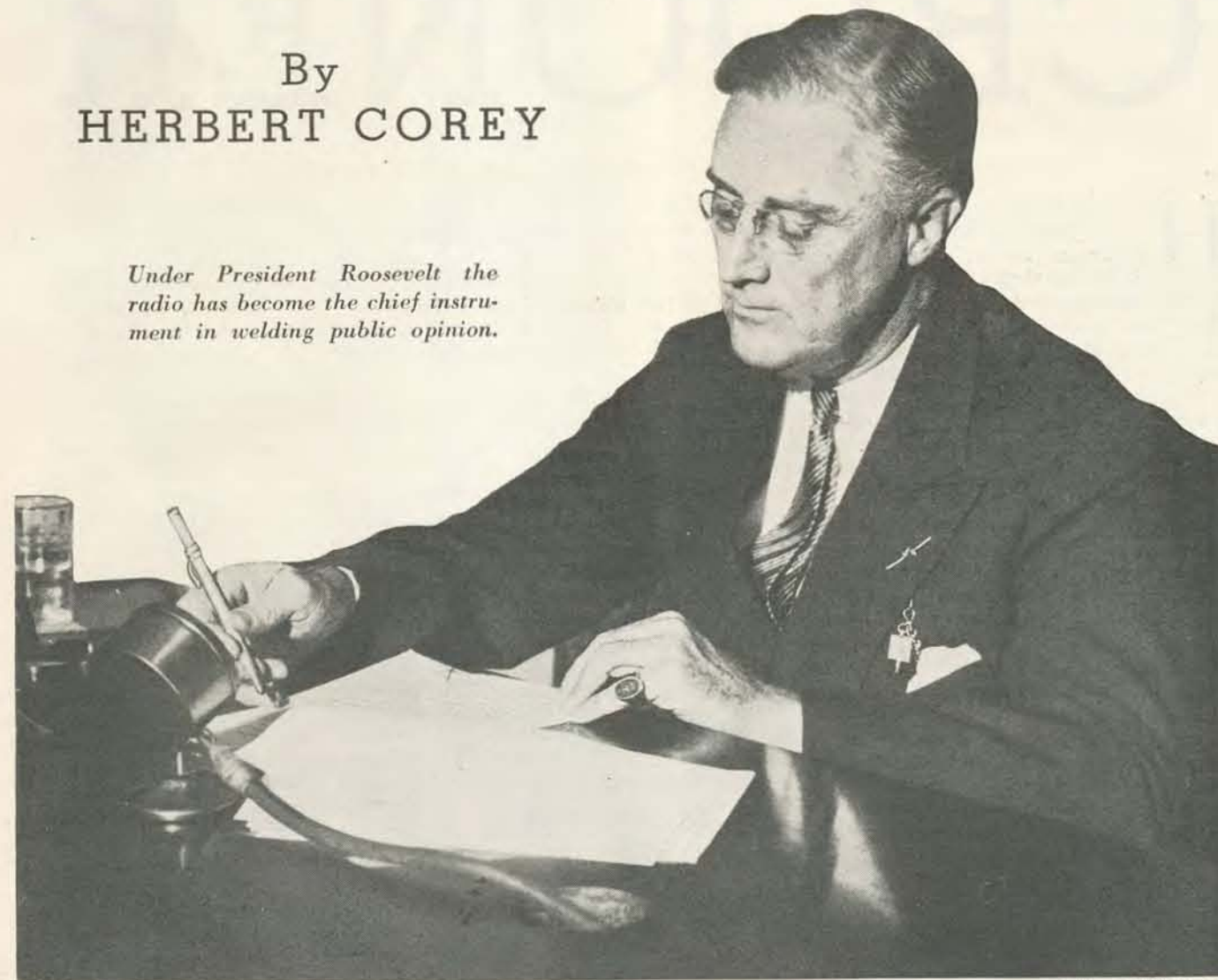
would have more time to listen to the radio but, when you come to think about it, she is about as busy as the President. Going somewhere, writing, doing things, seeing people, always managing to be genial and kind, her time is fully occupied.

There are only two radios in the White House. One is in a second floor corridor, where members of the family sometimes listen in. The corridor is one of those nice, wide, white enamelled hallways, that are just as good as an extra room. The other radio is in Mrs. Roosevelt's own bedroom.

When Mrs. Roosevelt has time, she likes to sit in her bedroom knitting, or reading a book, or writing, with the radio turned on softly so it will not disturb anyone. One day it needed repairs, and a young fellow named Dick was sent for. He does most of the White House radio work. A nice kid, bright and chatty, and full of information. As he was tinkering with the machine the door opened and who should walk in but Mrs. Roosevelt. Dick wanted to retire. He started to collect his tools but she would not let him drop his work. She just sat down in a chair and they talked like old home folks. Dick told her about his wife and his two kids and his dog and she talked about living in the White House. Only, Dick said, she did not say White House once. They got along fine, Dick said. When she sent her personal check for the work Dick had it photostated and now he shows it to people whenever he can.

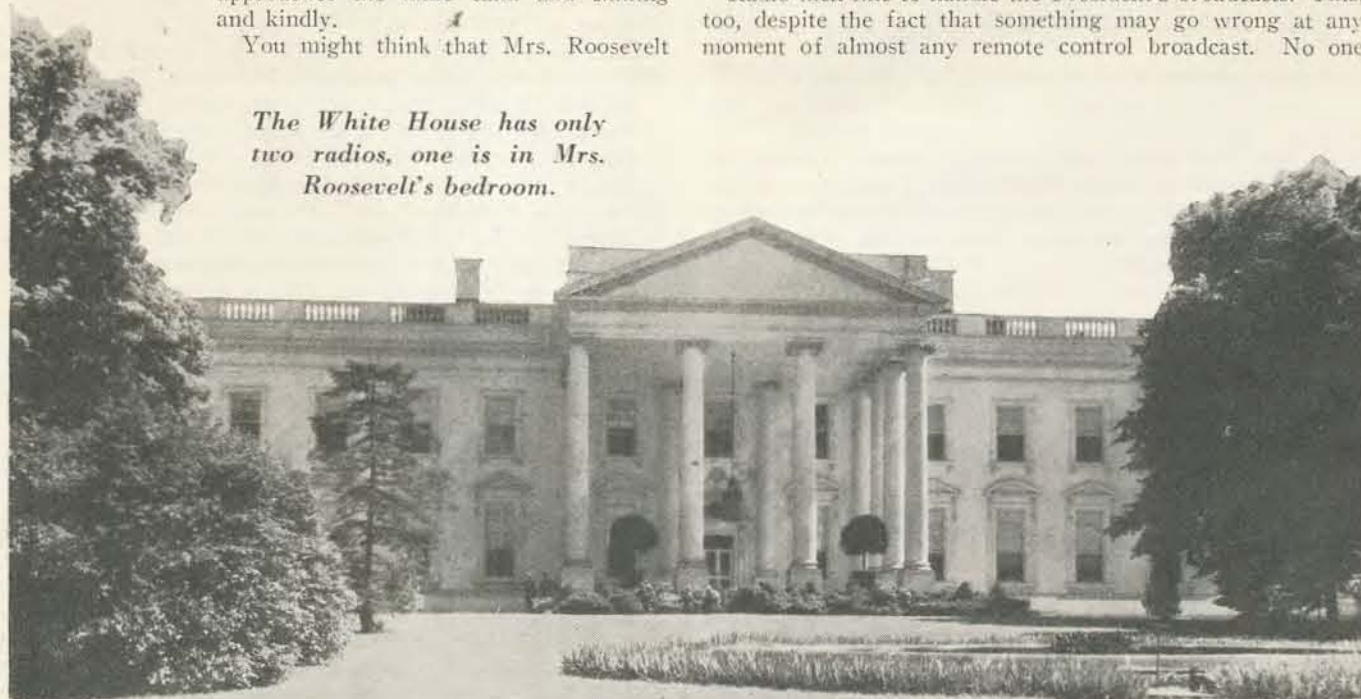
Radio men like to handle the President's broadcasts. This, too, despite the fact that something may go wrong at any moment of almost any remote control broadcast. No one

*Under President Roosevelt the
radio has become the chief instru-
ment in welding public opinion.*



Underwood and Underwood

*The White House has only
two radios, one is in Mrs.
Roosevelt's bedroom.*



R. I. Nesmith and Associates

but a radio expert can understand how temperamental is Mother Nature, how many surprises Lady Luck has had up her sleeve. A whole continent may be waiting for the President's words—and anything may happen. And hardly anyone would understand—except the President. He knows the radio business. The radio maybe made him President. Who can say? When he was governor of New York he used to talk regularly to the people of New York and tell them what he was up against and what he was trying to do and how he was trying to do it. The people got so they knew him. Other governors had sat in their offices and sent out pieces to the paper and did not get anywhere—but Roosevelt talked. He has about the best radio voice in the country. No announcer is in his class and they will all say so themselves. There is something in the President's voice—something kind of warm, intimate and friendly—that gets you. Then he has a heart for the radio men.

Of course, the President of the United States can have the air any time he wants it. At an hour's notice. Just so he gives the chains time to clear the channels. But Mr. Roosevelt does not work it that way. About a week or ten days before he plans to deliver a speech one of his secre-

taries—Steve Early, maybe, or Marvin McIntyre—gets on the phone. They are old radio men, too, or they were in the news shorts line, which is much the same thing. The secretary says:

"Hello, Studio. This is Steve. The President would like to make a broadcast—oh, about ten days from now. Or maybe two weeks. See what you can do, will you?"

This, of course, is sheer diplomacy. Every one knows that if the President has selected a date, that date goes. But it is not always placed arbitrarily, for the President often will let the radio circuits get together on the date that will suit them the best. Sometimes some big commercial contract can be shifted better on one day than another. The President does his best to save any loss. It is not loss in the long run, of course. The Presidential broadcasts have done much to sell radio to the people.

"So what hour?" Steve will ask.

The two big companies—NBC and Columbia—get together. Maybe nine o'clock will suit them both, and maybe ten o'clock, on the date set. Then Steve contacts the President and presently he calls back and says that whatever hour the circuits select will be O.K. (Please turn to page 86)

The Confessions of a CROONER

HIS name is Harry Lillis Crosby but he shoots to kill at the sound of "Lillis" and no one but his mother calls him "Harry." To his wife and the world at large he is known simply as "Bing."

There is a popular belief abroad to the effect that the "Bing" was achieved as a result of playing Indian when he was a small boy and going around all day shouting, "Bing, bing, bing," as imaginary Indians bit the dust.

As a matter of fact, he does not recall ever having played Indian. His favorite comic strip was the "Bing-ville Bugle" and he used to toddle around pestering the adults of his family to read it and lisping "Bing" until they began calling him by that name.

He gives the impression of being a happy-go-lucky sort of chap who does not care if school keeps or not. You get the idea that anything the crowd wants to do is O.K. with Bing. I've never heard him try to dissuade anyone from doing anything anyone wants to but if it happens to be something that doesn't appeal to Bing, anyone does it alone.

He vows he is the laziest man who ever walked the earth—and in many ways he is! Yet the first year he was on the air in New York there was a period of several months when he played five shows a day at the Paramount Theater and rushed across town between them for two broadcasts nightly. He explains that by saying he hates being broke worse than he hates work. And he always will.

If that is so, it is a throwback from his childhood. Almost ever since he can remember he has been working at some kind of job. There was little time for Bing to have played Indian—or anything else.

Besides his father and mother, there are Ted, Everett, Larry, Bing, Catherine, Mary Rose and Bob—seven children. Mr. Crosby, senior, must have been hard pushed to make ends meet. There was always a good home for the children, plenty to eat and they were always decently clothed. Small wonder that there was never any excess to be doled out in the form of spending money. Bing early learned that if he wanted anything other than food, shelter or clothing he would have to get out and dig for it himself.

He could not have been over seven or eight when he started selling papers, Saturday Evening Posts, etc. From the time he has been able to read, he has read at every opportunity and almost anything opportunity afforded. In those early days his reading consisted largely of Horatio Alger, Jr., the comic strips in the papers and those ads in both the local papers and the Post which shows boys in ice-skates, boys in smart-looking

baseball and football uniforms and beguilingly captioned, "You, too, can have one of these for a few hours work after school each day."

Bing got them—all of them. If occasionally, cash prizes were offered he took the cash and let the credit go—a true disciple of Omar Khayyam. People found it hard to say "no" to the smiling, chubby kid who shoved papers and magazines at them.

He procured his first real job when he was about twelve. His parents took the family to a summer camp on one of the lakes in Washington, run by the Daughters of Isabella—the women's auxiliary of the Knights of Columbus. They remained two weeks but Bing stayed on after they left. He was a good swimmer and the prospect of leaving that lake disturbed him. He finally coaxed one of the matrons into giving him a job cutting wood, carrying water and running errands. For all this he was given his room and board and the munificent sum of two dollars a week—but there was plenty of time for swimming.

THE next two summers found him thinning apples in the numerous orchards of the Palouse country. The idea is that a tree grows more apples than it can mature in comfort. So the fruit-growers hire boys to thin out the poor ones and give the others a chance to ripen. It is hard work—ten

hours a day—and for this Bing received his room, board and six dollars a week.

The next Summer found him engaged as a locker boy in the municipal swimming pool. Toward the end of the season he developed into what he describes as a "half-baked life guard." Once during the Summer they held a swimming meet there. As Bing left home he announced his intention of entering it. But, like Homer, he was without honor among his own people, and the family was strangely unimpressed. All of them, that is, except his mother who feels that Bing lacks only a little of being an eighth wonder and that, given the opportunity, he would make one of the best Presidents the country has ever known.

Mrs. Crosby sailed down to the swimming pool and rooted herself hoarse and her hat askew as Bing captured ten medals—six firsts and four seconds. Nor was the family permitted to forget that she alone had had confidence in him, as she dangled the medals triumphantly before their eyes.

When Bing was a member of the high school department of Gonzaga University, in Spokane, Wash.





Paramount

Bing Crosby, one of seven children, had his first fight to protect his sister. He was a singing drummer and then became one of radio's favorite crooners.

By
S. R. MOOK



Bing Crosby as he is today. Above, left, as a little boy with his sister, Mary Rose. Right, at the age of seventeen.

It was about this time that he got in with the post-office people and he still declares that was the best job he ever had. He was paid sixty cents an hour and it fitted in admirably with his school work because he did not have to report to the post office until four-thirty or five—about the time the carriers were bringing in the mail and it had to be sorted. There are large racks with holes for each of the forty-eight states and foreign countries. Bing used to take a stack of letters, stand at a little distance and flip them unerringly into the proper bins. I shall always think it was that early practice at letter flipping that enables him to pitch such a good game of quoits today.

He remained with the post-office department for two years. The second year found him in the parcels post section. That work was not so enjoyable as the letter-flipping because the parcels weighed more than the letters and it was harder work. Bing has never been averse to splitting hairs, maintaining that it takes a keen eye to split one properly.

It was while he was in high school that he was in the first fight he remembers. One of the boys drew a caricature of his sister, Mary Rose, on the blackboard, which did not present her as she was. The kids all had a good laugh over it.

The Crosby family—at least the male portion of it—was highly indignant. Larry took Bing aside during the noon hour. "Are you going to let him get away with that?" Larry demanded. "You get hold of that kid and whale the devil out of him."

"But he's smaller than me," Bing protested.

"Well, dust his pants for him, then," Larry ordered.

So Bing went back, got hold of the offender, tweaked his nose thoroughly and then planted his foot where it would do the most good. The boy, instead of taking the punishment as due him, went crying to his older brother, who promptly challenged Bing.

Bing accepted the defy but during the long hours of the afternoon session he wondered if he had not possibly bitten off more than he could chew. When school was dismissed Bing made preparations for a hurried trip home but his pals were not going to let a good scrap go up in smoke if they could help it. "Ain't you gonna fight Adrian?" they demanded.

"Tell him I'm busy this afternoon. I'll see him some other time," Bing muttered. But before he could get away Adrian put in an appearance.

Mrs. Crosby, busy in the kitchen, (*Please turn to page 62*)

Tony Wons NEW

Tony Wons' New Scrap Book will appear exclusively in TOWER RADIO MAGAZINE. It is printed so that you can easily clip it for pasting in your own scrap book.

Tony Wons was born in Northern Wisconsin. Out of his odd job career—as butcher, baker, chair-slat maker, clerk, soldier—Tony built up a home-spun philosophy of his own.

SAVE TONY WONS' COMMENTS EACH MONTH

IT was raining, and if rain drops were tears, heaven's heart must have been breaking. New York was a drab, dismal sight. A gray pall hung over the city like a blanket of doom. Into the soggy streets I strode, breasting my way through the murk. "Taxi, sir?"

There he was, standing in the torrents, inviting me into the comfortable looking depths of his parlor-on-wheels. And a smile from ear to ear lightened his Celtic countenance. It would have taken a mummy to resist. He helped me into the cab, and I sat back, dripping and drooping, feeling like a closed umbrella that had been put into a corner to dry.

"Where to, sir?" I told him, and off he went. How miserable the world looked. People with downcast faces that reflected the weather scurried about their business. We got into a traffic jam, and from all around us came a chorus of strident auto horns mingled with the curses of the drivers. It was getting pretty much on my nerves.

Then, out of the welter of chaos, like a rift in the clouds, came a melodic trickle of music. It was my driver. In the rear vision mirror I got a glimpse of his face. It had a blissful, almost beatific expression. He was whistling. It was a tune I had heard often on the radio. About love and birds and beauty and flowers. As I listened, darned if the corners of my mouth didn't start to lift themselves until they pointed toward my ears instead of my chin. "What are you so cheerful about?" I asked, as we skidded to a halt within a hair's breadth of a trolley car.

He turned around and smiled boyishly without saying a word, but by the look in his eyes I knew. It was the age-old story. He had it written all over him. He might just as well have carried a sign saying: "I am in love. Whoopee!"

Love! It strikes us all, I guess. Sometimes it strikes us a knockout blow on the heart. Sometimes we take it on the chin. It might be a gentle tap on the shoulder. Or it hits you in the midriff unawares and knocks the breath out of you. Love is the greatest common denominator. It makes kin of us all. It is the greatest motivator in history. It has started wars. It has launched great industries. Where would our movies, our books, our music, yes, even radio, be, without the driving force of those four letters?

It's the most talked about subject on earth, yet one that we know least about. It has been defined more often than any other thing, yet is least understood. People die for it and they live for it. They kill for it and they sacrifice for it. They are constantly trying to get into it, although they know it will often bring pain and sorrow. It's like the power of electricity. You know it's there, and you know what it can do, but you can't define it.

WHAT IS A PHILOSOPHER?—

THE dictionary says a philosopher is "a man of practical wisdom; one who schools himself to calmness and patience under all circumstances." It also explains that a philosopher is one who reaches for worldly secrets and attempts to make them plain to his fellow men. But I think Rosa Marinoni had a very apt description. She says:

*A philosopher is he, who,
Discovering the futility
Of fumbling for stars,
Is satisfied catching fireflies.*

I will never forget some of the things my father told me. He would paint word pictures that would be-

come permanently limned in my memory. He wouldn't scold or berate. He would tell me a story with an object lesson and I would listen in fascination. He'd be smoking his pipe, and I can still sense the fragrance of that tobacco and see the smoke curl up toward the ceiling. In that gentle drone of his he would start speaking: "Son, did you ever notice how smart the cow is?" I would drop whatever I was doing and listen. He knew how to be interesting. And I soon found out that the bovine had qualities it would be well to imitate.

What can you learn from a cow? Plenty! Somebody once cracked that a cow is like a flapper chewing gum, only a cow looks more thoughtful. Nobody knows what the cow is thinking about, but perhaps she is musing about the futility of running around like ants or human beings. She takes life easy. She does not whine or fret about her state of being. She does not lie awake in the night and weep for her conscience. Her head is not turned by avarice and greed and the yearning to own things. Smart cow! A poet sums up a valuable thought in these pithy lines:

*When you're at the end of your wits,
Go and look at a cow.
Or when your nerves are frayed to bits,
And wrinkles furrow your brow;
She'll merely moo in her gentle way,
Switching her rudder as if to say,
"Bother tomorrow! Let's live today!
Take the advice of a cow."*

Water serves many purposes. It causes fabrics to shrink. Small boys also shrink from it.

THE hour was late. There were not many people in the subway car. I sat indifferently looking at a newspaper. The roar of the train as

SCRAP BOOK

Lying in a hospital after a shrapnel wound in France, Tony Wons started saving clippings of things he liked to read. The scrap book grew and Tony began reading it on the air.

If you like Tony Wons' broadcasts, you will like this department. It has all the charm, humanness and sincerity of Tony's broadcasts—and it should help you in your daily life.

AND MAKE A SCRAP BOOK OF YOUR OWN

it zoomed through the tunnel had a monotony conducive to drowsiness. I imagined how Lindbergh felt after listening to the drone of the propeller for twenty hours on his first trans-Atlantic flight.

My eyelids became heavy, and my head began to nod. But something about a young couple opposite me became intriguing and I was wide awake again. They were a boy and a girl, about twenty-two or twenty-three, I judged. She wore a wedding band. His arm was stretched protectively about her but his eyes stared resolutely and defiantly ahead. There was an air of possessive pride about him. The girl rested her head on his shoulder. Every once in a while she blinked her eyes open and I could see a look of trust and worship and contentment as she snuggled closer.

At that moment the young man had the world in his possession. I knew how he felt, because I have felt that way myself. It's the grandest feeling in the world—that of having somebody dear to you leaning on your shoulder, depending on your strength and courage, having faith in you, and loving you.

I'M going to get a pair of smoked glasses! Why? There's a bakery window in the neighborhood that is driving me crazy. Every time I pass by it, my steps become shorter and slower. My eyes drink in the whole gorgeous display. Luscious layer cakes, strikingly carved icings, juicy looking pies, eclairs, sugary buns, and cookies in a ravishing galaxy. I get a sneaking temptation to mosey up to that window and do what I often did as a boy—flatten my nose against the glass and gaze and gaze.

I must keep my mind away from that baker's window. It haunts me. In the midst of my work, as I am staring at the wall, fishing for phrases, lo!



In real life Tony Wons is like his radio personality. He loves the outdoors, likes to spend all his spare time with his wife and his little daughter in a cottage on the shore of a Wisconsin lake, is still nervous every time he faces a mike.

a vision will appear—a vision garrisoned with maraschino cherries and marshmallow icing. This will never do. I could go and buy some of those delicious things, but my stomach can't stand them. I am a kid no longer.

THERE are some very wise sayings that are supposed to come from the writings of the Danes. Denmark is famous for many things, one of the most important of which is that they know how to keep out of trouble with the rest of the world. Their country is just a little bit of land, but they have built a nation which is the envy of larger commonwealths that are constantly in turmoil. In Denmark you will find no extreme rich, and there are none in dire want. Many a pretentious larger nation could learn a lesson or two in social management from the Danish people. But here are those sayings I spoke of:

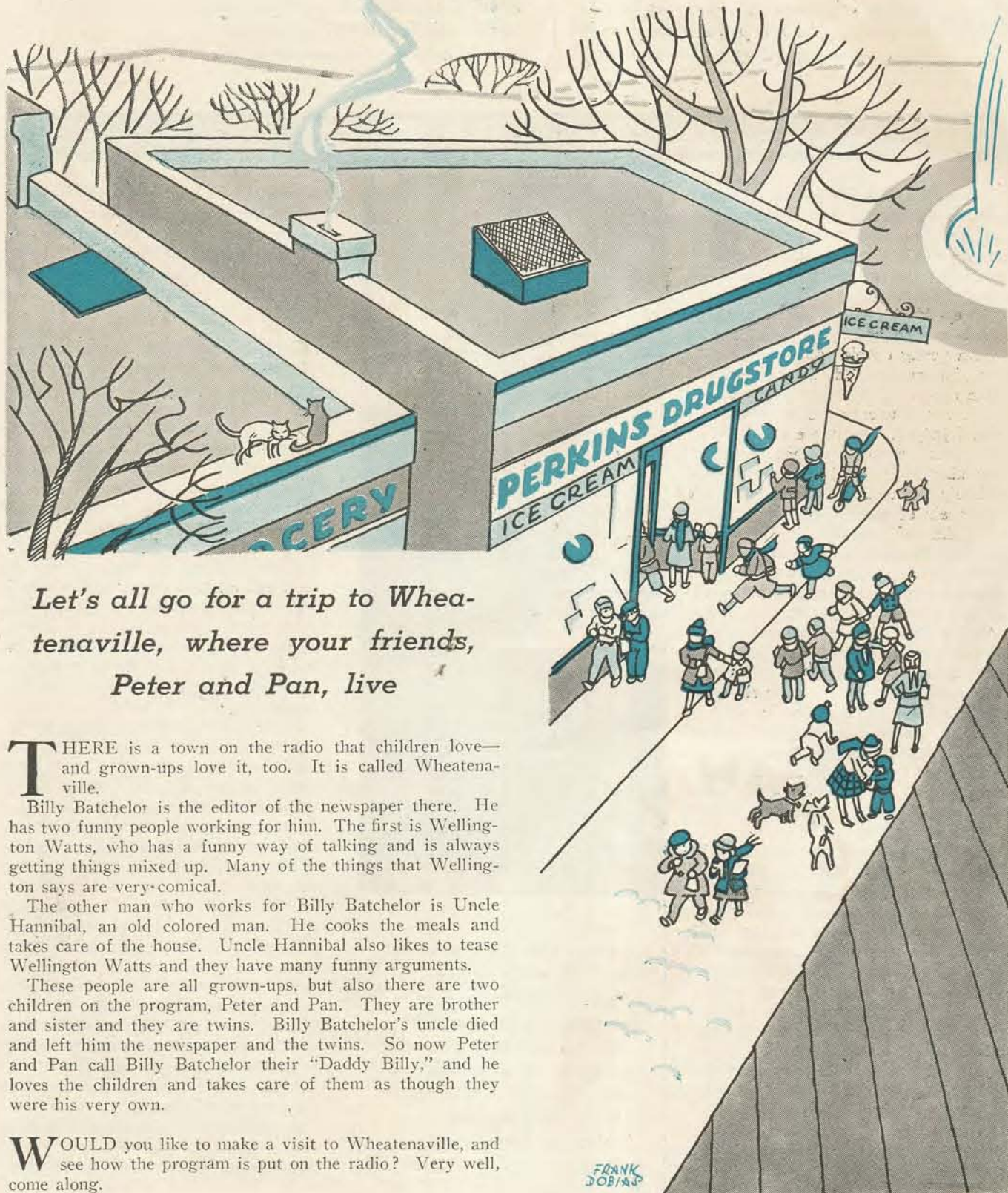
*"Kind words do not wear out the tongue."
"Many a whisper in one ear is heard over the whole town."
"He is nearest God who has fewest wants."
"He loses fewest quarrels who keeps his tongue in cheek."
"That which is unsaid may be said; but that which is said cannot be unsaid."*

SOME friends of mine had a dog. Stray is his name. When they found him he was a forlorn little puppy, shivering in an alley where some one had forsaken him. He was a queer dog. He was funny looking with I don't know how many breeds in him. He grew up with the family but always remained strangely quiet. He was affectionate in an aloof sort of way, was not friendly to children, and was a poor watch dog. Then, someone gave these friends another

(Please turn to page 67)

THE MAGIC

By JOHN A. ADAMS



Let's all go for a trip to Wheatenaville, where your friends, Peter and Pan, live

THERE is a town on the radio that children love—and grown-ups love it, too. It is called Wheatenaville.

Billy Batchelor is the editor of the newspaper there. He has two funny people working for him. The first is Wellington Watts, who has a funny way of talking and is always getting things mixed up. Many of the things that Wellington says are very comical.

The other man who works for Billy Batchelor is Uncle Hannibal, an old colored man. He cooks the meals and takes care of the house. Uncle Hannibal also likes to tease Wellington Watts and they have many funny arguments.

These people are all grown-ups, but also there are two children on the program, Peter and Pan. They are brother and sister and they are twins. Billy Batchelor's uncle died and left him the newspaper and the twins. So now Peter and Pan call Billy Batchelor their "Daddy Billy," and he loves the children and takes care of them as though they were his very own.

WOULD you like to make a visit to Wheatenaville, and see how the program is put on the radio? Very well, come along.

FRANK DOBIAS

CARPET of Radio



Drawing by FRANK DOBIAS

We go up to the studio in the big tower of the National Broadcasting Company in Radio City in New York. As we enter the building, bellboys with shiny brass buttons on their coats take us over to the elevators. Whizz . . . zzz—up we go to the eighth floor. We walk across thick brown carpet, soft and deep, and a pretty young lady who is the hostess shows us where the studio is.

WE have to tug and grunt a bit to get the studio doors open. They make the doors heavy and thick so no sound can enter to disturb the broadcast. We go through one big door, then through the vestibule—that's a grown-up word for the hallways or space between two doors—then open another big door, and we're in the studio.

My, but it is bright in here! They have lots of light so that the men who are running the broadcast can see their instruments and the people on the program can read what they have to say.

The room is like a big parlor, except that there are no pictures on the walls and no furniture. Just four beautifully painted walls, a ceiling and a floor. They have a few metal chairs with rubber tips on their legs so they won't make any noise. It is very important not to make any noise during a broadcast.

THIS isn't broadcast yet. This is merely rehearsal—the people on the program are practicing what they are going to do when the real broadcast begins.

Would you like to meet some (Please turn to page 84)



Maude Adams (right) as she appears today, some sixteen years after her retirement from the stage. Above, as Lady Babbie.



MAUDE ADAMS RETURNS

Maude Adams belongs to the greatest modern era of the stage, an era that produced such stars as E. H. Sothorn, Julia Marlowe, Mrs. Fiske, the Drews and the Barrymores. Possessor of a charming personality, unusually gifted as an actress, Miss Adams enjoyed a life-long success behind the footlights. Possibly her greatest hit was Barrie's "Peter Pan." Her range of roles ran from Juliet to the ill-starred princeling of "L'Aiglon." When she retired from the stage, Miss Adams turned to electrical and photographic experimentation and for a time contemplated producing motion pictures. Now, however, she has definitely returned to public life on the radio. Her first broadcasts, in January, attracted wide attention. (Left, Miss Adams in "All the Comforts of Home," in 1890.)

THE COST OF BROADCASTING

The staggering bill paid by famous advertisers in bringing their message into your home

By

JESSE S. BUTCHER

THE truth of the familiar adage that "time is money" never was better illustrated than in its application to radio. Broadcasting minutes are precious and the advertiser who would use them in the interest of his product must be prepared to maintain a bank account that can stand heavy withdrawals. Even before he can budge the cost of the program with which he hopes to win our ear, the sponsor of a commercial hour has to give consideration to the huge amount of money he will be required to pay the broadcasting company for the privilege of using a nation-wide or regional hook-up of stations.

The chuckles that you enjoy from Ed Wynn's inimitable stories on the Texaco program over an NBC hook-up would be no laughing matter to most of us were we asked to pay a total time cost of \$6,700 for the thirty minutes that he is on the air. Andy undoubtedly would utter a woeful "Oh, me!!" to Amos, should the Pepsodent people ask the president of the Fresh Air Taxicab Company to write out a check totalling \$21,780 for the five weekly broadcasts on a forty-station hook-up of the National Broadcasting Company.

Lucky Strike's contribution to the risibilities of the nation in that Saturday night program over NBC starring Jack Pearl, which recently ended a record run, entailed time bills totalling \$7,874 a broadcast. Let's break down the time cost and see what the time cost of the Baron's gags equalled. In the thirty-minute show, he used up half the period in doing his set. Statistics available disclosed that the average number of laughs clocked at a broadcast amounted to seventy. Figuring half the total time charge per broadcast Jack's laughs were worth \$506 to the sponsor! Pearl, by the way, is now sponsored on the air by Royal Gelatin of Standard Brands.

AND if that program were not sufficient to make one call it a day, consider Lucky's latest ambitious undertaking in sending to you and to me an entire opera each week direct from the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House in New York. Both National Broadcasting Company networks—82 stations in all in the United States and Canada—carry the voices of world famous singers into our homes at a time expense of \$15,000 a program.



Every time Fire Chief Ed Wynn says, "This program is going to be different," Texaco pays \$6,700.



Rudy Vallee and Paul Whiteman. Two popular lads who hold up the high cost of broadcasting.



Jack Pearl helped a nation to weather the depression.

Right, the principals of the popular Show Boat hour.

\$500 PER LAUGH

When Jack Pearl, the famous Baron Munchausen, was broadcasting for Lucky Strike, his sponsors paid \$7,874 for the time consumed—thirty minutes—every Saturday night.

On the air for fifteen minutes, studio statisticians have figured that Pearl averaged seventy laughs each broadcast. Thus, it cost Lucky Strike exactly \$506 for each and every laugh. All this, of course, aside from Pearl's own salary.



The ambitious undertaking of General Foods in transporting the actual voices of Admiral Richard E. Byrd and his men from Little America, Antarctica, 8,994 miles distant, into our radio circles as well as to send back news and entertainment to the explorers, is costing that advertiser in behalf of Grapenuts \$7,095 a broadcast. Assuming that contact with Byrd's scene of operations is uninterrupted and the sponsor elects to continue the half hour program weekly over a fifty-nine-station Columbia hook-up during the two years the explorer plans to be away, the grand total time charge will be more than \$350,000.

NO, the air is not free in the kingdom of radio. Its princely sponsors pay great sums for ether time. But considering the vast audience-reaching potentialities of network broadcasting—there are 21,000,000 radios in American homes—the fortunes disbursed in time assessments seem moderate. And the public response to commercial programs generally apparently satisfies the advertiser as to his investment.

The reason that the advertiser is called upon to remunerate the radio companies is to enable them to make programs available to the listeners without charge. In other countries broadcasting is supported by government subsidy or a tax on radio sets. In England, for example, each set owner purchases tickets for his radio performances in the form of an annual listening tax levied by the British Broadcasting Corporation which exclusively supplies the entertainment. Under the American plan, the willingness of business concerns to write out checks for the commercial use of the air as one of many advertising media, permits the broadcasts to absorb all items without calling upon the "fan" for money.

Thus it happens that the half hour you have free to listen to the Casa Loma Orchestra, Irene Taylor and the Do Re Mi Trio on Thursday nights is costing the Camel cigarette manufacturers \$9,480—more than \$300 a minute for the time needed to send the program into millions of homes by way of 83 Columbia stations from coast to coast. The music of Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians, heard over the same chain, represents a time expenditure of \$9,480 per broadcast to Henry Ford, the sponsor.

When Rudy Vallee opens the Fleischmann Hour with his dulcet theme of "My time is your time" he is not referring

in any manner to the sum of \$12,450 his boss will hand over at the end of the hour for the fifty-station hook-up on the National Broadcasting Company facilities that he uses.

PAUL WHITEMAN'S sponsors—the Kraft-Phenix Cheese Company—sign away \$12,888 each time the Maestro of Jazz signs off on 52 stations that have carried his hour program. That fifteen minutes you dedicate to Myrt and Marge five nights a week checks off \$90,068 on Mr. Wrigley's bank statement every thirty days. The half hour each week when music lovers are enthralled by the wizardry of Albert Spaulding's playing on the violin represents a disbursement for time by the sponsors—the Castoria Company—of \$5,883.

The humor of Eddie Cantor and the Rubinoff violin are offered gratuitously to the listener at an expense to the Chase and Sanborn concern of \$12,890 for an hour's time on fifty-two N.B.C. stations. The Show Boat Hour on the same chain, constitutes a charge of \$11,350 on the books of the Maxwell House Company. The Seven Star Revue, broadcast over the Columbia network under the aegis of the Corn Products Refining Company, brings in time revenue of \$9,835 per program. Even Clara, Lou and Em's engaging chatter, costs the Palmolive people \$1,486 a broadcast.

With such outlays of money, to make no mention of program and other costs, is it any wonder that sponsors sometimes overstep the bounds of good judgment by overloading their programs with advertising? In reflecting that the programs are available to the listeners at no cost, it does seem fair that the sponsor who observes the amenities should be accorded a hearing on his sales talk. Obviously, the Sinclair executives, in engaging Gene Arnold and his Minstrels, in addition to a time assessment amounting to \$5,230 per broadcast, hope that listener appreciation will be expressed in a practical manner.

The reader in absorbing the fanciful figures paid to the

"Free as the Air" is no longer the truth, for advertisers spend millions for entertainment every year in order to sell their products to the army of American buyers

Columbia Broadcasting System and the National Broadcasting Company for time on the air might be interested in knowing what allocation is made of the tidy sums. To begin, NBC and CBS are similar to parents with large and dependent families. In this instance, the children are the hundreds of radio stations scattered all over the United States and Canada and even Hawaii that have an affiliation with one or other of the two network companies in New York. Thus, when Woodbury sends to NBC a check amounting to the \$4,292 to pay for the time consumed to broadcast Elsie Hitz and Nick Dawson in "Dangerous Paradise," or La Palina remits \$5,244 to Columbia for the half hour we listen to George Burns and Gracie Allen plus Guy Lombardo, each station that carried these programs will receive soon after a check for its local time. Fifty-four stations that are listed for the Chevrolet program with Jack Benny have an active participation in the total of \$8,132 that the sponsor mails to NBC for the time.

Not all of the money, of course, goes to the individual station. Several million dollars are paid annually by the two networks into the coffers of the telephone company for wire facilities essential for sending the programs from point to point. Millions more in the total are expended by NBC and CBS for sustaining programs presented by them during unpurchased periods or at periods allotted specifically to the public interest. Engineering overhead and organization personnel all take their percentage of the receipts. But despite the

heavy drains on income, the broadcasting chains manage to continue their operations profitably.

MANY dialers undoubtedly are unaware that the country's most powerful user of radio not only pays no money for his time but actually, through custom, possesses the prerogative of preempting whatever period he desires to go on the air. Moreover, he is not disliked by advertisers since they get a full credit for the money they would have had to pay for their time in addition to a courtesy mention at the beginning of the program which unquestionably is heard by radio's largest audiences. He is the President of the United States; his sponsors are the American people and his "sales talk" is in behalf of his plans or accomplishments.

When the President feels the desire to speak to the people,



Fred Waring's orchestra broadcasting for Henry Ford costs his famous sponsor \$9,480 for each broadcast.

When Eddie Cantor jokes with Jimmy Wallington, his sponsors pay \$12,890 for an hour's broadcast time.



WHEN THE PRESIDENT BROADCASTS

Do you know what it costs when President Roosevelt goes on the air? About \$28,000 every sixty minutes, or about \$465 a minute.

The use of the complete Columbia network costs exactly \$15,200 an hour.

The red network of National Broadcasting System costs \$12,880 an hour.

The blue network of National totals \$12,270 every sixty minutes.

Thus, when the President goes on the air for an hour, the broadcasting chains lose \$28,000. Also, if a non-cancellable artist has been engaged for any broadcast shunted aside by the Chief Executive's hour the chain pays this bill, too.

These are actual costs. What radio gains in prestige, in power, in attracting new listeners, is incalculable, aside from its service to all America.

The President never abuses his privilege, of course. He uses the air only when he has messages of vital importance.

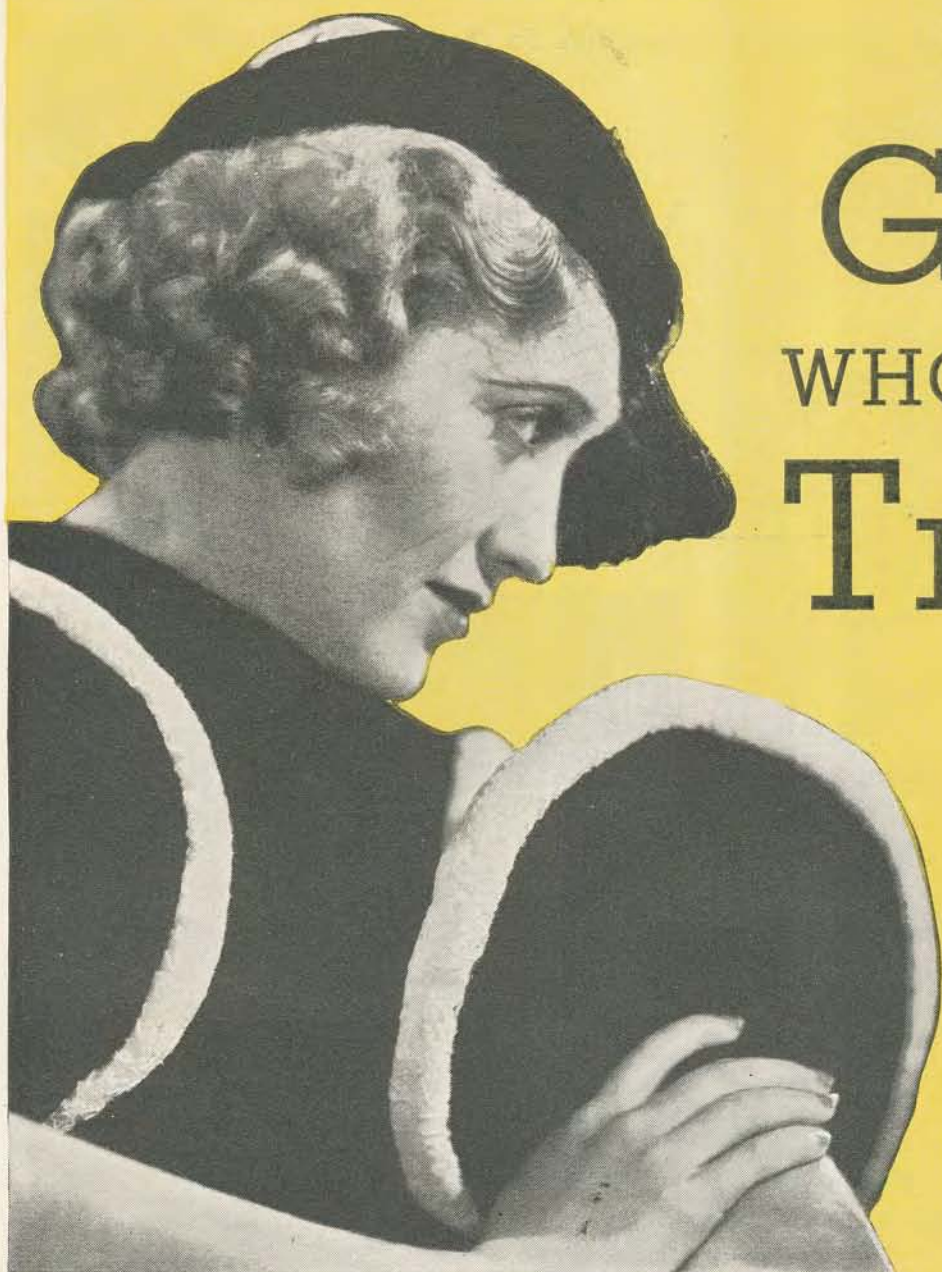
the White House notifies the Washington representatives of the two broadcasting companies. Both having the data as to time and evening, immediately arrange to clear the networks of programs and make available to the entire nation the Presidential substitution. The advertiser who would have held the airways at the time receives a courtesy announcement reading somewhat as follows: "The XYZ company has graciously yielded its time in order that you might hear a broadcast by the President of the United States."

Were the President required to pay for his time on the air it would run into impressive figures. A complete network over the Columbia system would cost him \$15,200 an hour. The red network of NBC would add another \$12,880 and the blue web of the same chain would set him back another \$12,270. Using one of NBC's network and the Columbia hook-up would cost any other user but the President more than \$28,000.

It is a truism that someone always loses in any deal. The loser when the President takes the air is the broadcasting chain, especially when there is a non-cancellable artist contract in effect. In such instances, according to practise, it is the chain that has to meet the artist with a check for the services he would have rendered. The chain also has to rebate the time charge should there (Please turn to page 68)

THE GIRL WHO NEVER Tried

By
JERRY
LANE



Ruth Etting has been ready when Opportunity knocked. "One thing just led to another," says Ruth.

Perhaps it is her red slippers which have brought success to Ruth Etting

MOST of these celebrities have Cinderella themes to their lives of dramatic backgrounds that give me an inferiority complex a mile wide. They snatch opportunities out of thin air. They do the seemingly impossible with a magnificent gesture that leaves me gasping. But Ruth Etting?

She is the White Hope of the great American masses. She just goes her placid little way and lets things happen to her. And the most exciting things do! When that telegram came from Flo Ziegfeld offering her a contract that would have made most girls dizzy, she looked faintly surprised—and went right on baking biscuits.

"How nice . . . I thought—"

She had thought she could not sing—and she has become one of the most popular prima donnas in the country.

She thought she could not act—until Ziegfeld told her differently.

She thought as a screen subject she would be a fizzle—until Eddie Cantor took her by the hand and led her in front of the cameras for "Roman Scandals." Now Hollywood can not get enough of her. They want her stuff. They like her cute, simple, pleading songs. Her smile. In short, Hollywood's "gone" Ruth Etting . . .

While the molten mammas and bizarre exotics pant on the sidelines, a sweet natural girl from the Middle West has captured the spotlight. Maybe those red slippers helped. You can not tell about things like that.

She wore her first pair at the Chautauqua. That was a big event of the season back at her home in David City, Nebraska. Everybody went. They took tents and a skillet

and stayed a week—as long as the shows continued. On the last day Grandmother Etting rubbed her glasses speculatively: "You might as well put on the red shoes, Ruthie, although it does look like rain." It was a little girl thrilled to her very toes who marched down to her seat that afternoon. She had on a freshly starched white dress and an enormous hair ribbon—and the shoes. An improvised orchestra, which Ruthie thought the most wonderful in the world, played "Narcissus" on Swiss bells. It was an enchanted moment. The kind that brings vague ideas into focus. For the first time in her life she was music-conscious. The melody seemed to float around her long after they had stopped playing. On the way home she took ecstatic dancing steps. Until the storm, that had been threatening for hours, broke. It was one of those wild cloudbursts. She and her aunt dashed up on a strange porch and huddled together. Afterwards they had to take off their shoes and stockings to wade through rivers that once were streets. Even with wet splotches on the small red heels. You can see the discoloration to this day—because those slippers are hanging in Ruth's very personal and private den in her new Beverly Hills home. Along with other red slippers that tell a tale. Scarlet symbols of unsought success!

Ruth, you see, did not so much as cherish an ambition to go on the stage. She wanted to be an artist. To draw pictures like that girl on "The Omaha Bee." A girl by the name of Nell Brinkley. "The biggest thrill I've ever had was picking up *The American Weekly* and seeing a picture of myself in 'Simple Simon' singing 'Ten Cents a Dance' which she had drawn!" But that of course was years later.

Small Ruth, back in David City, had no such visions. She was modestly bent on copying all the sketches from the paper held up against the window pane. When she could do them free hand it was an event.

A lonely youngster, this (Please turn to page 70)



RKO-Backrach

Ruth always wore red slippers in the Follies—for luck. Right, Ruth in a scene from "Torch Tango."



White Studio



Do you know how to get the most out of your radio? This series will tell you how to avoid hit and miss listening.

How to Use Your RADIO

By JESSE BUTCHER

DO you know how to listen to radio? Are you getting the most value from the great mass of programs of every conceivable type and on scores of subjects that are offered on the air each day? Do you dial at random or do you intelligently select your programs? Perhaps you have given up tuning in regularly because your haphazard trip along the airways has produced unsatisfying results. It may be your conviction that the broadcasters give little heed to the hobbies and topics in which you are interested.

I have just won over to the ranks of listeners a man who steadfastly refused to have a radio in his home because he declared there was "nothing but jazz on the air." He happens to be an ardent stamp collector and when I proved to him that there were programs devoted to the philatelist he promptly purchased a set. There will always be "nothing but jazz on the air" for the random dialer who dislikes syncopated rhythm just as there will be the plaint of "too

much talk" by the set owner who searches no further than the dial knob for his preferences.

Veritably, there is something for everyone. Majority as well as minority tastes are provided for each day on the radio bill of fare which the chain and independent stations serve. No one need go hungry, no matter how captious the radio appetite. He who seeks will find.

In this, the first of a series of articles on the proper way to listen to radio, we shall endeavor to assist the reader in discovering the good things that are free as well as to induce him or her to become a selective rather than a random listener. As cooking is first and foremost in every home, we will center our attention on that topic and search out what the air waves have to offer. Next month we will take up the timely topic of home service.

As a premise it may be stated that the sponsors and broadcasters are quite alert to the (Continued on page 64)

Time

Monday Morning

10:00 Josephine Gibson, H. J. Heinz. Broadcast west of Pittsburgh.

11:00 Mary Ellis Ames, Cooking Close-Ups, Pillsbury Flour Mills. CBS.

12:15 Josephine Gibson, H. J. Heinz. NBC.

Tuesday Morning

9:45 "Mystery Chef." R. B. Davis Baking Powder. NBC.

11:00 Mary Taylor, Pet Milk. CBS.

Wednesday Morning

9:00 "Mystery Chef." R. B. Davis Baking Powder. CBS.

10:45 Betty Crocker, General Mills. NBC.

11:00 Mary Ellis Ames, Pillsbury Flour Mills. CBS.

11:45 Jane Ellison, Magic Recipes, Borden Sales Co. CBS.

12:15 Josephine Gibson, H. J. Heinz. NBC.

Thursday Morning

9:45 "Mystery Chef." R. B. Davis Baking Powder. NBC.

10:15 Ida Bailey Allen, Home Makers' Club.

11:00 Mary Taylor, Pet Milk. CBS.

11:15 Frances Lee Barton, Cooking School of the Air, General Foods Corp. NBC.

Friday Morning

9:00 "Mystery Chef." CBS.

10:45 Betty Crocker, General Mills. NBC.

11:00 Mary Ellis Ames, Pillsbury Flour Mills. CBS.

12:15 Josephine Gibson, H. J. Heinz. NBC.



The oldest and most popular detective story on the air



Left, Prentice Winchell, who writes the stories. Above, the Crime Clues: John MacBryde, Jay Hanna, the director, Edward Reese and Helene Dumas.

Culter

By TOM CARSKADON

CRIME

DOES
PAY

DRAW up a chair, Mr. Listener, and join the most fascinating guessing-game on the air. Match your wits with Spencer Dean, the manhunter; with Dan Cassidy, his rough and ready pal—Bong! There goes that gong again. You are about to hear another adventure in the series of Eno Crime Clues, the oldest, largest and most successful detective story series in radio.

Rain. . . Wind. . . Spencer Dean and Dan Cassidy trudging through the storm. . . A woman screams. . . There's mystery here, my lads, and these boys are out to solve it . . . a bit of silk dress . . . marks of fresh paint . . . a pistol shot . . . developing clues . . . a door battered down . . . a scream—and the episode ends!!

How is it all coming out? That's a fair question, and you have a fair chance to answer it. Not only the detective in the story, but you, the listener, have all the clues necessary to solve the riddle.

The Eno Crime Clues series is different (Please turn to page 59)

You Dance



Abe Lyman and his Californians send their music over the air to you direct from the New Yorker Hotel. While people hundreds of miles away whirl to his rhythm, the dance floor of the New Yorker is crowded.



Above, Eddie Duchin and his boys broadcast from the swanky Central Park Casino, where New York's elite gather for their evenings of recreation.

Below, Ozzie Nelson and orchestra play in the Cocoanut Grove of Park Central Hotel, where the theater crowd of New York spend their leisure hours.



Paul Whiteman conducts his band in the main dining room of the Biltmore Hotel, New York. While his music comes to you via the microphone, the society and near society of New York are swaying on the floor.



Above, a most spectacular rise has been that of Glen Gray and his Casa Loma Orchestra, now at the Essex House in New York. Gray is in center.

Below, Leon Belasco is master of ceremonies and leads his orchestra in the grill of St. Moritz Hotel, New York, where he has been for a year.



to their Music

LEOPOLD STOKOWSKI



The Polish-Irish conductor of the Philadelphia Philharmonic Orchestra is almost as much interested in radio as in music. He has studied it so that he can utilize all its resources in getting the most spectacular musical results. His concerts have been among the outstanding events of the year.



The glamorous Metropolitan, the lower boxes constituting the famous Diamond Horseshoe.

Wide World

HOW RADIO SAVED THE METROPOLITAN

Lucrezia Bori, who led the radio campaign to save the Met.

By

HERBERT
WESTON



International

The grand old opera house, hit by the depression, faced closing after fifty golden years—when radio fans voluntarily raised \$300,000

BROADCASTING opera from the Metropolitan? Impossible!—a pipe dream of the radio men. There were too many technical difficulties. Besides, the formidable Gatti-Casazza would never permit such sacrilege. That's what they said two years ago.

Yet this Winter there are ten million or more of you who sit by your cozy firesides and listen to the world's most famous operas, sung by the greatest artists of two continents—straight from the stage of the historic old Metropolitan Opera House in New York.

How was it done? It was no easy task. You may have marveled as you listened in last season and the season before and even speculated idly as to how operas are actually broadcast. That is a story in itself. But behind that there

is another story as fascinating and dramatic as any enacted on the glamorous old stage of the Metropolitan, and first let us tell that one.

We go back to the Autumn of 1931 when the broadcasting of opera from the Metropolitan stage was first considered. Keep in mind that the Metropolitan had stubbornly held out against radio and was the last great artistic institution in America to recognize radio and make concessions to it.

Picture then, that holy of holies, the inner sanctum of the great Giulio Gatti-Casazza, czar of American opera and for twenty-five years general manager of the Metropolitan. He sits, stern and forbidding, an Olympian figure behind his massive desk as he listens to the pleas and arguments of Paul D. Cravath, chairman of the Board of Directors of

the Metropolitan, and M. H. Aylesworth, president of the National Broadcasting Company. A conservative genius, bred strictly in the old school tradition, he pulls his beard and pouts. You can almost hear him say: "Radio, bah! An upstart! It will not do justice to the beauty of my music. It will ruin the voices of my artists. It will keep people away from the opera. No, no, no, it is bad!"

Behind him stands his staff, conservative and cautious too, nodding in agreement.

But Cravath, who, besides being an opera official is also a member of the board of directors of the National Broadcasting Company, perseveres. Opera must meet the new conditions of this age as symphony orchestras have. They must go on the air if opera is to continue to live. Besides, times are hard. The attendance at the Metropolitan has fallen off appallingly. The famous old opera house may even have to close after nearly half a century. Radio, instead of killing opera, may save it!

HE pleads eloquently, first from the business standpoint, then from the cultural standpoint. NBC will foot the bill. It will cost nothing. It will advertise opera and create new interest. Besides, the American people in these times of depression need its inspiration.

While Cravath argues for business and answers the artistic objections, Aylesworth pleads for the technique of the radio, which, he promises, will insure justice to the beauty and clarity of the music. Signor Gatti-Casazza listens, frowning and silent. Finally, he gives under the weight of the business argument. To cinch the matter a telephone call is put through to NBC headquarters for radio engineers to come over and convince the maestro that, technically, broadcasting opera can be done to his complete satisfaction.

O. B. Hanson, veteran chief engineer for NBC, and Gerard Chatfield, known as a wizard at technical art directing, hurry over. They inspect the huge auditorium and talk long and earnestly with Gatti. It will be no easy task, but it can be done.

The conference lasts far into the night, but finally Signor Gatti-Casazza capitulates although still doubtful, and probably not a little sad. The conference ended, its purpose accomplished.

The radio engineers and technicians went to work. Their problems of broadcasting from the Metropolitan were more delicate and complex than they ever had encountered before. In the first place it was necessary to eliminate practically all visible signs of broadcasting, both in the auditorium and on the stage. The singers were not to be made self-conscious nor was the audience to be made aware that the broadcast was going on. Furthermore, they were faced with the task of getting adequate equipment in a limited space. There was no room on the stage for the construction of a control booth by which the music could be regulated on the air. It was a Herculean task.

Hanson and Chatfield, however, pitched in and drew up

plan after plan until they finally got what they wanted. Clarity of tone, of course, was the most important, and the one thing they were striving for. Hanson's decision to utilize only one microphone at a time is declared to be largely responsible for this clarity which you enjoy today. When the Chicago Civic Opera Association went on the air in 1927, eighteen microphones were used and the results were not satisfactory. Today in the Metropolitan there are only three in actual use, three others being set in readiness for an emergency.

So here is how your opera comes to you:

THE microphones are placed so that only one is visible—that which hangs over the orchestra. The other two are located in the footlight trough, one on each side of the stage. The orchestra microphone, of course, is always open, but only one of the stage microphones is in use at a time, depending on how the action moves on the stage and where the singers are located. The reason for this, Hanson explains, is that the same sound reaches a near microphone and the far one the barest fraction of a second apart. While this brief variation is not sufficient actually to distort the program, it does interfere with the sharp lucidity of tone attained by a single microphone.

As for the control room—that proved a real problem. After much surveying and planning it was decided to locate it in a box in the second tier of the Golden Horseshoe—Box 44, which, in imagination, is where you are sitting when you listen in on Metropolitan opera broadcasts. Hanson worked out a system of wiring so that the microphones can be controlled from this box, and the actual monitoring of the program—that is, the coast-to-coast hookup, timing, clarity, etc.—can be done by himself and Chatfield in the main NBC studios. Two technical men, stationed in the box with the announcer, are in constant communication with them by telephone. It was tricky—and something never tried before—but it works.

The control room is a simple affair. A table, with a power box for the engineer, a stand for the production man who follows the libretto as the opera progresses and watches the switches, and behind them, a microphone for the announcer, or narrator. A glass shield protects them from the applause in the auditorium. That is all.

The plan is so simple that it has been successful. Except for the substitution of the "ribbon mike" open on both sides, the system still is as good today as it was then.

Because of the Metropolitan's heavy schedule of performances and rehearsals the actual installation of the equipment had to be done late at night, but it was finally completed in

Milton J. Cross, NBC announcer, who has handled the Met broadcasts.



**GIULIO GATTI-CASAZZA, FOR 25 YEARS
GENERAL MANAGER OF THE
METROPOLITAN, SPEAKS:**

"I was doubtful at first. I didn't like the idea of radio itself. I didn't like the idea of having operas broadcast and more—I didn't like the idea of having broadcasting equipment in the opera house. I didn't want to hurt my artists.

"But I was surprised at what they did. And now—opera is alive again! That is enough!"

readiness for the first epoch-making broadcast from the Metropolitan on Christmas afternoon of 1931.

There was great excitement backstage that first day when the strains of the German opera, "Hänsel and Gretel," went on the air. Gatti-Casazza was nervous. Cravath and Aylesworth were anxious. Only the technical men remained cool, as technical men do.

But there was not a hitch. Everything worked perfectly. Deems Taylor, leading American composer, acted as announcer and narrator for the radio audience, interpreting the music, relating the story of the opera, describing the scenery and filling it wherever words could strengthen the dramatic value of the broadcast.

THOSE backstage did not have to wait long for the reaction. The broadcast had not been on the air more

space of the Metropolitan Opera House and achieve such results!"

There were many other messages, which made Cravath, in his dual capacity as opera and radio director particularly happy. But he was fair, even if it did put him on the fence. In a broadcast after the performance he said:

"Let me assure the millions of my listeners who have heard opera in the Metropolitan that the grand opera you will see and hear there surpasses the music you hear over the radio, perfect as it is, just as a beautiful woman standing before you in all her glory surpasses her pale image cast upon a screen."

After that people began talking about opera who had never heard opera before. As the season wore on a surprising story was unfolded. New faces appeared at the Metropolitan—people who had never been inside the audi-



Keystone

The second act of "La Traviata." Arrows right and left point to hidden mikes in foot-light trough, center arrow to prompter's box, lower arrow to orchestra mike.

than a half hour when the box office of the Metropolitan received a telephone call from a listener in Brooklyn who asked to get four subscriptions for the balance of the season.

There were several such incidents the first day. One woman rushed up to the box office to purchase a ticket. She was told that the last act already was on.

"Yes, I know," she said. "I heard the first two acts on the radio and I want to see the rest of the show. Hurry, give me a ticket!"

Even the doubtful Gatti-Casazza skeptically picked up a pair of earphones and listened in. "It exceeds my expectation," he admitted. "I'm glad it has been such a success."

Messages of congratulations poured in from musical celebrities throughout the country. In a sense it was a revolution for music. Opera had capitulated to radio.

Walter Damrosch, dean of American conductors, wired: "I consider the broadcasting of 'Hänsel and Gretel' a triumph. It was a miracle of artistic reproduction of the voices of the singers and the instruments of the orchestra. The most delicate effects as well as the greatest climaxes came over the air with absolute fidelity to the richly colored Wagnerian score of the composer. What a subtle task it must have been to arrange the microphones over the vast

torium before. Hundreds, thousands of letters began to pour in from radio listeners—letters from cultured music lovers and students in the larger cities, letters from lonely homesteaders in Canada; letters from bank presidents and college professors, letters from itinerant laborers in the road camps of the Far West; letters from business men, letters from farmers in the Middle West. The handwriting told the story. Some of the writers could not spell. Many of them never heard opera music before.

Up in the files of the NBC headquarters in Radio City these letters, which all were faithfully answered, are kept on record. I pored through hundreds of them. Some are pathetic, some humorous, some critical, but all are inspiring and present a sharp picture of the hunger of the American people for good music. A man up in Green Refuge, Vermont, seemed to voice the sentiment of those back in the hills and out on the prairies and plains who had never seen or heard opera and to whom broadcasting had opened a new world.

He wrote: "Back here in the mountains of Vermont we have everything man could desire, except music. You bring us this as the final thing to make life satisfactory for us. We thank God and feel under (Please turn to page 80)

TWO



BENNY'S



WORTH



Culver

Jack Benny with his wife, Mary Livingston. Left, Jack caught in the very act of broadcasting.

Jack and the Missus have worked together since the time she pinch-hitted and made good

By

GRACE MACK

NOBODY will ever accuse Jack Benny of being a male Cinderella. The story of his success is unpunctuated by anything phenomenal in the way of lucky breaks. He did not skyrocket to fame overnight. In fact, as the old poem puts it, he mounted the ladder round by round.

He got his start in show business as a doorman at a theater in Waukegan, Illinois. It was not even one of those fancy revolving doors. It was just a plain everyday door but Jack, then a kid of fifteen, convinced the manager that it would be nice for the customers if somebody like himself stood on the outside and pulled the door open for them. He proved so efficient at the door opening business that some months later, when the property man at the theater quit, Jack was offered his job.

Jack's father and mother did not think much of the backstage job. They had dreamed that their son would one day be a great violinist. They had spent a great deal of money on violin lessons for him. They had even bought him a violin of expensive make, an Amati, because his teacher had said it was one of the best. And here was their

prodigy rustling props in a little, unimportant theater. "If you're going to be in the theater," Mamma Kubelsky told him over and over, "it is in the orchestra you should be, playing your violin."

She finally convinced Jack that she was right and after a year of working backstage he graduated into the orchestra pit.

When the theater closed because of old age Jack and his violin went into vaudeville, doing a single. Then the United States entered the war and Jack joined the Navy. He probably thought he would like the boat ride. Or maybe it was because the Great Lakes Naval Station was practically in his back yard. At any rate, while he was learning the art of wig-wagging and deck-swabbing the sailors at the training station put on a show. Of course Jack and his fiddle were in it. But Jack took no chances on giving the gobs their violin music straight. He punctuated his act with funny stories and he noticed that the stories seemed to make more of a hit than the music.

When the war ended Jack (Please turn to page 76)

Two years ago Phillips Lord bought the Seth Parker, a 186-foot schooner and former lumber trader, for his cruise

By
EDWARD
SAMMIS

IT is some years ago now, as the seasons roll, that sleepy summer afternoon when a gang of boys lay on their backs in the lush grass of the countryside just inland from the Maine coast watching the white clouds like frigates under full canvas sailing majestically across the blue deep of the heavens.

They were talking, as they often did, inexhaustibly, of what they were going to do when they grew up.

Said one, looking with disgust at the string of perch flopping beside him, the largest fish which Meadow Brook had to offer:

"When I grow up, I'm goin' right out in the middle of the ocean and fish for whales and sharks, the biggest fish there is."

Said another:

"When I grow up, I'm goin' off to Africa and shoot lions 'n tigers 'n elephants."

And another:

"Shucks, I'm goin' to fight pirates hand to hand with cutlasses on the poop deck."



When Dreams COME TRUE



Phillips Lord at the wheel of his dream ship, the Seth Parker

As a boy, Phillips Lord watched ships sail away into the horizon, now he himself sails away on his great adventure

What boy hasn't promised himself that when he grew up, he would do such things? But alas, for boyhood dreams! The horizon changes, illusions fade, and the boy's dream lives only in the man's heart, whispering to him, stubbornly, hopelessly, "Some day . . . some day . . ."

For once in the world's history, however, a boy's dream is going to come true, not with any reason or sense from a grown-up's viewpoint, but just as he dreamed it lying there on the grass beneath the summer sky long ago. It is going to come true because one man has had the courage and the vision, through all the years to keep faith with the kid he used to be.

That man is Phillips Lord, better known to the millions who listen in on the radio as Seth Parker. As you read this he will be making his way down the Eastern seaboard in one of the last of the old sailing ships on the first leg of a voyage which will occupy nearly two years and which will take him to the far corners of the earth.

With him will go a picked group of the companions of his youth, and three cadets, boys of the same sort that he once was, in addition to the regular crew.

They are going to do all the things they wanted to do when they were dreaming their boyish dreams! Down in the ship's locker there is thousands of dollars worth of fishing tackle, special reels, heavy lines and sinkers and harpoons so they can fish as they dreamed they would in the middle of the ocean for the biggest fish there are.

"Maybe I can't catch any fish in the middle of the ocean," said Phillips Lord, "but I promised myself I'd fish there some day so I'm going to do it."

IN the ship's arsenal are heavy barreled elephant guns so they can go hunting big game the way they said they would.

And pirates? Yes, even in this workaday world, there are still pirates, infesting the remoter crannies of the China Seas. They come swarming out of river mouths uttering horrid cries that would delight the heart of Robert Louis Stevenson and often board unsuspecting merchantmen. And with a pound cannon on the poop deck, they are going to try as hard as possible to look like an unsuspecting merchantman.

Oh, there are a hundred strange places they will visit and a hundred curious legends, cherished by boyhood, which they will investigate. Like the tree in Madagascar which folds up at night like a flower, in which the natives are said to place their most beautiful maidens to be crushed in sacrificial ceremony. What adventure could be more satisfying than to rescue one of those maidens from such a plight?

And the best part of the plan is that they are taking the

The Seth Parker carries ammunition for any sort of unexpected peril.



whole world of radio listeners right along with them. Through the miracle of short wave broadcasting their adventures will be brought to the loud speakers at the fireside from the places where they are happening. The voices of odd characters, the noises of strange lands, the calls of a Borneo head hunter, the eerie strains of Chinese music, the wonders of East Indian fakirs will be heard in every American home where a radio is tuned in to the National Broadcasting Network. And those who are still children at heart will have a chance to live with Phillips Lord and his band

From **MY LOST YOUTH**

By
**HENRY
WADSWORTH
LONGFELLOW**

Often I think of the beautiful town
That is seated by the sea;
Often in thought go up and down
The pleasant streets of that dear
old town
And my youth comes back to me.
And a verse of a Lapland song
Is haunting my memory still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will
And the thoughts of youth are
long, long thoughts."

I can see the shadowy lines of its
trees,
And catch in sudden gleams,
The sheen of the far-surrounding
seas
And islands that were the Hesper-
ides
Of all my boyish dreams.
And the burden of that old song,
It murmurs and whispers still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are
long, long thoughts."



Culver

Right, Phillips Lord as he really appears broadcasting, and, above, Lord and the Jonesport folk as you have visualized them. Lord probably will return as Seth Parker after his cruise.

through all of the adventurous dreams of their own youth.

It is truly one of the most extraordinary things that has ever happened in radio. Yet it is only another rich chapter in the already amazing career of the dynamic young man who at the age of thirty-one finds himself a household by-word and a millionaire in his own right.

His story is the sort of success story dear to the hearts of Americans. Son of the Reverend Albert J. Lord, minister of the First Congregational Church of Meriden, Connecticut, he is New England to the core, inheriting hardihood from a long line of Yankee sea captains, shrewdness from a long line of Yankee merchants.

THE fondest memories of his youth were those summer excursions to the home of his maternal grandfather, Hosea Phillips, trader, wit and philosopher who was to provide him one day with most of the material for the character with whom he was himself to become identified in the minds of millions, meaning, of course, Seth Parker.

There the smell of the salt sea stirred racial memories in his blood. There he saw the fishing ships coming home from the banks and the trading ships coming home from the Orient and dreamed his dreams of high adventure. There, too, he met the originals of the characters that were to bring him fortune on the air. It was from those days that the name of Jonesport, a nearby hamlet, stuck with him to be used later as the mythical setting of those Seth Parker Sunday night get-togethers.

After receiving his High School education in Meriden, he went to Bowdoin in Maine, that most New England of all colleges, graduating in 1925. At that time he had no definite plans for his life until he heard that his childhood sweetheart, Sophia Mecorney, had taken a teaching position at Plainville, Connecticut. In order to be near her he went to Plainville and talked the school board into giving him the principalship. Within six months they were married.

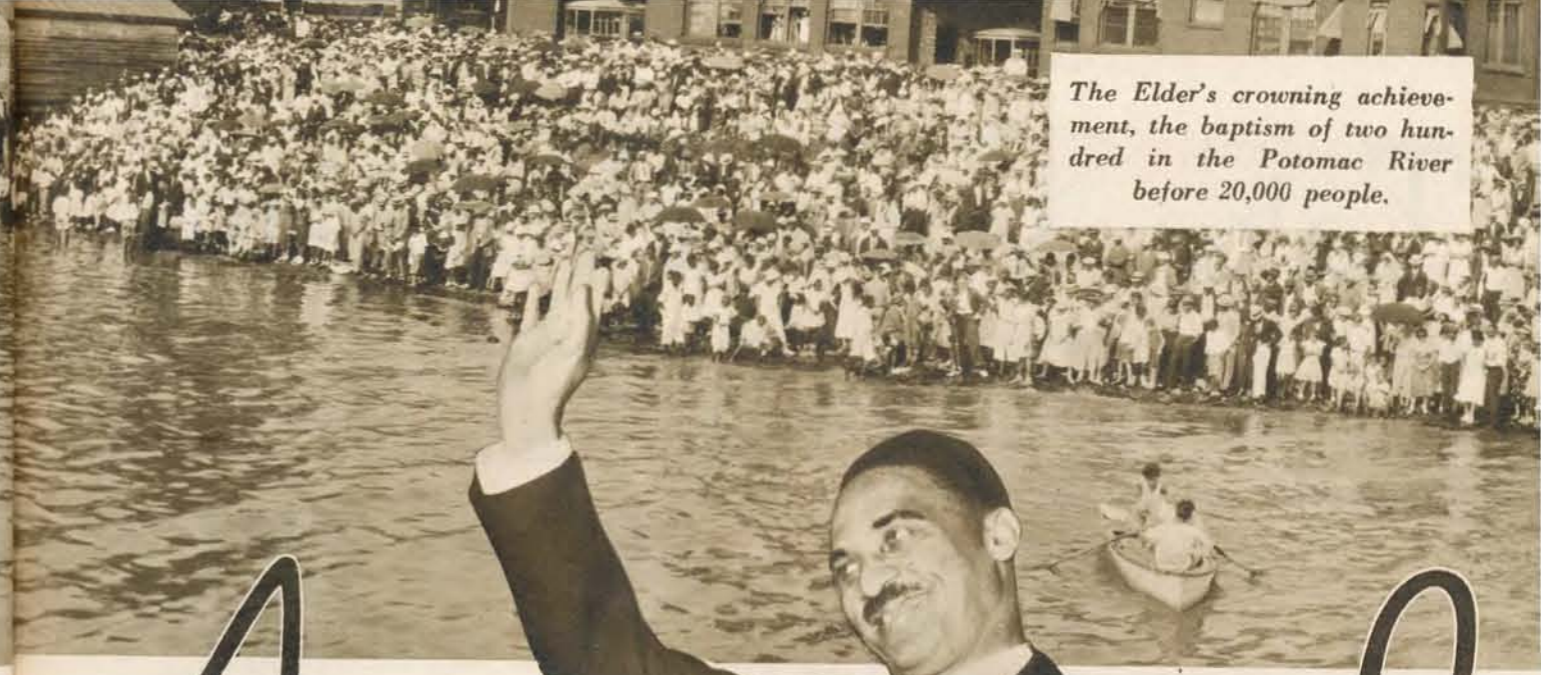
Lord spent two years there, but he began to grow rest-

less. Like millions of other people, he had the itch to write, an itch that would not be denied. So he gave up his position, came to New York with his family, took a cheap apartment and began to bombard the magazines with manuscripts. But no editor saw merit in his sketches of rural characters and his savings dwindled until he was forced to take a job dipping chocolates in a candy factory to keep the pot boiling while he did his writing after hours.

One evening he was listening to a program with a rustic setting on the radio. The characters were supposed to be down east country folk, but they were so distorted, so untrue to New England life as he knew it, that he was filled with rage and to ease his feelings he sat down and wrote a letter of protest to the broadcasting company.

He got a letter in reply challenging him to do better if he could. He accepted the challenge, wrote the first of the Seth Parker sketches and got some of his friends together to act in them.

The rest is history. The "Sunday Night at Seth Parker's" sketch, with its simple hymn singing, homely, salty philosophy and believable characters struck a sympathetic note in the hearts of listeners bored with artificiality. The mail poured in and Phillips Lord was made. Other programs followed in swift succession, "The Stebbins Boys," "The Country Doctor," "Uncle Abe (Please turn to page 82)



The Elder's crowning achievement, the baptism of two hundred in the Potomac River before 20,000 people.

"Happy Am I"



ELDER MICHAUX

How Elder Lightfoot Solomon Michaux, an obscure Negro evangelist jumped from a tiny Virginia church to nation-wide fame

By ROBERT D. HEINL

"Happy am I,
So happy now,
Happy am I,
With my Redeemer singing,
I am happy,
Along the way to Heaven."

WITH the spiritual "Happy am I," sung in swaying rhythm by his congregation, as they keep time clapping their hands, accompanied by a mandolin, a guitar, and two mouth-organs, as his theme-song, Elder Lightfoot Solomon Michaux, colored evangelist, through radio in a few years has arisen from an obscure little congregation in Virginia to the head of his own church in Washington and to nation-wide fame.

Now that Elder Michaux is on a 50-station Columbia network and attention has been focused upon this unique character he promises to be the radio sensation of the season. This is a rapid climb for a former fish-peddler but inspired by his religious fervor and the catchy swing of "Happy Am I," he has made it with apparent ease.

Elder Michaux, who began preaching in Washington in a tent on a vacant lot, may be seen today on the streets of the nation's capital riding in an expensive foreign car, built

especially for him, with a uniformed chauffeur—as fine a turnout as that used by President Roosevelt. After services a small crowd usually hovers about the gorgeous car to watch the Elder and his chauffeur depart. They all know the car because on each of the hubs and on the front below the name-plate is a devil's-head and a devil's pitch-fork strikingly done in nickel and black enamel.

This is a symbol of Elder Michaux's everlasting war on Satan. However on such a handsome car no ordinary devil replica is used but rather an impressionistic devil, which bears about the same relation, artistically, to the usual Pluto water devil, as an NRA blue eagle does to the Zoo variety. Also the pitchforks on the hub-caps are impressionistic.

Elder Michaux's church, in the heart of the colored section of the city, is frequently visited by capital dignitaries. One night former Secretary of State Stimson and Mrs. Stimson took a distinguished group of foreign visitors to the services including Sir Walter Windham, of London, Vice Admiral Sidney Drury-Lowe, of His Majesty's Royal Navy, George Wood, of Aberdeen, Scotland and several others of equal prominence. Such an assemblage would make even Aimee Semple McPherson envious.

A critic of Aimee observed that the secret of her success was her music. Surely this is true to a certain extent of

Elder Michaux. Each and every one of his songs makes you instinctively keep time with your feet, just as the members of his congregation feel the urge to mark the rhythm by clapping their hands.

This stomping of feet, clapping of hands, and swaying of bodies in unison, reached such proportions at one of the Elder's broadcasts that there came near being serious consequences. It was at the time of President Roosevelt's inauguration. Michaux conceived the idea of staging his regular broadcast, ordinarily held in his church, in the Washington Auditorium, where the Inaugural Ball had been held the night before. Six thousand persons packed the hall, which is probably as large as any in New York City, outside of Madison Square Garden. It was estimated that at least 5,000 were on the outside clamoring for admission. Elder Michaux with the aid of police had to go into the building through a window.

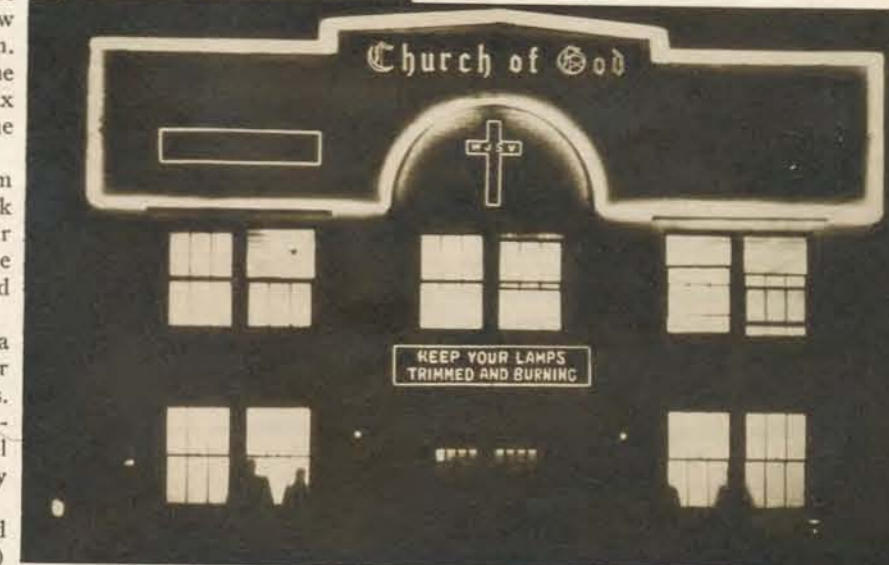
The first song, of course, was "Happy Am I" and those assembled began to sway back and forth, clap their hands, and stomp their feet in such enthusiastic unison that the Fire Department called a halt for fear they would shake down the building.

The Elder's crowning achievement was a "baptising" not long ago on the Potomac river at which 20,000 spectators lined the shores. Colored "baptisings" are famous in the southern country around Washington and never fail to draw a large crowd but this one was very likely the biggest ever held.

It was unique in being the first one ever heard over the radio. More (Please turn to page 89)



So great is Elder Michaux's radio fame that visitors come from almost every state to visit his church in Washington. At the left is the elder; below, a night view of the church.



Take your Problems

The famous counselor to forty million people starts an exclusive department of advice for Tower Radio readers

By VOICE of EXPERIENCE

It is indeed a pleasure to me to have been asked by the publishers of this new radio magazine to conduct a regular monthly column dealing with those vital human problems which characterize my daily broadcasts over the Columbia network.

Limited as I am to fifteen minutes per day on the air, with letters pouring in to me at the rate of twelve to fifteen thousand per week, I naturally welcome another avenue through which to broaden the scope of the humanitarian service I am trying to render.

When I first commenced my broadcasting, because of the fact that I was conducting a question-and-answer period and inviting my audience to submit queries to be answered over the air-waves, a great many letters that I received showed clearly that I was mistaken for a fortune-teller or a clairvoyant. This was evidenced by the many questions put to me to predict the future, to locate lost articles, or to inform a husband, wife or sweetheart as to whether the one in whom they were interested was "true" or not.

In starting this column of questions-and-answers, I want, at the outset, to obviate any misunderstanding by stating most emphatically that I am not an oracle. I cannot predict and I will not guess about anything. I have behind me twenty-five years of service in the sociological field; have been an untiring student of human nature and, therefore, am glad to lend my experiences to any who seek them in solving problems where good common sense and scientific knowledge will combine in offering a sane and practical reply.

To give you readers an idea of the scope of the work and the nature of the kinds of questions I shall be glad to consider, together with the type of replies that you can expect, let me illustrate with a few letters that have come to me recently in connection with my broadcasts. Here, for example, is a letter from a girl out in Oregon, who writes to me as follows:

DEAR VOICE OF EXPERIENCE:

I am a girl seventeen years old and have been going with a boy nearly twenty-five, whom I care for very much. I believe that he cares for me, too. However, he has never gone with a girl as young as I and he will not allow himself to express his opinions toward me. He realizes I have my school ahead of me and will not see me during the week days for that reason. What should I do? Urge him on, or try to forget him? I would certainly appreciate a reply.

(Signed) D.

HOW TO WRITE TO THE VOICE OF EXPERIENCE

Are you facing a problem that baffles you? Do you want the personal advice of the Voice of Experience? If so, state your worries in a simple, short letter, exactly as you would tell your problems to a friend, and address your letter to The Voice of Experience, TOWER RADIO MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Be sure to enclose a stamp for reply. Your letter will go unopened to the Voice of Experience for his consideration. Some of these problems will be answered in TOWER RADIO each month. Watch for the department of the Voice of Experience in TOWER RADIO each month. This is an exclusive feature of this magazine.

You know the Voice of Experience—and his broad knowledge of humanity—from his many broadcasts. Dr. Taylor, who is the Voice, is a Kentuckian, the son of a Baptist evangelist. First intending to enter the ministry, he turned to medicine and then to the field of sociology and psychology.

Read this department and also listen to the Voice of Experience over the coast to coast network of Columbia at the following times each week: Mondays, 12 o'clock noon and 3:15 P.M.; Tuesdays, 12 noon, 8:30 (except Pacific Coast) and 11:45 P.M. (Pacific Coast); Wednesdays, Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays, 12 o'clock noon. Eastern standard time.

ANSWER:

Do you know, D, you didn't say very much about that young man; but somehow I like him. And although you say that he has not expressed his opinions toward you, you think that he cares for you, but he will not interfere with your school work. Little girl, when a man really loves a woman, his first thought is for her welfare, her pleasure, or her well-being. He realizes the advantage of education and he will not infuse himself for selfish purposes into your life at a time when it will conflict with your educational advancement. How few boys there are that consider the necessity of study time in the evening for the girl friend!

I say again that I think his actions are portraying better than words his sincere interest in you and, probably, his affection for you. A great difference in age is usually a big handicap; but six or seven years, provided the boy is the senior, is not too much, if the girl is biologically mature in proportion to her chronological age; in other words, if she has matured as rapidly as she should for the number of years she has lived.

You ask for my advice? It seems to me that your boyfriend is using mighty good judgment, and if I were you I would let him do the planning. I, for one, have faith in the ultimate result of those plans.

Here is another letter of a vastly different character:

DEAR VOICE OF EXPERIENCE:

I am a victim of hard luck. My mother has been liv-

to the VOICE of EXPERIENCE

ing with a man to whom she is not married for thirty years. I have been brought up as his child and have used his name, although my real name was not changed by law.

I have been married and, at the ceremony, used my foster-father's name. I did not tell my husband of my mother's past. He thinks that this man is my real father. I have five children of my own, but the question is: Am I really married, or does the law say that to be legally married you must use the name that you were born under?

WORRIED.

ANSWER:

My friend, the law is not concerned with what your real name is in legalizing a marriage ceremony, and your marriage would be just as binding if you had used any other alias than the one that you did. You have signed yourself "Worried," and, oh, how many of us there are who build bridges over dry land and wear ourselves out crossing these bridges, when they needn't have had to exist in the first place!

Your mother's problems are not yours. You have established your home under a definite name. If I were you, I would count myself fortunate in the love of my husband and of my little family and forget the maiden-name entirely.

Many parents submit their problems to me concerning their children; and these problems are legion. Here, for example, is an interesting one:

DEAR VOICE OF EXPERIENCE:

We move in a circle where it is necessary for us to do some entertaining. There is one family in particular that seems to have nothing to do but to visit, and they have almost worn me threadbare dropping in at inopportune times. The other day when they left, I made the mistake of saying before my little four-year-old girl that I wished these pests had sense enough to stay at home.

Yesterday, the doorbell rang and little Miss Curiosity ran to the door and, when she saw who it was, yelled to me at the top of her voice, "Mama! The pests are back again!" And then turning toward them she stamped her foot and said, "Ain't you got sense enough to stay home?"

You can imagine what a strained visit that was and, although I apologized profusely, I could tell that they didn't accept my apology. Now I am afraid that they will tell others of the experience and I cannot afford to make enemies.

How can I go about making amends?

ETHICS.

ANSWER:

My friend, in all kindness may I say that you better had signed yourself "Unethical," for it would have been more



Dr. M. Sayle Taylor is the Voice of Experience. On the air three times a week over the Columbia System, Dr. Taylor has been the 1933-34 sensation of radio. No air feature has attracted more attention. He has been receiving some 15,000 letters a week and his grand total has passed the 2,500,000 mark.

in keeping! You have heard the old saying that babes and fools tell the truth? Most people know that. So the more explaining that you try to do, the deeper you are going to get yourself involved. There is another saying that you know to the effect that if one tells a lie, it usually takes forty more to get you out of it.

If I were you, I would drop the whole matter, but accept this as a costly lesson. Just remember that little four-year-old ears are attached to a brain that in turn controls a little tongue; and for that reason it pays all parents to be most discreet about any gossiping they do before children.

The experience through which the woman who signed herself "Ethics" has just passed might be a lesson to many of you readers, too.

Here's another letter that might offer a good lesson to some of you women readers. This woman writes:

DEAR VOICE OF EXPERIENCE:

I stole a dollar from my husband's pants pocket and my conscience has bothered me ever since. It is not like me to do a thing of this kind; but he gives me very little for my household expenses and when I ask for money for necessities, he claims not to have a nickel in his pocket.

So one day I wanted to make sure he was telling me the truth. I was furious when I found in his pocket twenty-dollar bills, ten-dollar bills, and several one dollar bills. I could have taken a ten and I am positive he would not have missed it. He is just that kind. But I only took one measly little dollar—and now I am afraid that I will have to do it (Please turn to page 95)



TAMARA

Jackson



During the Russian Revolution, Tamara was nearly burned to death when Terrorists set fire to a haystack in which she was hiding. Tamara escaped and quickly gained recognition for her unusual voice.

Dryness—a fault of your outer skin

But Lines and Wrinkles come from shrinking of your Under Skin

THE APPLE SHOWS HOW WRINKLES COME



- Smooth—Glossy**
1. At its peak, the inner and outer skins of the apple are both firm and smooth—they are both perfect!
- Soft—Spongy**
2. A little past its prime, the inner tissue of the apple has shrunk away from the outer skin.
- Wrinkled—Discolored**
3. Later, the outer skin has wrinkled to fit the shrunken under skin. This causes wrinkles in human skin, too!

No single cream can care for Both your skins!

TWO SKINS—Your *Outer Skin*, exposed to sun, wind, dust, needs a substance that restores the moisture that is constantly being whipped out of it.

Your *Under Skin* is fed by oils that keep it full and firm and prevent lines and wrinkles from forming. When these natural oils fail, this skin needs certain deep penetrating oils to take their place.

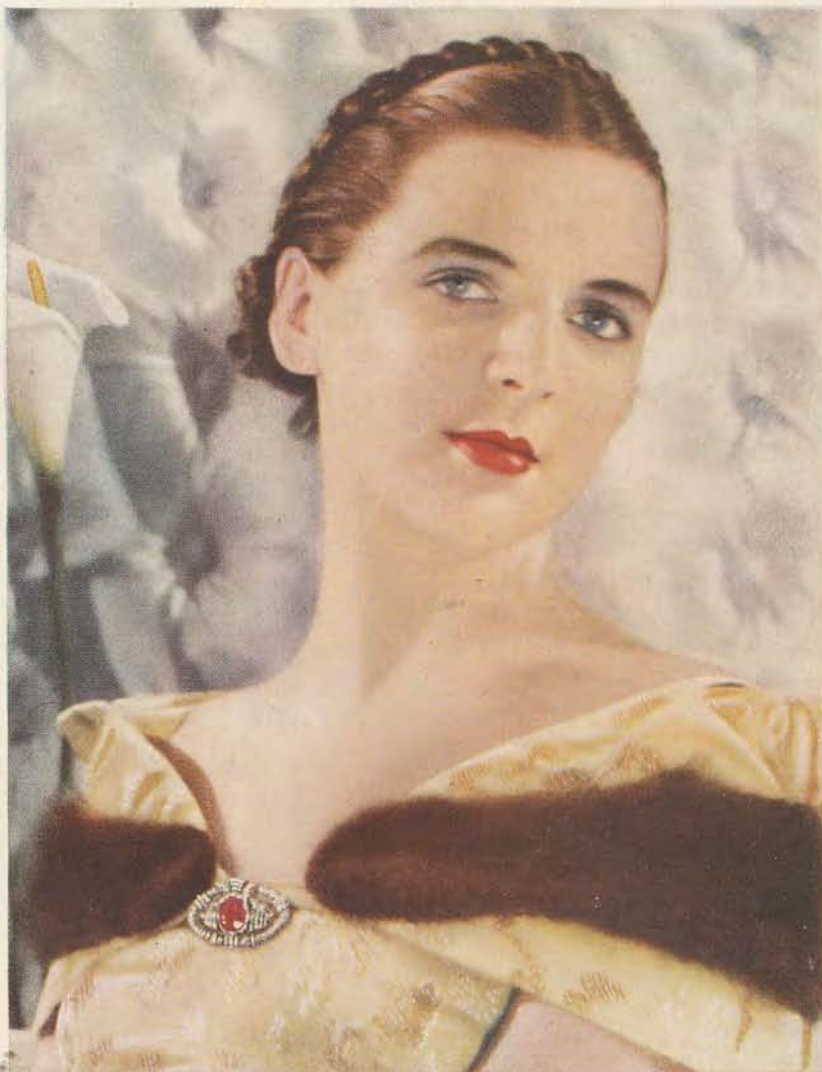
And *no single cream* can be made to contain both kinds of substance.

That is why there are *two* kinds of Pond's Creams. Why beautiful women constantly use these two entirely different creams.

Pond's Cold Cream melts instantly and sinks *deep down* into the under skin. It is *oily*. See how it draws the dirt out!

Pond's Vanishing Cream stays on the surface to soften and lubricate the *outer* skin only!

Have you been trying to care for your skin with one cream only? Then just try this Two-Skin Care for just a few days and see what wonderful results it brings you.



Miss Anne Gould lovely daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jay Gould, cares for both her skins, each with a different Pond's Cream.

This is how Miss Anne Gould does it:

1. "Every Night, I cleanse my skin to its depths with Pond's Cold Cream. It's a soft melty kind of cream that coaxes out every speck of make-up and dust from your pores. I wipe it off with Pond's Tissues. Then I go all over face and neck with Pond's Cold Cream a second time. I *pat* it in to bring up the circulation. It makes any skin feel young deep down! I wipe that off, too. (Sometimes I use Pond's Liquefying Cream. It's a grand cleanser, too, and goes equally deep.)

2. "Next, Pond's Vanishing Cream for overnight. It is greaseless. Makes you look and feel fresh, and never soils your pillow. I apply it liberally over face, neck, arms and hands... And I use it all the time to keep my elbows soft and white.

3. "In the Morning, and during the day when needed, I repeat this. Pond's Cold Cream cleansing, then Pond's Vanishing Cream. This last is the grandest foundation cream. It holds powder amazingly."



For your Under Skin
Pond's oil-rich Cold Cream or the new Pond's Liquefying Cream.

For your Outer Skin
—Pond's Vanishing Cream. Greaseless. Corrects dryness.

SEND FOR SAMPLES Pond's Extract Company, Dept. D 127 Hudson Street, New York City

I enclose 9¢ (postage and packing) for samples of Pond's Creams and six different shades of Pond's Face Powder.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Copyright, 1934, Pond's Extract Company



Two Creams needed for your Two Skins...

Your **UNDER SKIN** where wrinkles start needs an oil cream that goes deep down—supplies failing oils—Pond's Cold Cream or Pond's Liquefying Cream.

Your **OUTER SKIN** where dryness comes needs an oil-less cream that stays on the surface, restores moisture—Pond's Vanishing Cream.

The reasons women give for preferring Camels

WOMEN seem to want three things in a cigarette—that it doesn't make their nerves jumpy, that it is mild without being flat, and that it has a fine flavor they don't tire of. That is why they like Camels.

"I never tire of Camels' taste nor do they get on my nerves," says Mrs. J. Gardner Coolidge, 2nd.

"Camels are smooth and rich and certainly prove that a cigarette can be mild without being flat or sweetish," comments Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr.

"The mild taste of Camels is always delicious," says Mrs. James Russell Lowell, "and they never get on my nerves which I consider important."

Of course it is important. No one wants jangled nerves. Smoke Camels and you will appreciate why Camel pays millions more for its tobaccos.



Copyright, 1934, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

Washington

"I thoroughly enjoy smoking a Camel—it relaxes me—and I don't tire of their taste."

MRS. HAMILTON FISH, JR.

Boston

"I like Camels best because they are rich and mild and don't make me nervous."

MRS. POWELL CABOT



New York

"There must be better tobacco in Camels because I never get tired of their smooth, rich flavor."

MRS. ADRIAN ISELIN, II



CAMELS ARE MADE FROM FINER, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS THAN ANY OTHER POPULAR BRAND

Maude Adams, glamorous figure of stage, finally becomes star of radio

Behind the Dial



Culter



Harriet Hilliard looks up to Ozzie Nelson as the man solely responsible for her rise to a radio star in less than two years' time.

and Charles Carlile; 8th, Tito Guizar; 9th, Oliver Smith; 10th, Elliot Shaw; 11th, Pat Flanagan; 13th (and it's Friday, too), Evan Evans; 14th, Robert Moody; 15th, Marion Jordan; 16th, Betty Barthell and Milton Cross; 17th, Howard Claney; 19th, Betty Winkler, Benny Meroff and Sylvia Froos; 20th, Wilfred Glenn; 23rd, Edwin C. Hill; 26th, Marjorie Morin; 28th, Paul Whiteman; 29th, Frank Parker and Harry McNaughton (Bottles, the butler, with Phil Baker).

Radio's greatest matrimonial mix-up: Ilomay Bailey and Lee Sims, piano and singing duo, are Mr. and Mrs. Lee Sims. Miss Bailey is the divorced wife of Robert Steiner, Chicago businessman, who married the former Mrs. Sims. Both couples are great friends and almost inseparable. And Mr. and Mrs. Steiner are the personal managers for Mr. and Mrs. Sims!

Leah Ray, warbler with Phil Harris, has dieted away in a year 40 pounds by counting her calories. Paul Whiteman, on the other hand, is adding poundage. If he doesn't watch out Margaret Livingstone will have to write a sequel to "Whiteman's Burden."

Just the other day seers were forecasting the end of thrillers. But to supplement "K-7," "Lives at Stake," "Dangerous Paradise," "The Witch's Tale" et al, have come "Submarine Thrills" and "The Black Veil" with others in the offing. It's dangerous to predict any trend in radio.



Culter

Jessica Dragonette runs over her songs with the leader, a few minutes before going on the air.



Culter

Breen and DeRose were one of first radio couples. Hubby accompanies wife.

(Continued from page 10)

Minuhin, Eddy Brown—and, oh, yes, Dave Rubinoff—broadcast with genuine Stradivaris or Guarneriuses costing fortunes, don't you believe it. While these musicians all own instruments of authentic origin and fabulous values, they don't use them when they play on the air. The reason is the creations of the Cremona masters have tones too powerful for radio reproduction. They are all right in a concert hall but not so good in a studio. Favored by the fiddlers, when they take to the air, are violins also of Italian make but the work of lesser geniuses than Stradivari and Guarnerius and his descendants. They are preferred because they have tones of mellow quality peculiarly fitted to radio.

Do you send your air favorite a card on his or her birthday? If you do, here's the schedule for April: 3rd, George Jessel; 6th, Lowell Thomas and Keith McLeod; 7th, Walter Winchell

Answer to the song, "What Are Little Girls Made Of?" They are made of radio star material. This winter they are riding the kilocycles high, wide and handsome. Witness: Mary Small, Baby Rose Marie, Mitzi Green, Nancy Kelly, who plays Dorothy in "The Wizard of Oz" and, of course, Shirley Bell, "Little Orphan Annie."

Another little girl whose poems are recited on the air is Marie Penny, the 12-year-old daughter of Carl P. Penny, of the *Brooklyn Eagle*. They are read on NBC's Children's Hour and by Uncle Don on WOR from her book, "Children's Corner," which, by the way, is illustrated by another little girl, Tony Sarg's daughter, Mary.

James S. Wallington is married to a girl whose name he couldn't pronounce when he wooed her. It is Stanislaw Butkiewicz. Try that on your larynx.

Vera Van: **SELECTS**

for Afternoon

for Morning

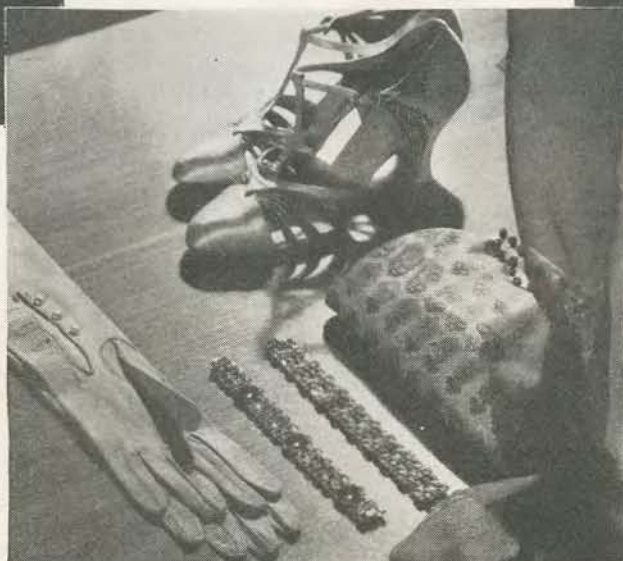
for Evening



● For morning, Miss Van selected this new spring tailored suit made of navy and white plaid silk with a navy shirt blouse sporting a mannish collar finished by a grosgrain ribbon bow in red. Worn with this is a straw cloth Breton sailor of navy with turned-up brim lined in white.

● The evening accessories selected by Miss Van include the formal "T" strapped sandal of white satin with inlay of gold kid, a lovely brocaded bag with antique frame, rhinestone bracelets set in emeralds and two-button long soft kid gloves.

● From Bonwit Teller's Rendezvous Shop, this smart and becoming afternoon dress of sky-blue silk crepe was chosen by Miss Van. The waistline is high, the jacket short—worn over a vestee of fine lace stitched on a net foundation. Worn with this dress is a smart turban of white straw fabric, and the accessories Miss Van has selected include the latest novelty handbag in the shape of an opera glass case, of color matching the frock.



● Important in color, design and fabric is this evening gown of flower print organza. An interesting feature of the dress is the amusing new treatment of the train in that the long wide sash of royal blue vel-grana forms this dramatic train, adding formality to the last degree to what could be an afternoon garden frock, with its quaint ruffled and puffed sleeves and demure neckline in front.

Clothes selected by Miss Van at Bonwit Teller, New York

Photos by Eugene Friduss

Rest for Sick Lungs



"I am one of the lucky ones. Thanks to modern treatment, I was able to come home from the sanatorium months before I had expected. I am going back to work Monday."

TREMENDOUS progress has been made during the past twenty years in reducing the loss of life from tuberculosis. This success has been the result chiefly of popular education and the development and use of modern methods of treatment.

Yet in spite of the progress made, this disease took more than 70,000 lives in this country last year. In the United States, tuberculosis is today the principal cause of death of persons between fifteen and forty-five years of age. The hope for further progress lies in an increasing recognition of the necessity for early diagnosis and in more extended use of modern treatment.

It is frequently difficult to diagnose tuberculosis in the early stages when the usual symptoms—loss of weight, lack of appetite, indigestion, fatigue and a persistent cough—are absent. Often the only way to detect tuberculosis is by means of X-ray or fluoroscope. The sooner the diagnosis is made, the greater is the opportunity for

proper treatment to bring about recovery.

Of the four factors in modern treatment—rest, sunshine, fresh air and proper nourishment—the chief one is rest. Medical science has discovered several ways of aiding Nature, when advisable, through artificial methods for resting an infected lung. The method used depends upon the particular case.

Pneumothorax treatment (lung collapsing), together with other kindred methods, concentrates rest where it will do the greatest good—in the sick lung. The relief from continuous motion and irritation due to breathing or coughing enables the resting lung to heal more rapidly.

The majority of cases of tuberculosis can be arrested when prompt action is taken and the four items of treatment—sunshine, fresh air, proper nourishment and REST—are faithfully and continually observed under medical care.



METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT

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

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Harriet Hilliard

TALKS ON BEAUTY



"March winds bring special skin problems at this time of year," says Miss Hilliard. And she wants to help you.

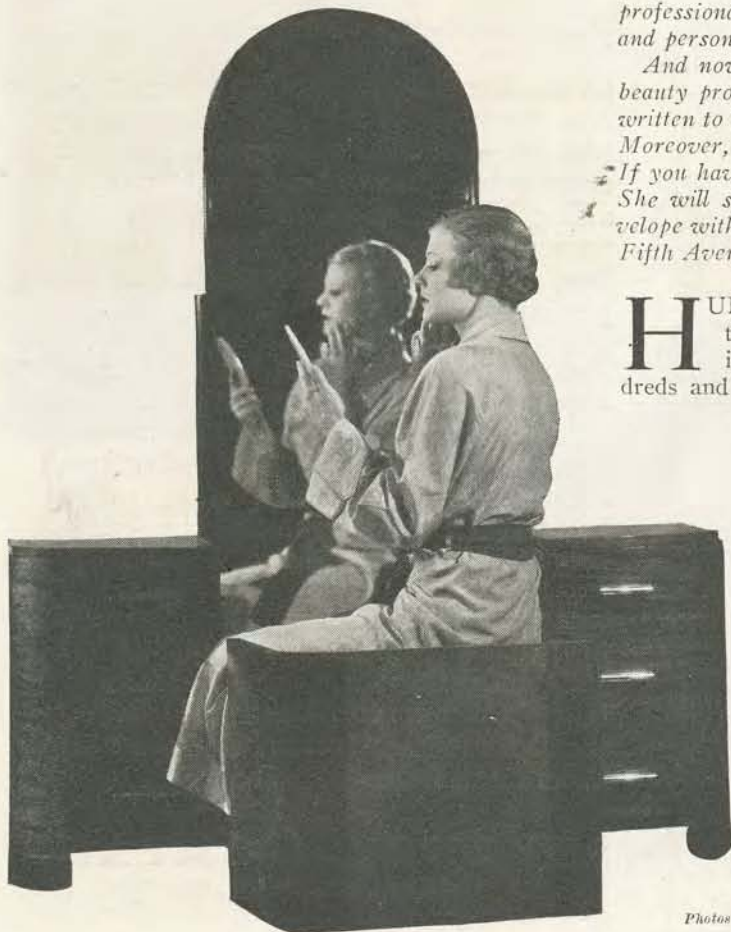
HARRIET HILLIARD will conduct the Beauty Department for TOWER RADIO.

She is the featured singer with Ozzie Nelson and his orchestra, appearing nightly in the Cocoanut Grove of the Park Central Hotel, New York. She is under contract with Mr. Nelson, her manager, to appear in person or on the air only with him and his orchestra. They are on sustaining programs from Columbia Broadcasting System—WABC; and each Sunday evening from 7 to 7:30 P. M. they are on WJZ Standard Brands program with Joe Penner.

Miss Hilliard has spent her life in a profession where good looks are essential. She is a radiant young woman, full of charm and personality, lovely to look at. She made her first stage appearance at the age of six weeks as the baby in "Heir to the Hoorah," in which her mother played the lead. From the time she was ten she played child parts regularly in school vacations, appearing in "The Littlest Rebel", "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch", and other plays. Later she appeared in vaudeville, on the screen and as a professional dancer. Her rich and beautiful voice, plus good looks and personality, have placed her where she is today.

And now she is ready to help TOWER RADIO readers with their beauty problems. Miss Hilliard will answer each and every letter written to her concerning problems of beauty, charm and personality. Moreover, every communication will be held in strictest confidence. If you have any personal questions, why not write to Miss Hilliard. She will solve your problems. Send a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your questions to Harriet Hilliard, c/o TOWER RADIO, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York.

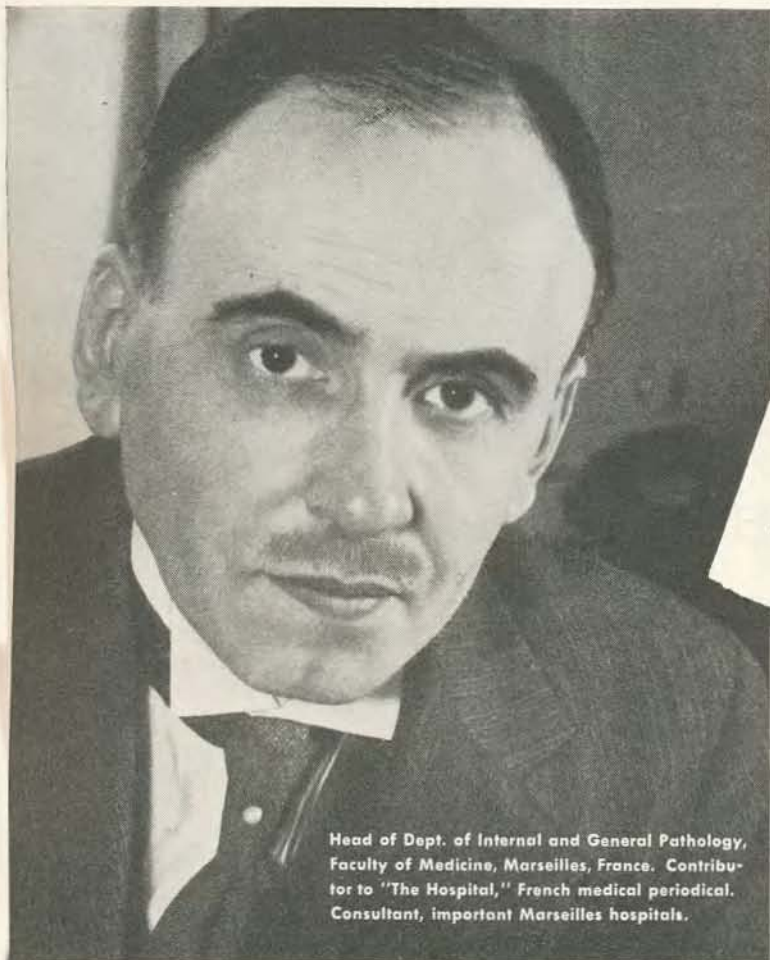
HUNDREDS and hundreds of girls dancing past me with their escorts as I sit on the bandstand waiting for my turn in the Cocoanut Grove where I sing every night. Hundreds and hundreds of girls—and each (Please turn to page 60)



Harriet Hilliard inspects her complexion after caring for her skin with reliable creams.



Photos specially posed by Tower Studios



Head of Dept. of Internal and General Pathology, Faculty of Medicine, Marseilles, France. Contributor to "The Hospital," French medical periodical. Consultant, important Marseilles hospitals.

The noted PROF. DR. JULES MONGES, of Marseilles, says:—

*She was Nervous,
Run-down—I
advised yeast—*

"Her Elimination became Regular... Energy returned... Headaches were a thing of the past," he reports



"PATIENT HAD
BAD CONSTIPATION"

"THIS CASE," Dr. Monges reports, "was a young girl—nervous, run-down—subject to frequent headaches—always tired—losing weight constantly..."



"LAXATIVES MADE
MATTERS WORSE"

"THE FLUOROSCOPE showed her colon was clogged. She had aggravated her condition with large doses of cathartics and laxatives. I advised eating yeast..."



"YEAST KEEPS
INTESTINES CLEAN"

"HER IMPROVEMENT was extraordinary. Eliminations were regular. Energy returned." (X-ray shows healthy condition of intestines—result of yeast).

Will Fleischmann's Yeast help you get rid of indigestion—boils—pimples—loss of pep? YES—very probably!

FLEISCHMANN'S Yeast is a food with astonishing "corrective" properties:

CONSTIPATION. It softens the waste in the body, strengthening the muscles that clear it away. Elimination becomes regular.

INDIGESTION. All the way from stomach through the colon it stimulates the flow of digestive juices. Appetite sharpens. Food digests better.

TONIC ACTION. Your whole system is "energized." (Fleischmann's Yeast is the richest of all foods in 3 indispensable vitamins—B, D and G—often deficient in our diet.)

You *do* feel better—the minute your system starts carrying off its impurities!

And as yeast "tones" and nourishes, your strength returns amazingly. Colds, headaches often stop entirely. Your skin takes on new life... quickly rids itself of pimples, boils, blemishes. You *look* so well!

Will you give up tonics, pills—and eat Fleischmann's Yeast regularly—for just 30 days, as a test?

Simply eat 3 cakes daily—plain or dissolved in a third of a glass of water—before meals, or between meals and at bedtime. You can get it at grocers, restaurants, soda fountains.

Won't you start now?

"I HAD HEADACHES—and pimples broke out on my face," writes Dahlia Upchurch, of Richmond, Va. (at right). "I decided to eat Fleischmann's Yeast. Soon—no more headaches. My skin cleared up."



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PAGEANT

By

THE TOWER OBSERVER



Phillips Lord's new sea broadcasts do not have the appeal of his old Jonesport "githerings."



Eddie Cantor is one of the two No. 1 air comedians. He goes in for comedy with a message.



Leopold Stokowski's broadcasts of the Philadelphia Symphony have high interest.



The dry witticism of Comedian Fred Allen makes a distinctly masculine appeal.

THE past year has been the greatest in radio history.

In twelve months you have heard a courageous president still the panic of a troubled, puzzled, baffled nation with his first inaugural speech. You have heard the lonely siren of Admiral Byrd's flagship as it plowed its way through the ice of the Antarctic. You have heard the bells of Big Ben in London and of St. Peter's in Rome, the street sounds of Calcutta, the premiere of a Lehar operetta in Vienna, the Christmas carols of nearly every land, the voices of the world's great, from George Bernard Shaw to Pope Pius XI and George V. You have listened in while the wife of the Soviet emissary, Litvinoff, asked her august husband when he would get home and you have been touched when Byrd's mother sent her prayers over the air into the teeth of the Antarctic gales. You have sat by while the radio reached back into the last golden era of the stage and recreated the magic of Maude Adams' performance of Barrie's "The Little Minister."

We all grow tired of the radio at times. It hurls so many things into our homes in such profusion. But there is no question but that the radio is a vital part of our life—and that it is steadily growing in national importance. Newspapers, lifelong foes of radio, may well worry about the mounting power of this lusty newcomer.

THE most significant development of the past months has been the movement towards better music. You can remember, as I do, when Walter Damrosch took up the musical education of the radio public. Today that public listens in to a two-hour opera broadcast from the Metropolitan, which would have sunk, diamond horseshoe and all, but for the radio. And it thrills to the tabloid symphonies presented in fifteen-minute interludes by Leopold Stokowski and his Philadelphia Symphony

Orchestra. Both of these, of course, come into our homes free in order that you and I may be properly cigarette conscious.

LAST year was devoted to the glorification of the gag comedian. This year the funny-men are having a tougher time. Eddie Cantor and Ed Wynn hold what is, to me, first place, because they steadfastly cling to their high standards. Cantor goes in for comedy with a message, he sings the praises of the NRA with the same facility that he discredits Mr. Rubinoff's ancestors. Eddie looks upon himself as a sort of comic crusader. Wynn, on the other hand, goes steadily along with the mad buffoonery of the Fire Chief. Ingeniously he twists new jokes out of old ones, maintains his love for his horse in a motor age and still spoofs Graham McNamee's gasoline pep talks.

There was a time, a few months ago, when people debated the comic qualities of Ed Wynn and Jack Pearl. Unfortunately—and I say this because I like him personally—Pearl has slipped. The never varying fibbing of the Baron and the constant prodding of the doubting Sharlie have grown dull and repetitious. Pearl needs a new background for his rich and racy dialect.

I am one who falls hard for the dry witticism of Fred Allen (distinctly a man's comedian) and for the flip spoofing of Jack Benny. And I am glad to note the steady progress upward of the likeable Joe Penner. The Penner duck is flying high these days.

Those two irresponsible inventors and masters of the pipe organ, Stoopnagle and Budd, are to my fancy, although I suspect that part of America is baffled by their madness.

THE most impressive recent events of the air, to me at least, have been the broadcasts of Byrd and his comrade on their return trip to the South Pole
(Please turn to page 58)

LOVELY HANDS ARE STARS IN LOVE ROLES

Smooth, soft, caressing hands... what would love scenes be without them! Nice hands add enormously to the charms of screen stars... to YOUR charms... in spite of work and weather. Just remember to smooth in **HINDS HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM** before and after exposure, after hands have been in water, and always at night. Hinds is more than a finishing lotion. It is a rich, penetrating cream in liquid form, that soothes, softens, and protects. And it costs so little!



NOW ALSO IN A SMART NEW 25c SIZE



CONSTANCE BENNETT'S hands enchant Franchot Tone and Tullio Carminati in a scene from the 20th Century Picture, "Moulin Rouge," released through United Artists.

Tune in on Radio Hall of Fame, featuring greatest stars of stage, screen, and opera. Sunday evenings, 10:30 E. S. T. WEA-F, N. B. C. network.

TRY Hinds Cleansing Cream... by the same makers. Delicate, light...liquefies instantly, floats out dirt! 10c, 40c, 65c.

RADIO PAGEANT

(Continued from page 56)



Jack Pearl, the Baron, and Cliff Hall, the familiar Sharlie. Pearl needs a new background for his rich and racy dialect.



Edwin C. Hill leads the new army of news commentators on the air. He has a persuasive radio personality.



Rudy Vallee's variety hours hold first place on the slippery radio ladder. These possess great appeal and high interest.



Alexander Woollcott, the Town Crier, is one of the surprise hits of radio. His story telling has caught on in a remarkable way.

The radio powers have been worried and disappointed over these broadcasts but I think there was a tremendous kick in the sounds emanating from the ship's cabin of the hardy voyageurs nine thousand miles down in the empty, frozen Pacific. True, these sounds have been mostly indistinct but possibly in this lay their fascination. After all, what could be said that would be as fascinating as the contemplation of vast distances? Unlike the radio engineers, I never expect too much of my radio. Since I got my first radio distance—I believe it was the broadcast of a tap dancer in Pittsburgh—I have been content to take whatever comes. So, to me, the Byrd broadcasts have touched the high adventure point of this year's radio, comparable to listening in upon Columbus and the worried crew of the Santa Maria.

THE capture of Maude Adams for the air was a triumph for someone. Even when this star was a Broadway idol, she lived a strange life of complete retirement. She was, in fact, the original Garbo. When she quit the stage sixteen or so years ago, she retreated further into the shadows. How the air moguls found the one time Peter Pan and persuaded her to try the airways is the diplomatic triumph of 1934.

Miss Adams has been doing condensed versions of her old stage successes, starting with "The Little Minister." These versions have not been in the best style of radio playwriting but somehow Miss Adams invested them with interest and charm. Despite the encomiums of the lads who write about radio in the newspapers, Miss Adams never was a great actress. She did possess a rare personality. That personality still holds, as does a voice of remarkably youthful timbre.

RUDY VALLEE'S variety hours still grip first place on the slippery ether ladder, although they dropped in quality during Rudy's recent movie-making stay in Hollywood. Also Rudy used a borrowed orchestra out there—and that did not help. Moreover, Hollywood seems strangely devoid of radio talent. Even Rudy couldn't unearth anything worth while.

Upon his return he presented an exciting drama, an importation from England called "Three in Danger," and depicting the mounting fear of a trio of visitors in a Welch coal mine, caught in a cave-in. Phillips Holmes of the movies, Papa Taylor Holmes and Ruth Easton did this playlet in properly harrowing style. It was the most effective sketch I have ever heard on the air.

THERE have been a number of odd radio developments. For instance, the fast increasing interest in the Voice of Experience. Which proves Everyman's eternal search for a solution to his problem. The popularity of that erudite reporter and raconteur, Alexander Woollcott. The quick flop of the humorist, Robert Benchley, who seems to have just what it takes to fail on the air. The deftly maintained suspense of the Eno Crime Clues. I myself care little for this sort of entertainment but the editor whose judgment I value most stands spellbound beside the radio when Eno time comes around. The steady growth of the army of news commentators, headed by the popular Edwin C. Hill.

You probably like the adroit dramatic presentation of news as done on The March of Time. I know I do. My personal choice for first place among orchestras goes to Wayne King, whose waltzes are so contagious. I always listen to the fast, well-built programs of Fred Waring, now on the air for Henry Ford. The Yacht Club Boys also get me with their lyrics about contemporaneous people and things, particularly Mr. Lubitsch of the movies. And I wish Ethel Shutta would do more songs as she used to do with Husband George Olsen. Then she was the first lady of the air to me.

Will Rogers has been back on the airwaves. Which reminds me that we resented Will's gratuitous crack at that colorful song hit, "The Last Round-Up."

PHILLIPS LORD has given up his familiar, homey Seth Parker broadcasts to sail around the world in quest of adventure. He has been putting an interlude of sea stories on the air but these, to date, have lacked the authenticity, heart tug of Seth's weekly hymnings.

IF you want to know our most exciting and most entertaining radio moments of recent months, here they are:

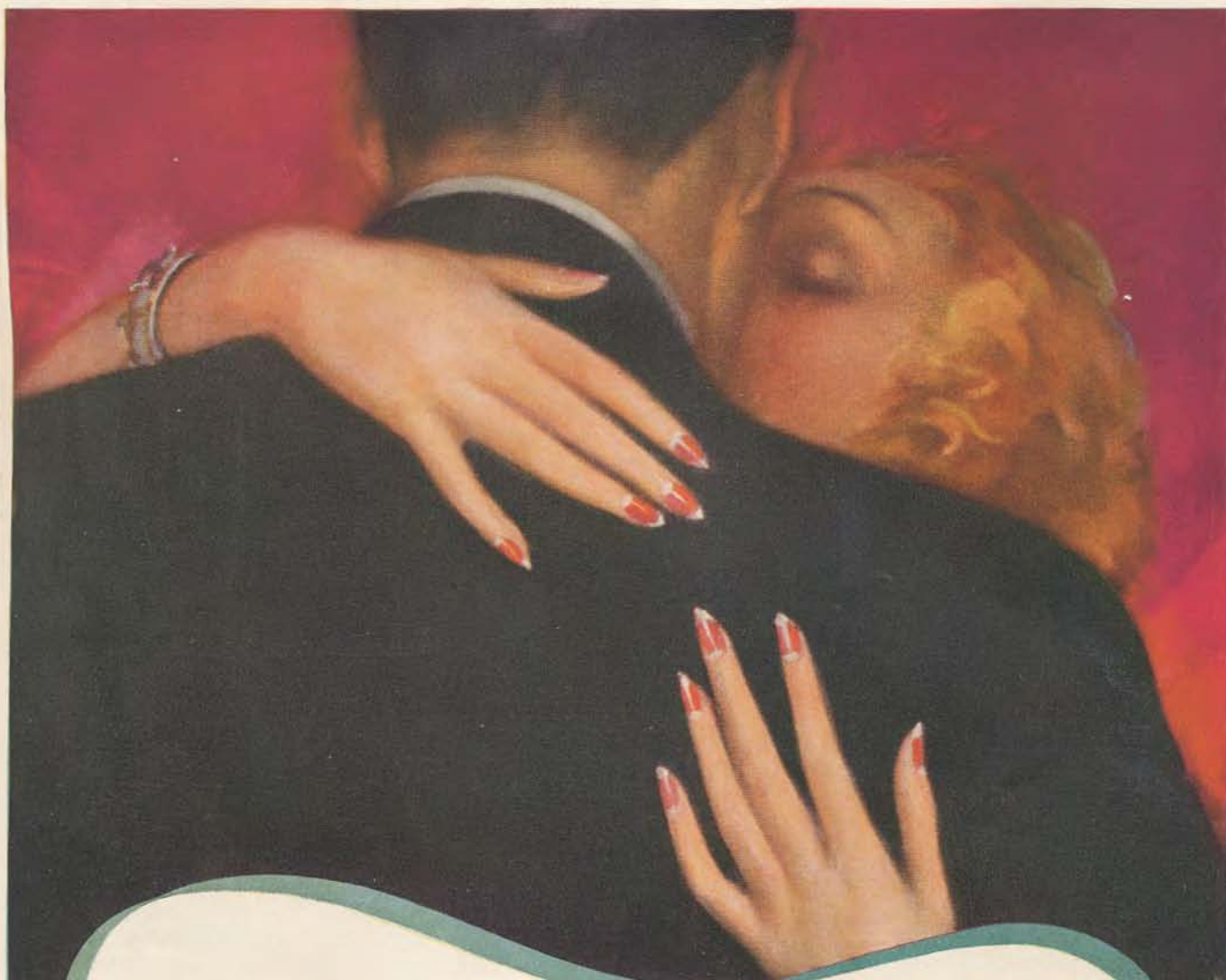
The Cadillac hour with Jascha Heifetz, particularly Heifetz's playing of Moszkowski's "Guitarre."

The broadcast of the Columbia-Stanford New Year's football game in the Rose Bowl, with Columbia holding on the one yard line.

John McCormack singing "Bless This House."

Stokowski playing "Scheherezade."

Joe Morrison singing "The Last Round-Up."



Cutex nails are Loveliest

BRIGHT CORAL, CARDINAL, RUBY—LEND THE NEWEST GLAMOUR

Just look about you at the girls who are cutting the biggest swathes, and see if the majority of them aren't wearing nails of Cutex Ruby, Coral or Cardinal!

There's something about Coral nails, worn with a demure gray frock, that brings strong men to their knees.

Few can resist the effect of Cardinal nails with a gown of blue. And if you can't catch the interest of the entire male population when you wear Ruby nails and white satin—you just couldn't make a man's heart skip a beat, anyway.

Cutex comes in 7 lovely, authentic shades—made by the World's Manicure Authority.

It flows on smoothly, and *stays on*. Never peels. And the new metal-handled brush won't let the bristles come out or let the brush come off.

Stock up on all the smart Cutex shades. Your favorite store has them.

NORTHAM WARREN, New York, Montreal, London, Paris



New Cutex Color Wheel
giving correct shade of polish for every gown—and generous bottle of Cutex Liquid Polish—only 10¢

NORTHAM WARREN, Dept. 414
191 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y.
(Canada, address P. O. Box 2320, Montreal)

I enclose 10¢ for the new Cutex Color Wheel and generous bottle of Cutex Liquid Polish in the shade I have checked:
 Natural Rose Coral Cardinal Ruby

CUTEX Liquid Polish



Tintex Acts Like Magic on Faded Fabrics!

Presto — these famous Tints and Dyes restore gay color to faded Apparel and Home Decorations!



In Your Home use Tintex for

Curtains
Drapes
Doilies
Dinner Cloths
Luncheon Sets
Blankets
Cushions
Bed Spreads
Table Runners
Slip Covers

THERE'S no need to have washed-out looking "undies", dresses or any other faded article in your wardrobe. There's no reason why you should put up with faded curtains or other drab decorations in your home.

And you don't have to buy new ones either. *Simply buy Tintex.* These famous Tints and Dyes cost but a few cents—but what color-magic they bring you!

Faded fabrics are restored to their original color-beauty so easily, so quickly when you use Tintex. Or you can give everything different colors if you wish. The results are *always* perfect!

In Your Wardrobe use Tintex for

Underthings
Negligees
Dresses
Coats
Sweaters
Scarfs
Stockings
Slips
Blouses
Children's Clothes

Do as millions of other women are doing. Make your wardrobe and home decorations color-smart, color-new with Tintex. Choose from its 35 brilliant, long-lasting colors.

On sale at drug stores and
notion counters everywhere

Tintex
.. World's largest selling
TINTS and DYES
PARK & TILFORD, Distributors



To Change Dark Colors to Light—use Tintex COLOR REMOVER



Supposing you have a dark dress (or any other dark-colored article) and are pining for a lighter colored one . . .



Tintex Color Remover will safely and speedily take out all trace of color (including black) from any fabric . . .



Then it can be redyed or tinted with Tintex Tints and Dyes in any new shade to suit yourself—either light or dark.

CRIME DOES PAY

(Continued from page 35)

"The whole trick of keeping the listener guessing," says Winchell, "is based mainly upon dropping in our clues in a very off hand manner. We play absolutely fair with the public, and each time the real clues are really there. We don't do much shouting about them, however, and if a listener wants to outguess us, the thing to do is to pay close attention to seemingly unimportant details."

"For instance, we'll say the scene is the cab of a railroad engine. The audience knows that only the engineer and the fireman are in that cab. Robbers board the train, and one of them crawls out over the tender and into the cab, shoots and kills the engineer and the fireman, and crawls back. You hear the noise of the train running on, with two dead men in the cab. A few seconds later the whistle blows.

"That's all there is to it. The whistle blows. Yet if you are following the story closely you can see that either there must have been a third person hiding in that cab, or else someone has boarded the engine. Obviously the dead engineer and fireman couldn't blow the whistle, and simply the sound of that whistle,

from anything else in radio. Each Tuesday night they give you the complete set-up of the crime, together with all the clues necessary to solve it. Then they give you twenty-four hours to think it over—twenty-four hours in which to outguess the author, and beat the detective to the answer. On Wednesday night they present the second half of the story, telling the complete solution.

The response is astonishing. Innumerable households look forward to the guessing-game with Crime Clues as the radio high spot of the week. Always there is a crop of bright ones who are so sure they have figured out the answer that they write a letter about it.

The program receives approximately



Bob Stone (left) and Ray Kelly, who handle the sounds so important to the *Eno Crime Clues* program. They can produce any sound you can think of.

two thousand such letters every week. Some of them show amazing ingenuity in ferreting out obscure clues. All of them indicate how intently the writers have listened to the program.

About one out of five solutions is correct! That percentage only whets the appetite of true Crime Clues fans. If the problems were so simple that anybody could guess the answers, there would be no mystery and no suspense.

How does the author keep ahead of his listeners? How can he, week after week, think up a mystery drama whose first half, on Tuesday night, will contain all the clues necessary for the solution, and still be mysterious enough to bring the listeners back for the second half, on Wednesday night?

STEWART STERLING gives the answer. He is the author of these mysteries. He is a huge bulk of a man, well over six feet in height, 200 pounds in weight, with blond hair, horn rimmed spectacles, deep voice and his famous black felt hat that makes him look like a cross between a hotel detective and Heywood Brown.

"Stewart Sterling's" real name, incidentally, is Prentice Winchell. He is so amazingly prolific that he has written detective stories and novels under five different names.

Prentice Winchell smiles jovially as he explains all this. You are likely to nod your head in agreement as he talks, but you still want to know what it is that fools a radio audience—what kind of clues does the average listener get most easily, and what kind of clues are the most difficult?

Winchell rolls his cigar over to the other side of his mouth before he replies. "We find the clues that listeners get most easily are those given in words," he says. "For instance, if there is a ballroom scene and someone casually refers to the red velvet wrap the hostess is wearing, and then later a scrap of red velvet is found at the scene of the crime, most listeners will get that connection instantly."

"Similarly, whenever we speak in so many words about such things as fresh paint, red clay mud or a peculiarly shaped cigar the listener will retain those clues given in words and will give them their proper importance when they appear later in the story."

"That will give you an idea of the clues that are easiest to get; but the clues that are hardest to get are a very different matter."

"Radio is conveyed entirely by sound, of course, and the surprising thing is that clues given in sound are the very hardest to register.

with no words spoken whatever, tells you that someone else is in that cab."

Prentice Winchell writes these mystery dramas, but producing them is something else again. The *Eno Crime Clues* program is one of the most spectacular productions in radio. Every resource known to broadcasting is brought into play.

FIRST off, the script itself must be made water-tight against any possible objection that could be brought against its logic. An excited listener writes in to point out a flaw he thinks he has discovered. "How," he demands, "could the butler have noticed the color of the murderer's overcoat on the lawn outside when the butler was standing with his back to the window?"

The answer is that the script carefully referred to a mirror over the mantelpiece, and the butler, although his back was turned, would be able to glance in the mirror and see who was passing on the lawn outside.

Every *Crime Clues* program has numerous fine points such as that, and there is a young lady whose sole duty it is to check over the manuscript with a fine-tooth comb. She makes sure that every point is clear, that there are no possible contradictions, that every tiniest

(Please turn to page 74)

Harriet Hilliard Talks on Beauty

(Continued from page 54)

one of them attractive in her own way, each with her own special beauty problem.

I have often thought, as I watched them, "I wish I could tell this girl what to do to make her skin lovely." Or, "I'd like to tell that girl that she could be really beautiful if she arranged her hair differently." Sometimes it is an unpleasantly modulated voice that strikes the wrong note. Sometimes it is the wrong clothes—or the right clothes, wrongly worn. Sometimes it is lack of grace or a body awkwardly carried. And sometimes it is just a lack of that lovely freshness that can make any girl lovely. So, as I have sat there waiting my turn, and watching these endless girls go by, I have thought how much I would like to do something for them. Now I am going to have a chance to help them—hundreds of girls like them all over the country, to give them advice about their own beauty problems, and to answer their personal questions.

My work demands, of course, that I should always be in good condition—always ready to have my photograph taken, always ready to be looked at critically. Hair, skin, hands—all must be as nearly perfect as care can make them. My voice must always be in condition. I must look rested and have steady nerves.

I HAVE been at this work ever since I was a little girl—making up for the stage or camera from the time I was three, occasionally, and quite regularly after I was ten. Besides that, my mother before me was an actress, and was always interested in these subjects of beauty and personality. I learned a lot from her. The big thing that I have found out as the result of all my knowledge and experience is that intelligent care and perseverance are the two real requisites of beauty. You need not be born with a peaches and cream complexion, your hair may even be mud colored, and your nose may be too short or too long for any beauty standards. But if you will take yourself in hand and work hard you can be good looking.

That is where I come in. I want to help you, to tell you how to make the most of yourself, in looks and personality.

Let's begin with your skin, because after all, a nice skin is of first importance. March winds, and the fact that most of us have been forced to spend lots of winter weather indoors, bring special skin problems at this time of year. First let me tell you this—any man living would rather see a girl that is fresh and clean and dainty than the greatest beauty in the world. I don't mean just nicely tubbed, because almost everybody looks that. But clean with that fresh look that depends so much on a clear, fastidiously cared-for skin.

You know that lovely sweet, clean look about babies? Everybody loves them, just because of that. I think it is possible for any girl to have a lot of that lovely, fragrant freshness if she just looks after her skin properly.

Let me tell you the daily routine I go through to keep my skin always clear and rested. Perhaps that will be a good way to start solving your beauty problems.

Every night before I go to bed I give my face a thorough creaming. I use my favorite cleansing cream, and plenty of it, rubbing it lightly into my cheeks and all around my eyes and nose and forehead, taking special care with any creases like those at the sides of the nostrils. It must be well rubbed in, with a light, firm touch and an upward stroke. Then I wash my face and neck, and ears, too—you must not forget the ears—with a good pure soap and warm water. Hot water, in my experience, is not good for the skin. The water should be warm enough to make a good lather with the soap, but not warm enough to feel hot.

After I have gone all over the skin of face and neck—and ears—with a soapy lather, I rinse it thoroughly three or four times with clear, warm water. Then if the skin is dry I go over it again with a nourishing cream, lightly, wiping off the surplus with a soft cloth or facial tissue. And that is all for the night.

First thing in the morning I rinse my face in clear water of the same temperature that I used the night before. That is, just warm, but never hot or cold. I do this especially as a matter of comfort. The clear water is so refreshing when you first get up. After patting the face dry, I spend a couple of minutes rubbing in a nourishing or foundation cream all over the skin, with special attention to chin and nose. This wipes off very easily, leaving a soft, smooth powder base. I am ready then for whatever make-up I wish to use. This isn't a very complicated routine, is it? And it doesn't take long. Any girl can find time for it. Yet it really keeps the skin in perfect condition.

Of course that is not all I do for my skin's sake. I eat sensibly—plenty of fresh fruits and vegetables every day. And every morning I drink a glass of hot water, with a few drops of lemon juice to make it more palatable. And I get enough exercise to keep my body in good working order.

My skin does not chap. I think the thorough going-over I give it every day keeps it in such good shape that even March winds don't roughen it. You know chapped skin is really skin that has had its natural oils dried out by wind or cold. If my skin did chap I would use a good lotion after washing and creaming it at night. There are some excellent ones on the market.

Sometimes my lips get a little rough and dry, and then I use a medicated salve on them that softens them in a very little while. And a good lotion keeps the arms smooth and soft and prevents those distressing little roughnesses that sometimes come, especially above the elbows, when you get cold or excited or nervous.

I HAVE said that a sweet freshness is essential if you would be lovely. Here is something I found out when I was dancing professionally, something that helps keep the skin fresh and clean. I learned that a liberal use of toilet water after my daily soap and water bath would make my skin always sweet, even when I was nervous from a touch of stage-fright, or hot from dancing. The toilet water, after a thorough soap-and-water cleansing, seems to counteract any tendency to a slight acid odor that ex-

citement or exercise produces.

A bottle of toilet water is a friend to the girl in an office, too. She hasn't time or equipment for much beautifying during the day. But toilet water will remove dust and grime, and acts as a mild tonic to the skin.

The young woman with a naturally good skin does not have to do much more than I have suggested. The older woman, or the girl with a difficult skin, finds facial massage at the hands of a trained beauty operator a great help. It stimulates the circulation and tones up sagging muscles in a most gratifying way. Even younger women sometimes find it highly helpful.

AS for make-up—the sensible thing is the smart thing. If you are going for a hike, go without make-up. A little cheek rouge, perhaps; and enough lipstick to make the mouth attractive. But no eye make-up under the glare of outdoor light, and nothing striking for lips or cheeks. There is nothing more ridiculous than a girl in make-up and knickers!

But if you are at a smart resort where the other girls use lots of make-up you yourself will feel more suitably dressed if you use make-up generously. That is what I mean when I say the smart thing in make-up is usually the sensible thing.

There are all sorts of pitfalls, of course, when it comes to make-up. It takes a great deal of experimenting to find out just what kind and how much of it is most becoming. But it is worth while giving the matter careful study to get just the right color and just the right amount to bring out the best in your skin. Rouge and lipstick should harmonize, not only with the natural coloring of the skin, but with each other.

Styles change in the way make-up should be applied. Just at present lipstick is quite obviously used—with no special effort to make it look like the natural lips. But rouge is rather lightly used and is blended into the natural tone of the cheek. It is a good idea to follow the fashion in make-up styles. If you go in for originality in that sort of thing, you are quite likely to look ridiculous.

I am, of course, under a great strain and stress all the time I am before the microphone—one stutter, and the whole program would be spoiled. If I were worrying about my looks I would be nervous. I would not do my best work. It helps a lot to know that I am turned out to the best of my ability.

The self confidence that comes to any woman when she knows she looks well makes her look all the better. If you are always well groomed—if your hair and your hands, your figure and your skin, always look their best; if your voice is under good control and is well modulated, if you move without awkwardness—you just won't have anything to worry about. You can face any audience, whether it is a roomful of friends for bridge or the larger group that I must face, with the knowledge that no one can pick any flaw in your appearance. And that is worth working for, isn't it?

If you have some special skin problems, or any other beauty questions, be sure to write to me and let me know about them. I know I can help you.

SNUBBED AT FIRST... HAPPY CLUB MEMBER NOW



● Moving to her new home, Mrs. J— hoped to make friends with her many charming neighbors. But somehow they all seemed too busy to have time for her.



● Alone day after day, she wondered why they ignored her. Only once had they asked her to fill in at the bridge club. Yet she loved bridge and played well, too.



● Then one day at the store she overheard a chance remark about perspiration odor in underthings. How dreadful if they were saying that about *her!*



● She belongs to the bridge club now—everybody likes her. Like so many dainty women, she has formed the easy habit of Luxing underthings after each wearing. Now she never offends.

UNPOPULAR?

Avoid Offending

Underthings absorb perspiration odor . . . Protect daintiness *this easy way:*

SO many women who think they are fastidious never suspect that *they* may be guilty of perspiration odor in underthings.

Yet no one is safe. All day long we perspire, frequently over a quart a day. Underthings absorb this perspiration, and the odor clings.

It's so easy to avoid offending! Simply Lux underthings after *each* wearing. Just whisk them through Lux, and perspiration odor vanishes! Takes only 4 minutes a day.

Lux saves colors, too—keeps underthings like new longer. No harmful alkali, no injurious cake-soap rubbing with Lux. Safe in water, safe in Lux.



LUX for underthings

Removes perspiration odor—Saves colors

Take it from me it's GOOD!



It's a funny world! People are so inconsistent!

Take this matter of laxatives, for instance. A youngster slips a bit of delicious chocolate Ex-Lax into his mouth, and the laxative question is settled for him—pleasantly.

But many mothers and fathers, when they have to "take something," think that *they* need something different, "something strong". And they resort to all sorts of nasty, harsh purgatives.

They're wrong! What's good for youngsters is good for grown-ups—as far as Ex-Lax is concerned.

To the taste Ex-Lax is delicious chocolate—smooth, sweet, pure. Yet no bitter laxative was ever more effective!

Ex-Lax is mild. So mild that for 27 years mothers have given it to their children with perfect confidence. Yet it's thorough—completely effective. It works over-night without over-action. It doesn't cause stomach pains.

It makes no difference whether one is six or sixty—Ex-Lax is effective. Get the genuine Ex-Lax—spelled E-X-L-A-X. At all druggists. In 10c and 25c sizes.



Confessions of a Crooner

(Continued from page 23)

heard the mob of boys approaching. She had not raised five boys for nothing. "Are you going to start fighting?" she demanded apprehensively.

"Oh, no," said Bing with elaborate carelessness. "We're going to play ball and I just came by to leave my books."

The boys moved down an alley a short way from the house. As Bing describes it, the Dempsey-Willard fight was no better attended. The only difference was that people paid to see the latter bout, whereas he was scrapping for glory—and the honor of a girl. The boys were sitting on top of Pelatier's barn, standing on the cleats on telephone posts, on top of fences and anywhere else they could get a good view.

A driver delivering fuel to Mr. Pelatier declared himself in as referee to see that the Marquis of Queensbury rules were observed.

Mrs. Crosby heard the cheers and cat-calls. "That fool boy is going to get himself killed," she told herself and then muttered grimly, "Well, he got himself into it, let him get himself out. I'm not going to interfere."

By the time Bing reached home his father was there. "What's all that blood on you?" Mr. Crosby demanded.

"That's not my blood," Bing yelled, "it's from the other fellow." And then he proceeded to explain that Adrian had simply talked a good fight but that he did not know how to "handle himself" properly.

There were no more caricatures of Mary Rose.

THE next two Summers his father's pickle factory occupied Bing's time and attention. There were large vats in the yard back of the factory where the pickles were sorted according to size, and that was Bing's job. To this day he cannot look at a pickle without turning a corresponding hue.

It was the Summer after he was graduated from high school that he ran away from home. He left the paternal roof ostensibly to thin apples as he had done before. But presently he found himself farther and farther away, winding up at Weed, California. The school season was not far off and Bing has always been ambitious so far as his education goes. It seemed to him he ought to do something about entering college.

He managed to get to Portland, where his brother Everett was working. He knew Everett would be good for at least bed and meals.

Frequent comment has been made of Bing's flowing English and the mouth-filling phrases he rolls around so elaborately. In a letter he wrote, one can see that this quality dates back at least twelve years—to the time he was seventeen.

"'Est non considerata' and 'One can but wait,'" Bing chuckled the other evening as we glanced over that masterpiece. "Humph," he added laconically, "I wrote a better hand than I do now."

Mrs. Crosby's brother, in Portland on business, took the boy back to Tacoma with him and paid his fare from there to Seattle.

So, in the Fall Bing entered Gonzaga College, which was almost across the street from their home.

People have often commented on the air of informality that characterizes Bing's home today. The servants have instructions to see that there is always enough food for at least two extras who may drop in unexpectedly. It is nothing

more nor less than a carry-over from his early home environment. At one time all five of the boys were in college simultaneously and Mrs. Crosby has remarked feelingly that when she went to bed at night she never knew whether there would be nine or nineteen for breakfast. The boys were always bringing friends home to spend the night with them.

And those Sunday nights when the Crosbys kept open house—when Mr. Crosby twanged the guitar and Catherine thumped the piano while the boys and fifteen to thirty of their friends who had dropped in, sang, will always live in Bing's memory as among the happiest hours of his life.

IT was while he was in college that he first took up music in earnest. All you had to do was go to the bandmaster and tell him you wanted to join the band and what instrument you wanted to play. Bing elected drums because they were easier to learn than any other instrument and you did not often hear of singing drummers.

He and four other boys organized a jazz band. In addition to the requirements made on them by the college band they played dates (whenever they could get them) for private parties.

But even all this did not occupy all Bing's time. Between five and six almost every afternoon a group of them used to congregate at Jessmer's Bakery and wait for the wagons to return with their unsold bakery products. While the drivers were inside making their reports, the wagons were promptly rifled, and the boys' appetites spoiled—more or less—for dinner. Mr. Jessmer, finally tiring of the practice, notified the police. It happened on this particular day that doughnuts had been a drug on the market and the boys were well fortified with them. Having more than they could eat, they amused themselves by pelting passersby with the sinkers. A police prowl car, in answer to Mr. Jessmer's summons, received similar treatment.

A short time later an astonished and scandalized Mrs. Crosby got word that her son was in jail for filching.

It was during this time also that Bing began "dating" and discovered, to his delighted amazement, that his brother Ted's shirts, socks, ties and sweaters just fit him. That was the beginning of the craze for sartorial splendor that still consumes Bing. When brother Everett returned from the war—and France—and Bing further discovered that Everett's silken, olive drab, officer's shirts also fit him to a "T," his delight and effulgence knew no bounds—even though both Ted and Everett exhibited a surprising lack of enthusiasm over his discoveries.

EVERY year during the Fall, the state fair was held in Spokane. Bing and his colleagues used to work at any odd jobs they found there and added to their other earnings by acting as "shills" or "cappers" for the con men. They were the ones who won at the games, afterward returning their winnings to the proprietors and receiving their regular salaries.

And it was about this time, too, that Bing was in a fair way to becoming a soap box orator. Returning from town one night he paused to listen to an atheist declaiming from a box on a street corner. Bing has never been one to sit idly by and hear his pet theories and beliefs assailed, without at least an argument.

Studying both philosophy and religion at Gonzaga, he felt called upon to take issue with the speaker whereupon the latter invited Bing to take the box, which Bing did with alacrity. Switching the fundamentals of philosophy around to fit the needs of the moment, and by couching his speech in flowery English which neither the pseudo-orator nor his audience could understand, Bing convinced the assemblage that the speaker did not know what he was talking about. The latter in a fit of pique and disgruntlement announced to the assemblage that Bing was "just another one of those guys from the priest factory on the hill."

That last Summer Bing met with a serious accident.

His father's nephew was in charge of a timber camp and he arranged to give Bing a job with the topography crew. Bing, at that time, was as awkward as a cub bear. The members of the topography crew were all supplied with axes for cutting stakes and clearing away underbrush. Bing, in swinging the axe, cut deep gashes in both knees. The scars are still there. When he returned home, he took a lot of good-natured chafing from his brothers. They declared he did not like the work and had purposely cut himself to get out of it.

He took the money he had earned—what little he had not spent—and bought himself a mail-order set of drums. The bass drum was so small its weight was not sufficient to hold it down on the hardwood floors of the homes where they usually played their engagements. The conclusion of a dance generally found Bing and his drum somewhere in the center of the room or on the opposite side from the rest of the orchestra. He finally conceived the idea of putting spikes on the bottom of the drum, in the hope the nails would gradually work into the floor and hold the drum stationary. When that failed, he invariably sought a corner when they arrived for a dance, wedged his drum into it and played the engagement with his back to the orchestra and the dancers.

NEXT to his last Summer in college his orchestra played a season's engagement at Newman's Lake. They worked on percentage and barely made "coffee and cakes."

None of them knew how to read music so they used to get the records of the Memphis Five, Whiteman and Isham Jones. They played these records over and over until they had the arrangements down note for note. Nothing escaped them—the introductions, the hot choruses—all the infinite details the famous orchestra leaders had put into their work were just fodder for Bing's hand.

They achieved a reputation locally and the local musicians' union was dying because none of the band belonged to it and with their hot arrangements they were getting practically all the engagements for small parties in Spokane.

During the Winter they played at "The Palms"—a high-class ice cream parlor. They got about two dollars a night and all the ice cream they could eat, which was no small item in Bing's case. Leaving "The Palms" they finished out the Winter at "The Pekin." Mrs. Crosby nearly had a stroke when she learned her son had been playing in a Chinese restaurant.

The next Summer, just after he had finished college, they were playing at Lareida's on the edge of town—a roadhouse. The manager of one of the local picture theaters happened to hear Bing and offered him a job singing in the movie palace. Bing left the orchestra

(Please turn to page 64)

"JIM MARRIED A PRETTY GIRL ALL RIGHT... BUT SHE'S NOT A VERY GOOD HOUSEKEEPER."

"I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN! THESE LINENS, FOR INSTANCE."



"Tattle-tale!"... "Tattle-tale!"... Yes, clothes tell tales when they come out of your wash musty and gray!

soap—golden soap that's richer. And there's plenty of dirt-loosening naphtha added to it!

For that gray says plain as day that your soap isn't getting out all the dirt! Before you realize it, your clothes lose their snowy freshness. And other women notice that so quickly...



Two cleaners instead of one! Working together, they banish "Tattle-tale Gray" from your clothes.

Try Fels-Naptha Soap! It's so safe you'll love it for filmiest lingerie, stockings and dainty woollens. It's so mild it keeps your hands nice and soft. It's a wonder in tub or machine—in hot, lukewarm or cool water—whether you soak or boil clothes.



What to do about it? *Change to Fels-Naptha Soap!* It will wash your clothes so gloriously white that people will praise them—instead of whispering about them.

Fels-Naptha, you see, is not one of those "trick" soaps that promise a lot and do little. Fels-Naptha is good soap—full-of-action



Fels-Naptha's price is now the lowest in almost twenty years. Get a few bars today!...Fels & Co., Phila., Pa. © 1934, FELS & CO.

Everybody notices "Tattle-Tale Gray"
...banish it with **FELS-NAPHTHA SOAP**

Confessions of a Crooner

(Continued from page 63)

and started on a career as a warbler.

He sang there alone for a few weeks, with the organist as accompanist. But the organist never got into the swing of Bing's style of singing and Bing finally prevailed upon the manager to engage Al Rinker, pianist with the orchestra he had been with for five years. A short time later Mrs. Crosby suggested to the theater manager that he try letting the boys have the stage to themselves for a few minutes during each show, instead of having Al sit in the orchestra pit.

The success of this arrangement was so pronounced that the engagement was extended for weeks. Everything must end, however, and the appearances of Bing Crosby and Al Rinker at Clemmer's Theater ceased. They had not an idea what they would do next. They only knew they were in the profession to stay and there would be no more apple-thinning, or pickle-sorting. It was going to be Broadway—or bust!

Read next month's TOWER RADIO and learn how Bing's hunch gave radio one of the finest crooners ever to boo-boo-boo.

How to Use Your Radio

(Continued from page 34)

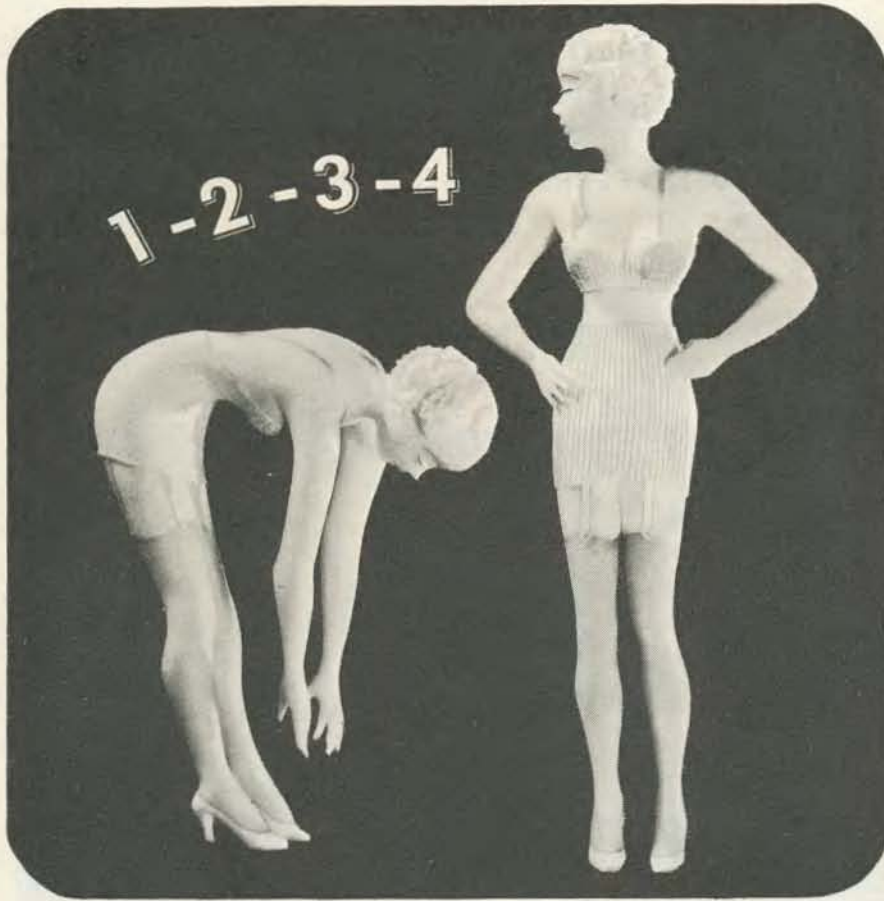
specific and general desires of the radio audience. Throughout the day and evening, programs of infinite variety are spotted to meet the varying tastes of the listeners. Hence the reason is apparent why the "fan" should plan his listening hours, otherwise he is certain to miss features in which he is especially interested.

In the category of cooking, which we are considering, the stations and advertisers offer programs of great benefit to the woman who would listen and learn. These features, heard on the chains of the National Broadcasting Company and the Columbia Broadcasting System, as well as individual stations, do not, as a rule, run consecutively but are put on at various times of the broadcasting day.

Those who, like myself, plan their listening moments, find the period by period timetables published in newspapers and some magazines of inestimable value. They read over item by item the offerings on the various stations on which they get good reception and then check off or write down programs holding forth promise of interest and enjoyment. The intelligent "fan" also reads radio publications and columns for news of forthcoming features, in order not to miss out.

Adopting this method, let us proceed to find out what the networks offer the woman who wants to be up to the minute in culinary modes and developments.

ON Monday, Wednesday and Friday each week at 11 A.M., Eastern time, which will be given in all cases Mary Ellis Ames and the cooking staff of the Pillsbury Flour Mills are heard over a Columbia network in "Cooking Close-ups." To add a touch of realism to her program, Miss Ames, who is regarded highly as a cooking authority, puts on the broadcast from the experimental kitchen of the company in Minne-



4 RULES for keeping foundation garments shapely

1. Wash often. Perspiration will ruin them if you don't!

2. Use pure, mild soap. "Ivory Snow is ideal," says Kathryn Martin, Washability Expert. Ivory Snow is made from pure Ivory Soap. You can use Ivory Snow as often as you like, and you can use enough of it to make thick suds, because it contains nothing strong or harsh to fade colors, shrink satin, or dry out elastic.

3. Rich suds, lukewarm, not hot! Remember, heat spoils elastic! You do not need heat to take out oily dirt when you have Ivory Snow's rich, fluffy suds. And you don't need hot water to make suds with Ivory Snow. Ivory Snow is fluffy... melts quick as a wink in safe LUKEWARM water. Don't squeeze or twist garment. Slosh it gently up and down in the suds,

or, if heavy, scrub it with a soft brush.

4. Gentle, lukewarm rinse — don't wring. Ivory Snow suds are easy to rinse. No flat pieces in Ivory Snow to paste down on your garment and make soap spots! Roll foundation in a towel to blot up excess water; then shake out and dry in a place removed from direct heat. Before entirely dry, work it in your hands a bit to limber and soften it.

99 44/100 0/0 PURE



For 15¢ at your grocer's you can get a package of Ivory Snow that is as large as the 25¢ size of other soaps for fine fabrics. Enough pure, safe, quick-dissolving Ivory Snow to wash your silk stockings and lingerie every day for more than a month. Economical to use for dishes, too... keeps your hands in the Social Register!

FLUFFY · INSTANT DISSOLVING IN LUKEWARM WATER

apolis. Thus in the proper atmosphere Miss Ames gives her talk, bringing out new and appetizing recipes and suggestions in the direction of short-cuts in the day's routine at home.

Frances Lee Barton, cooking expert for General Foods, is worth listening to each Thursday morning at 11:15 over an extensive WEA-F-NBC hook-up. Miss Barton lends conviction to her talks on food preparation by actual demonstrations before the microphone while she is on the air.

Both a National Broadcasting Company and a Columbia network are utilized by the manufacturers of Davis Baking Powder to present a Scotchman by the name of MacPherson who elects to give the results of his culinary excursions under the program heading of "The Mystery Chef." In his informal talks, this *entrepreneur* of good things to eat, reveals his cooking secrets as well as clever kitchen tricks he has developed. "The Mystery Chef" is heard each Tuesday and Thursday morning at 9:45 over the Columbia chain and on Wednesday and Friday at 9 A. M. over a WJZ-NBC web.

Continuing further our selective listening schedule on cookery, let us remember to tune in on Columbia on Thursday morning at 10:15 to hear Ida Bailey Allen, founder of the National Radio Home Makers Club. Mrs. Allen, who maintains a laboratory "home" atop a New York skyscraper, gives her radio audience the benefit of her experiments in national and international cooking. And on Wednesday and Friday at 10:45 A. M. we must not forget to hear Betty Crocker give her cooking talks under the aegis of General Mills over the red network of the National Broadcasting Company.

Cooking demonstrations by the Pet Milk Kitchen are available to the woman at home over a Columbia hook-up each Tuesday and Thursday at 11 A. M. Then, too, Jane Ellison's Magic Recipes, a dramatized program of household advice and cooking short-cuts, may be heard every Wednesday at 11:45 A. M. over the Columbia Broadcasting System.

If you missed Josephine Gibson and her hostess counsel talks, during the Fall and early Winter, be assured now that she is back on the air. Every Monday, Wednesday and Friday she is to be heard over the National Broadcasting Company chain. Miss Gibson broadcasts from the Heinz auditorium in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, where she gives suggestions for unusual recipes, particularly for an entertaining hostess.

Because of the national distribution of TOWER RADIO, we purposely have reviewed only the programs carried by the National Broadcasting and Columbia chains. There are many regional and local programs dealing with the subject of cookery. These worth-while programs the listener will ferret out in his timetable study.

Yes, radio provides recipes. The cook books of the air daily solve the vexing problem: "What shall I have for dinner tonight?" So let's study the timetables and listen to what the experts have uncovered in their laboratory to provide us with epicurean delights.

Each month in TOWER RADIO
How to Use Your Radio
 Do you waste time trying to find the type of programs you particularly want to hear? TOWER RADIO'S monthly article will help you.

The three-cornered race



The stork, the doctor, and infection are running a three-cornered race.

Which will arrive first? A mother, a baby and a doctor, are vitally concerned with that question.

If the doctor wins . . . all's well. But if either of his two rivals keeps the lead, there's trouble ahead.

The Federal Children's Bureau points out that 16,000 mothers die in childbirth every year in these United States.

Of deaths in childbirth, 40% are caused by septic poisoning. That hardly ever occurs if the expectant mother has gone to her doctor regularly once each month

during pregnancy, and if the child delivery is made at a good hospital or lying-in clinic.

There, you may be sure, "Lysol" disinfectant will help to safeguard baby's safe arrival. The delicate operations attending childbirth require absolute germ-free cleanliness. "Lysol" disinfectant is the standard germicide for this purpose. Used and recommended by leading hospitals and obstetricians throughout the world.

But even after baby's coming, the battle of disinfection must go on. See that every object with which he comes in contact is washed in a solution of "Lysol" disinfectant, prepared according to directions on the bottle.

"Lysol" . . . for Feminine Hygiene

Physicians of leading nations have endorsed and recommended "Lysol" as the safest and most effective of all germicides for marriage hygiene and feminine antiseptics. It kills germs even in contact with organic matter, which means in practical use . . . yet is soothing and gentle to the most sensitive tissue.

Send for the book—"Marriage Hygiene," written by three internationally known gynecologists.

GUIDANCE FOR WIVES AND MOTHERS

LEHN & FINK, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J., Dept. L-21
 Sole Distributors of "Lysol" disinfectant
 Please send me the "Lysol" Health Library, consisting of "Preparation for Motherhood," "Keeping a Healthy Home" and "Marriage Hygiene."

Name _____
 Street _____
 City _____ State _____

© Lehn & Fink, Inc., 1934

"Lysol" kills germs. It's safe. It's an effective germicide at ALL times. For forty years it has had the full acceptance of prominent physicians, of the entire medical profession throughout the world. It's the standard antiseptic in modern hospitals in every country. No other antiseptic enjoys such wide, such absolute trust, or is so generally recommended for home use."

"HALL OF FAME" on the air Sunday nights—10:30 E. S. T. . . . WEA-F and N. B. C. coast-to-coast hook-up



SHORT WAVE Department



Listening to the WORLD from Your Own HOME

By

Captain HORACE L. HALL

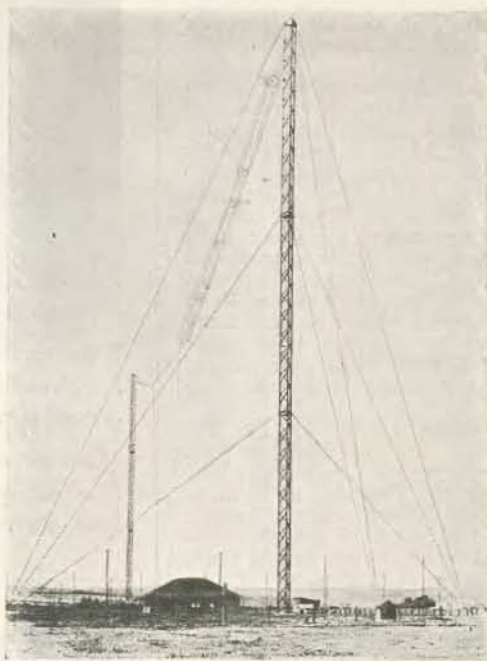
WHEN you decide to be a short wave fan there are several things you should take into consideration. The final decision of the receiver largely depends on the amount of money you have to spend. Due to the wide selection now displayed, one has to go shopping with a level headed consideration of the pocketbook.

If you will be satisfied with reception of the "foreign locals"—Germany, England, Spain and France—most any of the standard all-wave receivers will do the trick. These range in price from fifty to several hundreds of dollars. Not quoting list price of course, one standard make of all-wave receiver comes in a table model. This is priced about sixty dollars and is of a very helpful type for a beginner in short waves due to a large dial that shows the tuner just where to set the pointer for the 19, 25, 31 or 49 meter band. This set is a superheterodyne and can be had in a more expensive cabinet if desired.

All-wave receivers are looked upon with favor by the average radio listener and some degree of success has been obtained with them. But—and here I repeat *but*—if a fellow decides to become a dyed-in-the-wool short wave fan he will want nothing but a short wave receiver; one whose circuit has been designed with the sole purpose of permitting him to hear the entire world. Reception of the "foreign locals" will be as nothing when once the prospective fan lays his hand on a good short wave receiver. Let us say something about them. There is a small, compact five-tube regenerative receiver that sells complete for about fifty dollars, but for those that have been educated up to superhets nothing will suit them but a superhet short wave receiver. Of these there are many. One is a very expensive job that is used for communication work, or in other words is a commercial receiver, then there is a seven-tube superhet designed for amateur work which has proved successful for code work but does not perform so well where DXing is concerned.

For those that have leanings toward a converter there is a very good one that sells for twenty-five dollars and is a custom-built job. It is a three-tube converter and has been designed along new lines. It is all-electric having a built-in power pack. This converter is attached very easily, by simply connecting same in series with the antenna lead and a ground connection between both sets.

AT present the writer is using a highly sensitive nine-tube superhet with several amazing features. The one that attracted me the most was the two stages of tuned-radio-frequency amplification that precedes the detector, this completely eliminates any harmonics. The (Please turn to page 72)



Braybrook station, Melbourne, Australia, goal of short-wave fans.



An interior view of the splendidly equipped Australian radio broadcasting station.

Have you joined the army of short wave fans? Captain Hall, foremost radio expert, tells you how.

4 Thrifty Recipes ... make them with the richer, faster-setting New Jell-O

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



● RED CHERRY CUP

No boiling water needed . . . no flavor lost in steam!

1 package Cherry Jell-O 1 cup canned cherry juice
1 cup warm water 2 cups canned red cherries, drained

Dissolve Jell-O in warm water. Add cherry juice and chill. When slightly thickened, fold in cherries. Turn into sherbet glasses and chill until firm. Serves 6.



● GRAPEFRUIT DELIGHT

With no boiling heat to cool away, this new Jell-O sets with amazing speed!

1 package Lime Jell-O 12 grapefruit sections,
1 pint warm water free from membrane

Dissolve Jell-O in warm water. Chill. Arrange grapefruit sections in mold. When Jell-O is slightly thickened, turn into mold, being careful not to disarrange fruit. Chill until firm. Unmold. Serves 4.

● PEACH CRYSTAL CUBES

You can put the new Jell-O in the refrigerator right away . . . no cooling needed

1 package Orange Jell-O 1 pint warm water
Canned sliced peaches

Dissolve Jell-O in warm water. Turn into shallow pan. Chill. Arrange 3 peach slices in each sherbet glass. When Jell-O is firm, cut in cubes; pile lightly in glasses. Garnish with peach slices. Serves 4.



● HAWAIIAN SUNBURST

This new Jell-O dissolves instantly in water only slightly hotter than lukewarm!

1 package Strawberry Jell-O ¼ teaspoon salt
1½ cups warm water 2 slices canned pineapple
¼ cup canned pineapple juice

Dissolve Jell-O in warm water. Add pineapple juice and salt. Turn into individual molds. Chill until firm. Unmold. Cut pineapple slices in half crosswise and cut into small, pointed wedges. Arrange wedges around Jell-O molds in sunburst effect. Serves 4.



Get genuine Jell-O at the new low price. Jell-O dissolves in warm water!

A product of General Foods



Just out! Brand-New Recipe Book! FREE!

Full of ideas for children's parties, bridge luncheons, company and home dinners.
General Foods, Battle Creek, Mich.

Please send me your new recipe book, "What Mrs. Dewey did with the New Jell-O."
T. M. 4-34

Name _____

Street or R. F. D. _____

City _____ State _____

Print name and address plainly. If you live in Canada, address General Foods, Cobourg, Ontario. (This offer expires December 31, 1934.)

News of the New

HERE'S a situation in home furnishing and equipment worth considering. There has been a very definitely increased demand for pianos in American homes. It began some six months ago and is still on the increase. Now how, in the face of radio which at one time seemed to be a serious rival to home-made music—singing, piano and other instrument playing—could this have come about?

It may—and doubtless is—this very radio that, in the course of events, has brought the piano revival about. Sitting in the seclusion of our own homes we have become familiar with music that we otherwise would never have known; we are kept in touch with popular new songs and are reminded of old favorites that we had almost forgotten. Listening to the smooth, easy performance of experts we forget the drudgery of practice and the less at-



tractive qualities of old time amateur performance and are encouraged to do a bit of singing and crooning to our own accompaniment. So we need a new piano to take the place of the one we gladly disposed of a few years ago.

Then, too, pianos have become smaller and more attractive—small enough if need be to go into the bedroom or small apartment living room and beautifully enough designed to suit the most attractively furnished rooms. To go with the Colonial furnishings there are the new spinet type grand pianos in early American or Duncan Phyfe design. For other types of period furnishings there are pianos in Spanish, or Jacobean.

Radiomakers, too, have become style conscious and after you have decided on the make of instrument you want you have yet to decide on the most harmonious design. Once one radio was enough. It was placed in the living room where various members of the family had all to listen to the same programs. Now the average family owns or expects to own more than one. The boys and girls have their own radios in their own rooms where they can listen to nonsense while their elders listen to lectures and opera. Only often it is the other way round—the youngsters listen to the serious programs while their frivolous parents choose the nonsense.



EAT the crusts, Mary Jane, and your hair will be curly—mothers said a generation ago and felt no special qualms of conscience over the deception. The end apparently justified the means. Unquestionably it was a good plan to have Mary Jane eat the crusts, but it would have been sounder practice to tell Mary Jane that if she ate the crusts and other food that required good hard chewing she would have sound white teeth.

Now, of course, if Mary Jane was born straight haired and if she or you feel that curls would be more becoming, you simply put aside a few dollars and take her to the hairdresser's to get her first permanent. All the little straight haired girls are having it done and it's an easy solution to the problem of how to keep her bobbed hair attractive.

And speaking of curls and waves—hairdressers tell us that they are using the curling iron now considerably more than they did six and twelve months ago. There has been no falling off in popularity of permanent waves, but as an aid in keeping hair neatly curled at the back of the head, the good old curling iron still has plenty to do.



IT'S your head and it's your hat and you can do as you choose, but if you want to look up-to-date you'll show a lot of forehead and you'll get one of the new hats made to be worn with a down-at-the-back slant. They are new, smart, youthful and easy to wear and if you don't find them very becoming to your own particular type of face you will receive the new low crowned, brimmed sailors that are promised for Summer with cheers of applause. They are worn very much to one side and some of them are trimmed with ruches of taffeta ribbon or flat flowers under the brims.

For the present—if you do wear one of the new off-the-face bonnets—be sure to wear your hair brushed off the forehead—and keep your brow as smooth and free from wrinkles as possible, even if you have to give up worrying to do it.



WOULD you brag of the fact that you do all your rug and carpet cleaning with a broom—scorning the aid of vacuum cleaners and carpet sweepers? Would you boast that you never bought any soap—that you always saved drippings and made your own as your great grandmother did before you?

It's hard to imagine—and yet twenty years ago a good many women did insist on the old time broom method of sweeping carpets, and seventy years or more ago some conscientious housewives felt suspicious of anything but home-made soap. They had used the longer, slower method so long that they hated to admit some other method could be better. It was just that way with mayonnaise dressing a few years ago. Women went on with the drop by drop method because the very admission that the kind you could buy in a glass jar was better seemed to belittle all their previous efforts in mayonnaise making.

We object to new products, not because we have made any tests to prove their inferiority to the old things, but as a matter of prejudice.

Right now, we know of women who would brag that they make their own soup by the old stand-over-the-stove method even when they have reason to know that the kind they get in cans is more generally liked and less expensive.

Tony Wons' Scrap Book

(Continued from page 25)

dog, a puppy chow. It was full of life, smart as a whip, very friendly and had a long pedigree. You could have loads of fun with it. But Stray didn't get along with his new companion. He became even more aloof. He lost interest in his food. His owners became worried. One of the dogs would have to go.

Well, do you think they gave Stray away and kept the puppy who made life brighter for them? Not at all. Their attachment to Stray ran more deeply than that. When it came to the showdown, it was the puppy they gave away. Stray was not just a dog. He was one of the family. They were loyal to him, despite his faults. They loved him for just what he was.

• • •

THERE'S an announcer up at the radio station who recently became a father. And all day long all he talked about, when he was off duty, was his baby. It was the cutest, cleverest, sweetest child in the world.

Another announcer expected a newcomer in his family too, but he became so fed up with his colleague's boasts that he said, "I'll bet I'll never be like that." You know the rest of the story. By and by, his baby came, and he is even more boastful than the other fellow.

You can't change human nature.

• • •

HOW beautiful the flowers in that Broadway shop window looked! Gardenias, orchids, roses, sweet peas, in a dazzling array. Why, you could smell those flowers a block away. Yet, as I looked at these blooms more closely, there seemed to be something lacking in them. What?

My memory went back to the little garden my mother used to watch so tenderly. Maybe the flowers there were not as beautiful as these, but that garden had a soul. Yes, that was it. That was what these shop window flowers lacked. Soul. They seemed artificial. My mother's garden had reality. There was something endearing about each shrub, each flower, even each blade of grass. Maybe it was the loving care she gave them. The way she watched them grow. They weathered storms and drought. They knew life in the raw. The hot-house flowers were pretty to look at, but their beauty was skin deep. No flowers will ever be as completely beautiful as the ones in my mother's garden. And the most beautiful of them all was the little white-haired lady bending lovingly over them.

● *"Goodness — what a day I've had! And now, imagine — got to take off my own socks and shoes! Work—work—work! . . . Lucky I'm always in the pink-and-white of condition."*



● *"Now — let's see — do I pull or push? Pull, I guess. Yeave-ho! . . . Nope — didn't work! Guess I'd better pull in the other direction. Oh, dear — I'm getting hot and cross! . . . Get ready with that Johnson's Baby Powder, Mom!"*



● *"Oops! There she comes! Pretty smart of me to figure that out! Now for the other foot. And then — oh, boy! — my bath and a Johnson's Baby Powder rub-down! And I want to say this to every mother listening in . . ."*



● *"Try different baby powders between your thumb and finger. You'll find some powders are gritty — but Johnson's is so soft and smooth you can't believe it! And it hasn't any zinc-stearate in it, nor orris-root. My doctor said so!"*

Send 10c in coin for samples of Johnson's Baby Powder, Baby Soap and Baby Cream. Dept. 72, Johnson & Johnson, New Brunswick, New Jersey.

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK, NEW JERSEY

JOHNSON'S *Baby* POWDER



KOOL

MILDLY MENTHOLATED
CIGARETTE-CORK-TIPPED

Introduced less than one year ago, a whole army of smoke fans is now cheering for this mildly mentholated cigarette. It's as refreshing as an opened window in a smoke-heavy room. The mild menthol in KOOLS doesn't interfere with the full flavor of the fine tobaccos, but it does end the dry throat of ordinary smoking. Cork-tipped: they don't stick to lips. FREE coupons packed with KOOLS bring you initialed gilt-edged Congress Quality U. S. Playing Cards and *other premiums. (Offer good in U. S. A. only.)

*Send for illustrated premium list.



Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.

We Gotta Have a Code!

(Continued from page 19)

(Hangs up.)

That was the General.

AL JOLSON: Hey, Fred, have you got an option on that phone? Lemme at it once. Operator, gimme Los Angeles. Hello, Ruby? Listen, Ruby, you're a thousand miles away, but I love yuh, honey. . . .

RUBY: Ha! ha! ha!

ED WYNN: Now, now, now. We're facing a crisis, Graham. Let's have some concrete ideas.

GRACIE: I've got a lot of concrete ideas. My head is full of them. In fact George always says my head is nothing but concrete.

STOOPNAGLE AND BUD: We have an idea we think is just peachy. Why not have all the comedians be captains of industry and all the captains of industry be comedians?

JIMMY DURANTE: I gotta complaint to make. As long as we're drawin' up a code, before we get too erratica, let's do somethin' about dis here static.

LOU: Do you mean static, Jimmy?

JIMMY: I mean static! It's ruinin' me programs. I give de microphone dissa and it comes out data. Now what am I goin' to do?

EDDIE CANTOR: Look for the data on every can!

ED WYNN: This'll murder you, Graham, but my suggestion is this. Why not let the stooges tell the jokes for a change—they know them all anyway—then the comedian can sit home and laugh at the sponsors.

JOE PENNER: Oooo, you nas-ty man!

RUBY VALLEE AND DR. R. E. LEE: Heigh-ho, everybody if you wake up with that sluggish feeling, you have been listening to Joe Penner and his well-known duck. Ha! ha! ha!

MILTON BERLE: This is serious, you guys! I want protection for my gags and I mean to have it.

GEORGE BEATTY: I get it. He wants a gag rule.

VOICES: Those gags of his don't need protection. They're old enough to look out for themselves!

BARON MUNCHHAUSEN: Ve aren't gettin' anyheres. I know all about codes. My vemily has a code of arms.

SHARLIE: Now Baron—

BARON: Vass you dere, Sharlie?

GRAHAM: Ha! ha! ha!

ED WYNN: Now listen here, Gray-ham. You're supposed to laugh at my stuff exclusively. You can't laugh at every-thing.

VOICES: Why not? He always has!

GEORGE BURNS: Wait a minute! Wait a minute! What is this, a meeting or a madhouse?

GRACIE: I think so, George. I think we all ought to get together again, some-time. It's been simply lovely. Good-bye, everybody.

EDDIE CANTOR: Hold on, hold on, we're not through here yet. There's one gag I just thought up last night and I want it written into the code as exclusively mine, see? It goes like this: I'm walkin' down the street when a guy comes up to me and says: "Say, Eddie, who was that lady I seen you with last night?" And I says right back to him: "Why Jimmy, that wasn't no—"

JIMMY DURANTE: (Striking a Barbara Frietchie pose.) Shoot if you must this old Schnozzola, but spare your country's gag, he said!

(The telephone rings again. This is Fred Allen's cue. He takes it.)

FRED ALLEN: Hello! Who? Oh!

(Aside.) It's Joe Miller, the guy who wrote the first joke book.

EVERYBODY: Hallelujah!

FRED ALLEN: What? You say you have a radio up there in your heavenly home? What? You listen to all of us every night? Well, isn't that nice! You hear all our jokes too? What did you say?

(BANG! He slams down the receiver.)

EVERYBODY: What does he say? What does he say?

FRED ALLEN: He says "How'm I doin'?"

EVERYBODY: Hey! That's mine, you bunch of pirates!

(The lights go out. Sound of overturning chairs, cries, fighting.)

ANNOUNCER: We regret to announce that the meeting called to formulate a comedians' code has just broken up in a riot. We will take you now to the Hotsy-Totsy Night Club where the Slumberland Serenaders will soothe your tired nerves to sleep. Hotcha!

The Cost of Broadcasting

(Continued from page 31)

have been an advertiser on the air at the time the Chief Executive is broadcasting. However, the White House enjoys its prerogative by not abusing the privilege and the mutual good will resulting all around offsets the money considerations.

PERHAPS up to now we have not given the time costs on your favorite program. Bing Crosby and Lannie Hayton's orchestra? That costs Woodbury \$4,060 an evening for the half hour that the airways carry their entertainment. The March of Time marches away with time charges amounting to \$4,488 of Remington-Rand's money each broadcast. The Barbasol program has a total expenditure of \$53,277 a month for its time while for the same period Irvin Cobb's sponsors—the Good Gulf Oil—wrote off \$27,632.

Some other figures dealing with recent or present programs are:

| Program | Cost per program |
|--|------------------|
| "Roses and Drums" | \$2,018 |
| Olsen and Johnson | 5,655 |
| Corn Cob Club | 6,136 |
| Smiling Ed McConnell | 2,084 |
| John McCormick | 2,768 |
| Frank Crumit & Julia Sanderson (CBS) | 1,950 |
| Ipana Troubadours | 5,944 |
| Ben Bernie | 6,458 |
| "Wizard of Oz" | 11,228 |
| Yeast Foamers | 4,123 |
| Vincent Lopez | 6,010 |
| Joe Penner | 7,182 |
| P. A. Rolfe | 9,270 |
| Louis McHenry Howe | 3,730 |
| Armour program, Phil Baker | 5,744 |

All figures given in this article indicate the amounts paid for air time. They do not include any salaries to the various artists.

The Story Behind the Song Hits

(Continued from page 6)

lyrics for the team, is a native New Yorker. He was originally a vaudeville artist and on the side wrote the "business" for many other acts in addition to his own. He is inclined to be stout and like most large men, is possessed of a winning disposition and a sunny, humorous personality. Harry Revel, on the other hand, is shy, studious and retiring. He started out with the idea of becoming a concert pianist, and has traveled all over the world.

They met by chance in a publisher's office in New York. Revel was looking for a lyricist to aid with several songs he had in mind. At that moment Gordon walked in.

After the formalities of the introduction were over, Harry and Mack made for one of the publisher's pianos, and went into a song conference. They worked away for a few hours.

Suddenly Mack looked at his watch. He jumped up, rammied his hat over his ears, and dashed for the door.

"If I don't make that train, I'm sunk," he called over his shoulder as he disappeared through the entrance.

Revel watched the exit of his new found friend with bitterness.

"I realized," he said later, "that Mack was the one guy in the world with whom I could work best. And he beat it out on me. I didn't even know where he was going."

It was several days before Harry found that Mack was playing at a theater in Utica, and the reason he had left so suddenly was to be there in time for the show's opening.

The next morning found Revel on the trail. When he arrived in Utica, he found the theater where Mack was playing and between the acts the two young men again tackled the job of producing popular songs. During Mack's stay at the Utica theater they turned out nineteen songs. One of these, "Help Yourself to Happiness" is the best-known of their early efforts.

When Gordon and Revel returned to New York they found that their songs had preceded them.

Since that time they have turned out more than two hundred songs together. In 1931 they wrote music and words for Ziegfeld and the next year George White engaged them for his Scandals. They have also written for some Shubert shows and in addition have written some independent numbers as "Listen to the German Band," "And So to Bed," and "Time on My Hands," in which they collaborated with Vincent Youmans.

Some of the most popular of their numbers have been: "Underneath the Harlem Moon," last year's song hit; "A Boy and a Girl Were Dancing," "A Tree Was a Tree," "My, Oh, My," "It Was a Night in June," "An Orchid to You," "An Old, Old Man, With an Old, Old Pipe," "Say Young Lady," and "When I'm Sipping a Soda with Susie."

"Did You Ever See a Dream Walking?" has been recorded by almost all of the record companies. We recommend the following recordings:

Columbia: Meyer Davis and his orchestra.

Victor: The Pickens Sisters.

Brunswick: Guy Lombardo and his orchestra.

Vocalion: Dick Humber and his band.

Bluebird: Reggie Childs and his orchestra.

The Smartest Women Use FAOEN BEAUTY AIDS



— yet they cost
ONLY 10¢

You can pay \$1 or more for your beauty aids, if you wish. But you can't buy finer quality than Faoen offers you for 10¢. We know that statement is hard to believe. So we asked a famous research laboratory to analyze Faoen Beauty Aids. And here's their report:

"Every Faoen product tested is as pure and fine as products of like nature sold for \$1, \$2 and \$3."

Is it any wonder that the smartest women are now using Faoen? Join them—today!



No. 44
A New FAOEN
Perfume Triumph!

This is an exact duplicate in fragrance of a popular and expensive imported perfume. You will marvel at this new perfume masterpiece—and its price of only 10¢.



PARK & TILFORD'S

FAOEN

(FAY-ON)

Beauty Aids

● CLEANSING CREAM • COLD CREAM
● FACE POWDER • ROUGES • PERFUMES

10¢ each at
F. W. Woolworth Co Stores

The Girl Who Never Tried

(Continued from page 33)

...a Prisoner of



Woman's most powerful enemy!
Were charm, feminine attraction
of no avail?
How did she find release?

EVERY woman knows! The biggest part of the impression she makes depends on the health and beauty of her skin. A complexion blighted by skin trouble brings a sense of humiliation—robs you of confidence. Shame bars the way to the best things in the life of the woman who feels, "I'm not looking my best."

Fortunately, most skin troubles are temporary and easily controlled. But many cases of eczema and pimples are serious and stubborn. In either type of trouble, though, women have found the best treatment is the use of Cuticura Ointment.

For more than half a century, millions all over the world have found through Cuticura, permanent relief from skin troubles which seemed almost hopeless. If you suffer from skin ailments of any kind, try first the treatment which has proved most successful. Place your confidence in the soothing, healing emollient of Cuticura Ointment. You'll find, too, that the regular use of Cuticura Soap helps in the treatment and in the general health of your skin.

Get Cuticura today. Ointment 25c and 50c, Soap 25c, at leading drug and department stores. At leading variety stores also, in miniature (10c) sizes.

FREE! Helpful folder on Cuticura Products for the care of the skin and scalp. Write Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. T-1, Malden, Mass.

Cuticura
OINTMENT

... Over half a century of success
in controlling and healing skin troubles

Ruthie. Her mother had died when she was three, out on a visit to California. She had been raised in a house of grown-ups. But life had its compensations—Grandpa Etting owned the ball park where the circus came each year! That meant free tickets for every performance, personal introductions to the clowns, a close-up view of the little ponies. And was Ruthie the most sought after girl in town! For weeks after the "big tops" had disappeared she would ride bareback on the neighbors' delivery horses and swing on a makeshift trapeze.

"I wouldn't have missed that kind of childhood for anything on earth," she told me once. "Youngsters in the cities don't have near as much fun. Bob-sledding and hay rides and all that. Oh, I'm strictly a small town girl at heart. Years of living in crowded places like New York haven't changed me one whit!"

She was like a welcome breeze to Broadway. A gentle breeze from off the western plains that revived the old street miraculously. Just a "small town girl" being herself—and she rocked the skyscrapers!

The Chicago interlude came first, however. Ruth did not really want to leave David City at all. But there was no art school there to study at—and besides, the family was looking down its collective nose at her a bit. Tch, tch, what was this? An Etting refusing to go to the state university! "But I tell you I hate dry old text books! Everybody in town knows I'm stupid 'n' I won't study!" Ruthie flung at them, sobbing. They softened. They kissed her soothingly—and sent her to the Chicago Academy of Fine Arts with much warning about wearing rubbers and being careful of "city men."

And now, my friends, watch closely if you would see the way Fate maneuvers to thrust fame upon a person!

Ruth was practical-minded. She wanted to make money. "Why do I have to wait to graduate before I start designing costumes?" There did not seem to be any answer to that so she trotted out to a noted night club, the Marigold Gardens, and succeeded in selling the manager her work. After that, all the costumes for the chorus were made from her sketches. One day while she was out there a chorine was taken ill. She had to be replaced immediately. The manager and his wife liked tall, slinky girls, Ruth was tall and slinky. And added to that she had taffy-colored hair and innocent gray eyes. "How," they wanted to know, "would you like to be in the chorus?"

"Oh, grand!" said Ruth. She had never had one of those skimpy costumes of her own creation on before and that night when she went "out front" for the first time and the spotlight hit her, her mind went completely blank. She forgot the simple dance routine she had practiced for hours. She forgot everything... just ran after the other girls like the frightened kid that she was, and the audience applauded until the roof creaked.

Instead of being angry, the manager was laughing uproariously when she slid behind scenes. "You've got something, Ruthie. They call it 'naivete' in tony circles... Anyway, you stay!" So that is how it happened she drew during the day and danced at night.

"You don't ever join in the refrains, do you?" one of the girls asked after a while.

"No," said Ruth simply. "I can't sing. My voice is too low."

Then—a baritone became the "guest artist" one week. Ruthie liked his songs. She could sing in the same range. It was sort of fun and the second number she sang out boldly.

"Who was the girl who could be heard above the principal?" the manager demanded when they came off-stage. Ruth could see herself being fired but there was nothing to do but confess.

Instead—"You've got a swell voice, kid. How would you like to sing those songs in his place?" The principal was getting \$135 a week. She was getting \$35. The manager raised her to fifty and Ruth bade good-bye to the chorus for good.

That night as she took off her dancing sandals she paused for a moment—then brushed them with care and wrapped them in tissue paper to put away. They were bright red leather...

"If," thought Ruth, "they like my voice the way it is, I'm not going to spend money having it changed!" So she worked with it herself. She has never had a vocal lesson in her life. "I'll sing the lyrics the way I feel them—and I'll pronounce the words so people can understand." That was what she went by. It worked like a charm. They began to say of that girl at the Marigold Gardens that she had a "voice with personality." Bigger opportunities were offered her at other clubs. The head of a local radio station heard her—and hurried back to her dressing room. "How about broadcasting?"

That is how Ruth Etting became America's first "sweetheart of the air."

She made records. Some of them were Irving Berlin's songs. Now every lyric writer, mighty or humble, loves to have the verses he has slaved over sung distinctly. Berlin was no exception. He heard Ruth's records—and mentioned her name to one Florenz Ziegfeld. "I'll send a man out to interview her," said the great Ziggy. He did. No one could have been more astonished than young Miss Etting. Er—pardon me, she was Mrs. Snyder then. A charming romance with a non-professional had culminated in a most happy marriage.

AFTER she had sung and sung and sung some more for Ziegfeld's representative, her husband took her in his arms. "Ruthie, honey, you're going to be more famous than ever. And I'm backing you all the way—you understand that, dear? But leave me out of the picture. There's not going to be any 'Mr. Ruth Etting.'" But that did not prevent him from being far more excited than she when the wire finally came from the famous maestro.

They had given up hope of hearing. Weeks had gone by without any word from the Broadway front. Ruth, however, was headed for New York anyway. A gentleman by the name of Paul Whiteman had asked her to be soloist with his orchestra at the Paramount Theater there.

The very day of her arrival Ruth was strolling along the Great White Way with a friend when a dark, young-ish chap stopped them. Said the friend: "Ruth, do you know Irving Berlin?" It was as simple—and strange—as that. The coincidence of their meeting. At the time Ruth had no idea of the part Berlin had played in shaping her destiny. He took her up to his office and had her sing everything she ever knew. Each time she began a new song he walked out on her... listened from another room. After

a while he asked her: "Can you get hot?" It was that period when warblers were supposed to wave their hands and shake their torsos around during every ditty.

Ruth looked panic stricken. "I—I can't. It just isn't in me!" Would they want her in the Follies now?

Came the hour of her interview with Ziegfeld himself. Down that long, long office she walked . . . passed an inconceivable display of elephants—the producer's passionate hobby . . . toward the man at the desk who was quietly watching her approach. He was a large man, superbly groomed, with a heavy sort of dignity about him. "Mr. Ziegfeld," she began, "before you sign me to this contract you offered me by telegram, won't you please come to the Paramount to hear me sing? I think it's only fair to yourself and to me. I—I don't want you to get stuck with a white elephant on your hands!"

The producer smiled. "Will you step around the desk here, please?" He took a long look at her ankles. Impersonally, judicially. Then he turned to his secretary. "Where's that contract for Miss Etting?" It was not until the opening night of the Follies that Ziegfeld heard her sing!

IT was a tremendous success, the Follies of that year. And Ruth wore her red satin pumps at every performance. But if they were her good luck piece, she was Ziegfeld's. He said so often. Each of the five shows in which he featured her was a winner. The three that she did not appear in folded up.

"Heavens," she said to Eddie Cantor that first night. "I'm—I'm a-afraid I'm going to st-stutter out there on the stage. I used to, you know. I stuttered so at school I couldn't read my lessons." Her eyes were agonized with fear. "Eddie, what shall I do? Even now, when I go up in an elevator I never can say 'sixth floor.' I have to ask for the seventh and then walk down!"

"Ruthie, just you watch me closely. I'll hypnotize you so that you couldn't stammer if your grandma asked you to!" And with that he had her out before the footlights and into her song. She did not have time to be frightened. Everything went smoothly after that and Eddie became the best friend the young Snyders had. Ruth appeared as guest artist on a number of his radio programs. And then they worked in several Follies together.

WHEN Cantor learned she was going to California on a vacation, the only one she had taken in years, he called her up. "That's all right, Ruthie. You go by boat through the Panama and have a good time. But wait for me in Hollywood. I'm going to put you in a 'Scandal!'"

He did. The Roman variety. The two months Ruth planned to stay on the west coast went on into six. She bought the cutest Monterey home in existence—right next to Robert Montgomery's house. She bought two dogs. Radio signed her for "Hips, Hips Hooray" and four short features. Dozens of film offers float constantly about her like bees around honey.

You ask her how it all happened and she looks puzzled. A little worried. "I honestly don't quite know. One thing just led to another . . ."

That is the story of the Girl Who Never Tried. The most amazing success story in Hollywood.

See for yourself



WHAT A truly
Amazing DIFFERENCE

THIS SMART EYE MAKE-UP

ACTUALLY DOES MAKE

STYLISTS and beauty authorities agree. An exciting, new world of thrilling adventure awaits eyes that are given the glamorous allure of long, dark, lustrous lashes . . . seductively shaded lids and expressively formed brows. And could this perfectly obvious truth be more aptly demonstrated than by the above picture?

But how can eyes acquire this magic charm? Very easily. Maybelline Mascara will instantly lend it to your lashes . . . Maybelline Eye Shadow will instantly impart the extra alluring touch to your eyelids . . . and Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil will give the requisite smooth smartness to your brows. Anyone can achieve true loveliness in eye make-up . . . and with perfect safety if genuine Maybelline preparations are used.

Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids have been proved utterly harmless throughout sixteen years of daily use by millions of women. They are accepted by the highest authorities and contain no dyes. For beauty's sake, and for safety's sake, obtain genuine, pure, harmless Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids.

MAYBELLINE CO., CHICAGO



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

Maybelline
Eyebrow Pencil

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



Maybelline
Eye Shadow

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



Maybelline
Eyelash Grower

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



Maybelline
Eyebrow Brush

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

Maybelline
harmless EYE BEAUTY AIDS



NEW! EXQUISITE!

NEW—Marchand's have discovered a formula for a decidedly superior shampoo.

EXQUISITE—Made to make hair lustrous and lovely, as well as to cleanse it.

If you have been using any old soap or shampoo, use Marchand's Castile Shampoo for a change, for a wonderful change in the condition of your scalp and the beauty of your hair.

Ordinary soaps leave tiny soap particles in the hair (despite rinsing) making it dull, streaky—also tending to dry out the scalp. Marchand's contains the highest grade of virgin olive oil to nourish the scalp and helps retard dandruff. Marchand's cleanses gently and thoroughly—leaving the hair exquisitely soft, easy to comb—perfect for waving or dressing. The natural color is not lightened or changed.

Best for children's tender scalps and for men with dandruff conditions. Exceptionally low price—

A LITTLE GOES A LONG WAY.

MARCHAND'S CASTILE SHAMPOO

Ask your druggist or send for a bottle—fill out coupon; mail with 35c (coins or stamps) to C. Marchand Co., 251 West 19th St., New York City.

Please send me your Shampoo—35c enclosed.

Name.....

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

.....

Short Wave Department

(Continued from page 66)

receiver has the new draw type coils. It is equipped with an oscillator to detect the weak signals. Very few short wave superhets have a phone jack but this one has. It sells complete for eighty-five dollars.

Kits of the different receivers can be purchased from ten to thirty per cent less than the cost of wired receivers. The main benefit derived from kits is a working knowledge of receivers. Personally I would not advise a person new in the radio field to buy a kit. Although three-tube kits are comparatively simple to construct, superhet kits require technical knowledge of radio.

Presuming that you have made your decision and purchased a receiver, the next step is the installation of it in your home. It is not sufficient just to plug it in a socket and hook it up to any old aerial.

After much discussion about important factors that tend to make good short wave reception I am convinced that aerials lead in importance. The writer has had considerable experience with antennae, erecting them to diagrams and dimensions that technical experts consider perfect. After spending considerable money and time I have come to these conclusions: That the inexpensive aerial I am using now is far superior, judging by results, than any I have used up to this time. I might say right now I am still experimenting to a degree.

At the present time and for several months I have been using solid copper enameled wire No. 14. The height from the roof is 25 feet with a lead-in of 55 feet. Now for details and explanations.

I used solid copper wire (enameled) in preference to twisted wire because it is always clean. Twisted wire naturally collects dirt and soot from the oil burners that large apartment houses use. A few weeks after I put up a twisted wire aerial I examined it and found it clogged with dirt and grease. We all agree that short wave signals are picked up on the surface of the aerial and on that remark I base this statement. You can pick up a weak signal far better on a clean surface than a dirty one.

LIVING in New York City I ran my aerial East by North and West by South. That was done with a purpose. The stations farthest away lie in the South and West, such as Japan, China, Siam, the Dutch East Indies and Australia and are considered catches by all short wave "Fanites." Therefore I lined my aerial deliberately in the direction those signals would come in order to "trip" them up on their merry way.

The whole secret in successful short wave reception is antennae. If you have one properly constructed so that it "feeds" your set you will have no difficulty getting good reception.

Now this is what many chaps do: First they buy poles, good solid wire, countless insulators. Then they proceed to the roof. Upon their arrival there they look around for the best place to fasten the poles and, seeing chimneys and soil pipes, they use them for that purpose. They do not consider the direction the aerial will be in after it is erected. That, in my opinion, is most important when going about this job. Intentionally or unintentionally, aerials are directional. No matter how they point they are di-

rected toward some country, so why not direct them toward the stations in the countries that you want to get?

My aerial is 70 feet in length. On the East end there are three insulators; on the West end are two. These insulators are six inches apart. One of my lead-in wires is soldered to the aerial twelve inches from the last insulator on the East point.

This wire runs down through transposition blocks, which are placed fifteen inches apart until it reaches the antenna post on the set. The other lead-in wire is twisted between the first and second insulator on the east end and runs down through the blocks to the ground post on the receiver.

These blocks are not necessary except for city dwellers or those bothered with local disturbances. They do not eradicate all noise but greatly lower the noise level and make a big difference in short wave reception.

Remember the following items when you are connecting the lead-in wire to the receiver. This antenna is going to be used for a short wave, not a broadcast receiver, therefore have your receiver as close as possible to the place where the wire enters the house. The lead-in wire should not run behind the set if possible. It will cause an electrical disturbance in coils and tubes and weak signals will be drowned out very easily.

Most of the receivers designed now are grounded through the power supply or to the chassis. It is not essential to have a good ground but it is often found useful to have one on hand. On some weak signals when a ground is used it increases signal strength, and decreases background noise. This is not true on all occasions.

EXPERIMENT with a ground until you find out what is suitable for your individual needs. Never have a ground and aerial together, either twisted or parallel to each other, as the capacity effect cuts down the signal strength.

I have been told that scores of excited purchasers of short wave sets take their new property home, hook it up and hear nothing. They hear nothing, it seems, because they don't know where the dials should be set in action. If this is the case I shall do my best in the following paragraphs to lead them along the right path.

Of course, what these newcomers to short waves need most are exact dial settings, but to supply these essentials for all sets and all conditions is absolutely out of the question. The best I can do is to relate my own experience and give general indications of procedure.

Now, tuning ability covers a large amount of ground. One man will "grab" hold of the tuning knob and hurry over the dials, passing everything on the way. Another fellow will sit down and by moving very slowly over the dial pull in the entire world. It has always been a practice of mine to take each coil and go over the entire band slowly, starting on about fifteen meters and running up to about fifty meters.

FANITES usually refer to the different foreign locals as Germany on 25 meters or France on 19 meters. These stations are not actually on 25 meters or 19 meters but the "foreigners" have congregated on 19; 25; and 31 meters and some are still on 49 meters. Although each of these stations should be more widely separated in actual dial readings, actually most of your dial readings will be little more than a hair's breadth apart. Take, for instance, the twenty-five meter band.

(Please turn to page 75)



"Ethel dear . . . you've been hanging to mother's skirts all day. I can't imagine why she's so listless, Mrs. Ross."



"Often constipation makes children like that, Mrs. Green. Remember that droopy spell Jackie had? I gave him a laxative—Fletcher's Castoria—it was all he needed!"



"Doesn't Ethel look bright and happy today, Mrs. Ross? I followed your advice and gave her some Fletcher's Castoria last night."

"Fine! Fletcher's Castoria is a wonderful laxative for children. It's made especially for them. It's gentle, doesn't have any harsh drugs in it. These strong drugs are what make most laxatives so harmful for children. And Castoria has such a pleasant taste! And when you buy it, always look for the signature, Chas. H. Fletcher on the carton!"

Chas. H. Fletcher's **CASTORIA**

The children's laxative

• from babyhood to 11 years •

For the many occasions, mother, when children need a laxative—use Chas. H. Fletcher's Castoria. From babyhood on, it is your best "first-aid" for colic due to gas, for diarrhoea due to improper diet, for sour stomach, flatulence, acid stomach. And every mother knows that a laxative is any doctor's first advice for treating a cold!



Crime Does Pay

(Continued from page 59)



FILL
YOUR HOME with
Springtime
FRESHNESS



Liquid Incense

Perfumes the Air

Freshens the Atmosphere

Banishes Unpleasant Odors



A new thrill awaits you and your friends! Simply apply a few drops of L'Orday Air Perfume on a light bulb or any hot surface; or better still, on a L'Orday Evaporator made especially for this purpose. Suddenly a delicate fragrance fills the room like a breath of Spring air, laden with the scent of budding flowers. So refreshing and stimulating that your entire home assumes a new cheerful personality . . . adding beauty and charm to yourself and surroundings. Try it today. Your choice of three delightful fragrances: Romance, Gayety, Ecstasy.



On Sale at many
F.W. WOOLWORTH
5 and 10 Cent Stores

10 and
20 cents
Evaporator, 5 cents

Avon Laboratories
5205 Shields Ave.
Chicago

L'ORDAY
AIR PERFUME
LIQUID INCENSE

point has a logical explanation. She is called the Script Girl, a term borrowed from Hollywood, where the big movie studios employ shrewd young women to make a similar analysis of all the movie scripts.

So far, the Eno Crime Clues employs the only "script girl" in radio. She is Laura Gill Hoffman, a blonde and attractive newcomer from Kentucky, who, for five years following her graduation, was assistant Dean of Women of the University of Kentucky at Lexington. Miss Hoffman has done considerable writing of her own, and anyone around the advertising agency of N. W. Ayer and Son, which produces the Eno Crime Clues, is willing to say that when Miss Hoffman okays a script it is pretty apt to be okay to stay.

Once a script is written and revised by Prentice Winchell and analyzed and okayed by Miss Hoffman, it is ready for production. It goes now to the director, Jay Hanna, and he and Winchell confer upon just exactly what dramatic effects are wanted.

JAY HANNA is an actor, stage manager and director thoroughly schooled in the legitimate theater. Unlike most directors in radio, who direct from the control booth, Hanna is out on the floor of the studio. He has a special set of earphones, supersensitive and of the highest clarity, which he plugs directly into the broadcasting circuit.

These earphones are equipped with large sponge-rubber ear cups, which completely shut out all studio noise. He hears nothing except the actual sound that has passed through the microphones into the broadcasting circuit and is about to go on the air. He thus has an absolute check on the show he is producing. He sets the tempo for the actors, brings the voice levels up or down, cues in the sound effects, motions the actors to come closer to or get farther away from the microphone, and controls every detail of the program. Hanna has been signally successful as a pioneer in the use of earphones for directing a radio broadcast from the studio floor.

Each week Hanna calls in dependable, experienced actors to put on the Crime Clues programs. Spencer Dean, the amateur detective who appears in every episode, is played by Edward Reese. In addition to being an experienced actor

on both stage and radio, Reese has the distinction of being one of the most photographed men in America. He is constantly in demand among the country's largest advertisers to illustrate their advertisements in magazines. Spencer Dean's partner and friend in these radio mysteries, Dan Cassidy, is played by John MacBryde, one of the best known and best liked actors in radio. MacBryde, too, is a recruit to radio from the legitimate stage.

THERE is no program on the air in which sound effects play a larger part than the Eno Crime Clues. Radio has no visual appeal, no scenery, and radio must depend wholly on sound effects to set the stage. If the author wants you to know that the action is taking place on board a dirigible, in a department store, or the engine room of a submarine, he has to depend upon the sound of a dirigible, submarine or department store to bring that actual picture to your mind.

N. Ray Kelly, head of the sound effects division of the National Broadcasting Company, handles the Eno Crime Clues program in person. With his assistant, Bob Stone, he must be ready to produce any sound from the rattle of a skeleton to the bark of an alligator—or whatever sound it is that alligators make.

CROWD noises, roar of traffic, cheers and similar mass effects are recorded on records and played during the broadcast to give the desired effect. In addition to all the doors, trundle trucks, windows, air pressure tanks, pistols and other paraphernalia of sound effects, Kelly and Stone each preside over what is, in effect, an enormous phonograph. It has not one, but three, turntables. With three turntables, they can get any desired combination—wind record, with rain record, with groans record. Some records have various sounds in different parts of the record and present odd combinations—as the record which is labeled "Screams—Snores—Typewriters."

Once all the ingredients are assembled—script, actors, directors, and sound effects, the Eno Crime Clues is rehearsed and put on the air. Here's the gong again! Got your thinking cap on? All right, now try your luck at outguessing the Eno Crime Clues next Tuesday night!

Radio Gossip

Did you ever try to call any of those telephone numbers used in radio acts? In New York City you would get a buzzing and your nickel back. By arrangement with the telephone company, test numbers or duds are supplied the studios to protect innocent subscribers whose signals might be used accidentally.

William Merrigan Daly, the conductor, years ago was managing editor of *Everybody's Magazine*, an influential publication in its day. "Bill" Daly, as he is known in the studios, used to compose music. He quit because he felt there is already enough bad music in the world.

Eddie East and Ralph Dumke, Tony Wons, Don Hall, Joe Cook and the Landt Trio and White, all live within a few doors of each other in Jackson Heights, L. I. They are so neighborly they have a community lawnmower—which means that practically nobody cuts the grass.

Nearly 12,000 persons are employed in the 600 odd radio stations in the United States. This is exclusive of entertainers, musicians, announcers and others who do the broadcasting. Actors Equity estimates there are 2000 actors alone finding employment in the studios.

Short Wave Department

(Continued from page 73)

There we have Pontoise, France, on 25:20 meters; GSE, Daventry, England, on 25:28 meters; Rome, Italy, on 25:40 meters; DJD, Zeesen, Germany, on 25:51 meters. All these stations can be tuned in the mid-afternoon, conditions favorable.

The nineteen meter band is best received in the early morning. The thirty-one meter band is heard in the afternoon and early evening. The forty-nine meter band is with us all evening and night.

Do not tune haphazardly but go about it in a systematic manner. When turning the tuning dial slowly from one end to the other if you hear a swish, stop at that point. That swish indicates a station. Then adjust the volume knob again until the swish just disappears. Behind that swish you should hear a station. Every station you hear and identify, write down the dial reading; this will enable you to calibrate your dials.

Let us say you get England (on 25:28 meters) on 51 on your dial, you will know that in order to hear France (on 25:20 meters) you will have to tune somewhere near that point. The more stations you identify the simpler it will be for you to "fish" for new catches. This may seem a petty feature to the listener and the "Oh, I'll remember where I got them" phrase should be put away and a pencil will save you many a weary trip over the dials that just refuse to talk and tell you.

Good reception days are not governed entirely by the weather in your location. Remember the waves you are after are coming many miles and the atmospheric conditions that they are traveling through save much to do with your reception.

Another item of interest to the beginner in this fast growing army of short wave fans, is the tremendous difference of hours between the countries. Just as a simile we will think about England. When it is 7 P.M. EST., it is midnight in London and, when it is 5 A.M. EST., it is 8 P.M. in Australia. This is another important factor to keep in mind when tuning, as we all know few stations in any land operate after midnight. Don't expect to tune in England at ten o'clock in the evening (EST) as it would be three A.M. in London. A little thought on this subject will guide you, to a certain extent, as to whom to expect to hear when you start to tune.

Next month's article will deal principally with the stations that are being heard and their approximate times on the air and wave lengths. England, Germany, France, Italy, Switzerland, Morocco and Australia are leading the world in broadcasting short wave programs for American listeners. There is no reason why any short wave fan should not be hearing them; if he has a good receiver and knows how to use it properly.



THE TWO GREAT NAMES IN THREAD

For more than five generations women who sew have



followed the label on the spool-end as a guide to good



thread. Smooth, even, elastic, it sews a fine and lasting



seam, does not fray or tangle into knots and makes of



sewing both a pleasure and a lasting beauty! Good thread today, as in years gone by, means either Coats or Clark's.

J. & P. COATS • CLARK'S O. N. T.

For more than a century—as today

THE TWO GREAT NAMES IN THREAD

A LESSON IN COMFORT

HOW SMART WOMEN ESCAPE PERIODIC PAIN



BAD LUCK! THE TIME OF MONTH WILL KEEP ME FROM ENTERING THE CONTEST



"NONSENSE RUTH! I'LL TELL YOU WHAT TO DO."



| | | | | | |
|----|----|----|----|----|----|
| 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 |
| 15 | 16 | X | X | X | 20 |
| 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 |
| 29 | 30 | 31 | | | |

Ruth takes Midol in time and avoids the expected menstrual pain entirely.



"I FEEL JUST FINE!"



Midol saves the day! Even for the girl whose menstruating periods have always meant agony. Not a narcotic.

MIDOL
Takes Pain Off the Calendar



Two Bennys' Worth

(Continued from page 42)

went back into vaudeville. He still played the violin but he kept adding stories and gags to his repertoire and first thing he knew he became what was known in vaudeville as a Master of Ceremonies. It was in this capacity that he was booked at the old Orpheum in Los Angeles.

The smooth, suave way he worked attracted the attention of some movie executives. They were getting ready to produce a big revue. Benny seemed made to order for it. They lost no time getting his name on the dotted line.

"The Hollywood Revue" was one of the first of the talking musicals and Jack confesses that the biggest thrill he ever had was in attending the opening at the Chinese Theater in Hollywood.

"That enormous crowd packing the street in front of the theater, the long white fingers of dozens of searchlights combing the night sky, the clicking of cameras, and the enthusiastic way the audience greeted the picture gave me a high-powered thrill such as I've never had before or since."

But a large part of that thrill was probably due to the fact that Jack had fallen head over heels in love with a girl he had met in Los Angeles. Her name was Sadye Marks but it did not take long for Jack to persuade her to change it to Benny.

When his picture contract was completed he returned to vaudeville. The Missus accompanied him. At first she thought it a great lark. But when the novelty had worn off she discovered that the wife of a Master of Ceremonies had a lot of time on her hands. She was too energetic to sit backstage and crochet and when the dumb girl who was working with Jack suddenly decided to quit the act and get married, Mrs. Jack applied for the job.

"But, Doll (that's Jack's nickname for her), you've never been on the stage in your life. When you found yourself standing up there facing an audience you'd probably die of stagefright."

"But wouldn't it make it just that much more convincing if I was scared," she argued. "The girl in the act's supposed to be dumb. She isn't supposed to have had any experience on the stage. So if I get up there and just act natural I ought to be good. Don't you think so?"

Jack was skeptical but he didn't have much sales resistance where "Doll" was concerned and he finally agreed to let her try it.

THERE was no doubt about Mrs. Benny's being plain scared to death the first time she walked on the stage. But, as she had reasoned, the audience thought her self-consciousness was just a part of the act. The result was that she got over better than the experienced actress had done. (P. S. She got the job and has been working with Jack ever since.)

You radio audiences know Mrs. Benny as Mary Livingstone. That name was more or less plucked out of the air. When she made her radio debut with Jack she was supposed to be a nice little girl from Plainfield, New Jersey, who was looking for a break. They tried to think of a

name that would fit a girl of that description. "I know a girl in Plainfield by the name of Mary Livingstone," someone said. It was just what the script writer had ordered.

Radio has brought Jack Benny his greatest success. It is not a mushroom success which sprung up overnight. As I said in the beginning, it has been a slow, steady build-up. One thing has led to another. His entrance into radio was perhaps the most significant break he ever had. A newspaper columnist was broadcasting over a New York station. He invited Benny to appear on one of his broadcasts as a guest star. Little did Jack dream when he stepped before the microphone that he was about to connect with a contract that would make him one of the highest paid entertainers in the radio world. But as it happened one of the members of the advertising agency which handled the Canada Dry account was listening in. Something about the sparkle of the Benny personality suggested the sparkle of Canada Dry. A week later Jack put his name to his first long-time radio contract.

JACK takes his success philosophically. "Money does not necessarily bring happiness," he said to me. "Happiness, I think, depends entirely upon the individual. If you're doing the kind of work you like to do and put your heart and soul into it, you'll be just as happy on \$50 a week as you will on \$5000. More so, I think. When you get into the four-figure-a-week class your responsibilities and your worries skyrocket, too. Look at the various high-salaried radio entertainers. Nervous wrecks all of them. As for myself, I know that I got more fun out of life and certainly had less worry when I was plugging away at vaudeville. On the other hand, I'm deeply grateful for the success radio has brought me. My greatest worry is getting material that will actually sound funny when it is heard over the air. You can't hope to make every program a knockout. It's impossible. You can only hope to strike a high average."

During his vaudeville days Jack wrote all his comedy himself. But the demands of radio and the necessity for a variety of material have made it necessary for him to have a collaborator. Harry Conn, a long time friend, assists him with his radio scripts. Many of their comedy ideas are built from actual happenings or things they may observe as they walk down Broadway. For instance, a sign in front of a movie theater reading, "Ninety per cent cooler inside," gave them material for one of their most amusing sketches. They built a fantastic comedy around the idea of stepping from the heat of Broadway into a zero temperature theater.

Jack hasn't a superstition in the world. He'll walk under ladders, whistle in dressing rooms and blithely thumb his nose at any black cat that crosses his path. His relaxation is bridge and he's a hound for casino. He's probably the easiest husband in the world to cook for. His favorite dish is cold asparagus with lots of mustard sauce.

IN TOWER RADIO NEXT MONTH

Interesting features, personality stories, new fiction and beautiful pictures

Mirth with a Mission

(Continued from page 13)

"But I'm not. I've always been a pioneer. So I'm leaving gags behind and going in for situation."

IT might be well at this point to note the difference between gag and situation humor. A gag is a play on words, a pun if you will, a form of humor generally held in low repute from the demise of Josh Billings until the coming of radio. Here is a choice gem of Eddie's own selection:

Jimmy: Say, Eddie, did you ever make any money out of that chicken ranch of yours?

Eddie: Oh, just a few poultry dollars.

Situation comedy, as the name implies, grows out of a situation in which the characters on the air, the comedian and his stooges, find themselves. For example, Rubinoff is in jail. Eddie and Wallington are trying to rescue him. The humor grows essentially out of their comic adventures. Eddie's race for president was situation comedy. So was the Technocracy stunt in which Eddie invented Technocratic machinery that gave forth strange noises.

The great humorists of history have made use of situation rather than play on words. It calls for imagination, finesse and subtlety. Except in a few instances that type of comedy has been notably absent from the air. Stoopnagle and Bud have used it, and occasionally Jack Benny and one or two others. Eddie himself has used it, but not so extensively as he plans to this season.

"The change is good business—good showmanship," Eddie said. "But there is another reason, too."

Now it was coming out. I had noticed a change in Eddie from the minute he walked into the studio. I had always remembered him as the most apologetic guy I had ever seen, a dynamo of energy, nervous, restless, never still, a thousand things on his mind at once.

AS he talked I noticed a change in him. He was calmer, more subdued, more thoughtful. Mellow. He had put on a little weight in Hollywood which became him well. His hair was more salted with gray. He seemed more mature, at peace with himself.

There is a reason for this change. Eddie Cantor is on easy street again. Everybody knows, for Eddie told it himself, what a beating he took in the market crash. He not only lost every cent he had, but went heavily into debt besides. Since then Eddie has been working with all his frantic, pop-eyed zeal to get ahead of the game again: There was his wife, Ida, five lusty Cantor daughters and countless retainers, hangers-on, old pals, and private charities which couldn't be let down. Now, with his new picture, "Roman Scandals" in which Eddie has a share, just being released, and his fancy Chase and Sanborn contract in his pocket, Eddie is sitting pretty.

He can do about as he wants to and that is interesting to the radio audience, because it is exactly what he is doing on his Sunday night broadcasts.

Guess what it is? Well, curiously enough, Eddie wants to be helpful to people in a perfectly painless way.

"I'm going more to situation comedy," he said, tapping me on the knee, "because it gives me a chance to get across more

(Please turn to page 78)

Marguerite Churchill
Charming star of stage and screen



THE housewife and mother knows that as busy as she is she can never let her looks go. Her lovely face and neck, like the beauty of her figure, mean clear skin and soft, rounded-out lines. DOUBLE MINT gum enjoyed while working and when at high tension relaxes hard lines in the face and neck. And at the self-

*Glamorous
beauty*
WITH
**DOUBLE MINT
GUM**

same time it aids circulation which is the very basis of a good complexion. Try DOUBLE MINT gum every day. You will find it Satisfying—Beautifying.



"Here is the SECRET"

Says
Mary Brian



MOON GLOW NAIL POLISH *Beautifies Your Hands*



YOU will be delighted with the smartness of your hands when you beautify them with MOON GLOW Nail Polish. Keep on your shelf all of the six MOON GLOW shades—Natural, Medium, Rose, Platinum Pearl, Carmine and Coral.

If you paid \$1 you couldn't get finer nail polish than Hollywood's own MOON GLOW—the new favorite everywhere. Ask your 10c store for the 10c size or your drug store for the 25c size of MOON GLOW Nail Polish in all shades. If they cannot supply you, mail the coupon today.



Moon Glow Cosmetic Co., Ltd., Hollywood, Calif.

Gentlemen: Please send me introductory pkg. of Moon Glow. I enclose 20c (coin or stamps) for each shade checked. () Natural () Medium () Rose () Platinum Pearl () Carmine () Coral

Name.....

St. and No.....

City..... State..... TG-A4

Mirth with a Mission

(Continued from page 77)

ideas. Let the other boys play for the belly laughs, if they want to. But not for me. There's more to entertaining than that.

"Don't misunderstand me. I don't intend to preach. If you tell people right out what they ought to do and ought not to do, they put their backs up right away. But don't you see what a wonderful chance a comedian has to put across an idea while he is amusing people? It's sugar-coated and they don't know they're getting it, so it sinks in all the more. Those are the things I get a kick out of."

"For instance?"

"Well, for instance—take that scene where I join the Nudist colony. The next week after that broadcast I got letters from heads of welfare societies all over the country saying 'That's the best propaganda against Nudism we've heard in a long while. Keep it up and you'll laugh the fad right out of existence.'

"Now Nudism isn't a terrible menace, but anybody can see it would be a foolish thing if carried to extremes. You can't argue against it, but you can kill it by ridicule. Ridicule has always been a potent weapon against the foolishness of humanity. Why shouldn't it be used on the air?"

"Or take inflation. A lot of people are needlessly worried about inflation. I want to set them right, so I gag about it. I come out in a suit all blown up like a balloon. Wallington asks me what's the big idea. I tell him I'm inflated and he doesn't see any sense to it. Then I get a chance to work in a little talk about how if you think big and talk big, you'll be big. That's all inflation is, just thinking of things in a big way. It's nothing to be afraid of.

"Ever see those signs—'Drive Slow, We Love Our Children'? They're on thousands of sign boards now, all over the country. I thought of that slogan and I plugged it. Then it was taken up by automobile clubs. Probably some kids' lives have been saved as a result of it. Should an entertainer stick to gags when he can bring about things like that?"

"Then on one program I talked about insurance. Would you believe it—in that week insurance actually took a jump all over the country as a result? One man took the trouble to phone me from St. Louis to tell me he had just closed a hundred thousand dollar case because a client had heard my broadcast!"

He paused for breath, mopping his forehead, cleft with a scar where he had been hit with a flying brickbat as a kid on the East Side, with a voluminous handkerchief.

"Planning any new running comedy sequence like your race for president?" I inquired.

"Yes," he said, "I think my courtroom sequence will be the outstanding stunt this year. Judging by the response in my mail, it seems to be catching on in fine shape.

"I'll probably have one scene in every program where I'm the judge sitting on the bench and these cases are brought to me. I've had a lot of fun with it already. Like the mother-in-law bit, where the son-in-law comes in and wants to put the old lady out of the house. Then I give it a sentimental turn and end up with a plea for better relationship between sons-in-law and mothers-in-law.



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Your
Hands!"

AVOID CARELESS USE OF STEEL WOOL

Prevent scratched fingers and infection. To get the greatest benefit from Steel Wool in scouring pots, pans, aluminum utensils, enamelware, glass dishes, knives, forks—everything scourable, use

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THE STEEL WOOL BRUSH

Handy rubber holder enables you to use SKOUR-PAK down to the last inch. No waste. A little pack yet it outlasts two packs of ordinary steel wool.

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"I can work in a lot of helpful stuff like that and it's surprising the response get. I had one program where a fellow comes in who wants to commit suicide and I give him a lot of reasons why he shouldn't do it. You should have seen the mail that came in on that one from people to whom my remarks had given new hope. The number of letters was truly amazing.

"Of course there's a lot of clowning along with it. I just work these things in incidentally. You've got to entertain first. That's the sugar coating."

THE desire to be helpful is natural with Eddie, ingrained. He has had this big brother complex practically all his life.

Back in the days when he was the oldest boy in Gus Edwards' Kiddie Revue he used to wipe the other kids noses, advise them to look after their money, keep them from putting on long pants so they could still travel half fare.

It is through no press agent's catch phrase that he is known as the "Biggest Hearted Guy on Broadway." For every old friend who comes to his dressing-room door for a handout, there are a hundred who come to him for advice. They know Eddie for a soft-hearted guy with a hard head. His shrewdness in show business, in life, has become proverbial. As evidence, he is one of the few who have managed to remain happily married amid the hurly burly of fame and success.

By mingling his clowning with sentimental appeal, Eddie has graduated to a more effective type of entertainment. Every seasoned showman knows that the most heartfelt laugh is one which borders on a tear. People tire of straight gags one after the other, without a sentimental interlude.

"You've got to touch people in the heart," is the way Eddie puts it. "The Broadway columnists pan me for my sentimentality. That's all right. Let 'em yell. I don't shoot my stuff at them. I'm aiming at the Smiths, the Cohens and the Murphys of this world. That's one trouble with the show business today—too many empty Broadway wisecracks. I know what the common people want—what they like—because I'm one of them. I don't shut myself in an ivory tower. I get out and mingle with them. My tastes are their tastes."

IT is one of the anomalies of show business that this homespun philosopher of gadgdom should have originated in New York's East Side, spent much of his life on Broadway. The answer is that Eddie has been on Broadway—but not of it. Broadway has become the sophisticated symbol for the metropolis. But there is more to New York than appears on that glittering street. There are the great unsung warrens of the Bronx, the suburbs in Queens and New Jersey where life goes on much as it does anywhere else in the country.

It is to that side that Eddie Cantor belongs. It is from those citizens that he has learned so well what people everywhere want in the way of entertainment.

This is something of a crowning achievement for Eddie to be able to play big brother to the whole huge audience of fans which have come to regard the Sunday night Chase & Sanborn hour as a high spot in the week. It has given new variety, freshness and human interest to his broadcasts. And I think this is partly because he is happier doing it than he has ever been before in his life.



Natural Lips win where paint repelled

SHE came so near to missing out on happiness! For when she sought to make herself attractive by using a lipstick that painted her mouth, she only made herself misunderstood.

Men are attracted by beautiful lips, but only by lips that have the *natural* color of radiant health. No man wants to marry a woman who looks as if she uses paint.

There is a way to give your lips the youthful glow that men admire... without risking that painted look. Use Tangee Lipstick... it isn't paint! Instead, it contains a magic color-change principle that intensifies your natural coloring.

LOOKS ORANGE—ACTS ROSE

Try Tangee yourself. Notice how it changes color on your lips. Orange in the stick... rose on your lips! Longer lasting, than ordinary lipsticks, too. For it becomes a very part of you and not a greasy coating. Moreover, Tangee is made with a special cream base, so that it soothes and softens lips while it adds to their

allure. No drying, cracking or chapping when you use Tangee.

Get Tangee today. 39¢ and \$1.10 sizes. Also in Theatrical, a deeper shade for professional use. Or send 10¢ with coupon below for 4-Piece Miracle Make-Up Set containing Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder.

UNTOUCHED—Lips left untouched are apt to have a faded look... make the face seem older.



PAINTED—Don't risk that painted look. It's coarsening and men don't like it.



TANGEE—Intensifies natural color, restores youthful appeal, ends that painted look.



Cheeks must not look painted either. Tangee Rouge gives same natural color as Lipstick. In new refillable gun-metal case. Buy Tangee refills, save money.



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ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

★ 4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET—10¢

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Rush Miracle Make-Up Set containing miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder. Enclosed find 10¢ (stamps or coin).

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PEG'S "New Eyes" work a Magic Spell!



Have ALLURING EYES Like Peg's Tonight

You can make your eyes wells of allure... get exactly the same effect the movie and stage stars do—*instantly!* Simply darken the lashes and brows with the wonderful make-up they use—called **DELICA-BROW**. In a few seconds **DELICA-BROW** makes your eyes look bigger, brighter... *irresistible*. "Peps up" the whole face! Try it *tonight*. It's waterproof, too. Remember the name, **DELICA-BROW**. At any drug or department store and at the 10c stores.



FREE VALUABLE NUMEROLOGY CHART

Complete Scientific NUMEROLOGY CHART sent FREE to you to introduce the new **FLAME-GLO** AUTOMATIC Lipstick. Three times as indelible as most other lipsticks. What is your number? Your sweetheart's? Your friends'? Does your name fit your personality? Do you vibrate to 7-9-14-6? Have fun. Amaze your friends. Study personalities. Learn the science of NUMEROLOGY. Mail name and address on penny post card. No cost. No obligation. SEND NOW TO Rejuvia Beauty Labs., Inc., Dept D-59, 395 Broadway, New York City.

FLAME-GLO, the only really automatic lipstick as fine as the most expensive—one flip and it's ready for use. Three times as indelible as most other lipsticks. Try **FLAME-GLO** today and learn how lovely your lips can be. Why pay \$1.00 or more? Get the finest for only 20c at most F. W. Woolworth Co. stores.

How Radio Saved the Metropolitan

(Continued from page 41)

lasting obligations to you. All we can do is to send you this."

An inspiring letter in a little different vein came from a life insurance counsellor way out in Mount Vernon, Washington. "Surely," he wrote, "you cannot know the fullness of this blessing and the benefit which you so graciously bestow upon the people. Your music cleans us of the sordid monotony of life. These are wearying and trying days. Most of us are engaged in a bitter struggle. But I want to say to you that these magnificent performances of the Metropolitan Opera Company have contributed a richness and fullness to my life which I would not exchange for any other thing. Let the battle rage, the struggle increase, it does not matter, for I have been supplied with peace and courage and satisfaction which money cannot buy or take away. You soothe a weary nation."

THERE have been many in the same strain during the past year. An Iowa woman penned: "Do you know that to us the most delightful and beautiful thing in this past year of the depression has been your music? My husband usually stays away from his office so he can hear it."

A blind woman in Detroit wrote: "I sit in my room so much alone that the opera broadcasts have made me feel that I want to go on living."

A man down in Arkansas had a good suggestion as to how to listen in—a suggestion which many will adopt this season.

"The way I manage to get so much out of the Metropolitan Opera broadcast," he wrote, "is to read about the opera in advance and then, with a book of operas, the explanatory sketches of the announcer, and a lively imagination, I get rather a satisfactory performance."

From a small town in Maryland came this touching missive from a little old lady: "How I adore my radio! No one knows, only myself such divine rapture that I get when I listen to such music and voices in the opera. I weep over these tragedies. (Please excuse spelling.)"

Some of the letters are amusing. One lady in Utah wanted to know how high Lily Pons sang on Saturday, February 18, 1932, when she appeared in "Rigoletto." Immediately a high-powered staff of NBC research experts were placed on the trail. Her request was promptly answered. She was informed that it was F above high C.

WAGNER, of course, stands supreme among those educated in music, and among those of German birth or descent—those settled in and around New York, St. Louis, Milwaukee, and through the states of Pennsylvania, Indiana and Ohio. Incidentally, practically the entire Wagnerian cycle will be broadcast this year.

Where you find French or Italians, as in and around New Orleans, San Francisco and the foreign colonies of the larger cities, Verdi and the French composers are the more popular.

Climate, too, favors these Latin composers. Through the South, from Florida to California, people prefer the music of sunny Italy to the heavier northern Teutonic strains.

As for the general run of the listeners—those to whom opera is yet new—they,



FUNNY in an advertisement... TRAGIC in life!

You've read it and smiled—"A beautiful face he adored, neglected hands he abhorred!" But it *does* happen and it needn't!

F-O Nail Polish changes ungrounded fingertips into gleaming, rose-tipped ones he'll love to touch. It makes fingers sing—"Look at us, lovely as a debutante's, though we're busy as bees all day long." Spreads evenly, lasts unbelievably long, comes in five shades for all modes and moods. Also F-O Nail Polish Remover and F-O Cuticle Remover. Fort Orange Chemical Co., Albany, N. Y.

At all better Chains.



Let Others Envy YOU

Your youthful, petal-smooth complexion will be the envy of other girls if you cleanse, nourish and soften your skin with the famous **VI-JON** Creams. And *think of this!* You can get all three of these

VI-JON CREAMS

- VI-JON COLD CREAM
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VI-JON LABORATORIES... ST. LOUIS

of course, prefer the lighter and more romantic music of the Italian and French composers. Wagner is difficult to take at first.

These letters were to constitute no ordinary fan mail in the development of broadcasting from the Metropolitan. For, last year, in the middle of the second season, the crisis came for the Metropolitan. Times were getting harder and it looked like the grand old opera house would have to close its doors after nearly fifty years. The rich, who sat in the Golden Horseshoe, couldn't support it entirely any more. What was to be done?

It was then that radio stepped in. If the rich couldn't carry on then the great bulk of common people who had been sitting in their homes enjoying the broadcasts might respond.

A nation-wide radio appeal was made to save the Metropolitan. Any amount would help.

Lucrezia Bori, the prima donna, whose singing had won her a tremendous following among the radio listeners-in was appointed chairman of the committee. The response was instantaneous. Subscriptions running from one dollar to five hundred were mailed in by radio fans.

Three hundred thousand dollars were raised!

Instead of killing opera, radio had saved it! It was a notable victory.

And Signor Gatti-Casazza? Today he is reconciled. He still pulls at his beard and pouts a little, but he realizes now that radio has come to stay and that it is foolish to try to oppose it. True, he probably would rather have his music heard "purely" in the opera house alone. For he cannot shake the old tradition. But he knows, also, that the days when wealthy people alone support opera are gone. Opera is no longer exclusive. It belongs to the people, rich and poor alike, and radio has brought it to the people.

"What can you do?" he asks with a shrug. Then he brightens. "I was doubtful at first. I didn't like the idea of radio itself. I didn't like the idea of having operas broadcast and more—I didn't like the idea of having broadcasting equipment in the opera house. I didn't want to hurt my artists.

"But—" and he shrugs again, "I was surprised at what they did. And now—opera is alive again! That is enough!"

THE artists do not quite share Gatti's conservatism. Miss Bori, Lawrence Tibbett and Richard Crooks, three of the most popular singers with the radio fans, are staunch supporters of the broadcasts. All three have always fought to bring music to the people. They believe that we are on the threshold of the age that the poet, Walt Whitman, predicted when he wrote, more than a half century ago, "I hear America singing."

"It marks," Mr. Crooks said, "a new era for singers and it should encourage singing in America, which we sadly need in these times."

And so the blue light is again shining in the control room of Box 44 at the Metropolitan this year. This season the broadcasts are sponsored by the American Tobacco Company.

And there will be more than ten million of you listening in.

Twenty-three years ago Dr. Lee de Forrest, the father of radio, experimented at the Met, broadcasting songs by Enrico Caruso and Emmy Destinn by means of a complicated apparatus installed back and above the stage.

Then only two persons heard it—an experimenter in a station at Bridgeport, Connecticut, and the wireless operator aboard the steamer *Avon* at sea.

Gorgeous Lemon Pie without cooking!



Eagle Brand

MAGIC LEMON CREAM PIE

1½ cups (1 can) Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
½ cup lemon juice
Grated rind of 1 lemon or ¼ teaspoon lemon extract
½ cup whipping cream
2 tablespoons conf. ctioners' (4X) sugar
Unbaked Crumb Crust

Blend together Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk, lemon juice and grated lemon rind. (It thickens just as though you were cooking it, to a glorious creamy smoothness!) Pour into an eight-inch pie plate lined with Unbaked Crumb Crust. Cover with whipped cream sweetened with confectioners' sugar. Chill before serving.

UNBAKED CRUMB CRUST— Roll enough vanilla wafers to make ¼ cup crumbs. Cut enough vanilla wafers in halves to stand around edge of pie plate. Cover bottom of plate with crumbs and fill in spaces between wafers. Pour in filling as usual.

Here's a lemon filling that's always perfect! Never runny. Never too thick. Try it, and you'll never make lemon pie filling the old way again!

But remember—Evaporated Milk won't—can't—succeed in this recipe. You must use Sweetened Condensed Milk. Just remember the name Eagle Brand.

FREE! "AMAZING SHORT-CUTS"!

Cut out that astonishing recipe above! Prove to yourself that it actually works. And here and now, mail this coupon, to learn a whole new kind of cooking!

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Please send me FREE booklet, "Amazing Short-Cuts."

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We Bring You the **BEST** in **MAGAZINE ENTERTAINMENT**

TOWER RADIO is the new magazine that brings you all the drama and glamour of the radio. Late news dispatches and fascinating stories about the land of the microphone. We welcome, of course, letters from our readers with comments on authors or features. They so often prove helpful guides in providing a magazine you will wholeheartedly enjoy.



GLORIA STUART, UNIVERSAL PICTURES PLAYER

When Dreams Come True

(Continued from page 45)

and David," all conceived, written and acted by Phillips Lord himself. The money piled up; few persons in radio have had such multiple sources of income as author, actor and owner of the sketch.

So here he is, still in the first flush of youth, more than comfortably fixed. He has a lovely home on Long Island, near Whitestone Landing, a charming wife and two fine children, about everything the heart could desire.

And now what?

TO meet Phil Lord you would get the idea that here was material for a captain of industry. He's just the type—clean-cut, hard-driving, tense, earnest and shrewd. You could picture him going on to build up one of those fabulous fortunes.

Then you find out that's not the real Phil Lord at all. The real Phil Lord is the kid in the Maine countryside who never grew up. All this other was just a means to an end. It must have been, because now he is going to throw most of it overboard. It is going to cost him a good deal of his fortune to finance this trip. Furthermore, the Seth Parker sketches, which could go on indefinitely and profitably, are coming to an end as soon as he leaves the country.

The short wave broadcasts from his ship are sponsored by Frigidaire. There is enough Yankee shrewdness in him to see to that. But that won't begin to pay the costs of the voyage, let alone the outfitting of the expedition. The short wave broadcasts have to be arranged through commercial channels and that alone costs money.

This is the way he feels about it:

"I have no desire," he said, "to spend my money going to Newport and getting into the social swim. I wouldn't get any kick out of gambling with it on the stock market, trying to double it. And I don't see any point in just sitting around, growing a paunch.

"All these years I've been working so hard, a kid has kept bothering me. He's the kid I used to be. He has kept saying: 'Listen, what about all the things I was going to do? What about seeing all those places I was going to see? Having all those adventures? You promised me, you know.'

"Well, I'm going to keep my promise to that kid. People have said to me: 'You'll lose your popularity. You'll soon be forgotten.' I've answered that if I can't win it back, I don't deserve to have it. They have said: 'It will take nearly all your money.' I've replied that if I can't make more I shouldn't have what I've got. I'm going, anyway."

Phil Lord has had this idea for a long time. But it was not until two years ago that he found the ship he wanted on the Brooklyn waterfront. It was the schooner *Georgetta*, 186 foot overall, 866 tons, four-masted, turned out for the lumber trade at Portland, Oregon, in 1918, probably the last commercial sailing ship ever built. She is seaworthy and sound as a dollar.

He bought her on the spot, hired her captain and her crew and brought her up to Fort Totten, near his home at Whitestone, to be conditioned.

You should see her, now that he has reconditioned her and rechristened her the *Seth Parker*. She combined all the romance and glory of the traditional ship



ENRICH YOUR PERSONALITY WITH THIS EXOTIC PERFUME



ACTUAL TEN CENT SIZE

USE

Irresistible
PARFUM

OBTAINABLE AT YOUR FIVE AND TEN CENT STORE

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You, too, can have
LOVELY EYEBROWS
this new, easier way

JUST a delicate touch of the brows with the magic Winx Pencil and they are given a natural contour, a soft, velvety tone—real, alluring. Not coarse or artificial. This new creation comes from the world's leading experts in eye make-up—the creators of Winx mascara (cake or liquid).

Just try this new-day Winx eyebrow pencil—utterly different. Compare it with anything you have ever tried. Note how the Winx Pencil gives a dainty naturalness heretofore impossible.

Today, buy one of these marvelous new Winx Pencils, black or brown. See for yourself how just the right touch gives your whole face a new interest. You will never be contented with skimpy, unattractive eyebrows again.

Ross Company, 243 W. 17th St., New York City

NEW WINX 10¢
EYEBROW PENCIL
AT ALL GOOD 5 AND 10 STORES

"NEW CLEARING FACIAL A SENSATION"

—Says Expert

\$5 in Salons;
Only a Few Cents
at Home

"MY customers are glad to pay up to \$5 for the glorious new clearness and freshness of skin that we obtain through these modern facials. Yet they could have the same results, at home, for a few cents! That's what Jean DeChant of the famous Maison Jean, beauty shop in Chicago, says. 'Apply dainty new Golden Peacock Bleach Creme to your face and neck. In no time at all see how smooth and milky-white your skin appears! This new fineness and whiteness seem to take years from your face!'"

Just ask for Golden Peacock Bleach Creme, 50c size, at any drug or department store. Small size at any 10c store.



For Tan and Colored Shoes

Just wonderful results. ColorShine Neutral Color Creme cleans, polishes, restores color, preserves leather. Easy to use. Only 10¢ at Woolworth stores. 12 kinds, for all colors, kid, suede, cloth shoes. In bottles or tubes. Buy ColorShine. It's wonderful!



CHIEFTAIN MFG. CO.
BALTIMORE, MD.

under sail, with the comforts of an ocean liner.

Two Diesel engines have been installed in the hold. They will only be used to propel the *Seth Parker* up foreign rivers or at sea when they are becalmed. The engines will also serve to furnish the power to run the dynamos for the short wave broadcasts. Above decks, the ship is modernized to the extent that motors instead of handpower will be used to haul sail. Otherwise you could not tell her from a privateer of old.

Below decks all is comfort and convenience. There are two huge tanks to carry five thousand gallons of fresh water. The Frigidaire people have installed a refrigerating system to take care of a year's food supply. Aft is a machine shop completely equipped for every conceivable sort of repair work. The galley, bright with shiny copper kettles, and the mess room are forward.

The main lounge, amidships, looks like the library of an exclusive club. It is spacious, considering the size of the ship, has a great couch in red leather, and red leather benches along the walls, which are of pine. Bookcases and deep rugs give it a homelike atmosphere.

The radio room from which the broadcasts emanate is just forward. Here Lord will commandeer such acting talent as can be found among his friends and the crew for the short wave programs.

The *Seth Parker* could have no more fitting captain than Skipper Constantine Flink, the grizzled salt who knows his ship and knows the ocean under all conditions.

Then there will be the ship's crew of eight, three motion picture men, the three cadets who haven't been picked yet, and those boyhood friends of Phil Lord's, although just which ones will be able to go has not yet been ascertained.

Officially launched from Portland, Maine, on December 5, a state holiday declared in honor of the barefoot boy who once fished in Meadow Brook, the *Seth Parker* completed a schedule of thirteen stops down the Eastern seaboard in as many weeks, with a broadcast from each berth.

At all of the stops, planned to include Portland, Boston, Providence, New Haven, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Norfolk, Charleston, Savannah, West Palm Beach and Miami, open house was held on board to give *Seth Parker* fans in the vicinity a chance to inspect the ship.

PHIL LORD is a busy man during this period. He is writing, directing and acting in new sketches based on some incident connected with the history and tradition of each port. However, the *Seth Parker* Sunday night broadcasts have been discontinued until Phil Lord returns.

The complete band of voyageurs, those of Phil Lord's schoolmates who can break away and the three cadets who are to be picked from a long list of applicants, will join ship at Miami.

Then the real adventure will begin. The *Seth Parker* will work down the eastern coast of South America, with a pause for a voyage up the Amazon, possibly including a trip to the late Col. Roosevelt's "River of Doubt" which has always intrigued Phil Lord's imagination. Then they'll go rolling down to Rio and Buenos Aires and from there they'll cut straight across to Africa to give their big game guns a workout.

After that they will go down around by Capetown, stop at Madagascar to in-

(Please turn to page 92)

"LURELESS LETTY"

Becomes the Most Popular Girl at the Party!

1 I'M SO DISCOURAGED - I DON'T SEEM TO ATTRACT THE BOYS - LACK SOMETHING, I SUPPOSE

HOW SILLY! YOU'VE SIMPLY LET YOURSELF BECOME A LITTLE CARELESS ABOUT YOUR APPEARANCE YOUR HAIR ESPECIALLY!

2 WHAT CAN I DO? I DON'T WANT TO PAY \$2 FOR A FRESH WAVE EVERY TIME I HAVE A DATE!

EVER HEAR OF JO-CUR? YOU CAN WAVE YOUR HAIR YOURSELF MARVELOUSLY WITH JO-CUR - AND IT COSTS ABOUT A NICKEL! HERE, LET ME SHOW YOU RIGHT NOW...

3 IT'S JUST THE EFFECT I WANT - THE BEST WAVE I EVER HAD! AND ABOUT AS EASY AS COMBING THE HAIR!

WITH JO-CUR YOU CAN SUIT YOUR OWN PERSONALITY EXACTLY YOU LOOK MARVELOUS!

4 AT THE PARTY A FEW DAYS LATER

LETTY HAS GOT SO POPULAR LATELY A FELLOW CAN SCARCELY GET A DANCE... LOOKS LIKE A DAZZLING MOVIE STAR!

ISN'T SHE JUST RAVISHING?

THANKS TO THAT WONDERFUL JO-CUR, DEAR!

Have That "Ritzy" Fingerwave in Your Own Home Tonight

NOTHING "lures" like lovely hair! Thanks to a marvelous new French discovery, today it is totally unnecessary ever to sacrifice charm by having hair straggly and unattractive. Indeed, it happens you can have the same wonderful fingerwaves that the famous stars of the stage and movies have. Set them yourself! Try JO-CUR Waveset—today!

With the big bottle of JO-CUR, for 25c, you get 5 perfect waves—each of which might cost you \$2 or more at an expensive hairdresser's. Each lasts a full week. And fingerwaving your hair with JO-CUR is about as quick and easy as combing it!

Remember, JO-CUR is different from any other waveset known.

JO-CUR is made with a quince-seed base—not cheap gum, which makes the hair gummy and sticky. JO-CUR will not leave white flakes. If you have a permanent, JO-CUR will preserve its beauty far longer... Double your "appeal"! Express your VIVID PERSONALITY—bring out YOUR loveliness as never before—TONIGHT!

Get your bottle of JO-CUR at any drug or department store, or, in the trial size, at the 10c store.



Jo-cur
PRONOUNCED "JOKER"
WAVESET



Do You Have These Complexion Faults?

Clogged Pores Dryness
Pimples Roughness

Does your skin redden and roughen easily? Is it extremely sensitive to what you use on it? Then try the safe, gentle Resinol treatment—Resinol Soap to thoroughly cleanse the pores—Resinol Ointment to allay any irritation, roughness and dryness, and help in healing the sore, pimply spots.

The Resinol treatment is not new and sensational. Doctors and nurses have used and recommended it effectively for more than thirty-five years in the care of infants' skin, as well as adults'. They know, that the elements in Resinol Ointment and Soap are pure, soothing and beneficial—that regular use does make the skin clearer, smoother and finer.

Get Resinol Ointment and Resinol Soap from your druggist and give yourself a Resinol facial today. See how clean your skin looks—how soft and velvety it feels. Note how quickly Resinol Ointment relieves any "broken out" places.

Free sample Resinol Ointment and Soap sent on request. Write Resinol, Dept. 4-F, Baltimore, Md.

Resinol



Catch those first
**GRAY
HAIRS**

—now

Why hesitate? Mary T. Goldman's way is entirely SAFE. Just comb colorless liquid through

hair. Youthful color comes. Nothing to wash or rub off on clothing.

We only ask that you convince yourself. Simply try Mary T. Goldman's on a small lock snipped from hair. This way see results—without risk. Get full-size bottle from druggist on money-back guarantee. If you prefer to test it free, mail the coupon.

FREE Complete Test Package. Prove to yourself what 3,000,000 women—and men, too—know. Use coupon.

MARY T. GOLDMAN
912 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Name.....
Street.....
City..... State.....
Color of your hair?.....

The Magic Carpet of Radio

(Continued from page 27)

of the people on the Wheatonville program? Let's go up and speak to them.

Do you see that tall, rather heavy-set, good looking young man over in the center? I mean the one with the heavy tortoise-shell eyeglasses, and the look of rather owlish good-humor on his face.

Do you know who that is? That's Billy Batchelor! Yes, sir, there he is. His real name, of course, is Raymond Knight. He just plays Billy Batchelor in this radio story.

Now we get a real surprise. That same young man who is Billy Batchelor is also Wellington Watts! Yes, sir, Raymond Knight plays both Billy and Wellington. Watch him do it. See, he is talking naturally now, in his regular voice. That means he is playing Billy Batchelor.

Look at him now. He is standing back from the microphone. He twists up his mouth, and out comes the voice of Wellington Watts. That is the way Raymond Knight does it. When you listen on the radio at home, you hear two people. But in the studio you see it is just one man, talking in two different voices.

Raymond Knight not only plays two of the main characters, but he also writes and directs all of the Wheatonville radio stories. If we go up and ask him, maybe he will tell us how the idea for Wheatonville was started.

"When the makers of Wheatena cereal asked me to suggest a radio program, I offered them two ideas," says Mr. Knight. "They are a very friendly company, and I noticed that at their factory over at Rahway, New Jersey, they had a sign which labeled their factory grounds 'Wheatonville.'

"I suggested presenting a picture of a friendly, neighborly American town—not a real town, of course, but a make-believe town that might be anywhere in America—and calling it Wheatonville. I also suggested a story built around a pair of twins, Peter and Pan. The sponsors told me to combine the two ideas, and the result was the present Wheatonville program."

WHY is Billy Batchelor a newspaper editor? Maybe you would like to have that question answered. "We made Billy a newspaper editor," explains Mr. Knight, "because all of the town's main characters know the newspaper editor, and all of the town's main events naturally are put in the newspaper. That way we can get more variety and interest in our radio stories."

After we have heard about the make-believe Billy Batchelor, we inquire about the real Raymond Knight. He tells us that he was born in Salem, Massachusetts, and studied law at Boston University. He practised law for two years, then grew restless, went to Cuba for one year and taught at an American school there.

He returned to the United States and took special courses in drama and play-making first at Harvard and then at Yale. He organized his own company of actors, wrote plays, and in 1927 received a prize for the best one-act play of the year. After more theatrical experience he went into broadcasting, and he is now one of the big figures in radio. In addition to his Wheatonville sketches, he writes and stages the "Cuckoo" comedy program every Saturday night over the NBC blue network. He knows how to write for and work with young people, for he has

Looks 20
... IS 40!

● "Wherever I go people say: 'What a peaches and cream complexion! It makes me laugh for people take me to be in my twenties when in reality I am the other side of forty. I certainly give thanks to Ambrosia for it has done wonders to a once-sallow complexion.'" Mrs. F. J., Pennsylvania.

You, too, can have a youthful skin that others envy. For Ambrosia, the pore-deep liquid cleanser, removes all deep-lying dirt, clears muddy complexions, refreshes and stimulates. Made from an old French formula, it's antiseptic, prevents pimples and blackheads.

Pour Ambrosia on cotton, wipe it over the face and neck. You feel it tingle:

you know it is cleansing as nothing has done before. Follow with Ambrosia Tightener to close large pores, reduce oiliness, invigorate circulation.

At all 10c stores; also in larger sizes at drug and department stores. Hinze Ambrosia, Inc. 114 Fifth Avenue New York, N. Y.



QUICKEST WAY TO GET RID OF CORNS

no cutting... no pads



ONE DROP STOPS PAIN INSTANTLY

If you want to keep your feet free from aching corns just get a bottle of FREEZONE from any druggist. Put a drop or two on the corn. Pain stops instantly, and for good! Then before you know it the corn gets so loose you can lift it right off with your fingers, easily and painlessly. It's the safe way that millions use to get rid of hard and soft corns and calluses. Works like a charm! Try it.

FREEZONE

two children, a boy and a girl, of his own.

We look around the studio now, and we see a very charming young lady. Who is she? Ah, you can guess that right away. She is Janet Freeman, Billy Batchelor's editorial assistant on the Wheatonville News. She is small and blond and pretty, and greets us with a gracious smile.

We ask her for her real name, of course, and she tells us that she is Alice Davenport. She was born down in Deland, Florida, and was brought up in Florida and Tennessee. She has had several years' experience on the stage, in such plays as "Courage" and "Remote Control" and is also popular as a radio actress.

As we are talking to Miss Davenport, a boy and a girl come running up to show her a paper hat they have been making out of a piece of newspaper. They are chattering and laughing, and we know at once that they are Peter and Pan.

They aren't really twins, of course, and they aren't brother and sister—they just play twin brother and sister on this radio program.

LITTLE PAN is a very sweet child, as friendly and natural in real life as she is on the radio. Her name is Emily Vass. She was born in South Carolina, and she is a real Southerner. In fact, her Southern accent was so thick that she had to tone it down so she would not sound different from the other people in Wheatonville. She knows what it is like to be with children, for she is one of seven brothers and sisters in her own family.

Peter is played by little Bobby Jordan, who loves to come up and shake hands with everybody. Bobby was born in Brooklyn and his favorite costume is a little pair of riding pants his mother bought for him. Bobby doesn't ride many bucking bronchos, however. Mostly he rides the bumpy subway that runs between New York and Brooklyn.

While we are talking with Peter and Pan, those big studio doors swing open. A handsome, smiling young man comes in. People greet him with shouts of "Hello, Kelvin!" and "How are you, Kel?"

You know at once who that is. It is Kelvin Keech, the announcer. He starts off the Wheatonville program every night, and often appears in it, too. You hear Kelvin Keech on other big radio programs, too, for he is one of NBC's most popular announcers.

Kelvin Keech is his real name. He was born in Hawaii, went to college in Pennsylvania, fought with the American Army in France, traveled in Russia and Turkey, and taught the Prince of Wales to play the ukulele in England—all before he became a radio announcer in America. He speaks seven languages, and is a regular League of Nations all in one man.

If we look for Uncle Hannibal we find a real colored man—not just a white man with his face blacked up. Uncle Hannibal is played by Maurice Ellis. He was born in Providence, Rhode Island, and he has been on the stage for sixteen years. Some of the shows he appeared in were Lew Leslie's "Blackbirds," "Brown Buddies," and "Ballyhoo of 1932." He is modest and kindly and a good actor.

Now we have met all the main characters in Wheatonville. We have visited the studio in Radio City from which they broadcast. A signal from Kelvin Keech means they are about to start. Let's hurry home and listen to the program!



JANE FROMAN

Lovely Singer of 7 Star Radio Revue and Ziegfeld Follies
tells why 50¢ Lipstick is offered
to you for 10¢

"AT FIRST", writes Jane Froman, "I was skeptical that such a fine lipstick could be obtained for only 10¢. Then I learned why this amazing offer is being made by the makers of LINIT—to introduce the remarkable LINIT Beauty Bath to those who had not already experienced its *instant* results in making the skin so soft and smooth. I bought some LINIT; enjoyed the sensation of a rich, cream-like bath; and sent for a lipstick. When it came, I was no longer dubious, but now carry it with me everywhere. I could not wish for a better lipstick."

Just send a top of a LINIT package and 10¢ (wrapping and postage charges) for EACH lipstick desired, filling out the handy coupon printed below.



THIS OFFER
good in U. S. A.
only and expires
Sept. 1, 1934

LINIT is sold by
grocers and department
stores.



CORN PRODUCTS REFINING COMPANY, Dept. TM-4,
P. O. Box 171, Trinity Station, New York City

Please send me.....lipstick(s). Shade(s) as checked below. I enclose.....\$ and.....LINIT package tops.

Light Medium Dark

Name

Address.....

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

Radio in the White House

(Continued from page 21)

with him, and by this time they have talked with the commercial contracts that have to be shifted. Then they get busy, all over the continent. When you think that a whole nation will listen in, you can get an idea of how important it is.

On the day of the Presidential broadcast every one is up on his toes. All the circuits are cleared. Everywhere. The independent stations are notified that if they want to take the President's speech they may do so. All they need pay is just the cost of the telephone wires. Just the same cost that is charged against the stations on the regular circuits. All the watches everywhere are synchronized all the time, anyhow, but they are given a little extra synchronization. Nothing can cut into the President's time. On the evening of the broadcast each station has three telephone wires set up. They do their best to circumvent nature, and so far they have won. Two wires might go bad and the third hold. It just would not do to have the wires fall down on the job.

On the afternoon before the broadcast the set-ups have been placed in the oval reception room in the ground floor of the White House. It was formerly called the diplomatic reception room and is about thirty feet long and twenty-five feet wide.

Heavy curtains drape the windows of the Oval Room, in front of which the President sits at a forty-one dollar desk on which the microphones are placed. The radio men bought the table expressly for this purpose, since the regular White House furniture was not adapted to broadcasting use.

So there you have the first layout on broadcasting night. The two companies each have three telephones strung and these are feverishly tested every few minutes. On one occasion a third broadcasting company was in it and there were nine wires and three announcers and more chills and fever in the cast than had ever been known before, for fear something would go wrong with two companies and the third company would have it all its own way. An hour or so before the President is to appear the sound movie men come in. They are worse even than temperamental Mother Nature, say the radio men. They drag their machines into the background and fiddle with them. Grrr, grrr, grr. Enough to give the radio men the jitters. True, they all behaved well enough. But the radio men wish they were on Easter Island. All of them.

The announcers have had a feverish conference. At ten o'clock—on the tick—the President is to go on the air. There are twenty seconds difference in the timing of the two companies, and the announcers must get their little speeches cut to the second. They prune them down to 150 words and then to 135 words, and at last the man who has twenty seconds to spare hangs and rattles until he gets 140 words and the other poor lad is cut down to 129 and sits there and looks gloomily into the corner and wonders why he has to get a break like this?

Then the guests begin coming in. Against the draped windows is the little desk with the microphones on it and the chair on which the President sits. In the background, on either side, are the sound movie men, fiddling with their machines. A White House aide ushers in the guests—maybe Secretary Morgenthau or the Treasury or Lew Douglas of the



PARTNERS

in Loveliness...

"Pale hands, pink-tipped" with lustrous, lasting Chic—the nail polish that reflects the gleam of admiring eyes!

Chic's fascinating new crystal flacon is unusually generous in size. . . Its new Bakelite top never lets the brush touch the surface of your dressing table. Available in five outstanding shades—Clear (colorless), Pink, Coral, Ruby, Deep. . . Chic spreads evenly, and keeps its beautiful lustre for days longer. Also Chic Nail Polish Remover and Chic Cuticle Remover.

At all better Chains.



A Fine GRAY HAIR REMEDY NOW MADE AT HOME

You can now make at home as good a gray hair remedy as you can buy, by following this simple recipe: To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. Barbo imparts color to streaked, faded or gray hair, makes it soft and glossy and takes years off your looks. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.



"ZOREX" ENDS MOTH DAMAGE

Costs Only 10c

Instead of using smelly moth balls this year, put your clothes away with Zorex. Zorex releases a delicate flower-like fragrance that brings sure death to moths and larvae, yet quickly vanishes when clothes are aired. Newest and best way to end moth damage. Ask for Zorex. Sold in all good stores.



HANG with Clothes

The ZORO Co., 361 W. Superior St., Chicago



WHEN your baby suffers from teething pains, just rub a few drops of Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion on the sore, tender, little gums and the pain will be relieved within one minute.

Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion is the prescription of a famous baby specialist, contains no narcotics and has been used by mothers for almost fifty years. It is strongly recommended by doctors and nurses instead of the unsanitary teething ring.

JUST RUB IT ON THE GUMS

DR. HAND'S Teething Lotion

Buy Dr. Hand's from your druggist today

MENDS WITHOUT SEWING **6 REPAIRS for 1¢**

AGENTS UP TO \$2.00 an Hour

SEW-NO-MORE is the amazing product that mends rips, tears, holes in any cotton, wool or silk fabric—instantly—neatly—**INVISIBLY** without needle or thread. Better than darning or sewing. Patterns matched perfectly. Stands washing, boiling, ironing. Anyone can use it. Takes only a minute. Saves eyes, clothes, time, money. Popular priced. Pays **217% GUARANTEED** profits. Made \$132.00 in three weeks, writes Harper of Pa.

FREE SAMPLE
Rush name and address for FREE sample to prove our claims. FREE outfit and territory offer. No investment necessary.

SEW-NO-MORE CO., Dept. T-780
Madison Road Cincinnati, Ohio

FREE CHARACTER READING CHART

*A "get acquainted" gift from REJUVIA, the favorite lipstick of more than a million women. A complete 17 x 22" scientific character reading chart absolutely FREE to you. Study your sweetheart's character • Analyze your friends • Learn what you are, and why you are • You will be amazed with the mysteries that this chart will reveal to you. Mail your name and address on penny post card. No cost. No obligation. SEND NOW TO Rejuvia Beauty Labs., Inc., Dept. D-40, 395 Broadway, N. Y.

Try REJUVIA Lipstick today, velvet smooth, permanent waterproof, indelible, in correct shade for your individual complexion. A tested quality full size lipstick for only . . . 10 cents at most F. W. WOOLWORTH Co. Stores. . .

LIVE IN THE Distinctive Manner

Enjoy all the elegance of cosmopolitan living—at a minimum cost. (\$5.00 a day single, \$5.00 a day double.) A hotel residence in an exclusive and convenient location right off Fifth Avenue . . . but a step from Central Park. Beautiful rooms and excellent cuisine.

Write for free Illustrated Booklet
R. C. AGARD • MANAGER
14 EAST 60TH STREET
NEW YORK, N. Y.

Budget or whoever might be house guests for the night. Chairs are placed for them.

On nights when the occasion is more than usually important camp chairs are brought out from some place and put in position. The White House always seems to be ready with whatever is wanted. The chairs are placed in rows facing the mike, on one side of the room. The other side is left clear. Mrs. Roosevelt is apt to come in with her knitting. She usually does. Every one talks informally. An informal place, anyhow.

Five minutes—three minutes—before the time for the broadcast the door opens and the President comes in with Steve Early, or Marvin McIntyre. In a business suit. He rarely dresses for dinner except for state affairs. He always smiles and nods to those present. Some men in his position might not speak to the men they meet in this way, but Mr. Roosevelt does. Some of the movie men and some of the radio men he knows by their first names and calls to them and they duck and get red and look pleased.

Mr. Roosevelt takes his seat at the desk and runs over the copy of his speech once more. It has all been written out before, and tested for time, word for word. Of course, there never is any limitation of time imposed on the President. No one would think of cutting him off the air. But he knows that it is important to the broadcasting companies to know just how many minutes he will speak, so they can fix things with their commercial clients, and he always lets them know in advance. There comes a silence. The final tests have been made. All the wires are clear. Every one is standing by. The announcers are looking at their watches. The man with the twenty second start begins:

"Ladies and gentlemen—"

And goes on from there. At twenty seconds later the other man begins:

"Ladies and gentlemen—"

The President always enjoys this. He watches this race with a smile. Just as the hammer hand of the clock begins to lift up to strike the hour the two announcers raise their right hands. Their forefingers point. They eye the President. They say in unison:

"Ladies and gentlemen—the President of the United States—"

Their hands flash down and the President is on the air. He says:

"My friends—"

The tough spot has been passed. Nature may fall over sideways, and nothing can be done about it now. They can only listen to and hope that all goes well. There is no stopping.

Sometimes the President tells a story or two on the air. The President is a grand story teller. For instance, his story of Andrew Jackson brought more letters than anything he ever said. It went this way, the President saying:

"When Andrew Jackson died one of his slaves said to another:

"Well, Massa Jackson done gone to heaven, now."

"The other slave was a doubter.

"Ah doan know," said he. 'But if theah is a heaven, and Old Massa wants to go theah, he'll get theah.'"

The radio has presented one unexpected problem to the White House secretariat. President Roosevelt really likes to talk on the radio. While governor of New York he learned to appreciate its value in enabling him to put his problems squarely before the people. He could address his constituents almost face to face. There can be no doubt that the cordiality of his voice and a certain quality of lucidity

(Please turn to page 88)

"Mary Marshall

WHAT
SHALL WE DO?"



THOUSANDS of women have brought their food and home-making problems to Mary Marshall . . . glad to know there is someone to whom they can go for information they can't find themselves.

- Perhaps you're puzzled about food values . . . how to get the children to eat . . . how to balance the family diet . . . what household equipment to use . . . the best laundry methods . . . questions of personal beauty.
- Maybe yours is a simple problem . . . maybe intricate. One woman wrote: "My white silk dress is simply ruined with a mercurochrome stain. Can you tell me how to remove it, Mary Marshall?"
- Mary Marshall didn't know . . . but she'd find out. She went to a big New York druggist. He didn't know. He sent her to their chemical laboratory. They couldn't tell her. It wasn't in any of the government reports that contain such information. She stuck to her quest, though, until she got the information and saved the dress!
- Take advantage of this reader service . . . without charge. Whenever you have a home-making problem . . . and you don't know quite what to do with it . . . send it along to Mary Marshall!

● ADDRESS

Miss Mary Marshall, Home Service Bureau
Tower Magazines, Inc., 55 Fifth Avenue
New York, N. Y.



Your nose knows

You may think powder is powder—and choose yours by the color of its box! But your nose knows the difference!

If you don't use Luxor—the Moisture-proof Powder—your complexion probably shows the difference too. For ordinary face-powders have a way of coarsening pores, hiding away where cleansing cream can't catch them.

That's why it's wiser to use Luxor. For this is one powder that clings to the surface of your skin. Luxor will not, for it cannot, absorb moisture. Pour some in a glass of water. See it float on the top! That's just how it stays on your face, giving your skin a smooth, light, lovely finish!

Luxor costs just 55 cents at stores everywhere. Send coupon for generous trial package.

Hear "Talkie Picture Time" starring June Meredith: drama, love, adventure on the movie-let. NBC, Sunday, 5:30 E.S.T.; 4:30 C.S.T. See local papers.



Luxor



THE MOISTURE-PROOF COMPLEXION POWDER

LUXOR, LTD., 1355 W. 31st St., Chicago, Ill. Please send me your generous trial packages of Luxor Moisture-proof Powder, Rouge and new Special Formula Cream. Enclosed is ten cents to help cover mailing-costs.

This offer not good in Canada

Check, Powder: Rose Rachel _____ Rachel _____ Flesh _____
Rouge: Radiant _____ Medium _____ Sun-glow _____
TM-4 Pastel _____ Vivid _____ Roseblush _____

Name _____
Address _____

HOW TO HAVE

*Softer
& Silkier
Longer*
LASHES

LUR-EYE holds the secret to this charm which you may easily possess. Each night rub a tiny bit of Lur-Eye at the roots of the lashes. In less than a month your eyes will reflect this new beauty of more alluring lashes. (Actually longer, silkier, lovelier!)

DOES NOT SMART OR STING
Lur-Eye also relieves tired, inflamed, bloodshot eyes, and granulated lids.

LUR-EYE
LASH DEVELOPER

Introductory Size at the better 5 and 10c stores. Regular Size at good drug and department stores

LUR-EYE PRODUCTS, Inc.
1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y.



Radio in the White House

(Continued from page 87)

that it possesses added greatly to his vote-getting power during the campaign of 1932. He is in constant demand for almost every class dinner and organization get-together and meeting of any association for doing good to some one in the land. It is a conservative estimate to say that fifty requests a day are made and not one is made by a person who readily can be refused. The White House secretaries were obliged to recognize that if even one request in fifty is granted a further and avoidable drain on the President's strength would be made and the remaining forty-nine would continue to be dissatisfied. They felt also that a too facile use of the radio would tend to lessen the popular appreciation of the Presidential broadcasting. Hence they have insisted that he appear only in the capacity of what in baseball slang might be called a pinch hitter. When he goes on the air it is because he has something to say that he wants to say or feels should be said.

When the radio speech is ended the President pushes back his chair. Then a wave of movie men rushes toward him. During his speech they have been conning their advance copies, assessing the value of this part as compared to some other part, trying to select the best 300 words out of the address. Experience has shown that a satisfactory talkie short cannot be made from the actual broadcast. The lights are wrong, the whirring and grinding of the huge talkie cameras are apt to interfere with the transmission of the speech, and the Presidential manner in reading from his prepared manuscript into the microphone is not what it would be if he were addressing an audience, which is the illusion the talkie men wish to convey.

So that the talkie men and the President enter into a brief discussion of the best 300 words and then he goes through them again while the lights blaze at him, the cameras click and purr and the guests slowly slip out of the Oval Room toward the carriage entrances. The talkie men are as grateful as the radio managers to the President for his unflinching courtesy toward them. Each such occasion is marked by the addition of one or more names of movie men to the President's marvelous memory. He has heard this man called Jim or Shorty or Mike. Presently he smiles right at Jim or Shorty or Mike and calls those fortunates by name. And they go home and wake their wives to tell about it.

In TOWER RADIO each month

Harriet Hilliard gives helpful hints on Beauty, Poise and Personality.

She will personally answer your particular problems.

Do you know the sure touch to a SUCCESSFUL DINNER



FISH

Fish . . . The exciting, sophisticated addition to any dinner. Yet we women in America have just never used fish to its full advantage.

You can make all sorts of fascinating cocktails and canapes with fish . . . delicious fish chowders and soups . . . plain or fancy fish dishes for the main course . . . salads that make bridge luncheons unusual . . . sauces and dressings.

HOW?

First fill in the coupon below and send 10c with it. Then you'll get a fish circular with 67 appetizing recipes covering all uses of fish . . . even for breakfast. You'll welcome these recipes to your list of distinctive dishes!

COLD FISH APPETIZER

2 cups flaked left-over fish
1 cup vinegar
1 cup water
1 bayleaf
2 cloves
4 whole peppers
1/2 teaspoon brown sugar
1 slice lemon

Boil all ingredients together except fish for five minutes. Pour hot over the fish. Chill and serve.

Here's one of the effective recipes from this bulletin.

Rita Calhoun,
Tower Magazines, Inc.,
55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me the fish bulletin. I am enclosing 10 cents to cover costs of mailing.

Name

Address

City State

"Happy Am I!"

(Continued from page 47)

than 200 penitents were plunged into the Potomac that day, a number of them white persons. A microphone was installed on the temporary pulpit on a wharf. Also microphones were set up in rowboats which trailed the Elder while he was in the water and which picked up the exclamations of the penitents as they were ducked into the river.

Listening to the broadcasts of Elder Michaux I got the idea that they were pretty much staged for public consumption, particularly the "Amens" and other interruptions from the congregation. I changed my opinion on this very decidedly after attending one of the services on a Sunday morning recently.

Not only are the "Amens" you hear over the radio the real thing and such other exclamations from the congregation as "Yes, wonderful my Lord" and "True, keep on preaching that," but when the offering was taken up the plate was passed to the hardworking members of the choir as well as to the others in attendance.

Whether or not to catch any sinners who might lurk there, the church is located just across the street from the American League Baseball park. With a yellow brick front it looks more like a modern business structure, excepting that it bears the name "Church of God" in neon lights. Also two ship lamps of brass and the slogan "Keep Your Lamps Trimmed and Burning." The seating capacity is 600 but Sunday nights as many as 800 manage to jam into the place.

It was the first time I ever saw a telephone on a church pulpit. This connected with a direct wire to the radio station. In front of the Elder was a microphone. The ringing of an electric bell a few minutes later signalled to him that he was on the air. Immediately the choir began singing "Happy Am I" with the audience keeping time by clapping their hands. This song, dedicated to President Roosevelt, "a happy President with a happy smile," was repeated at frequent intervals.

Elder Michaux began his sermon with a salutation to Station WJSV, which brought forth responses from the audience which sounded almost like a college yell.

"W" the Elder shouted.

"Willingly" those present thundered back.

"J" the Elder continued.

"Jesus" the congregation responded.

"S" the colored preacher went on.

"Suffered" they replied.

"V" the revivalist proposed.

"Victory" the congregation echoed.

"Now, all together," Elder Michaux exhorted after the fashion of a cheer leader.

"Willingly Jesus Suffered Victory," the audience responded, rattling the church windows.

"Amens" came from all over the place.

There was a resumption of "Happy Am I" with the worshipers now pretty well worked up in the revival spirit and here and there jumping up and down in the aisles. The congregation laughed and applauded as they would in a theater.

"Precious ones, take your hats off and say 'Good Morning, Mr. God,'" Elder Michaux said, suggestive of "Green Pastures," "Wipe off the sun. Begin the day smiling by singing—"

Whereupon the worshipers again swung into "Happy Am I."

"Everybody is worrying over money!"

(Please turn to page 90)

You can't "Kill" colds .. but you may **CONTROL** them

DON'T run risks with so-called "cold-killing" remedies. It's so easy to upset the system with unwise internal dosing—which often lowers vitality just when it is most needed to resist disease.

Play safe with your family's health! Follow Vicks Plan for better *Control* of Colds. In thousands of clinical tests, supervised by physicians, it has greatly reduced the *number, duration and dangers* of colds. (Details of the Plan come in each Vicks package.)



To AVOID Many Colds



• VICKS NOSE DROPS •

At that first nasal irritation or stuffiness, apply the new aid in *preventing* colds, Vicks Nose & Throat Drops. The Drops are especially designed to stimulate the functions which Nature has provided—in the nose—to throw off threatening infection.

To END A Cold Sooner



• VICKS VAPORUB •

If a cold has developed, just rub on Vicks VapoRub, the modern method of *treating* colds. Its poultice action "draws out" tightness. At the same time, its soothing medicated vapors carry relief direct to irritated air-passages.

VICKS PLAN FOR BETTER CONTROL OF COLDS

What Are Your Home Making Problems?

Whatever they are—about food, about children, about time-saving devices—why don't you dispose of these irksome questions by packing them off to Mary Marshall at Tower Magazines. She knows a lot about home-making and is very glad to help you if she possibly can. Of course, there's no charge—it's a special service for readers of Tower Magazines. Just send a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your question.

Address Miss Mary Marshall,
TOWER MAGAZINES, Inc.
55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Relieves Pain of CORNS INSTANTLY



Also for
**CALLUSES
BUNIONS
SOFT
CORNS
SORE
HEELS
SORE INSTEP**

Ends Discomfort of New or Tight Shoes

You'll enjoy instant ease and comfort when you use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads! The aches of corns, throbbing of bunions, pain of callouses or soreness on toes, heel or instep are immediately relieved by these thin, soothing, healing, protective pads. Shoe pressure and friction are also ended, preventing blisters and abrasions and enabling you to walk, golf or dance in new or tight shoes with comfort.



Remove Corns and Callouses

To quickly and safely loosen and remove corns and callouses use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads with the separate *Medicated Disks*, included for that purpose. Get a box today! Sold everywhere.



Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

PUT ONE ON—THE PAIN IS GONE!

Mercolized Wax



Keeps Skin Young

Absorb blemishes and discolorations using Mercolized Wax daily as directed. Invisible particles of aged skin are freed and all defects such as blackheads, tan, freckles and large pores disappear. Skin is then beautifully clear, velvety and so soft—face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty. At all leading druggists.

Powdered Saxolite

Reduces wrinkles and other age-signs. Simply dissolve one ounce Saxolite in half-pint witch hazel and use daily as face lotion.

3 Perfumes

SUBTLE, fascinating, alluring. Sell regularly for \$12.00 an ounce. Made from the essence of flowers:—

- Three odors: Send only
(1) Romanza
(2) Lily of the Valley
(3) Esprit de France
A single drop lasts a week!

30¢

To pay for postage and handling send only 30c (silver or stamps) for 3 trial bottles. Only one set to each new customer. **PAUL RIEGER**, 161 First St., San Francisco, Calif.

"Happy Am I!"

(Continued from page 89)

the Elder broke in a few minutes later. "Why worry about that? Enjoy the things you have. The street car belongs to you if you have a nickel to ride in it. The stockholders of the company couldn't do more than that. They couldn't sit in two seats.

"This church is yours. The chairs are yours while you are sitting in them. No one else can sit there while you are there. Why, even the earth is yours. Just use, don't abuse and say—"Happy Am I."

Whereupon he again led in the singing of the now very familiar song. "Everything is yours," Michaux broke in laughingly, "even the mortgage on this church."

When the revival spirit was at its peak Elder Michaux exclaimed:

"Here's the Devil—Chase him!"
"Whoopee!" someone responded and all began to sing vigorously:
"We've got the Devil on the run,
Our fight has only just begun,
We're going to show the Devil how to fight,
We will be on guard day and night."

Whereupon Elder Michaux entreated: "Everybody down on your knees and pray. Are you down on your knees wherever you are?" he said turning to the microphone. "Everybody, everywhere, we are asking you to get down and pray."

Then the Elder introduced four colored boys aged 8 to 14, black as coal, with shining white teeth, and red neckties, the three Johnson Brothers and Magruder White. The preacher said he was raising these boys. They sang a composition called "Dry Bones," in a manner which suggested that the little colored boys might some day make the Mills Brothers envious.

"Somebody said I got \$3 for everybody I baptized," Elder Michaux shouted as he roughed up an old colored deacon sitting beside the pulpit and almost knocked over the microphone. "If I had him here I'd baptize him. When I got him under the water I'd ask him exactly what it was he said."

And so the sermon went on much the same as the continuity of a movie with "Happy Am I" chugging along at intervals like a well-oiled machine. Quite a number of white persons were in attendance and I was surprised to see the way they joined in.

Elder Michaux began broadcasting years ago over the old WJSV in Virginia which was then the Ku Klux Klan station. Although the Klan was supposed to be violently opposed to negroes the Elder proceeded to "make lemonade out of lemons" by using the station to build up his congregation. When Columbia took over WJSV Elder Michaux was the only one of the station's features they retained. He is on the air every morning at 7 o'clock, E.S.T. over WJSV, a 10,000 watt station. His great triumph was when the entire Columbia network booked his service for 7:30 o'clock, E.S.T., Saturday evenings.

By means of radio the Elder is an absentee preacher in five small churches which he had previously organized in Newport News, Va.; Hampton, Va.; Easton, Pa.; Baltimore, and New York City. Every Sunday there is now a radio receiver in each of these pulpits, where he once stood, carrying his voice.

Although his radio mail is heavy—about 1,800 to 2,000 letters a month—and he has received upwards of 100,000 letters from all parts of the United States and Canada, the Elder said the radio mail produced very little revenue.



So long to coarse FACE POWDERS

Betty Lou FACE POWDER

It's triple sifted thru silk

You can make yourself more enchanting with Betty Lou because it's so extraordinarily fine in texture. Even the most delicate, transparent skins become more ravishing with this subtle, seductive face powder.

Use it, as so many motion picture stars do, and make yourself as bewitching as they. **10c** In Canada 15c

Sold Exclusively at
F. W. WOOLWORTH CO 5 & 10c STORE

"MOTHER WHAT CAN I DO?"

It's a question that sometimes taxes your ingenuity . . . particularly when the children have been playing hard and ought to relax.

What is a better answer than stories they love to read or hear?

You can now get two fascinating story books for only 10 cents each.

THE ADVENTURES OF A BROWNIE

THE UGLY DUCKLING

Send for Them Today . . . 10c Each

Tower Books, Incorporated

55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Callous-ease



New Medicated
MOLESKIN
Cushions, Absorbs
Painful Growths

Quick, lasting relief now, for sore, calloused, tender feet. Velvet-soft moleskin, treated with KINOX adhesive medication ends pain of Callouses and corns soon as applied. Hard growths are gently absorbed. Antiseptic; cannot harm healthy tissue. Liberal 10c size sold in many WOOLWORTH STORES; or we will send 25c drug-store size or big wide family-size \$1 spool postpaid. Money cheerfully returned if not delighted with quick, permanent relief.

KINOX CO., Inc. Dept. W, Rutland, Vermont



Betty Lou

Cushioned Powder Puffs

They apply face powder more becomingly because they are cushioned

Ten million sold annually exclusively at
F. W. WOOLWORTH 5 & 10c stores

"Out of 200 letters I sometimes don't get more than \$4," he said. Michaux receives no salary but accepts at the end of the month whatever his congregation is able to give him. In addition to funds collected in the church there are what is known as sacrificial offerings. Members of the church fast for three half days in a week, living for two weeks on what it would ordinarily cost them to live for one, and giving the rest to the church.

"I called this church. It didn't call me as most churches do their pastors," the Elder said. "I started in a tent when I came to Washington and built up the congregation."

"If you don't pay me enough I'll fast," he said to his members the day I was there. "However, if anybody is going to leave, you're going to leave."

"Wouldn't the pastors of some of the big churches like to be able to talk like that to their congregations?" a friend of mine with me remarked.

"I am not hired," said Michaux, "therefore cannot be fired. I play no favorites but God."

No member of his church smokes, drinks or dances.

"That makes them healthy," the Elder said, "Only three members died in three years and they died of old age."

He is proud of the fact that President Roosevelt's colored valet is an attendant at the church.

Michaux was accorded quite an ovation from the National Advertisers Association in convention at Washington. In this group were many large radio sponsors. They expressed a desire to see him in person. He appeared at the banquet with his choir and "proceeded to turn a cabaret into a church."

"I am an advertising man myself," Michaux said. "I'm Advertising Jesus Christ. You sell commodities. Maybe you don't know much about my line."

The colored preacher was received with considerable respect and the generous advertising men offered to raise a collection which would have amounted to several hundred dollars for the church. However, Michaux refused it.

"As much as we needed it," he afterward told his congregation, "I didn't want them to think my purpose in going there was to raise money."

Elder Michaux will not tell his age. He looks to be about 50 years old. He is of medium height and rather light in color. He has a moustache and wears a brown square cut coat, a black tie and white shirt. In the pulpit he has more the appearance of a business man than a clergyman. He is a quick thinker, can be depended upon for a comeback, and has a good sense of humor.

Elder Michaux is a strong believer in law and order. He prays for the President of the United States at every service and has a personal supporter in Major E. W. Brown, Chief of Police of Washington. Michaux was born in Newport News, Va., not far from Buckroe Beach, noted for its fish. During the war he supplied the 75,000 soldiers at Camp Lee with fish. His first church was at Hopewell, Va., in 1917.

So great is his radio fame that buses and cars come from everywhere, Maryland, Virginia, Tennessee, North Carolina, Pennsylvania, New York and as far away as Massachusetts, with people who have a curiosity to hear him in person.

Remember, radio listeners, white persons are welcome to all of Elder Michaux's services and take it from this writer they are well worth traveling 500 miles to attend.

Roylace

the Only Shelf Paper with the DOUBLE EDGE!



- Feels and Looks like Cloth!
- Never Curls . . . Never Musses!
- Lasts 4 Times Longer!

A shelf-paper that's as durable and practical as it is pretty! Feel the attractive cloth-lyke edge . . . find out for yourself why it lasts 4 to 5 times longer than old-type papers. It's double-thick. It's firm. It's difficult to bend or tear it. That's why Roylace *Double Edge* never curls up, never gets mussy or "raggy"—even in warm steamy kitchens, or in moist dampish bathrooms. *It always hangs straight.*

Another unique feature . . . Roylace stays clean for months longer . . . its embossed construction resists dirt, grease spots—and the colors won't fade.

NOTE: You don't have to pay one penny more for Roylace Double Edge than you pay for ordinary shelf papers. It's only five cents for the full 9-foot length. At all good Five and Ten Cent Stores. The ROYAL LACE PAPER WORKS, INC., 842 Lorimer St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

| | |
|--|---|
| <p>Ordinary kind!</p>  | <p>Roylace Double Edge!</p>  |
|--|---|

Expert's Recipes

YOU'LL WANT TO USE ALL YEAR

Canapes and cocktails! Meats and dressings! Salads and vegetables! Beverages and desserts! Sixty-nine of the finest recipes you ever tried and three superb menus. These recipes are of such varied nature that you'll want to use them for all occasions.

Housewives everywhere know the excellent recipes prepared by dietitians in the kitchens of food com-

panies. Famous food companies all over the country have sent Mary Marshall, Food Editor at Tower Magazines, their best recipes to be put in one folder and sent to you.

You'll want one for yourself—and you'll like these recipes so well you'll want to give copies to your friends. Send 10 cents for each copy you want to Mary Marshall

TOWER MAGAZINES · INC.

FIFTY-FIVE FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK, N. Y.

**LARGE
TUBES**
10¢ & 25¢

ALL COLORS



**CARBONA
SHOE POLISH**

ALSO CARBONA SHOE WHITENER

BLUE PRINTS. Colonial House, Italian House, each 6 rooms. Normandy House, Swiss Chalet, Modernistic House, Spanish House, each 5 rooms. If you're interested in a new home, send 3 cents for each of the blue prints you want to Tower Magazines, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Children's CROUPY COUGH Throat Irritation



● So often serious trouble starts as throat irritation or croupy coughs. Right away, rub chest and throat with Children's Musterole—good old Musterole in milder form. Recommended by doctors because it's a "counter-irritant"—NOT just a salve. Its soothing, warming, penetrating benefits seem to melt away congestion—bringing ease in 5 minutes—and real relief, generally, in five hours. Three kinds: Regular Strength, Children's (mild) and Extra Strong, 40¢ each. All druggists. Hear "Voice of Experience"—Columbia network. See your newspaper.

CHILDREN'S



When Dreams Come True

(Continued from page 83)

quire into the matter of the famous tree, and go on to India, Ceylon and Mandalay. Phil Lord is looking forward to Mandalay—on account of the song. He is going to take the speedboat which swings on the starboard davits right up the Irrawaddy River and have a shot at that "Old Moulmein Pagoda looking eastward to the sea." Like as not he'll burst into the song, right on the spot.

Then will come what is probably the most perilous part of the journey, the quest for the Lost City of Indo-China. Nobody knows much about that city, but legend has it that somewhere among its ruins, half buried in the jungle are the remains of a temple jealously guarding the largest ruby in the world which once adorned the forehead of a statue of Buddha. Seven expeditions are said to have set out to find that ruby—and none returned. Phil Lord has ready everything he could get hold of about that fascinating tale and now intends to see about it for himself.

And what will he talk about when you hear his voice coming to you across the waste spaces of the earth?

Well, for several years now he has been interviewing old sea dogs and mariners, getting their stories to prove that even in this humdrum age, wonder still walks in the world. These will make up part of his programs, especially while he is at sea.

FOR the rest he will gather together the tales he picks up in foreign ports. And he will have adventures enough of his own, for that is the primary reason for his going.

This voyage, according to Phil Lord's calculations, will take him about a year and a half before he sails back again past Ambrose Lightship and into New York harbor.

But Skipper Flink who knows sail and knows the sea, shakes his grizzled head and smiles his enigmatic smile.

"To get in everything Mr. Lord wants to do," he said, "is going to take us a whole lot longer than a year and a half."

This time, this expense, these hardships, for the fulfillment of a boyhood dream. Strong medicine such a dream must be for Phil Lord to do what he is doing to make it come true.

But then:

"A boy's will is the wind's will

And the thoughts of youth are long,
long thoughts."

The Inside Story

of

CHEERIO

*The mysterious radio star
who has never been
photographed*

In TOWER RADIO

Next Month



**Cheeks no longer sallow,
skin clears,
thanks to DR. EDWARDS**

IT'S wonderful what a difference it makes in the way you feel and look when you keep internally clean. Thousands of women thank Dr. Edwards for his little Olive Tablets... a wonderful substitute for calomel and so much safer. Try them and see if you don't see the difference in fresh, smooth cheeks and lovely skin.

"The Internal Cosmetic"

Used for over 20 years by women who want relief for blemishes and pimples caused by sluggish liver or constipation. See and feel how this tested vegetable compound helps you to rid yourself of that tired, dull, lifeless feeling. Try this! For two weeks take one each evening. Ask for them at any drug store, know them by their olive color. Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets... 15¢, 30¢, 60¢.

Enjoy a 4 STAR HOTEL in New York

★ for **BUSINESS**... 1 block from Times Square, 3 blocks from 5th Ave. Underground passageway to all subways.

★ for **DINING**... 3 restaurants to choose from—coffee room, tavern grill, main dining room.

Breakfast from 30c Luncheon from 65c
Dinner from 85c

★ for **RECREATION**... 69 fine theatres within 6 blocks. 1 block from Broadway... 4 short blocks to Madison Square Garden.

★ for **QUIET SLEEP**... 32 stories of fresh air and sunshine high above the street noises.

1400 large rooms... each with bath (tub and shower) servidor and radio.

**SINGLE from \$2.50
DOUBLE from \$3.50**

Special Rates for Longer Periods
Send for booklet "M"

Hotel LINCOLN
JOHN T. WEST,
General Manager

44th TO 45th STS. AT 8th AVE. NEW YORK

Mrs. Byrd Listens In

(Continued from page 17)

Far from being alone or melancholy, it so happens that on the nights of the three first Saturday broadcasts Mrs. Byrd has entertained dinner parties. After this there has been bridge and at 10 o'clock, just as others throughout the United States are timing their engagements so as not to miss the broadcasts from the lower part of the world, the guests assemble about the radio set which is located in the great living room heretofore described.

HERE are gathered gaily old friends who have known "Dick," as most everyone in Winchester seems to call him, since he was a little boy. On this occasion the electric light, which illuminates the lifelike oil portrait of Admiral Byrd, is usually turned on. Thus the guests find themselves brilliantly in his presence though he is more than 10,000 miles away.

Another silent witness to these broadcasts is Gen. Robert E. Lee, whose portrait is near the radio set. There was a likeness of still a third military man, which prompted me to ask Mrs. Byrd: "Have you any other sons than the two who have so distinguished themselves?"

"Yes," responded Mrs. Byrd with alacrity, "I have three sons, Tom, Dick and Harry. That is Tom's picture there in the overseas uniform."

Then, as if fearing that he might be overshadowed by the fame of the brothers, she added laughingly: "And Tom is the best one of the three." This was a gracious gesture on the part of a mother who had three prize sons perhaps not equalled in any other family. Tom won a captaincy on the Hindenberg Line in 1918. He is an orchardist in charge of the vast acreage of Senator Harry Burd, who is one of the largest individual orchardists east of the Mississippi River, supplying over 1500 cars of apples each year.

Whereas the first three broadcasts brought considerable apprehension to Mrs. Byrd because the *S. S. Ruppert* was riding through bad storms and even the sound of the whistle blowing through the gale, which she could hear over the radio, was evidence of the hard time they were having, there was considerable more satisfaction for the explorer's mother in the fourth broadcast which was from the *Ruppert* safely docked at Wellington, New Zealand.

ALTHOUGH it was one of the coldest of the early Winter nights at her home in Virginia it was Summer in New Zealand. Though Admiral Byrd spoke from Wellington Sunday afternoon Mrs. Byrd heard him Saturday night in Winchester. It was the most successful of the broadcasts technically up to that time for none of the others had been more than seventy per cent perfect, due to the limitations of the ordinary length ship's antenna which had to be used. There were assurances that the broadcasts would be greatly improved when the expedition reached Little America and they could erect a larger antenna.

A remarkable feature of the New Zealand broadcast was the singing of the Maoris, which came over with considerable volume and good effect. These people are a section of the great Polynesian race which inhabits the far scattered

(Please turn to page 94)

Blue Waltz presents 3 steps to Loveliness



Become truly exquisite with these Blue Waltz Beauty Aids . . . thousands of clever women are using them daily with marvelous results. With the magic help of Blue Waltz, you too, can acquire that soft allure that captivates men and makes you the envy of other women. Blue Waltz Beauty Aids are only 10c each at your nearest 5 and 10c store. Ask for them by name.



First the face powder, petal-soft and clinging, to protect and flatter the skin . . . enhances your natural beauty.



Next you apply the indelible lipstick—it comes in four glowing shades . . . makes your lips lovelier than ever.



Last a touch of perfume . . . its alluring fragrance to make the memory of you always charming.

Other Blue Waltz Beauty Aids—Cold Cream, Cream Rouge, Toilet Water, Brilliantine, Talcum Powder
JOUBERT • PARFUMEUR • FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK



FOR GLORIOUS HAIR, youthful and natural . . . free from that dull, faded look . . . be sure you use ColoRinse in the shampoo wash. Not a dye or a bleach, it gives the hair a shimmering softness and a rich, colorful lustre that is entrancingly beautiful. There are 12 tints to choose from . . . and you can use it as often as you please, for it is entirely harmless.
THE NESTLE-LE MUR CO. • New York



10c

at all 5 and 10c stores and beauty shops—Nestle ColoRinse, Super-Set, Golden Shampoo and Henna Shampoo.

Nestle
COLORINSE

Don't Tuck GRAY HAIRS
Out of SIGHT



Touch them up with
FARR'S FOR GRAY HAIR
Manicuring and "facials" leave you only as young as your hair. Youthful clothes won't offset faded hair. Everyone glances at your hair if it's getting gray. Keep it lovely with FARR'S. Easy to use, without instruction in the clean privacy of home; odorless, not sticky; will not rub off or interfere with curling, marcel or permanent wave. FARR'S tints faded hair one even shade. \$1.35. For sale everywhere.

FREE SAMPLE
BROOKLINE CHEMICAL CO. T.M.19
79 Sudbury Street, Boston, Mass.
Send for FREE SAMPLE in plain wrapping
Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____
STATE ORIGINAL COLOR
OF HAIR



**Don't Let
Acid Indigestion
Spoil Your Fun!**

LIFE is too short to let one evening after another be spoiled by heartburn, gassy fullness and sour stomach. Do as millions do, keep a roll of Tums on hand in purse or pocket. Tums contain no soda or water soluble alkalies, only soothing insoluble antacids that pass off undissolved and inert when the acid conditions are corrected. They're refreshing, pleasant. No bad taste, no after-effects. 10c at all drug stores.

Free Beautiful new gold and blue 1934 Calendar-Thermometer. Also samples TUMS and NR—Just send name and address, enclosing stamp, to A. H. LEWIS COMPANY, Dept. DY-5, St. Louis, Mo.

TUMS FOR THE TUMMY
EAT LIKE A KING
STOMACH DISTURBANCE
10c
HANDY TO CARRY

TUMS ARE ANTACID . . . NOT LAXATIVE

For a laxative, use the safe, dependable Vegetable Laxative NR (Nature's Remedy). Only 25 cents. **NR**

**Mrs. Byrd
Listens In**

(Continued from page 93)

island groups of the Eastern Pacific. It was the first time their voices had ever been heard in the United States direct from their native land

"Isn't there a great inclination for you to speak to your son when you hear his voice over the radio despite the fact that he is on the other side of the world and more than 10,000 miles away?" I asked Mrs. Byrd.

"There is, of course," she replied, "but because of the impersonal nature of the broadcasts, I wouldn't do it for the world. Since there could be nothing personal in what I'd say, as the whole United States would be listening in, what good would it do for me to talk to him? There'd be no use of it.

"They have been kind enough to invite me to go to New York to speak with my son over the radio but I don't expect to go. I don't think he would want me to do it.

"I tried talking to him by wireless when he was in Little America and I shall never do it again. It was a weird feeling to know that the entire country could hear what you were saying to your son. It was just before he made his hazardous flight over the South Pole, so you can imagine how I felt. I spoke from the Governor's Mansion at Richmond and soon had everyone weeping. In those days they were broadcasting programs one way only, from the United States to Little America, and it was not possible for my son to reply to anything that I said to him."

Mrs. Byrd said that her son's wife, Mrs. Richard E. Byrd, who was Miss Marie D. Ames of Boston, and his children, regularly listened to the Saturday night broadcasts from that city and enjoyed them, of course.

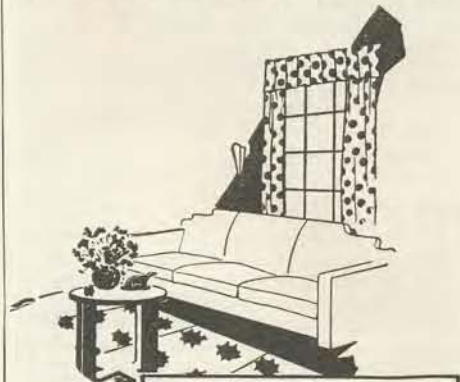
MRS. BYRD, SR., was gratified to learn of the popular approval accorded the Byrd broadcasts and that they had met with such favor that they were now being heard in 60 cities including several in Canada. She remarked that Admiral Byrd really dislikes talking over the radio but was doing it for the sake of the expedition which was a terrifically expensive proposition, greater probably than the majority of the general public has any idea of.

Admiral Byrd has not divulged the amount he receives from the General Foods Corporation (Grape Nuts), sponsors of the broadcasts, or from the Columbia Broadcasting System, and Mrs. Byrd was also silent on this point, saying she had not the faintest idea what the figure is.

Nevertheless, it is understood that Admiral Byrd declined something like \$25,000 from a newspaper for the exclusive news rights of the expedition because the radio people offered him more. Thus it would seem that the radio sponsors are paying him upwards of that figure. The \$25,000 or more, of course would not include the heavy mechanical cost of short-wave broadcasting, the expense of the two radio-men with Byrd, the cable pick-up, and wire-line tolls from Coast-to-Coast in the cities of the United States.

It is probably safe to say it is the most costly commercial broadcast in the history of radio. Likewise it is industry's greatest contribution to a scientific undertaking.

**Home-Makers
Here's Aid to
HOME BEAUTY**



LIVING ROOM COLOR SCHEME

- Walls: . . . Apple green.
- Floor: . . . Dark brown.
- Rug: . . . Rust.
- Draperies: Cream background, rust, green and yellow figures.
- Curtains: Cream.
- Furniture: Maple.
- Upholstery: Rust, black, green and rose.
- Accessories: Rust, green, pewter, yellow and terracotta.

COLOR harmony in a room and the treatment of your windows are two of the most important phases of making your home lovely. Do you know how to work out your color scheme with the aid of a color chart . . . what primary, secondary, complementary and neutral colors are? Do you know what curtains are best for casement windows . . . when to use a plain or a figured drape?

These two pamphlets will answer these and many other questions about color and draperies.

"BRIGHTEN YOUR HOME WITH COLOR" explains the distribution and balance of color and gives twenty different color schemes for living room, dining room, bedroom, kitchen and bath. This pamphlet tells how to give the effect of warmth to your rooms, of spaciousness and good taste.

"WINDOW TREATMENTS" explains draperies and tells how to curtain French, English, Italian, Spanish and modern rooms. Illustrated with different types of windows with directions for making fifteen styles of attractive draperies.

Send 10c for each pamphlet to
HOME BEAUTIFUL

TOWER MAGAZINES, INC.
55 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Take Your Problem to the Voice of Experience

(Continued from page 49)

often (much as I detest to steal) because he will not provide for his family.

Really, Voice of Experience, do you consider this stealing?

TROUBLED CONSCIENCE.

ANSWER: My friend, you have no monopoly by any means on rifling a husband's pockets; but you are, perhaps, in a class by yourself in that you say that your conscience hurts you for taking one dollar from the money you found in your husband's pocket. At least, you were not guilty of grand larceny.

What can you do about it? In the first place, too many of you women procrastinate in the matter of coming to an understanding at the time of marriage as to the handling of the family budget and the disposal of the monies that come in. Many a husband has the idea that he earns the money—therefore, it is his, and that anything that is passed on to the wife is a gift. Certainly this is not true; and while I cannot condone rifling a husband's pockets, there is no court in the land that would uphold a husband in keeping in his pockets the amount of money that your husband had and doling out the payment of the household bills a dollar at a time.

Don't misunderstand me! I am not taking the woman's part. Marriage is a partnership, and, therefore, the funds that come to the one should be immediately participated in by both; and that home is happiest where a definite agreement is reached—where both the husband and the wife can keep his and her individuality and self-respect by either meeting the household obligations out of a joint account, or each having a separate account for this purpose. I suggest to you that, although this is a belated date, some such arrangement be made to insure the peace of your home.

* * *

And now for a very different type of problem:

DEAR VOICE OF EXPERIENCE:

All of my folks are tall and well-built. Three of my brothers are over six feet. I am the next to the oldest and, although five feet six and well-built, I am small compared to them. Whenever we have a reunion, they all poke fun at me and call me the "runt"; this in spite of the fact that I am the only one in our family who is a college graduate, and I also earn more money than all of my brothers combined.

No one else comments on my size, for when I am not with my family
(Please turn to page 96)

May TOWER RADIO

"I Love Puns"

Ed Wynn gives his own reasons for his type of comedy on the air.

Tower Radio, April, 1934

HE: "I'm afraid I've spoiled your wave."

SHE: "S'nothing—WILDROOT Wave Powder will put it back in a jiffy."



Many a woman has found the secret of lovely hair in a ten-cent package of Wildroot Wave Powder. You mix it with water yourself... have a full pint of pure wave set for keeping your wave always fresh and natural.

WILDROOT WAVE POWDER

10¢ PACKAGE MAKES A PINT OF PROFESSIONAL WAVE SET

At all 5 and 10 cent stores.



In Canada, imperial pint 15c.

If your Child is Fussy about Meals

Send for "Food Children Love to Eat." It contains:

FAVORITE BREAKFAST MENUS

—with a simple novelty touch that stimulates appetites . . . like peaches stuffed with cereal!

SCHOOL BOX LUNCH

—that five-times-a-week bugaboo is solved for you.

PARTY REFRESHMENTS

—wholesome foods made festive.

LOW COST LUNCH AND DINNER DISHES

—easily prepared recipes which save the food budget.

FAVORITE DESSERTS

—all manner of good things, popular with the whole family.



It's quite possible to feed children what they like and still give them healthful food.

You'll get lots of ideas . . . time and trouble savers . . . from this circular "Food Children Love to Eat."

Another helpful circular is "Feed Your Children the New Way." Send only 10 cents for each complete set to Tower Magazines, Inc., 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

This Enchanting Fragrance

RADIO GIRL

PERFUME
and FACE POWDER

Invites
Romance



YOU can have this unseen beauty, too, for Radio Girl Perfume and Face Powder are made just for the modern American Girl . . . Fine French essential oils contribute their exquisite odors; domestic manufacture explains their modest prices.

Use this COUPON for FREE SAMPLES



"RADIO GIRL", Saint Paul, Minn. T-4
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)

Name

Address

NEW EASY WAY

10c

JUSTRITE PUSH-CLIP

KEEP WIRES OFF FLOOR
(LAMPS AND RADIO)

A neat job instantly. No damage to woodwork. No tools needed. Set of eight colored clips to match your cords, 10c.

At **WOOLWORTH'S**



**BANISH FRECKLES,
WEATHER-BEATEN SKIN
WEEKS QUICKER**



It is so easy now to clear away blackheads, freckles, coarseness; to have smooth, white flawless new beauty. Just begin, tonight with famous Nadinola Bleaching Cream, tested and trusted for over a generation. The minute you smooth it on, Nadinola begins to clear, whiten and smooth your skin. Tan and freckles; muddy, sallow color vanish quickly. You see day-by-day improvement until your skin is all you long for;

creamy-white, satin-smooth, lovely. No disappointments, no long waiting for results. Money-back guarantee. Get a large box of NADINOLA Bleaching Cream at toilet counters or by mail, postpaid. Only 50c.

NADINOLA, Box T-18, Paris, Tenn.

Nadinola Bleaching Cream

NOW! THE GIANT TUBE

ZIP

PERFUMED DEPILATORY CREAM

ZIP EPILATOR—IT'S OFF because IT'S OUT
PERMANENTLY DESTROYS HAIR

Take Your Problem to the Voice of Experience

(Continued from page 95)

of giants, I don't seem small, but am an average man like the rest.

What can I do to overcome this trait of my brothers and sisters of calling me a "runt"? It makes me feel stunted and small, although I know that mentally I am the superior of the entire gang.

BELITTLED.

ANSWER: Too many of us there are, my friend, who are ready to crawl into our shells the moment that anyone offers uncomplimentary remarks about us! We wear our feelings on our sleeves and stew and fret and fume because we have been victimized by malicious gossip. And what is the inevitable result? Our lives are actually influenced in a large measure by the very ones that would do us ill when, if we would close our ears, attend to our own business, become impervious to any form of slander or ridicule, we would not only live longer, but much happier as well.

The very fact that your brothers criticize you, their mental superior, shows that they are evidently suffering from an inferiority complex. They want to trim you down to their size so as not to feel inferior in your presence. They know they cannot belittle you mentally; so they take the only avenue they can to make you feel as uneasy in their physical presence as they feel in your mental presence.

There is nothing that you can do about their tongues; but you still have control of your own ears—and, if I were you, I would develop psycho-deafness when I was around them, and unless they change their tactics, I would be around them as little as I possibly could.

* * *

DEAR VOICE OF EXPERIENCE:

I have a little son, three, and a daughter, five, and am wrapped up in my children. Because of ill health, it is necessary for me to use the services of a nurse-maid, and just recently it was necessary for me to make a change.

This new girl is neat and clean and energetic. She thinks a great deal of the children and is kindness itself to them. But she is continually trying to frighten them into being good!

The other day my little boy did something out in the back yard that displeased her and, after having told him to stay out of the cellar because there were "bogyemen" down there in the dark, she pushed him in the cellar and closed the door on him. I heard his screams clear up in the front part of the house and, forgetful of my own condition, I hurried as fast as I could to see what was wrong. I arrived just as the maid let him out of the cellar, and the expression on his face was pitiful indeed. I have never seen such terror pictured on anyone's countenance in my life.

Before this maid came, my children would go to the basement and were totally unafraid of anything. Now they are almost afraid of their own shadows. I have talked to her and plead with her not to frighten my children, but to no avail.



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What can I do to make this nurse stop scaring my children?
WORRIED MOTHER.

ANSWER: Indeed, my friend, you have a right to sign yourself "Worried Mother," for I care not if that girl is the best nurse-maid in the world in every other particular, if she is continually frightening your children, I would dismiss her at once, unless she ceases immediately this practice and begins to make amends for the damage already done.

Children, by nature, are born weaklings, and many a child remains a weakling throughout life because of the superstitions and fears inculcated into its little mind by a thoughtless mother or nurse.

I cannot speak too strongly against the practice that is so current everywhere of trying to whip children into line by instilling fear into their hearts. Fear is one of the deadliest enemies that society has to face. I say "fear." I should say a "phobia," which is an ungrounded fear. And certainly the kind of fear that this nurse-maid is causing in your children is most ungrounded.

Don't misunderstand me, Mother, I am not trying to deprive this nurse of her position. I am trying to save your children from an insidious enemy and have this girl completely right-about face. Otherwise, she deserves to lose her job, for she has no business in the care and training of plastic little minds.

* * *

The foregoing are a few of the thousands of questions that come to us weekly, faced by men and women, boys and girls, in their daily routine of life. I count myself fortunate in having been selected by these thousands of friends of mine as a counsellor and adviser and I assure you readers that I always attempt to discharge that responsibility with sympathy, sanity and decorum.

To any of you who desire to submit a problem to me, let me say that I never ridicule a writer. I never condemn an individual, although many times I am compelled to condemn an act. I never judge a person, but confine my judgment to the merits or demerits of the actions involved. I don't claim to be a "know-all," and don't attempt to answer questions with which I am not thoroughly acquainted.

To those of my readers who honor me by submitting their problems for solution, in the event that a problem is not chosen for a reply in this column, if any of the literature that I have available will in any measure help in the solution of the problem, that literature will be sent gratis, provided that the name and address of the individual is sent with the letter. I answer no letters by personal correspondence; but I am glad to offer this additional service to those whose letters are not chosen for publication. Rest assured that your name and address will be kept in confidence, for I never reveal the name of any of the friends who write to me, either in my columns or in my broadcasts. I try as far as possible to answer questions in the order in which they are received, and for that reason suggest that, if you have a perplexing or baffling condition that you are facing, or are about to face, that you write it to me as briefly as possible and I promise you as prompt a reply as I am able to give.

Both the interest and the practical character of this column depend upon my readers. I'll do my part in the answering of the problems, if you'll do your part in submitting your queries.

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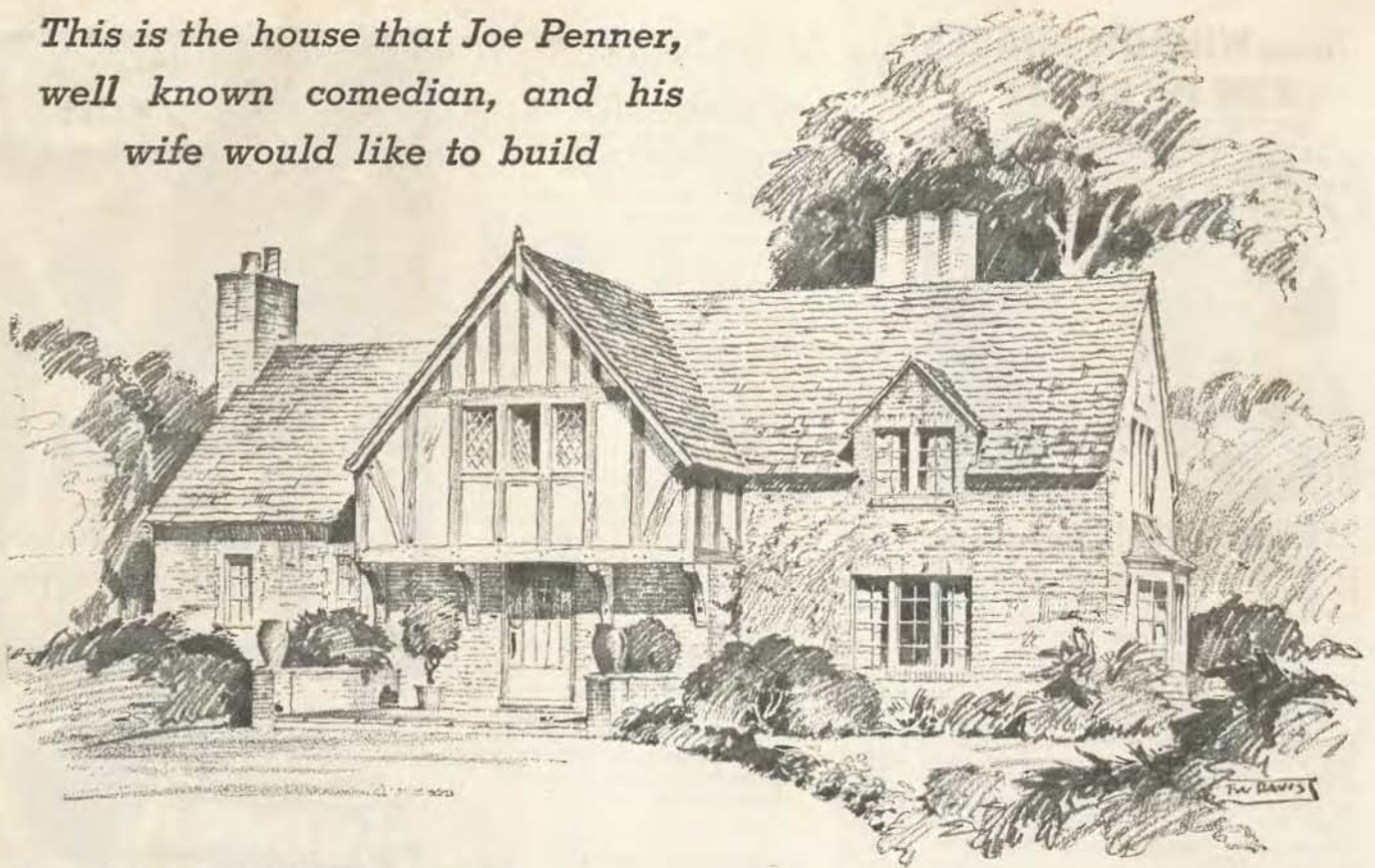
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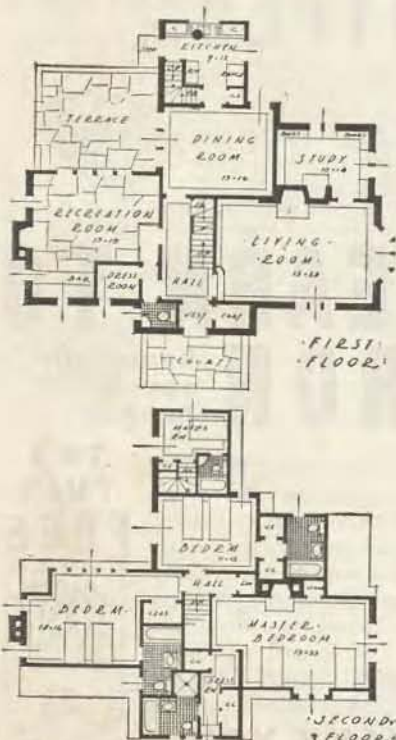
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*This is the house that Joe Penner,
well known comedian, and his
wife would like to build*



A HOUSE FOR Joe Penner

Designed by Theodore Whitehead Davis, Architect



The most interesting feature of the house is the large flagstone recreation room on the first floor.

IN a lovely apartment high up in a building overlooking Central Park, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Penner planned the house they would like to build. To Mrs. Penner the most important feature of the house is a large kitchen. Mr. Penner wanted a small study with an open fireplace and lots of shelves for books and both Mr. and Mrs. Penner agreed that the house should have a large recreation room on the main floor in addition to a game room in the cellar.

Mr. Davis, in charge of our architectural department, took the Penners' ideas of the house they would like to build and worked it out as you see it here.

The design of the house is English. The exterior walls are of common brick laid in cement with slightly raked joints relieved by stucco and timber and topped by a sloping roof of graduated slate in pastel tones.

The first floor of the house contains an entrance and stair-hall with a vestibule and convenient coat closet, a large living room two steps down from the hall containing an open fireplace, and a lovely bay window, a small study with built-in bookcases and an open fireplace,

a good-sized dining room with French doors opening on to the flagstone terrace, a fully equipped kitchen and a spacious recreation room. Perhaps the most interesting feature of the house is the recreation room. This room is entered from the hall by means of a small railed balcony and contains an open fireplace, a flagstone floor, a built-in bar and four doors opening on to the terrace. Convenient to the recreation room is a lavatory and dressing-room for guests.

On the second floor is a large master bedroom with an open fireplace, wood closet, two large clothes closets and connecting dressing-room and bath. There are two guest bedrooms on this floor each with a connecting bath and a maid's room and bath entered by means of a stairway from the kitchen.

This house is perhaps larger than most of us would like to build but the very original idea of the Penners could easily be duplicated in a smaller house of this same type for very little money. The service wing, recreation room and bedroom over it could be eliminated and we would have an ideal house for the average small family.

This might have been written about **Lorraine**
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Recently the Fisher Body Corporation ran a beautiful advertisement which carried the illustration shown above and the headline, "Not a Hair Out of Place." The Fisher Body advertisement said: "This serenely confident young lady has just stepped from her car. She has no fear that her hair was tousled or her gown ruffled by unkind breezes, for her car has Fisher no-draft ventilation . . ."

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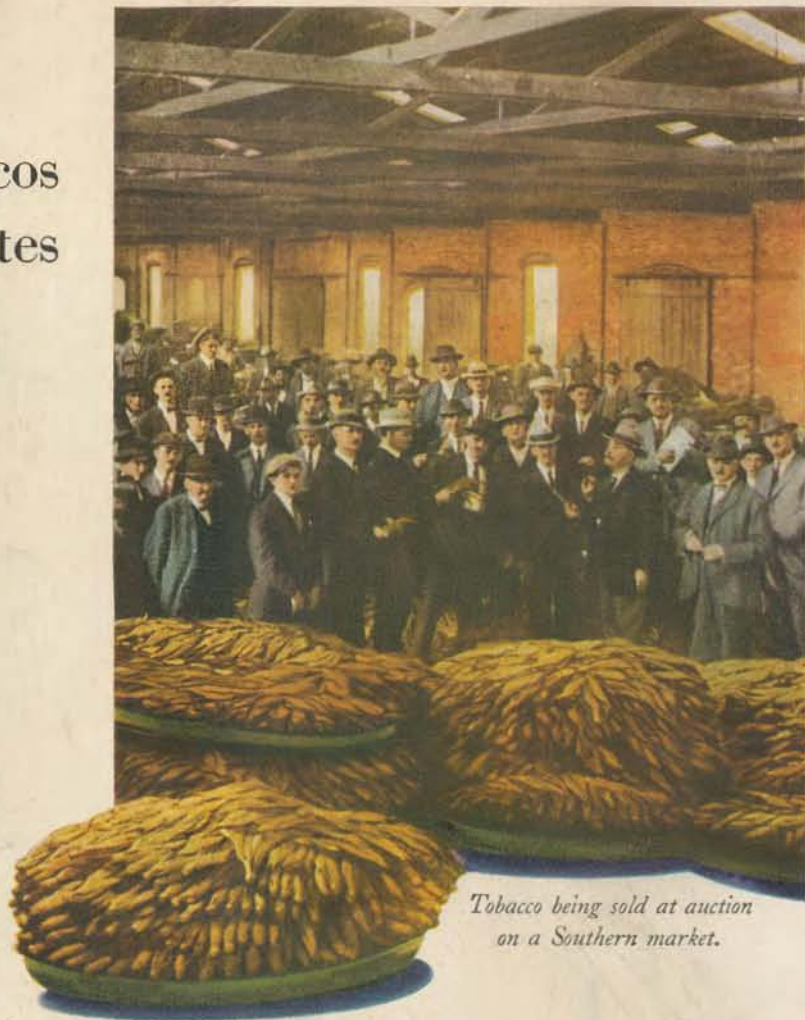
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and taste better.*



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*the cigarette that's MILDER
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TASTES BETTER*



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