

Tower RADIO

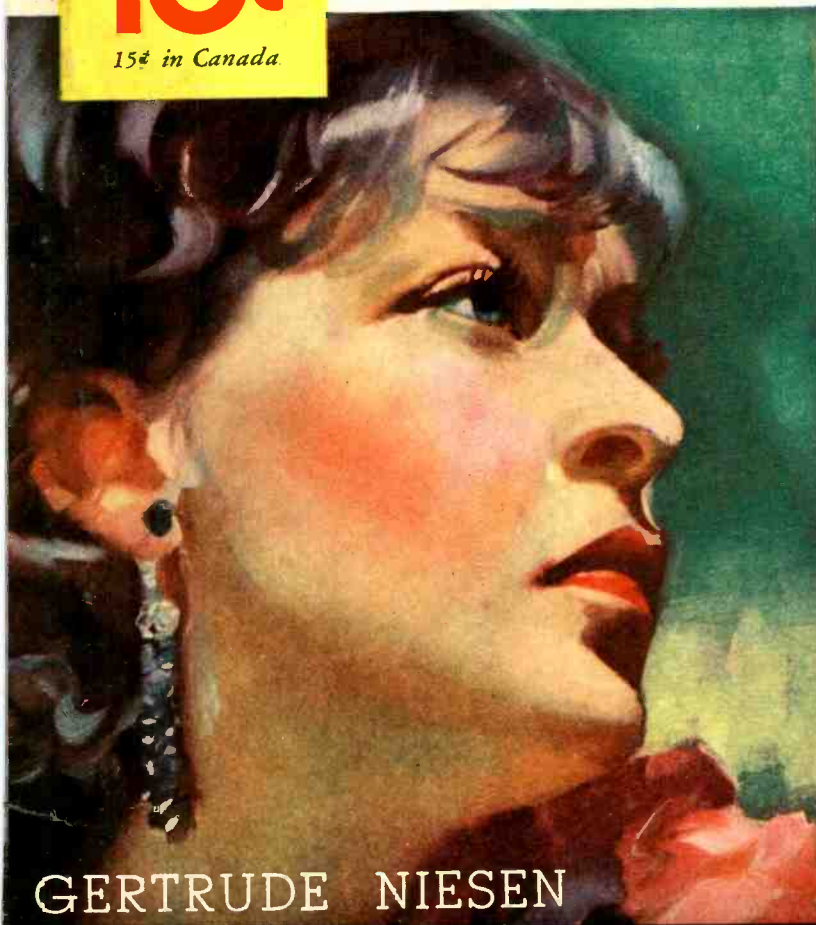


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A TOWER MAGAZINE

MAY



GERTRUDE NIESEN

Secrets OF A Comedian

AS TOLD BY
ED WYNN

Personality Stories About:
JOE PENNER LEE WILEY
BING CROSBY LANNY ROSS
and others

HOW TO GET A RADIO AUDITION

THE PERFECT LOVE SONG

The romance of Julia Sanderson and Frank Crumit

RADIO BRINGS HOPE INTO PRISON

by Warden Lewis E. Lawes of Sing Sing

FICTION • NEWS • PICTURES



Norma Shearer's first picture in many months is already hailed as the greatest thrill-romance of her career. Sinners in silks, their lives, loves, heart-aches . . . their drama pulsating across continents and oceans. Excitingly, Norma Shearer exceeds the beauty and allure of her "Divorcee", and "Strangers May Kiss" fame. Never so glorious as now...in her new picture she is truly The First Lady of the Screen!

Norma Shearer

ROBERT MONTGOMERY

RIP TIDE

HERBERT MARSHALL

MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL

Written and Directed by EDMUND GOULDING

AN IRVING THALBERG PRODUCTION



A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

Isn't It A Shame!

PRETTY GIRL... AND A MARVELOUS SECRETARY... BUT OH, HER TERRIBLE TEETH!



Martha's clothes are as smart as a debutante's. She's pretty—and secretary to the president. But—there's a “but” about Martha!



There's not a man in the office but wishes Martha were his secretary—so smart and so sparkling is she! But the “but” about Martha keeps young men away!



Young men consult Martha about “getting ahead.” She's a friend in need, indeed. But they never “date” Martha! For the “but” about Martha is her teeth!



If only Martha would look into a mirror, and see what the young men see: her dull, dingy teeth! She'd realize what “pink tooth brush” can do to a girl's looks.



Adentist would tell Martha to clean her teeth with Ipana—and to massage Ipana into her tender gums! He'd explain about “pink tooth brush.”



It wouldn't be long before Martha's gums would be healthy—and her teeth brilliant again! Martha would find herself picking from among all the young men in town!

Avoid “Pink Tooth Brush” with Ipana and Massage!

IT ISN'T very smart of a girl to have brains and look and a future—and to allow so simple a thing as “pink tooth brush” to ruin the charm of her smile!

Don't be a “Martha”! Get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste. Clean your teeth with it—Ipana cleans even into the tiny crevices between your teeth. Then—put a little extra Ipana on

your brush or fingertip, and massage it into your inactive, tender gums.

The foods of today fail to exercise the gums. That is why your gums tend to become flabby and soft, and to bleed. They need regular daily massage—with Ipana.

The ziratol in Ipana, your dentist will explain, aids in toning the gums, and in bringing back firmness. And

when you are rid of “pink tooth brush,” you aren't likely to have gum troubles like gingivitis and Vincent's disease. You'll feel safer about the soundness of your teeth, too.

Use Ipana, with massage—and have bright, good-looking teeth!

THE “IPANA TROUBADOURS” ARE BACK! EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING . . . 9:00 P. M., E. S. T. WEAF AND ASSOCIATED N. B. C. STATIONS

I P A N A
TOOTH PASTE



BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. Y-54
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

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

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

ETHEL SHUTTA

Leads a Double Life

*Successful wife and mother by day—
radio star by night. She tells how
in next month's TOWER RADIO*



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FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

Managing Editor

Mary Marshall, *Director of Home Service*

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

Tower Radio, May, 1934

MAE WEST

and her pal Dan Cupid



CUPID: "Hello, Mae, how are tricks?"

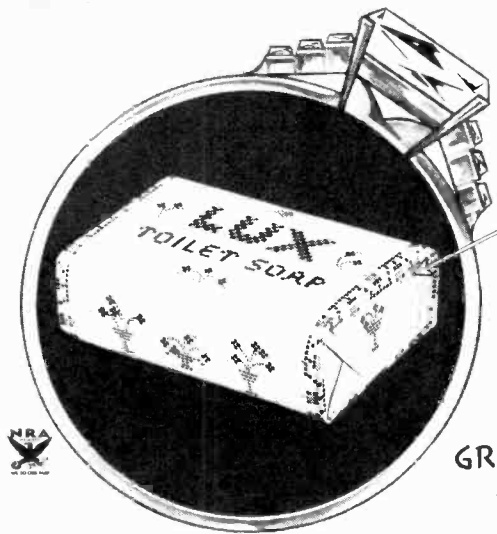
MAE WEST: "Why, Dan, you darling, what are you doing here in Hollywood?"

CUPID: "Came for a holiday—it's the one place I never have to work. All you girls can take care of yourselves."

MAE WEST: "We get our men, all right. But then we've been using Lux Toilet Soap for years. A luscious skin gets them every time."

CUPID: "You do know men, Mae. I find I've lots more spare time since girls everywhere started using your soap. Guess I'll fly over and see Lupe now. Take care of yourself."

MAE WEST: "By-by. C'm up and see me some time."

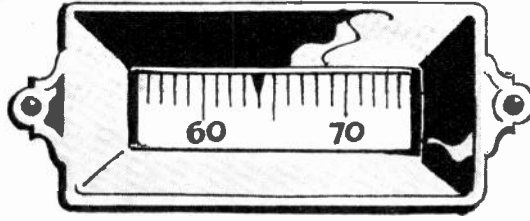


Star of Paramount's "It Ain't No Sin"

"My GREATEST ALLY"

Take a leaf out of Mae's little notebook! Lovely, appealing skin attracts men just as honeysuckle attracts bees. You can have it just as easily as the 9 out of 10 screen stars who use Lux Toilet Soap. Use it yourself every day for the soft, appealing skin men adore!

Behind the Dial



ALICE FAYE, Rudy Vallee's protégée whom Fay Webb named as one of many co-respondents, is said to be a hit in George White's picture version of the "Scandals." A meeting of Fox press agents was called to decide on a snappy line to exploit her. A phrase suggested but NOT adopted was: "Alice Faye, The Lily of the Vallee."

It didn't appear in the society columns of the newspapers but Norma Sullivan, Rudy Vallee's cook, was married the other day to one Pat Mundi, also identified with show business, being Roland Young's doorman. Rudy went to the wedding and sang several songs—which is a sidelight on the great crooner surprising, perhaps, even to his admirers.

AND here's something else to remember about Rudy when discussion about his domestic difficulties comes up: He worked for a year and a half at the Villa Vallee, New York night club, without receiving a cent in salary. The engagement began in the Winter of 1929 and was unsuccessful—for the Vagabond Lover—because of the depression. However, his musicians received their weekly wages regularly, Rudy remaining at the resort just to insure their employment.

KATHLEEN WELLS, new soloist heard with Peter Van Steeden's orchestra on the Baron Munchausen broadcasts, three years ago was singing on Station WHOM, Jersey City, under the name, Ima Whoom. At that time she was a dress model and did her broadcasting at night. Her rehearsing was done during the lunch hour. Now Kathleen has a secretary, a manager, a press agent 'n' everything.

You may have concluded from hearing him on the air that Lanny Ross has a pretty good voice. Therefore you'll be surprised to learn that when he went to Hollywood to make a picture he had to take singing lessons. His instructor was a Swiss who taught him how to yodel. Lanny had never yodelled before.

Martha Mears, blond young contralto appearing with Phil Baker on the Armour program, is a St. Louis

girl who has made good on the big networks. Only last June she graduated from the University of Missouri. While singing at local stations she attracted the attention of Gus Edwards, famous producer of stage stars. Edwards brought her to New York and successfully launched her career as an NBC headliner.

Harpo Marx, the silent one of the Marx Brothers, is framing a radio act. Harpo will not only play on the air the harp on which he excels but, if he can persuade his sponsor, will also speak for the first time. He has developed a yen to prove to the world that he has a voice.

Talullah Bankhead, famous stage star who is not so
(Please turn to page 10)



Wide World

Fred Allen and his missus, who is Portland Hoffa on the airways, are a perfect radio couple.



JANE HORTON/REDFER PLAGG

Interesting gossip and news you've never heard before about your idols of the air

By
NELLIE REVELL



THERE, THERE — NEVER MIND. WE'LL GET A LAUNDRESS...

BUT JIM, WE CAN'T AFFORD A LAUNDRESS! I WOULDN'T MIND THE WORK SO MUCH IF I COULD ONLY GET THE CLOTHES REAL WHITE



THAT AFTERNOON

I MUST TRY THAT SOAP. I'VE HEARD IT GETS CLOTHES 4 OR 5 SHADES WHITER IT'S SUPPOSED TO MAKE WASHDAY EASY, TOO



ONE WEEK LATER

BEFORE I FORGET... BILL'S WIFE GAVE ME THE ADDRESS OF A GOOD LAUNDRESS TODAY—

THAT'S SWEET OF YOU, DEAR! BUT LET'S SAVE THE MONEY FOR SOMETHING ELSE. I'M USING RINSO NOW—IT GETS CLOTHES THE WHITEST EVER WITHOUT SCRUBBING OR BOILING



I'M SAVING LOTS OF MONEY SINCE I CHANGED TO RINSO—IT MAKES CLOTHES LAST 2 OR 3 TIMES LONGER

Rinso gives thick suds—even in hardest water. Great for dishes. Easy on hands! Makers of 40 famous washers—home-making experts of 316 leading newspapers endorse it. Tested and approved by Good House-keeping Institute.



"TRUTH" — A DANGEROUS GAME



BEN, YOU HAVEN'T DANCED WITH ME ALL EVENING AFTER ALL, DEAR, WE ARE ENGAGED

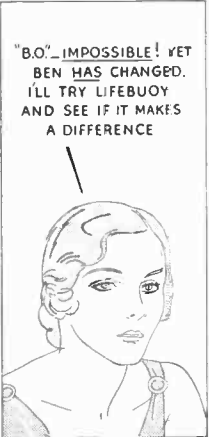
OF COURSE, HONEY, ER... SUPPOSE WE DANCE THIS ONE



SHE'S GOING TO LOSE BEN IF SHE ISN'T MORE CAREFUL

MORE CAREFUL ABOUT "B.O." YOU MEAN?

HE'S REALLY CRAZY ABOUT HER IT'S A SHAME SHE DOESN'T USE LIFEBOUY



"B.O." IMPOSSIBLE! YET BEN HAS CHANGED. I'LL TRY LIFEBOUY AND SEE IF IT MAKES A DIFFERENCE



"BO' GONE — Ben fights for dances now!

RUN ALONG, BEN. THIS IS MY DANCE

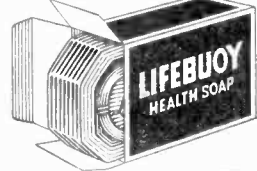
SAY, WHOSE FIANCEE IS SHE?



LIFEBOUY'S THE FINEST COMPLEXION SOAP EVER!

LIFEBOUY has improved countless complexions—it will do the same for yours! Its gentle, purifying lather—abundant in hard or soft water, hot or cold—deep-cleanses pores of

clogged wastes. Leaves skin exquisitely clean. IMPORTANT: Warm or cool days, we perspire a quart. Take no chances with "B.O."—bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its hygienic, quickly-vanishing scent tells you Lifebuoy purifies, deodorizes pores—stops "B.O." (body odor).



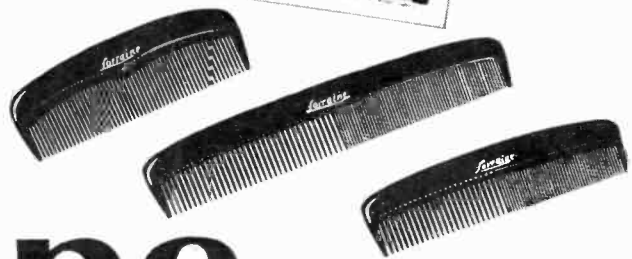
Not a Hair



NOT a hair out of place when you use Lorraine quality products. They have proved their importance to women everywhere who appreciate the value of good grooming. Lorraine Hair Nets, Lorraine Water Wave Nets and Lorraine Combs are indispensable to the woman who wants to look her best at all times.

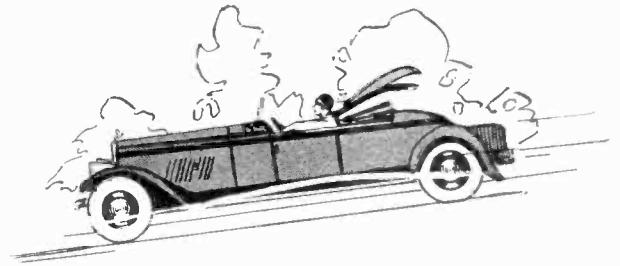


Lorraine Colored Combs for bag or boudoir in a lovely array of pastel colors, also pearl effects. Hard rubber combs in black and mahogany. Pocket, bobby, dressing comb size. Also exclusive crystal combs; Barber and Beauty Shop Combs, Wave Set Combs and Men's Combs—in F. W. Woolworth Co Stores.



Lorraine QUALITY

Out of Place



Lorraine Water Wave Nets set the wave, save the wave, save money! Don't forget to put one on at night. They come in attractive pastel colorings and hair shades.



Lorraine Hair Nets made of real human hair can be obtained in double mesh, single mesh, regular and bob sizes in cap and fringe shape. Grey, white, all colors.

PRODUCTS *are sold exclusively at*
F. W. WOOLWORTH CO 5 and 10 Cent Stores

Why did they leave Ruth Etting on the Hollywood cutting room floor?

Behind the Dial



George M. Cohan, a highlight of the theater, is now "wowing 'em" as an ether entertainer.



Cutler

Mary Eastman and Howard Marsh have long held our praise for their beautiful voices, and now sing delightful duets on Columbia network.

Young and old, all are highly entertained by the Rex Cole Mountaineers, with their hill-billy melodies and modern songs.



Cutler

(Continued from page 6)

famous in the movies, went on Rudy Vallee's variety program the other night to do a scene from "The Affairs of Anatol." Miss Bankhead pulled a Maude Adams and refused to do her act in front of the studio audience. Instead she performed in the seclusion of a private room, thereby disappointing 1,400 spectators.

PHILLIPS H. LORD, now engaged on a round-the-world cruise on the schooner *Seth Parker* in the interests of Frigidaire, once yearned to write fiction. His first story, "The Curse of the Desert," developed homing instincts superior to the finest pigeon bred by the U. S. Army Signal Corps. It found its way home from every magazine office in the country.

RUTH ETTING, voted their favorite feminine vocalist by the radio editors of the country in a recent poll, sings in "Roman Scandals," the picture starring Eddie Cantor, nothing but the chorus of a song. The song itself found its way to the cutting room floor along with other unwanted celluloid. Colonel Snyder, Ruth's husband and manager, would be much obliged if somebody would tell him why this was done.

Conrad Thibault, the baritone, recently went to his home town, Northampton, Mass., to sing in a music store to promote sales of his phonograph records. Such a crowd of admirers (mostly feminine, for Conrad is a very desirable widower) gathered that a detail of police had to be summoned to preserve order. Thibault sang but the confusion was so great that not a single sale was rung up!

YOU can't believe all you hear on the air. In their radio skit, Clara and Em, of Clara, Lu 'n' Em, are married, but Lu poses as a widow. The result is that Isabelle Carothers, who plays that role, gets all the mash notes from male listeners anxious to make her a missus again. As a matter of fact all three girls are married—and happily, too.

License plates reading "Soooo-N. J.," the gift of State Motor Vehicle Commissioner Harold Hoffman, give Ed Wynn right of way on New Jersey highways. Another attachment, a device of his own creation, solves for the Fire Chief the hitch-hiker problem. He sticks a big sign on his wind shield reading "TAXI."

Jeannie Lang is gunning for a girl in the Mid-West. Posing as an admirer, this woman got Jeannie to send (Please turn to page 56)

WHY PAIN MAKES YOU LOOK OLD

PAIN—scientists now say—is attended by congestion of the tiny blood vessels and their feeders, called capillaries. These supply nourishing blood to the nerve endings and tiny muscles of your inner skin, preventing wrinkling and shriveling of your outer skin.

This is what happens every time your head aches: Tiny muscles contract like a clenched fist, retarding the flow of blood and causing pressure on the nearly 80,000 nerve ends which control pain in your face and head.

Physicians commonly use the term "headache face" in describing the patient whose beauty is marred by needless pain. Thus it is dangerous to your beauty to merely "grin and bear it". Each headache you neglect etches wrinkles in your face deeper and deeper until they become indelible lines of age.

HOW TO FEEL AND LOOK YOUNG

Now there is no excuse for neglecting pain—no excuse for letting it rob you of your charm—no excuse for missing exciting parties on account of it.

Modern doctors know that



Modern Druggists Prefer HEXIN
Buy a box of HEXIN today. If your druggist should not have it on hand, insist that he order it. You can buy HEXIN in convenient tins containing 12 tablets and in economical bottles of 50 and 100 tablets. Don't let your druggist give you anything but HEXIN. Nothing else is "just as good".

Science discovers that pain actually ages and permanently disfigures—"Grin and bear it," the worst advice ever given, to women who value their beauty—no creams or cosmetics can conceal the pain wrinkles which become indelible lines of age. New relief combats this danger.



HEXIN—an amazing new scientific formula—relieves pain quickly, safely and naturally by relaxing tense muscles and releasing fresh blood to your irritated nerve ends. With lightning speed, **HEXIN** gently removes the direct cause of your pain.*

Don't confuse **HEXIN** with old-fashioned tablets which simply drug your nerves and encourage acidosis. **HEXIN** relieves pain safely by **RELAXATION**. Its alkaline formula will not injure the heart nor upset the stomach. Don't take a chance with old-fashioned tablets. Modern science has long since discarded them in favor of **HEXIN**.

AIDS SOUND SLEEP

Sound sleep is important to you in building up your energy. Don't let cigarettes, coffee, nervousness or worry, interfere with your rest.

The next time sleep won't come easily take 2 **HEXIN** tablets with water. Let **HEXIN** relax your tired nerves and gently soothe you to sleep. **HEXIN** is not a hypnotic nor a narcotic causing artificial drowsiness. Why ruin your health and lower your efficiency by lying awake?

***HEXIN** is remarkably effective in relieving women's periodic pains.

HEXIN will help you to sleep naturally and soundly.

HEXIN COMBATS COLDS

Doctors may differ as to the cause of colds, but all agree that the resultant distress is directly due to congestion. **HEXIN** relieves congestion safely by relaxing taut tissues and reestablishing the normal flow of blood. **HEXIN** is alkaline (non-acid). It relieves the direct cause of cold-distress safely—by **RELAXATION**. Most people find that 1 **HEXIN** tablet with water every hour until a total of 6 or 7 have been taken keeps a cold from starting, or greatly relieves one that has started.

MAKE THIS TEST

The only test of any pain-reliever that means anything is how it acts with you. Make this test yourself. Take 2 **HEXIN** tablets with a glass of water. At once tense nerves start to relax. At once **HEXIN** starts to combat your pain or distress. You'll never know what quick relief is until you try **HEXIN**. Insist on **HEXIN** today at any modern drug store. Nothing else is "just as good". Or make your personal test **FREE** by mailing the coupon **NOW**.



Originally Developed for Children

Give us a formula—mothers asked—that our children can take with safety. Give us a relief for pain and fever that is milder and better adapted to the delicate systems of children than ordinary tablets so strong and so acid.

HEXIN—an alkaline formula—was, therefore, developed for children originally. Its action had to be gentle and safe. What's mild enough for your child is better for you. But don't be misled about the effectiveness of **HEXIN** for adult use. The action of **HEXIN** is immediate for children or adults.

HEXIN, Inc.

8 SOUTH MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

HEXIN, INC., 8 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago T-6534

Please mail me a generous **FREE** sample of **HEXIN**.

Name

Address

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

PAGEANT



Will Rogers broke into tears on the air when he told of the loss of a big passenger plane.



George Gershwin, the composer, is on the air with "Rhapsody in Blue" and other melodies.



Fred Waring still builds programs that are tight, fast and varied, the best on the airwaves.



Joe Penner still is trying to sell that duck and still winning new popularity everywhere.

By

THE TOWER OBSERVER

RADIO fans have been doing a lot of armchair traveling. They rode into sorrowing Brussels with the world's most distinguished mourners and paid homage to a dead king, great in peace and in war. King Albert of Belgium had died.

Those who arose at six o'clock on a cold February morning heard the tolling of the bells of the Cathedral of St. Gudule, caught the sound of muffled drums and shuffling soldier feet, listened to a description superimposed from London upon the Belgian broadcast. These were moments of solemnity and awe.

Not satisfied with this, the radio moguls rode ten thousand miles into the West to broadcast the coronation of Henry Pu-Yi as boy emperor of Manchukuo. Since there still is no television, fans have yet to see the cute little empress, consort of Pu-Yi, but they hear the chant of Oriental voices, off-key Chinese music, plenty of static and a description in English of the colorful (you have the announcer's word for it) proceedings.

Radio's third recent invasion of the news came with the latest "battle of the century," staged in Miami between the gargantuan Primo Carnera and an elderly light heavyweight, Tommy Loughran. Just as was anticipated by the fans who fought to stay away from the combat, the match turned out to be pretty tedious. It really needed the waltz music of Wayne King.

THE swift retreat of Maude Adams from the air was due, we are told, to a change of mind on the part of her radio sponsor. Anyway, Miss Adams has gone back into the silent seclusion from which she briefly emerged. Miss Adams' radio debut had high sentimental interest, but the broadcasts of her stage successes, badly condensed for the air, were a little hard to take. Even her "Peter Pan" turned out to be difficult going for a 1934 radio fan without stage memories.

YOU may not always agree with Will Rogers, but you cannot fail to be interested in his homely observations upon our modes and manners. At the height of the air mail controversy he retreated to an isolated National broadcasting studio, away from admiring audiences, and poured out his heart upon aviation and aviators. There was a break in his voice when he told of a flyer friend in a crashed plane lost in

the wilds of Utah. A tragic interlude—and the emotional high point of the month.

HOW do you stand on the question of studio audiences? Do you like to hear the applause and laughter of the observers who sit in the broadcasting auditoriums? Or do they annoy you? Do you feel that they hold up the proceedings?

Interesting examples have been Eddie Cantor's recent Florida broadcasts. Eddie has been playing to his local audience, forgetting his air public. A striking instance was his fight burlesque, a bore to the radio but apparently hilarious to the Florida folk close by. That's a mistake, Eddie. So, too, is your recent tendency toward blue humor.

IN handing out our superlatives for the month we want to drop a few at the feet of Fred Waring, who still builds tight, fast, varied melodic programs. The air holds nothing more attractive.

George Gershwin, the rhapsody maker, has invaded the air very effectively. You will like him.

A word or two about a find: Edith Murray. How that girl can sing "Let's Fall in Love"!

The facile Jack Benny recently won a national poll conducted among air editors. They picked him as their favorite comedian. He may be third or fourth in our personal list, but we concede him one thing: he divided honors with Ed Wynn as perfecter of the gentle art of kidding the sponsor. We are strong for his burlesques, too.

Speaking of burlesques, our tribute goes to Stoopnagle and Budd's travesty of the Rudy Vallee hour. Here was superb fooling.

OUR selection of high points of the air month:

Stokowski's Philadelphia Orchestra playing Beethoven's Seventh Symphony in installments.

Efram Zimbalist's playing of a fantasy from Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Le Coq d'Or."

Fred Allen's management of Bedlam Penitentiary on the golden day when that lovable heel, Public Enemy No. 1, is welcomed with a band and a key to the jail.

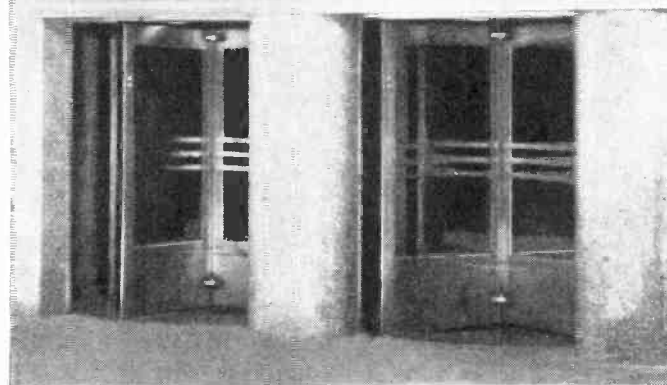
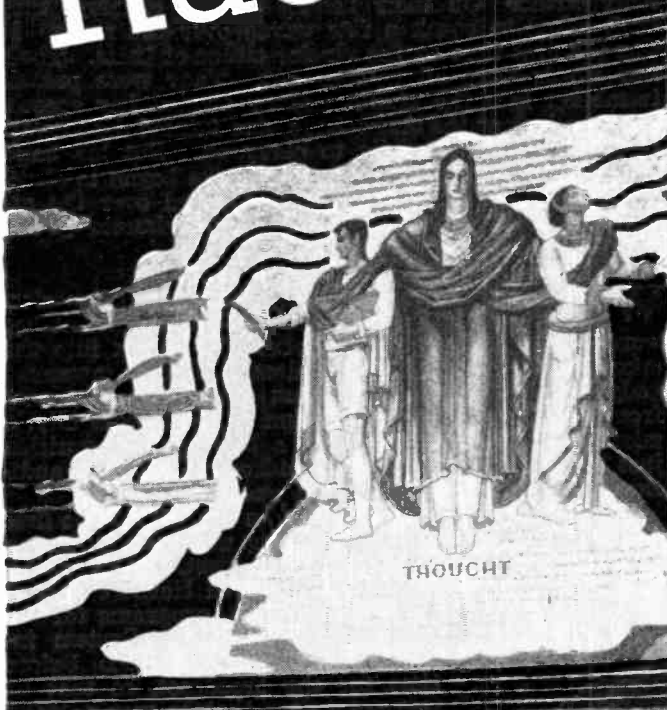
Alexander Woollcott's story of Verdun Belle.

*Want to be a radio star? Here's
the first real analysis of your
chances to get a hearing*

By JESSE S. BUTCHER

HOW does one become a radio star of the magnitude of Eddie Cantor, Kate Smith, Fred Waring, Ruth Etting, the Boswell Sisters or Ed Wynn—to mention a few of the broadcast top notchers? What steps should the

HOW TO GET A Radio Audition



The modernistic portals of the RCA Building in Rockefeller Center, New York, the golden gates of Radio's Hollywood.

aspiring man or woman take in seeking a career before the microphone? How does one go about getting an audition? What are the chances of success? Does "pull" or a letter of introduction to some official count in getting a sustaining or commercial program engagement over the Columbia Broadcasting System or the National Broadcasting Company's networks?

The answer to these questions are being sought yearly by tens of thousands of men, women and children—actually from babies in arms to octogenarians—who storm the two citadels of chain broadcasting in New York, Radio City where NBC makes its headquarters and 485 Madison Avenue, where Columbia maintains its key station and studios. With high hopes that their talents might gain recognition and win the fabulous salaries paid some of the stars of the ether, they come trooping to radio's Hollywood from every city, town and Hamlet on the continent.

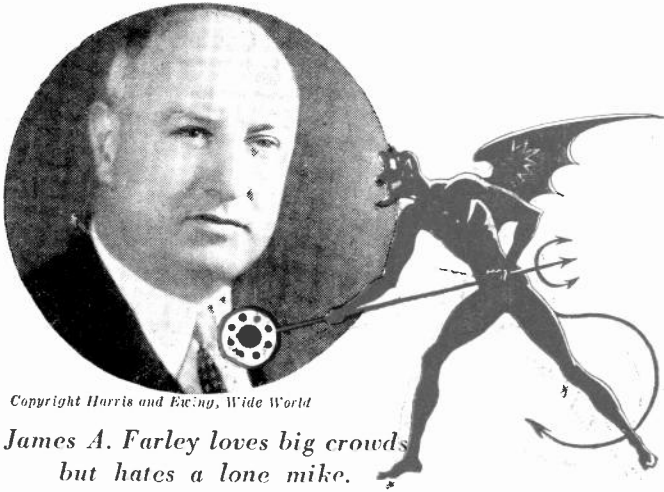
Nor is it surprising that the army of would-be crooners, orchestra leaders dramatic stars, singers of every variety, and instrumentalists is increasing to the dismay of the chain heads. Radio has reversed everything in favor of the lucky few who achieve stellar place. Apart from their earnings for appearing before the microphone, the stars pile up supplementary fortunes for motion picture work, personal stage appearances and endorsements—all growing out of their popularity with the fans. Who then will blame a lad or lass who believes he or she has something to offer for trying?

So much misinformation has been published on the subject of getting into radio that in the interests of those whose ambition heads toward the microphone the attempt will be made to clarify the situation, in order that the radio-struck will know what to do, and better still, what not to do in furthering his or her career. The advice and suggestions that will be offered represents a composite of talks with the audition heads of NBC and Columbia and the radio directors of advertising agencies which engage talent as well as the writer's observations while a chain executive in daily contact with the audition problem.

LET it be said at the beginning that obtaining an engagement on a chain program is not easy. With few exceptions, the greater and lesser stars as well as the general run of artists heard during the day and evening (Please turn to page 87)

MIKE

What happens when "old davvil microphone" begins to terrorize the world's famous



Copyright Harris and Ewing, Wide World

James A. Farley loves big crowds but hates a lone mike.

IT is just a shiny little metal disc—a harmless looking gadget.

To date it has never barked at, snapped at, or bitten anybody. It has never been known to utter an unkind word.

Yet intrepid explorers who have confronted the dark terrors of unknown lands without so much as the twitching of a nerve, have blanched at the very sight of it. Seasoned troupers, veterans of a hundred Broadway first nights have trembled like the aspen at being left alone in the same room with it. Its presence has twisted the glib tongues of orators and statesmen, causing them to give forth utterances as astonishing to themselves as to their audience.

It is that "old davvil microphone."

No matter how experienced a radio artist may become, he never quite gets over his unreasoning dread of the little metal box. If he does, his performance is likely to lose something, because it is that very keying up of the nerves and release of the subconscious which make it possible for him to be at his best.

Yet no one can explain very clearly just what mike fright is, for it never seems to affect any two people in exactly the same way. With one, it is a fear of the thing itself, a feeling that a cold, critical eye is regarding him with a disturbing stare. With another, it may be a sense of the vastness of the listening audience. Some suffer from a sort of claustrophobia, as a result of being shut up in the small, silent studio. Public speakers and actors from the legitimate stage are upset by the lack of a responsive audience. Others are simply conscious of the professional ordeal. The microphone affords no second chance. Every word must be right the first time, or wrong forever.

SOMETIMES a change of setting or routine before a microphone will throw a performer completely out of kilter. Singers, when called upon to speak on Bob Taplinger's "Meet the Artist" program, have usually broken out in a cold perspiration. Sir Hubert Wilkins *ad libbed* without a tremor on his first broadcast, but later, when asked to read from a script, he shook as though with the ague. Charles O'Connor, NBC, got his worst case of mike fright when he went on the air for the first time from the dazzling new studio H in Radio City. The Westminster Singers, whom he was introducing, were in costume. The lights went up and the studio became a blaze of glory. O'Connor's tongue clove to the roof of his mouth, and for the first few seconds that he was on the air, he was unable to utter a word.

One of the worst cases of mike fright on record happened to Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks. That was back in 1923 when they were at the top of the ladder. They had just returned from a triumphal tour of Europe. In every city they visited, they were besieged by clamoring thousands, and took it all in their stride. On their return to this country, they were asked to speak a few words over the radio. It was the first time on the air for either of them. Their few words were all written out. They were pushed trembling into the studio. Mary started her speech, took one look at the microphone, and fainted dead away. Doug struggled manfully to carry on. But his hand holding the manuscript before the mike began to shake so that the rustle of the leaves sounded over the air like a hurricane sweeping through a palmetto grove, completely drowning out his words.

WHEN Queen Marie of Roumania visited America, newspapers and magazines carried volumes of her words. But she absolutely refused to speak into the microphone because of her dread of that awesome gadget. Finally, when she was speaking to a crowd from the steps of an art museum in an Eastern city, a microphone was lowered from a balcony to a position just behind her head and she addressed the radio audience without knowing that she was on the air.

John D. Rockefeller, Jr., went on the air for the first time last Fall. Fearful of getting mike fright during the first few minutes of his broadcast, he hit on an ingenious device to avoid it. He had Herbert Glover,

director of remote programs for the Columbia Broadcasting System introduce him several times before time for the broadcast, so that he was not aware that he was actually going out over the network until he was well-launched in his speech.

Chief Justice Charles Evans Hughes won't stand any closer than six feet to a microphone. Once, when introducing President Hoover before a bar association, he drew from his pocket a pencilled quotation from Woodrow Wilson which he wished to read. Lack of light forced him to move closer to the microphone. He galloped through the quotation, eyeing the mike warily, all the while, as though it were a rattlesnake and the minute he had finished retreated to a safe distance for the rest of his speech.

Ray Long, famous editor, making his radio debut stopped suddenly half-way through his talk, gripped

his desk with perspiration streaming down his forehead and muttered desperately:

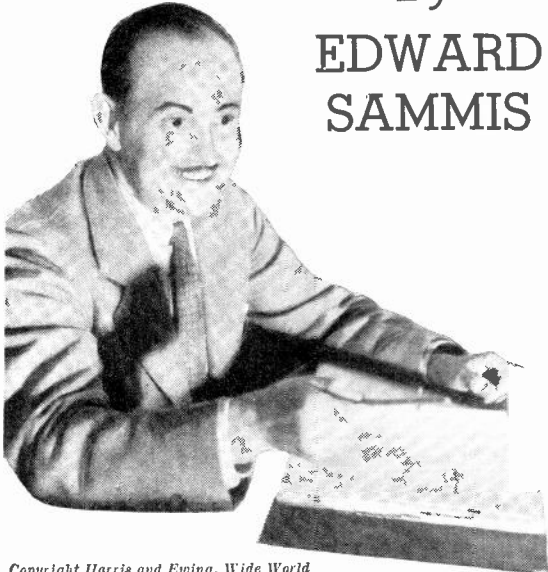
"I—I can't go on!"



Wilkins shook as though with the ague.

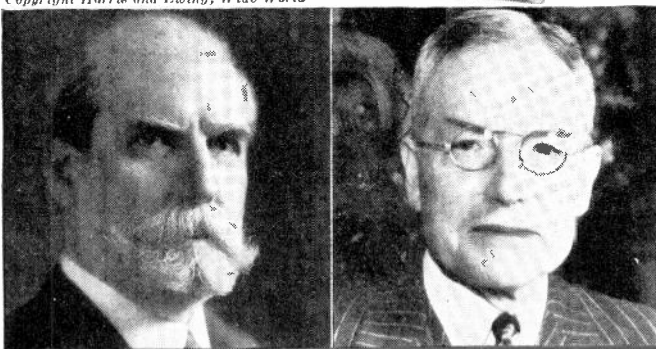
Fright

By
EDWARD
SAMMIS



Copyright Harris and Ewing, Wide World

Wide World



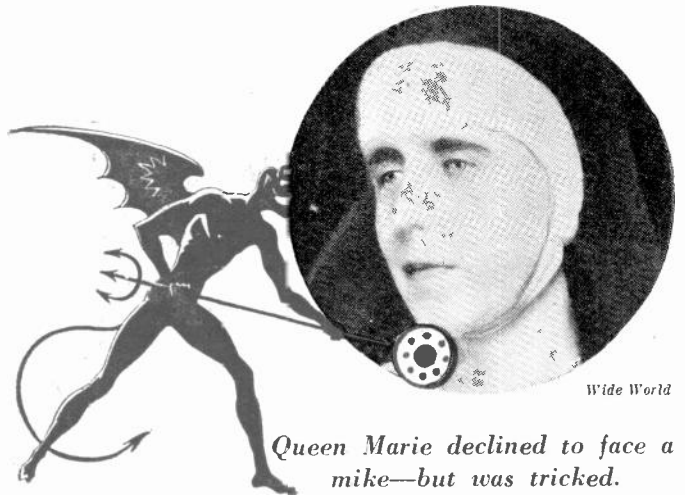
Top, John Carlile, CBS expert. Above, Chief Justice Hughes and John D. Rockefeller, Jr.

The engineer in the control room, sensing disaster, turned down the volume and the production man went over to him and remarked calmly: "Just read it to me, Ray."

His mind distracted for the moment from the paralyzing consciousness of his invisible audience, Long went on to the end without further difficulty.

Eddie Rickenbacker, famous war ace, accustomed to facing death in the clouds, had to be supported by an announcer during his first appearance on the air. Claudette Colbert broke down and began sobbing uncontrollably. Marie Dressler's legs gave way when she first appeared as guest artist on Rudy Vallee's hour, and she had to be helped to a chair. Helen Morgan burst into tears. Rosa Ponselle "blew up" completely on her first broadcast and Chaliapin suffered a severe attack of claustrophobia which almost stopped his singing.

Such cases of acute "mike panic" are



Wide World

Queen Marie declined to face a mike—but was tricked.

fairly rare now. Most persons in public life are accustomed to speaking into the microphone at one time or another. They have had a chance to recover from their first black horror. But mike fright still stays with them in milder though chronic form. Postmaster General James A. Farley, for example, never has any difficulty speaking at public gatherings where microphones are placed about the hall, because he has become accustomed to that. But when he is confronted with a mike face to face in a studio, he still gets nervous just before going on.

PEOPLE react to mike fright according to their occupations and experience.

"Aviators," said Herbert Glover, who has brought hundreds of them to the microphone, "rarely suffer from it. Or if they do, no one knows about it. They are so used to perfectly coordinating their muscles no matter what their emotions are that they go right ahead. Besides, they are accustomed to mechanics and the mechanical aspect of broadcasting doesn't upset them. They sometimes sound as though they were nervous but that is only because they are a naturally reticent tribe and hate speaking anyway.

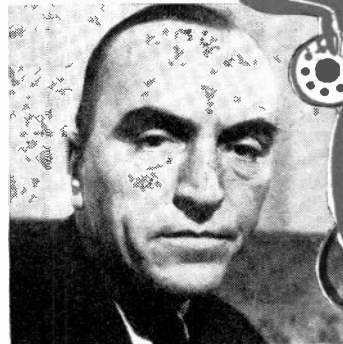
"Athletes are rarely troubled with it because they are usually hauled up to the mike just after the grind of some sporting event and are in such a daze that they don't know what they are saying. The "Hello Mom" greeting of prize fighters has become a gag, but it has its basis in fact because in their punch drunk condition the pugilists often revert to childish jargon which they wouldn't ordinarily use.

"Actors and men in public life have the worst time before the microphone. They have grown to depend on audience reaction as a stimulant, drawing encouragement from the unseen electric current that passes over the footlights or through the banquet hall. The unfamiliar dead quiet of the studio often proves upsetting to them.

"For comedians, audience response is an absolute necessity, and they insist on working before a group of visible onlookers."

Amateurs, those who haven't had a chance to become accustomed to working before audiences, have the easiest time of it. Edwin C. Hill, news commentator, attributes his ease before the microphone to the fact that he never did any public speaking before going on the air.

Children almost never suffer from mike fright. When they muff their words it is from over-relaxation and carelessness, rather than from over-anxiety and nervousness.



Wide World

Eddie Rickenbacker's legs gave out.

WHAT of the radio performers themselves, to whom the microphone is as (Please turn to page 67)



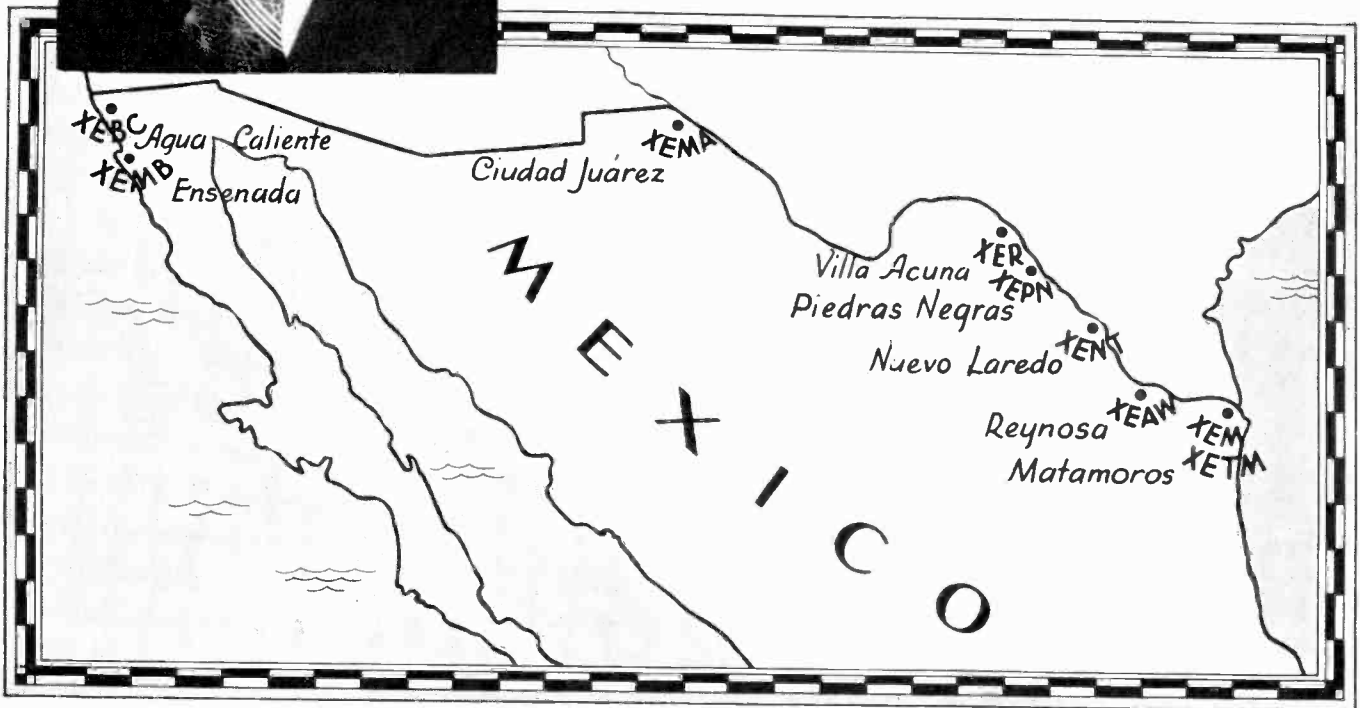
MEXICO

Menaces

AMERICAN

RADIO

Copyright Harris and Ewing, Washington



Above, the Mexican border, with the location of the various stations indicated. Upper left, Dr. Charles B. Joliffe, chief engineer of the Federal Radio Commission.

THE United States government is greatly concerned over the increase in the number

By ROBERT D. HEINL

of radio stations just across the Rio Grande, in Mexico, which broadcast medical and other programs into the United States that because of their character could not be put on by American stations. It was hoped that this evil might be blotted out by the recent North American Radio Conference at Mexico City but when our delegates attempted to reach an agreement Mexico refused to act.

On the contrary, it was learned that, of the twelve clear channels the Mexicans demanded of the United States, they wanted six of these for the border stations, whose programs in English cannot be understood by the inhabitants of the sparsely settled portion of

Mexico where the stations are located, but which are intended solely for the consumption of the gullible in

our country. Little wonder our government is concerned. Although not using nearly that much wattage now, an idea of the possibilities of the situation may be gained from the fact that the aggregate power of all the stations across the border, including those under construction and those whose construction requests are pending, reaches the stupendous figure of 2,432,000 watts. All the stations on our forty clear channels, the highest powered in the United States, only aggregate 1,700,000 watts power.

Except for WLW at Cincinnati, at this time operating after midnight on 500,000 watts, and one of the two most powerful stations in the world, we have

How high power stations over the border broadcast programs that are barred from the air in the United States

no stations in the United States over 50,000 watts. Yet the Mexican government authorization includes four 500,000-watt stations, one 220,000-watt station, and two 150,000-watt stations. If such a plan were ever carried into effect it might blanket our entire broadcasting set-up, to say nothing of what it probably would do to Canada. The Mexican border stations are already interfering seriously with several of our important stations.

Until recently there were five transmitters operating across the border, as in the box at right, one of which has been built since our ill-fated effort to curb their increase at the North American radio parley.

CAUSING particular irritation to our government is the fact that two of these stations, XER at Villa Acuna and XENT at Nueva Laredo, are operated by Dr. J. R. Brinkley and Norman Baker, respectively, whose stations were closed down in the United States by the Federal Radio Commission. Dr. Brinkley, described in a Congressional hearing as "a goat gland specialist," formerly ran KFKB in connection with a hospital at Milford, Kans., and Norman Baker, KTNT at Muscatine, Ia. Baker, according to Congressional testimony, used the station to proclaim that he could cure cancer without an operation.

It was an ironical fact that of the choice radio channels Mexico demanded of us, they proposed to give one to Brinkley and another to Baker, knowing full well that both of these men had been deprived of their broadcasting facilities in the United States. As this issue goes to press comes news that the communications department of the Mexican government has ordered Station XER closed.

An anomaly has been the poor team-work between the United States Post Office Department and the Federal Radio Commission. Brinkley, heard over XER, at Villa Acuna, but actually speaking by remote control from his hospital at Del Rio, Tex., tells listeners to send 25 cents for "Dr. Brinkley's 'Doctor Book,'" and any other correspondence to him, at Del Rio. Thus, though the Radio Commission silenced Brinkley's station in Kansas, well known to the Post Office Department, the Department continued to handle the business promoted by the station he had built in Mexico to outwit the Commission.

Equally anomalous is the fact that not only do the border stations have studios in this country, or did have up to this writing, but that they are apparently owned by Americans.

"They are camouflaged American stations operating in Mexico," Judge Eugene O. Sykes, Chairman of the Federal Radio Commission, told the House of Representatives Merchant Marine and Radio Committee. "They are not bona-fide Mexican stations but really stations owned by Americans for broadcasting into the United States. Their programs are purely for American and not for Mexican audiences."

Judge Sykes, on another occasion, told the House Appropriations Committee of a Mexican regulation that a program must be first broadcast in Spanish and and that then it may be translated into English.

THE BORDER RADIO STATIONS

Call Letters	Location	Authorized Power
XER-XEF	Villa Acuna Near Del Rio, Tex.	500,000 W.
XEPN	Piedras Negras Near Del Rio, Tex.	220,000 W.
XEAW	Reynosa Near Eagle Pass, Tex.	150,000 W.
XENT	Nueva Laredo Near Laredo, Tex.	150,000 W.
XEBC	Agua Caliente Near San Diego, Cal.	Unknown

Mexican border stations either under construction
or having construction requests pending are:

Call Letters	Location	Authorized Power
XETM	Matamoros Near Brownsville, Tex.	150,000 W.
XEM	Matamoros Near Brownsville, Tex.	500,000 W.
XEMA	Ciudad Juarez Near El Paso, Tex.	500,000 W.
XEMB	Ensenada Near San Diego, Cal.	500,000 W.

On Feb. 24th the powerful radio station XER, operated by Dr. John R. Brinkley, was placed under guard by Mexican federal troops after having been forcibly closed.

The station was given thirty days by the department of communications in which to dismantle its equipment.



Copyright Harrie and Ewing, Washington

*Judge Eugene O. Sykes, chairman
of the Federal Radio Commission,
fighting the menace of border
broadcasting stations.*

FURTHER evidence as to the ownership of the stations in Mexico was revealed to the Merchant Marine and Radio Committee of the House by Dr. Charles B. Joliffe, Chief Engineer of the Radio Commission, who said:

"All these stations are financed by United States capital and carry programs of a character which would not be tolerated in this country."

"These stations could not exist for ten days without the support of the American people," Dr. Joliffe remarked to me. "It is true that the charters are in the names of Mexicans but the money comes from the United States. The program talk is all in English."

"The border country is sparsely settled in that portion of Mexico, the natives can speak but few words of English, at best, therefore the stations can't be serving the Mexicans. The American public supports these stations, sends them lots of money and then complains because the Federal Government doesn't do something about it. The remedy is in the hands of the listening public."

When we asked Mexico to *(Please turn to page 90)*

Don't NEVER Do That

By
NAN
CAMPBELL

Joe Penner and his world-famous duck have skyrocketed to the top

IF you could hear Joe Penner tell the story of his breaking into radio you'd be rolling on the floor. But since it's my job to repeat it to you you've got to use your imagination and put in the Penner laugh and the Penner lisp as punctuation marks. Anyhow I'll do my best.

You see when he was playing in burlesque, on vaudeville circuits and in musical shows he used to worry about the boys in the orchestra. He felt sorry for them because they had to listen to the same gags and patter every night, so he started to ad lib—to put in surprise lines—change his routine every show and when he caught one of the grim-faced members of the orchestra in a laugh he felt swell.

Curiously enough, it was just that which almost hampered his radio career because when they first told him he had to broadcast he answered, "You're crazy. I don't get by on my jokes—it's the way I work with the cigar, the way I ad lib and clown around. I'd be a flop on radio."

Every time there was a broadcast of some show that



• *Joe Penner with the missus. When radio executives first told Joe he would be great on the air he said, "I didn't KNOW that."*

Joe happened to be in he always took a walk-out powder. When they started to look for him he was gone. Maybe out, buying a duck, who knew? And when he was making movies at Warner Brothers and the studio insisted that he broadcast for them he said "No" until one night the general manager—and incidentally a very good friend of

his—told him, "Look here, Joe, you've got to broadcast or else."

"Or else what?" asked Joe.

"Or else you don't get your pay check Saturday night."

So what is a guy to do under the circumstances? Huh-huh you guessed it. He got right up and went on the air. But gosh! did he hate it. At that time there were no audiences to watch the broadcasting and every time he told a joke it seemed to fall flatter than a crepe Suzette. He was so disgusted that he would groan after each joke.

His wife had listened in, "You shouldn't do that, honey," she told him. "You shouldn't let the folks know you think your air stuff is rotten."

"But it is rotten," Joe moaned "and why shouldn't I let them in on the secret?"

Shortly after that he began to get letters from various radio companies asking that he make an audition but he wouldn't even (*Please turn to page 68*)

Successful WOMEN IN RADIO

SINCE the days of Queen Scheherazade women have been great story tellers. While precisely the same circumstances have not prevailed in the intervening years, Scheherazade's sisters have nobly carried on the tradition established by her. The relator of the Arabian Nights' Entertainment, you will recall, *had* to intrigue the interest of Sultan Shahriyar, or else that potentate would have strangled her in the morning. Such was her inventiveness that she held his attention for a thousand and one nights and he repented of his vow.

With the advent of the radio many women have transferred their talent for tale telling to that medium. And they have been attended by signal success. But that is to be expected for women are naturally wired for sound. If they were not, how could the loquacious Queen ever have maintained her flow of speech for 1,001 nights? And such words, too, even in the expurgated editions!

It is a tribute to woman's character and resourcefulness that she has attained distinction in a field that does not encourage creative writing. That is, it did not until lately, now that broadcasters are coming around to Shakespeare's idea that the play's the thing.

Until recently the radio rajahs were content, for the most part, to slap almost any old thing on the air in the way of a sketch and rely on a heterogeneous assortment of sound effects to put the story across. The story itself was secondary and for that reason the money appropriated for it was scanty. Noted playwrights, scenarists, novelists and short story writers would not be bothered; their output commanded so much better prices in other markets.

To overcome this indifference on the part of the program makers has been a hard, uphill fight, and it has been fought largely by women forced to exercise their wits and ingenuity much the same as their illustrious, if fictitious, preceptor, Queen Scheherazade. Her right to live depended on her ability to entertain a sanguinary-minded Sultan, and modern Scheherazades have a parallel problem. She became the empress of tale tellers and they are rapidly becoming the empresses of ether entertainment. Thus does history repeat itself.

Review the careers of most of the successful women script writers and you will see how true this is. Mrs. (Please turn to page 58)

*They have overcome
all obstacles*

By
NELLIE REVELL



Wide World

Gertrude Berg writes and acts
"The Goldbergs."



Blakeman & Suter

Elaine Sterne Carrington writes
"Red Davis."



Albert R. Dupont

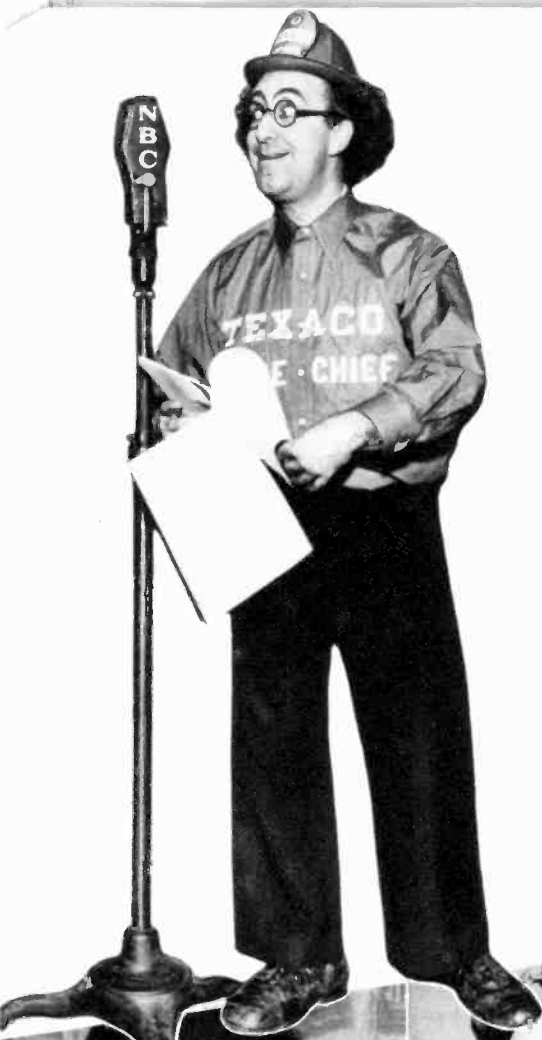
Edith Meiser is the adaptor of
"Sherlock Holmes."



White Studios

Ruth Cornwall, author of
"Death Valley Days."

Left, Ann Bailey collaborates
on "March of Time."



Comedy

IS NO

Laughing Matter



"I love puns," says Ed Wynn. "Who said a pun is the lowest form of wit? I defy him."

THE most famous Fire Chief in all history was taking his ease in his dressing-room at Radio City, reflectively puffing the last inch of a succulent cigar. His red Texaco helmet hung idle on the door. An idiotic sailor hat was perched carelessly on the back of his zany head, indicating relaxation.

It seemed like a psychological moment.

"Chief," I said, coming right to the point, "tell me, just what is a gag?"

Ed Wynn blinked. His owlish spectacles looked as blank as the windows of a haunted house.

"Exactly," he replied, with perplexity. "What is a gag? You're asking *me*. I'm sure I don't know. I have looked it up in my dictionary—believe it or not I have a dictionary—and Mr. Webster never heard of it. A gag, as far as I am concerned, is a loose term in the strange argot of the Broadway columnists evidently used to indicate a joke, a jest, a gibe, a wisecrack, a play on words. To me it simply doesn't mean a thing."

"But what about a pun?" I pursued. "Isn't a

By CHARLES MARTEL

pun actually a gag?"

"A pun?" The Chief's eyebrows shot upwards, disappearing into his

hair. "No. A pun is—well a pun."

He leaned forward, warming to his subject, grasping his knee with arms almost lost in the sleeves of one of his trick checked suits that fit beautifully at the arm holes and nowhere else.

"I love puns!" he confided, his face lighting up with an almost fanatical gleam, "Who said 'a pun is the lowest form of wit?' I take issue with him. I defy him. I throw the words in his teeth. A really outrageous pun is something wonderful and rare—a work of art. Listen to this—

"I'm walking down the street. I meet Gray-ham. He looks sunk. He looks awful. I say: 'Why, Gray-ham, what's the matter?' And Gray-ham says: 'Chief, I forgot to mail a letter for my wife. I'm conscience stricken.' And I say: 'You shouldn't feel that way Gray-ham. Never conscience stricken before they're hatched.'"

The Chief actually burred.

"Isn't that terrible? Why, it's so terrible it's—it's beautiful.

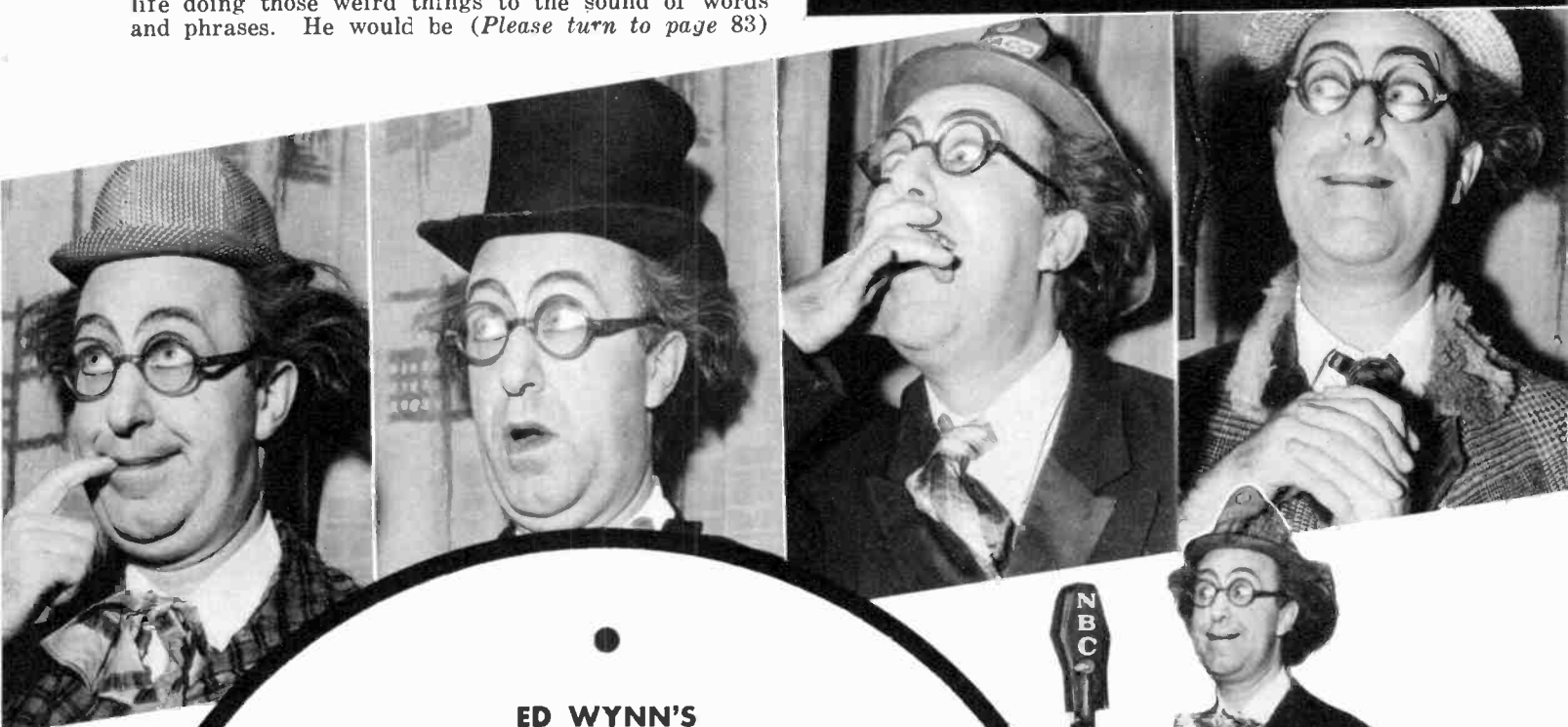
"It's an art, I tell you! Making up puns as bad as that. I've studied it—practised it—for twenty-five years. I can twist anything around now. Take that line 'a pun is the lowest form of wit.' I'll fix that up for you. I'm a baker, see? And a man comes in and wants me to bake him some buns. So I say: 'No! I will absolutely not bake you any buns. I consider a bun the lowest form of wheat!' See how simple it is?"

By this time his eyes were fairly popping, his voice rising in carolling crescendos.

It was perfectly plain that when Ed Wynn said he loved puns, he meant every word of it.

And right there you can put your finger on the secret of his success. Ed Wynn has the time of his life doing those weird things to the sound of words and phrases. He would be (*Please turn to page 83*)

To Ed Wynn being a funny man is a cause, a consuming passion, a science, a fine art and a business. And he runs it like a business.



ED WYNN'S FORMULAE FOR MAKING PUNS

1. The last syllable of the first word must be the same as the first syllable of the second.

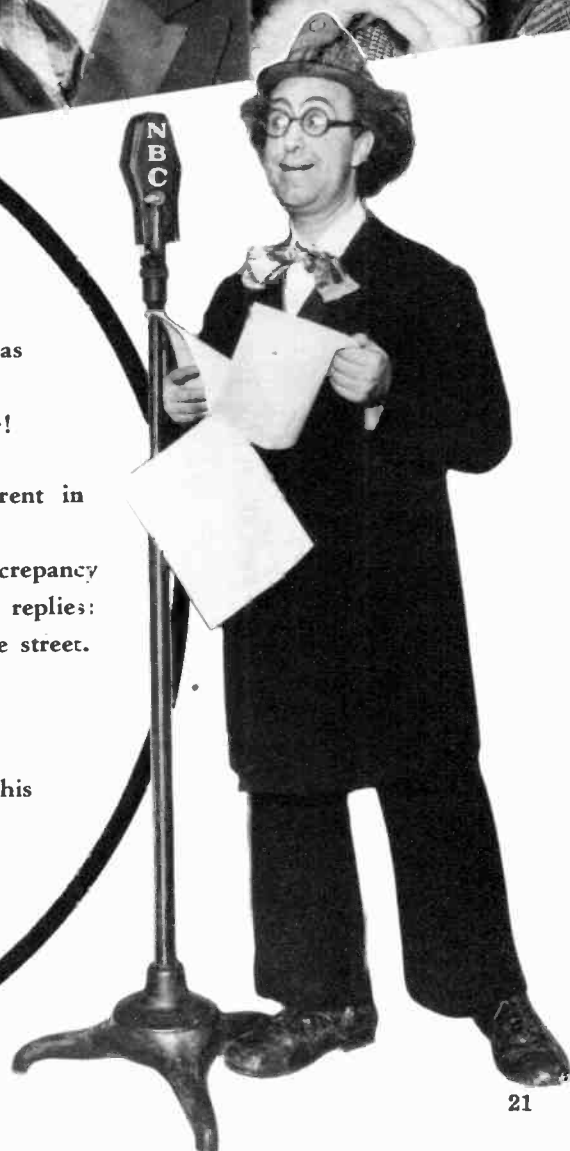
As: Do you know Arthur? Arthur who? Arthurmeter!

2. Two words or phrases alike in sound, but entirely different in meaning.

As: Graham says: "Chief, did you know that there is a great discrepancy between people from different parts of Germany?" And Wynn replies: "Sure, I knew that. Yesterday I saw two Germans meet on the street. And one of them said to the other, 'Discrepancy Deutsch?'"

3. Reversal of words in a well-known phrase.

As: Someone says: "Chief, is it true that a wise man casts his bread upon the waters?" And Wynn puns: "Sure, I knew a wise man once. He was captain of a show boat. He bred his cast upon the waters."





Fox Films

☛ Radio has temporarily lost Alice Faye to movies. She will soon be seen in George White's "Scandals." Below, Harriet Hilliard, whose songs are heard on programs with Joe Penner.



Joseph Melvin McElliot

STREAMLINES ON THE AIRWAYS



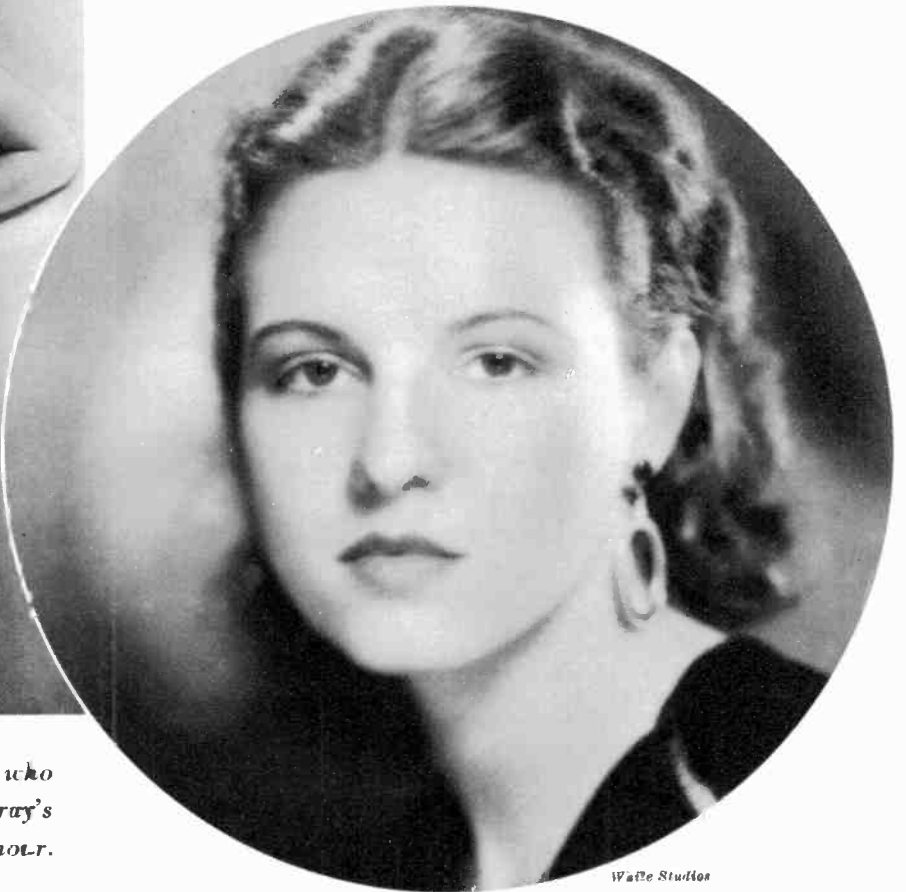
Benmosche Studios

• June Rae, whose voice was heard with Don Bestor's orchestra, is temporarily vacationing. Below, Jean Sargent's singing has thrilled millions on radio and stage.



Beri Lawson

• Irene Taylor is the young lady who has been singing with Glen Gray's Orchestra on the weekly Camel hour.

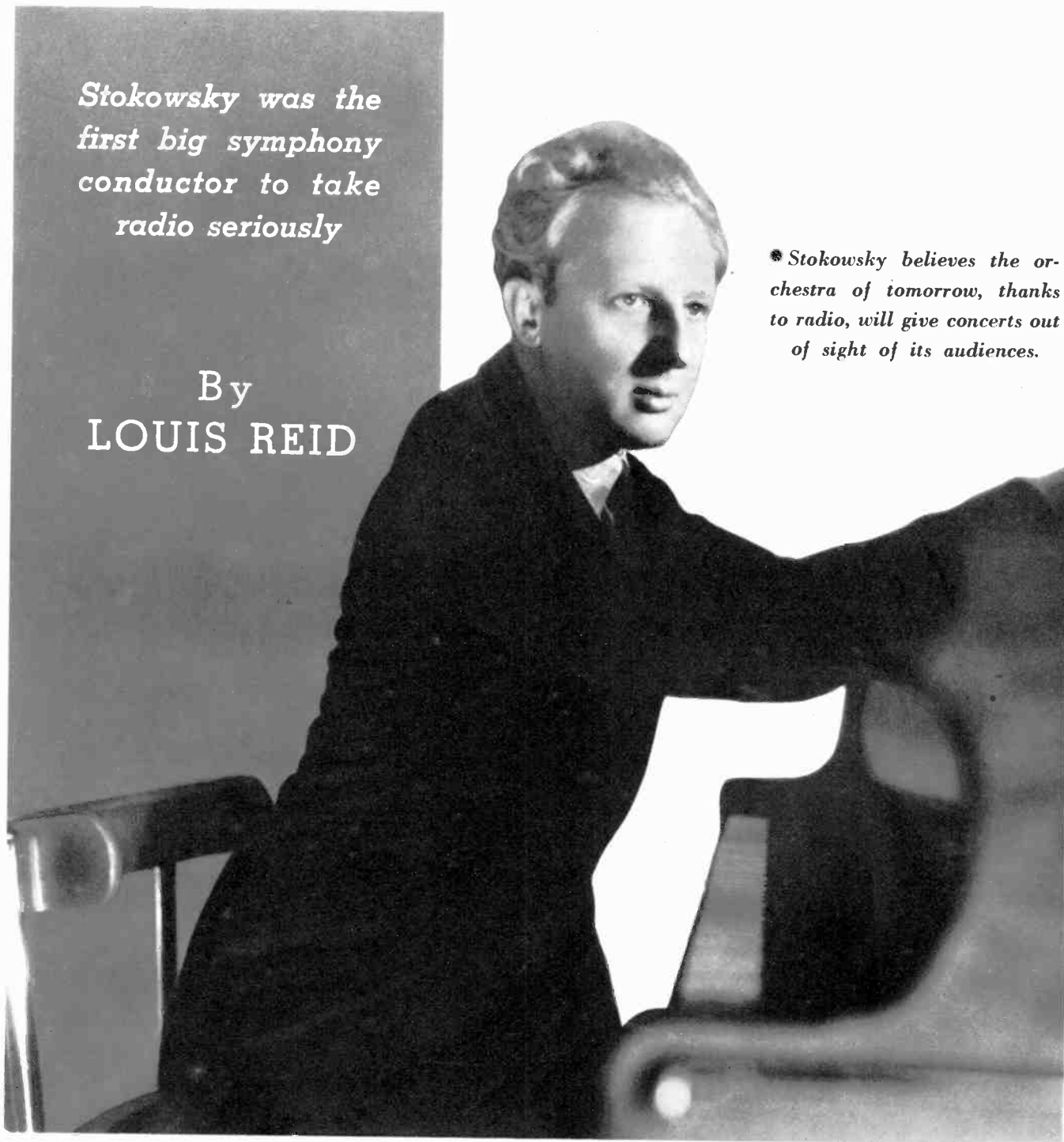


Waltz Studios

Stokowsky was the first big symphony conductor to take radio seriously

By
LOUIS REID

• *Stokowsky believes the orchestra of tomorrow, thanks to radio, will give concerts out of sight of its audiences.*



Maestro Stokky

WHEN Leopold Stokowski marched his musicians of the Philadelphia Orchestra before the microphones, under the aegis of the cigarette caliphs, commercial radio took what many regard as its most distinctive forward musical step.

One of the three great bands of America, the Philadelphia organization, under Stokowski's direction, has been providing to unnumerable listeners the most genuinely satisfying fifteen minutes on radio's daily clock. And it is not solely because it has been delving deeply and intelligently into Wagner and Beethoven, Bach and Mozart and such pyrotechnical moderns as

Stravinsky and Schoenberg, but because it is, as the professors of the ether say, microphone-conscious.

Stokowski himself has seen to that, long ago he visioned the day when orchestral music will be pretty much of a matter of electronics. He saw radio's conquests extended to unbelievable boundaries, noted the progress of the television wizards.

Then and there he resolved to prepare for the day. He resolved, to be specific, to adapt his band to the new science in a way that would send huzzahs echoing through the parlors.

In short, he took radio (*Please turn to page 80*)

THE "IT" GIRL OF RADIO

By
LOLA MASON

WHEN they start tabulating the "It" girls of radio you will find Lee Wiley's name right up at the top. There is something different about Lee. She is not beautiful in the standardized sense but she has a pungent freshness, an aliveness which gives the illusion of beauty. And has that girl caused heart trouble along the Manhattan front!

About two years ago she came to New York, fresh from the wide open spaces of Oklahoma. She went one night with friends to the Central Park Casino, favorite rendezvous of New York's smartest and gayest. During the course of the evening somebody at Lee's table got the bright idea of having her sing for the crowd.

Now when some girl gets up from a table to sing, the patrons, to say nothing of the orchestra leader, expect the worst and as a rule their fears are quite justified. But when this vivid, dark-eyed girl from Oklahoma began to sing in that low, throaty contralto the guests at the Casino sensed immediately that she had something. Leo Reisman, who was playing there, was so impressed with her that he offered her a job singing with his orchestra.

Luck? Of course it was luck. But in Lee's case it was prefaced with many discouragements. On numerous occasions she had tried to get into radio work. She had even had one or two auditions but they netted her exactly nothing. And then when she wasn't even seeking it, fame was handed to her on a silver platter.

In no time at all Lee became something of a rave at the Casino. Men whose names make front page news (*Please turn to page 82*)

Lee Wiley likes two types of clothes—sports and evening wear—preferably a sweater and skirt.

Tower Radio, May, 1934



De Barron

Culcer

"I'd like to fall violently in love but I'm afraid of it," says Lee Wiley who had fame handed to her when she wasn't looking

The Confessions of a

By
S. R. MOOK

BING'S full name is Harry Lillis Crosby. Last month TOWER RADIO MAGAZINE told of Bing's childhood in Spokane, Wash. He was one of seven children. Bing was an ambitious youngster. At seven he was selling newspapers, at twelve he had his first real job, teaching swimming at a summer camp in the Washington lake district. For two years he had an odd job in the local post-office.

Bing entered Gonzaga College in Spokane, almost across the street from his home. He specialized in philosophy and religion. About this time he took up music in earnest. He organized a jazz band, took up drum playing. In the summers the band landed jobs in summer resorts—and Bing took to singing. Then Bing and a pal, Al Rinker, formed a combination, Bing singing and Al playing the piano.

Now go on with Crosby's absorbing life story.

WHEN Bing and Al left Spokane they hadn't an idea in the world where they were going or what they were going to do. They told Mrs. Crosby they were going to Seattle. Their decrepit old flivver was painted with all the smart-cracks they could think of and would have rivaled any high school hero's anywhere.

They managed to play a few dates along the road and the flivver, through the grace of God, held together until they reached Los Angeles.

Al had a sister here, Mildred Bailey, who was even then successful as a singer. She took them in with her and gave them room and board. Then she took them down to see Marco of Fanchon and Marco. They got a thirteen weeks booking at the Boulevard Theatre and—were successful enough—but nothing happened. When that was finished there was a period of two or three months when they wondered vaguely what was to become of them.

They haunted Marco's office for days—without avail. He displayed an—to them—amazing lack of appreciation of the hit they felt they had made at the Boulevard. They managed to get a few dates playing at club dinners which kept them in pocket money and then heard that Will Morrissey was putting on his "Music Hall Revue."

Through some fluke of fortune they got in to see him, interested him and he gave them an audition. They had plenty of hot numbers worked up. For the audition they rendered "Paddlin' Madelyn Home" and "Five Foot Two, Eyes of Blue." Al used to play so fast they could hardly get the words out and then, during the second chorus they would hit what they called "hot licks." You know, the boo-boo-



boo stuff that Bing has made famous.

It was all new to Morrissey and he nearly fell on the floor. When he could collect himself sufficiently he signed the boys. They played four weeks in Los Angeles at the Metropolitan Theatre (now the Paramount) and four in Frisco at the Granada. Then they played a return engagement of four more weeks at each theater.

A NUMBER of scouts for New York agents saw them and they began getting wires from New York offering them jobs in the metropolis. What would have happened had they gone to New York then, no one knows. The legitimate theater was still in a fairly prosperous state and they might have been a hit sooner than they were. On the other hand they might have drifted around New York for the rest of their lives and never got farther than playing dates in outlying picture houses.

Why they didn't accept those offers, Bing can't tell you. "I just had a hunch. They weren't offering much more dough than we were getting here, our friends were all out here, we were having fun and somehow I thought if we could hang

• *Bing plays a crooning job in his next Paramount film, "We're Not Dressing."*



• *Bing in his struggling days in the West, just before he joined Paul Whiteman's Orchestra.*

CROONER

on out here long enough, we'd be able to go in style when the time came."

Bing's judgment was to be vindicated shortly. Paul Whiteman came here on a tour just before the close of their second engagement at the Metropolitan, saw them and signed them for his orchestra.

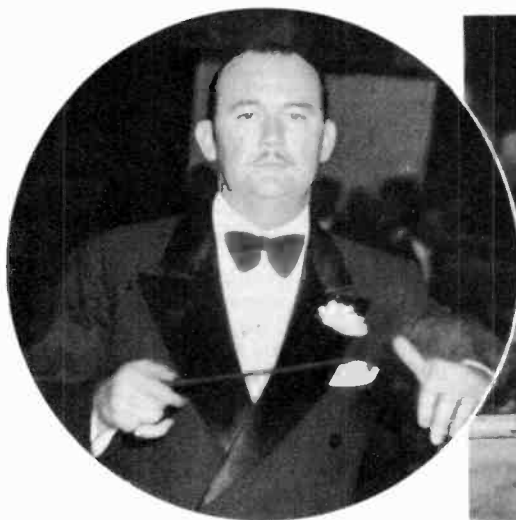
There never were two happier or more excited boys than those the night that contract was signed. The audiences who saw them during the balance of that engagement were treated to an entertainment I don't believe either of them has ever surpassed—not as far as energy goes, anyhow.

They had a couple of weeks left to themselves before they were to join Whiteman in Chicago, so they boarded a train, engaged a section and returned to Spokane in style for a visit. The town did itself proud. The papers screamed "Local boys make good." The manager of the largest theater in town engaged them for a week's appearance and banners flung across the street in front of the theater proclaimed, "Local boys make good."

What a week that was! I doubt if any triumphs the succeeding years have brought or may bring will ever hand either of them the thrill that that week did. They were a success! They had justified themselves!

From Spokane they went to Chicago and joined the Whiteman orchestra. Three weeks in Chicago followed—a week each at the Tivoli, Uptown and Chicago theaters—and a couple of weeks en route to New York. Everywhere they played they stopped (*Please turn to page 69*)

How Bing Crosby joined up with Paul Whiteman and how the famous bandmaster transformed him from a flop into a hit



● Paul Whiteman played a highly important part in the career of Bing Crosby. He gave the singer his chance.



● Above, Bing as he looks today. Mr. Mook's colorful life story tells you how ambition came to Bing—and made him a public idol.

● Left, Bing Crosby and Marion Davies in a scene from Metro-Goldwyn's film, "Going Hollywood!"



Ira Schwarz

The Perfect LOVE SONG

By
GRACE MACK

YOU have heard that quotation about two being born a whole wide world apart . . . to meet one day . . . and read life's meaning in each other's eyes. It may be poetic license to call Philadelphia, where Julia Sanderson was born, and Jackson, Ohio, where Frank Crumit had his premiere, "a whole wide world apart," but if ever Fate worked successfully to bring together two people who were meant for each other it has been in the marriage of Julia and Frank.

Both are veterans of the stage. Their professional paths, however, were miles apart. Julia was at the top of the ladder when Frank was singing "Sweet Adeline" at bean picnics back in Ohio. The chain of circumstances which brought them together is a story right out of the books. Let's follow Julia first.

Her father, Albert Sackett, was a well known stock actor so it was perhaps only natural that she should have had a stick of grease paint for a teething ring. At fifteen, with her hair still in pigtailed, she stepped into the chorus of "Winsome Winnie." She looked such a child that the Gerry society tried to have her sent back to her school books.

Eventually Julia was made understudy to the star. And then, just as it happens in the stories, one night the star broke a leg or something and Julia had her big chance. She attracted the attention of Charles Frohman. Under his management were such names as Frances Starr, Marie Doro, Billie Burke. But Frances Starr and Marie Doro were dramatic stars. Billie Burke was a light comedienne. In Julia Sanderson he saw a potential musical comedy star. She had youth, grace and beauty.

Under the Frohman banner Julia starred in such pro-

• *Julia Sanderson and Frank Crumit met when they were both playing in "Tangerine."*

ductions as "Sunshine Girl," "The Girl From Utah," "Rambler Rose." For years she was the toast of Broadway. And then—

One night a ship sailing across the Atlantic on its maiden voyage

was pierced and mortally wounded by an iceberg. Charles Frohman was a passenger on that ship—the *Titanic*. His last words were headlined around the world. "Why fear death?" he said to a fellow passenger just before the icy water closed round him. "It is the Great Adventure."

The death of Charles Frohman changed the entire course of Julia Sanderson's life. She had grown up under his management. He was her professional guide and mentor. Without him, she was lost. She went into other shows.

"But every move I made was wrong," she told me in reminiscing of those days. "It seemed impossible for me to pick a winner. I began to lose confidence in myself. I even started going to fortune tellers and astrologers but they gave me little help."

After being associated with one failure after another Julia was signed to star in a musical comedy called "Tangerine." The first rehearsal was called in the old Turnverein Hall. And there, on a chilly, dimly lighted stage Julia met Frank Crumit for the first time. He was to be her leading man. He was strumming a ukelele and going over the words of one of his songs.

"Come over here Frank," the director called. "I want you to meet Miss Sanderson."

Julia noticed that he was tall and athletic looking; that there was a genuine warmth in his smile; something about him that gave her the feeling that the show was going to be a success. Scarcely aware that she was doing so she kept thinking over and over:



● Mr. and Mrs. Frank Crumit today. Although the honeymoon is officially over, they are still sweethearts after eight years.

Culver

Underwood & Underwood

Julia Sanderson and Frank Crumit fell in love when singing "Sweet Lady," the hit-song of the show



Bachrach

"I wonder where he's been all my life."
And where, you may ask, had Mr. Crumit been?

DURING the days when Julia was the toast of Broadway he had been making touch-downs and hitting home-runs back in Jackson, Ohio. And, as said before, singing at bean picnics. When he finished college he and a Phi Delta Theta fraternity brother headed for Broadway. In college they had put on an act which had been a wow. They wanted to try it out in vaudeville. After weeks of wearing out shoe leather, looking for a break, they finally talked the manager of a vaudeville house in Brooklyn to give them a chance. Before their act was half over the manager regretted his impulsiveness.

"Sorry, boys," he told them. "But we cater to a high class audience here and I'm afraid you just aren't good enough."

But the boys refused to be discouraged. A few days later they met another fraternity brother who had not been eating either. He happened to be a hot piano player so they revised the act to include him and in some miraculous manner got themselves sent to Ithaca to fill a spot on a vaudeville bill.

"What kind of an act have you boys got?" the manager asked them on their arrival in Ithaca.

"We do a college boy act," Frank informed him.

"God help you!" the manager looked at them pityingly. (Please turn to page 75)

● The only time the Crumits leave their country home, "Dunrovin," is to go on the air.



CHILD Prodigy

By
DORA ALBERT



Culver

Only nineteen now, Vera Van has been singing on the radio for twelve years and trouping since she was barely five years old.

IF you have ever had a thwarted ambition or a dream that was not realized, you will understand how Vera Van's mother felt. All during her girlhood she had dreamed of being a singer. But something always seemed to happen to her dreams. She started to study the piano, but fell ill and could not continue her lessons. When she wanted to learn singing, her father told her she was not strong enough to do so much outside work and that it would be better for her to live a care-free existence. When she was barely sixteen she married, and she put her bright dreams away in mothballs. She made up her mind to devote all her time to being a good wife and mother.

She had three children, two boys and a girl. Such was her love of music that she instilled it into every one of the children.

The girl was the singer we know as Vera Van. Her real name was Vera Webster. She was born nineteen years ago in Marion, Ohio, the youngest of the three children. When she was two weeks old her parents moved to Akron, Ohio.

Dancing and (Please turn to page 92)



Riding to Fame on a Song

By
ELEANOR McHENRY

HE comes from the town that furniture made famous—Grand Rapids, Michigan. But one song put Joe Morrison in more American homes than the furniture product has ever penetrated.

Just to show you: In traveling from Hollywood to New York a few months ago, in isolated sections of Arizona and New Mexico, I heard ranchers talking about Joe Morrison's singing of "The Last Round-up" and explaining to tenderfoot easterners the meaning of the words "little dogie." In the lobby of a small-town hotel in southern Iowa I saw a group of farmers, traveling salesmen and loungers gathered around the radio listening with rapt attention to Joe's inimitable rendition of the song. When he had finished, the clerk, who had been so mesmerized that he had not noticed me waiting to register, said apologetically: "There's something about that song and the way that Joe Morrison sings it that sort of goes right down to my toes—know what I mean?" And as he handed me the pen I noticed (Please turn to page 98)

One song, "The Last Round-up," made young Joe Morrison famous from the Atlantic to the Pacific.



Culver

He Subbed His Way to Success

By
MARY JACOBS

ASK Frank Parker how he became successful. "The breaks were with me," he will tell you. "I'm a great believer in breaks. If not for them, I'd be a second-rate commercial artist, or a chorus man. Of course, you've got to be prepared when your chance comes, or luck or no luck, you wouldn't make good. But you have to have the chance first."

Frank's life bears out his theory. For Frank literally subbed his way to success. If he had not replaced a chorus man in *Little Nelly Kelly*, the Broadway hit, he would never have become a chorus man in the *Greenwich Village Follies*. If he had not been in this revue, he would not have been asked to fill in for the juvenile song lead, in an emergency. Nor would he ever have appeared opposite Hope Hampton as a featured singer in the operetta, *My Princess*. And if he had not sung in that operetta, he would never have been noticed by National Broadcasting Company officials, and rushed into service to take the place of a tenor who had suddenly become ill. (Please turn to page 100)

Frank Parker was ready for the breaks when they came and became a leading tenor of the air.

Low-Down MUSIC

By
MARIE LANE



Culver

She's blonde and blue-eyed, is this blues singer, and she can't read a note of music. She sings from memory, developing her own variations.

IT all began when I was sixteen months old," Annette Hanshaw, the blue-eyed, blond-haired blues singer told me. "I began to hum and sing the latest hits. A little later I tried to pick out their tunes on the piano. I just loved low-down music. And still love it."

"The family couldn't understand where I got my low-brow taste; they were surprised at my selections. The answer was our man-of-all-work, a southern negro."

He was very fond of the little curly-headed youngster and taught her all the songs he knew, some of which weren't meant for the politest of society. From him she acquired a real, honest-to-goodness southern accent.

When Annette was five, the family thought it time to start her musical education. They had hopes of her becoming a concert pianist, for even then she could play by ear. Since the family was living in New York, her mother enrolled her at a conservatory of music. She lasted just two lessons, then refused to take any more. Why, practicing scales and other tedious exercises took all the joy out of playing! (Please turn to page 91)



Paramount

Singing His Way

Time and again Lanny Ross has been saved from embarrassment by the voice which finally took him to Hollywood

LANNY ROSS' first professional appearance took place on a train! It was an impromptu performance and there were no managers present to get his name on the dotted line. But there must have been amateur prophets in the audience who picked Lanny for a young man with a future.

He was then at the ripe age of seven and making his first train trip alone. He had carefully tucked his money in an inside pocket for safety. But when the trip was less than half over and he reached into his pocket to check up on his funds he made the awful discovery that the money was gone. Like most small boys he was always hungry. And believing that food would help him forget his financial loss he went into the diner.

"Could I have some ice cream?" he timidly asked the steward.

"Sure, son—if you've got the money to pay for it."

Lanny confessed that he didn't have any money.

"But I could work to pay for it," he told the steward.

"What kind of work do you think you could do?"

"Well—I could sing for the passengers."

"All right, son. You sing for 'em and if they like it well enough to pay you, you can have the ice cream."

So seven-year-old Lanny stood at the front of the

diner and sang a nursery rhyme about the "Moo-Cow-Moo." In the language of Broadway, he "wowed" them. And when the hat was passed he not only had enough money to buy all the ice cream he could eat, but netted a profit as well.

Since that time there have been many occasions when Lanny's voice has helped him out of difficulties.

When he was about fourteen he entered the Taft School for Boys at Watertown, Connecticut. He arrived at the school in the costume which he had worn as a choir boy at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. Short trousers and socks, Eton jacket and Buster Brown collar. The boys at Taft took one look at Lanny and his, to them, freak outfit and the fun began.

"Hey, kids!" someone shouted. "Come and get an eye-full of Percy. Isn't he sweet?"

In a moment Lanny found himself the center of a crowd of teasing, jeering boys, most of them older and bigger than himself. He had, somehow, to prove to them that he was "regular." He could have done it with his fists. But one boy against a dozen does not stand much of a chance. Lanny thought fast.

"Listen, fellows—how'd you like to hear a funny song?" he asked bravely.

The song turned the trick. Lanny was never called "Percy" again.

From the Taft School he went to Yale. And here again his singing served him well. The occasion was his initiation into a fraternity. As a part of the initiation ceremony each candidate was forced to perform a stunt for the amusement of the frat brothers. No matter how "good" the performance might be, it was greeted with razzberries and hisses.

When Lanny's turn came he mounted the soap box and sang an old English music hall song which his

By JEAN MACDONALD

Lanny Ross likes Hollywood where he sings to a real person instead of a mike. And can you blame him when you look at the scene from his first picture "Melody in Spring" at the right.



Paramount

Through Life

father had taught him. It was a tear-jerking ballad about a drunk and an empty beer bottle. Although Lanny was stone sober himself, he sang the song with such realistic hiccoughs that the members of the initiation committee who had imbibed sufficiently to be appreciative forgot that they were supposed to jeer and instead applauded Lanny's rendition of the song as "true art."

And then there was the time when Lanny made a trip to Australia, peeling potatoes to pay for his passage. Peeling and "eyeing" several bushels of potatoes every day is no small job. After several days of it Lanny began to regret the impulse that had caused him to sign on for the voyage. And then one day he had an inspiration. If the idea clicked it would be the means of his having a little fun out of the trip.

When his day's work was over he went to the cabin which he shared with three garlic-soaked deck hands, astonished them by taking a bath and getting into clean clothes, and then without telling anyone what he was going to do he sneaked up on A deck. Being a very romantic young man, he waited until the moon was in an effective spot and then he began to sing . . . tender little love songs about moonlight and roses and wonderful, wonderful you. Well, you don't have to be psychic to figure out what happened. In no time at all every beautiful girl on the ship just naturally gravitated toward the singing Romeo.

From that time on the trip was a great success. Of course the chef objected to his chief potato peeler turning serenader at night and complained to the captain about it. But the pleas of the girls over-rode the chef's objections and Lanny was permitted to continue his moonlight serenades on the upper deck.

Considering the foregoing, it is not at all surprising that Lanny Ross became such an (Please turn to page 86)

Lanny Ross started professional singing at seven, when he earned money to buy ice cream. Now he is a film star.

Paramount



Paramount

- *"Eadie Was a Lady—" Ethel Merman will always be remembered for her rendition of this song. She is temporarily off the air making "We're Not Dressing" in Hollywood.*

How the head of a great prison is using radio to rehabilitate its inmates, refit them for normal life

By WARDEN
LEWIS E. LAWES

RADIO

BRINGS HOPE INTO PRISON



*Lewis E. Lawes,
Warden of Sing Sing Prison*

Cutler

LEWIS E. LAWES, warden of Sing Sing Prison, has gained an international reputation as a humanitarian. As he says in this article, "I do not regard it as part of my job to punish men for what they did prior to their arrival in Sing Sing. I feel it my duty to bring out the best that is in them, encourage self-improvement, direct their energies into constructive channels and imbue them with respect for and the desire to live a proper community life after discharge from Sing Sing."

Warden Lawes' use of radio in refitting prisoners for their return to the world has been so interesting that the editor of TOWER RADIO asked him to write his own story of radio in prison life. You will find it of tremendous human interest.

Sing Sing is the largest of six state prisons in New York State. More than 70 per cent of all men sentenced for felonies in the state are received there. Its average population is 2,500.

RADIO in Sing Sing! The shade of Captain Lynd, the man who conceived and built the old prison at Sing Sing, and its first warden, must have fumed and shouted unending imprecations upon an innovation that so utterly countered every theretofore accepted notion of prison management. Lynd's philosophy followed the code of his day. Cells were narrow, but their walls were thick and solid. No sunray ever penetrated the dark interior of any of the vault-like cells of the old cell-block. No sound, except the maniacal cries of whipped and tortured souls, ever disturbed the enforced quiet of that marble tomb. Prisoners received no mail, and had no visits.

Says Warden Lawes:

"Punishment cannot be and never has been the saving grace of the crime problem. If it was, the whole question of delinquency could be boiled down to a simple formula. Make life as hard as possible for the offender.

"The prisoner who can 'keep up with the world,' who does not lose interest in intimate relationships, will more readily yield to good influences. And so I am for the radio in prison in the same sense as I am for all other normal prerequisites—good food, newspapers, books, schools and modern and well-equipped work shops.

"The President who from his study in the White House greets the nation in his own inimitable human way, the cleric who thunders his message in passionate appeal, the popular comedian who jests at and with life, yes, even the songster whose sentimental ditties stir memory and emotion—all are welcome radio guests to the men in Sing Sing."

They were not permitted to write letters. That was Sing Sing. That, too, was the basic formula of every prison of the early decades of the Eighteenth Century.

It is a long step between those early days and the new Sing Sing which boasts of a completely equipped central radio outfit that reaches into every one of its twenty-five hundred cells. Old-timers among penologists find it hard to correlate prison and radio. They found other practices at Sing Sing equally difficult to understand. To appreciate the logic of radio in Sing Sing, it might be well to look us over. Does radio fit in with the scheme of things? Is radio an incident to Sing Sing's development in the field of human engineering?

Today, one hundred and nine years after the first rock was excavated for the old Sing Sing, the visiting room in the new Administration Building hums with animated voices as parents, wives or children sit with their prisoner child, husband or father during their weekly visit. A little girl of five is busy with paper and pencil. She holds the page up for her father to see. "Daddy, I can write my name." Proud evidence of her first school days.

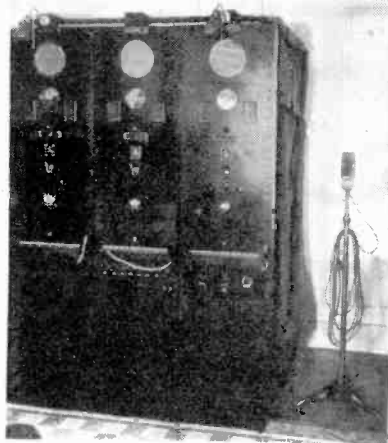
Traditional penology looks on and turns its back upon a scene so pregnant with "danger" to society. "That father has it too easy. Don't forget he is a prisoner. And as such must not be encouraged in the pride of parenthood. A luxury that should be limited to his fellows on the other side of the prison wall!"

A light, airy office adjoins the old cell block on the east. It is a busy office, manned by a large staff of clerks. Everyone has his desk. An officer in uniform sits at a large table. An efficient, courteous gentleman.

he is, who doesn't seem to have an idle moment. A huge pile of mail is stacked up before him. Deftly he slits each envelope. Every letter is scrutinized. It is only a normal day, but he will have fifteen hundred letters to read. They are in a dozen different languages. But he is not a linguist. Foreign scripts, Chinese, Japanese, Russian, German, Yiddish, French, and others, are entrusted to a corps of picked men from among the prisoners. He listens to their translations. The censor stamps each letter, then refers it to a sorter. Every gallery has its bin. The keeper in charge calls for his particular batch of mail. He will distribute it after his men are locked up for the night. Three letters remain upon the censor's desk. He will attend to them personally. A call goes out for three prisoners to appear before him. They are Tim, and Oscar, and Ben. Silently he hands a letter to each of them. "Read them here," he suggests.

Tim finished first. He turns toward the censor. There is a gleam in his eye, and he is smiling broadly. "I was waiting for that letter," the censor grins back. You see, he knows every intimate detail of Tim's married life. Tim's wife had written of her expected happiness. It was their first. "Thanks," Tim sputters. A tear is coursing down his cheek. The censor looks at him in sur-

• Right, the central radio set at Sing Sing and, below, a prisoner in his cell, listening to a radio program via ear-phones.



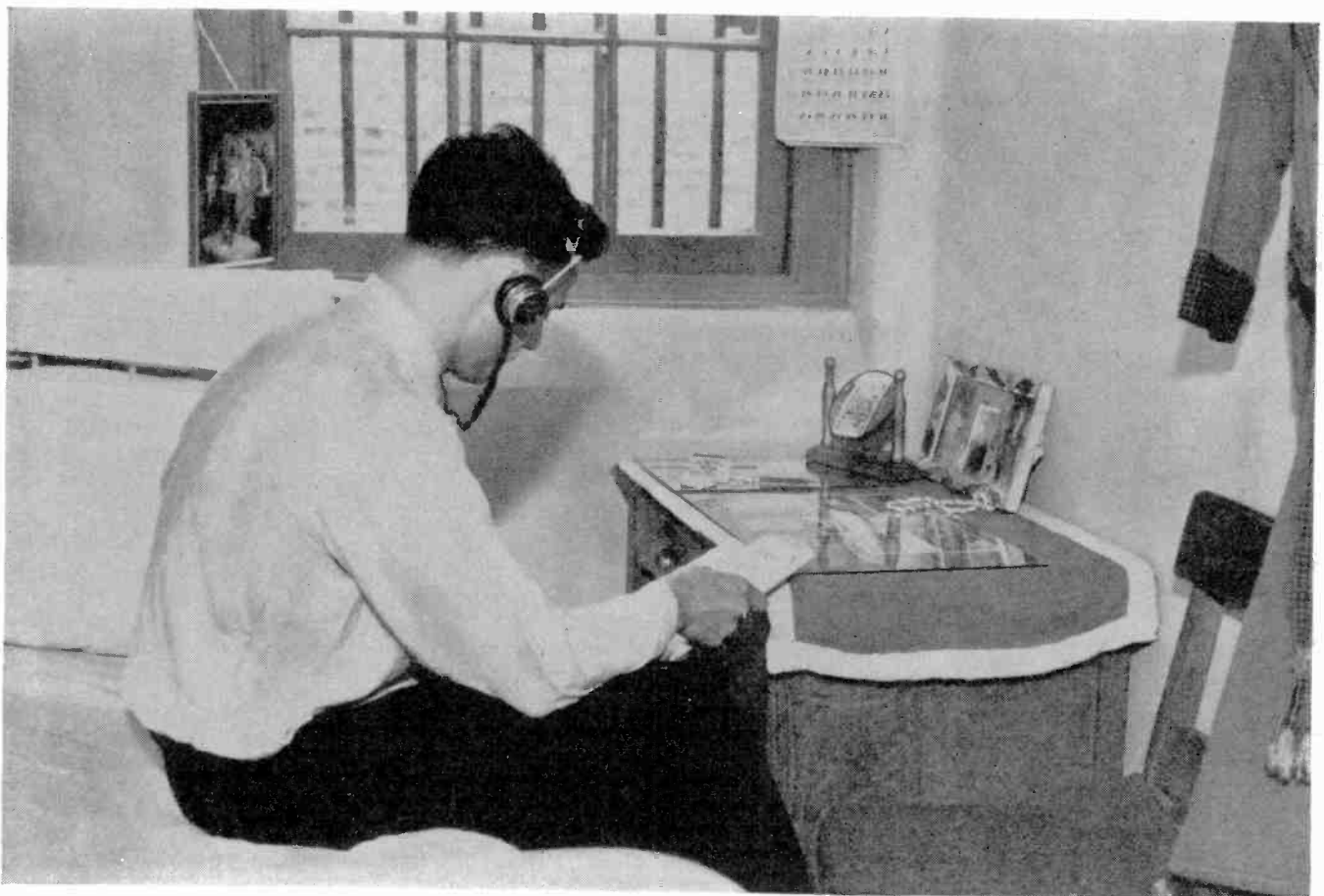
prise. "What's the matter? Aren't you happy?" he asks. "Of course," Tim answers. "Of course, I'm happy. But I'm thinking the kid'll always remember her daddy was in stir when she was born." "I know," the censor agrees, "you'll have a lot to make up for it. But look at all the fun you'll have doing it. Now run along and celebrate." "Celebrate," Tim questions, "me celebrate? But how?" "Easy. Write an extra letter home this week. Send the kid your blessing. Here's a letter-head." Tim leaves. There is a strange spring to his tread. He walks lightly. The censor turns toward Oscar.

"Did you read this?" the prisoner asks. The censor nods. "I've been expecting it, Oscar," he says. "You know how sick she was. But she was brave to the end. A fine thing to remember." Oscar is dry eyed. But his face is drawn. "Yes," he repeats, "a fine thing to remember. How she died while I was in—behind the bars. What a dirty deal she got." The censor makes no comment. For a few moments both men are silent.

Then Oscar looks up at the man in uniform. A slight smile on his face. "She sure did stick by me," he says, "she was a great kid." "That's it, son," the censor replies, "that's the thought that'll help you later when you get out. She'll be watching over you, to see if you remember. Now run along. I'll report this to the Warden, and you'll be able to attend the funeral."

But Oscar waits. He has a question to ask. "I have some money out front to my credit. Do you think they'll let me buy some flowers?" Of course, they will. It's human. Oscar leaves to be alone with his sorrow.

A third man is waiting. It's Ben. He is frowning. He approaches the censor. He is tensely expectant. The man in uniform waits for him to speak. "Well," asks Ben, "you sent for me. What's it all about?" The censor stares at the prisoner. "You know, Ben," he (Please turn to page 76)



Tony Wons

NEW SCRAP BOOK

There comes an hour when all is still.

*When soft lights linger on the hill.
A warmth and glow rise in our hearts,*

*A soft impulse—The day departs.
So often love comes just that way.
And time nor age can make it stay.
Oh youth be happy while it lasts,
For with the night come wintry blasts.*

Vera Blood Fletcher
From Tony's Scrapbook

SAVE TONY WONS'
COMMENTS EACH
MONTH AND MAKE
A SCRAP BOOK OF
YOUR OWN

DID you ever lie awake all night with some brilliant idea—some new scheme racing through your mind? You can't get it out. It's like a tune that you've heard somewhere that keeps playing and playing in your brain. You get all excited about your idea. Your heart beats rapidly. You can't sleep. You fashion it and mould it until you think you have something of great worth to give to humanity. In the morning you rush out and pass it on to the first person you meet, and he, lacking the fire of enthusiasm which you have fanned, smothers it with some trite remark, or shrugs his shoulders and smiles at you for a silly ass. You wilt. All your enthusiasm is gone.

You hide your poor scheme in your breast and there it lies, dead as ashes and you never revive it again. Well, that's the way most of us wilt under unjust criticism. What a responsibility the critic takes upon himself! How careful we ought to be!

We can rob a man of his money, of his home, of his lands, and that is nothing. But when we rob him of his enthusiasm and stifle a cherished idea that strives for expression, we rob that man of part of his soul, and we are bigger criminals than the thief, the hijacker, or even the cut-throat.

THEY tell you that celebrities in the show business are conceited and snooty. Don't believe it. I used to think so myself. I'd meet some people who hold a pretty important place in the stage, movie or radio firmament, and we would become very friendly. A few days later, I would encounter them on the street and they'd pass right by me without even a nod, leaving me staring after them open mouthed and resentful.

But I had a talk with a doctor

the other day and he told me why these people appear to be snobs when indeed they are the finest and most democratic people in the world. The physician stated that they were not conceited but myopic! When they passed me by on the street, it wasn't their ego that prevented their noticing me. It was their nearsightedness!

You could have floored me with a feather! It had never dawned on me before! Many of the stars, their eyes weakened by frequent strain under Kleig lights, or blinding spot lights, wear specs in private but they seem to fear that if their dear public saw them thus it would mean disillusionment and loss of prestige. I wonder. Some of the finest and best looking people I know wear glasses.

Many a celebrity is rapidly going blind because of a childish phobia against wearing glasses in public. Many of them can hardly see five

feet ahead of them. That's why they pass their dearest friends on the street. They realize the danger of offending these friends. They live in a continual fear of doing so. Yet, they dread even more the thought of revealing themselves adorned in spectacles.

Silly! Don't they realize that with the increasing demands civilization is making on our eyes, the people of the next generation will probably all wear glasses, and it will be a social error to see or be seen without them. They will be as indispensable as the powdered wigs of the 18th century.

THE phone jangled, and with a slight muttering, I removed my legs gingerly from the couch, laid down my pipe and an interesting book, tuned the radio down, walked over to the phone, yanked off the receiver, and projected a curt "Hello" into the mouthpiece.

A voice of saccharine sweetness informed me that I was being honored. . . . A company surveying the radio tastes of the city had singled me out as the representative radio fan of the section. Would I please tell her who my favorite radio star was?

"Right away?" I asked.

"Why, of course," she replied with a hint of impatience.

"Can't I have a few hours to think it over?"

(Please turn to page 62)

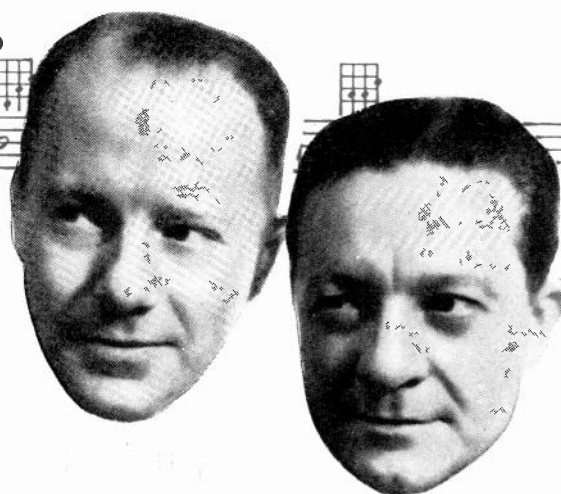


Wons places a philosophical measure upon life, writing exclusively for TOWER RADIO each month

Andante espressivo



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The melody of Amos 'n' Andy is "The Perfect Song," once theme song of "Birth of a Nation."

YOU know them by their THEME SONGS

YOU are hurrying home, wondering whether you will be late for dinner. You pass an open window. The broad chords of an organ melody come floating out to you. Now you know what time it is. Amos 'n' Andy are on the air!

That melody is unmistakable. It is probably the best known tune in all radio. And there are others almost equally famous.

A tenor voice singing "My Time Is Your Time." That means Rudy Vallee in any man's language. "When the Moon Comes Over the Mountain" means Kate Smith is coming over the radio. A chorus singing "Here Comes the Show Boat" means exactly what it says. An orchestra softly playing "Comin' Through the Rye," and you know Guy Lombardo is on the air, with George Burns and Gracie Allen soon to follow.

All of these are theme songs—melodies that certain artists, certain orchestras, certain programs always play whenever they appear. Once you hear the song, you know what's coming.

IT is a fascinating game to track down these theme songs. Many of them have interesting histories, many of them have odd titles, and many of the melodies you recognize instantly when you hear them, but you haven't the faintest notion of what they are.

Take that Amos 'n' Andy theme song, for instance. It has been associated with two of the greatest successes in amusement history. The melody is familiar to literally millions of people.

Yet few people know that its actual title is "The Perfect Song," that Joseph Carl Byeil wrote it, and that it was originally written for that famous epic

of dear old silent days, "The Birth of a Nation."

That last is the most surprising part. Long before radio broadcasting was ever thought of, "The Perfect Song" was part of the musical score that was played up and down the country by orchestras which accompanied that first (and many people still think the greatest) of the super-movies. Do you remember Mae Marsh and Lillian Gish, and Henry Walthall as the "Little Colonel"? Well, those tender love scenes which made a whole generation of movie-goers weep (and which were silent on the screen in those days, of course) were accompanied by an orchestra in the pit playing "The Perfect Song." It was the love theme of the picture.

Many years later—in 1929, to be exact—a new program was about to start for Amos 'n' Andy. They had built up quite a reputation for themselves, first on one station, then on a series of stations in the mid-West, and on records on the Pacific Coast, and now the National Broadcasting Company was going to put them on a big national network.

Came the question of what to use for a theme song. A vice-president of the Pepsodent company, which was sponsoring the broadcasts, remembered a melody the orchestra had played when he went to see "The Birth of a Nation." He didn't know what it was, but he had never forgotten that melody. He started some research, found out what the melody was, and thus "The Perfect Song," which had been the theme of the most successful picture in movie history, now became the theme of the most successful broadcast in radio history. A remarkable record, surely!

Would you like to have some of radio's theme songs identified for you? The Old Maestro Ben Bernie intro-

CHORUS



"Happy Days Are Here Again" soon developed into the Roosevelt campaign song.



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How popular radio stars have become identified unforgettably with their introductory melodies

By TOM CARSKADON



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Rudy Vallee's "My Time Is Your Time" was first used in 1924, just after the radio star left Yale. Rudy was still unknown in those days.

duces himself and all the lads with "Lonesome Town"; yowsah, the full title is "It's a Lonesome Old Town" and it was written by Harry Tobias and Charles Kisco. It's no longer lonesome when Bernie and his lads get there.

WAYNE (Waltz) King starts his soft serenades with "The Waltz You Saved For Me," and Cab Calloway wouldn't think of starting a program without that scorching high-yallah gal from Harlem, "Minnie the Moocher." The new cigarette program with Glen Gray and his Casa Loma orchestra begins, appropriately enough, with "Smoke Rings," and where would Vincent Lopez ever get without his beloved "Nola"?

Abe Lyman and his Californians, rightly enough, feature "California, Here I Come," and Abe is also partial to "Home, Sweet Home" played in waltz time.

stead of "Happy" Days Are Here Again, was installed at once.

Later this same tune, "Happy Days Are Here Again," became virtually the theme song of Franklin D. Roosevelt's successful campaign for the Presidency in 1932. It is interesting to note, too, that the famous phrase of that campaign, the Forgotten Man, was first used by Roosevelt in his speech on the Lucky Strike program.

In the midst of all this fame, scarcely anyone now remembers that "Happy Days Are Here Again" was originally part of the score of an only moderately successful talking movie, "Chasing Rainbows," released near the end of 1929 with Bessie Love and Charles King in the featured roles. The movie is forgotten, but the song lives on to bring fame to its writers, Jack Yellen and Milton Ager, and the publishing firm of Ager, Yellen and Bornstein.

Another song with both political and radio history is "Smiles." This, of course, was one of the most famous of all war songs of the stirring days of 1917-18, and will always be connected with that struggle.

Nowadays, when you hear "Smiles" on the radio, you connect it at once with the Ipana Troubadours, who use it constantly as a theme song. (Please turn to page 104)

ROBERT BURNS

From The Golden Book of Favorite Songs, copyrighted by Hall & McCreary Company, Chicago



Little Jack Little trades on his own name by singing "Little by Little" as a theme song, and Enoch Light stirs things up with "Deep in the Blue."

One of the best known theme songs in radio was "Happy Days Are Here Again," which for years served to introduce the Lucky Strike programs. This program had been using for its theme song "This Is My Lucky Day"—for obvious reasons—when, early in 1930, three of the executives in charge of the program happened to hear "Happy Days Are Here Again." Their choice was instant and unanimous, and the new tune, with the final line changed to read "Lucky" in-

Guy Lombardo's melody is "Comin' Through the Rye."



Sophis



Illustrations
by Seymour Ball

*Dale Kelton thought he was
ultra-worldly—until he met
his old sweetheart*

DALE KELTON said:
"More of this suburban stuff, eh? Just tell her we're not in the market."

His young assistant cleared a nervous throat and persisted.

"Believe it or not, Mr. Kelton," he said, "she's got really good stuff. And after all, it isn't as if she's a nobody. Rose Petty is a name that they know in the sticks—her column is syndicated in every small-town paper in the United States."

Dale Kelton reached for a cigarette, snapped an onyx and platinum lighter into magic flame, and answered:

"The very name of Rose Petty," he said, "is nauseating. It's so obviously faked. Her column—I've never read it—is probably faked, too. As for her continuity—I'm not in the least interested. You heard me."

The assistant went right on.

"Whenever it's twilight and the stars are out," she was saying, "the girl says a prayer, 'Give him what he wants of life, God!'"

sophisticated

*This old-fashioned romance
—direct and appealing—
unfolds in a radio broad-
casting studio*

By
**MARGARET E.
SANGSTER**



"You forget, Mr. Kelton," he stammered, "that the country is pretty completely made up of small towns. That's why Rose Petty's stuff has been a big success. She writes about the little simple things that happen to the little simple people. There are lots of simple people in the world, Mr. Kelton. Everybody's not as sophisticated as you are."

Dale Kelton took a long, amused draw on his cigarette before he snubbed it out in a silver porringer by Paul Revere. He looked keenly at his assistant. The assistant was very juvenile and eager.

"Perhaps you're right, Sam," he said, at last. "Maybe I am ultra-sophisticated. Of course, I discount what you say about this especial continuity, to a certain extent. The Petty woman is probably an eyeful! But be that as it may, her stuff must have something worth while or you wouldn't have the guts to give me an argument. . . . Tell your girl friend that I'll give her an audition at five-thirty this afternoon—I'm booked until then."

The assistant was flustered, but he dared voice a last protest.

"MISS PETTY'S good, Mr. Kelton," he said, "you'll see. Thanks a lot for giving her a chance, but don't call her my girl friend—she's ages older than I am. She must be nearly as old—" he stopped his sentence sharply and turned brick color.

Dale Kelton chuckled.

"You were going to say 'as old as you are!'" he reproved. "Shame on you, Sam! So I'm venerable as well as sophisticated? What's your age?"

Sam admitted, blushing, to twenty-one, and stumbled from the presence of his boss. Dale, laughing, watched him go before he lighted another cigarette.

"Well," he told himself, "I suppose thirty-three is a great age—to twenty-one. Good God, when I was twenty-one I was so darned young. . . ." the laughter faded from his lips, from his eyes, "So pitifully young!" he murmured.

His secretary came bustling in; she wore a rusty taffeta frock. She laid a sheaf of letters on his desk.

"Seven people are waiting for you," she said. "And was Sam talking through his hat when he told me that you'd okayed an audition for Rose Petty?"

(Please turn to page 63)

Take Your Problems

By
VOICE of EXPERIENCE

They call him "Adviser to the World" because 12,000,000 listen to him daily. TOWER RADIO is the only magazine carrying his solutions to human problems submitted by its readers.



THE VOICE OF EXPERIENCE
He Holds the Interest of the Nation

IT is gratifying to me to see the whole-hearted response coming in from all parts of the country to my initial column in last month's inaugural issue of TOWER RADIO. I wish that space permitted my answering every inquiry in the body of my column; but, deluged as I have been with questions of every kind and character (all of them equally important to the individuals who have sent them), the only fair thing that I can do is to answer as many as possible of the earliest questions received and, as I explained in my first column, choose from the many pamphlets that I have written, those that apply to the problems not selected for use in this month's column.

Many of my writers will not be able to participate in this service because of the fact that they have signed their letters with initials only, or with some such signature as, "Desperate," "Perplexed," "Broken-hearted," and so forth. Naturally, when those letters are not selected for the column, there is nothing further I can do about them, except to suggest that I will attempt to rotate the type of problem used from month to month in order to try and cover as many classes of problems as is humanly possible. For that reason, although your particular problem may not be chosen, eventually one of very similar character, in all probability, will.

In view of the fact that I never divulge the names of those that confide their difficulties in me and have never allowed any individual or firm access to my files for any purpose whatsoever, those of you who are seriously desirous of a solution to your perplexities will find it to your advantage to give your name and address when writing. The only use that will be made of that name and address is the sending of chosen material which we feel will be of help to you. In the event that your letter is selected for answer in the column, neither your city nor your name will be mentioned; and if you care to you can sign some fictitious name for use in the column, but give your correct name and address for private use only.

Despite what I said last month about my not being a fortune teller, some of the letters indicate a misunderstanding on the part of the writers from the very nature of the questions they ask. Please confine your questions to everyday problems, ordinary or unusual, that can be answered by sound, sane, common sense, and don't expect me to attempt the role of a prophet.

THE following letters and their replies I think will be not only interesting but of practical educational value, not only to those who submitted the problems originally, but to everyone who has any interest whatsoever in the difficulties that others must face, or in the untangling of peculiarly snarled lives. For example, here's a letter that comes from Milwaukee, Wisconsin, which reads:

DEAR VOICE OF EXPERIENCE:

This comes to you from seven girls, all of whom belong to an octette which has sung at a number of functions and has been kept intact for several years. Although two of us have now married, we still keep up our music together and a very close friendship has developed as the result of our little concerts and the necessary rehearsals. Life has thus been made more interesting for each of us and we are now bound in real bonds of friendship.

Let me qualify this statement by saying that this is true of seven of us and, until recently, could be said of all eight. About four months ago a breath of scandal attached itself to one of the girls, to which the others of us at first paid no attention. But when rumors reached us from several sources, not tinged with gossip, it caused me to call a meeting in my home unknown to the girl in question. Naturally, we are proud of the record we have made not only with our voices but also in our private lives. We feel that a stigma attached to one member of our group will affect the reputation of all of us because people are inclined to believe that "birds of a feather flock together."

We have decided that it is necessary for us in the interests of the octette to eliminate this girl, but because of long friendships none of us individually nor the group of us collectively are willing to face the girl and explain just why we wish her to

to the VOICE of EXPERIENCE

discontinue her association with us. We have about decided that, inasmuch as we have only rumors on which to base our action, that probably the best thing for us to do is to try to fasten something definite on her and then send her a letter signed by the seven of us asking for her resignation and explaining the grounds. It was also suggested that we disband for a short time and then the seven of us meet again with a new member without letting her know anything about it until after the organization is formed.

All of us except one listen to your broadcasts, and since reading your first column in the Tower Radio, we have decided to put the matter squarely up to you and would appreciate your advising us as soon as possible whether either of the plans suggested will work, or whether you have a better plan.

Pardon the long letter, but it was necessary to acquaint you with the details.

"WE ARE SEVEN."

ANSWER:

In the first place, girls, I take it for granted that you are Americans. May I remind you, then, that one of the first things that we Americans pride ourselves upon is Justice? No court ever sentences any man or woman until they have had a chance to defend themselves before an unbiased judge or jury and their innocence or guilt is determined upon the evidence submitted, never upon hearsay or rumor.

I grant you that there is much truth in the old saying that "where there's smoke there must be fire." But even this rule has its exceptions. Many a girl whose character is unsullied has had her reputation ruined by malicious gossips.

From the tone of your letter, I believe that you want to do the fair thing by yourselves; but, at the same time, I feel sure that you don't want to make a mistake in unjustifiably dismissing this girl from your group. Therefore, I would, if I were you, follow out one of your suggestions; and that is to determine whether or not there is any truth in the rumors that have floated in to you. I am not suggesting that you make private detectives out of yourselves; nor would I add fuel to the flames by discussing this girl's private life with others. I would call another meeting, not of you seven, but of all eight, and let each one of you who has heard anything detrimental about this girl, in a spirit of fairness and friendship in open meeting, state what has been heard, explaining the necessity for keeping the reputation of your organization unsullied, and let this girl answer for herself as to the truth or untruth of the tales that you have heard.

NEED HELP?

Something worrying you? You can send your problem to the Voice of Experience, TOWER RADIO MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y., enclosing a stamp for reply. Your letter will go unopened to the Voice of Experience for his consideration. Some of these letters will be answered in the department of the Voice of Experience appearing exclusively in this magazine every month.

Listen to the Voice of Experience over the Columbia network each week: Mondays, 12 o'clock noon and 3:15 P.M.; Tuesdays, 12 o'clock noon, 8:30 (except Pacific Coast Time) and 11:45 P.M. (Pacific Coast Time); Wednesdays, Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays, 12 o'clock noon. Eastern Standard Time.

(And I can hear some of you saying, "Well, if she would do these things, she would lie out of them.") I am not taking issue with you on that stand. However, after having associated for the long period of time that you girls have, I know that if the seven of you study this girl carefully as she reacts to the things that you have heard, your womanly intuitions are going to aid you considerably in determining whether or not her defense is one of lies or not.

Don't misunderstand me. If this girl's actions have been of such a character as to lend discredit to your group, certainly you are fully justified in your desire to replace her. On the other hand, if this girl has been maliciously wronged, certainly your friendships are not of the

sterling character they should be if you don't give this girl every opportunity to prove her innocence.

Most of us are moral cowards when it comes to openly discussing with some suspected person the thing of which they are suspected. We are afraid of hurting feelings and we are ready to shift the responsibility of investigating to other shoulders.

Put yourself in this girl's place for a moment. If you were guilty, would you not rather have the thing handled privately by your group and be given the opportunity of resigning, than to have that group resort to chicanery to oust you? On the other hand, if you were the innocent victim of false rumor, would you not understand the necessity of the other girls protecting the name of the organization by getting at the bottom of the facts in the case and appreciate their giving you the first opportunity to clarify the situation? I think you will agree with me that this is true.

Then why not call this meeting at your earliest convenience? I really hope that you will find that these remarks were ungrounded. But, even in the event that you find her guilty of indiscretions that would reflect on the name of your organization, I am sure that you will all feel better, and certainly she should be helped by confining the problem to your own group. After a definite decision is reached, even granted that she is guilty, refrain from gossiping about the change in your personnel, but consider the matter a closed book in your own immediate circle.

I have dealt at this length with this unusual problem because it has so many parallels both among groups of men and groups of women.

• • •

DEAR VOICE OF EXPERIENCE:

How many happily married or unmarried people do you know? I mean people who understand things as they should be (*Please turn to page 94*)

The BOYS

Here the younger radio listeners can read all about their little friends of the air



● *At nine, Baby Rose Marie (right) earns a top radio salary.*

● *Pretty Mary Small (left) is an eleven-year-old blues singer.*



IF you like to hear other boys and girls sing and talk and act over the radio I imagine that you'll be as interested as I am in knowing something about them. There's a chance that you like the grown-up stars better. But I don't believe it. For you write the young entertainers hundreds of fan letters. And if you are anything like me when I was your age it takes a lot to make you write a letter.

The funny part is that the kids whom you hear over the radio are just the same sort of boys and girls as you are. And they like acting and singing as much as you like to hear them. It's a game with them. They actually play at the broadcasting studios and they never think that it is work like washing dishes or sweeping off the front pavement. The only difference in their play and yours is that they get paid for it. I know you won't believe me but I cross my heart and hope to die if Baby Rose Marie doesn't make about \$1,250 a week! If you're good in arithmetic you can multiply that by four and see, roughly, how much she earns a month. And she's only nine years old!

Sometimes the kids are paid by the week—when they're on a regular program. And sometimes when they're on regular programs they aren't used every time so then they get paid by the broadcast. That usually means that they get from \$3.00 to \$50.00 a performance. They're really better off than lots of the grown-up stars because children are allowed to work on as many programs as they can. Eddie Wragge, for instance, has been appearing in thirteen different sketches!

Eddie is a swell kid. He's just thirteen and makes over \$300 every week. You can hear him every day as Black Bart in the "Sunny Jim" sketch. He began broadcasting six years ago as Shrimp on the "Gold Spot Pals." Maybe you remember him. And now he's with "Circus Days," George Olsen, Lionel Program, Soconyland Sketches, Radio Household Institute, Chase & Sanborn Hour, "Roses and Drums" and lots of others. He makes more money than his sister, Elizabeth, who acts in the Red

and GIRLS OF RADIO

Davis shows. She's sixteen and earns \$100 a week.

But the radio kids don't always stick just to radio. Lots of them make personal appearances at theaters and Nancy Kelly has posed for about 12,000 pictures of herself. She gets paid for that because the pictures are used in the magazines for advertising.

DID you ever hear Walter Tetley? Well, he makes \$1,000 a month because he plays the part of Tommy in the "Engineering Thrills" hour. He takes three different parts in the "Salad Bowl Revue" and is Little Wilbur on the "Main Street" program. They call him "Wee Sir Harry Lauder" because he sings Scotch songs like the big Sir Harry Lauder and if you haven't seen the latter your mother can tell you what he's like. They had to ask the real Sir Harry if they could call Walter that and, when he heard Walter, Sir Harry said, "You bet you can call him after me."

Baby Rose Marie is just nine years old but she's a really truly radio star and she makes personal appearances and acts in the movies, too. Her last name is Curley. Her father takes Rose Marie's money and puts it in a bank for her so she will have it when she grows up and will be a very rich woman and can do anything she pleases. Of course, she wants to be a grown-up actress when she's older but she may change her mind by then.

Mary Small is a blues singer, too, although she is only eleven years old. Four times a week she is on radio programs and twice she was "guest star" on the Rudy Vallee hour. And did she feel big, for Rudy introduced her just as if she had been grown and said some wonderful things about her (*Please turn to page 72*)



• *Walter Tetley (right) is called the "Wee Sir Harry Lauder." Billy and Florence Halop are shown above.*





SHORT WAVE Department



How to Log the World's Short Wave Radio Stations



Wide World

Captain Hall in his own short wave studio. Here Captain Hall listens to the world.

IN last month's article we went into detail about the various receivers that the prospective short wave fan can get and also we gave an account of aerials in general. Both these are inexhaustible subjects, but we will leave them for the time being and turn our attention to the subject paramount in all fans' minds. That is: What should I hear and when?

Every day brings new members into this already vast growing army of short wave fans and to these we direct this particular article.

The average short wave receiver is capable of covering the waves from thirteen to two hundred meters inclusive. The wavelengths mostly heard are within nineteen, twenty-five, thirty-one and forty-nine meters. This, of course, is how fans mention the different bands in their every day conversation. We will start at the beginning and attempt to describe just what we should be able to "pull in" on these above mentioned bands.

How to locate the big broadcasters of the world, from England to Japan, on your own short wave set.

By
**Captain
HORACE
L. HALL**

With the coming of Spring PHI, Huizen, Holland, will be back on 16:88 meters, but until that time this Dutch station has been transmitting on 25:57 meters with an irregular schedule. Latest information to hand from the station announcer, Mr. Startz, gives this as their approximate schedule: Mondays, Thursdays, Fridays, Saturdays and Sundays from 7:30 to 11 A. M. EST. Tuesdays and Wednesdays no transmissions. The announcements are made in six languages and the playing of the Dutch National Anthem is the final selection.

Back we will go to the nineteen meter band. There are about eight stations on this band that can be brought in. If you are new at this interesting hobby take this little hint. Go slowly over the dials until you tune in a station. Listen over an announcement and log it. No matter who you hear, if you identify them, write down your dial reading. This is a very important point and we cannot stress it too much. Every station you log makes going after the next "catch" just so much easier. When tuning to find station try to log the local or American short wave stations first.

ON the nineteen meter band you will find four of these. Two are very active, i.e., W2XE, Wayne, New Jersey, 19:65 meters, (Please turn to page 102)

Programs You'll Want To Hear

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

Popular Variety Programs

A&P Gypsies—directed by Harry Horlick; Frank Parker, tenor (Great Atlantic & Pacific Tea Co.) 9 p. m. Monday, NBC-WEAF.

Fred Allen's Sal Hepatica Revue—Fred Allen, Portland Hoffa, Jack Smart, Mary McCoy, Ferde Grofe's orchestra and the Songsmith's quartet (Bristol-Myers Co.) 9:30 p. m. Wednesday, NBC-WEAF, and from 12:30 a. m. to 1 a. m. over KOA, KDYL, KGO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ.

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

American Revue—Freddie Martin's orchestra; Marx Brothers (American Oil Co.) 7 p. m. Sunday, CBS.

An Evening In Paris—Claire Majette, Katharine Carrington and Milton Watson (Bourjois Sales Corp.) 8 p. m. Sunday, CBS.

Armour Program—Phil Baker, Harry McNaughton; Martha Mears, contralto; Leon Belasco and his orchestra (Armour Company) 9:30 p. m. Friday, NBC-WJZ.

Bakers Broadcast—Joe Penner, comedian; Harriet Hilliard, vocalist; Ozzie Nelson's orchestra (Standard Brands, Inc.) 7:30 p. m. Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

The Big Show—Gertrude Niesen, Isham Jones' orchestra and dramatic cast (Ex-Lax Co.) 9:30 p. m. Monday, CBS.

The Big Hollywood Show—Abe Lyman's orchestra and "Accordiana" (Sterling Products, Inc.—Phillips Dental Magnesia) 2:30 p. m. Sunday, CBS.

Major Bowes' Capitol Family—Waldo Mayo, conductor and violinist; Tom McLaughlin, baritone; Nicholas Cosentino, tenor; Hannah Klein, pianist; Four Minute Men, male quartet (NBC service from the Capitol Theatre) 11:15 a. m. Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

Broadway Melodies—Helen Morgan, Jerry Freeman's orchestra and chorus (American Home Products Corp.—Biso-Dol) 2:00 p. m. Sunday, CBS.

The Camel Caravan—Glen Gray's Casa Loma orchestra; Stoopnagle and Budd and Connie Boswell (R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company) 10 p. m. Tuesday and Thursday, CBS.

Chase and Sanborn Hour—Eddie Cantor and Rubinoﬀ's orchestra, Teddy Bergman doing Rubinoﬀ's speaking lines (Standard Brands, Inc.) 8 p. m. Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

Chevrolet Program—Jack Benny and Mary Livingstone, Frank Parker, orchestra directed by Frank Black

(Chevrolet Motor Co.) 10 p. m. Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

Contented Program—Gene Arnold, narrator; the Lullaby Lady; male quartet; orchestra directed by Morgan L. Eastman; Jean Paul King, announcer (Carnation Milk Co.) 10 p. m. Monday, NBC-WEAF.

Fleischmann Hour—Rudy Vallee and his Connecticut Yankees, also guest artists (Standard Brands, Inc.) 8 p. m. Thursday, NBC-WEAF.

Forty-five Minutes in Hollywood—Warnow's orchestra, Eton Boys, Hollywood dramatizations and gossip (Borden Sales Co.) 8 p. m. Saturday, CBS.

Gulf Headliners—The Revelers Quartet; Emil Coleman and his orchestra; guest artists like Will Rogers and George M. Cohan (Gulf Refining Co.) 9 p. m. Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

Hall of Fame—guest artist; orchestra directed by Nat Shilkret (Lehn and Fink Products Co.) 10:30 p. m. Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

Happy Wonder Bakers—Phil Duey, Frank Luther, Pack Parker and Vivien Ruth (Continental Baking Corp.—Wonder Bread) 8 p. m. Monday, Wednesday and Friday, CBS.

Ipana Troubadours—Orchestra; guest artists (Bristol-Myers Co.) 9 p. m. Wednesday, NBC-WEAF.

George Jessel—also Vera Van, contralto; Four Eton Boys and Freddie Rich's orchestra (Sustaining Program) 9:30 p. m. Saturday, CBS.

Let's Listen to Harris—Phil Harris and his orchestra with Leah Ray, blues singer (Northam Warren Co.) 9 p. m. Friday, NBC-WJZ.

Little Miss Bab-O's Surprise Party—Mary Small, juvenile singer; William Wirges' orchestra; guest artists (B. T. Babbitt Co., Inc.) 1:30 p. m. Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

Manhattan Merry-Go-Round—Tamara, Russian blues singer; David Percy; Men About Town; orchestra direction Gene Rodemich (R. L. Watkins Co.) 9 p. m. Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

Maxwell House Show Boat—Charles Winninger; Lanny Ross, tenor; Lois Bennett, soprano; Annette Hanshaw, blues singer; Conrad Thibault, baritone; Molasses 'n' January; Gus Haenschen's Show Boat Band (General Foods Corp.—Maxwell House Coffee) 9 p. m. Thursday, NBC-WEAF.

Molle Show—Shirley Howard and Jesters (The Molle Co.) 7:30 p. m. Monday, Wednesday and Thursday, NBC-WEAF.

Nestle's Chocolateaters—Ethel Shutta, Walter O'Keefe and Don Bestor's orchestra (Lamont-Corliss & Co.) 8 p. m. Friday, NBC-WJZ.

Old Gold Program—Ted Fiorito and his orchestra with Dick Powell, master of ceremonies (P. Lorillard Co.) 10 p. m. Wednesday, CBS.

Oldsmobile Presents Ruth Etting—also Johnny Green and his orchestra, and Ted Husing (Olds Motor Works) 9:15 p. m. Tuesday and Friday, CBS.

Plough's Musical Cruiser—Vincent Lopez and his orchestra; Ed Sullivan, Three Scamps, Arlene Jackson, James Wallington, guest stars (Plough Inc.) 10 p. m. Wednesday, NBC-WJZ.

Pontiac Surprise Party—Raymond Paige and his orchestra; Kay Thompson and the Rhythm Kings; the Southern Rhapsody Choir; The Islanders; and novelty features (Pontiac Motor Co.) 9:30 p. m. Saturday, CBS.

Richard Hudnut Presents Marvelous Melodies—The Powder-Box Revue, with Jack Whiting, Jeannie Lang, Jack Denny and his orchestra (Hudnut Sales Co., Inc.) 9:30 p. m. Friday, CBS.

The Royal Gelatine Review—Jack Pearl, the Baron Munchausen, with Cliff Hall; Peter Van Steeden's orchestra (Standard Brands, Inc.) 8 p. m. Wednesday, NBC-WEAF.

Sinclair Greater Minstrels—Minstrel show with Gene Arnold, interlocutor; Joe Parsons, bass; male quartet; Bill Childs, Mac McCloud and Clifford Soubier, end men; band director, Harry Kogen (Sinclair Refining Co.) 9 p. m. Monday, NBC-WJZ.

Texaco Fire Chief Band—Ed Wynn, Graham McNamee, male quartet, Fire Chief Band (Texas Co.) 9:30 p. m. Tuesday, NBC-WEAF.

Ward's Family Theater—Lean and Mayfield, James Melton, guest stars (Ward Baking Co.) 6:45 and 7:30 p. m. Sunday, CBS.

Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians—Fred Waring with Poley McClintock, the Lane Sisters, Stuart Churchill, Babs Ryan and her brothers and other entertainers (Ford Motor Co. Dealers) 8:30 p. m. Sunday and 9:30 p. m. Thursday, CBS.

Paul Whiteman—Al Jolson, singing comedian; Deems Taylor, master of ceremonies (Kraft-Phenix Cheese Corp.) 10 p. m. Thursday, NBC-WEAF.

White Owl Program—Guy Lombardo's Royal Canadians with Burns and Allen (General Cigar Co.) 9:30 p. m. Wednesday, CBS.

Dance Bands

Leon Belasco—12 midnight Monday, Wednesday and Friday, CBS.

Ben Bernie—(Premier Pabst Sales Co.) 9 p. m. Tuesday, NBC-WEAF.

Charlie Davis—11:30 p. m. Monday, 12:30 a. m. Thursday and Saturday, CBS.

Jack Denny—11:30 p. m. Wednesday, NBC-WEAF.

Eddie Duchin—(Pepsodent) 9:30 p. m. Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, NBC-WJZ.

Phil Harris—12 midnight Wednesday, NBC-WEAF.

Isham Jones—11:30 p. m. and 11:45 p. m. Thursday and Friday, CBS.

Wayne King—(Lady Esther Co.) 10 p. m. Monday, CBS; 3 p. m. Sunday, 8:30 p. m. Tuesday and Wednesday, NBC-WEAF.

Little Jack Little—(Continental Baking Corp.—Hostess Cake) 8 p. m. Tuesday, CBS; also sustaining programs at varied hours—11:15 p. m. Sunday, 11:30 p. m. Wednesday, and 12 midnight Saturday, all on CBS.

Guy Lombardo—11 p. m. Saturday, CBS.

Vincent Lopez—12:30 a. m. Sunday, 12 midnight Tuesday and over a few stations at 11 p. m. Wednesday, CBS.

Waltz Time—Abe Lyman's orchestra, with Frank Munn and Muriel Wilson (Sterling Products) 9 p. m. Friday, NBC-WEAF.

Ozzie Nelson—12 midnight Thursday, 11:30 and 11:45 p. m. Tuesday, CBS.

(Please turn to page 52)



Tower Studio

*Make-up advice is
look smart without
appearing artificial*

*Harriet
Hilliard*

TALKS ON BEAUTY

THIS month Harriet Hilliard gives valuable suggestions on how to apply make-up. She considers it one of the most vital problems that the smart woman of today must solve.

"Women must retain their own individuality as well as consider the latest style in make-up as in clothes," Miss Hilliard tells us. And here are her solutions of the ever-present questions of cosmetics. "What shall I use and how shall I apply it?"

BUDDY ROGERS once said to me that he just could not stand a girl who did not powder her neck along with the rest of her face.

I have had a lot of good make-up advice from men. As a rule,

men like women to look pretty and smart without looking artificial. And when you come to think of it, that is a pretty good ideal of make-up—prettiness and smartness without artificiality.

The idea Buddy gave me about powdering is good. And not just about powdering, either. The idea that you should pay equal attention to everything when you are using make-up is one that is worth remembering.

Nobody can tell anybody else how to make up her face. You can decide how to do yours and I can decide how to do mine. But nobody can decide for us. However, after we have decided how our make-up is most effective, we can probably give each other plenty of good advice about how to use it. (Please turn to page 54)

If you have any beauty problems, Miss Hilliard will keep them in strictest confidence and send you her suggestions. Send a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your questions to Harriet Hilliard, c/o TOWER RADIO, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York.



Drawing by Robert Fawcett

*Radio caters to every member of the family,
with special programs for each.*

How to Use Your Radio

*Your set can be adviser and
counsellor to your household
and family first aid*

By Jesse Butcher

THE broadcasters, in making up their daily schedules, provide a great array of programs that have a distinct home service value. The housewife who seeks out these programs, indeed, may learn as she listens, valuable information of benefit to her and her family. Or, on the other hand, she may dial programs that will play a prominent part in relieving the routine of her household tasks. In this issue we shall point out as a guide some of the programs in this category though it will be impossible within the compass of the article to mention all of them.

As we wrote last month, the broadcasters endeavor to give something for everyone during the course of the day and night. They do a praiseworthy job in volunteering to attempt to please so many tastes but they cannot do our listening for us. They give the radio audience a rich bill of fare leaving the selection entirely to its members. If the pabulum offered does not satisfy our hunger, no matter how captious the appetite, the fault is ours, not theirs. We therefore should plan our listening, studying the published time-tables in order not to miss programs of individual interest. Random dialing is apt to produce random results.

Time

FOR THE CHILDREN

Skippy—CBS—Mon.-Fri., incl.—5 P.M.
Jack Armstrong—CBS—Mon.-Sat., incl.—5:30 P.M.
Buck Rogers—CBS—Mon.-Thu., incl.—6 P.M.
Singing Lady—NBC—Mon.-Fri., incl.—5:30 P.M.
Little Orphan Annie—NBC—Sunday—5:45 P.M.
Lady Next Door—NBC—Monday—4:45 P.M.
Tom Mix—NBC—Mon., Tu., Wed., Fri.—5:30 P.M.
Wizard of Oz—NBC—Mon., Wed., Fri.—5:45 P.M.

FOR THE HOME

Angelo Patri—CBS—Sunday—10 P.M.
Science Service—Wednesday—4:30 P.M.
National Farm and Home Hour—NBC—Mon.-Fri.,
incl.—12:30 P.M.
American School of Air—CBS—Mon.-Fri., incl.—
2:30 P.M.

KEEPING UP-TO-DATE

Fred'k Wm. Wile—CBS—Saturday—6:30 P.M.
John B. Kennedy—NBC—Tuesday—11 P.M.
John B. Kennedy—NBC—Thursday—6:30 P.M.
H. V. Kaltenborn—CBS—Friday—6 P.M.
H. V. Kaltenborn—CBS—Saturday—10:45 P.M.
Edwin C. Hill—CBS—Mon.-Fri., incl.—8:15 P.M.
Lowell Thomas—NBC—Mon.-Fri., incl.—6:45 P.M.
Boake Carter—CBS—Mon.-Fri., incl.—7:45 P.M.
Weather and Market Reports—NBC—Mon.-Fri., incl.—
1 P.M.
Congress (in session)—CBS—Tuesday—10:15 A.M.
5-Minute Flashes—CBS—Mon.-Sat., incl.—10:30 A.M.
5-Minute Flashes—CBS—Mon.-Sat., incl.—11:15 P.M.
5-Minute Flashes—NBC—Mon.-Sat., incl.—10:45 A.M.
5-Minute Flashes—NBC—Mon.-Sat., incl.—11:15 P.M.

First, from the point of view of real home service, programs aimed at the children would seem to take a major place in this category. Generally scheduled at the period when mothers are busily engaged in preparing the evening meal and (*Please turn to page 99*)

COTTONS FOR SPRING



For active sports Miss Froman chose this smart two-piece tennis frock (left) of powder blue cambray cloth with a jaunty dark blue polka dot bandanna collar.

Crisp black dotted swiss with rows of fine white lace and a bright red velvet sash was selected by Miss Jane Froman for early summer evening wear.



From Macy's sports shop comes this smart little suit of nautical inspiration. The jacket and skirt are navy alpaca and the hat is white piqué with a stitched, turn-back brim.



This rough linen jacket (right) over tie silk print selected by Miss Froman for luncheon or tea was designed by Arnelie Earhart. A tan felt halo hat completes the smart ensemble.



These lovely new cotton frocks were selected by Jane Froman, Columbia radio star, at R. H. Macy & Co., New York

Lines start below the surface **in your under skin**

Dryness comes in
your outer skin . .

*Each Skin needs
its own Cream*

THE APPLE TELLS HOW WRINKLES COME



1 At its peak, the inner and outer skins are both firm and smooth.



2 A little past its prime, the inner tissue of the apple has shrunk.



3 The outer skin wrinkled to fit the shrunken under skin. This happens in human skin!

THE truth is—lines and dryness have nothing to do with each other. Each has an entirely different cause. And each starts in an entirely different layer of your skin.

The outer layer—the one you see—is very thin. Heat, cold, wind, even make-up, dry the moisture out of this skin.

And that is where *Dryness* comes. You can avoid it with a cream made just for this Outer Skin. Pond's Vanishing Cream guards the surface of your skin—and puts moisture back into it. It's a greaseless cream. You can use it day and night without fear of oiliness.

But *Lines* have their cause deep down in under skin, when the oil glands there fail to pour out beauty oils. (The apples in the illustration above show you how.)

To keep this under skin full and firm, use a deep penetrating oil cream—Pond's Cold Cream. This soft melting cream is a wonderful cleanser. And it supplies the under skin with just the oils it needs.



Here is the way MISS WHITNEY BOURNE describes this Pond's Two-Skin Beauty Treatment . . .

1. "*Last thing at Night*, I cover my face with this luscious Pond's Cold Cream. It picks up every particle of dirt. I use Pond's Tissues to take this off. Then I do the same thing all over. Sometimes I use Pond's Liquefying Cream—it's new. But the Cold Cream is my steady diet.



Miss Whitney Bourne

of New York, accorded the most beautiful girl of last winter's brilliant social season. She guards her exquisitely fair skin with Pond's Cold and Vanishing Creams. She says: "Two different creams are absolutely necessary."

2. "*After that*, I smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream, and leave it on overnight to soften my skin.

3. "*Next Morning*, and during the day, I cleanse my face well with my Pond's Cold Cream and then put on Pond's Vanishing Cream. I put it on my neck, arms and hands, too. And it's an excellent foundation. Powder stays for hours."

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



For your Outer Skin
Pond's Vanishing Cream, greaseless. Corrects dryness. Holds powder.



Isn't it simple? And logical? One cream to guard the surface of your skin. Another cream to go deep and help the under skin. If you have been trying to get along with one cream only, just try this famous Two-Skin Method for a few days—and see your skin grow soft and fine—smooth.

SEND FOR SAMPLES Pond's Extract Company, Dept. E. 48 Hudson Street, New York City
I enclose 9c (to cover postage and packing) for samples of all Pond's Creams and six different shades of Pond's Face Powder.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Copyright, 1934, Pond's Extract Company

News of the New

"VERY Mexican," says a fashion reporter approvingly of a new vividly striped taffeta blouse. "Viva Mejico," says another in commenting on the new jewelry, taken from real Aztec designs, that has come into sudden fashion this Spring. We are urged to wear these bright colors and daring patterns to bring out the primitive in our natures. Whether or not you count this as an advantage, if you are one of those who respond to fads and fashions, your thoughts this Spring will be veering toward the little Republic on our southern boundary line.

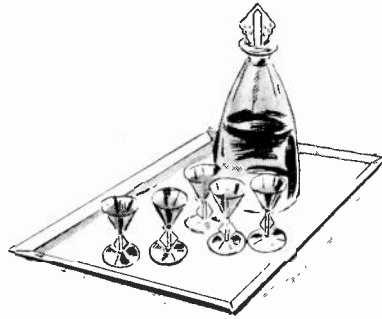
We have always had our little Mexican shops where, if we chose, we could buy bits of colorful, vigorously patterned pottery, and embroideries notable for their striking design and color rather than the fineness of



stitchery. In almost every house there is some example of primitive Mexican workmanship—but it has remained for 1934 to give them fashion importance.

Mexican food, too, has come into the limelight and if you choose your fare with an eye to fashion as well as to your own personal preference in flavor, you will be considering the possibilities of a variety of dishes that combine the traditions of Spanish cookery with the native food products of Mexico. Tortillas may seem to you nothing more nor less than a very poor and pallid excuse for our own nicely browned pancakes. You may feel that chile con carne would be much more appetizing with considerably less chile and more carne, and hot tamales may in all candor strike you as a great culinary mistake—but for the sake of fashion you will at least be on speaking acquaintance with them.

Mexico does not stand alone in fashion's favor. There's a very definite Chinese flavor to many of the smartest new French dress fashions—emphasized in hats of the off-the-face halo type and flat mandarin coat closings. The new three-quarter length tunics and cassock effects remind us that Russia still exerts her influence on Paris and New York, and from the mountainous regions of Austria and Germany comes the new Tyrolian inspiration that began with the little peak-crowned hat with its perky feather last Autumn and has been further carried on this season with sports clothes suggestive of the mountaineer outfit.



SHERRY with a dash of bitters as an appetizer, white Rhine wine with the oysters, Burgundy or Bordeaux with the roast, Madeira with the dessert, port with the cheese, and no less than thirty-one distinctly different types of correct glasses, in which to serve your various beverages. Volumes could and have recently been written on the subject of serving aperitifs, cocktails, wines and liqueurs. There is much ado about the precise temperatures at which each sort of wine should be served, how corks are to be removed, how it should be poured, and where the glasses should be placed. All of this may seem decidedly worth while to you or ridiculously unimportant!

A HISTORY of fashions might be written in terms of nightgowns, dating back from the not so remote period when no one wore them at all. Mid-Victorian ladies naturally wore mid-Victorian nightgowns, fussy, frilly, lace trimmed and embroidered with long sleeves and high necks that buttoned modestly up under the chin. Just as naturally girls of the vagabond, boyish era wore boyish pajamas, as free from coquetry and flattery as they were from prudery. Or, if you chose, there were straight nightgowns as short as your knee-length evening dresses and after that, as something distinctly new, nightgowns with indicated waistlines, with long skirts or even trains. But during most of the post-war period sleeping apparel has been simple to the point of plainness.

Now these new nightgowns that you can buy for as much, or almost as little, as you please show as many frills and flounces, laces and embroidery, tucks, shirrs, and gathers, as those our great aunts wore. But instead of having long sleeves, they have no sleeves at all, just flattering frills at the shoulders, and instead of high-buttoned neckband, many of the newest 1934 nightgowns are cut with a deep décolletage at the back.



CORONET braids have come back into fashion and there's not a particle of deception about wearing one made of hair that isn't your own. It is made of natural hair, to be sure, chosen to match your own perfectly, but in the morning you wear your own short hair as it is and in the evening you appear with a heavy braid of hair circling your head. Certainly no one could be deceived.

Coronets are replacing tiaras, fashion experts say, meaning that in place of the metal and jeweled bands that we wore on our heads during the Winter and early Spring, we now have these braids of hair, which can incidentally be bought as easily as one would buy a new pair of gloves or a new handbag.

Perhaps here is a solution to the question of short hair or long. You can now have all the comfort and convenience of having it short—plus the elegance and formality of long hair when you like.

Advocates of the new style assure us that the coronet marks the return of a fashion custom that dates back some five thousand years to the highest period of Egyptian culture, when noble ladies cropped their own hair and then used natural hair artificially for adornment. In Greece and Rome, too, when those countries were in their glory, women of fashion solved their hair-dressing problems the same way. In fact down through the ages the use of artificial natural hair in some form or other, switches, swirls, transformations or coronets, has coincided with periods of culture and refinement.



Before the Stork Arrives

MOTHERHOOD richly deserves the most skillful medical care to be had. But, far too often, safeguards which can be provided are neglected. As a rule, when proper preparations for childbirth are made, prospective mothers have little cause for anxiety.

Having the right physician is a great comfort. It means as much to the husband as to his wife to be entirely satisfied with the experience and skill of the doctor who may be called in attendance.

Long before the stork arrives, the doctor will advise about diet, proper rest and exercise, and will make periodic examinations. At regular intervals the doctor studies and records blood pressure, urinalyses, temperature, weight, heart and lung action, and possibly makes tests of the blood. Suggestions about mental attitude may also be given.



When there are no abnormal or disturbing conditions, Nature's processes should not be interfered with. But without hurrying Nature, expert obstetricians can often smooth the way for the modern mother by methods unavailable to her grandmother's physician.

With vigilant and unremitting care on the part of her physician and with her own complete cooperation, the period of waiting should be one of happiness and serenity for the expectant mother.

In many localities clinics give free service to those who cannot afford to employ the regular attendance of a doctor. Maternity Centers and other Health Centers give valuable advice and information without charge. The Metropolitan will send on request its free booklet, "Information for Expectant Mothers." Address Booklet Department 534-B.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
 FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT ONE MADISON AVE. NEW YORK, N. Y.
© 1934 M. L. I. CO.

Programs You'll Want To Hear

(Continued from page 47)

Leo Reisman—with Phil Duey, baritone (Philip Morris & Co.) 8 p. m. Tuesday, NBC-WEAF.

Freddie Rich—11:15 p. m. Monday, CBS.

Saturday Night Dancing Party—B. A. Rolfe and his orchestra, Robert (Believe it-or-not) Ripley; Men About Town trio (Hudson Motor Car Co.) 10 p. m. Saturday, NBC-WEAF.

Concerts and Classical Music

Cadillac Concert—Symphony orchestra; guest conductors (Cadillac Motor Car Co.) 6 p. m. Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

Cities Service Concert—Jessica Dragonette and the Cities Service quartet; Frank Banta and Milton Rettenberg, piano duo; Rosario Bourdon's orchestra (Cities Service Company) 8 p. m. Friday, NBC-WEAF; 8:30 p. m. over WFAA, WDAF, KPRC.

Hoover Sentinels Concert—Edward Davies, baritone; Chicago A Capella Choir, direction of Noble Cain; Josef Koestner's orchestra (The Hoover Company) 4:30 p. m. Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

Metropolitan Opera Broadcasts—John B. Kennedy and Milton J. Cross, narrators (American Tobacco Company) 1:45 p. m. to 5 p. m. Saturday, NBC-WJZ and NBC-WEAF.

NBC Music Appreciation Hour—Walter Damrosch conducting (sustaining program) 11 a. m. Friday, NBC-WEAF and NBC-WJZ.

New York Philharmonic Symphony—Arturo Toscanini conducting (sustaining program) 3 p. m. Sunday, CBS.

Rosa Ponselle—9 p. m. Monday, NBC. *Martini*—9 p. m. Wednesday. *Grete Stueckgold*—9 p. m. Saturday. Kaste-lanetz orchestra, mixed chorus throughout. (Chesterfield Cigarettes), CBS.

Radio City Concert—Radio City Symphony orchestra; chorus and soloists (NBC service from the Radio City Music Hall in New York) 12:15 p. m. Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

Albert Spalding—also Conrad Thibault and Don Vorhees' orchestra (Centaur Co.—Fletcher's Castoria) 8:30 p. m. Wednesday, CBS.

The Swift Garden Program—Mario Chamlee, Coe Glade, alternating; concert orchestra, direction Karl Schulte; Norsemen quartet (Swift and Co.) 3:30 p. m. Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

Voice of Firestone—William Daly's orchestra; Richard Crooks and Lawrence Tibbett alternate as guest artists (Firestone Tire and Rubber Co.) 8:30 p. m. Monday, NBC-WEAF; 11:30 p. m. over KOA, KDYL, KGO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, KFSD, KTAR, KGU.

Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra—(Gen. Household. Utilities) 9:30 p. m. Tuesday, CBS.

Piano and Organ Music

Henri Deering—10:30 p. m. Monday, NBC-WJZ.

Fray and Braggiotti—8:45 p. m. Tuesday, CBS.

Irma Glen—(anonymous sponsor) 10:45 a. m. Monday and Wednesday, NBC-WJZ.

Ann Leaf At The Organ—2 and 2:15 p. m. Monday, Tuesday and Thursday, 3:30 p. m. Saturday, CBS.

Children's Programs

Adventures of Helen and Mary—10:30 a. m. Saturday, CBS.

Stamp Adventurers Club—(The Loudon Packing Co.) 5:45 and 6:45 p. m. Thursday, CBS.

Jack Armstrong—(General Mills, Inc.—Wheaties) 5:30 p. m. every day except Sunday, CBS.

Horn and Hardart Children's Hour—A variety show given by children, with Paul Douglas acting as master of ceremonies (Horn and Hardart) 11 a. m. Sunday over WABC-W2XE, CBS.

Junior Bugle—9 a. m. Sunday, CBS. *Lady Next Door*—directed by Madge Tucker (sustaining program) 4:45 p. m. Monday, Tuesday and Thursday, NBC-WEAF.

Little Orphan Annie—with Shirley Bell and Allan Baruck (Wander Co.) daily except Sunday at 5:45 p. m. and 6:45 p. m., NBC-WJZ.

NBC Children's Hour—Milton J. Cross, master of ceremonies, 9 a. m. Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

The Singing Lady—nursery jingles, songs and stories (Kellogg Co.) 5:30 and 6:30 p. m. every day except Saturday and Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

Skippy—(Sterling Products, Inc.—Phillips' Dental Magnesia) 5 p. m. and 6 p. m. every day except Saturday and Sunday, CBS.

Wizard of Oz—(General Foods Corp.) 5:45 p. m. Monday, Wednesday and Friday, NBC-WEAF.

Dramatic Sketches

Bar X Days and Nights—Romance of the early West (Health Products Co.) 2 p. m. Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

Buck Rogers in 25th Century—(Cocoma) 6 p. m. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, CBS.

Billy Butcher—Raymond Knight and Alice Davenport (Wheatena Corp.) 7:15 p. m. every day except Saturday and Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

Dangerous Paradise—Elsie Hitz and Nick Dawson (John H. Woodbury) 8:30 p. m. Wednesday and Friday, NBC-WJZ.

Easy Aces—Jane and Goodman Ace (Wyeth Chemical Co.—Jad Salts) 1:30 p. m. Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, CBS.

First Nighter—June Meredith, Don Ameche, Cliff Soubier; Eric Sagerquist's orchestra (Campana Corp.) 10 p. m. Friday, NBC-WEAF.

Grand Hotel—Anne Seymour (Campana Corp.) 5:30 p. m. Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

Irene Rich In Hollywood—(Welch Grape Juice Co.) 7:45 p. m. Wednesday, NBC-WJZ.

Myrt and Marge—(Wm. Wrigley, Jr. Co.) 7 p. m. and 10:45 p. m. daily except Saturday and Sunday, CBS.

One Man's Family—Anthony Smythe (sustaining program) 11:30 p. m. Saturday, NBC-WEAF.

Patri's Dramas of Childhood—(Cream of Wheat Corp.) 10 p. m. Sunday, CBS.

Roses and Drums—(Union Central Life Insurance Co.) 5 p. m. Sunday, CBS.

Soconyland Sketches—Arthur Allen and Parker Fennelly (Standard Oil Co. of New York) 8 p. m. Monday, NBC-WEAF.

John Charles Thomas, William Daly string orchestra—(Wm. R. Warner Co.) 9:30 p. m. Wednesday, NBC-WJZ.

Comedy Sketches

Amos 'n' Andy—(Pepsodent) 7 p. m.

every day except Saturday and Sunday for those East of Chicago, and 11 p. m. every week-day for those West of Chicago, NBC-WJZ.

Clara, Lu 'n' Em—Louise Starkey, Isabelle Carothers and Helen King (Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co.) 10:15 a. m. every day except Saturday and Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

The Goldbergs—Gertrude Berg, James Waters and others (Pepsodent) 7:45 p. m. every evening except Saturday and Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

Mystery Sketches

Eno Crime Clues—Edward Reese and John Mac Bryde (Harold S. Richie & Co.) 8 p. m. Tuesday and Wednesday, NBC-WJZ.

Kay-Seven—Secret Service spy story (sustaining program) 10 p. m. Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

Featured Singers

Baby Rose Marie—(Tastyeast, Inc.) 12 noon Sunday and 7:15 p. m. Monday, NBC-WJZ.

Tommy McLaughlin—The romantic bachelor (The Rieser Co.) 6:15 p. m. Saturday, CBS.

Bing Crosby—Mills Brothers (John Woodbury Co.) 8:30 p. m. Monday, CBS.

Frank Crumit and Julia Sanderson—(General Baking Co.—Bond Bread) 5:30 p. m. Sunday, CBS.

Tito Guizar—(Brillo Manufacturing Company) 12:30 p. m. Sunday, CBS; also appears on a sustaining program at 6:45 p. m. Wednesday, CBS.

Smiling Ed McConnell—(Acme White Lead and Color Works) 6:30 p. m. Sunday and 12:30 p. m. Wednesday, CBS.

Inspirational Programs

Tony Wons—Keenan and Phillips (S. C. Johnson & Son) 11:30 a. m. Tuesday and Thursday; (sustaining) 11:30 a. m. Monday and Wednesday, CBS.

Checcio—8:30 a. m. every day except Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

Cruise of the Seth Parker—Phillips Lord en route around the world (Frigidaire) 10 p. m. Tuesday, NBC-WEAF.

Del Monte Ship of Joy—with Hugn Barrett Dobbs and Doric and Knickerbocker quartets; orchestra directed by Meredith Willson (California Packing Co.) 9:30 p. m. Monday, NBC-WEAF.

Voice of Experience—(Wasey Products) 12 noon every day except Saturday and Sunday; also Tuesday at 8:30 and 11:45 p. m., CBS. On Saturday he is heard over stations WABC-W2XE only at 12 noon.

Household Hints

Cooking Close-ups—Mary Ellis Ames, home economist (Pillsbury Flour Mills) 11 a. m. Monday, Wednesday and Friday, CBS.

Mystery Chef—(R. B. Davis Co.—Baking Powder) 9:45 a. m. Tuesday and Thursday, CBS; also 9 a. m. Wednesday and Friday, NBC-WJZ.

Ida Bailey Allen—(sustaining program) 10:15 a. m. Thursday, CBS.

News Commentators

Boake Carter—(Phileo Radio and Television Corporation) 7:45 p. m. every day except Saturday and Sunday, CBS.

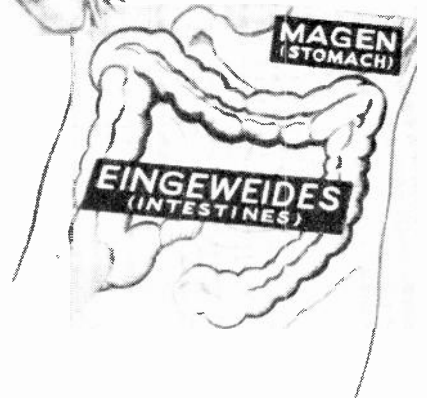
(Please turn to page 54)

"his constipation disappeared entirely—"

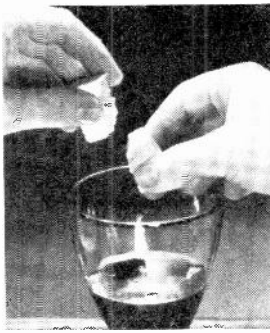
So many ills start in the region shown in diagram. Yeast keeps the stomach and intestines healthy!

reports
DR. EDMUND MALIWA,
noted Austrian hospital authority

Prof. Dr. Maliwa, member of Society of Internal Specialists, Vienna, is Physician-in-Chief of the exclusive Sanatorium Esplanade. He is a lecturer at medical congresses throughout Europe. Read the case he describes below . . .



"PATIENT—age 50—complete lack of appetite, had disagreeable feeling of being 'stuffed up.' He had a run-down condition caused by severe constipation, my examination showed.



"I ORDERED HIM to give up the medicines he'd been dosing himself with and advised that he eat yeast before meals. He followed this recommendation faithfully.



"IN A SHORT TIME his constipation and abnormal symptoms were corrected. We were both delighted." (Note X-ray of healthy colon above—a typical result of eating yeast daily.)



"I COULDN'T SLEEP—was nervous—had awful headaches," writes Ansel P. Harvey, Indianapolis, Ind. "I was crazy with indigestion—constipation. "Fleischmann's Yeast soon cleared the poisons from my system. I slept like a top—ate like a kid."

"**H** EADACHES, colds, coated tongue, bad breath, skin troubles, indigestion—indicate that poisons are attacking the body from *unclean intestines.*" states Dr. Maliwa.

"I advise yeast when intestines are sluggish. It has none of the objections of harsh cathartics and laxative drugs."

Eaten daily—3 cakes a day—Fleischmann's Yeast very soon

benefits your whole health.

Appetite sharpens. Digestion improves. You lose that dull, heavy, "tired" feeling. You catch cold less often, have fewer headaches and boast a much clearer, fresher complexion when yeast relieves you of poisons every day.

Isn't it worth trying? You can get Fleischmann's Yeast at any grocer's, at restaurants, soda

fountains. Directions are printed on the label.

Important: Each cake is rich in vitamins B, G, D. Add it to your diet—today!

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Programs You'll Want To Hear

(Continued from page 52)

The Human Side of the News—Edwin C. Hill (Barbasol Co.) 8:15 p. m. Monday, Wednesday, Friday, CBS.

H. V. Kaltenborn—6 p. m. Friday, CBS.

Looking Over the Week—John B. Kennedy, 4 p. m. Sunday, 11 p. m. Tuesday, 6:30 p. m. Thursday, WEA.

Lowell Thomas—(Sun Oil Co.) 6:45 p. m. every day except Saturday and Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

Frederic William Wile—The political situation in Washington, 6:30 p. m. Saturday, CBS.

Miscellaneous Programs

Academy of Medicine—Health talks

by eminent authorities (Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.) 11:45 a. m. Thursday, CBS.

Byrd Expedition—William Daly orchestra, Fred Crockett, commentator, and mixed chorus (General Foods Corp.) 10 p. m. Saturday, CBS.

Father Coughlin—4 p. m. Sunday over KMOX, KSTP, KYW, WCAO, WCAU, WDRC, WEAN, WFBL, WFEA, WGAR, WGR, WHB, WHO, WICC, WJAS, WJR, WLBZ, WLW, WMAS, WNAS, WOC, WOL, WOR, WORC, WCKY, WOKO.

Madame Sylvia—(Ralston Purina) 10:30 p. m. Tuesday NBC-WEAF.

The March of Time—(Remington Rand, Inc.) 8:30 p. m. Friday, CBS.

Metropolitan Tower Health Exercises—Directed by Arthur Bagley (Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.) 6:45 a. m. every day except Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

Music By Gershwin—George Gershwin and orchestra (Health Products Corp.) 7:30 p. m. Monday and Friday, NBC-WJZ.

Louella Parsons Interviews Movie Stars—with Raymond Paige's orchestra (Charis Corp.) 1:15 p. m. Wednesday, CBS.

The Radio Pulpit—Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, 10 a. m. Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

The Town Crier—Alexander Woollcott, 9:15 p. m. Saturday, 8:45 p. m. Thursday, CBS.

Harriet Hilliard Talks on Beauty

(Continued from page 48)

The only way, I think, for a girl to find out how her make-up looks best is to sit down in front of a mirror, and look and look and look at her face. She must be really critical, and yet fair enough to recognize her good features. If she studies her face honestly she can decide for herself how she can make the best of it.

The thing to remember when you are studying your face and deciding on the way you wish to make it up is that the features should balance. If your eyes are small and your mouth is large, you must make the eyes up so that they will look larger and the lips up so that the mouth seems smaller. If your eyebrows are too low, too close to the eyes, you must have them trimmed, all on the lower side, to make a higher arch—a greater space between the eye and the brow. This will improve the balance of the face.

My own mouth is small. And as you know big mouths are the fashion. So I use lipstick in such a way as to make my mouth look larger. I open my mouth and run the lipstick all over the red surface of the lips, corners and all. Then I close the mouth and with my little finger I run gently around the outer line of the lips, to soften it by rubbing away a little of the lipstick at the edges. That makes a softer, more natural line.

The girl with a mouth that is too large should use lipstick to make it look smaller. If the lips are thin and wide, then she should build it up a little at the center. If they are full and wide, then she should follow the natural line of the lips at the center but fade the lipstick off at the corners.

I know a lot of make-up authorities say not to use lipstick in the corners of the mouth anyway. But unless the mouth is too wide I think the effect is better if at least a touch of lipstick is carried way to the corners. If the corners are left untouched, the red coloring should be very carefully blended off so that there will be no contrast with the natural color of the lips, just a soft shading from a brighter to a duller shade.

TO get back to eyes—I wear my eyebrows thin and highly arched, because my face is small and this line gives a better proportion.

I have never in all my life seen any woman who could not improve her eyes by a little careful attention. Eyebrows, for instance. A very thinly plucked eyebrow is not necessary, but eyebrows should be trimmed to a neat line that follows out the general curves of the face. And where the proportions demand it, the brows should be arched in such a way that they appear lower or higher.

When it comes to mascara, I am afraid I disagree with most authorities. So many of them say to use mascara only on the upper eyelashes. But I like a little mascara on the lower lashes even in the daytime. Not much, you know, but just enough to make them feathery.

AND here is a secret about eye make-up I want to pass on to you. We were at the Mayfair the other night when a woman wearing a lovely blue dress and with the loveliest blue eyes came in. I was very much interested, for I knew her eyes were not really blue eyes—just hazel eyes, like my own, that look green or gray or blue according to your dress—and your make-up. Those eyes were blue, as blue as the dress. And do you know how she did it, that girl with the blue dress? She didn't use any eye shadow, but just a faint touch of rouge on her upper eyelid. The rosy tint of the rouge above the eye brought out all its blueness.

It is difficult to give advice about eye shadow to other girls, because I think that is one of the make-up questions everyone should decide for herself. One thing that must be avoided when you use eye shadow. You put it on and you blend it nicely into the skin around it. Then, after a few minutes, you open your eyes wide, and the edges of the upper lids go back against the lid that is over the eyeball. And pretty soon there is a little line where the two parts of the lid touch. It must be very, very carefully rubbed in and blended to avoid that ugly line.

I have said that I think men give good advice about make-up. Here is something a man once suggested to me—and it works like magic. He suggested that I use my eyebrow pencil to make a fine line under my eyes,

right close to the lashes, and extending way out to the corners. Just a fine dark line, blended in to the skin all along its length. You have no idea, until you try this trick, how much larger it makes the eyes look.

NOW here is a word for the girls. When I first began to take much interest in make-up a girl I knew, an actress, gave me this advice "When you put on your rouge," she said, "just try doing it this way. Close the lips, and smile at yourself in your mirror. And rub your rouge on the fat part of the cheeks, the part that puffs up into a little mound when you smile." I have followed that advice all my life. And it is a sure way for getting rouge on in the right place. There is no need to analyze your face, to think whether it is wide or narrow, long or short. Just put the rouge on those little puffs of the cheek and it will be right, regardless of the type of face.

The matter of how much or how little rouge to use is an age-old question. Common sense should be relied on to decide it. There should be just a flush, as natural looking as possible. None at all makes you look pale. Too much is messy. It is another case for common sense.

I think the most important thing about cheek rouge is to be sure it is well blended with the natural tone of the skin. To begin with, of course, the right shade of rouge should be chosen. You can get help about that when you buy your rouge. There are make-up experts who are glad to give advice to customers about all those things. Then after you apply the rouge, it should be well blended off at the edges with the fingers.

Rouge should be applied with the fingers, if it is paste rouge. If it is powder rouge, it should be put on with a clean little puff.

Powder after the rouge, of course. And be sure to use one of those soft little powder brushes to get the excess powder off the face. They make a very good job of it. And nothing looks worse than to see a face streaked with powder.

Girls nowadays are really very lucky, whether they know it or not, because they live in an age when they

(Please turn to page 86)



**POPULAR
GIRLS**
know how to
**FLATTER
THEIR LEGS**

“Once it seemed as though *all* my spare cash went to stockings. Sometimes I’d get a run, sometimes they’d go at the heel or toe. Then the hosiery sales-girl at a store suggested washing stockings with Lux, to save the elasticity. I took her advice, and now my stockings *fit better* and give at least twice as good wear.”

CORDELIA GURNEE

“With Lux your stockings don’t wrinkle and sag. Seams stay straighter and stockings *wear better*, too.”

VIRGINIA SNYDER

“My girl friend started me using Lux for stockings. Thank goodness she did! I used to rub them out with our bathroom soap, then wonder why they wore out so soon. My stockings last *twice* as long since I’ve been using Lux. I don’t get runs nearly so often, and my stockings don’t wear through at the heel so soon, either!”

MARJORIE HOTHORN

“We keep stockings smooth fitting this way”

“Men always notice when stockings fit badly—wrinkle and sag—when seams keep riding around,” popular girls say.

“It looks so careless! And it is, for it *needn’t* happen. We keep stockings smooth fitting *always*. We wash stockings each night with Lux.”

Lux preserves the elasticity that keeps stockings fitting beautifully just as new stockings do. They don’t go into runs so often either . . . the silk *gives* instead of breaking under strain.

Why not follow the easy Lux way? Avoid rubbing with cake soap—avoid soaps with harmful alkali. These weaken elasticity. Lux has no harmful alkali—it saves the elasticity that makes stockings *fit* and *wear*.



—saves the *ELASTICITY*
that makes stockings *fit* and *wear*

How the Sioux made Kate Smith into Princess Homb-o-goo-win-ga

Behind the Dial



Culver

Jane Froman waits patiently while Erno Rappee leads his orchestra in one of the Linit hours.



Edith Murray, newcomer to radio, has amazed everyone with her "blues."

Abe Lyman with his orchestra maintains a high standing in radio entertainment.



Culver

(Continued from page 10)

her not only photographs and phonograph records but also transcriptions of her broadcasts. Armed with these, she sold herself to several small town vaudeville theatres and added insult to injury by billing herself as "The Real Jeannie Lang."

• • •
GEOERGE JESSEL, who is having a lot of fun making believe he is bad friends with Eddie Cantor, a life-long pal, is Jewish. And proud of his name as well as his race. The other day a newly-made acquaintance exclaimed, "I see Al Jolson's father is a Rabbi. By any chance, was your father a Cantor." "By no chance," snapped George, "he's a Jessel."

• • •
HELEN MORGAN won't sing unless Leete Stevens is presiding at the piano. No, dear reader, there is no romance involved. Helen is happily married to Buddy Masche and Leete ditto to Mary McCoy. For years Stevens has been La Morgan's accompanist and she will accept no substitute, attributing to him wonderful good luck charms.

• • •
Kate Smith, adopted recently as a Princess by the Winnebago tribe of the Sioux with appropriate ceremonies at Sioux City, Iowa, endeared herself to the noble redmen by expressing—to them—a noble sentiment.

"Indians used to scalp their enemies," said Kate, "but the whites skin their friends!"

Naturally pleased with this tribute to their superiority, the Sioux Braves bestowed upon Kate a title befitting her new status as a Princess. It is "Homb-o-goo-win-ga" and sounds beautiful in the Indian tongue. But the English translation is something else again. It is "Heap Big Squaw."

• • •
IT happened one cold night this Winter. Peter Van Steeden, musical director of the Jack Pearl broadcast, was hurrying in his car to his home on Long Island when a traffic cop whistled him to the curb.

"Where's the fire?" demanded the officer as usual.

"Home—in my furnace," explained Van Steeden, "and if I don't hurry, it'll go out."

"Yes, I know it is—I'm a home owner myself," came from the cop. "But nevertheless, here's your ticket. You're the sixth guy who tried to pull that on me tonight!"

• • •
The Granada, Chicago's famous night spot recently destroyed by fire, was where Paul Whiteman, Guy Lombardo and Ted Weems, among others, started up the ladder of fame. Mildred Bailey is one of the many vocalists who launched careers there.

• • •
PHIL DUEY, one of radio's better singers, is running in luck. The other night in a poker game, drawing four cards to the ace of diamonds, he collected the king, queen, jack and ten of diamonds—a royal flush—something which mathematicians will tell you is practically impossible. The next night he was in an auto accident and, although his car was wrecked, he escaped without a scratch.

• • •
AS this is being tapped out on my typewriter, the sponsors of Ethel Waters are debating a problem. A steady stream of letters from the Southland protest against the continuance of the sepia songbird, indicating that race prejudice is still an issue below the Mason and Dixon line. So, if this artist is no longer on the air when you read this, you will know her contract was allowed to lapse. Advertisers don't crave ill-will, even of a minority. (Please turn to page 60)



New Color For Old—With Easy Tintex!

These Tints and Dyes bring smart, Spring colors to faded Apparel and Home Decorations

"I USE TINTEX ON ALL MY APPAREL!"



In Your Home use Tintex for

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

FASHION says, "now is the time to do away with drab, 'washed-out' colors."

And common sense says, "use Tintex to restore the original color to faded apparel and home decorations—or to give everything entirely different colors."

These famous tints and dyes save *time, money* and *trouble*. They give *always perfect* results—equalled only by expensive professional work. No wonder millions of women use them. No wonder Tintex Tints and Dyes are by far the most popular in the world! 35 brilliant, long-lasting colors from which to choose.

On sale at drug stores and notion counters everywhere

Tintex

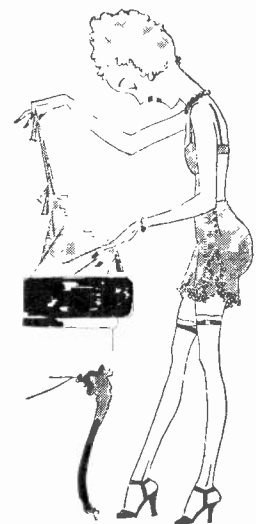
..World's largest selling
TINTS and DYES

PARK & TILFORD, Distributors



In Your Wardrobe use Tintex for

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



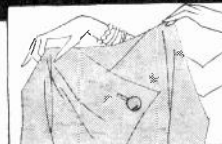
To Change Dark Colors to Light—use Tintex COLOR REMOVER



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.

Successful Women in Radio

(Continued from page 19)

Gertrude Berg, creator of "The Goldbergs," suffered many heartaches before she convinced the microphone moguls that a story of Jewish family life would interest all America. Edith Meiser went through many vicissitudes before she got her famous adaptations of "Sherlock Holmes" on the air. Lulu Vollmer, successful playwright, never would have heard her "Moonshine and Honeysuckle" characters through a loudspeaker if persistence had not been a dominant trait in her make-up. The late Eugenia Dodd, author of the "Friendship Town" skits had to overcome many obstacles and so did Ruth Cornwall, designer of "Death Valley Days," and all the pioneers who blazed the air trail for women writers.

Indeed, women have found radio a hard road to travel in every respect. In some studios their activities are openly resented; in others, they are merely tolerated as a necessary evil—and not so necessary, at that.

Perhaps, you have wondered why there are so few women announcers. It is because their very sex is against them. Their voices seldom sound right on the air because a woman speaking relies solely upon head resonance. A man is heard to better advantage because of the combination of head and chest resonance in his voice.

As they continue to perfect the microphone and broadcasting equipment, it is to be hoped that this handicap to women will eventually be removed but at the moment it is a very material obstacle.

EVEN though the mechanics of the microphone may be a menace to woman, the mechanics of her mind function perfectly when it comes to story telling. And it is in this end of the broadcasting business, profession, art, or whatever it is, that we may expect her greatest immediate advancement.

That this gift in women for romantic imagery weaves air fiction of the right pattern is abundantly attested by the success of Madge Tucker, Irene Wicker, Ruth Aikman and Gertrude Hardeman among the women who design entertainment especially for children. Miss Tucker is director of the children's programs for the National Broadcasting Company and is known to hundreds of thousands of youngsters as "The Lady Next Door." Miss Wicker is "The Singing Lady," so popular in the Mid-West, and delights the kiddies with her musical interpretations of the familiar Mother Goose rhymes. Miss Aikman writes the scripts for "The Wizard of Oz" series and Miss Hardeman creates and plays in "The Tattered Man," and has contributed to radio 'Lizbeth Ann, Captain Caution and other characters dear to juveniles.

For children grown up—and that includes all of us—Louise Starkey, Isobel Carothers and Helen King have made real those delicious backyard gossips, "Clara, Lu and Em." Elaine Sterne Carrington, author of the "Red Davis" series, is another woman script writer who applies a lively imagination to a good purpose. And it is a young woman with a natural flair for dramatic radio writing who was snatched from a magazine desk and made collaborator with Fred Smith in

arranging "The March of Time," one of the outstanding achievements of the air. She is Ann Barley, a newspaper-woman with a background as an actress as well as an author.

IN a survey, such as this, of the accomplishments of women, attention immediately focuses on Gertrude Berg, the brains of "The Goldbergs," as well as the leading player. Mrs. Berg, among the chosen few who have made radio writing pay big dividends, has many claims to distinction, her ability to portray convincingly a mother role being not the least of them. But perhaps the distinction most stressed is that she is essentially a product of radio. She had no stage, screen, musical, literary or any other past performances to aid her in attaining the heights.

As I have inferred, Mrs. Berg had a time of it before her creations came to life on the kilocycles. The daughter of a Harlem hotel keeper, the wife of a Manhattan sugar broker and the mother of two children, she haunted the studios with an idea so good that it would not be downed. But before she even got a hearing she had to overcome prejudice, skepticism, indifference and rebuffs without end. Finally, she conquered through confidence in herself and conviction that the radio could be made to appeal to the heart and intellect through the spoken word. She was one of the first to disprove the pristine theory that radio is a medium only for music.

The principal objection that she had to hurdle was the decided opinion of the broadcasting barons that a story of a Jewish family was too limited in appeal. The basic strength of her sketches, the sympathetic exposition of human nature which is not circumscribed by race or creed, was overlooked. That is, it was the forgotten element of potential success, until "The Goldbergs," timidly permitted to go on the air more to get rid of the persistent author than anything else, immediately struck a responsive chord in the public heart. Even then, although "The Rise of the Goldbergs," as the series was first known, attracted wide attention as a weekly sustaining feature, it was two years before they attracted a sponsor, when the Pepsodent Company adopted them as companions for "Amos 'n' Andy."

MUCH the same experience getting started was that of Edith Meiser, adapter of the "Sherlock Holmes" stories. A former actress with the Theatre Guild and a writer of vaudeville sketches, Miss Meiser, with a neatly typed sheaf of scripts based on the Conan Doyle yarns, made the weary rounds of the New York advertising agencies seeking a sponsor. She spent months in that pursuit and finally convinced the McKnight and Jordan Company, handling the G. Washington coffee account, that exploits of the great detective could be made just as entertaining when heard through a loudspeaker as when read in a library.

WHILE the record does not show that Ruth Cornwall, author of "Death Valley Days," met with as much opposition as some others in getting her desert characters on the air,

hers is a story of brilliant accomplishment deserving attention here. Those days of the old West retold for the benefit of the Pacific Borax Company to the delight of a coast-to-coast audience, have been enthralling listeners for four years. They appeal because of their simple, homespun atmosphere and the careful avoidance of complicated plots and counterplots, and loom large on the horizon of feminine achievement.

Miss Cornwall has been writing since her college days. She began while a student at Vassar when she was editor-in-chief of the 1916 Year-book. Upon graduation she became associated with a book publisher and later went to an advertising agency as a copy writer. Her first experience with a radio scenario was as collaborator with George Frame Brown on the "Real Folks" skits. Prior to doing "Death Valley Days" for the McCann-Erickson advertising agency, Miss Cornwall devised entertainment for the "Five Star" programs and the "Famous Authors" series. She is married and has a child a year old.

ALL women writing radio scripts are not unknowns groping their way in an unknown field. Occasionally established dramatists and novelists are encouraged to try their skill—when sponsors loose their purse strings sufficiently to tempt them. At the moment Elaine Sterne Carrington is applying her unquestioned ability to the new medium of story telling, writing the popular "Red Davis" series for the Beechnut products. This is a program for young parents and growing children, and since Miss Carrington is married and has two children she writes with authority.

Miss Carrington, whose short stories are familiar to magazine readers and who has written extensively for vaudeville and the films has been putting pencil to paper since she was a child of seven. At that early age she was signing her imaginative creations with the mystic letters, G.A., representing in her childish mind Great Author, something she was determined to be just as soon as she grew up.

A playwright predecessor of Miss Carrington's was Lulu Vollmer, author of "Sun Up," the drama which for years served as the vehicle for Lucille La Verne. Miss Vollmer introduced to the armchair clan the mountaineer folks of Lonesome Hollow in "Moonshine and Honeysuckle," and Clem, Cracker, Piney, Pink, *et al*, not forgetting Clem's dog, Bones, proved such good company that they were held on the air for years.

Among other radio trail blazers for women must be included that delightful trio, "Clara, Lu and Em," known off the air as Louise Starkey, Isobel Carothers and Helen King. These three young women, all graduates of Northwestern University, where they first projected the counterparts of Clara, Lu and Em for the delectation of their sorority sisters, were broke when they applied to a Chicago station in June of 1930 for an audition. Thumbs were turned down on their offering at the first studio visited and, pretty blue, they went to the WGN studios in the Hotel Drake.

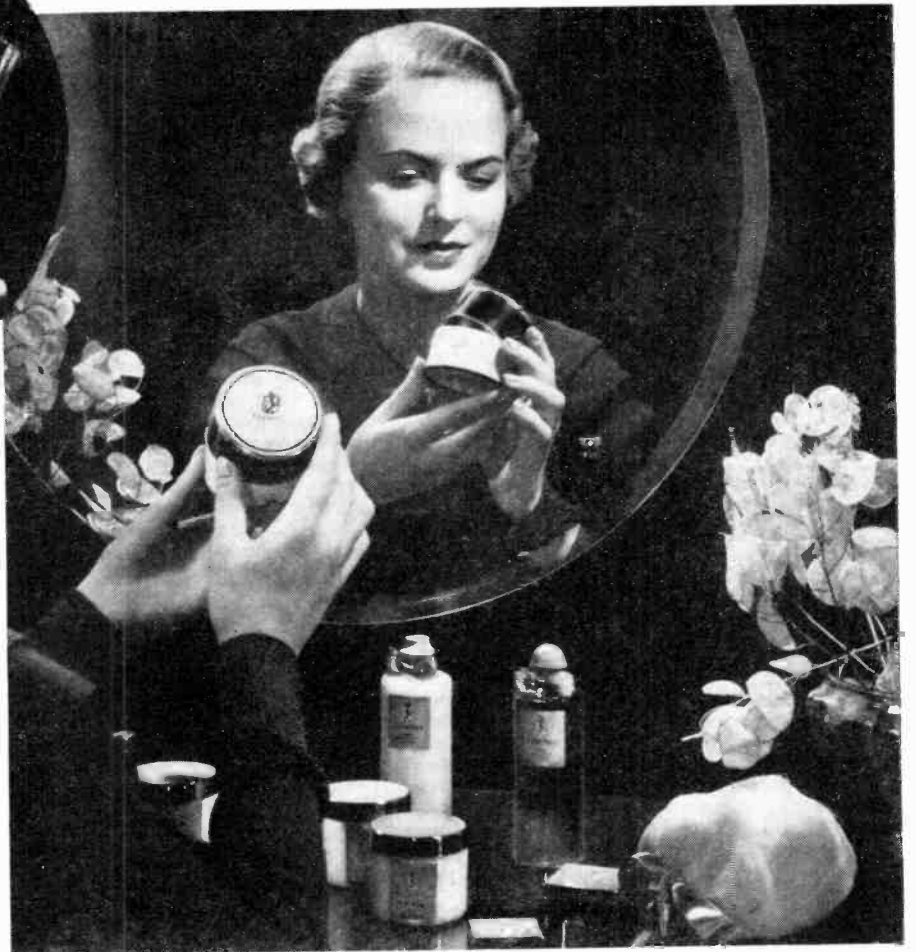
(Please turn to page 60)

How do they do it?



"My friends thought this glass cost anywhere from 50c to \$1.00, yet I paid 20c for it at Woolworth's."

"I used to think that it was impossible to get really fine face powder for less than \$1. Then I discovered Embassy . . . at Woolworth's . . . for 20c."



Only
F. W. Woolworth Co.
could have made
this possible . . .

A \$1.00 QUALITY FACE POWDER FOR 20¢

"INCREDBLE?", you say. Lady, we don't expect you to believe it until you have read all the facts. Just consider . . .

Let's say you pay \$1.00 for your face powder. The actual cost of the powder is only a part of that dollar. Figured in the price is the cost of *selling* the powder to tens of thousands of individual stores.

BUT—a year ago one well-known manufacturer of fine cosmetics had an inspiration. He produced the same quality powder that women buy for \$1 . . . went to Woolworth and said: "Here—I'll sell this *only* to you. I'll do away with *all* selling expense . . . and you can offer women a \$1 powder for 20c."

Right from the start Embassy Face Powder was a sensation. Women in New York, Chicago . . . Hollywood . . . saw Embassy Powder . . . tried it . . . found it enchanting. Lovely at any price . . . irresistible at 20c.

**Texture, Tint, Fragrance, Size,
All \$1.00 Quality . . . for 20¢**

Embassy Powder is \$1 quality in texture. It is sifted through silk . . . lighter than air. A powder that rivals the softness of a cloud . . . the tenderness of a kiss. Yet it *clings*—long

and evenly . . . with exquisite smoothness. Of course there is not one trace of starch or grit in Embassy. (It passes any test.)

Embassy Powder is \$1 quality in tint. True skin tones—adorably natural—that give an enticing softness to your face.

Embassy Powder is \$1 quality in fragrance. Smell its subtle, delicate, yet definite perfume.

Embassy Powder comes in a beautifully designed package—charming enough to grace any dressing table!

Beauty editors of famous magazines tried it, together with samples of the best known \$1.00 powders . . . *both in plain boxes.* They actually could NOT tell which were the \$1.00 powders . . . which the 20c Embassy.

Other Embassy Aids to Loveliness

Embassy offers you a beauty aid for your every need. Embassy is a complete treatment

and make-up line—all \$1 quality products for 20c—all *full size* packages . . . all guaranteed for purity!

Facial Cream (Nourishing)—for wrinkles, lines and sallow skin.

Cleansing Cream (Liquefying)—for normal and oily skins.

Cleansing (Cold) Cream—for dry skins.

Skin Freshener (Lotion)—revives circulation, helps to prevent blackheads.

Skin Softener (Foundation)—makes make-up natural, lasting, waterproof.

Rouge, Lipstick, Mascara, Eye Shadow.

Perfume that is unbelievably fine.

You can save real dollars if you use Embassy. And yet have *as fine beauty aids as you are using now.* Maybe finer. It's worth trying—*isn't it?* Go to Woolworth's today.

Embassy, 71 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Embassy  AIDS TO *Loveliness*

FULL SIZED PACKAGES 20¢ AT F. W. WOOLWORTH STORES

Successful Women in Radio

(Continued from page 58)

"What do you sing?" asked the audition chief.

"We don't sing—we talk," explained one of the girls.

"Good grief," ungallantly exclaimed the audition man. "Well," he reluctantly conceded, "there's the mike. Go ahead and talk, but make it snappy."

And the girls did talk and, spurred by that craving that comes from an empty stomach, did make it snappy. So snappy that the studio official snapped out of his grouch and signed them for a sustaining program.

Six months they were a feature on that station and then in January, 1931, they joined the network of NBC, their signature on the contract of the Colgate-Palmolive-Peet company, one of radio's oldest and largest advertisers. And they are still being featured on that program, their homely and ungrammatical chatter having in the meantime become a national tonic.

AS we have seen some of our best radio authors are actresses as well and, quite naturally, appear in their own acts. Included in this classification is Myrtle Vail, the Myrt of "Myrt and Marge," projected by the Columbia chain that Wrigley's gum may get a better foothold in the world. As is well known, Myrt and Marge are mother and daughter. And as is pretty generally known, Miss Vail spent last Summer touring South America to absorb color and get ideas on the spot for the new program. She was accompanied by her producer, Bobby Brown, but lest

this simple statement be misconstrued I hasten to add that Mrs. Bobby Brown was also a member of the party.

Among the feminine newcomers to the networks is Gertrude Hardeman, who came to New York after two years on a southern station to write, produce and play the funny little 'Lizabeth Ann in the "Adventures of the Safety Soldiers." That was in January of 1933. Today she is performing the same functions in "The Tattered Man," an NBC feature for children projected Tuesdays at 4.45 p. m.

Another girl broadcaster thoroughly entrenched in the hearts of juveniles is Irene Wicker, "The Singing Lady," who won't sing a note unless Irene is spelled just that way. She, too, is a writer, as well as an entertainer, and in a record of two years on the air has created something like 500,000 words of continuity.

In addition to writing, directing and playing "The Singing Lady," Miss Wicker appears on numerous other programs and because of a trick voice can reproduce any sound the script calls for.

Madge Tucker, "The Lady Next Door," who is also director of NBC's Sunday morning Children's hour, on which the genial Milton J. Cross is heard is another pioneer woman in radio who began eight years ago telling stories for juveniles at a Washington, D. C. station. One of her early tasks on coming to New York was to direct "The Step on the Stair," the original radio mystery drama. The

author-director-actress writes her own scripts and is so prolific that in the last six years she has created nearly five million words of continuity.

I CAN not conclude without a few words on the subject of the anonymity of radio authors. This has been a thorn in their side almost as irritating as their small emoluments. (Twenty-five and fifty dollars, has, up to this time, been the usual fee for a single script, unless, of course, you are writing for a sponsored program of national importance.) An effort is now being made by scriptists (in literature, an author's work is a manuscript; in the movies, a scenario; and in radio, a script; therefore, the writer of a script must be a scriptist, even if you can't find the word in a dictionary) to be given credit on the air for their product. Which brings me to the appeal of Ruth Aikman, who devises the continuity for "The Wizard of Oz" programs.

"The Wizard of Oz" broadcasts," says Miss Aikman, "have had some very good press notices. The producing, acting and musical end of these shows deserve the highest praise. It's all swell. Nevertheless, I do think the writer deserves a kind word, too.

Miss Aikman's point is well made and when her sister scriptists become better identified you will discover that the hand that rocks the cradle also carries a wallop as a writer. Queen Scheherazade's descendants are carrying on her age-old art in a way which must make her proud.

Behind the Dial

(Continued from page 56)

The next time Will Rogers makes a flying trip to New York (the cowboy-humorist never takes a train if he can avoid it) he has got to check his lariat with the butler when he calls on the Fred Stones. On a recent visit he and Fred got to lassoing statuary and bric-a-brac in the Stone living room and when Mrs. Stone appeared on the scene the only object left intact was the grand piano.

Fred Allen, who writes most of his own gags, upset precedent on Radio Row by acknowledging his indebtedness to Harry Tugend in helping prepare his material. For a radio comic to admit privately that he even heard of a collaborator is something; but Allen went further and announced the name of his co-author at the end of the broadcast. Maybe the New Deal movement will reach radio script writers yet.

Spring is here and it's time again for Nudist gags. Jack Benny is telling about the chairman of the board of directors of a Nudist colony who got up to address his associates. His opening remark was, "Uncostumed as I am for public peeping."

THEY'RE hanging another Nudist joke on Ben Bernie. The old maestro, according to the yarn, went to a Nudist's fancy dress ball with a raisin stuck in each ear to represent himself as a cookie!

FANS who ask Leon Belasco for his photo are rewarded according to their sex. If a man, he is sent a pose calculated to impress upon the beholder his he-man qualities; if a woman, she receives a picture teeming with what the musical director fondly believes to be sex appeal.

Virginia Rea, the songbird, can get pretty sarcastic on occasions. Told that a certain rival had made a disagreeable remark about her, she exclaimed: "Is that so? Well, she isn't so hot herself. Her mother would have done better if she gave her back and kept the stork!"

A LETTER addressed to "Toastmaster, George M. Cohan Program, Radio City, New York," eventually reached Harry Tighe, veteran actor who appears as the toastmaster on that period but who otherwise is unidentified. Opening it, Tighe was surprised to read: "I'm a blind man now but years ago when I had my sight I used to see and hear you in Broadway shows. You are Harry Tighe. I know you by your chuckle."

Thirteen years ago, a pretty little blond-haired child stood alongside a distinguished looking citizen in the town hall of Marion, Ohio. The occasion was the annual Community Chest Benefit Show. The man spoke.

"Now, my friends, let me present to you this little Miss, who will sing and dance for your entertainment. The rest

of the country will hear from her when she grows up."

The speaker was the late Warren G. Harding. The little girl was Vera Van.

VICTOR YOUNG, for days, had been trying to dodge a particularly pestiferous young man, bent on having the maestro play a composition of his. Finally he cornered Young in the corridor of the RCA building in Radio City and slapped the manuscript in his hand. It was entitled "A Song Without Words." One glance told Young it was impossible. Seeking to squelch his annoyance for all time, Young remarked: "Quite an idea, that. A song without words—or music, either." Then the maestro fled into a convenient elevator.

Al Jolson, returning to New York from Hollywood to resume his Kraft Cheese broadcasts, expresses regret for having socked a certain columnist a year ago because of a fancied affront of his wife, Ruby Keeler. "I guess I was a little hasty," alibies Al. "That mistake," he goes on to explain, "was due to the chivalry of the South—the South of Russia!"

Just in case you've forgotten, Jolson's real name is Asa Yoelson and he was born in Southern Russia, sure enuf, sah.

Dave Rubinoff asks this department to deny the rumor that a manufacturer of erasers offered him a contract if he
(Please turn to page 97)

... you're looking for **NEW** recipes and menu suggestions
 ... you're interested in beautifying your home

... YOU'LL WANT THESE HELPFUL
BOOKLETS and CIRCULARS!

All women like compliments on their cooking . . . and you're bound to have praise aplenty when you follow the menus and recipes in the circulars prepared for you by the Tower Home Service Bureau. They're new . . . unusual . . . healthful . . . easy to prepare.

And we've found that the good cook is usually just as particular about her home, too. Wants it attractive . . . comfortable. So the Home Service Bureau also offers you pamphlets on home beautifying and some of the most intriguing house plans you've ever seen. A charming home and a well-set table keep you popular with friends and family.



A- 44 EASY ECONOMICAL DINNERS 10c

The kind you'd always be proud to serve . . . yet they aren't expensive. The trick? It's the little surprise touches! Like Pear Salad with Ginger.

B. REDUCING THE RIGHT WAY 10c

Height and weight charts . . . calory chart . . . satisfying menus with low calory content . . . general exercise hints for reducing.

C- FAVORITE RECIPES OF THE MOVIE STARS 10c

Spring a special Italian Salad on your family some night and then have the fun of telling them it's Winnie Lightner's favorite recipe. Forty-six pet recipes of the Movie Stars in this booklet!

1- FAVORITE DESSERTS 10c

100 calory portions . . . delicious layer cakes . . . small cakes and cookies . . . pies . . . gelatin desserts . . . inexpensive puddings . . . ice box cakes . . . ways to use ice cream . . . ten favorite desserts.

2- FOODS THAT MEN PREFER 10c

Breakfast breads . . . pies and pastries . . . puddings and simple desserts . . . cakes . . . meat and meat substitutes . . . vegetables . . . confections . . . menus.

3- MENUS FOR TWO 10c

Intriguing menus and recipes . . . food budget for two . . . how to order . . . utensils needed for two.

9- FOOD CHILDREN LIKE TO EAT 10c

For breakfast . . . the school box lunch . . . party refreshments . . . low-cost lunch and dinner dishes . . . favorite candies and desserts.

10-MEAT AT ANY PRICE 10c

Recipes for all kinds of meat . . . ways of cooking cheaper cuts . . . list of low-cost cuts . . . ways of using left-over meats . . . making the most of a little meat . . . using canned meats.

13-FOOD IN THE FAMILY BUDGET 10c

Helpful data on buying . . . what to spend for various foods . . . keeping food accounts . . . economical use of fruits and vegetables . . . making the most of meat . . . economical use of cereals . . . sugar, fats and oils.

14-SHOPPERS' GUIDE FOR FRESH AND CANNED FISH . . . 10c

A resume of fish buying . . . recipes for cocktails and appetizers . . . fish soups . . . for the main course . . . salads . . . for breakfast . . . entrees and luncheon dishes . . . sauces and garnishes.

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101-BRIGHTEN YOUR HOME WITH COLOR 10c

Distribution and balance of color . . . how to read a color chart . . . 20 different color schemes

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Draperies for the French Room . . . for the English Room . . . Italian and Spanish draperies . . . for the Colonial Room . . . The Modern Room.

Tower House Plans

103-THE COLONIAL HOUSE 3c

Plan and discussion of details.

104-THE FRENCH HOUSE 3c

Plan . . . convenient features . . . interior decoration.

105-THE ENGLISH HOUSE 3c

Plan . . . cost to build.

106-THE SPANISH HOUSE 3c

Plan . . . bungalow construction . . . patio.

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Check the circulars you want by the corresponding number in the coupon below, sending the coupon, with your name and address to Tower Magazines, enclosing price of each bulletin as indicated. Or write a letter stating which circulars you want, enclosing the proper amount.

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I am enclosing \$ for which please send me right away the booklets and circulars I have checked here as per the numbers above.

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Name

Street

City State

MOTHER



guardian of the

FAMILY HEALTH

Mother's very life is her family!

Who is the first to notice that something has gone wrong in the household? Mother!

Who first notices that Tommy or Mary is cross and out of sorts? Mother!

And so it is but natural that the mothers of the nation are so well informed on matters of health. For instance, they realize the importance of that first rule of health—"keep regular!" And of keeping a good laxative in the medicine cabinet—ready for use when some member of the family needs it.

Mothers, for 27 years, have given Ex-Lax to their children with perfect confidence. They have found that it is entirely unnecessary to use violent cathartics—even for the strongest member of the family.

They like its delicious chocolate taste. They have found that Ex-Lax is all a perfect laxative ought to be—pleasant, gentle, and yet thoroughly effective.

At all druggists, 10c and 25c.



Tony Wons' New Scrap Book

(Continued from page 37)

She said she was sorry, but she couldn't hold the line that long. Why it didn't occur to her that she could have called me back I don't know. I told her it was impossible to give, at a moment's notice, the information she wanted. So she hung up on me. That was the greatest honor she could have paid me. Gratefully, I went back to my pipe, my book and my radio.

Those so called radio surveys amuse me. They call people on the phone, and expect you to give an immediate answer to their queries. Naturally, if you're anything like myself, and you probably are, you can't for the life of you, think of the proper answers. But, spurred by that urgent third degree over the phone, you probably pop up with the first outstanding publicized name you can muster.

Radio popularity polls are seldom a genuine indication of the public pulse. You can't say this is the most popular comedian. Or that is the most popular singer. There is no accounting for taste. What is sauce for the goose may be applesauce to the gander. One comedian may be all the rage in one family, yet he may be a dismal failure to another. Or the same family may be divided against itself. Unless you take a census of every radio fan in the United States and give everyone ample time to ponder on their answers, you will not obtain a true picture of the likes and dislikes of the listeners.

A NEIGHBOR of mine lost his dog—it was either lost, strayed or stolen—and his master was the most forlorn man you'd ever want to see. You'd think that dog represented life itself to him, though it was just a plain dog without a pedigree or royal blood in his veins.

I rode with him in his auto, as he cruised through the neighborhood, straining his eyes in a vain vigilance for a brown dog with white spots. I accompanied him to the police station, where he begged the sergeant to leave no stone unturned in the search for the missing pup. Then we went to a newspaper office and he wrote an ad.

Believe me, if that ad didn't bring tears to every dog lover who read it, then nothing could.

I don't believe any other age or any other nation, since the world began, has witnessed such a love of dogs as is so common in the United States.

IF love makes the world go round, no wonder people in love feel dizzy.

THE neighbor's daughter, Mary, an athletic, clean-cut, charming miss of nineteen, went to the photographer's to have her picture taken. Presently the photos were submitted, and you should have heard the rumpus that arose next door. The family, consisting of the good neighbor, his wife, and Mary, came traipsing over to our home, the man flourishing the pictures, and Mary vainly trying to grab them away. I hastened to let them in. It seems they wanted to make me the arbiter.

"Look at these pictures! Did you ever see anything more perfect?" he demanded. I looked, and, truly, the photographer had done a wonderful job. Mary looked beautiful enough to be a movie actress.

But Mary stamped her foot and tears of repressed anger loomed in her eyes.

"I don't like them! My nose has a funny bump in it. The lower lip is too prominent and the chin is too sharp. Oh, they're terrible pictures!"

Her father looked at me as if to say, "What do you do with a child like that?"

Mary may not have realized it, but the irregular shape of her nose was one of the most charming things about her. The lower lip looked all right to me, and, as for the chin, why, it radiated character.

Why do women want their photos retouched so that all their character is erased? They don't care how vacuous their expression is so long as they look pretty.

It is the little irregularities in a woman's features that give her enduring beauty.

Tony Wons Writes Exclusively for TOWER RADIO each month

No where else can you read Tony's buoyant philosophy, enjoy his cheery humor. Clip out his department and make a scrap book of your own.

Sophisticated

(Continued from page 41)

"It'll be at five-thirty," Dale Kelton answered. "Bring in your wolves, and I'll sign the letters when I get around to them."

THE day of an executive in a broadcasting company is rather hectic. Especially when the executive is a production manager. Dale Kelton's seven callers had become seventeen by mid-afternoon. From then until five he knotted together a score of loose ends. He had a quarrel with a famous comedian, and fed cough drops to an opera star, and signed a contract that ran into six figures—this last with a casual flick of the pen. He sent a few people away happy, and more than a few he sent away sad. When at last he paused to look at his watch he was astounded to see that it was as near to closing time as a broadcasting executive would dare figure it.

"Thank heaven," he said to his secretary, "that another day is done. Thank heaven that I've had my last round-up. If I were forced to listen to another hard luck story or sales talk tonight—if I had to hear one more person being funny or pathetic or tuneful—I'd about cash in, and I don't mean maybe!"

His secretary said, meanly: "You will make appointments over my head! You're not through yet, big boy. You've got an engagement with Rose Petty at five-thirty." She hummed, "In the gloaming—oh, my darling—"

"For crying out loud!" ejaculated Dale, "I'd forgotten. Call it off, right away. I won't see her."

The secretary said: "I wouldn't know where to locate the female so I can't break the date. Anyway, having managed to snatch the last available studio from about fifteen other poor fishes, I've got to see that it's used. If I broke a precedent and gave it back to them they'd think they could get away with future murder. But," she relented, slightly, "you don't really have to see her, Mr. Kelton. You can sit right here and listen quite alone and by yourself. I'll take la Petty in and see that she gets a big try-out. You won't like her stuff—I can guarantee that!—so there'll be no question of a contract or an interview or any other thing involving a personal appearance. I'll give her the old line, and she'll go away quietly—I hope."

Dale said: "How'd I ever come to deserve such a secretary? If you weren't married already I'm darned if I wouldn't give you a life job! Say, it'd be a joke on both of us—wouldn't it—if I did like the Petty line?"

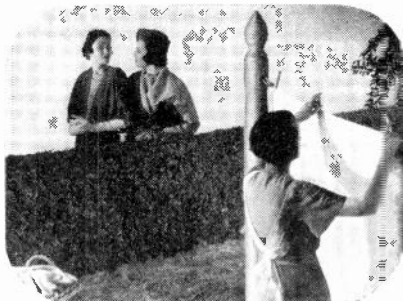
The secretary shook her head. "No small town stuff for D. K.," she told Dale. "You were born on the corner of Broadway and Forty-Second Street or in the Cafe de la Paix."

Dale Kelton said: "Beat it, flatterer." But when the door had closed on her chic, perfectly groomed back, he spoke aloud—quite to himself.

"After all," he said, "I suppose I would lose caste with my public if they knew that I came from Smith—
(Please turn to page 64)



Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray" with FELS-NAPTHA SOAP



1. "Tattle-Tale!"... "Tattle-Tale!"... that's what *your* clothes are when they're musty and gray — when they show that all the dirt *didn't* come out in the wash.



2. What to do about it? Let your nose tell you! Change to Fels-Naptha — the golden richer soap with so much dirt-loosening naphtha in it that you can smell it!



3. Give yourself a treat! See what glorious washes Fels-Naptha Soap brings you! Cleaner, sweeter clothes—*clothes so dazzling white*—you'll beam with pride!

YES—say goodbye to "Tattle-Tale Gray"! Change to Fels-Naptha Soap—and hang out the snowiest washes that ever waved in a sunny backyard!

For Fels-Naptha isn't one of those "trick" soaps that make all sorts of promises and then forget to keep them.

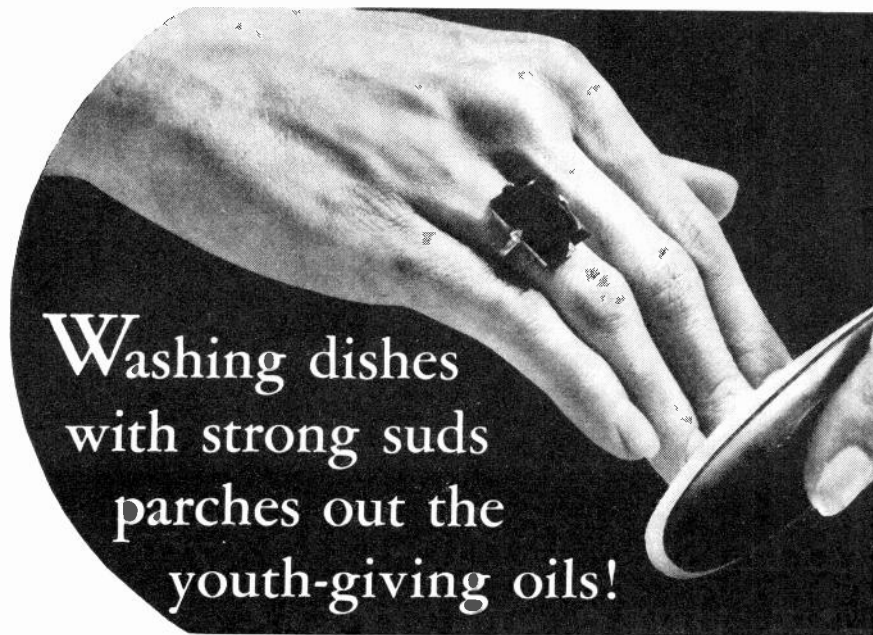
You'll marvel at Fels-Naptha's lively, creamy suds—the way they last and last—till every speck of dirt is out!

You'll love the way Fels-Naptha treats your finest linens—how gentle it is to daintiest lingerie and silk stockings—how friendly it is to hands!

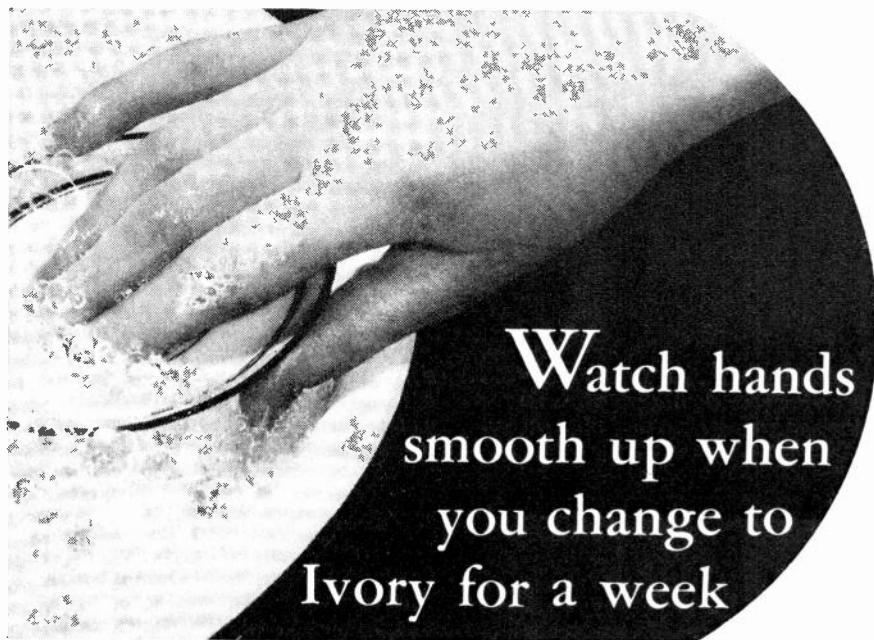
Fels-Naptha's price is now the lowest in almost twenty years. Get a few bars today! . . . Fels & Co., Phila., Pa.

© 1934, FELS & CO. 

"Why do my Hands look so OLD?"



Washing dishes with strong suds parches out the youth-giving oils!



Watch hands smooth up when you change to Ivory for a week

If you'll let Ivory do *all* your soap-and-water tasks, your hands will get smoother, softer—*younger*. Ivory is so pure—it is gentle even to a baby's skin . . . 99⁴⁴/₁₀₀ % Pure.

IVORY SOAP

prevents "Housework Hands"

Sophisticated

(Continued from page 63)

ville, Iowa. Broadway and Forty-second Street, my eye!"

THE audition was to be run off very promptly at five-thirty. Dale Kelton, alone in his office, switched out the desk lamp and walked over to the chair nearest his window. He paused en route to adjust the round disc that connected a receiving set with the audition room. He settled into his chair and stared across the light-spangled city. The dusk had fallen suddenly, like a dense blanket, but the city had put on her jewels and was getting ready to sing her siren song. Dale said, aloud:

"Yes, I do belong here; this is my home. I've broken away from all the inhibitions that belonged to—that were—Smithville. I've fought my way to the very top of a new racket. What if I haven't been especially happy? I've had the dickens of a lot—"

The lights of the city winked brazenly at the young man—despite a just-able-to-vote assistant, thirty-three is young! They seemed to say:

"You great big sophisticated wolf! Are you the boy who used to stop and whistle at a girl's gate, about this time of day, as you were coming home from your work? What did you do for a living, then, Dale? Oh, you clerked in Baker's General Store, did you! You sold ships and shoes and sealing wax."

"And now, darn it," Dale answered the city, "I'm still working but there isn't any gate to pause at on the road home. I'm clerking in the store of His Majesty, The Air! I'm selling dreams—"

A voice, coming from the receiving set, broke in upon Dale Kelton's attempt at being whimsical. Broke in, did I say? No, the voice that drifted in from the studio where they held auditions, was the kind that crept into a room and snuggled against your consciousness. It was soft and velvety—with the luscious fresh softness of a purple pansy petal.

"If this," Dale told himself, "is Rose Petty, she's got something. She may not have much to say, but she has the deuce of a lot to say it with. Her radice tone is a natural."

He settled back to listen, with a sigh of relaxation—that's the effect of a well modulated voice (make a note of this, girls!) on practically every man. And then suddenly he was leaning forward in his chair, with every sense alert. For Rose Petty had more than a lovely voice—she had the gift of making a person feel and see and hear through the medium of words. Now she was telling about a simple little town—and the people who went to make that town, and there was something so personal about her talk that Dale could feel the crunch of the gravel walks beneath his feet, could see the shadow of tall trees, could hear the creak of a gate. . . .

HOW can you describe an emotion that is as intangible as it is real? Dale, listening, heard a story that was so familiar to him that it ceased to be a story. It was the fabric of his soul being unrolled before him; it was the tapestry of his life being brought into the light.

"Of course," Rose Petty began, "I can't give you the name of the place

where these things happened—that wouldn't be fair to the town or to the people who live in it; it wouldn't be cricket. But I can tell you that the people are as real as I am, or as you are, who will listen. And I can tell you that the town exists—that it lies somewhere near the middle of this country, somewhere near the center of our hearts.

"There was a boy who lived in the town—and there was a girl, too—isn't there always a girl? They loved each other in the most idealistic sort of fashion. They were going to be married one day, and live in a cottage, a white cottage with green blinds and a rambler rose trailing above the door and a sun dial in the back garden. They were going to have four children—two boys and two girls. The girls would be blondes; the boys would be dark and sturdy. Oh, they had it arranged as completely as that!

"The only hitch was that they didn't have much money. The boy—why, he clerked in the general store—and you know that's not being a captain of industry! He sold every kind of thing—what was the line in some poem about 'ships and shoes and sealing wax'? He didn't have much of a future, I suppose, when you measure it by material things. But the girl didn't care—she didn't want material things. She was satisfied with the prospect—" was there a break in the lovely voice, "of a white cottage and a garden and babies. . . .

"There's a snake in every Eden, I suppose. In every small town there's a tree of good and evil. The snake in this especial Eden was called Ambition. The boy got ambitious, he wanted things. There came a twilight when he stopped at the girl's gate on his way home from work, and he told her how he felt. There had been a salesman in the store—he'd been talking of cities and easy money. He had inflamed the boy's imagination, and the girl was an old story."

Dale Kelton—sitting in his darkened room—heard the lovely voice drifting about him, but he wasn't listening to the words. He was hearing his own voice, cutting brusquely from the past.

"Trouble with you," his voice was saying, "is that you're too darn contented. You'll never get anywhere—and I won't either, if I listen to you. A man's gotta have a wife to push him along, to help him make the grade—"

An answering voice, from the past, said:

"To nag him, you mean?"

He had replied, gruffly:

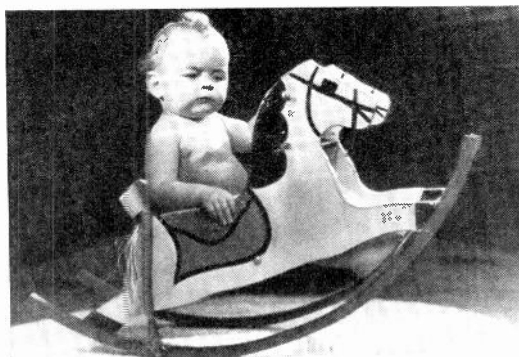
"You're trying not to understand. You'd keep me here, tied to a crate of eggs and a flour barrel and a box of loose crackers till kingdom come. What I need is freedom—"

The answering voice said, softly:

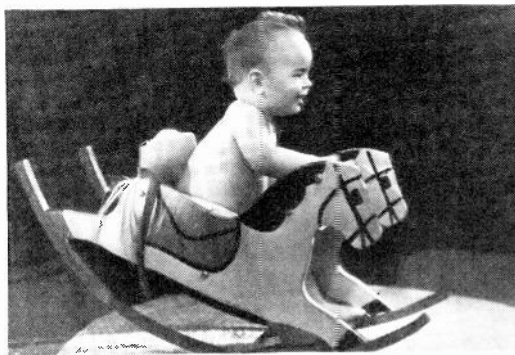
"You can have freedom, Dale. I'd never try to hold you. You know that—"

DALE remembered the argument that followed—if a monologue can be called an argument. He had ended by stalking angrily to his boarding house—he had no people—he had packed a bag and removed his savings from the tin box which locked with a key. He had caught the midnight train. But once on the train he had cried.

"She'll be sorry," he had vowed through tears, "when I come back
(Please turn to page 66)



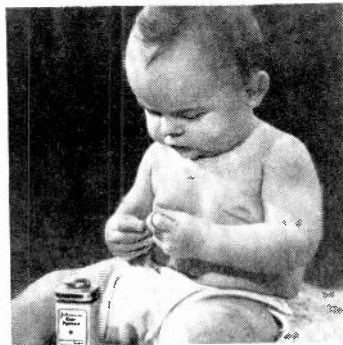
● "Ooops, Dobbin! Steady, boy!—Never felt more like a nice snappy canter. Those Johnson's Baby Powder rub-downs my Mother's been giving me certainly keep me rarin' to go!—Bet I could handle Man-o'-War! Giddap!"



● "We're off in a cloud of dust—He's got the bit in his teeth, and does he pull!—Run, Dobbin, old boy!—I can handle you! What grand exercise this is!—I'm tingling hot and glowing already!"



● "Whoa, Dobbin—good boy! Enough's enough—and it certainly takes an athlete to manage that nag!—Hoo-hoo, Mother! Your gentleman jockey's dying for his tub and Johnson's Baby Powder rub!—But first, listen—all you baby athletes—"



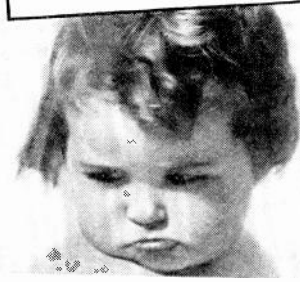
● "Ask your Mother 'pretty please' to test different baby powders between her finger-tips. She'll find some are gritty—but not Johnson's! It's soft and fine clear through! Hasn't any orris-root or zinc stearate in it either?"

Send 10c (in coin) for samples of Johnson's Baby Powder, Soap, and Cream. Dept. 73, Johnson & Johnson, New Brunswick, New Jersey.

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK, NEW JERSEY

JOHNSON'S *Baby* POWDER

**How to end Baby's
mealtime tantrums!**



IS STRAINED spinach the signal for weeping and wailing at your house?

Does baby turn up his nose at his fruit and vegetables—and cereals too, perhaps?

Then, Mother—here's a practical suggestion you'll be thankful for:

**Change to
CLAPP'S**



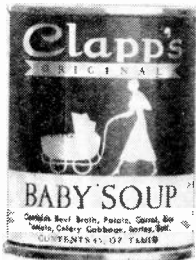
BABIES who refuse home-cooked vegetables take Clapp's like little angels! For babies like the taste of Clapp's!

And these smoother baby foods are rich in vitamin elements. The fine selected vegetables and fruits used are cooked in glass-lined kettles—air-tight to protect vitamins and mineral salts.

Ask your doctor about Clapp's. Then, at a druggist's or grocer's near you—get some for your baby!

**Clapp's 15 Foods
for Babies:**

In the New Enamel Purity Pack



15¢



Baby Soup Strained, Baby Soup Unstrained, Vegetable Soup, Tomatoes, Asparagus, Spinach, Peas, Beets, Carrots, Wax Beans, Apricots, Prunes, Apple Sauce, Beef Broth and Wheatheart Cereal.



Send for FREE BOOK!

HAROLD H. CLAPP, INC. Dept. 72, Rochester, N. Y.
Please send me your free book, "Before Your Baby Goes On Vegetables."

Name.....
Street and Number.....
City..... State.....

Sophisticated

(Continued from page 65)

rich." Later he had muttered thickly, "She'll be glad I made the break, in a year's time. I won't write her until I have a job. Maybe if she doesn't hear from me for a week she'll miss me—"

A week! A year later Dale Kelton was still waiting for the riches and his success letter was as yet unwritten. But into the lines of his young face other messages had been penned—messages that spoke of cold and hunger, of bread lines, of odd, insufficient jobs. That was a dozen years ago. . . .

"There was never a word from him," went on Rose Petty's voice, "so after a while the girl decided that he was dead, and she began to write imaginary letters to herself. And one day somebody happened to find a stray page of one of her letters. The somebody was the editor of the local paper. "But this is prose poetry!" said the editor. "You can write, young lady!" he said. So the girl—by very easy stages—became a writer, but she didn't use her own name. She used a name made up of the memory of the flowering vines that had never grown above a cottage door—and of the smallness of the quarrel that had changed her whole existence. Then she, also, left the town because it was too full of memories. . . .

Dale Kelton murmured: "Rose Petty—of course." He said fiercely: "I did write when I had something to tell. I wrote a hundred times, but the letters were returned with 'address unknown' on them. I wired Smithville, but you'd left no trace. I've never looked at another girl—"

There was a knock on the door. The door swung open. It was Sam, the young assistant. He said:

"I'm sorry, Mr. Kelton. I guess I've put my foot in it, this time. But that isn't the continuity Miss Petty showed me. Why, the heart I read was swell—dramatic and Huff-throbby as they make 'em. And this is just blah. This isn't worth powder and shot—"

The voice on the air was saying:

"So what I've told you is a success story, really. It's the story of a man—oh, of course he didn't die; the girl learned that, in time—who left a little town and made good in a great city. It's the story of a woman who has a secretary and Paris frocks when she might have been just an ordinary wife and mother, working her hands to pieces for the ones she loved. Success is often written that way, you know—"

Sam said, hopelessly:

"I can't understand it. Either she's crazy—or I am."

DALE KELTON got up with a lithe, uncoiling movement. One steady hand turned the disc that controlled the lovely voice. He said to Sam:

"You can go home, now, kid. And don't feel so sunk—we're not all infallible."

He walked out of the door. He walked down the hall and took an elevator. He came to the door of the studio from which Rose Petty was broadcasting. He rapped gently on the panel of the door and his secretary peered through a narrow opening, her finger to her lips. She removed the finger and her lips, soundlessly formed a word. The word was "lousy."

Dale Kelton whispered: "Come out." When she was in the hall he said, "Beat it. No, I don't need you any more."

The secretary said:

"Are you going to tell her the facts of life? She's got a nice voice, but oh-my gawd!"

Dale said, again:

"Beat it!" and his voice shook.

So the secretary went—shrugging her shapely shoulders, I might add. When she had turned a corner in the long corridor, Dale pushed open the door of the studio and went inside.

A woman was standing by the microphone. Her head was turned away from Dale Kelton, but he could see a tendril of hair curling about one ear, and he could see the remembered curve of a cheek and the tensivity of her two slim hands clasped together.

She was finishing her talk.

"And so," she said, "whenever it's twilight and the stars are out—there are stars above the city, just as there are stars above small towns, if you look for them—the girl says a prayer. She says it with no animosity, with nothing but tenderness. 'Give him what he wants of life, God,' is what she says."

Dale Kelton sneezed. Call it unromantic—if you must—but a good sneeze is probably the only sophisticated way of clearing the eyes (and nose) of a sudden mist of tears. The woman at the microphone turned. She said quietly, entirely without surprise:

"So you did listen in. I thought that you would."

Dale answered:

"Yes, I was listening."

The woman's eyes were large and sweet. She asked a question.

"And you're happy?" she asked.

"Somehow I had to know. It came over me, all at once, that I had to know. I've followed your career, of course—I know from the papers about your importance, about your pent house and your Rolls Royce and all the rest. But I had to know one thing, Dale, before I could put a period to our story. Have these prayers of mine meant anything? Have you got what you want?"

Dale Kelton crossed the room in a half dozen strides—it wasn't a large room. He said:

"I have now!" He added shyly, yes, shyly—"Darling!"

Are You Reading

THE VOICE OF EXPERIENCE?

An exclusive feature of TOWER RADIO every month—another reason why this magazine leads its field.

Mike Fright

(Continued from page 15)

familiar a part of their daily lives as a coffee pot?

Except for occasional seizures, most of them attain perfect mastery of themselves while on the air. But they rarely get over that unreasoning spasm of terror at the zero hour just before they go on the air.

Gertrude Berg, who is Molly on "The Goldbergs," program still gets a bad attack of jitters before every broadcast, picking up scripts and laying them down, hardly knowing what she is saying or doing. Kate Smith is always calm, but her manager, Ted Collins gets mike fright, pacing wildly up and down the studio mopping his forehead. Annette Hanshaw has her handkerchief all twisted into knots by the time she is ready to go on the air. Jacques Fray, pianist, imagines hordes of ears floating around the studio and thinks "If I strike a wrong note, millions of people will wince." Ford Bond, sports announcer, gets a tightening of the throat before every big football game and is afraid he won't be able to talk. Donna Damarel, who is Marge on Myrt and Marge, gets an overpowering sinking sensation.

Others, realizing the dangers of mike fright, have worked out their own special devices to avoid it. Vera Van always says a little prayer to herself just before going on the air. Guy Bates Post concentrates on the points in his lines. He says going on the air is like asking for your first kiss and, if you just plunge in without asking, you're all right. Gypsy Nina steels herself to outward calm and inward calm follows. Ed Wynn gains confidence by getting laughs from his visible audience.

Mike fright is described by Herbert Glover, until recently director of special events broadcasting for CBS, as something akin to the sensation a student has on taking an examination. Every broadcast is a crucial moment. One flop is a flop for all time.

"Then there is the consciousness the trained performer has of what the engineer is doing to him," he said, "there are a thousand little things to worry about, the volume, whether he is talking or singing too softly or too loudly, how his time is running, and so on. It's enough to make anyone nervous."

"ONE important element in mike fright," declared John Carlile, Columbia production chief, "is that the whole thing is irretrievable and can never be called back. Then, too, when the performer realizes that his every syllable is being heard from New York to Los Angeles, it fills him with destructive awe."

Pat Kelly, head of the announcing staff for the National Broadcasting Company, regards mike fright as simply an aggravated form of stage fright, which no one ever quite masters, as inevitable to radio performance as to the stage.

Mike fright has curious effects on people, besides inducing the ordinary palpitations. It often makes them talk at double speed, playing havoc with their timing. When James Thurber, noted humorist went on the air, he was so nervous that he finished his talk ten minutes ahead of schedule and not realizing that he was still on (Please turn to page 73)

What a difference!

what a truly amazing difference
Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids do make



The Approved Mascara



The New Maybelline Eyebrow Brush especially made for shaping and training eyebrows and lashes. 10c

Do you carefully powder and rouge, and then allow scraggly brows and pale, scanty lashes to mar what should be your most expressive feature, your eyes? You would be amazed at the added loveliness that could be so easily yours with Maybelline eye beauty aids!

Simply darken your lashes into long-appearing, luxuriant fringe with the famous Maybelline Eyelash Darkener, and see how the eyes instantly appear larger and more expressive. It is absolutely harmless, non-smarting, and tear-proof, and keeps the lashes soft and silky. Black for brunettes, Brown for blondes.

Now a bit of Maybelline Eye Shadow blended softly on your eyelids, and notice how the eyes immediately take on brilliance and color, adding depth and beauty to the expression. There are five exquisite shades of this pure, creamy shadow: Blue, Brown, Blue-Gray, Violet, and Green.

Form graceful, expressive eyebrows with the smooth-marking, easy-to-use Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. A perfect pencil that you will adore. It comes in Black or Brown.

To stimulate the natural growth of your lashes, apply the pure, nourishing Maybelline Eyelash Grower before retiring.

The name Maybelline is your assurance of purity and effectiveness. These famous products in purse sizes are now within the reach of every girl and woman at all leading 10c stores. Try them today and see what an amazing difference Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids can make in your appearance!

Maybelline

EYE BEAUTY PREPARATIONS

What!

A GOOD LOOKING MAN WHO NEEDS MUM?



*Let us tend to him
dear lady*

YOU say you were never so disappointed in your life—that at first you were completely bowled over by his charming looks and manner, but by the time you had danced around just once with him...

Well now, don't give up, lady. There are many good men left in the world who just don't realize that their daily shower doesn't take care of unpleasant perspiration odor.

Let us help you out on this.

Write his name and address in the coupon below and we'll mail him a sample of Mum, the quick cream deodorant that so many men use who realize the dangers of underarm odor.

We'll tell him all about it—how it takes only an instant to use Mum, how it's harmless to clothing, soothing to skin, doesn't prevent perspiration itself but just its ugly odor. And how it soothes burning, perspiring feet and destroys every trace of odor.

Just his name and address in the coupon below, that's all. Don't write your name. He'll be everlastingly glad to know about Mum!



**TAKES THE ODOR OUT
OF PERSPIRATION**

Mum Mfg. Co., Dept. A-1
74 West St., New York



Please send sample package of Mum, free, to

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

Don't NEVER Do That

(Continued from page 18)

answer the letters. At last they got in touch with his manager and he was persuaded to do a test for a group of men of the J. Walter Thompson Company.

Disgusted that he was being forced in front of a microphone against his will, he told his famous "two people" story. He was alone in the broadcasting room but behind the glass panels he could see his listeners. One man put his head in his hands and his body shook. Joe thought he was giving him a silent razzberry. Joe turned his head away so he wouldn't see it and in the control room noticed another man doing the same thing. It was pretty discouraging and made him just that much more sure that radio wasn't his medium:

Also in the control room was his wife. He saw her talking to the man whom he thought was some mechanic around the place. "Joe thinks he's rotten over the air. And I don't think his stuff really gets over, do you?" The control room man didn't answer.

When it was over this man told Joe he thought he was okay and asked him to do the whisper song.

"That song would be all wet for radio," Joe told him emphatically. "Why man—you're cookoo. I use a thirty-foot stage for that number."

BOTH he and his wife had thought they were talking to a subordinate. They discovered the minute they had left the place that he was one of the head guys—Gordon Thompson—the man whose word would make or break Joe Penner from a radio standpoint.

"And there we were," says Joe now, "both my wife and I telling him that he didn't know anything about radio—that the whisper song wouldn't go—and that I was N. G."

It also developed that what Joe thought were razzberries were real honest-to-goodness laughs that he had inspired and the next day proved it when they asked him to be a guest star on the Rudy Vallee-Fleischmann Hour.

Joe was petrified with fright but when he saw he had a real audience before which to work he felt better. He ad libbed the first joke. When he started to read from the paper his hands shook so that he couldn't see a word and then—at Rudy's request—he sang the whisper song—the one he had told Gordon Thompson wouldn't go at all—and it was a sensation.

When he went off everybody patted him on the back and raved about his work and J. Walter Thompson begged that he make no connection until they had talked to him. "Don't worry," Joe insisted, "no one will want me."

Inside a half hour he had had six bids—and they kept coming all the next day. But he knew that his first and most enthusiastic sponsors were for him so he signed immediately for the Fleischmann Bakers Broadcast, and you hear him over that hour every Sunday evening.

You know what's happened. You know how popular he has become and if you think he's funny over the radio I just wish you could have heard him telling me that story, describing how he talked to the unknown man in the control room who was really the big shot.

His "Wanna buy a duck?" gag is, perhaps, his most famous and it causes him the most trouble. In a bewildered sort of way Mrs. Joe Penner—who was Eleanor Mae Vogt, one of the original Russell Market Girls—shows you through their lovely apartment where you stumble over dozens of ducks which admirers have sent him. There are wooden ducks and felt ducks and leather ducks—big and small—and some that look more like rabbits or dogs or even seals than ducks. They even send him live ducks and they present a problem.

"Now honestly," Mrs. Penner wails, "what would you do with a live duck in a place like this?" And her gesture includes the charming modern living room with its beige carpet and red piano and the stunning rustic bar.

There just isn't any answer. They think the ducks made of leather and wood and felt, etc., are cute and they appreciate their being sent because they are an indication of popularity—but the live ducks! Well, they're sort of hard to take.

The duck gag was one of those things that grew. Joe hates to rehearse. He feels self-conscious when he does the laugh and the lisp without an audience. It is before the audience that his funny lines really happen. In burlesque he used to interrupt the straight man with "Do you wanna buy an ash barrel?" Pretty soon that wasn't funny to the orchestra any more so he changed it to "Wanna buy a horse?" And then, one night, in an inspired moment, he asked "Wanna buy a duck?"

In the strange haphazard way of show business that line caught on and has been going on ever since!

BUT Joe Penner deserves his success. Born in Hungary, he was brought to this country when he was nine but had to begin in the kindergarten since he did not speak English. His career has been as varied as it is industrious. Among his jobs were selling newspapers in Detroit, being a boy soprano in St. Mary's church choir, selling magazine subscriptions, being a filing clerk in the Ford factory, working as property boy for Rex, the mind reader, in a traveling variety company, and then substituting for the Dutch comedian—which launched him on his comedy career.

He met Eleanor Mae Vogt—who is as cute a little trick as you'll see in many a day—while he was working in the road show of the Greenwich Village Follies. She has worked even after they were married but right now is doing nothing but being Mrs. Joe Penner.

The other night the Jack Bennys were telling them that Joe would have her on the air before long.

"Oh no he won't," she said, "I would be rotten on the air. I couldn't do anything."

So you see this attitude runs in the family but if Joe has established a precedent you'd better be getting prepared for a new star. If lack of faith in your own radio ability is what it takes, Mrs. Joe Jenner is on her road to fame.

Joe became an air sensation in spite of himself!

The Confessions of a Crooner

(Continued from page 27)

the show. They were—to put it mildly—hits. Whiteman was enthusiastic and wired all his friends in New York to wait and see what he was bringing back with him.

They opened at the Paramount Theatre in New York and, in actors' parlance, they died the death of a dog. "I still can't figure it out," Bing smiled ruefully. "We were doing the same numbers in exactly the same manner we had done them before. We were playing the same type theater to the same type audience. The only difference was that everywhere we'd played before with Whiteman we'd been hits and in New York we laid an egg at every performance."

Fortunately for them they had a contract or they'd have been looking for jobs the day after they opened. That contract, coupled with the fact he intended opening a night club and could also use them in the records he made, decided Whiteman to keep them.

HE opened the Paul Whiteman Club at 48th and Broadway and the boys flopped again. "I can't understand that, either," Bing said. "The only explanation I've ever been able to give—even to myself—is that the room was large, there was no chance for intimacy and perhaps customers at the far tables couldn't hear us. We were plenty worried, let me tell you."

Luckily for them, one night Whiteman went over to a club where George Olsen was playing and glimpsed Harry Barris who was doing a single with Olsen's orchestra. Harry was a nervous, fidgety little fellow with an engaging personality and Whiteman somehow got the idea he might fit in with Bing and Al. So he signed him up.

The next afternoon the three boys assembled in Al's room to try to figure out something in the way of a trio. They finally worked out their famous arrangement of "Mississippi Mud" and as presented at the club that night, they stopped the show again. And that is how Paul Whiteman's famous Rhythm Boys came into being.

Maybe the tariff at the Club Whiteman was too high—even for New York.

Anyway, Paul closed the place before he lost his shirt and took his orchestra on the road for a fifteen weeks' tour. Although far from being the riot they had been during their first few weeks' association with him, the boys went over pretty well.

AT the end of the fifteen weeks, Paul booked a season's tour of one night stands playing mostly semi-classical and modern American music. He had no need of them on that tour so they booked themselves for a thirty weeks' vaudeville tour, at \$1,000 a week for the act. Their agent got ten per cent and Whiteman five per cent for the use of his name. Their billing read, "Paul Whiteman Presents His Three Rhythm Boys."

That tour is something their booking office will always remember with shudders of horror. They never knew from one week to the next what the boys were going to do or where they were going to turn up.

(Please turn to page 70)

Tower Radio, May, 1934

The Smartest Women Use FAOEN BEAUTY AIDS



— yet they cost
ONLY 10¢

Even if you paid \$1 or more you could not buy finer quality beauty aids than Faoen. And here is the proof of that statement—from the report of a famous Research Laboratory:—

"Every Faoen product tested is as pure and fine as products of like nature sold for \$1, \$2 and \$3."

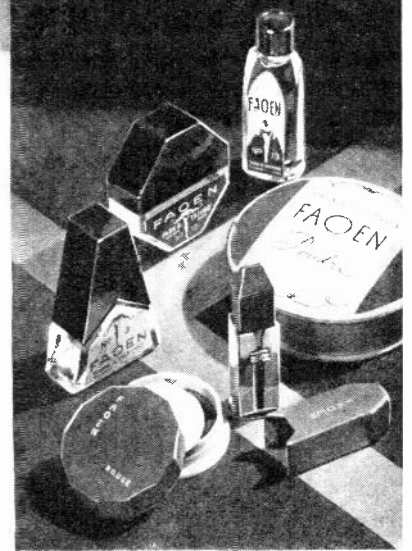
And remember, you are not paying high prices for this high quality—Faoen Beauty Aids are but 10c. That is why the smartest women agree that Faoen has at last solved the cosmetic problem!



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¢.

● CLEANSING CREAM • COLD CREAM
● FACE POWDER • ROUGES • PERFUMES



PARK & TILFORD'S

FAOEN

(FAY-ON)

Beauty Aids



== 10¢ each at ==
F. W. Woolworth Co Stores

Confessions of a Crooner

(Continued from page 69)



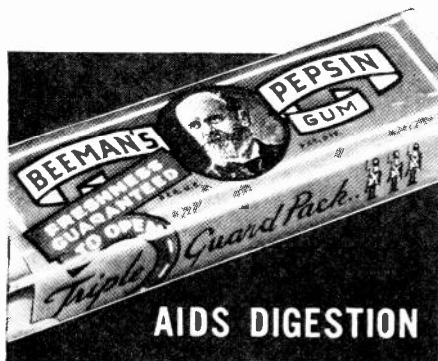
Breaking all records!

DIVE FROM SKYSCRAPERS! Ride Niagara Falls! Swim the Hellespont! Nothing seems out of reach, you laugh at obstacles, when digestion is good.

Let Beeman's help keep your digestion orderly, your disposition gay, your spirits elated. For Beeman's does aid digestion.

And nothing so beneficial was ever more delicious! The flavor—cool, fragrant, and refreshing. Its freshness unequalled—for the new airtight wrap triply guards every bit of its original quality. Chew Beeman's often—start today!

Chew
**BEE MAN'S
PEPSIN GUM**



THEIR reception along the route was spotty. One week they'd attend strictly to business and go over big. Immediately they would get a wire of congratulation from the home office. So the next week they would relax and clown on the stage instead of singing and the patrons would be politely bored. Sometimes not so politely.

They rather fancied themselves as comedians (as many another singer has done before—and since) and had worked up a line of patter for stage use. The gags were mostly old and "corny." In St. Louis the manager had evidently been cautioned by the home office to see that they sang and to have them leave the comedy to the comedians on the bill. At the first show Bing paused in the middle of a number to inquire of Barris, "Do you know how to stop a horse from frothing at the mouth?"

"No," answered Barris. "How?" he added agreeably.

"Teach him to spit," said Bing and went on with the song. There were other gags of the same calibre. At the end of the show the manager of the theater came back to see them.

"Cut the gags and stick to the singing," he admonished them briefly.

The boys held a short conference and decided the manager was just plain dumb. At the second show Bing paused in the middle of a number to inquire, "Do you know how to stop a horse from frothing at the—?"

The curtain suddenly falling shut them off from the audience's view. When it was raised again there were no Rhythm Boys on the stage and from that day forth the boys stuck to their singing.

But if they cut out the patter, they found other ways to drive their New York office crazy with worry. They were carrying three trunks and their scenery. The excess on the baggage usually amounted to \$8 or \$10 and they took turns paying it. He whose turn it was, also had to get the tickets, check the baggage, arrange for the hotel accommodations in the next town and rehearse the orchestra in the new theater.

One week it was Bing's turn. The jump—from Omaha to Jersey City—was longer than usual and the excess amounted to \$28 or \$30. With that utter disregard for consequences that has always characterized him, the night they were to leave Omaha Bing bought the tickets and then proceeded to get into a crap game. He lost every dime he had, went over to the theater, drew the money he had coming and promptly proceeded to lose that, too.

THERE was nothing to do but ship the baggage "Excess Collect." He figured on drawing an advance from the theater in Jersey City when he reached there and saying nothing to the boys about it. But when they reached Jersey City the manager was not yet down and it was noon before Bing could get to him. It was too late then to get the trunks up to the theater for the first show or to rehearse the orchestra and stage hands. They played the first show in their street clothes, without scenery and without a rehearsal. Patrons of Loew's Jersey Theater will probably recall

that performance as one of the worst they have ever seen.

The atmosphere among the Rhythm Boys was rather strained for a time.

On another occasion they were playing Cincinnati and, curiously enough, it was again Bing's turn to act as business manager of the group. Originally they had been booked from there to Nashville but the booking had been changed to Columbus, Ohio. Whether Rinker forgot to give Bing the change or whether Bing got hold of the wrong route list no one knows.

Be that as it may, he blithely bought the tickets and checked the trunks—"Excess Prepaid"—to Nashville. Arriving there about ten in the morning, he strolled around to the theater for the rehearsal. His cholera mounted as he found no billing for them in front of the theater. Imagine his surprise to learn that they were not expected there until the following week, and his chagrin, on checking up, to find they were due in Columbus—six hundred miles away—in three hours!

They were booked for three days in Columbus and eventually arrived in time to play the last two shows!

That entire thirty weeks was a regular Cook's tour for the boys. In every town there were always people anxious to wine and dine them. College boys, in particular, crazy about hot music, were eager to show them any high spots. Small wonder their booking office was frantic most of the time.

All things come to an end, however, and they rejoined Whiteman. They played a few theaters, went on a couple of dance tours—one through Pennsylvania and one through New England—another tour of picture houses through the Middle West and back to New York for an indefinite stay at the Pavillon Royale on Long Island.

DURING this time Whiteman must have fired Bing at least fifteen or twenty times, for unreliability. He missed trains, he missed performances and anything else calculated further to thin Mr. Whiteman's hair. But if Bing was bad the others were no better. And, somehow, Whiteman always took them back.

Then he came to California to make his picture for Universal. But he and the studio could not get together on the story so the band laid around here for three months doing nothing. They were under salary all the time so the vacation was not hard to take.

Bing played golf and cut his handicap from twenty to eighteen. He met Dixie Lee and fell madly in love with her—and she with him. Then the Rhythm Boys were offered an engagement at the famous Montmartre.

As he was drawing double salary, Bing was making more than he had ever made—and living accordingly. He got the glad hand wherever he went.

Universal, unable to stand the staggering salary Whiteman was drawing for nothing, released him temporarily until they could get a story lined up. So Whiteman took his troupe back to the Pavillon Royale for a few months and then returned with them to make "The King of Jazz."

Bing's romance with Dixie was renewed but it flourished under diffi-

culties. I've told you how Bing got the glad hand wherever he went. On all sides people were making a fuss over him, shoving highballs and cocktails into his hand and generally conspiring to make a "good-time-Charley" out of him. Stories of his escapades were rife around Hollywood. He never saved any money and Mr. and Mrs. Wyatt (Dixie's parents) felt Bing was not a proper companion for their daughter.

In addition, her studio put its foot down in more emphatic terms and ordered their ingenue to stop seeing him under pain of dismissal.

Once while they were working on "The King of Jazz" Bing had been to a party and had a couple of drinks. On the way home a car ran into him. He was released on \$25 bail. Bing appeared in court at the time of trial, having been assured by friends that inasmuch as he hadn't been drunk he would get off with a light fine.

But a visiting judge from one of the small towns around Los Angeles, anxious to get his name in the papers, was presiding. "Had you been drinking?" he demanded of Bing.

"I'd had a couple of drinks," Bing admitted.

"Twenty days," snapped the judge.

"I'd only had two drinks," Bing protested. "I wasn't drunk."

"Twenty days," repeated His Honor. "You'd no business driving while you were under the influence of liquor."

A POLICEMAN led Bing to the pen where prisoners of all sorts and descriptions—in jail for all kinds of crime—were kept. Later, through the influence of the Universal executives, he was transferred to the Hollywood jail and a semi-private cell with only two cellmates. He was also permitted to continue working on the picture but a policeman escorted him to the set every morning and returned him to jail every night.

As a result of Bing's playing around, as well as the other two, their work had begun to suffer. When the picture was finished Whiteman sent for them. "You can either take a cut in salary and stay with me or I'll release you and you can stay out here," was his ultimatum.

They had been on the Old Gold hour with Whiteman, as a trio, and, occasionally, Bing had sung a solo chorus. They held a conference and decided with their prestige they should have more money—not less. They handed in their resignations and thus ended the association of Paul Whiteman and his Three Rhythm Boys.

Bing was on his own again, back in the town where he had first tasted success, and wondering rather vainly what the future held.

Next month in TOWER RADIO you will read of Bing's effort to get the Big Opportunity after he left Paul Whiteman. You will learn how Bing and his pals landed their chance at the Coconut Grove in Los Angeles, how Bing married Dixie Lee over the protests of everyone, how Russ Columbo got a break as Bing's understudy, and later how Crosby heard Columbo caroling, "I Surrender, Dear" on the radio and resolved to be a radio star himself. Crosby comes close to being the most popular man on the air or the screen today and you must not miss the absorbing last chapter of his life story in TOWER RADIO MAGAZINE next month.

Tower Radio, May, 1934

Pebeco proved best for Juniors



Betty used Pebecco. Her teeth became gleaming pearls, gums firm, breath sweet.

For thirty days Allen used Tooth Paste "D". His teeth and gums showed no improvement.

Betty and Allen Arkett, 853 Devon Street, Arlington, New Jersey

- Teach your children to use the tooth paste that makes teeth and gums healthy . . . instead of "candy" tooth pastes that merely "taste good"!

At last here's proof—from hundreds of Twins—as to how the 6 leading tooth pastes actually work!

A nation-wide test was made by leading dental authorities. On Twins, because they provide the fairest basis for a test. Due to similarity of heredity and environment their tooth and mouth structure is apt to be alike.

On all important points of mouth hygiene Pebecco proved superior. Read the details to the right.

The results of this test show that it pays to educate children to brush their teeth Pebecco's more effective way.

Pebecco is the only tooth paste that uses Potassium Chlorate as a base. This ingredient, more than any other, overcomes unhealthy mouth conditions, stimulates the flow of helpful saliva which counteracts the acids that start tooth decay.

Pebecco makes children's teeth like gleaming little pearls. Tender young gums grow firm and vigorous. Young mouths get the right start! Children grow to like its salty, tangy taste!

New 25c size now in all drug and department stores . . . also original 50c tube. And 10c size in 10c and variety stores.

PEBECO PROVED BEST ON FIVE VITAL POINTS OF MOUTH HYGIENE

1. WHITENESS: Pebecco whitened teeth in 93% of cases—other tooth pastes in only 47%.
2. LUSTRE: Pebecco—without the least scratch—improved the lustre in 99% of the cases—the five other tooth pastes only 65%.
3. FILM: Pebecco removed film from teeth of 97% of users—others from only 52%.
4. GUMS: Pebecco checked inflammation and bleeding, toned and hardened gums of 99% of the users, other tooth pastes of only 72%.
5. ACID MOUTH: Pebecco actually assisted in stimulating the flow of helpful saliva which combats the acids that start tooth decay.

"HALL OF FAME" on the air every Sunday night, 10:30 E. S. T., WEA and N. B. C. coast-to-coast hook-up
Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau © 1934, Lehn & Fink, Inc.

NOW ALSO IN
25¢ SIZE



Maybe you're a MAY Baby

THEN...

Your Birthstone is
Flower is... THE EMERALD
Your Birth Month is the same as
these other famous persons' PATRICK
HENRY · WALT WHITMAN · JACOB
A. RIIS · JULIA WARD HOWE
HORACE MANN · JOHN JAMES
AUDUBON · ROBERT E. PEARY
WILLIAM H. SEWARD
RICHARD MANSFIELD
HENRY CABOT LODGE



SOME day you, too, may be a famous statesman or author. But right now your only worry is, "Where's my next meal?"

Which reminds us — in a few months you'll be having a little heavier food; and we'll be just the folks to fix you up. We make the famous Gerber Strained Vegetables and Cereal that so many doctors recommend.

Gerber's Strained Vegetables are cooked by a process that shuts out oxygen — so valuable vitamins are retained to a high degree. They are strained five times as fine as your mother could strain them — they'll be easier on your tiny digestive system. And they aren't seasoned; your doctor can prescribe the right seasoning for you.

Even from the beginning Gerber's are finer. Only the best of vegetables, cared for till the very moment of their ripe perfection, go into Gerber cans. Now don't you see why Gerber's are better than ordinary canned vegetables that are just strained down to "baby size"?

And won't you suggest this to Mother? ... Gerber's give more for the money — more nourishment per can. And they'll save her lots of time and trouble — yet they're better for you.

And if they're Better for Baby, isn't that all that any mother needs to know?

Strained Tomatoes... Green Beans... Beets... Vegetable Soup... Carrots... Prunes... Peas... Spinach... 4½-oz. cans. Strained Cereal... 10¼-oz. cans.

Look for the Baby Department in your Favorite Store

You'll recognize it by the complete display of Gerber products — eight strained vegetables and the new starting strained cereal. This display tells you there's a Baby Headquarters in the store it's in. It's your assurance of the finest in Foods for Baby. Look for "Baby Headquarters" at your favorite store.



Ask Your Doctor

Gerber's

9 Strained Foods for Baby



Gerber Products Company
Fremont, Michigan TM5
(In Canada: *Grown and Packed by Fine Foods of Canada, Ltd., Windsor, Ont.*)
Please send me free copy of "Mealtime Psychology," by Dr. Lillian B. Storms. (Enclose 10c if you would also like birth month data for each month and a picture of the Gerber Baby, ready for framing.)

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

The Boys and Girls of Radio

(Continued from page 45)

talent. But the biggest kick she had was when she went back to her home town, Baltimore, and made a personal appearance in a theater there. All the kids she had played with when she was real little came to see her and they clapped for her more than anybody. And in spite of the fun she had she got \$1,000 just for doing that.

Nancy Kelly takes the part of Dorothy on the "Wizard of Oz" programs and that's the biggest part that any child has ever taken on the radio. She's twelve now but she has been on the radio since she was four. And she's got the cutest baby sister you've ever seen. The baby is just two years old and she says "I'm in flavor of it" on the "Bond Bread" program. Nancy likes her sister and she tells her how to talk over the radio.

There are three Donnelly kids—Andy, Jimmy and Tommy. Andy is twelve and is "Jimmy" in the Tom Mix sketch. Billy Halop is twelve, too, and makes \$100 a week. He's Bob Benson on the "Sunny Jim" program and his sister Florence, who is nine and a half and makes \$150 a week, is Fanny in the "Main Street" show.

Emily Vass is nine and a half, too. She is Pan in the "Billy Bachelor" series. She has a real southern accent and the kids in the North used to laugh at her about it, but do you know something? When she's doing her part she doesn't have the accent at all unless she is supposed to have it in the play. She has six brothers and sisters and is the youngest one. Her father is a minister and ministers usually don't have much money so Emily shares her salary with the rest of them and pays her own way.

IT'S funny but most of these radio kids don't care much about the money they make. They pay their own expenses—just like grown people. They pay for their schooling because they have to go to private schools or have tutors. They pay for their clothes and for dancing and singing lessons which they have to take.

Winifred Toomey is thirteen and has blond curls. She's a beautiful little girl. She has the leading girl's part in the Tom Mix sketch. She is crazy about horseback riding and loves every horse on four feet. She has a lot of rings but the one she likes best is one made out of a horseshoe. She wears that all the time and she and Andy Donnelly fight about the best way to ride and when they start to quarrel—but it's always in fun—everybody in the studio has to take sides.

Most of the children are crazy about horseback riding and almost every Sunday afternoon a big crowd of the radio kids go for long cross-country rides in Van Cortlandt Park in New York.

Did you ever hear Bobby Jordan? He's nine-and-a-half and when they wanted a boy to play the part of Peter in the "Billy Bachelor" series they had over a hundred kids to try out but Bobby won. He acts in the movies, too.

Junior O'Day is just eight years old and makes \$100 a week. He's Mickey in "Lady Next Door," Peter Pig in the Children's Hour of N.B.C. and Christopher Robin in "Winnie, the Pooh." Little Winifred Toomey likes her curly hair but Junior, being a boy, hates his. Somebody told him that if he used vinegar on it all the time it would take the curl out. So he goes around with a vinegar bottle and just soaks his hair in it.

ALTHOUGH working on the radio is lots of fun it isn't easy to get a start. All of these kids have been doing it for a long, long time. And most of them were in movies or in vaudeville before they went on the radio. Mary Small was a sensation right away, but Nancy Kelly was in fifty movies before they chose her out of a thousand children for her first radio part. Eddie Wragge has been acting in radio for eight years. Billy and Florence Halop and also Andy Donnelly have been working on radio for six years. Winifred Toomey has been on the radio for seven years but she wasn't in movies or vaudeville before and has never been seen by any audience.

Lots of them got started on the Children's Hour programs and that's a sort of school for kids who want to be radio entertainers. Usually there are about fourteen regulars in the cast but on Saturdays there are about fifty extra children who have a grand time and get \$3.00 every time they appear and are also learning to be radio stars themselves.

A lady named Miss Tucker puts on the Barn Shows and the other Children's Hour shows and she says that the best thing is to let the children say their lines just as they want to. Miss Tucker never corrects Junior O'Day. She just lets him be natural and that's why everybody likes him so much.

Of course, they all want to be grown-up radio stars when they're older. Maybe they can be and maybe they can't. Anyhow they're having lots of fun and making lots of money right now!

Have an unsolved beauty problem? Send it to HARRIET HILLIARD, who will personally answer all questions pertaining to beauty of face, figure or voice, as well as problems on personality. Read her

TALKS ON BEAUTY each month in
TOWER RADIO

Mike Fright

(Continued from page 67)

the air shouted in panic to Bill Schudt who was conducting the program:

"I don't know any more, Bill!"

The announcer had to go on and *ad lib* to the end of the broadcast. But listeners, not realizing Thurber's remark was spontaneous, wrote in and congratulated him on his original gag ending.

Mike fright is responsible for many curious twists of the tongue by producing unaccountable mental blind spots. Agnes Moorehead an experienced dramatic actress when called upon to read the line "Give the bell a pull!" at an exciting spot in a script, got buck fever and cried:

"Give the bull a pill!"

Veteran announcers have known it, too. There was the unnamed announcer from Washington who was seized with a funk and greeted a network audience with:

"Good-ladies, evening and gentlemen of the audio radiance."

HARRY VON ZELL, in introducing a characterization of President Hoover on the March of Time hour for the first time was so impressed that he announced him as "the chief executive, Hebert Hover."

Louis Dean after announcing Freddie Martin and his orchestra from the Marine Roof abruptly went blind and announced the program as coming from the "Maroon Reef."

Andy Baruch after going through a Just Plain Bill program, got the blind spot at the very end, and signed off saying "This is your announcer, Just Plain Baruch."

Most radio people find that the best way to overcome the fever induced by the thought of the huge listening audience is to address their remarks or their singing to Aunt Susie out in Kokomo, or some one they know well. That helps them, also, to get over the intimate personal touch and every listener feels that the artist is speaking directly to him.

With the increasing presence of the microphone at all occasions and the growing prevalence of informal programs, such as the Man on the Street broadcasts, you, Mr. Reader, may have your chance to know what mike fright is.

If the little black box is popped at you suddenly for the first time, the chances are that you won't mind it at all.

But should you happen to go into a studio for an audition, you will probably experience all the sensations of terror heretofore described.

Then you can take a tip from these performers, try to forget the presence of the little black box and speak directly to someone you know. And at least you can have the satisfaction that your likelihood of collapsing with fright is far less than if you were Gloria Mundi, the exotic Broadway star, or George J. Windbag, the golden-voiced senator accustomed to addressing audiences of thousands.

What Are the
Funniest Experiences
of Broadcasting?
A hilarious feature of the
JUNE TOWER RADIO

Tower Radio, May, 1934

Wheee! "Boiled Dressing" without cooking!



Eagle Brand

ECONOMY SALAD DRESSING

1½ cups (1 can) Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
1 teaspoon salt
½ cup vinegar
1 teaspoon dry mustard

Blend thoroughly Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk, salt, vinegar and mustard. Stir until mixture thickens. Allow to stand a few minutes to stiffen. Makes 1¾ cups.

- Try it! It tastes just like the "boiled dressing" that Mother used to make! Yet it's made without cooking—just *stirred* together! Delicious for cole slaw and other green salads, also tomato salad.
- *But remember*—Evaporated Milk won't—can't—succeed in this recipe. You must use *Sweetened Condensed Milk*. Remember the name Eagle Brand.



FREE! MARVELOUS NEW COOK BOOK!

Contains dozens of short-cuts to caramel, chocolate and lemon good things—also magic tricks with candies, cookies, ice cream, salad dressings!

Just address: The Borden Co., Dept. TM54,
350 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Name.....

Street.....

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

(Print name and address plainly)



What's YOUR Favorite?

If you particularly like some story or feature in this magazine, won't you write and tell us about it? And, of course, if there's anything you don't like—well, we want to hear about that, too.

We strive, in this magazine to give you the utmost in reading enjoyment. Lively, fast-moving fiction and features keyed to the modern tempo of today.

And what you tell us about your likes and dislikes helps us to give you the kind of a magazine you most desire. We'll be very glad to have your letters.

TOWER
MAGAZINES
INC.

55 Fifth Avenue
New York, N. Y.

GIVE YOUR CURTAINS FRESH COLOR

that LASTS LONGER because IT SOAKS IN DEEPER

THERE'S a lovely golden glow to curtains dipped in French Ecrú Rit that brightens the whole house—gives it a cheery "sunshiny" quality. And the color lasts in a way that will amaze you if you're used to ordinary dyes that run in the wash and fade or streak in the sun.

And Rit is so EASY to use. It dissolves completely like lump sugar—deposits a uniform amount of color evenly in every fibre of the fabric—gives a "professional" look to everything it touches. Rit is patented because it's different—so to get results, be sure to get Rit!



✓ CHECK THIS LIST OF RIT USES:

- | | | | |
|-----------|--------------|--------------|-------------|
| Draperies | Hooked Rugs | Slip Covers | Bed Spreads |
| Lingerie | Bridge Sets | Table Cloths | Children's |
| Sweaters | Men's Shirts | Stockings | Clothes |

YOU'LL HAVE "BETTER LUCK"

WITH

RIT



NEW!

No longer a soap!
Dissolves instantly.

COOKING over the AIR



Frances Lee Barton telling you how to make a perfect cake every time.

DID you ever see the little gadget they use to give the sound of beating eggs—or that other contraption that sounds like pouring milk from a bottle when you listen to cookery programs over the air?

You'd be surprised—or at least we were—when we first learned that to give a perfect sound rendering of an egg beater—an egg beater is used. And the sound for pouring milk is nothing more or less than real milk poured from a real bottle.

Our own hazy impression once was that when we listened to a food and cookery program over the air an elaborately dressed lady with a radio voice sat or stood by a microphone in a much carpeted and curtained broadcasting room and read the lines that some one else had written and that at given cues an orchestra with a lot of ingenious devices made the suitable sounds.

Actually when those radio cooking stars do their stuff they do just what they say they are doing. If the recipe for the gingerbread they describe calls for a quarter of a teaspoon of salt, precisely that amount is measured off—and mixed into a batter that is put into real greased muffin tins and you can hear the click of the oven door when the muffins are put in to bake. You can get all except the smell of the

gingerbread when the oven door is opened and if you happen to be a guest of the sponsors and have time to wait you are treated to a sample of the perfectly cooked product. After you know how sincerely these cooking experts work you feel renewed confidence in what they say.

The only real difference is this. While the deft cook under usual circumstances would naturally work as quietly as possible when she is going about her task of measuring ingredients, mixing batter, opening and closing oven doors, beating eggs, and pouring out liquids, for the benefit of radio listeners she emphasizes the various sounds. But there must be no general clatter that would detract from the business in hand, no dropping of spoons or bumping of dishes. And to do this is something of an art.

If you have any questions you would like answered about cooking or other home service programs, or if you would like expert advice on any of your own home problems, write to the Food Editor, Tower Radio, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

The Perfect Love Song

(Continued from page 29)

"What those Cornell boys will do to you will be nobody's business."

Frank and his partners went into a huddle. They were fully aware that a college crowd could break up a show if they took a notion to and that they would like nothing better than to razz a college act.

It was Frank who had the bright idea. "Maybe if we wore our frat pins—so they'd know we're the real McCoy—"

That night when the curtain went up on their act three Phi Delta Theta pins were conspicuously displayed on white shirts. (They had even changed the act so their first appearance would be without coats.) Frank walked down stage strumming his uke hoping and praying that the frat pin was visible. Somebody in the audience gave the Phi Delta whistle. Frank answered him. That was enough. Those who had come to razz remained to praise and to the manager's astonishment, Frank and his partners in crime stopped the show.

That marked the beginning of Frank Crumit's vaudeville success. For several seasons he played vaudeville with "The Three Comedians" and later he appeared in a single which was known as "The One Man Glee Club."

All of this led, eventually, to "Tangerine"—and Julia. One of the hit songs of the show was "Sweet Lady" in which Julia sat in the doorway of a little straw house high up in a tree with a ladder leading up to it. Frank stood at the foot of the tree, strumming his ukulele and singing to Julia:

*"Sweet Lady, just make believe
I've won your hand.
Sweet Lady, just make believe
A wedding grand.
Oh my—see the parson
At the altar.
He'll tie the knot
Strong as Gibraltar.
Sweet Lady, just make believe
We'll build a home,
With maybe some additions
Of our own.
If you make it true
I'll not be grieving.
Sweet Lady, raust we keep on
Make-believing?"

GRADUALLY, the romance which they lived nightly on the stage began to creep into their off-stage life. Neither of them said anything about it but in their hearts both of them knew that the wish expressed in the song had become very real. It was not, however, until "Tangerine" had closed its long and successful run and they were playing together in a road company of "Oh, Kay" that Frank said one day:

"You've had enough of all this, Julia. Let's give it all up and build that home and settle down and live like decent, sane people ought to live."

"What'll we use for money?" asked Julia.

"We've both saved a little, haven't we? Enough to build a home. And I'll get a job to pay for the upkeep."

"Doing what?"

"Why—I'll sell bonds or something."

And so Julia and Frank said good-bye to the stage, good-bye to one-

Ease Pain, Headache Now in Few Minutes

For Quick Relief Always say BAYER Aspirin When You Buy

Now comes quick, amazingly quick, relief from headaches, neuralgia, rheumatism, neuritis, neuralgia. Relief often in a few minutes... the fastest safe relief, it is said, yet discovered.

These results are due to a scientific discovery by which a Bayer Aspirin tablet begins to dissolve, or disintegrate, in the amazing space of two seconds after touching moisture. And hence to start "taking hold" of pain a few minutes after taking.

The illustration of the glass, above, tells the story. A Bayer Tablet starts to disintegrate almost instantly you swallow it. And thus is ready to go to work almost instantly. This unique Bayer discovery means quick relief from pain for you and yours. Fewer lost hours from

headaches, neuralgia or the pains of rheumatism. And Safe Relief—for GENUINE BAYER ASPIRIN does not harm the heart.

When you buy, though, see that you get the GENUINE BAYER ASPIRIN. The best way is never ask for aspirin by the name "aspirin" alone. But if you want Bayer Aspirin's quick relief always to say "BAYER ASPIRIN."

For Pocket or Purse, Tin Boxes of 12 Tablets



For Economy, Bottles of 24 or 100 Tablets



Does Not Harm The Heart

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(Please turn to page 79)

NOTE FREE OFFER BELOW



Now! *an Eyelash Make-up that gives the alluring effect of*

LONG, LOVELY LASHES

so fascinating to men!

FROM Paris comes the secret of this super-mascara called Winx. It will give your lashes a natural accent. It makes skimpy lashes look luxurious, sparkling, *alive!*

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

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

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

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



FREE

Merely send coupon for "Lovely Eyes—How to Have Them". If you also want a month's trial package, enclose 10c, checking whether you wish cake or liquid, black or brown.

Mail to ROSS Co., 245 W. 17th St., N. Y. City T.M. 5

Name

Street

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

Cake Liquid Black Brown

Radio Brings Hope into Prison

(Continued from page 36)

says. "Come clean." But the prisoner doesn't seem to understand. "Want me to tell you," the censor asks. No response from the prisoner. "All right," the officer continues. "Tell me who that letter is from?" The prisoner sulks. "The name's signed to it." "That isn't the right answer, Ben. I know the handwriting. I handled it for ten years. You know the rules. Ex-cons can't write to men in prison. The name's fictitious. But this sort of thing can't get by me. I'm too wise."

Ben looks startled. His face is flushed. Guilt showed in his eyes. "O.K. Boss," he admits, "you win. I meant no harm. I asked him to write me just to let me know how things are on the outside." "Sure, Ben," the censor replies. "I knew it right away. And that's just the kind of information we don't want you to have. The Warden has no objection to your learning about the outside world. But get the facts from your father or mother or brother or sister. They'll give you the real low-down. This fellow will only steer you wrong. Now run along, and don't let it happen again." But Ben lingers. A question on his lips. "What's this going to mean to me?" The censor smiles. "Grade B for you, I guess. I'll have to report this to the Warden. You're lucky if you get off with fifteen days. But you'll have lots of time to make them up. You can learn to do things right in five years." "That's hell," Ben mutters. He shuffles away—wiser.

Life, death and—hell. All in the correspondence office. That's Sing Sing today. Old Man Penology looks on. Scorn in his every gesture. "Letters! Life, Death. What have these fellows to do with them. You forget they're prisoners. Convicts. You take too much trouble with them. Work 'em hard. And then lock 'em up. That's what prisoners are for. That's why walls are thick, and windows small. I never bothered with letters. They keep emotions alive. Prisoners shouldn't have emotions. It's all wrong."

IN the Knit Shop two hundred men sit at their tables. The drone of as many machines is deafening. The atmosphere is informal but industrious. This is one of Sing Sing's workshops. Yet no armed guard struts about with furtive and threatening mien. Piles of finished garments grow hourly. Hose, underwear, shirts, and a dozen other articles. Suddenly a figure rises from one of the tables. It is a young boy. The prisoner's eyes are red. Inflamed. He approaches the civilian in charge. "I'm afraid I can't go on," he says. "My eyes are getting worse. They're smarting. I can't distinguish the colors." He is given a pass to the hospital where his eyes will be treated. He returns with a note from the doctor. "This man cannot work in the Knit Shop. His eyes are bad. He should be transferred to a company doing outdoor work." The prisoner is excused for the day. Tomorrow he will appear before the Assignment Board and be given other employment.

Old Man Penology hears of it and is amazed. "In my days such things were unknown. A prisoner refuse to work at his task! He'd be flogged into obedience. Doctors never interfered with our routine. We had other methods. First there was the bread and

water diet. Then the shower bath, then the yoke, or ball and chain. Then the crucifix. Finally there was the black hole. That cured his eyes. They were more effective than doctor's prescriptions."

THE afternoon work whistle has emptied the courtyard. Industry has replaced recreation. Sing Sing is again the busy plant. But what is this, a line is forming at the south gate. Prisoners come straggling from every shop. You can count a full hundred men. Not a laugh among them. Nor even a smile. Neither do they frown. Yet they seem bent upon a serious mission. Follow them through the gate and up the steep hill. They enter the Chapel door, and wend their way into the large hall where on Sunday morning they join in prayer and hear the message of their Faith.

It is a strange scene. The hundred men move silently toward the front of the Chapel and stand before the altar. The Prison chaplain awaits them. And beside him lies a casket.

Heads are bowed as the chaplain reads the funeral service. Prisoners, representing every shop in the prison, have come to pay their respects to the dead. One of their own has found his freedom in life everlasting. But who was this prisoner. Black Joe they called him. A lowly fellow. He was a porter. Sing Sing had known him for almost ten years. He was without friend or relative—outside the walls. But within—over two thousand men called him by name and exchanged daily greetings. Black Joe was a philosopher and knew his books. He quoted whole chapters from the Bible and could argue eloquently about world politics. Yet Black Joe wielded a broom with a force and speed that belied the fact that he was fifty-three years old.

And now Black Joe was dead. It was a spontaneous and wholly voluntary urge that prompted every shop and company in Sing Sing to arrange a formal and solemn funeral for Black Joe. The Warden's approval came as a matter of course. "Dust to dust," the chaplain was reading. He finished. The hushed silence of the congregation was broken. A paper rustled somewhere in the ranks. One of the prisoners stepped up and handed it to the chaplain. Each of the hundred men had signed his name thereon. It authorized the prisoner comptroller to charge their accounts with a sum sufficient to defray burial expenses, and the purchase of a marked grave in a local village cemetery. No "Gallery 25" for Black Joe.

Old Man Penology was in that congregation. But he was not of them. "Mourn for the likes of that?" he scorned. "Why he was a prisoner! Do you know how we handled our prisoners in the old days? There was no time for funerals. Our contractors wouldn't permit their men to leave the shops for any such nonsense. And there was a pretty good law in those times. It gave the surgeons in New York City the option on all bodies of dead prisoners. That saved us a lot of trouble and expense. We had barrels made especially for that purpose. But as for funerals, and services, and marked graves—the Sing Sing of my days never heard of them!"

IT is the dinner hour. In the new kitchen on the hill there is bustling activity. Men clad in snow white uniforms stand by for the rush that is imminent. A pleasant odor permeates the large, airy room. Huge pots steam and boil upon immense ranges that line its walls. Faint strains of music seep through the half-opened windows. The prison band—down below in the old prison courtyard—is blaring popular march tunes. Every prison company is lined up beside its shop building waiting for the signal that sends it on its march across the yard, through the south gate and up hill to the mess halls. They march in pairs. Two feet apart. There is a swing to their gait.

In a few minutes the four mess halls are filled. Every man has his seat. All are at ease. There is no restraint. Men talk, and gossip, and joke. The food is wholesome, and it is hot.

At one of the tables sits Big Abe, a monster of a fellow. Wide of girth, with muscles of steel. Big Abe works on the rock pile. He likes it. It keeps him in trim and holds down the scales. A man such as Abe can eat. His plate is cleaned long ahead of his neighbors'. His eyes follow the waiter. His voice booms. "Hey, Guy, how about some eats? Abe needs a second helping. Perhaps a third. Good-natured banter precedes them. But Abe is not sensitive. He can forgive everything as long as his stomach is satisfied. The Principal Keeper, himself a robust gentleman of girth, smiles in appreciation of Abe's needs. "An army marches on its belly." Such was the great warrior's philosophy. In prison, good fellowship and a measure of contentment radiate from the kitchen and find a welcome echo in the mess halls.

But Old Man Penology shakes his head. "All this informality and good fellowship. What place have they in prison? In my days all we sought was discipline. Bands of music were unheard of. We found the lock-step satisfactory. The prisoner's every movement was watched, and his every gesture controlled. Our prisoners ate in silence. They took only what was handed out to them, in a wooden kid. They were never overfed. We knew when they had enough. If there were complaints about the amount or quality of food, we knew how to meet them. The lash, and later the shower bath stifled all discontent. Humane, you say. There is nothing human about convicts. They've got to be driven."

VISITS, correspondence, suitable shop assignments, healthy and helpful companionship, adequate food—these and other administrative functions that have become basic in the government of Sing Sing were all frowned upon as innovations that threatened the peace and order of the prison. Dire consequences were to follow each progressive step. Yet, today, in the one hundred and ninth year of its existence, Sing Sing stands high among the major prisons of the country in its orderliness, in productivity and, judging by its comparatively low rate of recidivism, as an influence for good in post-institutional lives of its prisoners.

Old Man Penology, a vigorous gentleman despite his years, would have read with incredulity the letter from one of our prisoners commenting upon the prison radio. "When you hear several men devoid of education and educational interests vociferously debating
(Please turn to page 78)

Handed down through more than five generations is the



knowledge that fine thread can be recognized easily—



merely by making sure that the label on the spool-end



bears the name Coats or Clark's Best Six Cord. Either is



a guarantee of smooth, even, elastic thread that neither



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frays nor tangles; that sews a fine, strong, enduring seam.

J. & P. COATS • CLARK'S O. N. T.

For more than a century—as today

THE TWO GREAT NAMES IN THREAD

Radio Brings Hope into Prison

(Continued from page 77)



KEEP YOUR THROAT KOOL

Cheer every play, smoke through the whole nine innings—but smoke KOOLS. You'll find your throat will not get dry. KOOLS are mentholated—the smoke is cooler, better for you. But KOOLS are so mildly mentholated, the full flavor of the fine tobaccos is fully preserved. Cork tips protect lips. Save FREE coupons packed with KOOLS for Congress Quality gilt-edged U. S. Playing Cards and other attractive premiums. (Offer good in U.S.A. only.)

Send for illustrated premium list.



Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.

the pros and cons of the most intricate details of civic, political and social economy, and really know a great deal about the subject under discussion, one can hardly question the benefits derived from the radio as an educational and broadening medium.

"Three times each week Edwin C. Hill broadcasts his 'Human Side of the News.' You know what a wonderful speaker he is, and with what brilliant play of words he makes even the most commonplace a thing of beauty and instruction."

A life prisoner wrote those lines. I would hurl that letter and those words in the face of the die-hards, the official sadists, who declaim so loudly and unendingly against what they term "prison privileges." I would not and do not countenance the preference of any one prisoner or any group of prisoners above the rank and file of his fellows. All men, whatever their pre-institutional standing, should receive equal treatment in the prison routine. That has been my constant and unyielding policy. But I would not stop short of any innovation, consistent with orderly prison administration, to keep alive in the men under my charge the sense of kinship and contact so essential to their ultimate restoration to normal life and relationships. The prison radio stands high in my estimation as an important factor in this achievement.

The prison radio has been criticized as a "luxury" wholly inconsistent with the plain living expected within prison walls. Underlying this criticism is the thought that prisoners should have little or no contact with the outside world. All in the name of punishment. With that thought I seriously disagree.

Punishment cannot be and never has been the saving grace of the crime problem. If it were, the whole question of delinquency could be boiled down to a simple formula. Make life as hard as possible for the offender. The history of Sing Sing belies the efficacy of such a policy.

IN the days when Sing Sing was so hard-boiled that prisoners literally ate refuse for food, and walked around with ball and chain dangling from feet and hands, or stooped under the weight of iron yokes and crucifixes, it was not only the worst governed of all prisons, but the district that fed it was never more crime infested and the flow of commitments never more incessant. What is more significant is the fact that recidivism, or recurrent crime by former prisoners, was higher than at any period of its existence. Men did not seem to mind returning to Sing Sing for more punishment. Discharged prisoners, after a period of practical isolation and broken-contacts, found themselves unable to resume the thread of their lives.

In line with the lessons of the past, that prisons, however liberal or harsh, cannot alone solve the problem of crime, must come the realization that they can add to the sum total of human misery. The person who is hungry or in pain is hardly a social animal. He is concerned wholly with himself. He has no thought for the sufferings of others no matter how intimate or close. In providing prisoners with natural and intimate requirements, we are

helping them to forget self and turn their thoughts to those anxiously and lovingly awaiting their return. A state of mind that, more than all other influences, will guide their future.

The prisoner who can "keep up with the world," who does not lose interest in intimate relationships, will more readily yield to good influences. Whether we believe that the "bad man" is so inherently or the victim of circumstances, certain it is that he can be made worse by unsympathetic and unreasoning direction.

And so I am for the radio in prison in the same sense as I am for all other normal prerequisites—good food, newspapers, books, schools, and modern and well-equipped work shops. I was never more pleased with our radio set-up than when I received a request from one of our prisoners for permission to "listen in" to a church service on a Sunday morning. To the prisoner's note was attached a letter from his wife. It told of her intention to take the children to that very service. "I shall feel," the prisoner wrote, "as though I were with them."

The President who from his study in the White House greets the nation in his own inimitable human way, the cleric who thunders his message in passionate appeal, the popular comedian who jests at and with life, yes, even the songster whose sentimental ditties stir memory and emotion—all are welcome radio guests to the men in Sing Sing. Surprising, too, are the frequent requests for items of more serious nature. Discussions on current monetary problems, national and international politics, operas and symphonies, command in Sing Sing a constant and eager audience. Not excluding, of course, the general interest in my own presentations which receive impartial and quite frequently constructive criticism.

Yet in total disregard of all that is being done, or perhaps in spite of it, Old Man Penology periodically rouses himself from his slumbers and grumbles. "You are not running a prison. I don't know what you'd call it. But certainly it's not my idea of a place where convicts are sent to be punished." Maybe the old dotard is right. Sing Sing may not be a prison in the traditional sense. I do not regard it as part of my job to punish men for what they did prior to their arrival in Sing Sing. I feel it is my duty to bring out the best that is in them, encourage self-improvement, direct their energies into constructive channels and imbue them with respect for and the desire to live a proper community life after discharge from Sing Sing.

I find that the humane treatment, particularly in Sing Sing, usually helps a man find himself as well as new courage so necessary for the planning of a new start in life. You cannot continuously kick a man and expect him to maintain his self-respect. The fact that they are my guests should be a sufficient punishment. The sensitive mind feels it keenly. The man without sensibilities or whose emotions are dulled, needs something to keep him occupied—mentally as well as physically. In either case, perhaps in both, I may not succeed in making men better. Surely they will not be worse.

The Perfect Love Song

(Continued from page 75)

night stands and hotel rooms and rehearsals and settled down near Springfield, Massachusetts. They called their home "Dunrovin." Frank got himself a job selling bonds and Julia took over the role of Mrs. Crumit, housewife. They faced a new life together.

After years of painted landscapes, real country seemed a little strange to them. Their whole mode of living had to be changed too. Instead of breakfasting at noon as both of them were accustomed to doing, they had to be up early so Frank could get to the office. And in the evenings, instead of dashing madly off to the theater, they sat quietly and snugly by their own hearthfire.

"Pretty swell, eh Dudy?" Frank would say.

And for a while the new life was grand. But when the newness wore off both began to be a little restless. Broadway you see was in their blood and they couldn't quite get away from it.

AND then one day it occurred to them that radio work might be the answer to their need. In January, 1931, they made their first broadcast. It was an experiment but it proved so successful that they have been on the air ever since. Each week they drive from Springfield to New York and when their broadcast is over they return to their beautiful home in the country.

"For us, it's the ideal arrangement," said Frank. "It enables us to work together and still live the way we want to live."

Julia still clings to her old stage habits. For instance: she never eats before a broadcast. "I know it's just a hangover from my musical-comedy days," she laughs. "Then there was a reason for it. Dancing and a heavy meal didn't go together. Now, there's no reason why I shouldn't have dinner before I go on the air but I guess you just can't teach an old dog new tricks."

Both of them get a big thrill out of receiving letters from fans who knew them when. Many of these letters ask for songs which Julia sang in some of her old stage successes. And ever so often, for old time's sake, they include "Sweet Lady" in their broadcasts.

JULIA and Frank have been married for eight years. Officially, their honeymoon should be over, but to see them together is convincing proof that time has in no way tarnished the love that brought them together. During their broadcasts they both use the same microphone. Julia has to stand on a stool in order to reach it. This brings her head just to Frank's shoulder. He stands with his arm about her. During rehearsals they kid and clown a lot. But when the "on the air" signal is given, like the old fire horses they are, they tend strictly to business. And after talking with them and watching them work together I am sure that something of their own happiness and wholesomeness goes out over the air lanes. Small wonder that the radio audience gives this pair their hearty approval.



MRS. ERNO RAPEE

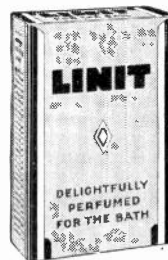
wife of Noted Conductor, 7 Star Revue Radio Orchestra

laughed when she heard about the
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Light Medium Dark

Name

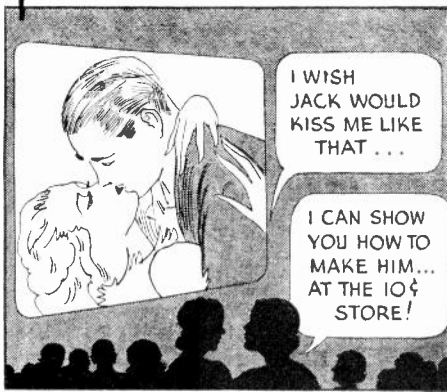
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YOUR LIPS ARE IRRESISTIBLE TODAY... I HOPE YOU'RE KISSPROOF...

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HE'S JUST LIKE THE MOVIE HEROES!

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Now you can give *your* lips the irresistible appeal of the lips of the movie stars and the girls in the Broadway shows! Just use the same make-up—the new **KISSPROOF** Indelible Lipstick—*Special Theatrical Color*. This lipstick gives an effect so alluring, indeed, that it has been placed by the *make-up experts* in the dressing-rooms of both Hollywood Studios and New York Theatres! The stars could pay any price—yet, it happens, their matchless make-up costs but a few cents! See what it can do for *you tonight*. You can get **KISSPROOF** Lipstick in all shades—including the *Special Theatrical Color*—at any drug or department store and at the *ten cent stores*.

Kissproof

Indelible LIPSTICK

Maestro Stoky

(Continued from page 24)

seriously. And because he took it seriously he is, it seems to me, the most important musical figure in radio. They say, those spies who stalk the studios, that his broadcasts cost their sponsors a sum of more than \$25,000 weekly. Maybe so. But the fact, about which there is no uncertainty, is that they are worth it to radio.

THE Philadelphia Orchestra has led the way, has demonstrated conclusively that a symphony band may proceed to the more complex fields of music and still keep its mind upon the millions in the parlors. Its success must lie inevitably in its leadership.

Leopold Stokowski does not patronize radio or its listeners. He is not animated by any spirit of uplift. He goes about his business blithely or absorbingly, as the case may be, playing what it pleases him to play. And, being an expert showman, what it pleases him to play invariably has the effect of pleasing those who attend his concerts in person or who, perched in their armchairs, tune them in at home.

It was he who a few years back decided to upset a radio tradition and present the masters for an hour or so on Saturday nights. Now Saturday night has always been regarded as a bad night for the classics. It was the night when the sirens of jazz beckoned most irresistibly, when people were most ready to throw off their toil and trouble and seek forgetfulness in hey-hey and hotcha.

STOKY—as his men refer to him behind his back—changed all this. He served up Tschai-kowsky and Brahms and the parlors clamored for more. The clamoring had to be set down not only to the surpassing musical brilliance of the concerts themselves but to the uncanny showmanship of the maestro.

Probably no one in the whole concert field is more adroit in the uses of publicity. But you will find, almost invariably, that his call upon publicity is backed up by substantial, if glamorous, facts.

For example, Stokowski no longer uses a baton. He depends entirely upon his hands. Eloquent hands they are, too, with long fingers. When his musicians are finally tuned up and Philadelphia's ancient Academy of Music or Philadelphia's modernistic broadcasting studio, WCAU, from which the concerts are sent over the Columbia System, are sufficiently hushed, then he walks rapidly from the wings of the stage to the podium, looking, if anything, a little frail, a little puckish, a little worn and haggard in the dim gray light.

The frailty disappears once he lifts his hands. Swinging into action, he carves sweeping gestures upon the air, stretches his fingers tensely as he takes his musicians across the classical hurdles. Watching him gives the inescapable impression that he has absorbed some of the electrical energy that is converting his music into ether waves.

Stokowski enjoys startling contrasts, the kind of startling contrast that makes him stand out isolatedly from his fellows. We recall a reception at the Ritz-Carlton in Philadelphia, at which he was to be the guest of honor. The room was filled with people all dressed in their Ritz-Carlton best.

They awaited him anxiously, somewhat self-consciously. Would he never come?

Finally, he sauntered in, a tall, lithe figure with yellow hair and the faintest suggestion of a twinkle in his blue eyes. He sauntered in in a light gray sack suit with blue shirt and blue tie. The effect, sartorially, was arresting, and I believe he knew it. At any event, he stood out like a headlight in a lover's lane.

IN the last two years Leopold Stokowski has made an exhaustive study of radio mechanics. He intends that no one shall say of him that he doesn't know what broadcasting is all about. He will be, if necessary, as conversant with kilowatts as he is with clefs. His mind already conceives of possibilities of the musical future at which fellow-maestros probably snicker if they do not sneer.

He even believes the symphony orchestra of tomorrow, as a direct result of broadcasting, will give concerts out of sight of its audience. What price television is of no concern to him. And he backs up his belief by declaring—and it's strange no one has said it before—that people have become used to hearing music without seeing the musicians, that there is no more need for people to see the machinery that produces the music than there is for an automobile passenger to spend his time watching the operation of the motor.

And he goes on to predict that instead of looking at musicians scraping and sawing violins, blowing horns, pounding kettle drums, plucking at bull fiddles, the audience will fix its eyes on changing panoramas.

Maybe so, maybe so. But the panorama will have to be interesting and yet not too distracting, or our appreciation of the music will suffer. It would not do, for example, to show high life in Hollywood while we are trying to catch the hidden meaning of Richard Strauss. Some such restful spectacle as King George laying a cornerstone or Roosevelt shaking hands with the champion corn-growers of Iowa might have to be substituted.

If he does deprive us of a view, even when television comes, of his fiddlers sawing their frantic way through the "Ride of the Valkyries," you may be sure he will give our eyes equally vivid compensation—not so vivid as to make us oblivious of the music, but vivid enough to prevent our yawning as he takes us for the "Ride."

LEOPOLD STOKOWSKI, like many of the noted figures of music now in radio, likes to make his own announcements of his program. He speaks in a low voice, slowly, deliberately, and with a marked foreign accent. He tells briefly what thought or mood the selection is intended to convey and then without further ado he proceeds to the task of sending it over the air. Early in his broadcasting career he made the firm resolve that commercial ballyhoo should not interrupt his program. He has kept the resolution to this day. To it is due in large part the enormous appeal of his concerts.

Born in London of a Polish father and an Irish mother, Stokowski in his early days had the unusual experiences of all those endowed with special mu-

sical gifts. As a child of eight he was a pianist of no mean ability, and at twelve was a capable player on the violin.

Combining in himself temperamentally—and he is one of the most temperamental of artists—the Polish and Celtic natures and educated in England, France and Germany, his cosmopolitanism is inevitable. Yet, because of his many years in America he has become essentially American, and his artistic sympathies are rather with the new world than the old.

His training as choirmaster and organist in New York—he was formerly on the payroll of St. Bartholomew's Church—led him into the larger field of conducting, brought about those appearances in Paris with the Colonne Orchestra and in London with the London Symphony, which were stepping-stones to his engagement with the Philadelphia Orchestra.

In Philadelphia he seems as firmly rooted as the mint, and he should be, for he has put Philadelphia on the map musically. There is no question of the man's artistic integrity, of his extraordinary musical knowledge, though there are those who do despair at times of his talent for personal exploitation. But the shrewd Stokowski knows American psychology. He is aware of the attention that comes to those who by some unusual enterprise or statement manage to capture the headlines. He gets his share of headlines.

HE has been married twice, his first wife having been Olga Samaroff, the pianist. He is now married to Evangeline Johnson, of the New Brunswick, N. J., family of medical supplies manufacturers. He maintains an apartment in New York and a home in Philadelphia, the latter an old-fashioned brick residence in Rittenhouse Square two blocks distant from the Academy of Music.

It is in his latter home that he does most of his musical work, studies manuscripts, makes arrangements, attends to the innumerable details of conducting a symphony orchestra of 110 musicians. He employs three secretaries to handle his mail.

His study, decorated in the modern style, is on the second floor of the house. There is a gymnasium in the basement. The routine of rehearsal directing is taken care of largely by Alexander Smallens, assistant conductor, while Stokowski sits in the auditorium of the theater taking notes, issuing orders, acting as a general supervisor.

At the final rehearsals he, of course, mounts the podium, and puts the orchestra through its last and most difficult paces. A glutton for work, he is a tireless taskmaster.

He is forever on the hunt for new compositions, particularly new American compositions. Occasionally, he finds one. Nor is he inhospitable to what might be interpreted as highbrow jazz, though he will not recognize the expression.

Once I asked him what he thought of highbrow jazz. Quick as a flash he replied:

"Remember, dat is your ph-rase, not mine."

But he was just as quick to add that he personally was not opposed to jazz.

"Music, you must keep in mind," he said, "is a relative thing. What is pleasure to one person may be only pain to another."

(Please turn to page 97)

Desserts Are Important

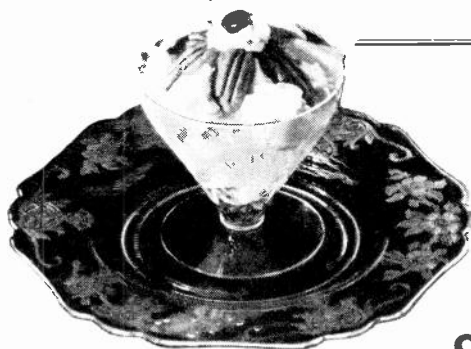
and

THESE ARE SO GOOD!

PINEAPPLE RICE

Cook $\frac{1}{4}$ cup rice in 1 pt. milk until rice is tender and most of the milk taken up. Mix yolk of 1 egg with 2 table-spoons sugar and pinch of salt. Take rice mixture from stove and add egg and sugar, mixing thoroughly. Cook again until it begins to thicken. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of drained, diced canned pineapple. Heat thoroughly and pile into sherbet glasses to chill. Garnish with whipped cream and nuts.

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Light fluffy fruit gelatines, simple puddings and cookies for a heavy meal. Puddings, pies and cakes of the richer sort when the first courses have been rather light.

All the different kinds of desserts that your family will like are given in a helpful 10-cent Dessert Bulletin, prepared by the Home Service Bureau. You'll find recipe sections for Layer Cakes, Small Cakes and Cookies, Favorite Pies, Ten Gelatin Desserts, Inexpensive Puddings, Ice Box Cakes, Favorite Ways to Use Ice Cream, Ten Favorite Desserts. Use the coupon below and send for it today.

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Please send me "Popular Dessert Bulletin" with over 75 recipes. I am enclosing ten cents.

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THE Answer was always



but
another girl . . . whispered
words . . . timid NO became
radiant, willing YES to a girl
who found happy release.

"YES," was what she wanted to say whenever he phoned. But her sense of shame about her bad complexion smothered her confidence. She was afraid. She didn't have the heart to let him see her. Couldn't she do anything about it? Then help came from a least expected source—another girl. Some whispered words of friendly advice brought about a great change. Skin trouble became just a bad memory. "No," became "Yes" next time he phoned.

The simple and easy way to correct skin troubles, pimples, eczema, many thousands of women have found, is the use of soothing, healing Cuticura Ointment. The amazing record of success achieved by this super-creamy emollient for over half a century is obvious proof that Cuticura *can* and *does* provide satisfactory relief where many other treatments have failed. If you suffer from any form of skin trouble, especially pimples or eczema, try *immediately* the treatment which has proved so successful—Cuticura Ointment. Cuticura Soap, too, you'll find a big help in the daily care of the skin.

Ointment 25c and 50c. Soap 25c at leading drug and department stores. Also at variety stores in 10c sizes. FREE! Helpful folder on Cuticura Products for the care of the skin and scalp. Write Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. TM-2, Malden, Mass.



Cuticura OINTMENT

. . . Over half a century of success
in controlling and healing skin troubles

The "IT" Girl of Radio

(Continued from page 25)

began frequenting the Casino for the sole purpose of seeing and hearing Lee. Instead of being impressed by their attentions the girl from Oklahoma said quite frankly that she was not interested in men. What is more, she was equally frank in saying that the New York variety had not raised her blood pressure in the least. But there was something in the expression of her dark, droopy-lidded eyes that seemed to contradict that statement. Lee herself says that its just plain "near-sightedness" that makes her look like that. But the men in the case interpreted it as meaning "Come up and see me some time. I might change my mind." Whereupon the line began to form on the right.

Well, you know how men are. They always want what is hard to get. Trying to arouse Lee's interest became something of a game. Several of the more optimistic Don Juans had the idea that a diamond bracelet or similar trinkets from Cartier's or Tiffany's might do the trick. But when they followed their gifts up with telephone calls they made the discovery that Lee did not seem to be answering her telephone any more. It was all very disturbing.

Don't get the idea from this that Lee's a man-hater. She is not.

"I'd be the happiest girl in the world if I could really fall desperately, violently in love," she told me. "But the trouble is—I'm afraid of love. I'm afraid of the heartache and disappointment that go with it."

And of course there is a reason for this. It dates back to Oklahoma and a school girl love affair. She gave her love wholeheartedly then with all of the impulsive generosity of youth. It turned out to be but a transient romance and when the curtain went down it left Lee disillusioned and slightly cynical.

THE refreshing thing about Lee is that she is so amazingly honest. She says very frankly that she would much rather be with men than women. She especially likes men with rugged, homely faces. But, feeling as she does about love, she is careful not to let any of them become sufficiently important to her that anything they might do or say would affect her life one way or the other.

At the present time she has a burning ambition to achieve outstanding success as a singer of dramatic songs. It's the same sort of ambition that carried Joan Crawford to movie heights and at the present time it supplants everything else in her life. She has sung all her life . . . in Sunday School at Fort Gibson, Oklahoma, and later in concerts at Tulsa and Muskogee . . . but never until she got her job with

Leo Reisman had she ever studied. Now she works with the best teachers.

At times she is very moody and unhappy. She thinks this may be a hangover from her Indian heritage. She is one-eighth Cherokee. "And I've never seen a Cherokee who was really gay," she says.

But a Cherokee has probably never seen a squaw who was so perpetually in a rush, as is Lee. She dashes into a shop and says: "I'll take this and this and this" and dashes out again to the amazement of clerks who are accustomed to having women take hours to decide upon their purchases.

Only two types of clothes interest her. Sport clothes and evening clothes. The sport things must be some shade of brown to match her eyes and the evening things black or white. She claims she can sing best when she is dressed in an old sweater and skirt. But since there is usually a large audience when she goes on the air such a costume is out of the question. She compromises by wearing a smartly tailored black suit with a coat cut along the lines of a man's tuxedo. With this she wears a white tailored blouse.

She hates to make dates in advance. She likes to have somebody call up at the last minute and say: "How'd you like to go out to dinner in about ten minutes?"

One wonders however how Lee's dates ever catch up with her because she is always moving. She may wake up in the middle of the night and suddenly decide: "I don't like this apartment. I'm going to move." At dawn the moving van is at the door.

ONE morning about ten o'clock she got out of bed with the idea that it would be nice to be in California. A few hours later she was on the train. It was mid-summer and the desert was like an inferno. After swallowing quantities of alkali dust she decided that perhaps it had been a mistake to be so impulsive.

For a year Lee was very ill. She was in danger of losing her sight. She was of course forbidden to read. For hours at a time she would sit at the piano with half closed eyes playing little tunes that she made up herself. One day Victor Young came to see her and heard her playing.

"What is that you're playing?" he asked.

"Oh—just something I made up—"

"Play it again—it's got something."

She played it over for him several times.

"How'd you like to have me help you get it down on paper?" he asked.

"Do you think it's good enough?"

Victor did. You have heard Lee sing it on the air. It is called "South in My Soul."

Watch for the June TOWER RADIO

Striking Features—Brilliant Personality Stories

Pictures—Gossip—Fiction

All the News of Your Air Favorites

Comedy Is No Laughing Matter

(Continued from page 21)

doing it today if it wasn't bringing him in a dime. And because he is having such a good time up there capering before the microphone or on the stage, his listeners get carried away with his infectious enthusiasm and find that they are having a good time too!

A serious expression came over his extraordinarily expressive face.

"WHAT is the greatest thing in life?" he said suddenly. "I'll tell you—It's happiness—happiness at home and in your work—doing the thing you want most to do, that you can do better than anybody else. Money doesn't mean a thing. I've made plenty of money—several millions I guess. I haven't got it now. But it wasn't important anyway. I've been happy because I've been able to do the thing that gave me the most pleasure, being a comedian, building up this little world around me. It seems people happen to like my stuff. I still have an audience. I still get a pay check every week. But that's incidental. It's like a man painting pictures. Even if they're bad pictures, if the one who is doing them *thinks* they're good and gets a kick out of them, that's what counts. My mother has brought it home to me many times. She is an invalid and would love above all else in the world to be able to dance. I've often thought that since I'm doing the thing I love to do, I shouldn't complain about anything."

There seems indeed something almost touching about his faithful, life-long devotion to the lowly, humble and often scorned business of making puns, which he has certainly raised, if the universality of his appeal be any criterion, to the dignity of a fine art.

Being still in a communicative mood, he went on to tell something he had never told before, the full story of how he happened to stumble on his career.

Picture him in his late teens, this Edwin Leopold, hyper-sensitive, bursting with ambition, yearning for a means of self-expression.

The son of a well-to-do hatter in Philadelphia, he had turned his back on a business career, had run away from home, to play serious parts on the stage.

But he hadn't found himself. He didn't know what he wanted to do with his life. He felt lost, at sea, with this yeast of unsatisfied ambition bubbling uncomfortably within him.

Then came that rainy fall afternoon when he was poking around in a musty second-hand book store in a New York side street.

"I picked up this yellowed, faded volume," he said, "almost falling apart with age, entitled *Tarleton's Book of Jest*s. This fellow Tarleton, it seems, lived in the sixteenth century. He was a wit at the Court of Queen Anne, quite a wag in his day, the granddaddy of all modern wisecrackers. I opened it up to a cartoon with a pun underneath.

(Please turn to page 84)

George Gershwin tells what he thinks of modern music in next month's TOWER RADIO.

Blue Waltz brings you these 3 aids to Loveliness

Become truly exquisite with Blue Waltz Beauty Aids... thousands of clever women daily use Blue Waltz Powder, Perfume and Lipstick with marvelous results. You, too, can become glamorously alluring with the magic help of Blue Waltz—men will admire you, women will secretly envy your natural loveliness. And yet the thrill of being completely irresistible costs but a trifle. Try these Blue Waltz Beauty Aids, each only 10c at your nearest 5 and 10c store.



A delicate fragrance—mysterious and alluring—to make the memory of you always charming.



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A flawless, clinging powder to glorify your skin... to make you radiantly attractive.

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Here's a new way to make Baby Things!

Nine diagram patterns for the baby—and only 10 cents for the complete set! You'll get a lot of pleasure in sewing from these patterns which you can make so easily yourself. In this set for the baby are the following:

An Infant's Afghan
Baby Bunting Wrap
Infant's Sacque and Cap
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Bunny Crib Hangings and Draperies
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Complete directions for all of these attractive baby garments and accessories are given in this set for 10 cents. . . . Just send your request to

— Frances Cowles —

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Pretty... Entertaining... But One Fault Made Her Seem Ill-Bred

HOW she blushed when she realized what her "everlasting powdering" was making him think! Of course it made her look shallow—frivolous—common—for "nervous powdering" is something no really well-bred woman indulges in. What was worse, it made her seem like a person with a coarse, greasy skin—to which powder *wouldn't* stick.

She woke up then—and decided to try the powder one of her friends had been praising. It was Golden Peacock Face Powder.

Perfect Freshness All Evening

And how wonderfully it worked. For Golden Peacock Face Powder is different from ordinary kinds. This triple-fine powder *repels* moisture, for one thing. It covers with perfect velvet smoothness—because it refuses to unite with skin oils, and clog pores or get "caked." For another thing, Golden Peacock Powder contains a wonderful skin-toning and refining ingredient that works actively to undo the harm done by ordinary make-up preparations, which get into pores and make them coarse and oily.

Next time she went out she never had to "re-make" her face all evening—yet it glowed with a dainty, natural peach-bloom smoothness that hid every tiny imperfection and made her radiantly lovely.

Try Golden Peacock Face Powder now! Ask for it at any good toilet-goods counter—only 50c—or 10c at any 10-cent store for the generous purse size. If your dealer cannot supply you just write today to Golden Peacock, Inc., Dept. E-212, Paris, Tenn. Specify your shade, whether White, Flesh, Light Brunette or Dark Brunette, and we will send a generous sample free.



Golden Peacock

Face Powder

Comedy Is no Laughing Matter

(Continued from page 83)

It made such an impression on me, that I remember it to this day. There was a little squib about the good queen having a new corsetiere who made a corset too tight for her and then the picture of the queen gasping in her stays and crying:

"Give the corsetiere! (the corset the air.)"

"That made a strong impression on me. I thought it would be wonderful if I could make puns like that. I bought that book, took it home and studied it. I took each pun apart, analyzed it, figured out how he had put it together.

ON the basis of that book I figured out my formulae. That was twenty-five years ago. I use them still today. I've never had to change them because they are universal, timeless, the basis of all humor, capable of endless variations."

"Is it true then that there are no new jokes?" I asked.

"Not at all. Mark Twain claimed he could trace all jokes back to seven original ancestors. Maybe so, but believe me, those jokes wouldn't know their own offspring. There are millions of new jokes. I use from twelve to eighteen originals on every program. It is only the formulae that never change.

"Want to know what they are? All right. In the first formula, the last syllable of the first word must be the same as the first syllable of the second word.

"Remember the 'Daffydil' craze that swept the country years ago? Well I wrote the first Daffydils. I started the rage, although I never got credit for it. Those Daffydils were based on that formula. They went like this:

"Do you know Arthur?"

"Arthur who?"

"Our thermometer. Or:

"Do you know Archie?"

"Archie who?"

"Archipelago."

"Sound pretty simple now, don't they? But the formula is still good.

NOW the second formula is where you get your laugh from two words or phrases that are alike in sound but entirely different in meaning.

"Take this one. Graham says: 'Chief, did you know that there is a great discrepancy between people from different parts of Germany?' And I say: 'Sure I knew that. Yesterday I saw two Germans meet on the street. And one of them said to the other: 'Discrepancy Deutsche?'

"The third formula is the reversal of words in a well-known phrase. This way:

"You say: 'Chief, is it true that a wise man casts his bread upon the waters?' And I answer:

"Sure! I knew a wise man once. He was captain of a show boat. He bred his cast upon the waters."

"See how simple it is? Knowing these formulae, I can take any word and fix it up. Go ahead. Give me a word.

"All right," I said, "How about the word 'rum'?"

The Chief's brow wrinkled, but only for a moment. His eyebrows went up. He thrust me in the midriff with a forefinger.

"Here you are. A friend of mine who is a heavy drinker had a pain in his

leg. He couldn't understand it. I told him that was easy. He was suffering from rum-atism.

"Or here. A man I know makes his living sweeping out a barroom. He likes his job although it doesn't pay any money because he gets his board and rum free.

"Or we might make an epigram out of it. How's this: 'Since repeal, all roads lead to rum.'"

"But how about jokes?" I asked. "You use jokes too don't you?"

"Sure I use jokes. You know, at the end of the broadcast when Graham and I run through our mail, those are mostly jokes. I sprinkle some jokes all the way through, too. Now a joke is harder to define. A joke is just a funny idea. It has nothing to do with a play on words, like a pun, although sometimes in the course of years a pun gets all dressed up with a lot of trimmings like 'Once there were two Irishmen—' and then it becomes a joke.

THERE are formulae for jokes just as there are for puns. If you analyze a joke until you find out just what the principle of it is, whether it is exaggeration or contrast or something like that—then you can use it over and over again and different ways and it's always fresh."

"What's an example of a joke you can fix up like that?"

"Well, I'll give you my old classic. A man goes to the box office to buy a ticket for a show. The treasurer tells him that the ticket is four dollars and the man hands over two. 'Why are you only giving me two dollars?' the treasurer asks, 'the ticket is four dollars.' 'Yes,' the man replies, 'but I'm blind in one eye and can only see half the show.'

"All right. We'll fix that up. A man goes to a golf links and is told that it will cost him three dollars to play eighteen holes. He hands over a dollar and a half. 'But I told you it costs three dollars,' the clerk says. 'Oh,' the man replies, 'my mother-in-law died today and I only feel like playing nine holes.'

"See? It's a new joke, but it's based on the same essential formula—cutting something in half. There's no limit to the number of new jokes I could get out of that one old one.

"Now I'll tell you something about my stuff. You never see any books by me, do you? Or any articles in the magazines? It's because my stuff doesn't sound funny in print. It isn't even funny when some friend tells you: 'Did you hear the one Ed Wynn pulled last night?'

"The reason is that I'm a method comedian, rather than a gag comedian. It's the way I say a thing, rather than what I say that makes it funny"

"And how," I asked, "did you find out how to say a thing so it would be funny?"

"Through years of experience, of trial and error on the stage. My mannerisms, my delivery, everything I worked out and perfected. That 'So-o-o' came accidentally when my voice broke one time and it got a laugh, so I kept it. My lisp I was born with. I've always been a little bothered by that, so in late years I've gotten rid of it in my conversation on the street. But it's part of my theatrical character now. So I keep it in.

"When I went into radio I had to learn all over again. You never see me using that hysterical over emphasis on the stage. I gesture with my hands. I roll my eyes. But the radio audience can't see me do that. All they have is their ears. So, in a manner of speaking, I put all the gestures into my voice.

"Take my operas. I've been using those for years, or rather that technique. It is ideal for radio because it gives you a story continuity, capable of infinite variations."

I ASKED him if he thought he would ever run dry, ever go stale by sticking to the same style of delivery.

"Why should I?" he said, "I've been doing the same thing for twenty-five years. I still have a public and a pay check. There's no danger of running out of material when you know the trick of devising fresh jokes and puns."

Most people think of a comedian as a happy-go-lucky fellow who sits around with the boys at the Friars Club cracking back and forth over the steins of beer with the boys until he has enough material for his show. Or simply handing over checks for the stuff the boys grind out for him.

No one could be farther from that picture than Ed Wynn. For him, being a funny man is no laughing matter. It is a hobby, a cause, a consuming passion, a science, a fine art and a business. And he runs it like a business.

He works at it regularly thirty-four hours a week (comedians have no code), exclusive of broadcast and rehearsal time and stage engagements.

That work week is figured out scientifically, two hours of work time to every minute of playing time on the air, (he and Graham have some seventeen minutes of comedy between them.)

He clocks his sure-fire laughs, accurately, three to a minute, a laugh every twenty seconds. The rest of the time is spent in building up for the laughs, feeding from Graham, etc.

Wynn and McNamee, incidentally, worked out an entirely different conception of the stooge's role. The comedian's stooge was originally a man who abused, bullied and belabored him, so that the audience was laughing at him rather than with him. McNamee was the first stooge to build up the comedian, to laugh at what he said, to be in sympathy with him and lead him on.

THE Fire Chief has his office, or rather his studio, in an apartment house a few blocks across town from Radio City.

It is an extraordinary place, stuffed with filing cases containing literally thousands of jokes all cross-filed and cross-indexed, and all the hundreds of volumes on wit and humor that he has been systematically storing away ever since that day so long ago when he ran across Tarleton's *Book of Jest*s in the second-hand book store.

He has assistants, research workers, but he works over every joke himself, twisting it, turning it this way and that before he goes on the air with it.

He is stubborn about taking advice, thinks it only mixes him up.

"Why should I take the word of six or eight or ten people," he says, "when I am working to please millions?"

He is rabid too about keeping his home life and work life separate. His wife and son sometimes come to watch him at rehearsals, but he doesn't talk
(Please turn to page 89)

Tower Radio, May, 1934



...because it has a thick, doubl-edge
...because it always hangs straight

Interior decorators, stylists, women everywhere felt the edge of the new Roylace . . . and were amazed. Almost immediately this shelf paper has become the most popular decorative shelving in the country.

Roylace Doubl-edge doesn't crinkle or tear easily. It never curls up. Its special embossed construction resists dirt and grease spots. The bright, cheery colors are protected from fading. As the head of one great decorating establishment says, "It stays neat looking while the ordinary run of papers get raggy so soon."

NOTE: Though you get all the beauty and practicability of expensive shelvings

in Roylace Doubl-edge, you pay only 5c for nine full feet . . . at 5c & 10c stores, department or neighborhood stores.

FREE: You can have your first package of the new spring pattern illustrated, *absolutely free*. Just mail back the coupon.

THE ROYAL LACE PAPER WORKS, INC.
842 Lorimer St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Send me full 9 ft. piece of Roylace Doubl-edge Shelf Paper—(your new springtime pattern E).

Name

Address

(You can paste this on a penny postcard.)

KNOW AMERICAN COOKING FIRST!

These delicious recipes are a boon to home-makers

Do you ever stop to think what an exciting variety of foods and recipes we have right in our own country: Blueberry Muffins and Indian Pudding from New England . . . Sweet Potato Pie and Creole Rice from the South. Old Fashion Jelly Roll and Famous Chocolate Ice Box Cake are favorites the country over.

You can have 56 excellent American recipes right at your finger-tips with the food circular

AMERICAN DISHES

American cakes . . . favorite pies . . . appetizers and salads . . . New England and Southern dishes . . . American sandwiches . . . meat and fish dishes.

To get these delicious recipes, send 10c for "American Dishes" to
RITA CALHOUN c/o TOWER MAGAZINES, INC.
55 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK, N. Y.

EASY TO USE

.. that's why everyone is turning to Perstik the "lipstick" Deodorant



Say good-bye to messy old-fashioned deodorants

Like a magic wand, PERSTIK keeps armpits fresh and free from odor for the day.

PERSTIK, the new "lipstick" deodorant, completely out-modes old-fashioned deodorants. PERSTIK is neat and dainty to use. It is greaseless. It does not cover up one odor with another—PERSTIK actually DEODORIZES because it contains deodorizing substances never before found in ANY under-arm preparation.

And you can apply PERSTIK after shaving; you can slip into your dress instantly because PERSTIK cannot injure fabrics.

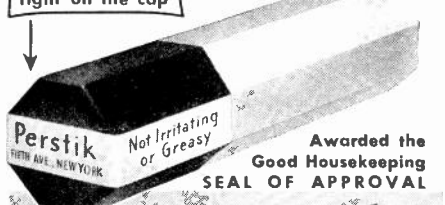
The Modern Way to Prevent Odor

Try PERSTIK. You'll love its smoothness, its daintiness, its handsome black-and-ivory case. And PERSTIK is so economical.

Be sure you get the REAL PERSTIK. Don't buy a cheap imitation that might harm the skin. Genuine PERSTIK is absolutely pure and safe. Excellent on sanitary napkins.

Get PERSTIK wherever you buy your cosmetics. All stores from coast to coast can supply you. PERSTIK, 469 Fifth Ave., New York.

Genuine PERSTIK has the name right on the cap



Perstik
THE PERFECT WAY TO UNDER-ARM FRESHNESS
Trade Mark Reg. Patents Pending

Singing His Way Through Life

(Continued from page 33)

outstanding success on the air. The really surprising thing is that when he made his radio debut he had no idea whatever of making singing his vocation. He merely intended to use it as a means to an end. For the one thing he had definitely made up his mind about was that he would never be an actor or pursue any sort of artistic career.

He had grown up in a theatrical atmosphere. His father, Douglas Ross, was a Shakespearian actor. His mother was accompanist to Pavlowa. Lanny was born in Seattle, Washington, "between engagements." As a child he had plenty of opportunity to observe the disappointments and heart-breaks that go hand in hand with an artistic career. And so early in life he decided that he would be much happier in the business world.

While attending the Taft School he made up his mind to be a lawyer. He went to Yale as a scholarship student and distinguished himself by winning the National Track Championship and in 1927 ran on the Yale team against Oxford and Cambridge. He was also a member of the Yale Glee Club and turned down an opportunity to go to the Olympic Games in Amsterdam in order to tour Europe with them.

WHEN he left Yale he was still determined to be a lawyer. He wanted to take his law course at Columbia. The question was: What to use for money? His voice was his only asset. He decided to make it serve as a meal ticket. He started with the Raybestos Hour. That led to the "Troubadour of the Moon" series over the NBC network . . . Hellmann's Mayonnaise Hour . . . and finally to Captain Henry's Maxwell House Show Boat on which he has starred for two years.

He started in radio at a salary of \$25 per week. By the time he received his degree from Columbia he was earning more than \$25,000 a year. He had not, however, given up the idea of being a lawyer. He took his bar examinations and soon thereafter a New York firm of lawyers, one of the best, offered him a job. At last his goal had been achieved. He was about to become a full-fledged lawyer. And

then he heard the salary, \$2500 a year. Lanny weighed that \$2500 and his ambition to be one of the legal profession against the \$25,000 he was earning as a radio singer and did just what you or I would have done. He stayed with radio!

HIS early hatred of the theater and anything connected with acting has left him and he is now enjoying Hollywood where he is making pictures.

"I'm tired of making love to a microphone," he confided to me. "It is a grand and glorious feeling to make love to a flesh and blood girl for a change and sing my songs to her instead of to the imaginary girl I have to visualize when I look into the mike."

And since Lanny's arrival in Hollywood the feminine blood pressure has gone up considerably. For he is tall and good looking and quite as romantic as he sounds over the air. To him, "a pretty girl is like a melody" and he falls in love easily and often. But it is never a case of out of sight, out of mind. He still corresponds with his first sweetheart, a girl he knew in Seattle in the days when he was doing drill and bugle with the Boy Scouts.

His most serious hobbies are golf and fishing and he swings a mean tennis racket. He has an even disposition but confesses that driving a car in New York City brings out his primitive instincts. One day I was riding across town with him and we had a little run-in with a truck. I can testify that he has an excellent and very versatile traffic vocabulary.

He hates to eat in restaurants and turns up his nose at all creamed and highly seasoned food.

He saves twine religiously and has a habit of twisting little pieces of paper into fantastic designs. After he has twisted them into unrecognizable shapes and practically reduced them to pulp it usually turns out that they contain some very important telephone numbers. Then he has to untwist them and try to smooth them out.

His suppressed desire is to meet a blond Italian woman. And he hopes some day to be able to climb the Matterhorn!

Harriet Hilliard Talks on Beauty

(Continued from page 54)

can be both smart and pretty. Clothes have both chic and becomingness. And make-up, too, is designed to make women look not only smart, but lovely, as well.

I have said that I get many helpful hints from the men—especially men who have had screen or stage or radio experience—about these various questions of beauty. Men are very observant. They know what they think looks well, and they know that what is just right for one girl is not always best for another, in both dress and looks.

But I have another source of help in the matter of make-up, something that any girl could make use of. I always study pictures of renowned beauties. I look at the lovely portraits of beauties of the past and try to find out how

they brought out their good points. You can get a lot of hints on make-up from an old portrait. For though modern women have all sorts of advantages over women of other ages in the perfection of cosmetics, still beauties of all ages had a lot of sense about making the most of their good looks. And I study famous living beauties—in life, when I can see them, and in their pictures when that is all I can get.

It takes a lot of work to use make-up to its best possible advantage. You cannot choose a plan today and follow it forever. You must keep track of new cosmetics, new styles and tendencies, new types of beauty that keep coming up. You must not let yourself get into a rut, in make-up or anything else, if you want to be beautiful.

How to Get a Radio Audition

(Continued from page 13)

have served some kind of apprenticeship on the stage, screen or a local radio station before being summoned to the envied key station of a national network. Because of the enormous investment involved in hook-ups the producers turn to the experienced rather than the inexperienced artists. They are disinclined to take a chance. Occasionally of course, some aspirant for radio honors does get accepted but so seldom does it happen that little encouragement for those without previous microphone technique or show experience can be offered.

CONSIDER a few of the stars and see what they had done before reaching the pinnacle in this newest and most popular form of entertainment. The Mills Brothers sang for a whole year on WLW, a local station in Cincinnati, before they got a network engagement. Colonel Stoopnagle and Budd served an apprenticeship of a year or longer on a Buffalo station. Arthur Tracy, the Street Singer, had sung in vaudeville and on a Philadelphia station before the national radio audience heard him. Charles Winninger of "Show Boat" fame had a life-long career on the stage before he went into radio. So had Eddie Cantor, Ruth Etting, Kate Smith, Morton Downey, George Jessel, Ed Wynn and Jack Benny. Amos 'n' Andy were known to listeners of a local Chicago station for a long time before national listeners became familiar with them. Elsie Hitz and Nick Dawson, dramatic stars of "Dangerous Paradise," both had extensive stage experience prior to their entrance into radio. Tony Wons read his homely philosophy to the audience reached by a Cincinnati local station prior to a network engagement. Irene Beasley served a local apprenticeship in the South. Harriet Lee sang on a Chicago station.

The audition heads of the two networks emphatically stress the importance of getting experience on local stations, of getting a thorough grounding in microphone technique and the background of broadcasting before applying for an audition on a chain. They are cutting down on auditions not because of a desire to thwart the ambitious but because of the futility of using an infinitesimal percentage of those who might be heard. There was a time not so long ago when the chains were indulgent on the matter of auditions. One of them heard around 5,000 applicants in a year with only a relative few being rated as having that ability to transmit their personality over the air or having a natural or gained experience before the microphone. Radio cannot use the average or mediocre artist. From a radio standpoint there is a definite reason for the acceptance of each and every performer who is heard. The listener, oftentimes, may wonder why, but broadcasters are practical men who cannot afford to be over sentimental.

LET us see what the audition heads of the two chains have to say on the subject of getting into radio. J. Ernest Cutting, Director of Auditions for the National Broadcasting Company, is the first. He answered my question (Please turn to page 88)



Nestle COLORINSE



GLAMOROUS HAIR! Every woman can have it . . . by simply using ColoRinse in the shampoo wash. This harmless vegetable compound . . . neither a dye nor a bleach . . . adds alluring color tints to the hair and makes it sparkle with a soft, shimmering youthful lustre and loveliness. 12 natural tints . . . choose your color and stop fretting about faded or lifeless hair.

THE NESTLE-LEMUR COMPANY, New York

10c at all 5 and 10c Stores and Beauty Shops . . . Nestle ColoRinse, SuperSet, Golden Shampoo and Henna Shampoo

How many OF THESE QUESTIONS CAN YOU ANSWER?

Count ten for each question and find out your rating

- What is the difference between a settee and a settle?
- What is the proper length of glass curtains and draperies?
- Should heavy pieces of furniture ever be placed at right angles to a wall?
- What is a spinet desk?
- What color is made by mixing red and yellow?
- What are secondary colors?
- If a room has no fireplace, how can a center of interest be created?
- In what style rooms may wall paper be used?
- What is the difference between a Wilton and an Axminster rug?
- What is the difference between brocade and brocatelle?

The Home Beautifying' editor of Tower Magazines has developed an intensely interesting series not only on how to arrange your own home but on the general history and technic of furniture and decoration. It is broad in its cultural aspects and contains information your entire family will enjoy learning.

Write FOR FURTHER DETAILS - HOME BEAUTIFYING EDITOR, TOWER MAGAZINES, INC., 55 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

GETS SPEEDY RELIEF FROM BURNING EYES!



When eyes burn from reading, sewing or office work, or from exposure to sun, wind and dust, apply a few drops of *Murine*. It instantly eases the burning sensation and quickly puts an end to the heavy, tired feeling! *Murine* is approved by *Good Housekeeping Bureau*, costs less than a penny an application, and is sold by druggists everywhere. Write *Murine Company*, Chicago, for free book on eye care.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES



The Swellest Lipstick

you ever put to your lips—and only a DIME!

Silvaray Lipstick proves that it's just silly to spend more than ten cents for a perfect lipstick. Goes on easily. Indelible. Handsome slide-up case. Six shades to choose from. Silvaray is absolutely dollar quality for a mere dime.

If you don't get the same joy and satisfaction from Silvaray as from higher priced lipsticks, we'll send back your ten cents. But be sure you get a Silvaray.

At your 10¢ Store
B. Kronish & Bro., New York



Silvaray

How to Get a Radio Audition

(Continued from page 87)

as to whether it was difficult to get into a chain by showing me one of a pile of letters he was signing addressed to applicants for auditions. The letter read as follows:

Dear Mr.—

In response to your recent letter, I regret to tell you that there does not seem to be anything we can do to help you get the opportunity which you seek. The talent situation in radio is something which very few of our listeners understand. In the past two or three years we have been besieged by talent of all types, known and unknown, hoping for an opportunity in radio. This has come about, to some extent, because practically all of the other fields of amusement have been closed and many actors, singers and entertainers have been without engagements. Obviously, it is impossible for us to use all the talent which comes to our attention. The result is we have been obliged to limit our auditions not only to those who have come experienced in their own particular field, but also who have had some experience or some preparation for radio. Competition is so keen as to make it practically impossible for the untrained and inexperienced artist to meet it. Not only that but the period which frequently elapses between an audition and a possible engagement is so long as to be very discouraging. We are sorry to disappoint you but we do not feel an audition would be in any way to your advantage.

Mr. Cutting said:

"My advice to the man or woman who believes he or she has a talent which might be of value in the field of broadcasting is to go to one of the many smaller stations throughout the country and try-out. So many who apply for auditions have done so simply because their friends have said they had good voices or play well and should be in radio. Because one might be magnetic in speech or song, it does not necessarily follow that one might be a radio personality. What comes over the microphone often tells another story.

"It is a grave error trying to get a chain audition without some background experience of a sort because the applicant has only one chance. A card record and rating is made and if the applicant does not meet up with the many requirements and standards we require he has lost his chance. Far better to come to us with some experience. Many an artist has been picked from a small station; talent and merit generally get recognized. There are plenty of opportunities for those who are ready when the big chance comes."

THEO GANNON of the Columbia Broadcasting System, expressed a similar point of view and he added this bit of information for the radio-struck:

"Radio is one branch of the entertainment business in which so-called pull or letter of introduction has a limited value. It may get the applicant an audition, but that is no definite proof that he will be accepted. The one and only test of acceptability as a broadcaster is the way the voice comes through the microphone.

"We cannot engage all the artists we might wish to because the program structure of from forty-five to fifty

programs a day will not permit. Another factor is that the flexibility of the individual is not always adapted to the air. Then, too, the radio audience sticks to its favorites. To those who are bent on making radio a career I would say: go to a local station, even if you have to sing free. If you build up a following the news gets around and sooner or later you will get your chance."

THERE are several advertising agencies in New York and elsewhere which maintain radio departments that build shows for clients and which engage the talent to appear in them. I asked Louis A. Witten, of Hanff-Metzger & Co., what advice he had to offer on how to get into radio. Mr. Witten, who produces the Ed Wynn show for Texaco, has long been identified with practical, commercial radio. Mr. Witten said:

"The man, woman or child who aspires to radio should have a burning zeal to keep at his ambition no matter how many the discouragements. It would be ideal of course if he or she had no financial worries during the novitiate. First, get on any kind of station on any kind of basis. If you are good you are bound to be recognized. After you have learned microphone technique thoroughly and have got some sort of following, invite the radio heads of the advertising agencies which are constantly scouting for new and tried talent to listen in on your program. They'll listen. And if you have something to offer they'll buy.

"For example, I am called upon to produce a program. What do I do? The premiere is only a short time away. Programs are not planned months ahead. The seasonal advertiser, especially, demands action. I cannot afford to take a chance with talent that is unsuccessful and inexperienced. So, what do I do? Naturally, I look around for those who have had some sort of success and experience in broadcasting, whether it be a singer or an ingenue, or an orchestra leader, whom I know has been making a name and gaining a following for himself."

If the radio ambitious is willing to abide by the suggestions of these men just how shall he go about getting his start on a local station? As stated before, there are 585 local stations in the country, scattered quite broadly and most of them within easy distance of reaching. There is always some one in charge of auditions; he may be doubling in several jobs but if the applicant asks for the executive who arranges to hear auditions he should have no difficulty in at least uncovering his identity. Secondly, if you do not get a reaction to the particular type of entertaining you have in mind, try and be adaptable. At least get on the air and then attempt to work out your own idea later.

I have in mind a singer who aspires for radio but declined to sing anything but the classics though I have heard him do popular numbers quite well. At the time I arranged an audition for him, the small station where I took him didn't have a spot open for the kind of songs he wanted to do. Thus he lost a chance to acquire immediately the radio technique he so urgently needs if he is to succeed on the air.

Only a few of the smaller stations

pay for talent, unless sold commercially. Such stations as do include sustaining artists in their budget as a rule do not pay very much, but what the beginner loses in pay is made up in experience valuable later on. Of course, the local station will try to sell the artist on a commercial program and if that happens the artist not only is assured of an income but he has climbed several rungs on his upward ladder. The embryo Ruth Etting or Bing Crosby can do much in building up a radio reputation. Fan letters insofar as possible should be answered, for each letter is a recommendation from a satisfied listener. The newcomer should "circulate" a great deal, so that more and more people get to know that he is heard on the air. He should spend as much time as possible at the station, watching and learning the ways of broadcasting. And should ever and ever be endeavoring to transmit his radio personality, that all important intangible thing to describe, over the air. Nor should he himself fail to be a listener to programs on the chain, analyzing what "clicks" with the radio audience and what doesn't. And in so doing, he should remember that no star lasts very long after the "fans" have expressed themselves unfavorably.

Sooner or later, if the newcomer keeps up his radio strife, some fine day Mr. Cutting or Mr. Gannon will want to see him rather than dodge him. Mr. Witten and the other buyers of talent will either hear of his increasing success or be willing to "tune in" on his program with the idea of considering him for "big time" in radio.

Comedy Is no Laughing Matter

(Continued from page 85)

shop around the house, always goes to the studio whenever he has work to do, forgets that he is a professional punster out of working hours.

So there you have Ed Wynn, the man who turned a humble hobby into a big business. People argue about him a lot. He's wonderful. He's terrible. He ought to do this or that. But Ed Wynn knows pretty well what he's doing and intends to keep right on doing it because it's his fun, his life, his justification. He won't change, he won't retire. He'll just keep right on going, like the old Texaco Fire Horse that he is, until he drops in the harness.

Are You Reading

BEHIND THE DIAL

by Nellie Revell

All the News and Gossip of Radio
FIRST

Tower Radio, May, 1934

What Jo-cur Did for "Discouraged JANE"



Try This New Waving Method Tonight

THERE is now a remarkable preparation you can buy at any toilet goods counter with which you can fingerwave your own hair perfectly for 5c... It is called JO-CUR Waveset... It is the very same French invention noted stage and screen stars use to give their hair the alluring waves you admire so much.

Instead of paying \$2 or more to an expensive hairdresser, try this remarkable discovery yourself. All you do is just wet your hair with JO-CUR and then with a comb and your own fingers you set your hair into perfect waves! *In a few minutes... you can have the most becoming wave you ever had—literally double the attractiveness of your hair in this easy way!*

Remember that JO-CUR is different from any other waveset known. It has a quince-



seed base—which eliminates all stickiness, all gumminess, and will *not* leave white flakes in the hair. And a JO-CUR wave lasts 7 full days. Try one today. You can get JO-CUR at any drug or department store and at the 10c stores.



Jo-cur
PRONOUNCED "JOKER"
WAVESET

HERE ARE THE LATEST ADDITIONS TO YOUR RECIPE LIBRARY

NEW METHODS IN BABY FEEDING.....10c

Milk... vegetables... fruit and fruit juices... cereals... meat and eggs... diets and menus.

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Lunch and dinner menus... soup variations... cold soups and aspics... luncheon dishes made with soup... dinner dishes... soup accompaniments

These helpful food bulletins with their delicious recipes, are printed on loose leaves so you can keep them in a loose-leaf binder.

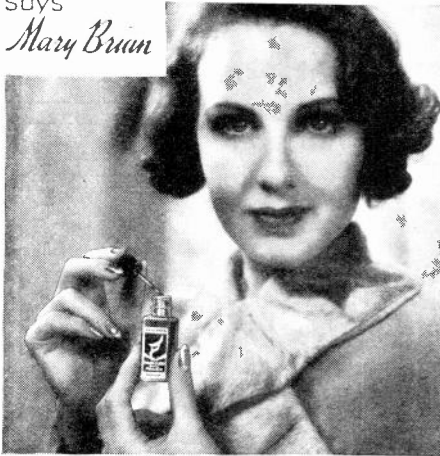
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55 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK, N. Y.

"Here is the SECRET"

SAYS

Mary Bruhn



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 local store for the 1cc size or your drug store for the 25c size of MOON GLOW Nail Polish in all shades. If they cannot supply you mail the coupon today.

Moon Glow Cosmetic Co., Ltd., Hollywood, Calif.
Gentlemen: Please send me introductory pkg. of Moon Glow. I enclose 10c (coin or stamp) for each shade checked.
() Natural () Medium () Rose () Platinum Pearl
() Carmine () Coral.

Name.....
St. & No.....
City.....State.....(TG-A5)



DO YOU long for the allure of a soft, smooth skin... a complexion young and radiant as a morning in May?

Mere "wishing" won't bring you the beauty you envy so much in others. But there is a very easy, very inexpensive way to acquire loveliness... a way that is practiced by millions of charming American women.

Begin today to use OUTDOOR GIRL Face Powder, Rouge and Lipstick... the only preparations of their kind made with a pure Olive Oil base! Observe how these marvelous beauty-aids improve your skin; bring out its natural, living tones. Your face takes on a smooth, velvety texture. Lips and cheeks become tempting—luscious

In large economy-sizes at drug and department stores—50c and 25c. Mail the coupon if you want to try 5 of these exceptional beauty preparations.

OUTDOOR GIRL OLIVE OIL BEAUTY PRODUCTS

CRYSTAL CORP., Willis Ave., N.Y.C., Dept. 87E
I enclose 10c. Please send me liberal trial packages of OUTDOOR GIRL Face Powder, Lip-and-Cheek Rouge, Cleansing Cream, Olive Oil Cream, and Perfume.

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

Mexico Menaces American Radio

(Continued from page 17)

refuse to license the stations, their officials replied with what seems to me to be the prize diplomatic retort of the season, which was:

"The programs come from the United States. If you don't want them why don't you keep them from originating in your country."

This "fast one" doubtless was responsible for bills introduced into Congress by Senator Dill, of Washington and Representative Bland, of Virginia, pending at this time, to prevent studios in the United States being connected with radio stations in a foreign country that broadcast back into this country.

"Before they could get into Mexico they would have to be admitted to that country," Dr. Irvin Stewart, of the State Department testified. "Conceivably that might not be granted to some of them and through broadcasting medical advice, they might find themselves in a position of practicing medicine without a license."

"Brinkley's license to practice medicine in Kansas has been revoked," Dr. Arthur J. Cramp, of Chicago, of the Bureau of Investigation of the American Medical Association writes, "but undoubtedly he still has a Texas license that was granted to him on reciprocity with Kansas."

"Dr. Brinkley's Mexican talks are a continuation of the type of broadcasts for which he was barred here by the Federal Radio Commission," Dr. Joliffe told the Congressional Committee.

"In addition to advertising his hospital at Del Rio he prescribes by radio for practically any type of ailment. His prescriptions consist in giving the numbers of prescriptions he had compounded and which could be bought at certain drug stores."

"I got Dr. Brinkley even in Philadelphia," interjected Representative George W. Edmonds, of Pennsylvania, at the Congressional hearing.

"I had the damndest time keeping from getting him," replied Representative Albert C. Willford of Iowa.

When Representative R. Ewing Thomason of Texas read a telegram which said, "Del Rio is 100 per cent behind Dr. Brinkley because he brings us prosperity," there was a shout of laughter from the Congressmen.

"Does Brinkley use Texas goats in his gland operations?" a solon asked.

"We have the finest in the world," Representative Thomason parried. "Even Congressmen might be interested in the treatment."

DR. JOLIFFE said that Brinkley's station XER has been operating with about 100,000 watts, which is twice as much power as KDKA, Pittsburgh, or WEAJ, New York.

"The station gave a signal over approximately the entire southern portion of the country. "Dr. Joliffe went on, "It can be heard on good nights in Winter practically throughout the United States."

Surely this was true in the case of the early morning broadcasts (5 a. m., Central Time, 6 a. m., Eastern Time) which come pounding into Washington as if they were from a local station. These broadcasts are specially timed for farm hands and others who are up with the sun. Dr. Brinkley himself has

been heard on the evening programs, the first at 8 o'clock, Eastern Time, and the second at 9 o'clock.

The station, XER, which operated on a frequency of 735 kc, was located on the dial between WSB, Atlanta and WGN, Chicago, but is hard to tune in because of the clash of its frequency with these stations.

This brings up the question of the terrific interference caused in the United States by the Mexican transmitters. An innocent victim was WSB, Atlanta, which is but five kilocycles removed from XER, the Brinkley station. It has brought forth a vigorous protest from former Senator John S. Cohen, of *The Atlanta Journal*, owner of the station. Senator Cohen said that XER was causing WSB great annoyance as well as loss.

An exclusive channel allocated to Canada also suffers, as does WGN, *The Chicago Tribune* station, though it is fifteen kilocycles away. A bad feature is that Mexican frequencies end in 15 and ours in 10. Our engineers insist upon a minimum separation of 10 kilocycles. Between the border stations and ours the frequencies are only separated by five kilocycles which results in a head-on collision of the carrier-waves of the two stations.

This is the case with XEPN, Piedras Negras, which piles up on one side of the frequency shared by WIBW, Senator Capper's station at Topeka, Kans., WOBU, at Charleston, West Va., and KMJ, Fresno, Calif., while on the other it interferes with WOW, Omaha, XEAW, Reynosa, conflicts with a Canadian exclusive channel on one side and WCFL, Chicago, and KJR, Seattle, on the other.

XENT, at Neuva Laredo, puts a heterodyne whistle on WRVA, at Richmond, Va., and at the same time KTRH, Houston, WTAJ, College Park, Tex., and KRKD. XEBC at Agua Caliente is even more of a problem because sometimes its broadcasts vary from 810 to 815 kilocycles. All Mexican stations are apt to wobble. This one when on 810 is directly in the path of WCCO, Minneapolis, which though 1550 miles away suffers to such an extent that complaint was made about it by Henry A. Bellows, president of the station, vice-president of the Columbia Broadcasting System. When XENT ambles in the direction of 815 it musses things up for WHAS, *Louisville Courier Journal* station, and WFAA-WBAP, operated by *The Dallas News* and *The Fort Worth Star Telegram*.

Although the medical broadcasts have been mentioned most frequently, the Mexican border stations produce many others held by many to be as objectionable, such as astrologers, dream books, and racing dope. Questionable questions are answered for \$1 per and fortunes are told. One of the gags is to tell half the fortune over the air and to get listeners to send in \$2 for the other half.

The Mexican government's order to close Station XER came as a complete surprise. Our radio officials hope that the action taken in connection with the Brinkley station is only a beginning and that the rest of the stations on the border will likewise be silenced.

Low-Down Music

(Continued from page 31)

As she grew up, little Miss Hanshaw kept on with her strumming and singing. Southern lullabies and hotcha numbers were her favorites. When she came home from school she would turn on the phonograph and play and re-play all the blues records, singing along with the recording.

Meanwhile, she attended the Convent of St. Clair. When she reached the second grade of high school, her family moved to Mt. Kisco, where her father had purchased a hotel. Annette stopped going to high school. Her ambition was to become the best portrait painter in the world. For a year she attended the National Academy of Design in New York City, commuting daily. The trip wore her out, for Annette never has been, and still is not a robust person. By this time, too, she realized her talent was mediocre; her work would never be outstanding. There was no use continuing with art. Nor did she want to go back to high school.

Next she opened a little music shop in Mt. Kisco. Annette's father hired a tiny store for her, which she converted into a studio, decorating it herself.

IT WAS named "The Melody Shop." Besides atmosphere, it had a piano, upon which to demonstrate the latest sheet music, a stock of music, a victrola and stacks of victrola records.

Then came the hitch. Annette had never learned to read music; she still can't read a note. Customers would ask her to play the latest numbers. She didn't remember exactly how they went, so played them with her own variations. Quite often people brought them back, complaining they sounded different when they played them at home! In spite of their complaints, she managed to make about \$20 a week.

But it was hard work. Annette did everything from sweeping and dusting in the morning to demonstrating and selling. Her health, never too good, began to fail again. It was with no great sorrow that she sold the store.

A boy friend had organized a group of entertainers and occasionally Annette went along to sing and play. On one occasion Wally Rose, then manager of the Columbia Phonograph Company, heard her and invited her to make a test record, which she did. She heard nothing further from him and just considered the whole business a lark.

At another party she came across Harry Reser, leader of the Cliquot Club Eskimos. Then he was filling in as a banjost at a Westchester society entertainment. Reser thought her voice unusual, and didn't hesitate to say so. A few years later, he was to play an important part in her career.

Annette was shy and retiring by nature; she had to force herself to accept engagements. She wasn't sorry when her father bought a hotel in Florida to operate during the winter months, and moved his family to the south. Here occurred her initial broadcast.

The Hanshaws had as their guests at the hotel for a week-end a group of real estate men. As was the custom in the Hanshaw household, Annette sang to her father just before he retired. He had been in poor health for years, and it rested him to hear her sing.

(Please turn to page 93)



WILL YOU TRADE BEAUTY SECRETS WITH US?

The Beauty Sleuth is searching for information—important information. Will you help her by answering some questions? Then, no doubt, you have some beauty problem you'd like to discuss with her. If you have, send your problem, together with your answers to the questions below, to the Beauty Editor and you'll get an early answer (without charge, of course).

- DETACH HERE-----
1. Do you buy cosmetics for a dry skin?.....an oily skin?.....
a normal skin?.....
 2. Do you use a light weight face powder?.....or a heavy face
powder?.....
Where do you buy it?.....Size?.....
 3. Which is more important to you when buying powder: texture?.....
color?.....purity?.....
 4. Do you use powder rouge?.....or a cream rouge?.....
Why?.....
Where do you buy it?.....Size?.....
 5. What color is your hair?.....
 6. Do you shampoo it yourself?.....Or have it done in a beauty salon?.....

BEAUTY EDITOR - TOWER MAGAZINES, INC.
FIFTY - FIVE FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

CORNS

CALLUSES—BUNIONS—SORE TOES



Quick, Sure Relief!

That's how quickly Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads relieve corns, callouses, bunions or tender toes. These soothing, healing, protective pads lift nagging shoe pressure off the nerves, instantly ending the cause. The result is no more pain, no more blisters or abrasions and no more discomfort from new or tight shoes!

REMOVES CORNS and CALLOUSES

Along with this grateful relief, your corns or callouses are quickly loosened for easy, safe, painless removal. Separate Medicated Disks are included for that purpose in every box of Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. You never tried anything so wonderful. Get a package today—sold the world over.



Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads
Put one on—the pain is gone!

\$3 EFFECT FOR 10¢
3 VIVANI
FACE POWDER
ROUGE
CREAMS
LOTIONS

WHISPERED Great Complexion Secret!



TO her friend she confessed the secret of her flawless clear white skin. Long ago she learned that no cosmetic would hide blotches, pimples or sallowness. She found the secret of real complexion beauty in **NR Tablets (Nature's Remedy)**. They cleansed and cleared the eliminative tract—corrected sluggish bowel action—drove out the poisonous wastes. She felt better, too, full of pep, tingling with vitality. Try this mild, safe, dependable, all-vegetable corrective tonight. See your complexion improve, see headaches, dullness vanish. At all druggists—only 25c.

FREE! New gold & blue 1934 Calendar. Thermometer—samples NR and Tums. Send name, address, stamp to A. H. LEWIS CO., Desk EG-93, St. Louis, Missouri

NR TO-NIGHT
TOMORROW ALRIGHT

"TUMS" Quick relief for acid indigestion, sour stomach, heartburn. Only 10c.

Child Prodigy

(Continued from page 30)

singing were a part of her life from childhood on. Brought up on a farm, she used to sing little phrases as she walked around the place. She had a pet rooster who sat on her head and pecked at it when she was only about two or three years old. One day the rooster pecked harder than usual, and she burst into a little song, "I said to Daddy—Here comes a roosie after me."

Recently a story was printed to the effect that Vera Van wanted a theme song, and her father, who was working on the Coast, wired, "Why don't you sing, 'Here come a roosie after me?'"

When she was about four years old she started taking dancing lessons because she was anemic and her doctor thought it would be a good thing for her. She did so well at dancing school that when she was only five her dancing teacher arranged for her to make her first professional appearance. She had a ballet of one hundred children in the opera house at Akron. For this work she received \$100 a week, which is a lot of money for a five-year-old child in any language.

When Vera was about seven years old, her parents left Akron and moved to Los Angeles.

MOST people think of Vera as a comparative newcomer to radio. Few people realize that though she is barely nineteen years old, she has been in radio almost since radio first found its voice. In 1922 she and her two brothers made their debut over the air on Uncle John's hour in Los Angeles. They were known as the Webster Trio, and Vera was billed as The Diminutive Prima Donna.

Later, Vera played the role of Buttercup in Gilbert and Sullivan's "H.M.S. Pinafore" at the Hollywood Bowl.

At the ripe old age of ten or eleven Vera teamed up with a boy named George Ward and they were billed as Ward and Webster. Someone connected with Fanchon and Marco caught the girl's act, and she was signed to a beautiful contract. She made a tour of West Coast theaters as a singer and dancer. One day she was called from San Francisco to appear in a theater in Los Angeles at which Rube Wolf was master of ceremonies.

Much to her surprise, Mr. Marco introduced her to the master of ceremonies as Vera Van. Then he called her aside and said, "I've changed your name to Vera Van. Do you mind?" She didn't, of course, and has kept the name ever since.

Though Vera was practically born in a trunk and has been a trouser since she was five, she has been affected very little by the atmosphere of the theater. Vera looks and acts like the most sheltered sort of child. That is primarily due to the devotion of her mother, who has stood between Vera and the world and protected her from unpleasant associations. As soon as Vera's act on the stage was over, Vera's mother would always call for her and take her driving in the country or something of the sort. Now that Vera is getting a little older, her mother is stepping aside more

and more, but until recently she stood as a buffer between her daughter and the world. So far as she could help it, she protected the child from being disillusioned. She herself might have to face the jealousy of other parents, but she saw to it that Vera kept her faith in human nature.

IN August, 1928, Vera went to Chicago for the Paramount Publix theaters. She later played a few New York clubs and went on an RKO tour with the Yale Collegians.

Vera did so well on her various vaudeville tours that she was signed by station KMTR in Los Angeles to do her singing over the air. She also worked at George Olsen's club at Culver City.

One day one of the West Coast officials of the Columbia Broadcasting System told her that the company was looking for a new singer of popular blues. Ten girls were given auditions. They were herded into a studio and numbered. Vera was one of them, of course. The singer was supposed to be chosen without anyone seeing the girls. One after another they sang, numbered like prisoners. Vera's number was three, and she was chosen and given a nine months' contract on the California Melodies program.

When her contract was up, she went from Los Angeles to San Francisco and sang with Ted Fiorito's band at the St. Francis Hotel, remaining there for eight months. She made a three weeks' personal appearance tour on the Coast, and then her mother thought it advisable for them to come East. She opened at the Park Central Cocomat Grove, singing twice a night for a few weeks.

Officials on the Columbia East Coast network heard of her and gave her an audition one day. She was signed the next.

Vera's career has been one grand holiday since. She has forged ahead with lightning rapidity, and now has a new commercial twice a week. A commercial program, you know, is the dream of every radio artist's life. It means that some sponsor has been found who is willing to invest cold, hard cash to have an artist on his program.

A GREAT many press stories have been printed to the effect that Vera began her career as a singer because a spinal ailment forced her to give up dancing. That is not entirely true. She had to give up toe dancing in 1924 or 1925 because she had strained herself doing strenuous acrobatic toe dancing. But she can still do all other types of dancing. As for her singing, she has been interested in it since childhood, and she started her career as a singer on Uncle John's hour over the air before she suffered any injury from dancing.

Vera Van looks like a junior edition of Mary Pickford without the curls, and ever since she first appeared in the Fanchon and Marco houses she has been billed as "The Sweetheart of Song." But no matter what they bill her as, the fact remains that at the age of nineteen, she is already a real trouser.

Have you a problem? Turn to
The Voice of Experience on page 42.



"I have had pimples and awful blackheads for years, making my skin so unattractive that my husband almost never kissed me. But after using Ambrosia only one week he began to tell me how beautiful my complexion was becoming. How happy . . ."

"MARRIED LOVE"

Letters like this prove you, too, can quickly obtain the clear complexion men admire and women envy. Clean your skin to the depths of the pores . . . get rid of clogging impurities that make complexions sallow. Ambrosia, the pore-deep liquid cleanser, does this for you. You feel Ambrosia tingle; you *know* it is cleansing.

Follow with Ambrosia Tightener if pores are enlarged or skin is oily. Tightener is stimulating, reduces large pores, prevents blackheads and pimples.

If skin is dry, follow Ambrosia Cleanser with Ambrosia Cream. With pores thoroughly cleansed skin can absorb cream to end dryness, smooth wrinkles. Ambrosia Cream penetrates, replenishes oil. Gives skin a clear, youthful, *kissable* smoothness.

Ask for Ambrosia beauty aids at drug or department stores, 75¢. Slightly higher in Canada. Also in smaller sizes at 10¢ stores.

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 10¢ stores. Regular Size at good drug and department stores

LUR-EYE PRODUCTS, Inc.
1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y.



Tower Radio, May, 1934

Low-Down Music

(Continued from page 91)

These men heard her and put a proposition up to her. They were broadcasting a series of programs from Clearwater, Fla., to advertise their company. She would get \$50 for each appearance. Would she sing over the air?

FIFTY dollars seemed a good deal of money to the girl, so she agreed. But she was so terrified when she stood before the mike, that she refused to sing on any other programs.

In the Spring, the family returned to New York, where she suffered the greatest calamity of her life—her father died. Another shock was to come. After his debts were cleared up, the family had nothing left to live on.

"Dad never took us into his confidence about his business affairs," Miss Hanshaw told me earnestly. "We thought we were comfortably fixed. We knew the hotel didn't bring in a great deal but thought the income from oil wells Dad had inherited provided more than enough for us to live on. Well, it seems the wells had just petered out. The dividend from his stock the year he died was \$78."

Annette knew she could never make a living from her sketchy art course. The only thing to do was to try to live by her voice. Wally Rose, the Columbia executive, immediately came to her mind. Perhaps he would let her make some records? He would—and did.

She turned phonograph records out as fast as the market could absorb them, working under her own name and the names Gay Ellis, Patsy Young and Dot Dare.

Supporting a family proved quite a task. She tried to get some radio work in addition to her phonograph recordings. On her quest for auditions, she came across Harry Reser, who had played the banjo at the party where she had sung, a couple of years before. Now he was leader of the Cliquot Club Eskimos and broadcasting regularly.

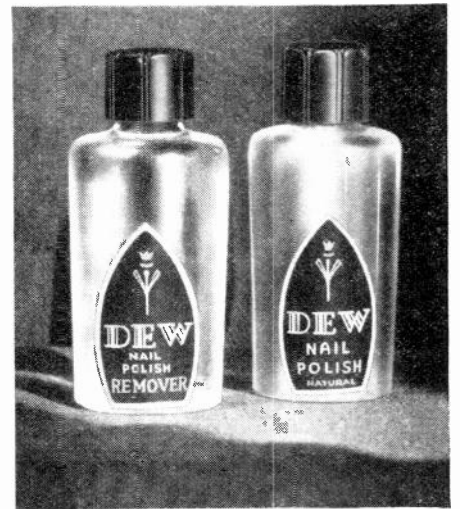
If Annette would like to appear as his guest artist, it could be arranged. So Miss Hanshaw had the honor of being the first guest artist on the Cliquot Club program, back in 1929.

THINGS began to go a little better. She was given chances to appear on several broadcasts, with other companies. She was offered a thirteen-week contract with the Van Heusen Collar people to sing blues numbers.

While she was vacationing, plans for the Maxwell Coffee Hour's Show Boat were being discussed. As the plot originally stood, there was no blues singer in the cast. Then somebody remembered: How could you have a show boat cruising the Mississippi without the realistic accompaniment of a singer of both hot Southern numbers, and crooning melodies? At the last minute, Miss Hanshaw's part was written in, and she was offered the role. She appeared with them on their opening night, October 6, 1932. Though her contract stipulated thirteen weeks, she has been with them ever since.

Miss Hanshaw occasionally writes poetry and songs. Two of her songs have been published, as has some of her poetry. Her "When Your Happiness Comes Along" and "Sweet One" brought in \$60 and \$50, respectively, in royalties. She expects to stick to her singing.

Compare
this nail polish
at 10¢ with any
other at any price



DEW NAIL POLISH in shades of RUBY, CARDINAL, CORAL, FLAME, ROSE, NATURAL and COLORLESS. DEW NAIL POLISH REMOVER. CUTICLE OIL and CUTICLE REMOVER.

WHAT every woman wants in a nail polish you'll find in DEW NAIL POLISH. Easy to apply. Goes on smoothly and evenly. Dries quickly, leaving a mirror-like finish that lends brilliant beauty to soft hands. Compare its lasting qualities with those of any higher-priced nail polish. Will not crack or peel. DEW NAIL POLISH comes in a beautiful dressing table flask with smart bakelite cap. After one trial you'll wonder why DEW NAIL POLISH is not priced as high as nail polishes of similar quality. A large volume of sales with small profit per sale is the reason. On sale at leading 10¢ stores.

MARION LAMBERT, Inc., 629 Delmonte Way
St. Louis, Mo.





Discovers secret
of popularity
thanks to DR. EDWARDS

FOR just one week, take Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets before going to bed, and see how your mirror flatters you—cheeks like velvet, a lovely skin and happy, sparkling eyes.

So mild and yet so pure, countless grateful women have come to call these wonderful tablets the "internal cosmetic," because they remove the *inside* causes of blemishes, pimples, headaches and that general run-down feeling.

Beauty for every woman

A gratifying substitute for calomel, Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets act safely and gently on the liver, relieving constipation and clearing the system of poison so perilous to beauty.

Ask at any drug store, for these olive colored tablets, compounded of vegetable ingredients, if you want to look and feel years younger. 15¢, 30¢, 60¢.

The ST. CHARLES

Occupying an Entire Block on the Boardwalk
ATLANTIC CITY

- *Offers the Maximum in Hotel Comfort and Service.
- *Largest and Finest Sun Deck on the Boardwalk.
- *Exceptional Cuisine.
- *Concerts—Dancing—Entertainment American and European Plans.

Your Iron Fairly Glides!

ELASTIC STARCH



This modern way to hot starch offers you advantages worth knowing. Simply add boiling water to dissolved Quick Elastic—no mixing, no cooking, no bother as with lump starch. Ends sticking and sootching. Restores elasticity and that soft charm of newness.

TRY
THIS
FREE

THANK YOU—

THE HUBINGER CO., No. 790, Keokuk, Iowa.
Your free sample of QUICK ELASTIC, please,
and "That Wonderful Way to Hot Starch."



*The Voice of Experience
in his office reading some
of his daily mail.*

VOICE OF EXPERIENCE

(Continued from page 43)

and not as they really are. I often think that, if a person is intelligent, well-read and intellectual, that person cannot ever expect to be happy one hundred per cent. What do you think?

J. A. F. (Massachusetts.)

ANSWER:

Let me answer your question by asking you a question: "Just what is your definition of happiness?"

If you were to ask the first hundred people you meet on the street what they wanted and expected of life, more than fifty per cent of them would tell you, in one way or another, that their goal in life was "happiness." If you were to confine them to a definite statement of what they considered happiness to be, ninety-five per cent or more would reply, "pleasure."

The pursuit of pleasure is the full-time occupation of a vast multitude of human beings. Millions of men and women work day in and day out for no other reason than to get money and to turn that money into enjoyment, amusement, pleasure in some form or another as quickly as they can. Their happiness consists in having "a good time." Life to them is just the pursuit of one good time after another.

Is happiness then, in itself, a goal of life? Is it an adequate goal? Does the pursuit of happiness, for happiness' sake, really bring true happiness to the seeker?

No, my friend, happiness can never be an effective goal of life because happiness is a condition, not an end in itself. When you seek happiness you find it very elusive, because true happiness comes without being sought through proper utilization of one's leisure time, through living the good life.

Yes, I have known many happy individuals, both married and single, but never one who was seeking happiness for its own sake. I wish that space permitted my transcribing here a little two thousand word monograph I have written on a subject, "Pleasure As a Goal in Life." Space does not permit, but to anyone who cares to send me either a self-addressed, stamped envelope, or a three-cent stamp, I will be glad to mail this little booklet in

the hopes that it will help to clarify a wrong conception, prevalent everywhere, on what constitutes real pleasure or happiness and how it can be attained.

• • •

DEAR VOICE OF EXPERIENCE:

What do you think of a man who plays for two or three hours each night on the floor with a cat, but will not give two or three minutes amusement to his children?

We have a cat. When my husband comes home from work, the cat goes to meet him and he takes the cat in his arms and loves it and lies on the floor and rolls all around with it. Now, I have a little girl, five, and a boy, eight. They like to be loved when they go to their daddy, but he tells them to go play by themselves. I know he loves them, but he does not show it. I say he loves them because he never goes out without taking the children and myself along and he buys them any toys they want to play with. But my children and I long for some of that love that the cat gets. Will you please advise me what causes my husband to act this way?

MRS. A. E.

ANSWER:

Your problem, Mrs. A. E., is an exceptionally good one. By that I don't mean that I rejoice in your having such a problem. I simply mean that the problem itself is an excellent psychological one and that there are many other homes where this problem has been experienced, too.

The basic reason for this situation lies in the fact that here in America boys are early taught that it is unmanly for a male to openly demonstrate affection. It is considered effeminate, if you please. It is perfectly all right, however, for a boy or a man to shower affection on an animal—a dog, or a horse, or even a cat.

There are many men, utterly affectionate at heart, who wish to be good fathers as well as good husbands,

"I don't want to come to dinner, Mrs. Jones. Your meals are monotonous!"



IF your guests or family spoke their thoughts aloud, could they say *that* about your meals? Don't risk Meal Monotony! Not when there's an easy way to give your dinners sparkle and zest. It's the menu-recipe booklet:

**44 EASY
ECONOMICAL DINNERS**

This helpful guide to better planning lifts dinners out of the humdrum into different, delicious meals.

Take, for instance, casserole of chicken and waffles with maple butter. It's the maple butter—simple, inexpensive—that gives the novel, unusual touch! Out of the 44 menus and 76 recipes in this useful booklet you'll find all sorts of special new little ways to add to the enjoyment of meals.

Send today for "44 Easy, Economical Dinners"—10 cents a copy. It makes cooking easier . . . results more appetizing.

FOOD EDITOR

Tower Magazines, Inc.

55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Tower Radio, May, 1934

that consider it most unmanly to display any of the deep affection that they feel for their loved-ones. They don't wish to be classified, even by those loved ones, as effeminate. Hence they remain undemonstrative toward their children, while showering affection on a pet.

What your husband's need is is what a great many American men need: a re-education along emotional lines. This suggestion might be of value: that you submit your problem as a hypothetical one to a good psychiatrist and get his answer in writing. Present it in the most friendly manner to your husband and I believe it will help materially in changing conditions.

DEAR VOICE OF EXPERIENCE:

Please don't cast my plea aside. I have no one to go to for advice but you. Six months ago I was divorced from my husband as it was impossible for us to get along together. Since then I have remarried; this time a man much older than myself. He is fifty and I am twenty-four. He is everything a wife could ask for. We have a nice home and everything to make life worth while. But I am always thinking about my first husband. He is on my mind all the time—the first thing in the morning and the last thing at night. I can't stand to hear his name called. If any of my friends start talking about him, I have to leave the room and cry.

Now my second husband knows there is something wrong and he is asking me to tell him. I am afraid to tell him for I know it will end everything with us. I can't go on as I am now for he will find out some time. I have been thinking of going away and leaving him a note explaining everything. Do you think I should do this or must I tell him my trouble? I promise not to do anything until you advise me.

LENA.

ANSWER:

Now, Lena, let's just forget our hysterics for a few minutes and sanely analyze this problem of yours. If you found yourself suffering from some physical malady which made it impossible for you to carry on your regular routine wifely duties, would you not do the logical thing, call in a physician, and through curative measures eliminate the cause of your inability to carry on the necessary home duties expected of a wife?

Then why not apply the same common sense to this problem of yours? Frankly, I do not think it will solve the problem for you to discuss the matter with your husband. In fact, it may aggravate the situation.

Deep in your subconscious mind somewhere is a problem involving that first husband of yours. Only a trained psychiatrist can help you to unfold that problem to your conscious mind and, therefore, be in a position to solve it. Many a home has been broken up, Lena, just as you are threatening to break up yours, with the result that instead of solving anything for either party it creates graver responsibilities and mental anxieties for both.

Go to a good ethical psychiatrist, or visit a mental hygiene clinic and I am certain that, if you will cooperate with the psychiatrist, you will be surprised how rapidly a problem such as yours

(Please turn to page 96)

**Now...
MARCHAND'S
CASTILE SHAMPOO**



NEW... WHY?

IT'S NEW—and that's news—great news for millions of women—and men—

And here's **WHY**—

When the hair is washed with ordinary bar soaps or inferior shampoos—tiny particles of soap stick to the hair, despite repeated rinsings. The soap particles contain alkali which has a harsh effect on hair and scalp. If this is continued, hair will become dull and lifeless—scalp will become dry and dandruffy.

Now—after 30 years of experience in the care of the hair—Marchand's experts have developed a Castile Shampoo that **RINSES COMPLETELY**.

Think what that means—no soap particles, no alkali, no harsh effect on hair or scalp! Little wonder Marchand's new Castile Shampoo leaves the hair so exquisitely, so lustrously beautiful.

A Scientific Beauty Treatment

To shampoo with Marchand's is to give hair a scientific beauty treatment. Marchand's thick creamy lather cleanses gently and thoroughly. It is made from the highest quality virgin olive oil. That beautifies the hair, benefits the scalp, and helps retard dandruff. Hair is left soft and fluffy—easy to comb—perfect for waving or curling and no undesirable scents or odors cling to it.

Best for children's tender scalps and for men with dandruff. Low price—and the quality in it makes a little go a long way. 35c at druggists.

**ASK YOUR DRUGGIST OR
GET BY MAIL**

Send 35c (coins or stamps) to C. Marchand Co., 251 W. 19th St., N.Y.C. for regular size bottle



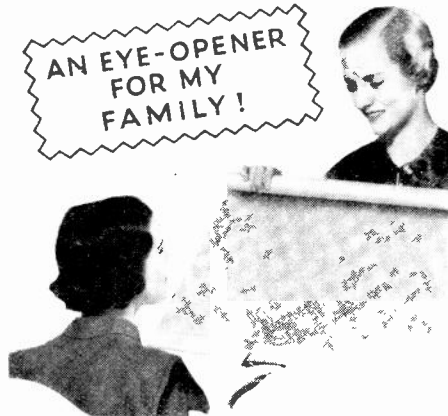
35c enclosed — Please send me your shampoo.

Name

Address

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

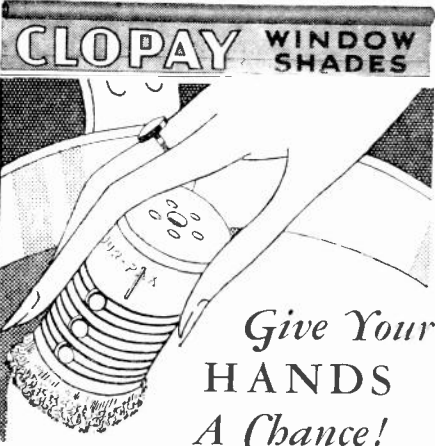
AN EYE-OPENER
FOR MY
FAMILY!



These Vastly Improved
15c WINDOW SHADES

"I'm so delighted that I am replacing all my old window shades with bright, fresh new ones at small cost. These new, improved Clopays are a treat—heavier and stronger than I believed possible. Wooden slat included with each. And now it's necessary to trim only one side to fit narrower windows. As always, Clopays at 15c come in lovely plain colors and chintz patterns—wear wonderfully—and so easy to put up—attach to old rollers without tacks or tools." . . . Send 3c stamp for Color Samples. CLOPAY CORP., 1208 York St., Cincinnati, O.

At All 5c and 10c Stores
and Most Neighborhood Stores



Give Your
HANDS
A Chance!

SCOUR WITH SKOUR-PAK

Hands can't be nice—if you scour with things that roughen and scratch them. For scouring there's nothing better than steel wool. But for hands sake—use the Steel Wool Brush—Skour-Pak. Avoid careless use of steel wool (or metal fiber) and other scouring devices—avoid messy, scratched fingers and possible infection.

For safer, quicker, better scouring—and for lovelier hands, use—

SKOUR-PAK
THE STEEL WOOL BRUSH

Special non-rusting steel wool—fastened in a handy safety rubber holder. No waste—can be used down to last inch. Drains clean.

Sold at 5 and 10 cent Stores, Grocery,
Hardware and Department Stores.
RIDGWAYS, Inc., 60 Warren St., N. Y. C.

Take Your Problems to the
Voice of Experience

(Continued from page 95)

will eliminate itself. Just see if I am not right.

DEAR VOICE OF EXPERIENCE:
I am a girl, 15. As you see I am a terrible writer. I am left-handed. I have tried and tried for almost a year to write with my right hand, but I can't do it. Still I think if I try again I might get used to it. But I guess it's no use. In school the children are always watching me. Some even call me "left-handed monkey-wrench." This problem may sound silly to you, but it means a lot to me. I get very low marks in writing in school, which pulls me down a lot. Shall I try to write with my right hand or give it up altogether?

LEFTY.

ANSWER:
I have all the sympathy in the world for a boy or a girl born with the natural tendency to use the left hand and compelled by their parents and teachers to discontinue the natural movements of their body and employ most awkward ones.

For me, however, to try and straighten out the subject of left-handedness and do it justice in the brief space allotted to an answer of this question, is out of the question. I have a two thousand word article written on this subject which covers it quite completely; and if "Lefty," or any other left-handed persons. (or, for that matter, parents of left-handed children) are really interested in a correct solution of this problem, I suggest that they write to me in care of TOWER RADIO and enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope, or a three-cent stamp, and ask for my pamphlet on left-handedness. I know that it will prove very beneficial indeed.

DEAR VOICE OF EXPERIENCE:
Why do women let their conscience bother them so much, when men don't seem to have one, or rather men don't let a little thing like a conscience get them all bothered. For instance: You are always reading letters from women in which they are desperate because of some mistake they have made in the past and they are miserable because they have a conscience.

Why can't women be sensible like men—by getting the most out of life today and let tomorrow take care of itself. I am sure you long to tell the female sex that, if they weren't such dumb creatures, their conscience wouldn't trouble them so much. I am a staunch moralist myself, but optimist enough not to cry over spilt milk.

MARY JEAN.

ANSWER:
I have very little space in this column to do justice to a problem such as you have submitted. However, I want to take exception to what you have said in the beginning of your second paragraph: Why can't women be sensible like men by getting the most out of life today and letting tomorrow take care of itself?

Sensible? Why, Mary Jean, that's anything in the world but sensible.

There is no question but what it is a whole lot more fun to live each day for itself and crowd that day as full of pleasure as we can, but there's an old saying, Mary Jean, "He who dances must pay the fiddler."

The thoughtless person will dance and then worry about paying the fiddler, but the sensible person reckons with the payment before starting the dance. What would you think of a farmer that said in the Spring, "Harvest time doesn't come till Fall. I've got a lot of weed seed. Why go out and pay good money for wheat and oats? I'll put in my time sowing and then I'll worry about the harvest when the season comes around."

I suppose you would consider him a sensible farmer! Certainly you wouldn't. There's an immutable law of nature, "What we sow, that shall we also reap." The thoughtful, sensible person reckons always with tomorrow's harvest when he does his sowing today. There are many thoughtless people, Mary Jean, women as well as men, who reason just as you have, but they are not farsighted and usually they pay for such a philosophy not only with a shortened life but with many miserable years before that life terminates. I didn't mean this to be a sermonette, but the character of your letter prompted this reply.

Space does not permit the handling of more letters this time, but to those who give me their name and address, even though we are unable to use their letters in the body of the column, we will attempt to be of service to you. The success of this column for you as an individual depends upon whether or not you participate in making it successful by sending your problems to me. I assure you of as sane and sympathetic a reply as I am capable of giving.

And here's a problem that has worried many a boy:

DEAR VOICE OF EXPERIENCE:
I am a school boy of sixteen and would like your advice on something I am having a hard time to decide upon. My mother and father have set their hearts on my going to high school and then to college. I have completed three years of high school and every year was like being in prison. I want to travel. I want to learn things through experience. I intend joining the Navy after this term is ended. Everyone tells me that I am foolish and should get an education. But I want to learn things in my own way. Please don't think me foolish. Anyhow, I have made up my mind.

TED.

ANSWER: My boy, there are those who would criticize me for my answer to you; but, nevertheless, I have found that where a boy finds school a prison, doesn't usually get much out of his classroom. He can be pushed through college and have books crammed through him; but he doesn't digest them and, therefore, they do him little good.

I had a younger brother like you, Ted. He didn't like school either; but



Fashion Decrees SMOOTH, FLAWLESS BACKS

THIS season backs have come to the front. The woman who follows fashion's dictates cannot rely on her face and gown alone to win honors for her. Whether in the ball room or on the beach at Miami, shoulders and back are bared to view, and the smallest blemish can spoil the effect.

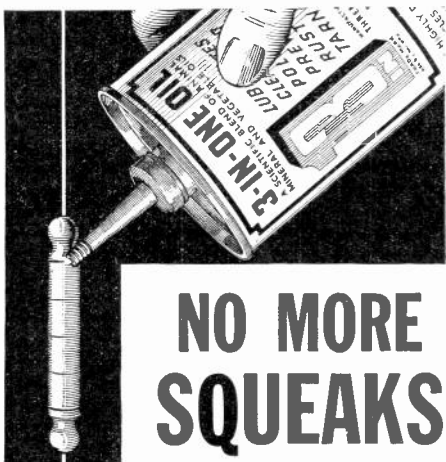
Are you proud of your back... prepared to stand this exacting skin test? If not, begin now to help nature correct blackheads, pimples, roughness, sallowness or similar faults.

Bathe daily with Resinol Soap. Its luxuriant non-irritating lather works into the pores and gently but surely cleanses them of clogging impurities... the usual cause of blackheads and resultant pimples. Apply soothing Resinol Ointment freely to the broken out, irritated places. Its special medication quickly relieves the soreness and promotes healing of the ugly blemishes.

You can get Resinol Ointment and Soap from any druggist. Use them regularly and be ready to meet fashion's demands with confidence.

For a free test, write for sample of each to Resinol, Dept. 4-G, Baltimore, Md.

Resinol



Don't let squeaking, groaning doors annoy you. Use 3-in-One Oil on the hinges, and squeaks stop instantly. Oil locks regularly and they will never groan or stick.

As 3-in-One lubricates, it keeps working parts cleaner and prevents rust. That's why it is better for all household devices, from hinges to the sewing machine. Handy cans and bottles at stores everywhere.



he had a keen mechanical mind and he, too, joined the Navy. There he continued his training, with the result that today he is an engineer with one of the big telephone companies at an excellent salary.

There is no question, Ted, when a boy is anxious to have a college education, it is a fine thing; but if it is poison to him, how can he profit by it? Each boy in the final analysis has his own life to live and I, for one, would not force a boy to take a liberal arts course in a college when his natural bent is in a different direction.

In the event that your mother and father think that I am trying to encourage you to be disloyal, you have them write to me and I will be glad to give them definite reasons for the answer I have offered to you.

Maestro Stoky

(Continued from page 81)

Meanwhile, Leopold Stokowski continues to be fascinated by radio, continues to watch its amazing growth, its development as a medium of culture. He intends to be in the van of the procession to the broadcasting peaks, a procession that leads not only to new artistic prestige but apparently also to a limitless gold mine.

Thus it is that we find him a vital part of the vast movement that is making America music-conscious as she has not been since John Hancock laid down his quill.

Today there is not a single maestro of any importance, not one who knows the difference between von Weber and von Tilzer, between Gounod and Gershwin, who is not enlisted in the radio army. Of them all, Leopold Stokowski is giving the microphone the most thought and the most attention.

He's on the job, is Leopold. And because he's on the job he is reaping the glory.

Behind the Dial

(Continued from page 60)

would change his name to Rubitoff! . . . George Hall's right name is George Pasilio . . . Frank Black, NBC's general musical director, predicts the time when great American composers will produce operas exclusively for the radio . . . Vera Van is not Gus Van's daughter, as so many suppose. Her real surname is Webster . . . The height of something or other note: A comedian on an auto program had to eliminate a gag about roller skates because his sponsor deems them oppositions! . . . The engagement of B. A. Rolfe, *The Men About Town* and "Believe-It-or-Not" Bob Ripley on that Saturday night NBC program has been extended for another year . . . Dr. Benjamin Gayelord Hauser, Viennese food psychologist who prescribed diets for Leah Ray and other radio stars, is now performing the same function for the Prince of Wales.

WHEN his domestic troubles hit the papers and Fay Webb began naming Jane Doe co-respondents, Rudy Vallee facetiously referred to himself as "Casanova" Vallee, which was quite unlike the great crooner, who is one of the most serious-minded of men . . . Dr. Sigmund Spaeth, the ditty detective who reveals the sources of Tin Pan

(Please turn to page 105)

She wanted to know WHY

"It's very mysterious," she said. "My skin positively blooms with beauty when I use that face-powder!"

We gave her a glass of water, and she found the secret! Poured Luxor into the glass. Saw it float. Pressed it down with her finger. Her finger stayed dry! "Why, it's moisture-proof!" she said.

That means Luxor is shine-proof for hours; won't clog pores or enlarge them.

Try Luxor, and see! Or clip coupon.

Hear June Meredith in "Talkie Picture Time", NBC Sunday afternoon. See local papers.



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.

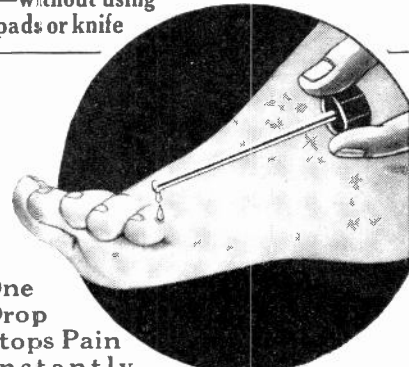
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CHECK, Powder: Rose Rachel _____ Rachel _____ Flesh _____
Rouge: Radiant _____ Medium _____ Sun Glow _____
TM-5 _____ Pastel _____ Vivid _____ Reclush _____

Name _____
Address _____

HOW TO GET RID OF CORNS

—without using
pads or knife



Just one little drop of FREEZONE on that aching corn will stop all pain instantly and for good. Then a few more drops of this safe liquid and corn gets so loose you can lift it right off with your fingers, core and all! It's the quickest way known to get rid of hard and soft corns and calluses. Get a bottle from your druggist and try it.

FREEZONE

Riding to Fame on a Song

(Continued from page 30)

that there were tears in his eyes.

A few weeks before none of these people had ever heard of Joe Morrison. In fact, fame came to Joe so swiftly that he hasn't quite caught his breath yet. During the not so very distant lean days he often lay awake at night, trying to imagine what it would be like to see his name in electric lights. And then, practically overnight, it happened. J-O-E-M-O-R-R-I-S-O-N spelled out in lights in front of the Paramount Theater on Broadway.

And what do you suppose Joe did? He stood in Times Square for all of an hour, just feasting his eyes on it. And then to convince himself that it wasn't an optical illusion he got a camera and took pictures of it, to send to the folks back home. Which ought to be enough to tell you that he's still pretty much of a kid. Twenty-four, to be exact.

JOE started out to be a priest. At thirteen he went to St. Joseph's Academy where he was enrolled for the priesthood. It was not until he was seventeen that he began to wonder whether he had chosen wisely. He talked it over with one of the Fathers at the school. The priest was understanding and sympathetic.

"My son," he said, "you are young. It is only natural that you should feel the call of the world. You have a God-given voice. My advice to you would be to give that voice to the world. If you make that decision I shall gladly give you my blessing."

And so Joe left the academy and went to Chicago to study voice. Eventually he went on a vaudeville tour which terminated on the west coast. While playing Los Angeles he was asked to join the Nine o'Clock Revue which was opening in Hollywood.

"That was just the chance I was looking for," says Joe. "My big number in the show was a song called 'Pent-House Serenade' and I had visions of some movie producer hearing me sing it and promptly offering me a contract. But the nearest I came to getting into pictures was to be interviewed as a prospective double for Charlie Farrell—and even that fell through and somebody else got the job."

The revue folded up after a few weeks and Joe drifted back to vaudeville. But those were lean days and fame seemed very far away. Eventually he reached New York but the voice that has since charmed thousands couldn't find a sponsor then. The only offer he had was to sing at an Elks benefit at the Hotel Commodore—for nothing. Joe accepted it and it resulted in his first radio opportunity, a chance to broadcast for a hand lotion company. He was billed as the Beloved Vagabond. Then, for the first time, the threads of fate began to take on a pattern.

George Olsen, sitting at his radio, happened to dial the hand lotion program. He heard Joe sing. "That boy's got a voice," he told Ethel Shutta, his wife. "I'd like to have him with the band."

The next day he sent for Joe. A few weeks later Joe stepped before the microphone for his first coast-to-coast broadcast with George Olsen.

ONE night Olsen decided to try out a song that had been knocking around various publishing houses for a year or so. The publishers couldn't give the song a thing, but Olsen had heard the composer, Billy Hill, play it one day and thought the song really had something. He tried it out on the air with Joe singing it but it got no particular reaction from the radio audience and he concluded that perhaps, after all, the publishers were right. It just wasn't a hit song.

It was not until some time afterward when Olsen and his band were playing at The Willows in Pittsburgh that he thought of the song again.

"Say, Joe, do you remember that number we tried out one night?" he asked. "The one about 'get along little dogie, get along, get along?'"

"You mean 'The Last Round-Up'?"

"Yeah, that's the one. Do you remember the words well enough to sing it?"

"Sure, I remember them."
"Well, let's give it another try—just for luck."

The Willows was packed with the usual convivial night club crowd. Gay, laughing voices blended with the tinkle of ice and the sound of dozens of pairs of feet sliding across a satinsmooth dance floor. Joe began to sing. Little did he dream that he was face to face with fame.

And then suddenly everything was so quiet that but for the orchestral accompaniment you could have heard a pin drop. The dancers had stopped in their tracks as though hypnotized by Joe's singing of the strange, heart-tugging melody. When the song was finished the crowd went wild with enthusiasm.

George Olsen knew then that his hunch had been right; that "The Last Round-Up" was truly a hit song. When he opened at the Paramount in New York a few weeks later, he used the song again. The audience reaction was the same as it had been at The Willows. And the next day letters began rolling in, addressed to Joe Morrison. By the end of the week it began to look as though Joe was going to need a corps of secretaries to take care of his mail. With such concrete evidence as this, small wonder that the management put Joe's name up in lights.

The peculiar thing, however, is that the song which aroused no interest whatever the first time Joe sang it on the air, skyrocketed to national popularity when next he sang it. Maybe it's proof that success breeds success. At any rate, Joe "made" the song. And the song likewise "made" Joe. When the first avalanche of orchids was cleared away he found three movie offers. But this time it wasn't a job of doubling for Charlie Farrell or anybody else. It was to be starred by Paramount. At this moment he is in Hollywood.

Joe is about five feet ten in height. Has shiny black hair, blue eyes and a warm Irish smile. When he sings into the mike he likes to picture someone he's fond of, listening. His favorite audience is a girl back in Grand Rapids. In fact, he confesses that it just somehow seems sort of natural to sing his songs to her. "Because—well, you see, I know she's always listening in," he explains a little shyly.



YOUR INDIVIDUALITY DESERVES
THIS FINE PERFUME



USE

ACTUAL TEN CENT SIZE

Irresistible

TRY THESE IRRESISTIBLE CREATIONS ALSO:
FACE POWDER, COLD CREAM, COLOGNE, BRILLIANTINE,
VANISHING CREAM AND TALCUM POWDER
OBTAINABLE AT YOUR FIVE AND TEN CENT STORE

JOUBERT • PARFUMEUR
FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK

RADIO GIRL
PERFUME
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Unseen Beauty Wins

To visible beauty add this exquisite fragrance and you will have irresistible charm... RADIO GIRL Perfume is compounded from French essential oils—to glorify the modern American Girl... And RADIO GIRL Face Powder spreads a delicate film to beautify and protect your skin. There is a shade for your complexion.

(Use this Coupon for FREE SAMPLES)
"RADIO GIRL," St. Paul, Minn.
Send me FREE Regular Size Radio Girl Perfume and Trial Size Radio Girl Face Powder for cost of mailing. (Offer good in U.S. only.) T5

Name

Address



Dainty fingertips, heightened to lovely lustre with Chic will welcome closeups. Five wanted shades—CLEAR (colorless), PINK, CORAL, RUBY, DEEP—to blend with time, place, gown . . . lasting lustre that laughs at water . . . that's Chic. And Chic "goes on" as smoothly as your favorite dance frock! . . . Also Chic Polish Remover and Chic Cuticle Remover.

At all good chains.



GRAY HAIR

You can easily look years younger. With an ordinary small brush and BROWNATONE, you can tint those streaks or patches of gray or faded hair to lustrous shades of blonde, brown, or black. Also splendid for toning down over-bleached hair.

For over twenty-two years this tried, proven and popular preparation has aided American women the country over in retaining their youthful charm and appearance. Millions of bottles sold is your assurance of satisfaction and safety. Don't experiment. BROWNATONE is guaranteed harmless for tinting gray hair—active coloring agent is of vegetable origin. Easily and quickly applied—at home. Cannot affect waving of hair. BROWNATONE is economical and lasting—it will not wash out. No waiting. No disappointments. Just brush or comb it in. Easy to prove by applying a little of this famous tint to a lock of hair. Shades: "Blonde to Medium Brown" and "Dark Brown to Black"—cover every need.

BROWNATONE is only 50c—at all drug and toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.

How to Use Your Radio

(Continued from page 49)

fathers, tired with the day's activities, are seeking relaxation in the newspaper, the children's programs may well solve the problem of what to do to amuse the youngsters until the meal is ready. There are many such programs awaiting the attention of the smaller members of the family.

Let's scan Columbia's airwaves and see what parental relief in the way of children's programs this chain offers. Well, Phillips Dental Magnesia Company presents the beloved Skippy, based on the familiar cartoon by Percy Crosby of that name, five nights each week starting Monday at 5 p.m. Eastern time, which will be given in each instance. From Monday through to and including Saturday, General Mills at 5:30 gives the boys and girls "Jack Armstrong—All American Boy," who is exactly what his name implies. Buck Rogers in the 25th Century, that enviable youth who has several centuries jump on all of us pre-empts the CBS wavelengths for Cocomalt each Monday-Thursday inclusive at 6 p.m.

NBC supplies its listeners with juvenile entertainment aplenty. Taking its WJZ outlet we find first that from Monday to Friday inclusive at 5:30 the children may be regaled by the nursery jingles, songs and stories offered by the Kellogg Company's Singing Lady. Little Orphan Annie, of comic strip fame, is heard every evening except Sunday at 5:45 under the banner of the Ovaltine people. WEAF and affiliated stations start the children's hour week on Monday at 4:45 by presenting its own juvenile act called "The Lady Next Door" under the direction of Madge Tucker. What grown-up hasn't a soft spot for Tom Mix? Ralston Purina Company offers The Adventures of Tom Mix and his Straight Shooters on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday at 5:30. Then sponsored by General Foods at 5:45 on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays may be heard an admirable adaptation of L. Frank Baum's "Wizard of Oz" with its lovable characters.

THOUSANDS of listeners who dial Columbia stations each Wednesday afternoon at 4:30 will testify to the worth-while information gained from the Science Service series. Especially, dialers who have children of school age will find this series useful as facts regarding the resources of the country. New discoveries in science as well as interesting data on the work of such a department as the Geodetic Survey are brought to light. And there is Angelo Patri on WABC at 10 o'clock on Sunday evening.

Equally valuable as a service in the home to the listener with school children are Columbia's American School of the Air programs heard over that network each school day during the year at 2:30 in the afternoon. Parents at home may join their children in thousands of classrooms in which radios have been installed in listening to educational and cultural programs prepared under the auspices of distinguished educational leaders. The busy mother through these programs may keep abreast with the lessons the youngsters are learning at school.

The National Farm and Home Hour
(Please turn to page 101)



Dainty Miss

BE THRIFTY
TOO . . .



Here is a 'lipstick' deodorant that has *everything*. The purest and finest ingredients. Exquisite texture. Instant effectiveness . . . and a container that is the last word in daintiness and convenience.

And, most important, TEKÉRO lipstick deodorant has refused to follow a prevailing custom. *Refused to reduce the size of its 10¢ stick . . . just now the favorite method of raising prices.*

You'll be attracted at once by the generous size and smart beauty of TEKÉRO. Procure a package for your purse . . . or your dressing table.

If your favorite cosmetic counter hasn't yet been supplied, just clip and mail this coupon.

TEKÉRO, INC. Dept. T-1
Empire State Building, New York City

I enclose 10¢ (coin or stamps) for one purse container package Tekéro Lipstick Deodorant, (actual size shown in picture.)

Name.....
Address.....
Town..... State.....



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 10¢ size sold in many WOODWORTH STORES; or we will send 25¢ drug-store size or big wide family-size \$1 special postpaid. Money cheerfully returned if not delighted with quick, permanent relief.

KINOX CO., Inc. Dept. W, Rutland, Vermont

"POSITIVELY AMAZING for ECZEMA!"

AT last an obscure German doctor's discovery for eczema victims is coming into its own. Neglected for years, this type of "colloidal aluminum compound" (or "CAC") treatment has recently produced such consistently fine results that several leading doctors are advocating it in medical journals and doctors' text-books. Reports show up to 95% of cases helped amazingly; results are being called "spectacular," not only in eczema, but in such skin disorders as poison ivy, boils, running sores; also burns and wounds.

You can get this "CAC" treatment now at any drug store, under the name of HYDROSAL. Either liquid or ointment form. Full directions for safe, pleasant use in every package. Remember the name: HYDROSAL

Hydrosal

He Subbed His Way to Success

(Continued from page 30)



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 AND 10 STORE

**NEW REMINGTON
PORTABLE**



Not a used or rebuilt machine. A brand new regulation Remington Portable. Simple to operate. Full set of keys with large and small letters. Carrying case included free. Use it 10 days without cost. Write today. Say: How can I get new portable typewriter on 10-day free trial offer for only 10c a day? Remington-Rand Inc., Dept. T.O.-3, Buffalo, N. Y.

ZOREX
KEEPS CLOTHING SAFE
FROM MOTHS



Hang your clothing away with Zorex and you can forget about moths. Zorex protects clothing by killing all moths and larvae. Zorex costs only 10c each and is sold everywhere. If you prefer, order direct from the factory, enclosing 10c for each Zorex needed.

The Zoro Co., 361 W. Superior St., Chicago



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

NOW! THE
GIANT
TUBE
ZIP
PERFUMED
DEPILATORY
CREAM
ZIP EPILATOR—IT'S OFF because IT'S OUT
PERMANENTLY DESTROYS HAIR

Twenty-eight years ago, Frank (Ciccio then) Parker was born of a poor Italian family on the lower east side of New York, in "a tough Italian neighborhood," according to Frank. It was not a particular occasion for rejoicing, for there were several other little Parkers, and very little money to keep them.

Early in life, Frank, a thin, puny child (even today he is slender and rather frail-looking), realized it was up to him to help his father, who worked at whatever jobs he could get. In Sunday School, the teacher said little Ciccio had a nice voice. So Ciccio became a choir boy at the Holy Cross Church. The \$3 a week he earned helped considerably at home. But it nearly prevented him from becoming a singer.

The stalwart young rowdies in the neighborhood laughed at his choir boy's gown, looked upon singing as effeminate. Wherever Frank went the cry, "Sissy" rang in his ears. It made him miserable, made him hate singing.

"The only thing I wanted to be when I was a youngster was a jockey," he told me. "I had the slim build necessary, and I just loved horses. You'd think since I'm a singer my spare time would have been spent at concerts, listening to people singing. Well, it wasn't. It was spent at horse shows, watching my beloved pets."

The next two years of Frank's life were spent in training to be a commercial artist. He actually became good enough to draw toothpaste tubes, cigarette containers, shoe advertisements. But he realized he would never be a real artist. "There was just one thing I liked about the job," he confessed to me. "Saul, two of the other boys and I formed a quartet. At night, when we were supposed to be working overtime, we practiced instead. We felt grand—here we were putting something over on the boss, who was actually paying us a salary for doing it!"

CONDITIONS at home were such he could not leave his job unless he had another. Along came Lady Luck in the person of another High School chum, who had become a chorus man in *Little Nelly Kelly*, a hit of a decade ago.

Frank Parker found himself a chorus man. "I just did it because my friend said a show was loads of fun, and paid well. I had no plans for the future and didn't have any idea how long I'd last."

He lasted and became a chorus man in the *Greenwich Village Follies*. At after-theater parties each did his bit to furnish entertainment. Frank sang. They admired the naturally sweet quality of his tones, encouraged him to take lessons.

"I wasn't much interested in my voice at the time," he told me. "They convinced me I was wrong. As an experiment, I agreed to take vocal lessons for a year. If my voice improved, I'd take singing as my profession; if it didn't, I'd forget all about being a tenor. I worked conscientiously for the year, as I do with everything I undertake.

"Of course, I kept on with my hoofing in the chorus. One day, when I appeared for the evening's show, I

found a message in my locker. The director wanted to see me. 'I bet he wants to fire me,' I said. 'Well, good-bye, boys.'

He did not want to fire Parker. "I hear you can sing, Parker," he explained, "and we're in a hole. The juvenile lead went riding and broke his leg. His understudy is ill, too. You'd better take his part. Sing for all you're worth."

Frank went over with a bang. Encouraged, he decided to try singing in vaudeville. He gave up his job as a chorus man and toured the country for the Keith Circuit for a while, with Mr. and Mrs. Jarrett, Sr., parents of Art Jarrett, the radio crooner. Frank played the juvenile in their singing and dancing team.

Then came his opportunity to get on the air—but it was disguised. He was offered a part in the operetta, "My Princess," singing opposite Hope Hampton. He was excellent in it.

One night, a party of National Broadcasting Company officials went to see the show, which was a hit. About a week later the tenor soloist on the Eveready Hour was stricken with laryngitis. Suddenly one of the officials said, "Remember the boy who sang opposite Hope Hampton in the musical we saw last week? Why can't he sub for us?"

First the Eveready people were afraid. It was better to present a poor performance than none at all, so Frank was given a chance. He did so well that he was given a contract to replace their regular tenor soloist. That was in 1929.

Quietly, efficiently, with plenty of hard work, he built up a reputation for himself on the air. A little later, Harry Horlick chose him for the A & P Gypsies' tenor. He's still with them. He was asked to join the Cavaliers, to sing in City Service broadcasts. At present it is estimated he sings to thirty million weekly.

FRANK PARKER is a serious young man. For the two-and-one half hours he broadcasts weekly he rehearses fifty-six hours. "Though I get the breaks, I try my level best to make good. There is room for improvement in my tones at present. I watch my diet so I'll be in trim. I can't become a playboy because I require plenty of sleep. My physical state shows in my voice."

About the only form of outdoor exercise Parker permits himself is polo playing. He is the organizer and captain of the National Broadcasting Company's polo team, consisting of himself, Will Rogers, and D. O. Evans, NBC engineer. Frank has played against the Westchester Biltmore Polo Club and other well-known polo teams . . . once he broke his wrist playing polo.

That did not keep him from pursuing his beloved sport. He is a five-goal man and hopes some day to be a ten-goal player, like Hitchcock, the only U. S. player to hold such a high rating.

"I'd rather spend my spare time hanging around the stable and polo grounds with my pets (he owns four polo ponies) than at a show or night club. Since I was a kid I've loved horses."

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Send today for "Peasant Linens", No. 5e, enclosing 10 cents in stamps or coin. We'll forward your set of diagram patterns immediately.

Frances Cowles

TOWER MAGAZINES, INC.

55 Fifth Avenue New York, N. Y.

Tower Radio, May, 1934

How to Use Your Radio

(Continued from page 99)

broadcast week days at 12:30 p.m. over a WJZ hook-up, specifically for rural America but appreciated by urbanites as well, comes under the heading of home service programs. Before the microphone week after week march the leaders of agriculture and allied industries each with a message of more than passing interest in these times. More than 5,000 letters a week attest the popularity of this program.

Along the lines of home service broadcasts we should not fail to select from the time tables one or two or more commentators whose talks appeal to our tastes. All of them are important factors in our national life; one of them—Father Coughlin heard each Sunday afternoon over a special network of local stations—receives a round million letters a week. He discusses issues of the day in a lively, individualistic way that at least commands attention and respect if not acquiescence. Each Saturday night at 6:30 over the Columbia network Frederick William Wile, astute observer at the nation's capital, reviews the political situation. The National Broadcasting Company's WEAf web on Tuesdays at 11 p.m. and Thursdays carries the voice of John B. Kennedy, gifted observer of the passing scene. H. V. Kaltenborn at 6 p.m. Fridays and 10:45 p.m. Saturdays over the Columbia stations is another student of affairs national and international who is worthy of attention.

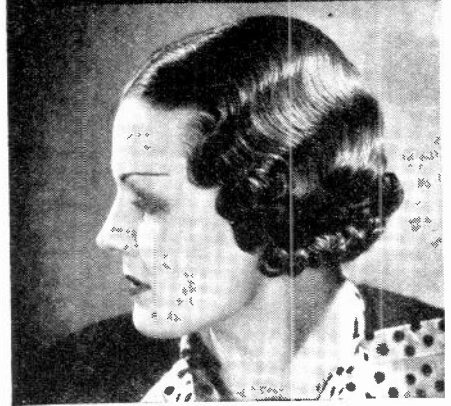
Did you random dialers know that Barbasol presented Edwin C. Hill in his delightful "The Human Side of the News" five nights a week at 8:15 over CBS? The timetable student starts checking off this program on Mondays. An hour apart on different chains are two news commentators who should be listened to as part of our home service schedule—Lowell Thomas, sponsored by Sun Oil on a WJZ hook-up at 6.45 and Boake Carter sixty minutes later over a WABC web in behalf of Philco Radio.

The National Broadcasting Company, as a timely topic for home service, gives to the coast to coast radio audience each day over WEAf and affiliates at 1 p.m. a complete report on weather conditions throughout the country as well as a market report which is of inestimable value to the householder.

ALL of these commentators are presented by the chains or sponsors in the hope that we shall reap some benefit from the knowledge that they possess of what is happening in the world today. In addition to these features the radio heads constantly are arranging overseas broadcasts which certainly will be lost to the listener who does not consult the published time tables since some of these special programs are produced on short notice. The two great broadcasting companies vie with each other in scouring the world for novelties which are unsponsored efforts generally and offered as a service to the set owner in his home.

In the next issue of TOWER RADIO we will tell how to listen to classical programs and how to enjoy the pick of our great artists whose gifts are available without cost to the radio fan.

MAKE YOUR OWN WAVE SET



WAVE your hair at home for a penny! New improved Wildroot Wave Powder makes a whole pint of professional wave set for ten cents. You make your own wave set by mixing powder with water at home. Guaranteed to keep indefinitely. Leaves no white flakes. Approved by Good House-keeping Bureau. Simple directions in every package for finger waving or resetting your permanent. At all drug and 5 and 10¢ stores.



10c
MAKES 1 PINT

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WILDROOT WAVE POWDER

Cleans WHITE KID SHOES Perfectly

Keep beautifully polished with famous ColorShine White Kid Cleaner. Cleans, whitens, polishes. Will not rub off. Or, for cloth and buckskin shoes, use ColorShine All-Purpose White Cleaner. Either only 10¢ at Woolworth stores. Bottles or tubes. Wonderful!



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For each blue print that you want, send 3 cents to Tower Magazines, Inc., 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

NEW EASY WAY **KEEP WIRES OFF FLOOR**
(LAMPS AND RADIO)
10c JUSTRITE PUSH-CLIP At **WOOLWORTH'S**

A neat job instantly. No damage to woodwork. No tools needed. Set of eight colored clips to match your cords, 10c.



Freckles

Secretly and Quickly Removed!

YOU can banish those annoying, embarrassing freckles quickly and surely in the privacy of your own room. Your friends will wonder how you did it. Stillman's Freckle Cream removes them while you sleep. Leaves the skin soft and smooth, 50c the complexion fresh and clear. A Jar

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FRECKLE CREAM**

Mail this Coupon to Box 100
THE STILLMAN CO., Aurora, Illinois
FREE Booklet on Freckles.
 Sample Face Powder.

Name.....
Address.....

Short Wave Department

(Continued from page 46)

rebroadcasts programs from the Columbia Broadcasting System daily from 10:30 A. M. to 1:30 P. M. EST. When you have logged this station you have a very good idea of where the nineteen meter band is on your individual receiver. Another local is WIXAL, Boston, Mass., 19.68 meters. This station is mostly on Sunday from 10:30 to 1:30 P. M. EST. or even a little later. Now we will try a "foreigner." You can take your choice of Pontoise, France, on 19.68 meters, DJB, Zeesen, Germany, on 19.73 meters, from 7:15 to 11 A. M. EST. or GSF, Daventry, England, on 19.82 meters. Any of these three will be right near the part of the dial that you hear the 19 meter local stations on. It is impossible to say whether you will find them on a higher or lower reading on your dial as many receivers are different in that respect. But the main point is this. All these stations will be located approximately within a few points of each other on your dial settings. On this band you will have still another interesting catch—HVJ, the Vatican City, Italy, on 19.84 meters. This station is scheduled to be on daily from 5 to 5:15 A. M. EST. But latest reports tell us they are being heard at 8 A. M. and at 10 to 10:30 A. M.

We will now go to the twenty-five meter band, which, by the way, is active until quite late in the afternoon. Again we will log a local first and that should be W8XK (25.28 meters) at Pittsburgh, Pa., broadcasting from 5 to 9 P. M. EST. After that we again have the "foreign locals." France, 25.2 meters, 11 to 1:15 P. M.; Daventry, England, 25.28 meters, with an afternoon schedule; 2RO, Rome, Italy, 25.4 meters, 11 to 1 P. M. and 2 to 6:30 P. M.; DJD, Zeesen, Germany, 25.5 meters, 8 P. M. to 11 P. M. EST., starting from February 1st. France is also on another wavelength, 25.65 meters, and will be heard there until late in the evening.

NOW we come to one of the popular bands—the thirty-one meter band. On it are both the Australians and England and Germany. VK2ME, Sydney, Australia, is on 31.28 meters with a very unusual schedule. Contrary to many reports this station is only active on Sunday and the hours for transmissions are 1 to 3 A. M., 4:30 to 8:30 A. M., 9 to 11 A. M. All times EST. The other Australian is VK3ME, Melbourne, 31.55 meters, schedule Wednesday, 5 to 6:30 A. M., and Saturday 5 to 7 A. M. EST. Weather conditions permitting, both these stations are heard whenever tuned for. The League of Nations air their worldly troubles from HBL, Geneva, Switzerland, 31.27 meters, every Saturday from 5:15 to 6 P. M. EST. The languages spoken are French, Spanish and English. Daventry on two wavelengths, 31.3 and 31.5 meters, can be logged repeatedly but as Daventry is still experimenting as to best reception time we will not give any definite schedule.

Germany whose short wave station is known as the Deutchlandsender is on 25.51 meters instead of 31.38 meters and heard from 8 to 11 P. M. EST. W2XAF, 31.48 meters, Schenectady, New York, is heard from 8 to 11 P. M. daily. When you log this last men-

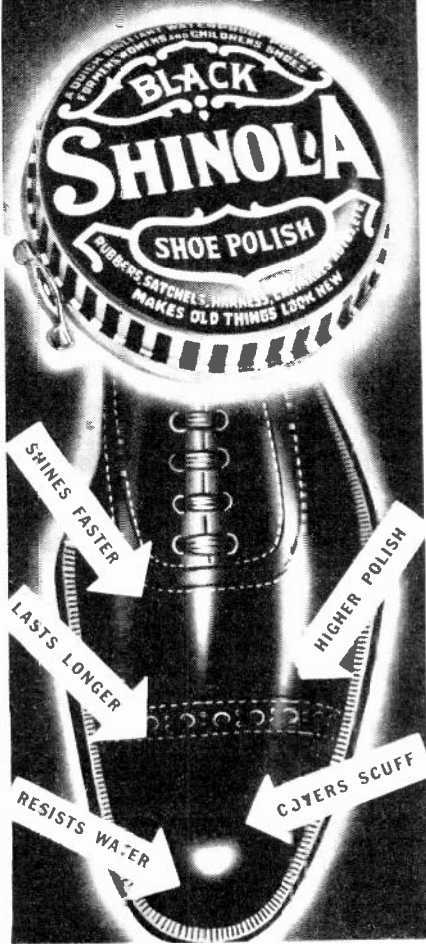
tioned station you will know just where to look for VK3ME as the station is only a few points or so away on your dial readings.

COMING to the famous forty-nine meter band, that melting pot of the world's short wave stations, here we have South Americans, German, English and American stations all trying to outdo each other and heterodyning each other until in sheer-exhaustion one station after the other goes off for the night. The stations that can be heard with comfort are: DJC, Germany on 49.83 meters nightly with fine volume from 8 to 11 P. M.; GSA, Daventry, 49.59 meters, from 6 to 8 P. M. For the past month or so Daventry has been transmitting on this band earlier in the evening, to shut down at 5:45 P. M. and resume the broadcast at 6 P. M.; YV1BC, Caracas, Venezuela, on 49 meters sends us very charming music from 5 to 10 P. M., and the twin Caracas station YV3BC, cn 48.78 meters, is on from 5 to 9:30 P. M., and sometimes a little later. VE9HX, Halifax, Nova Scotia, on 49.1 meters daily from 5 to 12 P. M. and VE9GW, Bowmanville, Canada, 49.2 meters, roars in on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday from 3 P. M. to midnight, and Friday and Saturday from 9 A. M. to Midnight. CP5, La Paz, Bolivia, has been radiating some fine programs on a wavelength of 49.3 meters. Now we have the locals, W3XAL, Bound Brook, New Jersey, 49.18 meters, Saturday from 5 P. M. to 1 A. M.; W9XF, Chicago, Ill., 9 A. M. to 2 A. M.; W3XAU, Philadelphia, Pa., 49.5 meters, from 8 A. M. to 1 A. M.; W8XAL, Cincinnati, Ohio, 49.5 meters, irregular schedule; W8XK, Pittsburgh, Pa., 48.86 meters, 4:30 P. M. to sign off.

There are several important stations that have avoided these congested bands and these few are heard with volume and noticeably free of interference. The outstanding catch is EAQ, Madrid, Spain, who "shoots" or "beams" her programs over on 30 meters with a nightly schedule of 5:30 to 7 P. M., EST., and a beamed program to the Canary Islands on Saturday afternoons from 1 to 3 P. M. This Saturday "special" is heard here in the States with very fine quality.

Moscow has, for the last few years been a fascinating city. Her short wave station, RW59 on 50 meters, with a regular daily schedule of 4 to 6 P. M., is badly interfered with by the lately returned Miami Beach, W4XB, 49.67 meters, and COC, 50.2 meters, Havana, Cuba, also 4 to 6 P. M. Moscow chose to also send programs to her American listeners on RNE, 25 meters, which is heard here testing with America in the mornings and every Sunday from 8 to 10 A. M. While the 50 meter programs are of a strictly "talky" variety, consisting of propaganda and debates, the 25 meter programs are largely musical. Another one of the U. S. S. R. stations that is occasionally heard, and is on an unfrequented channel, is REN, 45.38 meters. No set schedule can be stated about this station but if you should hear RW59 sending a program which is marred with code, etc., try for REN as the same program is sometimes heard on that wave. Special transmissions which have been rebroadcast

BETTER IN 5 WAYS



New!

Fashion insists that your new hair dress include those flattering ringlets and soft curls so smartly feminine. And they're not at all difficult with these new Sta-Rite pins. Only an inch and a half long, they're the tiniest, most truly invisible pins you've ever used. Do try them—they make ordinary bob pins seem needlessly clumsy. Ten cents at your favorite store or beauty shop—in black, brown, blonde or gray. Or send 10 cents for trial package. (State Color).

STA-RITE HAIR PIN CO.

Shelbyville,

Illinois

STA-RITE HAIR PINS WAVE SET

over American chains have been radiated to us through that station.

Often correspondents write and ask us for the schedule time on the air of still another Russian. That is RW15, Khabarovsk, Siberia, on 70.6 meters. This station is classed as an Asiatic as it is located in the Northern part of Siberia. When RW15 is heard it is generally between the hours of 3 A. M. and 8 A. M. This is the "Red Army" station. Latest reports tell us this transmitter was heard testing with Germany.

WHILE we are out in the East, a word might be said about Japan. This is J1AA, Tokyo, on 30.4 meters. Two very important facts about this station should interest all fans. The first is this station has been a "stand-by" for listeners in the Western part of the United States, Wellington, New Zealand, and Australia. Coming in with remarkable volume and regularity, J1AA, was logged daily by these fans, but listeners here in the Eastern part of the United States still get a thrill when Tokyo's waves are wafted to them. For myself I have heard them at 5 A. M. calling, "Hillo, Hillo, Ya one ya ya!" and sending truly Oriental selections.

The second interesting factor about this "hard to catch" station is that they will not verify your reception due to Japan's Government restrictions in this respect.

Far Eastern stations will always have a certain amount of allure about them as long as they continue to be so mysterious and inactive. Java, when heard comes roaring in but the only stations there are commercial phone circuits used for communication purposes with Holland. Gramophone records are played for testing and modulation effects.

Then we have HSP, 16.90 meters, Bangkok, Siam. Oh! Siam! Logging this station is in our opinion principally luck. "Allo, Berlin! Allo Berlin" that is all the average tuner will be able to make out of the conversation. Siam does do a certain amount of testing with European countries but again this is a phone circuit.

A station that sends charming programs is CNR, "Radio Rabat dans Maroc." They have just selected 32.6 meters to transmit their Sunday afternoon programs over, from 2:30 to 5 P. M. is their schedule. Every station has its own little peculiarities and "Radio Rabat" is not left out on this either. The fact that their carrier wave is so strong and the music so weak is because they usually broadcast string instrument selections and these as we know, have very little carrying power. To "pull" in these Africans is considered quite a feat. Remember this station is also on 23.38 meters from 7 to 9 A. M. on Sunday only but rarely heard on that wave as an Italian phone circuit IAC, Coltana, Italy, is almost on their frequency and completely overpowers Morocco's transmissions. CNR is a Sunday Special.

We have tried to cover all the important short wave broadcasting stations throughout the world but in closing a word should be said about the "Mushroom" variety from South America. Down there we have amateurs that roam at will over the ether waves and if they find they are not heard on one wave they just try another one. Governmental restrictions do not bother them. One night
(Please turn to page 165)



Right TO THE FINGERTIPS

F-O lends that last detail of perfect grooming—the "right" touch that spells "allure"! Adds a lovely lustre to nails—not for just a few brief hours—but for days longer than ordinary polish. F-O goes on satiny smooth, doesn't peel or crack, comes in five ultra smart shades. Also F-O Cuticle Remover and F-O Nail Polish Remover.

Fort Orange Chemical Co., Albany, N. Y.

At all good Chains.



F-O
NAIL POLISH
10¢



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(FREE Test shows way to end them)

No matter whether your hair is beginning to gray—or is entirely gray, you can bring youthful color to every faded strand. The color will be natural looking. It will match the original shade, whether black, brown, auburn, blonde. Just comb a water-white liquid through hair and gray goes. Leaves hair soft and lustrous—takes curl or wave. Nothing to rub or wash off. This way SAFE.

Test it FREE ~ We send complete Test Package. Apply to single lock snipped from hair. See results first. No risk. Just mail coupon.



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Street.....
City..... State.....
Color of your hair?.....

HOLLYWOOD SLIMNESS

Now Possible For Everyone!

Remarkable new invention from Rochester, Minn., gives every woman the opportunity to possess a lithe, smart figure, without harmful dieting or drugs.



WHEN the Hemp Massager is rolled over the body, the soft rubber sphericals pick up and actually knead the flesh with the same action as a professional masseur's hands. Reduce hips, thighs, abdomen, or any part of the body, quickly, safely, this scientific way. "I reduced my hips four inches in four weeks," writes Mrs. R. R. of New York.

Non electrical, simple to use. Not a roller, "patter," vibrator. Developed in Rochester, Minn., the Hemp Massager is recommended by physicians. Clip the coupon now.

475

THE CONLEY COMPANY, INC., Rochester, Minn.
 Please send me Hemp Massagers at \$4.75 each. I'll pay the postman when Massager is delivered. It is understood that if Massager is not satisfactory I may return it any time within ten days and receive my money back in full. Please send me free booklet. (315)

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Pack away the Years

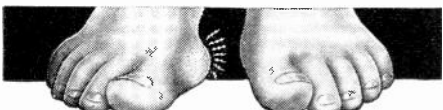
Give your face the charm of new, refreshed youthfulness in 30 minutes. Pack away the lines. Firm drooping tissues. Remove blackheads, pimples. Refresh your skin. Refine its texture this quick, pleasant way recommended and used by beauty experts in 36 countries and approved by the Good Housekeeping Bureau USE ONCE OR TWICE A WEEK of Foods, Sanitation and Health.



BEAUTIFIER
the Classic Pack

GRAY HAIR PENCIL

Instantly gives to GRAY Hair Desirable Youthful Color. Sure, easy way to keep gray from showing at roots, temples and parting, and keeps gray from spreading all through the hair. (Cannot be detected. Delights both men and women! To quickly introduce Buel full size Pencil given for only 25c coin. Lasts many months. State Shade. BUEL CO. 404 W. Erie St., Dept B-29, Chicago, Ill.



BUNIONS NEEDLESS TORTURE

The amazing action of Pedodyne is truly marvelous, and a boon to those whose bunions cause constant foot trouble and a torturing bulge to the shoes. It stops pain almost instantly and with the inflammation and swelling reduced so quickly you will be able to wear smaller, neater shoes with ease and comfort. Prove it by actual test on your own bunion. Just write and say, "I Want To Try Pedodyne." No obligation. Pedodyne Co., 180 N. Wacker Dr., Dept. A-220 Chicago, Ill.

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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. . . .

You Know Them by Their Theme Songs

(Continued from page 39)

You connect it with the Troubadours, that is, if you live in the East or Middle West. Out in California "Smiles" means something quite different. It is the personal theme song of Governor James "Sunny Jim" Rolph, who has used it since war days, first in his campaigns for re-election as Mayor of San Francisco (he was Mayor for twenty years, an all-time record among American big cities) and finally in his campaign for the governorship. "Smiles," incidentally, was written by a San Franciscan, Lee S. Roberts, music dealer and business leader of that city.

Some theme songs are chosen for odd reasons. Isham Jones, for instance, connects his with a baseball game. He attended a World's Series game and placed a large bet on one of the teams. Up to the last half of the last inning, the thing looked hopeless. Then an apparently beaten team suddenly came to life, and a last minute home-run won the game. Jones jumped to his feet and yelled, "It's like a dream come true!"

That sounded like a lucky hunch to Jones, and today when you hear his orchestra on that Monday night "Big Show" program, his theme song is "You're Just A Dream Come True."

Some theme songs are "naturals"—that is, they are so appropriate to the program that the choice is almost inevitable. For instance, what could be sweeter for that sugar program of Melody Moments than Ethelbert Nevin's "Mighty Lak' A Rose," which begins "Sweetest little feller."

The Morning Parade Program on the NBC network naturally uses "I Love A Parade," and what could be a better choice for the program of the Davey Tree Surgeons than Joyce Kilmer's "Trees"?

Many programs use original theme songs which were specially written for those particular programs. The Sunday night appearances of that renowned comedian and duck salesman, Joe Penner, are heralded by "The Bakers March," a manuscript composition specially composed by the orchestra leader on the program, Ozzie Nelson. In other radio appearances, Ozzie Nelson, a former football star, pays tribute to his alma mater by using as his theme song "Loyal Sons of Rutgers."

Similarly, the programs featuring Jessica Dragonette and a concert orchestra under the direction of Rosario Bourdon are introduced with a composition by the director, "The Cities Service March." The leader of the orchestra at the Waldorf-Astoria hotel in New York, Xavier Cugat, wrote a rumba signature for his radio appearances that became so popular that he had phonograph records made of it under the title of "Ombo."

A melody now heard on the news

broadcasts of Boake Carter was composed originally for one of the most pretentious programs in the history of radio.

This was the Philco hour, which presented radio versions of light and comic operas with complete dramatic casts, soloists and chorus of singers. Harold Sanford, widely known as a conductor of comic opera and musical comedy in the legitimate theater, was the conductor of this program.

When the program opened in 1927 with a radio version of "The Merry Widow," with Donald Brian and Jessica Dragonette in the featured roles, the question arose as to what signature to use. Harold Sanford, the director, volunteered to write one. The result was "Memories" (not to be confused with the Van Alstyne number sung "Mem-o-ries") and the Harold Sanford song, during the long run of the Philco hour and the many programs Sanford has directed since then, has become one of the best known theme songs in radio. The words were written by Henry M. Neeley, who calls himself "The Old Stager" in his radio appearances, and who was formerly drama editor of a Philadelphia newspaper.

THUS do radio theme songs reflect amusement history. It is interesting to look on the first edition of Rudy Vallee's theme song, "My Time Is Your Time" and find the words, "Introduced by Rudy Vallee and his Yale Collegians at the Heigh-Ho Club." The date is 1924. At that time Rudy didn't even call his band the "Connecticut Yankees," and Rudy, as yet unknown to radio fame, was singing in a little night club on Fifty-third Street, whose influence lingers only in the greeting which he still retains, "Heigh-ho, everybody!" His theme song, "My Time Is Your Time," was written by Eric Little and Leo Dance, and is published by Chappell-Harms, Inc., which, incidentally, also publishes the Amos 'n' Andy theme song, "The Perfect Song."

And so they go. Paul Whiteman uses for his theme melody a composition which he made famous and which established its composer in the front rank of modern American musicians. The composer, of course, is George Gershwin, and his "Rhapsody in Blue" and Paul Whiteman's band are inseparable.

Toselli's "Serenade" was chosen by an official of the sponsoring company as the theme song for "The Rise of the Goldbergs," because he thought it expresses the heart interest which that program pre-eminently carries. "Dinah" is the theme song of The Revelers quartet because it was their first big hit and they have cherished it ever since. Whatever the reason, most of the big attractions in radio have their theme songs, and by their themes shall ye know them.

Stoopnagle and Budd
 Tell the Truth About Each Other
 A hilarious feature of
 TOWER RADIO for June

Short Wave Department

(Continued from page 103)

How to Bag Byrd on the Short Wave

WITH Admiral Byrd's Antarctic expedition located at Little America and his "radio shack" all set up, we shall have the same hunt for their transmissions that we had when the transmitter was aboard the S. S. *Jacob Ruppert*. Innumerable wave lengths have been assigned to them but reports up to date say they have been picked up on 25.36 meters and 31.5 meters. An interesting feature about these transmissions radiating from "under us" is that the re-broadcast over our chain networks have always used either Hawaii or LSX, Buenos Aires, Argentina for the contact point.

A point for verification hunters to remember is this. Do not send for a verification as all transmissions radiating from Little America are classed as point-to-point communication and therefore are protected by the Federal Radio Commission in order to insure privacy.

you may log a certain South American on let us say 87 on your dial and the very next night you may hunt for him on that same reading. Nine chances to one he will not be there but when you hear what you think is a new catch you will find it the same chap that should have been on 87 and is now on 78. Not your receiver's fault! Oh! No! The broadcaster has changed his wave over night. Take Ti4NRH, Heredia, Costa Rica, for instance. Not exactly a South American but with South American tactics. He jumped from 30 meters to 31 then back to 30 again. Received reports of poor reception so he flew to 32 meters.

One article on the "goings" and "comings" of these South Americans alone could be written but we will leave you with this flock to bag until next month.

Behind the Dial

(Continued from page 97)

melodies in the old masters, is one of eleven children. His father was a Lutheran minister . . . Albert Spalding, not content with his radio and concert activities, is teaching violin at a New York school of music . . . Al Jolson tried to use real negroes on his Kraft program with Paul Whiteman but found their accents so New York Eastsidey he had to hire burnt-cork comedians . . . Edward Nell, Jr., the romantic baritone, smokes cigars incessantly. Most singers are afraid to injure their voices even with infrequent cigarettes.

Vincent Lopez has been made an honorary member of the Honor Legion of the New York Police Department, thus becoming one of Commissioner O'Ryan's courtesy cops. It's a cinch if the dapper band man is ever sent out on a beat he will be assigned to an *Emily Post*.

Tower Radio, May, 1934

Thousands of Brides eager to Cook not knowing how

BUT...



There she was, wedding ring and all, a bride of twenty years, starting out with only the vaguest idea about cooking. She wanted to prepare wholesome, appetizing meals for her husband, but it was only after failures and disappointments that she became a good cook. Then she looked back on her achievement as a thrilling adventure and wondered how she ever looked upon cooking as drudgery.

Thousands of young women are starting out on married life like that—eager to learn how to cook, but not knowing just where to obtain the help and information they need. For the benefit of these women who want a short road to good cooking—who want the thrills of achievement without the disappointment of failure—*Tower Magazines* are offering information in home cooking, giving special helps needed by the individual as well as the broad foundation essential to good cooking generally.

If you already know something about cooking, this low-priced information will be arranged to provide specific understanding of food values and meal planning with specific instruction on more advanced sorts of cooking that interest you most.

Write for information to

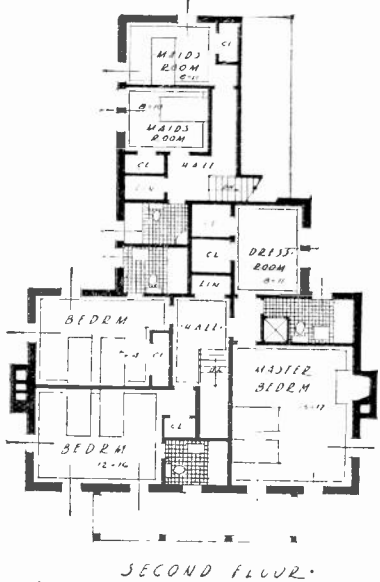
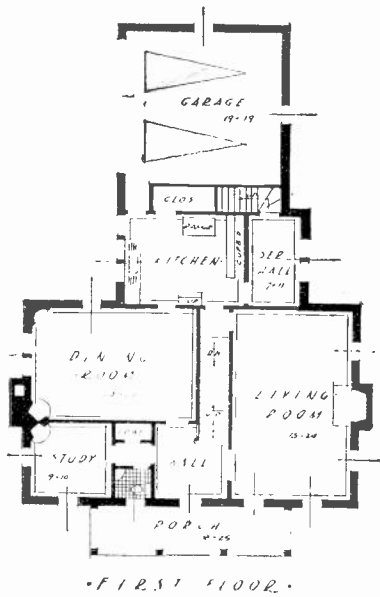
FOOD EDITOR

TOWER MAGAZINES, Inc.

55 Fifth Avenue

New York

Southern Colonial for JACK BENNY



WHEN we asked Mr. Jack Benny what kind of house he would like to build he became very thoughtful—finally he said, “A Colonial house, not a New England Colonial, but one of those big old southern Colonials, they look so comfortable and hospitable.” When we asked him how many rooms his house should have he said that the only thing he was particular about having was a small isolated study where he could do his writing undisturbed and plenty of room for guests.

Mr. Davis, in charge of our architectural department, took Mr. Benny's ideas and from them created this lovely southern Colonial house.

The exterior walls of the house are of common brick, all the outside woodwork is painted white and the roof is of small black slate. Characteristic of this type of architecture are the brick chimneys placed at either end of the house, the tall white columns topped by a graceful rail and the Queen Anne entrance door with its curved pediment.

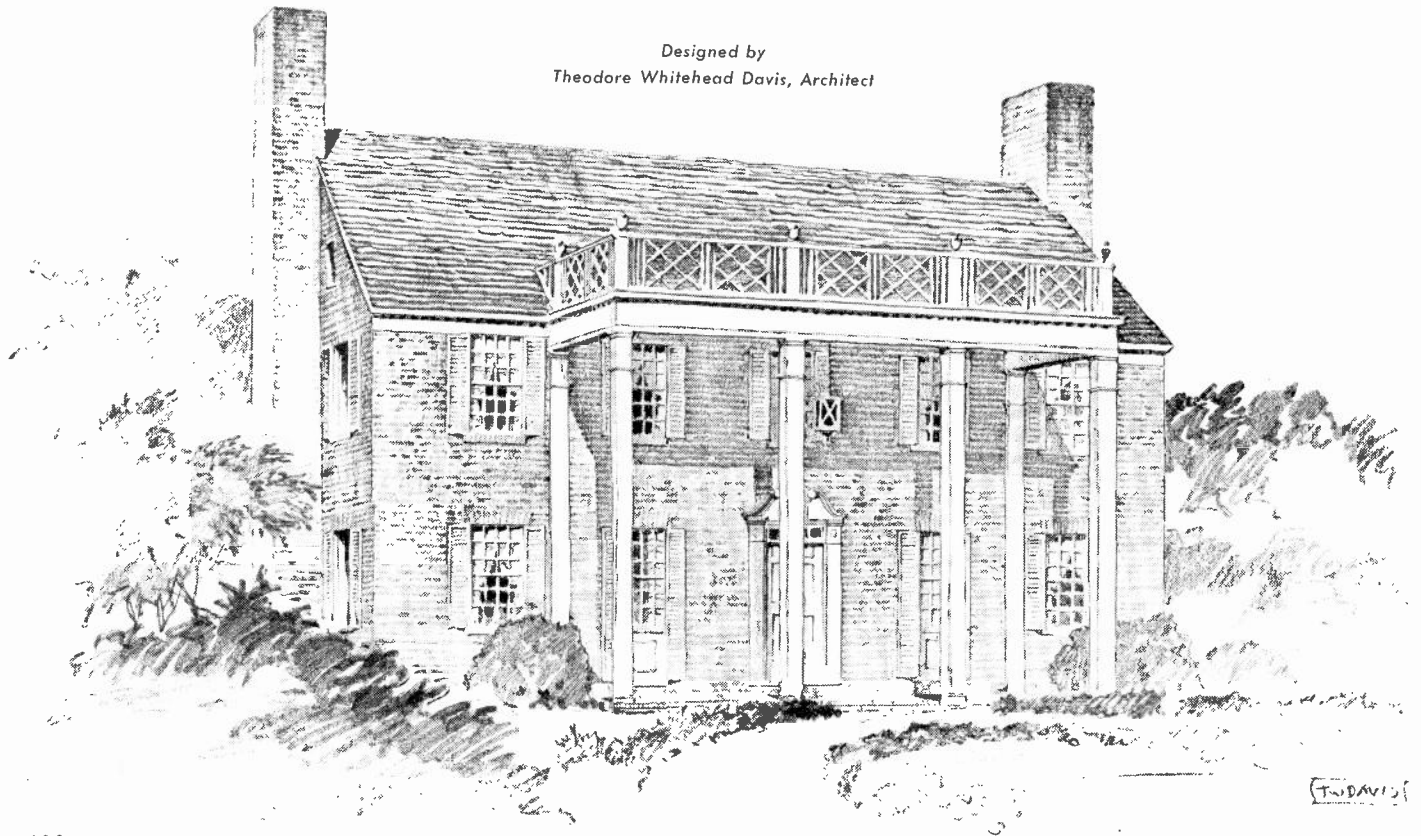
The first floor of the house contains an entrance and stair hall, a lavatory and coat closet off a little hall leading into a small, cosy study

with a corner fireplace, a spacious living room with an open fireplace, a large dining room with a corner fireplace balanced by a built-in corner china cabinet, a kitchen that is complete in equipment and convenient in arrangement with a door leading to a two-car garage. Off the kitchen is a service hall with a stairway leading to the servants' quarters.

On the second floor is a master bedroom with an open fireplace and a connecting bath and dressing-room, two guest rooms each with connecting bath and two maids' rooms and bath in the separate service wing.

THE design of this house could be easily adapted to a much smaller and less expensive house. The service wing and one of the guest bathrooms could be entirely eliminated without detracting from the design. The construction could be frame instead of brick, thus cutting down the building cost considerably. The southern Colonial is the type of architecture that readily adapts itself to a five-room cottage or a fifteen-room mansion. It is the type of house that can be built for anywhere from \$5,000 to \$20,000.

Designed by
Theodore Whitehead Davis, Architect



(T. DAVIS)

"The most prettiest magazine made!"

declares Loraine Baumgartner



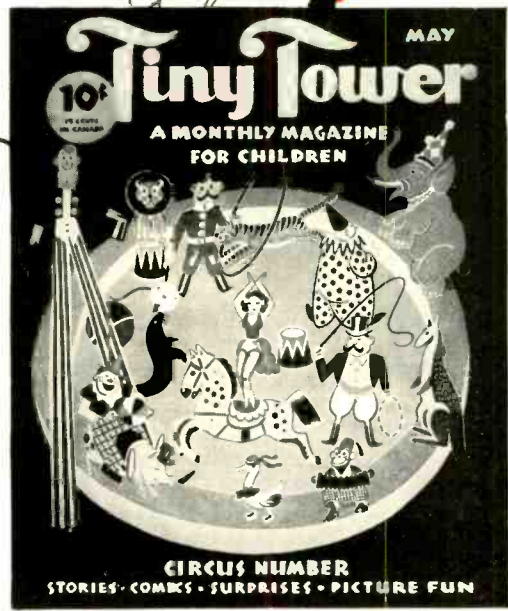
Loraine Baumgartner, an ardent admirer of Tiny Tower.

Edwardsville, Ill.
Jan. 15, 1934.

Dear Bosco:

I am writing you to tell you what I think of the Tiny Tower. I think it is the most prettiest magazine made there couldn't be any more things in it. I guess I will close.

Yours truly
Loraine Baumgartner
Edwardsville, Ill.



"THE most prettiest magazine made!" No wonder little Loraine and thousands of other children are so enthusiastic about Tiny Tower. It's their very own—the only magazine of its kind edited specially for younger girls and boys. Everything they want is there! Stories they want to hear over and over. Gay picture pages full of fun and color. Fill-in drawings and puzzles . . . games, rhymes, jokes. Even a song with music.

When you see how much your children enjoy Tiny Tower, how it fills so many happy play hours, you will want them to have a copy every month. Fill in the subscription blank below . . . and be sure they do not miss an issue of this captivating new magazine.

The May issue of Tiny Tower—the big CIRCUS NUMBER—now on sale at F. W. Woolworth Co. and on newsstands. Ten cents a copy.

TINY TOWER • FIFTY-FIVE FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK, N. Y.

I am enclosing \$1.00 for a year's subscription to Tiny Tower, the *things-to-do* magazine for younger children.

Child's Name Age

Address

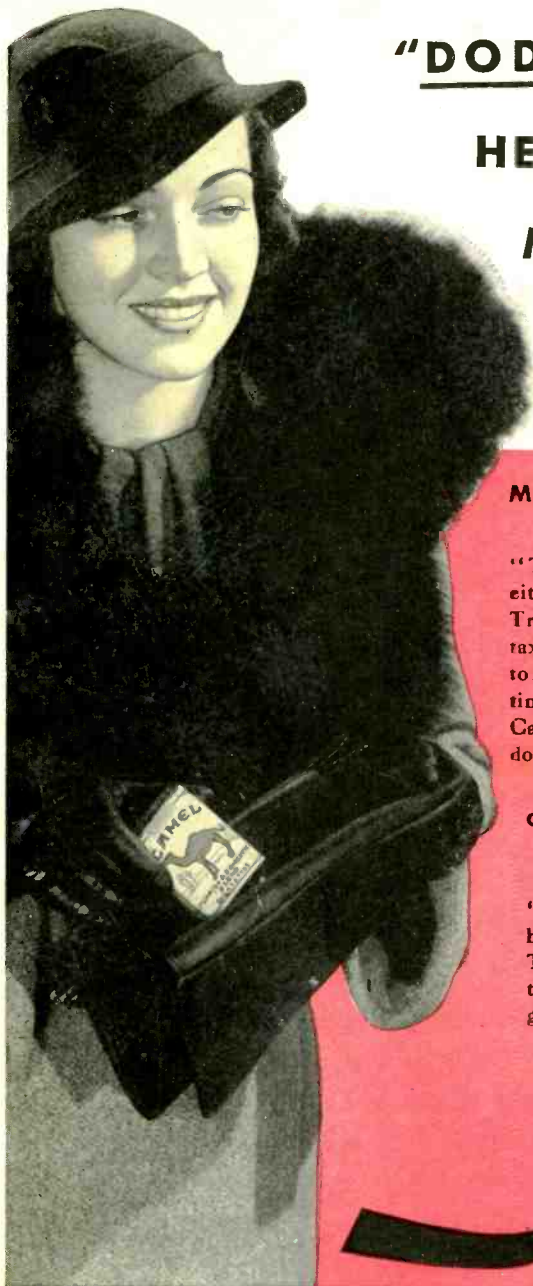
City State

Your Name and Address

"DODGING TRAFFIC TAKES

HEALTHY NERVES, TOO,

MR. HOCKEY PLAYER "



Miss Ruth Dodd
of New York, says:

"Those of us who have to walk along city streets also know real nerve strain. Trolleys — traffic whistles — trucks and taxis bearing down on you — it's enough to make nerves jump. I enjoy a smoke any time and smoke steadily. My cigarette? Camels. They're milder — and they don't interfere with healthy nerves."

Captain "Bill" Cook of the New York Rangers, 1933 Champion Hockey Team, says:

"A hockey player can't afford to have 'nerves.' I smoke only Camels. They have a taste that sure hits the spot. I find that Camels never get on my nerves or tire my taste."



HOW ARE YOUR NERVES?

Few are those today who have not been face to face with the "jangled nerves" that our modern, high-speed life is blamed for!

You know the signs — tenseness, irritability. Feelings that are hard to control. Fussy little habits like key-rattling...hair-mussing...pencil-tapping. All are signs of nerves that flinch.

Check up now on *your* habits that may cause jumpy nerves. The way you eat and sleep. Your work and play. And get a fresh slant on smok-

ing by making Camels your smoke.

 **Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS than any other popular brand.**

You'll find Camels rich in flavor — yet mild and delicate. Smoking will have a new zest. And each Camel renews the enjoyment... the full, satisfying taste... the pleasure of smoking at its best!



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CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS

*Never get on your Nerves
Never tire your Taste*