

Tower RADIO



10c

15¢ in Canada

A TOWER MAGAZINE

JUNE

"MY DOUBLE LIFE"

By ETHEL SHUTTA

ETHEL
SHUTTA

BATTLING THE NATION'S CRIME

How the Radio is used to Combat the Gangster

•
JOE PENNER'S LIFE STORY

•
MEN and HELEN MORGAN

•
VOICE OF EXPERIENCE ANSWERS YOUR QUESTIONS



Presenting

S A V A G E
L I P S T I C K

A transparent, entirely pasteless, simply ravishing color that Savagely clings to lovely lips

Excitingly, savagely, compellingly lovely . . . this freshly different lipstick whose alluring shades and seductive smoothness bring to lips the sublime madness of a moon-kissed South Sea night! Yes, Savage does exactly that, for it colors the lips without coating them with charm-destroying paste. Apply like ordinary lipstick . . . rub it in . . . nothing will remain on your lips but ravishing, transparent color . . . color that clings . . . *savagely!*

SELECT YOUR PROPER SHADE BY ACTUAL TEST

You can't possibly obtain your most suitable shade of lip color without actual trial on your own skin. Savage invites you to test all four shades on your wrist . . . at the Savage Shade Selector displayed wherever this thrilling new lip color is sold.

20¢ TANGERINE . . . FLAME . . . NATURAL . . . BLUSH
AT ALL LEADING FIVE AND TEN CENT STORES

LARGE SIZE SAVAGE

In exquisite silver case, may be obtained at the more exclusive toilet goods counters.

\$2



The SAVAGE SHADE SELECTOR
In addition to providing you with a practical means of trying Savage before buying, the Savage Shade Selector supplies the means of removing the highly indelible Savage stains from your wrist. A bottle of LIX (lipstick stain remover) and a dispenser of felt removal pads are provided.
SAVAGE . . . CHICAGO



Isn't it a Shame?

Bright girl... good company... but her teeth are dull... her gums tender!



Don't let
"PINK TOOTH BRUSH"
ROB YOU OF YOUR CHARM

SHE has the kind of personality that *clicks!* She has the spark. But the dingy shadow of neglected teeth dims all the rest of her charm.

It's a case of people not seeing the personality for the teeth.

Yes—it is a shame. But it is more than that—it is a warning. The "pink" which appears so often upon her tooth brush should tell her that *brushing the teeth is not enough.* Her tender, bleeding gums say that gingivitis, Vincent's disease, or even pyorrhea may not be far off.

Her flabby, sensitive gums must be restored to health.

The Answer Is IPANA

It is so easy to have sparkling teeth, healthy gums—to have your charm *shining through*, unhampered by teeth that can't pass muster. Eat the tempting modern foods, too soft to keep the gums firm. But—clean your teeth and *massage your gums* with Ipana, and these soft, modern foods won't harm your smile.

A daily gentle massaging of the gums with an extra bit of Ipana



gives the teeth the lustre of health, and helps keep "pink tooth brush" at bay. Start with Ipana today!

DON'T TAKE CHANCES!

A good tooth paste, like a good dentist, is never a luxury.

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

I P A N A
TOOTH PASTE



BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. Y-64
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.....



Tower RADIO

CATHERINE McNELIS
Publisher

*"My success is due to
my gag man," says*

JACK PEARL

*And he tells you why in next
month's TOWER RADIO*



W de World

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Catherine McNelis, *President*
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Theodore Alexander, *Treasurer*
Marie L. Featherstone, *Secretary*

ADVERTISING OFFICES

55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.
919 No. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.
7046 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
Russ Building, San Francisco, Cal.

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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, June, 1934

CAROLE LOMBARD AGREES WITH Cupid



Charming star of
Paramount's
"We're Not Dressing"

CUPID: "Hello, angel face, you look as though you'd just washed in morning dew."

CAROLE: "I've just washed in something much nicer—and it's your own prescription, too."

CUPID: "When did I prescribe for you? You've turned men's hearts and heads so often that I can't remember when you needed my advice."

CAROLE: "Well, once you told me always to use Lux Toilet Soap—and I agree that 'it's a girl's best friend'—those were your words, Dan."

CUPID: "You're not the only girl I've seen surrounded with admirers after taking that same advice of mine!"

And how angelically smooth and fresh is *your* skin? If your complexion doesn't make hearts flutter, why not do what 9 out of 10 screen stars do—use fragrant, white Lux Toilet Soap? Cupid's prescription will work for you, too—give you a romantically lovely skin, and the love that goes with it.



"MY GREATEST ALLY"



The rhymed comments of Broadway's own George M. Cohan are among the novelties of the air.



Radio PAGEANT

Comments on Programs Old and New

By

THE TOWER OBSERVER



Eddie Cantor has returned from his Florida vacation and is baiting Rubinoff from New York.



Comedian Jack Benny is developing a new kilocycle technique, an easy sort of radio kidding.



Elder Michaux's broadcasts from his Washington church are outstanding in color and sincerity.

RADIO always is full of surprises.

Now comes Dr. N. M. Hopkins, of New York University, with a gadget by which radio fans can register their pleasure or displeasure. This is a small box with buttons marked YES and NO (or maybe HOT and COLD), the box to attach to your radio. When a radio feature goes off the air, you press one of the buttons—and the faces of the advertising agents handling the feature in question go a deep magenta shade. Just what can be done to prevent voting more than once on the machine—called the Radiovote—isn't clear. If caught, repeaters may be forced to listen to an hour of Baby Rose Marie.

We're for the Radiovote. It ought to clear up the question as to who's popular and who isn't, once and for all. Maybe the air moguls will be surprised at the degree of intelligence displayed by the button-pressers out yonder. We never have believed that all America wanted jazz bands to play "Wagon Wheels" all of each and every night.

As soon as our Radiovote is delivered we are going to press the YES button on these features:

Stokowski's 15-minute Symphony broadcasts from Philadelphia.

Alexander Woollcott.

The Rev. Lightfoot Solomon Michaux's half hour of religious fervor.

Jack Benny's spoofing.
Fred Allen's dry fooling.
Rudy Vallee's variety hour.
Wayne King's waltzes.
The Cadillac musical events.
Will Rogers' comments.

We haven't completed our NO list yet. Probably you have guessed that it is considerably larger.

SPEAKING of Woollcott reminds us that something ought to be done about keeping him on the air permanently. Why no commercial sponsor has seized upon him is one of those mysteries. (Another proof that advertisers need the Radiovote right away!). Woollcott is the raconteur extraordinary, the born story teller. Figuratively speaking, this weaver of word pictures pushes back his comfortable chair at your fireside and spins a yarn. It may be about his favorite charity, the Seeing Eye of Morristown, N. J., where dogs are trained to see for their blind masters; about an old Scotch doctor who rode through blizzard and rain to care for his charges, but wasn't appreciated by the dour neighborhood; or about the vogue of the first Latin Quarter novel "Trilby." Nobody can bring that lump-in-the-throat as does the Town Crier, who uses no wind machines, sirens, or animal imitators to stir your feelings about the fundamentals of life. Woollcott just uses words. (Please turn to page 89)



DARLING OLD COUPLE
ACROSS THE COURT.
I USED TO THINK JOHN
AND I WOULD GROW
OLD THAT WAY —
TOGETHER. INSTEAD
HERE I AM... ALONE
... UNWANTED. GETTING
MY GRAY HAIRS OVER
A CROSS-WORD PUZZLE



LATER — *a friend drops in — helps solve the puzzle —*

THEN CONNIE, FIVE DOWN
MUST BE "B.O." — ODOR OF
LONELINESS. HOW SILLY!
IF PEOPLE ARE LONELY
BECAUSE THEY HAVE "B.O."
WHY THEN I'M THE WORLD'S
WORST OFFENDER

OH... ER... I SUPPOSE
EVERYBODY SHOULD
PLAY SAFE. I'M CRAZY
ABOUT LIFEBOUY, MYSELF



NEXT DAY

I TOOK CONNIE'S
ADVICE — CHANGED
TO LIFEBOUY. IF BY
ANY CHANCE "B.O."
WERE THE REASON
JOHN CHANGED... I'M
SURE I COULD WIN
HIM BACK NOW



"B.O." GONE —
her bachelor days over!

JOHN, DARLING, I'M
GOING TO TRY SO
HARD TO MAKE
YOU HAPPY

DON'T HAVE TO
TRY, HONEY. JUST
STAY AS YOU
ARE NOW



YOU WONDER HOW I KEEP MY
COMPLEXION SO LOVELY —
THERE'S THE ANSWER!

SO SAY thousands upon thousands
of women. Lifebuoy keeps their
complexions clear and fresh — let it do
the same for yours. Its gentle, searching
lather penetrates pores — coaxes out
clogged wastes — adds soft, youthful
radiance to dull skin.

The richest lather ever

Lifebuoy gives *handfuls* of creamy
lather whether the water is hard or
soft, hot or cold. Wonderful for your
bath! Its quickly-vanishing, hygienic
scent tells you Lifebuoy gives *extra*
protection. Its deep-cleansing lather
purifies and *deodorizes* pores — stops
"B.O." (*body odor*).

SHE HATED WASHDAY UNTIL



MARRIED A MONTH
AND CRYING!
COME ROSALIND
— TELL ME WHAT'S
WRONG?

OH! I HATE
WASHDAY
SO!



I WORK LIKE A
SLAVE SCRUBBING
AND BOILING —
STILL THE CLOTHES
NEVER LOOK
REALLY WHITE

SILLY CHILD! CHANGE
TO RINSO — IT SOAKS
OUT DIRT. CLOTHES
COME 4 OR 5 SHADES
WHITER WITHOUT
SCRUBBING



NEXT MONDAY EVENING

I'M SO HAPPY, JIM! I'M USING
RINSO NOW — FOR THE WASH,
FOR THE DISHES AND ALL
CLEANING.
IT SAVES SO
MUCH WORK

IT SAVES YOUR
HANDS, TOO,
ROSAIND
— THEY'RE
LOVELY!

DO YOU BLAME ME FOR BEING
PROUD OF MY WIFE?

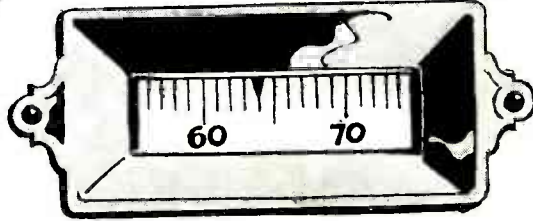


NO WONDER he's proud of her! She
doesn't scrub clothes threadbare — she
soaks them 4 or 5 shades whiter in Rinso suds.
Clothes last 2 or 3 times longer!

Makers of 40 famous washers recommend
Rinso. Safe for colors — easy on hands. A
little gives a lot of rich, lasting suds *even in
hardest water*. Wonderful for dishes and all
cleaning. Tested and approved by Good
Housekeeping Institute. Get Rinso today.

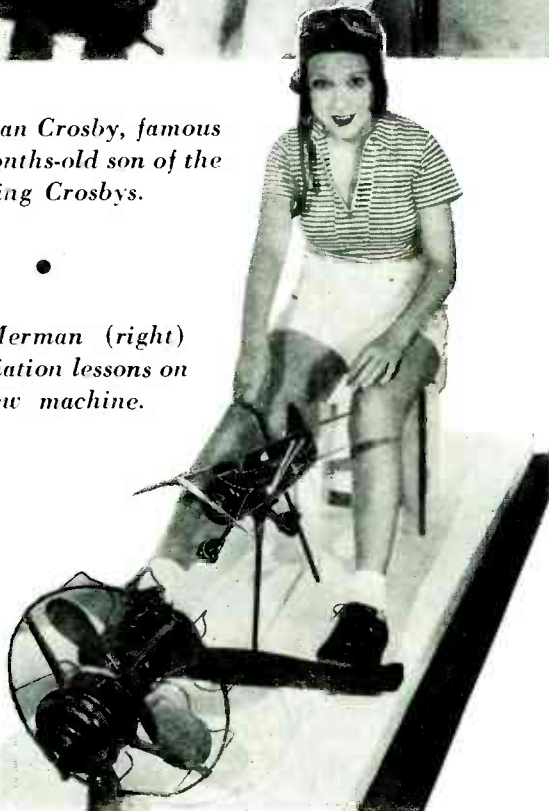


Behind the Dial



Gary Evan Crosby, famous eight-months-old son of the Bing Crosbys.

Ethel Merman (right) takes aviation lessons on a new machine.



Gossip and news of the air headliners, told by the famous radio writer-commentator

By NELLIE REVELL

HEADLINING the air circuits right now are three former chorus boys from musical comedy. They are John Charles Thomas, the eminent baritone; Cecil Lean, the comedian co-starred with his wife, Cleo Mayfield; and Jack Whiting, the matinee idol heard with Jeannie Lang and Jack Denny's orchestra in the Marvelous Melodies Revue. Thomas began his career in the ensemble of a Winter Garden show. Lean was singing in the chorus of another musical when his first wife, Florence Holbrook, married him and elevated him to the cast. Whiting was just a merry villager in "Orange Blossoms" when a principal became ill and he was shoved into a role overnight.

"Beatrice Fairfax" is giving advice to the lovelorn on an NBC network. That's all right if you believe in Santa Claus. For there is no such animal as "Beatrice Fairfax." It's just a newspaper trade name and the person writing under it is just as apt to be a man with whiskers who chews tobacco as not. Of course, on the air "Beatrice Fairfax" at least has a feminine voice.

MAYOR FIORELLO H. LAGUARDIA, of New York, who finds the radio as useful as President Roosevelt in molding public opinion to his policies, is a fine cornetist. He proved it recently by playing a trumpet over Station WNYC, the municipal mouth-piece, in a concert. This exploit was performed without any publicity. The dynamic Mayor is naturally musical, having inherited his skill on the trumpet from his father.

It looks as though Alice Faye is lost to the air lanes. She made such a hit in George White's film version of the Scandals that she is remaining in Hollywood for other pictures. It's all off, too, her romance with Rudy, now that she's on one coast and he's on the other. Wonder if you ever heard how Alice got her job singing with Vallee's orchestra? She sent him a home-made phonograph record of one of her songs and it convinced the Great Crooner that she had just what his band needed. Meanwhile, hundreds of other girls giving personal auditions couldn't make the grade. Who says there is no luck in show business? (Please turn to page 10)

YOU ARE INVITED TO THE
HOLLYWOOD PARTY

R.S.V.P. - Revues, Songs, Variety, Pandemonium



JIMMY DURANTE



LAUREL & HARDY



LUPE VELEZ



JACK PEARL



POLLY MORAN



CHARLES BUTTERWORTH



FRANCES WILLIAMS



TED HEALY



MICKEY



IS IT MARCO POLO?
 OR DURANTE'S INFERNO?
 -WELL ANYWAY IT'S A
 CLASSIC.



A LAUREL TO LUPE
 AND OLIVER'S
 ALL OF A TWIST!



THE "BARON" SAID MEET
 PING PONG - THE SON OF
 KING KONG. MICKEY SAID
 OH, A CHIMPANZEE AND
 THE FIGHT WAS ON!



NO MAN IS A
 HERO TO HIS VALEZ -
 AND JIMMY IS
 KNOCKED FOR
 A LUPE.



SCHNARZAN AND
 HIS MATE - SHE
 PROVES TO BE A
 BUST.



HYSTERICAL FACTS! NAPOLEON
 IS STILL FRENCH PASTRY AND
 BISMARCK IS ONLY A HERRING.



WHAT IS BUTTERWORTH TO
 POLLY - WHEN POLLY WANTS A
 CRACKER? - A WISE CRACKER.

METRO - GOLDWYN - MAYER

Alice Faye makes a hit on the screen and is lost to the airways

Behind the Dial

Poley (Frog Voice) McClintock, of the Waring Band, confers with Scat Singer Johnnie Davis.



Copyright Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians

TEEMED SIR—BUSINESS\$ is\$ slow, \$o we are sending thi\$ to refre\$h your recollection\$. In\$pecting our book\$, we \$ee you haven't been in thi\$ \$hop \$ince \$eptember. It would plea\$e u\$ very much if you would \$top in \$ometime and in\$spect our \$ample\$ of new \$uiting\$—and al\$o, perhap\$, adju\$t a little matter of remi\$\$ne\$\$ which we he\$itate to \$tate in thi\$ epi\$tle—\$incerely your\$.”

According to Fred Allen, an English imitator of Joe Penner is asking: “Could I interest you in the purchase of a swan?”

THE first time George M. Cohan ever saw Fannie Brice he fired her. It happened years ago when he produced “The Talk of New York.” Fannie had been hired for the chorus and, anxious to make an impression, hung on to the final note of a song after the others had finished. George M. looked a trifle annoyed but ordered the girls into a dance. Fannie didn't know her right leg from her left. “Hey, you,” he shouted, “get back to the kitchen!”—and Fannie went. Not back to the kitchen, exactly, but back home to tell her mother she lost the job because she was too thin. In those days, while struggling for recognition, Fannie always had a good alibi ready.

As fast as existing contracts expire, laxative broadcasts are fading from the networks. When times were tough such accounts were welcome but now that business is booming the radio rajahs have decided they are not in good taste—or something.

(Please turn to page 50)

Ruth Etting dressed briefly for tennis—and she has two good reasons.



(Continued from page 8)

DO you want to make \$25? Tell Frances Langford, who tips the scales at 98, how to add two pounds to her weight and—if it works—the vivacious blues singer will gladly pay you the money. Frances, it seems, had tried everything once but nothing she can eat or do contributes anything to her figure.

PETER DE ROSE, composer of “Wagon Wheels,” one of the big song hits of the season, and the husband and co-star of May Singhi Breen, received a note from his tailor which is a gem in subtle suggestion. It read: “E\$-



N. Y. Times-Wide World

Kate Smith went to Hot Springs, Ark., for a vacation. The hotel burned down, but Kate escaped.



It was a handsome frog!

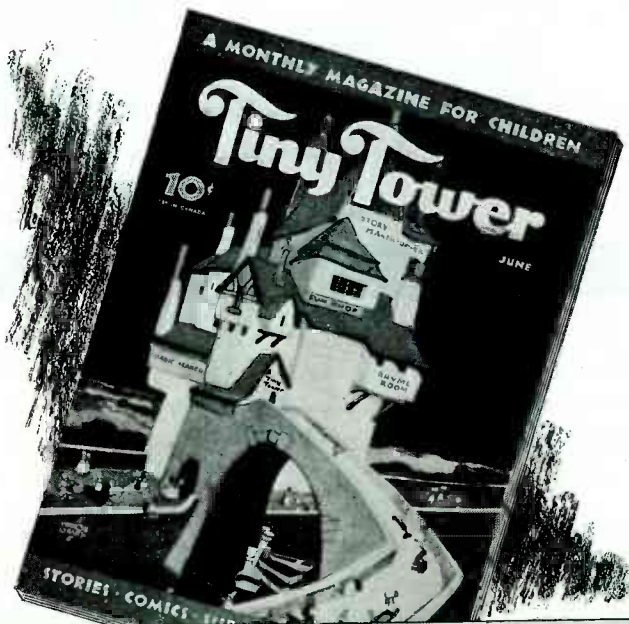
Marilyn Albright ... of Chicago, who writes:
"I am a little girl seven years old. I read *Tiny Tower* and like it very much. I made the frog bank in *Tiny Tower*. It was a handsome frog."

OF course it was a handsome frog because Marilyn made it herself—from a page in *Tiny Tower*. Right there is the secret of this new magazine's sure popularity with small boys and girls: the many delightful things it gives them to DO and MAKE.

Let's look at the June issue. There's the magic page and the Funnywigs to color. A treasure box to make and hidden objects to find. There's a fairyland game and the most fascinating new "picture secrets" you can imagine! Plus stories, rhymes, a song, picture strips—everything children like

The June issue is now on sale at F. W. Woolworth stores and on selected newsstands. After your children have had so much fun

with one gay, colorful issue, you'll want them to have a year's subscription (\$1.00). The coupon below will start it for you.



TINY TOWER • 55 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK, N. Y.

Please send a year's subscription for *Tiny Tower* to the child whose name appears below. I am enclosing \$1.00 for the twelve issues.

Child's Name Age

Address

City State

Your Name and Address

Marjorie finds Fun in Life
for she has a lovely
CAMAY COMPLEXION!



1 "Men were always pleasant and courteous to me. But it ended there. My life was dull, and so was my skin. Then I tried Camay. Almost at once my skin improved. Now I'm a prettier and more popular girl."

2 "Now it no longer makes me unhappy to look at myself in my mirror. I'm mighty proud of my complexion."

Do you get the fun and favors in life—or only the grief and troubles? It's the girl with a lovely fresh Camay Complexion who gets admiration and praise.

LIFE IS A LONG BEAUTY CONTEST

Like Marjorie, the girl above, you are in a never-ending Beauty Contest. It may be at a party, or at some informal gathering of friends that your beauty and your skin will be judged. And you are

competing with other women.

So get yourself a Camay Complexion—a skin that is fresh as a flower's petals. Then the eyes of everyone you meet will look at you approvingly.

For Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women, is gentle as dew on your cheek. Try Camay, faithfully, for one month. The change in your skin will delight you!

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

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



Copy. 1934. Procter & Gamble Co.

CAMAY The Soap of Beautiful Women

With no box office to guide them, how do the air moguls tell whether or not they have a success

Doping a Radio Hit

IN all the puzzling business of radio, most mystifying to the average listener must be this business of "hits" and "flops."

Out of nowhere suddenly appears a new star who soars to popularity overnight. His name, his catch phrase, is on everyone's tongue. Who found him? Who decided he had the makings of the air?

At the same time a star who seems to have been doing all right is dropped from a program with dramatic suddenness. A columnist murmurs that he wasn't clicking—that people had stopped listening.

Who decided that? The average listener would like to know.

There is, to all show business, more than a dash of black magic. Any producer of entertainment about to make his votive offering to the fickle gods of the gallery, gazes into his crystal ball, holds tight to his rabbit's foot and hopes they'll like it.

Public fancy is unpredictable. If any man could guess it all of the time or even most of the time, the riches of Midas would soon be his. Since no such

superman has yet arisen, the prevailing method is the somewhat costly one of trial and error.

On Broadway or in the movies, however, the producer has a sure barometer of the success of his offering as soon as it is placed before the public. That barometer is the box office. The public will either pay money to see it, or stay away.

Radio has no such single sure-fire test as the box office. The public pays for its air entertainment only indirectly. The sponsor pays for it directly.

Like the play producer or the movie producer, the sponsor is anxious to attract the widest possible audience for his show. Any number of methods have been devised to serve as his divining rod in the search for hidden gold. For mail,

various surveys such as the Crossley reports, comment of radio reviewers and columnists, dealer reaction, serve as indications. Each taken by itself has its flaws, yet all in all they add up curiously enough to something like a true picture of public reaction.

A hit show in radio is not necessarily one with the longest run on the air. After being a sensation for a time a show may settle down to a smaller but steadier public, which is often satisfactory to the sponsor.

FOR the purposes of this article then, a hit show may be defined as one which is on top of the heap at the moment, causing comment, commanding attention, drawing a large audience.

Not all advertisers want a hit show. Some are satisfied to draw a limited group of listeners for a smaller expenditure of money. But because the proportionate cost per listener decreases as the audience grows, since the charges for time and station facilities are the same whether a show is popular or unpopular, it is safe to say that when most producers put a show on the air, it is in hopes that it will become a really big hit.

A hit usually has its beginnings when a sponsor goes to the advertising agency with the glad tidings that it has money to spend for a radio program. From that point on, actual production is usually in the hands of the agency with a sponsor's representative sitting in as adviser. The agency may aim at two types of shows, the "star" show, where success depends upon the

drawing power of a star's name, perhaps a comic or a comedy team, such as Eddie Cantor, Ed Wynn, Burns and Allen, Stoopnagle and Budd, a great artist like John McCormack, Albert Spalding or Lawrence Tibbett; or the "idea" show, such as "The March of Time" or the "Captain Henry's Show Boat" hour.

In any case the most highly
(Please turn to page 60)

Here's the Secret!

Radio has no single sure-fire test of popularity.

BUT here are the ways a flop or a hit is measured:

1. Fan mail.
2. Careful survey.
3. Dealer reaction.
4. Sales response.
5. Press comment.
6. Gossip in the street.

By

Charles Martel

Major Bowes (left) is the NBC veteran of the air. Julia Sanderson and Frank Crumit (shown below) are the oldtimers of CBS.



Oldest Features on the Air

NBC

Major Bowes' Family, Nov., 1922.
A. & P. Gypsies, March, 1924.
Tower Health Exercises, March, 1925.
Morning Devotions, Jan., 1926.
Cities Service, Feb., 1927.

CBS

Evening in Paris, Oct., 1929.
Sanderson and Crumit, Jan., 1931.
Burns and Allen, Feb., 1931.
Oxol Feature, Feb., 1927.
March of Time, March, 1931.



CALLING

Radio is the newest, fastest weapon to combat the gangster in the police war against modern crime

By
THOMAS CARSKADON

CALLING car Number Eight Four. . . . A woman is being stabbed at Twelve Eighteen Walnut Street. . . . Woman stabbed. . . . Twelve Eighteen Walnut Street. . . . Car Number Eight Four proceed—”

Does that send a shiver up your spine? Do you ever listen to police signals at home? Radio fans with the newer all-wave sets do and they say that police calls are the biggest thrill on the air. They may be a thrill to you, but they are grim business to the police!

Radio is the newest, finest, fastest weapon ever evolved for police work. That is the verdict of responsible officials throughout America.

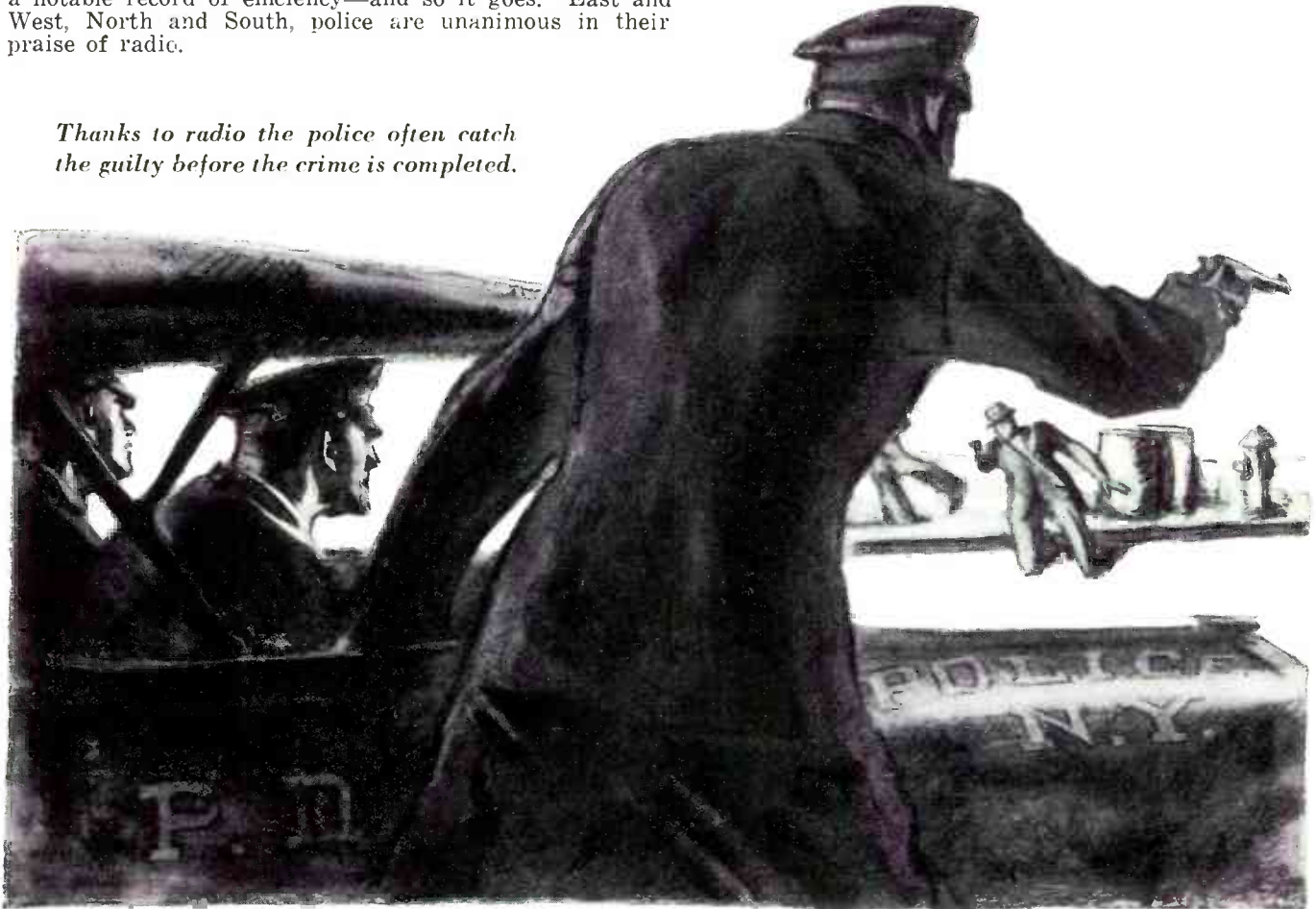
Detroit prides herself on the oldest police radio system in the country, New York has the largest, Boston is just installing one, Pittsburgh is enlarging hers, Chicago serves fifty-one suburban communities as well as the city itself, St. Louis cites a notable record of efficiency—and so it goes. East and West, North and South, police are unanimous in their praise of radio.

Thanks to radio the police often catch the guilty before the crime is completed.



Special Photograph by Wide World

Police Commissioner John O'Ryan of New York says the radio is now absolutely indispensable.



all CARS!

Would you like to know how a police radio system works, how the whole thing got started, and what you, as a listener, should do when you hear police signals? Well, come along, and we'll find out.

First we visit the actual headquarters of the largest police radio system in the world. This is in New York, of course, and a large dome on the very top of the Police Headquarters building houses the broadcasting station.

We have to stop at the office of the Police Commissioner, Major-General John F. O'Ryan, to get permission to visit the station. General O'Ryan is a veteran of the Twenty-seventh Division overseas, a civic-minded, forthright, soldierly man who occupies one of the key positions in the new Fusion administration of Mayor La Guardia.

COMMISSIONER O'RYAN pays direct tribute to radio. He says, "Transmission of orders by radio from the central office to the motors cruising all over the city has increased the efficiency of the department to such an extent as to render the service indispensable to the efficient operation of the Department."

Commissioner O'Ryan grants us permission to see the station and we take the elevator to the top floor, and then walk up one more flight into the dome. We are received by William Allan, superintendent of the Police Telegraph Bureau, who turns us over to the assistant superintendent, Captain Gerald Morris, who is in direct charge of the daytime operations of the

New York City police broadcasting station.

Captain Morris first shows us the telephone switchboard room, and we get a surprise at once. There are no girl operators on these switchboards. No sir, they are worked by sturdy policemen in uniform, and every call for help, whether it is telephoned direct to police headquarters or relayed from a precinct station, comes through these switchboards.

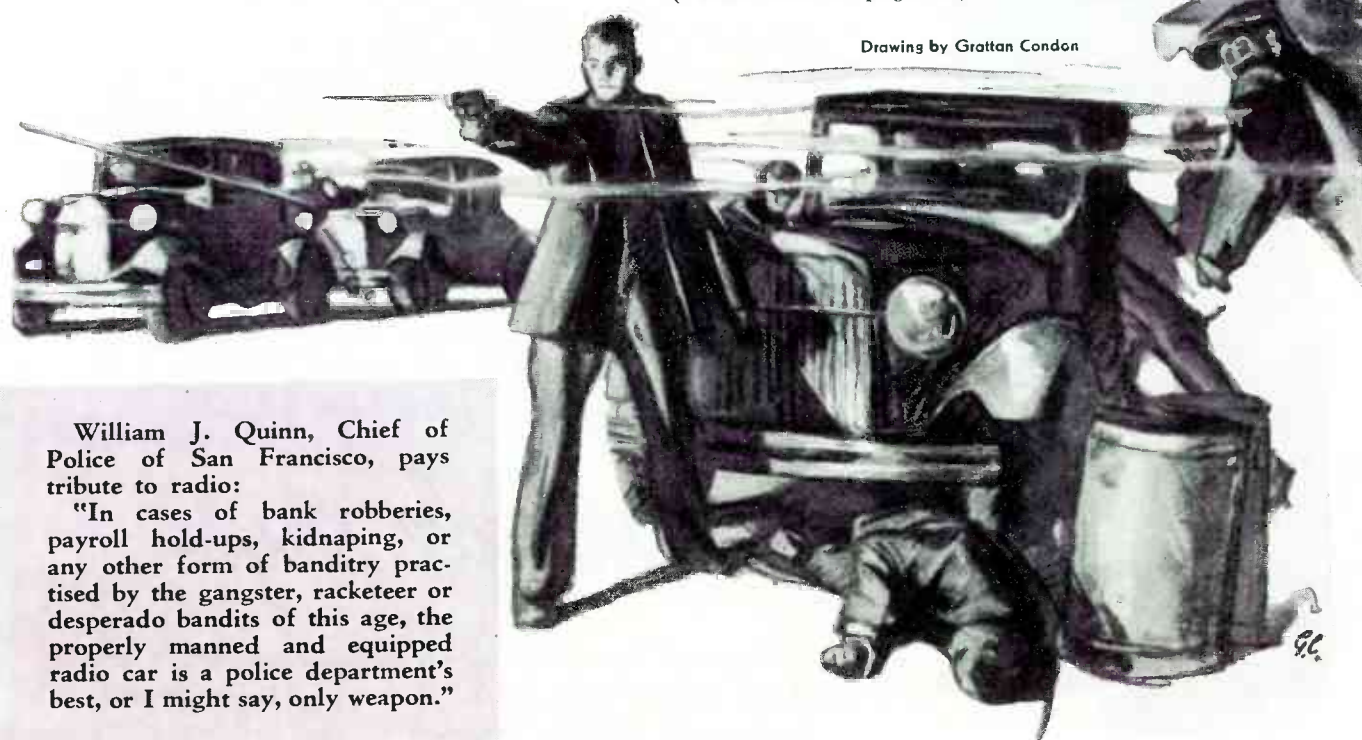
From the switchboard room we pass directly into the broadcasting room itself. Here we find the chief dispatcher seated in the groove of a large U-shaped desk. On that desk are maps of the five boroughs of the city of New York, with the boundaries of the police precincts marked in red.

The thing that takes our eye at once is the little brass discs that are sprinkled over the map. Each one bears a number, each one represents a police radio car, each one is carefully placed in its proper precinct.

A call comes in. A hold-up at Lexington Avenue and Twenty-ninth Street. The dispatcher glances at the map and sees instantly what cars are on duty in that precinct, what cars are close to the scene of the crime.

Feverishly he scribbles out a memorandum and hands it to the police announcer. A button is pressed. Huge blue tubes in the broadcasting machinery spurt and crackle into life. A high-pitched, humming signal goes out on the air.

That means "Alert—message coming!" All over the city, grim-faced officers lean
(Please turn to page 56)



Drawing by Grattan Condon

William J. Quinn, Chief of Police of San Francisco, pays tribute to radio:

"In cases of bank robberies, payroll hold-ups, kidnaping, or any other form of banditry practised by the gangster, racketeer or desperado bandits of this age, the properly manned and equipped radio car is a police department's best, or I might say, only weapon."

STOOPNAGLE

*Lemuel Q. tells what he thinks about
Budd and Budd speaks his mind about
the eminent colonel*

By LEMUEL Q. STOOPNAGLE



Outter



CADWALDER
FREYLINGHEUSEN

*TOWER RADIO'S War
Correspondent, whose
attempts to interview
Stoopnagle and Budd
caused them to inter-
view themselves.*

COLONEL, what do you think of Budd?"

It was a small, dark man with a red beard who asked me that question the other day as I was walking the other way on a one-way street.

"Now, now," I remonstrated in my knowing way, nudging him in the ribs, "must I answer that question in front of all these people?"

"No, not necessarily," he replied, "I represent TOWER RADIO MAGAZINE and the editor wanted to fill some space back between the ads. Naturally the first person I thought of was you, since all the other Columbia artists are out of town and—"

"Aw shucks," I said, naturally feeling a certain flush of elation at this tribute to my great popularity, "I know you're just flattering me, but since you put it that way I can't very well refuse. Now Budd is one of those subjects that can only be discussed over a couple of bottles. Come with me."

Playing the part of the genial host, I led the way up an alley, first looking furtively about to see that there were no policemen sleeping there, until we came to a couple

of bottles—in fact a whole pile of them.

Motioning to my guest to make himself comfortable, I settled back on a broken-down baby carriage, lighted my faithful cheroot and began:

"You ask me what I think of this fellow Budd. Well, I could tell you in one word. But you wouldn't print it. So I will tell you in one thousand words and you can fill up the space between four ads.

"Few people know that Budd is really an Eskimo. One of the Asbury Park, N. J., Eskimos. There are only a few of them left (thank God!). His father was Ambrose J. Eskimo, inventor of the Eskimo pie. Budd first became interested in inventions trying to invent a pair of steam-heated false teeth for eating his father's pie. He has never got anywhere with it, but he keeps on trying just the same. That is so like Budd—nothing can discourage him!

"You know I had the darndest time getting him to wear shoes. He wouldn't wear shoes because he said he liked to pick up things with his toes. Once he picked up a girl named Gladys with his toes and after that it was duck soup persuading him to wear shoes.

"I still have trouble with him, though. Try (*Please turn to page 64*)

Stoopnagle says:

"Few people know that Budd is really an Eskimo. One of the Asbury Park, N. J., Eskimos. His father was Ambrose J. Eskimo, inventor of the Eskimo pie."

and BUDD

VIEW EACH OTHER

By BUDD

BUDD, what do you think of Colonel Stoopnagle?"

It was a large, blond, heavily mustached man with green spectacles who leaped upon my chest late one afternoon as I lay snoozing in my patent in-a-floor bed (Copyright, Col. Stoopnagle, 1933) and popped that question at me.

I thought at first he was something I had had to drink the night before but before I could tell him to go away he went on:

"I'm from TOWER RADIO MAGAZINE and the editor had some space to fill between the ads and since—"

"And since all the other artists were out of town, you came to me," I finished. "All right. Never mind the compliment. Let's get to the question." I rang for Jitters, my man.

"Send in Maude Muller," I barked. I am very good at barking. I used to be a barker in a side show.

"But why Maude Muller?" put in the man from the magazine.

"Oh," I replied, "I just want her to mull over what I think of Colonel Stoopnagle."

Later, when the three of us were hanging comfortably from the chandelier, I began my recital:

"You want to know what I think about Colonel Stoopnagle. But first let me answer a question that is much more frequently asked: 'Is there a Colonel Stoopnagle?' So great has his renown become that it is hard to distinguish the man from the myth.

"But I'm here to say without fear of successful contradiction, that there *is* a Colonel Stoopnagle. Now I do not take things on faith. I do not believe in miracles. Nor am I a user of hasheesh. But I have seen Colonel Stoopnagle in the flesh, and believe me, there is plenty of it. I have worked with him. I have stepped on his toe and made him say, 'Ouch!' just to be sure. Furthermore, the Colonel is really a human being at heart, just like me and youse. He eats, drinks, sleeps, hates to buy new hats and leaves umbrellas in subways.

"As to discussing the Colonel, that is rather a delicate matter. You who have heard him over the air know that he is not quite bright. Not bright at all in fact. At the same time he is a genius. Don't ask me to explain this. I only know it is so. The Colonel told me himself.

"It does not surprise me that the Colonel is regarded as a dimwit by his contemporaries. Look at Watts, the inventor of the fireless cooker or something. People thought so little of his work that they coined a phrase about it: 'Watt's the use?' Look at Fulton, who invented the steamboat. Nobody else got steamed up about that at the time.

"Posterity will place the Colonel upon his proper pedestal. Or, if he keeps on, they may even place the pedestal upon the Colonel. I figure it out like this: the world is getting crazier every day. But the Colonel is a whole lot crazier than the world. So if the world keeps on getting crazier at the rate it is going,
(Please turn to page 64)

Budd says:

"There is a Colonel Stoopnagle and posterity will place the Colonel upon his proper pedestal. Or, if he keeps on, they may even place the pedestal on the Colonel."



Culver

THE Town Crier

The darling of the sophisticates has become only slightly less popular than a crooner

IT is one of the anomalies of radio that the Great American Public should have gathered Alexander Woollcott, darling of the sophisticates, critic of life and the arts, to its ample and emotional bosom.

Dyed-in-the-wool fans (or as Mr. Woollcott might call them in a moment of affectionate jeering "fancy-wansies") who foam at the mouth at the mere sound of an Oxonian or affected accent apparently hang on his every clipped pedantic syllable with glee and tune in for more. For some reason his unique comments and style of delivery seem to have caught the capricious fancy of the masses.

It is no exaggeration therefore, to say that at the moment Mr. Woollcott is only slightly less popular than a first string crooner.

And that, although Mr. Woollcott would doubtless quiver with indignation at the very thought like enraged jello and bristle to his last silvering hair, is popularity indeed.

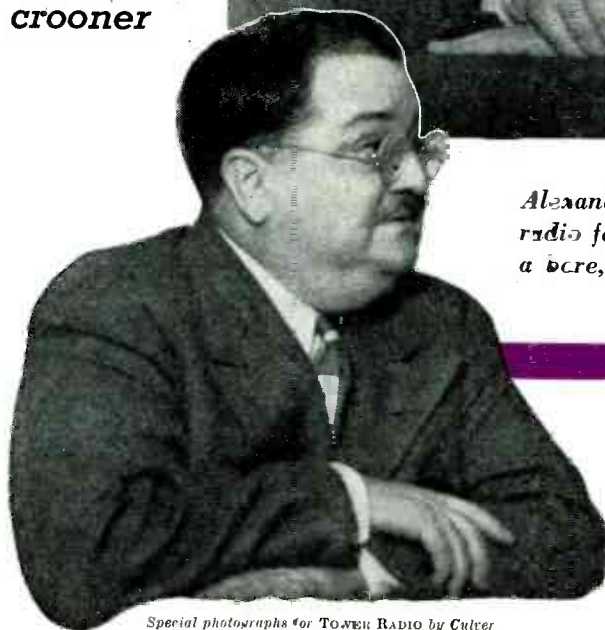
Other sophisticates have faltered and fallen by the wayside. Robert Benchley who, besides writing, managed to be pretty successful as a movie actor, lasted only briefly on the air. William Lyon Phelps, while doing a competent job, set no barns ablaze.

Why, then, should the inhabitants of the hinterlands hold out a welcoming hand to the Sage of Sutton Place?

Mr. Woollcott when queried as to the curious popu-



Alexander Woollcott isn't in radio for fame, which he thinks a bore, but because he likes it.



Special photographs for TOWER RADIO by Culter

larity of the so-called high-brows on the air, among whose ranks he might be numbered summed it up succinctly by saying:

"Well, judging by my mail, I have come to the conclusion that the average American isn't as dumb as he looks." Which means, interpreting, Mr. Woollcott's neat trick of understatement that the average American is a pretty intelligent sort of fellow in his estimation.

Maybe it all boils down to the fact that Mr. Woollcott doesn't give a damn. He is in radio not for fame, which he considers something of a bore, not primarily for money, although he is not averse to having people throw greenbacks at him, but simply because he has a swell time babbling into the microphone, because he gets a great kick out of reading letters from a lot of people he never heard of.

He has no axes to grind except a few which he keeps handy to lop off the heads of such bores as annoy him. Being an incurable gossip he has to talk to somebody, and he figures he might as well talk to millions while he is at it as to the three (Please turn to page 54)

By EDWARD R. SAMMIS

Once a movie director, Bradley Barker is now radio's official menagerie. He imitates everything from a gnu to a dinosaur.

RADIO'S

ODDEST JOB

By
MARY JACOBS

BRADLEY BARKER is radioland's official menagerie. Whenever an animal call is needed in a skit, the studios send for Bradley.

Perhaps you listen in to the delightful "Wizard of Oz" sketches? The youngsters do, anyway. Well, Bradley Barker plays ten different characters and does all the animal sounds on this program. One minute he is the tawny, roaring lion; the next, the all-important stork; he has even been a teeny, weeny squealing mouse. You know him as the animal vocalizer on the weekly Nursery Rhymes and on the new Circus Days programs. He's on the Betty Boop programs, playing everything from Casper Kangaroo to Officer Elephant to Coco the Clown. He does the sound effects for all the Max Fleisher cartoons, both for radio and the movies, which include the Betty Boop Pictures released by Paramount and their song cartoons.

He appears on the Maxwell House Coffee hour . . . on practically all National Broadcasting programs that need animal sounds.

During his radio career he has made every animal sound that is—and a few that never were. "Sometimes," he told me, "I'm in the position of the man who first inquired of his listener, 'Do you know Chinese?' and upon being assured he didn't, breathed a sigh of relief and went ahead with his individual idea of what the language sounded like. No one can correct me, so why worry?"

"There was the time I was asked to imitate the gnu. Another time a dinosaur. I've never had the pleasure of meeting these two animals, so I just used my imagination. Everyone seemed satisfied with the unearthly sounds I produced.

"Sometimes, though, it is not so easy. I remember the first sound effects job I did professionally. I was, believe it or not, the sound of a frying egg. At the time I was directing films for Pathe. In the movie, *Submarine*, you may remember the scene where Jack Holt was supposed to be frying eggs. The actual sound of eggs frying just didn't come through the ether. We had to have a substitute.

"A while before, while waiting for the Chinaman to finish ironing my shirt, I noticed him point the tip of the electric iron into cold water, to cool it. The moment the iron struck the water there was a gentle sizzling sound, like eggs frying in bacon.

"So I suggested that we try putting the tip of a hot electric iron into a bucket of water for the frying-egg effect. The sound technician tested each effect just before we shot the scene. While heating the iron, he short-circuited the current. Came the moment for shooting the scene. He came over and whispered, 'The current is dead. You'll have to make a noise like a fried egg.' I did my best. Since then, I have been 'the fried egg' to many of my associates. Even now, six years (*Please turn to page 104*)

Drawing by ELY GINSBURG

Bradley Barker can roar like a lion, squeak like a mouse. The animal kingdom is his.





MY

WHEN I meet people not in show business they invariably tell me how they envy the glamorous life I'm supposed to lead. They tell me that they are sure I must have received the greatest thrill in the world singing nightly at the Madhattan Room of the Pennsylvania Hotel to the music of my husband's wonderful orchestra. They dwell at great length upon the fact that my voice is sent out over the air into hundreds of thousands of homes.

Yes, all of this is thrilling and exciting but it is not to be compared to the joy I receive from being with my children. And I swear when

I say this that I am not putting on an act, I'm not posing, I'm not trying to impress my friends with my motherhood.

It's simply that I'd rather be with my boys than to do anything else.

And I'm determined that I shall arrange my day so that I can spend as much time with



Wide World

Above, Ethel Shutta. Insert: The Olsen children, Charlie and Georgie.

Nicholas Muraw

DOUBLE LIFE

my children as other mothers who have nothing else to do but be mothers.

You see, I'm not just a foolish girl anymore. I work because I like to work but I truly get no pleasure in tearing around all over town during my free hours. My real happiness is with those kids. And what's so remarkable about that? They're swell kids!

How do I manage? Perhaps you wonder, for I'm sure you know how exacting is the life of any performer—how much time and thought a career takes. You wonder how I find the time? The answer is really very easy. I make the time. I fit my days around the children and give up every other thing but seeing them when I have free time. But, mind you, this is not because I feel it my duty. It is my personal choice in the matter.

"George and I have two children. There's Charlie, the elder, who is six and a half and weighs, if you please, eighty pounds and Georgie (named for his father) who is four and a half and as big as most six-year-olds. Last Summer they were on Long Island where they learned to swim and lived out-of-doors, mostly, until they were like healthy little Indians. But they are always where we are so this Winter they have been in town.

While I am still asleep—I work until around two A.M.—they are roused and dressed by a governess and taken to the Franklin School. It's just a small private school. Not a swanky one at all. I don't want them to get false ideas and ideals. I want to keep them natural, simple kids.

They go to school only half a day and by the time they are back at noon I am up and dressed and ready to have my breakfast with them while they have their luncheon.

After that—before their nap—we are together for an hour. I often go to play with them in the park, where they have a score of friends the boys' own age. Except that Charlie—the eighty-pounder—objects to playing with boys his own age. "They're so much littler than me," he complains. "They play silly games. They're sissies."

CHARLIE's preference, in the matter of companionship, is for kids of ten or twelve but by such rigid laws of age are the friendships of childhood divided that the boys whom Charlie seeks think, "He's so much littler than me." It hurts Charlie immeasurably and he longs for the day when he, too, will be ten and can look down a superior nose at boys a mere six and a half.

Sometimes—oh glorious afternoon!—I take them to a (Please turn to page 105)

Wide World

The Olsen family, George, Ethel and their sons, Charlie and Georgie. Charlie is six and a half, Georgie four and a half.

"It's thrilling to be a radio star but I'm not posing when I say I get the greatest joy from being with my children"

BY
ETHEL SHUTTA



Confessions of a CROONER

Bing Crosby stepped from obscurity as one of Paul Whiteman's Rhythm Boys to radio and movie fame

THIS is the final chapter of Bing Crosby's life story. Harry Lillis Crosby—otherwise Bing—was born in Spokane, Wash. In its last two issues, TOWER RADIO told of Bing's childhood, how he entered Gonzaga College in Spokane, how he became interested in music and how he organized a band. Bing teamed up with a pal, Al Rinker, and the two landed a job with Paul Whiteman. The boys were a flop upon their first appearances in New York with Whiteman, but the bandmaster had faith in them. Harry Barris was next hired and Whiteman organized Bing, Rinker and Barris into the Three Rhythm Boys. They became an instant hit.

With Whiteman they appeared in the film, "The King of Jazz." Then Whiteman and the Rhythm Boys came to the parting of the ways. They decided to try their luck alone.

AS Bing said good-bye to his friends and co-workers in the Whiteman orchestra doubts assailed him as to the wisdom of the step he was taking. The greatest success he had so far known had come with that organization. And the money had come in regularly every week. Would it not have been better to take a little less and be sure of a steady income?

Bing is one of the fairest people I've ever known, and he's always ready to admit a mistake when he makes one. He knew that a cut in salary was no more than they deserved. The way their work had run down, the boys were not worth to the organization what they had been drawing. Possibly by attending to business they might have built themselves up again.

But if Bing is fair, he is also stubborn—and proud. Having made a decision he would stick to it until hell froze over. And if he had any misgivings as to the wisdom of it, Whiteman would be the last to know about it.

THEY set about finding something else to do in Los Angeles but, once again, booking agents seemed strangely unaware of their drawing (Please turn to page 68)

By

S. R. MOOK

Paramount

Radio Romeo

Bing Crosby as a screen lover in Paramount's new film, "We're Not Dressing." Carole Lombard is the object of Bing's film interest. In two years Crosby has become as important in pictures as he is on the air. That success started in 1932 with "The Big Broadcast."



IN *Your* SERVICE



*From our national capital these bands
bring the beat of martial music to you*



The marines have landed and have the situation in hand. Right, Capt. Taylor Branson. Above, his band.

*Photos by
Wide World*



*Anchors aweigh! Below,
the Navy Band, musical
envoys of Uncle Sam, with
its conductor, Lieutenant
Charles Banter.*

*Center, Capt. William J.
Stannard and the Army
Band. And they can play
a march as few bands can.*



Eddie Duchin began his musical career when working as a waiter during the Summer. From then on he never wavered.

By
LOUIS
REID



The New JAZZ

Who are the new maestros now commanding the airways? Will these newcomers replace the old? Why has the orchestra field become so important?

THE most active—and the most audible—unit of the radio parade is the dance band. While nations totter on the brink and statesmen try desperately to achieve some sort of economic harmony the dance bands of the air continue nightly to lull us into contentment.

It is like a drug, this dance music that pours so ceaselessly from the loudspeakers, but, unlike any other drug, its persistent beat of the drum, its rhythmic wail of saxophone and clarinet whip up the nerves when not deadening them.

We either want to be up and about some enormous triviality, or else we sit supinely, too bewildered by the sound to be able to meditate upon anything more important than the vocal style of a hotcha warbler.

For years America has been dance mad. Dancing, in fact, has made us a comparatively docile people. We have not had time or the inclination to grumble long about taxes and bills, so anxious have we been to catch the notes of "Paradise" or "Good-Night Sweetheart" and "The Last Round-Up."

To the devil with the taxes! There's shuffling to do—or just lazy lolling. The maestro is smiling between his large, white teeth. The music is toe-tickling. We should worry.

With such a spirit in America the broadcasters would

be chumps if they did not attempt to satisfy it. Shuffling to, or listening to dance music has become a mass-habit like teeth-brushing or face-washing, and the radio men cannot do otherwise than ladle it out abundantly. The present brewing of beer is a piker industry compared to the dispensing of dance music.

The din echoes through the crossroads, penetrates the national eardrum from Gotham to the Golden Gate as a thousand maestros pay their tribute to Tin Pan Alley. Tin Pan Alley may not be as industrious as in the years when Coolidge sat so serenely on his throne, but no matter. The maestros have an accumulation of tunes dating back to the days when the country was pulling on its brogans of commercial expansion. They are being dusted off to add to the noise—and forgetfulness of the Americano. It is this dance music forgetfulness in the land for which Roosevelt and his advisers must be thanking their stars. It gives Roosevelt and his advisers time to work out their new deal unperturbed. People can not be dancing or just rocking away to dance music and at the same time be clamoring too annoyingly for the boom days of 1929.

THE most occupied men in the country today—certainly the most occupied on the microphones—are the hey-hey batoneers of the dance bands cramped in the corners of hotel and restaurant grills. They swarm upon the loudspeakers as job-hunters swarm about James A. Farley. Happy-go-lucky fellows for the most part, more intent upon saving their fan mail than their money. Though none of them—well, scarcely any of them—would ever be selected for a collar advertisement, they manage to hold most of us in the hollows of their time-beating hands. It must be because they seem so sincere in their sentimental labors.

Their hold upon the country's favor is secure. Other entertainers may come and go but the dance bandsman basks in continuous popularity. Listen about you and you hear from an adjacent, or distant tavern the music

In the past several months new names have come to the fore in the dance world. With them they have brought a change of rhythm

of men who have been busy in the jazz arenas for many years—such maestros among others as Paul Whiteman, Vincent Lopez, George Olsen, Guy Lombardo, Isham Jones, Rudy Vallee, Ted Weems, Wayne King, Ben Bernie.

All of them, apparently enjoy as great a vogue as ever they did though they may have moved their base of operations from one hot spot to another.

But there is always room in dance land for more orchestras. In the last several months many new names have come to the fore, in the dance orchestral world, who, if they do not crowd the veterans from their pedestals, is only because the kings of jazz are the most permanent rulers in the world today.

The more outstanding of these new names, by reason of the immense success their dance music enjoys, are Glen Gray, Don Bestor, Richard Himber, Reggie Childs, Ozzie Nelson, Jack Grant and Little Jack Little.

Probably no band has come into the metropolitan area and scored a more dazzling hit than that which operates under the direction of Gray and which to the world is known as the Casa Loma Orchestra.

Gray was born in a little town called Metomora, Ill., twenty-eight years ago as Glen Gray Knoblauch.



Christened Oswald, Ozzie Nelson became one of the foremost orchestra leaders.

While young he moved to Roanoke, Ill., where he attended school and played in the town band. Graduating from high school, he went to work as a cashier for the Santa Fe Railroad. The call for a higher education called him soon, however, as it seems to

have called many who are now leading dance bands. Anyway, he left his employer to attend Illinois Wesleyan where he studied music.

After a period he tired of the campus, set out to see what he could do in luring people to a dance floor. He joined the Orange Blossom Band in Detroit and went to play an engagement at the Casa Loma Hotel in Toronto. The Casa Loma was originally built by popular subscription of Canadians as a palace for the King and Queen of England, (*Please turn to page 99*)

KINGS



Above, Reggie Childs is the only Englishman among the new dance orchestra leaders.



Left, Glen Gray is leader and president of the only cooperative band in the country.

Right, Don Bestor has won recognition in the East as great as that attained in the West.





All photos taken by Wide World exclusively for TOWER RADIO

Casa Loma Orchestra broadcasts from the Essex House. Glen Gray plays the saxophone.

Favorite New York spots have favorite bands of air

Buddy Rogers played at the Paradise, while pretty Neila Goodell sang.



**NO
Covert
CHARGE**



Vincent Lopez and his orchestra send their music out over the airwaves from the St. Regis Hotel, where New York's elite meet. The expert piano playing is done by none other than Maestro Lopez himself.

A CERTAIN famous novelist heard Helen Morgan for the first time in "Sweet Adeline." He left the theater babbling gently to himself. "The woman is all the tragedy in the world," he said. "She is sheer Greek tragedy. She is a great, a very great artiste."

Helen Morgan whose plaintive, soul-torn voice you have been hearing weekly over the Columbia Broadcasting System, does something amazingly important to men. She stirs within their hearts some deep pity. She gives them ambition to conquer the world. She makes them babble to themselves, like our novelist friend.

It is impossible to know how many lives she has touched—how many men have been vitally changed because of her, but I do know about some of them and I feel in order to understand this curiously glamorous woman you should know about them.

I am sure that you remember the remarkable acting of James Dunn, the movie player, in "Bad Girl." I am sure that any who saw the picture can never forget the terrific pitch of emotional artistry to which he rose when he pleaded with the doctor to go to his wife who was having a child. It was one of the high points in Hollywood film history.

But perhaps you did not know that Helen Morgan was the inspiration for the genius he displayed. He had met her in New York when they both rehearsed in some show together and immediately Jimmy fell in love with her. She liked the boy but did not love him. She saw however, that he needed friendship—the friendship of a generous, understanding woman. Jimmy wanted to marry her. She was wise enough to know that it was not marriage that Jimmy needed but understanding.

However, it usually happens that when a woman refuses to marry a man who is madly in love with her their friendship is terminated. Not so with Helen Morgan. She could still help the boy, still (*Please turn to page 62*)

Helen Morgan has never touched a life that has not felt her influence, her complete understanding.

Educational

She has been the inspiration of every man she has met. Rejected suitors have become her lifelong, loyal friends

MEN and HELEN MORGAN

By
NAN CAMPBELL



Floorwalker TO STAR

Edvard Rehnquist



*He believes that singers
should sing so that people
can hear the words*

By
SALLY BENSON

IT was at a rehearsal of the Show Boat program at the new National Broadcasting studios at Rockefeller Center. Lanny Ross was there, Don Voorhees and his orchestra and Conrad Thibault. The entire Show Boat cast had been playing an engagement at the Paramount Theater and had rushed over to the studio for a rehearsal between shows. Lanny Ross, the Show Boat tenor, had his make-up still on. Conrad Thibault, the baritone, had taken his off. It's a way baritones have.

Lanny Ross looks the way Jackie Coogan will look when he grows up. He is one of those Yale boys who made good. One of the ones you usually don't meet. The ones I know drive laundry wagons or help out in their father's offices during

the Summer. Conrad Thibault doesn't look like a singer. That is, he doesn't look like a singer the way Rubinoff looks like a violinist. He doesn't make a point of it. He is blond, slender and good looking. Good looking enough to be able to mail his photograph to his radio fans without fretting about it afterwards.

They were having a little trouble with the rehearsal. The mysterious man who sits in the glassed-in box at the back of the studio wasn't satisfied with the way things were going. After almost every number, we could hear his voice through the loudspeaker complaining about something. The chorus was singing too loudly and drowning out Lanny Ross or, maybe, Lanny Ross was singing too loudly and drowning out (*Please turn to page 75*)

THE Do Re Mi GIRLS

By GRACE MACK



HERE they are—those Do Re Mi Girls whose persuasive harmony has doubtless had you out walking a mile for a Camel.

Do and Re are Evelyn and Maybelle Ross, a couple of brunette sisters from the Bronx. Mi is Ann Balthy, a semi-blonde from Brooklyn. They met in Philadelphia. An "act of God" in the guise of an insurgent appendix brought them together.

It happened like this. Evelyn and Maybelle, the original two-thirds of the trio, were playing vaudeville in the Quaker City when, one day, shortly before the curtain was to go up on their act, the other third was stricken with acute appendicitis and had to be rushed to the hospital. An SOS brought Ann Balthy in to pinch hit for her. The result was such sweet and hot harmony that Ann was invited to stay on. That was three years ago. She's been with them ever since. The Do Re Mi moniker was her bright idea.

It is only natural that Evelyn should be the "Do" of

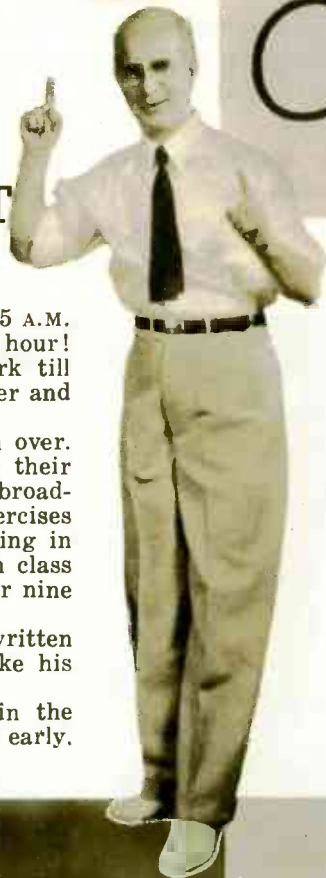
*No hot-cha songs for these
three harmonizing radio maids*

the trio. She became dough-conscious early in life. At the ripe age of nine she went into business for herself by organizing a dancing school. Her pupils were the youngsters in the neighborhood. She gave them dancing instruction free, but the pay-off was that she charged them for refreshments. A penny for a glass of lemonade and a penny for a slice of cake. Evelyn's mother prepared the refreshments and she always put a dash of maraschino cherry juice into the lemonade to make it pink.

One day, however, Mrs. Ross was absent and the young dancing instructress made the lemonade herself. She was unable to locate the (*Please turn to page 76*)

*Art Bagley conducts the
biggest gym class in the
world—2,000,000*

By
DORA ALBERT



ONE morning you wake up at 6:45 A.M. Br-r-r! What an ungodly hour! Why, you don't have to be at work till nine o'clock. You promptly turn over and go to sleep again.

But millions of people don't turn over. They get up at that time and do their daily dozen, for Arthur Bagley is broadcasting the morning setting-up exercises from the Metropolitan Tower building in New York City, to the largest gym class in the world. He's been doing it for nine years every day except Sunday.

Almost 2,000,000 people have written to Bagley to tell him that they take his exercises regularly.

And if you think 6:45 o'clock in the morning, Eastern Standard Time, is early, just listen to this!

THE HUMAN Alarm Clock

Listeners in Chicago have to get up at 5:45 in the morning if they want to hear his program. In Denver they get up at 4:45, and in Los Angeles at 3:45 A.M. Bagley knows that he has listeners in Denver because he's gotten letters from them.

He himself gets up at 5:45 A.M. every morning. Around the radio studios, their pet name for Arthur Bagley is "the human alarm clock," because he's never been late once! He has a system. He has three alarm clocks set to ring at five-minute intervals starting at 5:45 A.M. He never turns them off, for fear that he'll relax for a moment and go back to sleep. But even in case all three alarm clocks failed to ring, he'd still get up in time. For the hotel (*Please turn to page 82*)



Maurice Seymour

*She'd rather do what she's
paid for than anything else*

IREENE WICKER received 1,500,000 letters last year, and in appreciation she should receive in turn some sort of honorary citation from our budget-bound government, inasmuch as these enthusiastic fans paid the postal department \$45,000 for stamps to send their notes of commendation. Most of the letters were from children who worship Kellogg's Singing Lady, but many were from parents who consider the daily late afternoon broadcast the best child's program on the air.

Beyond a doubt Irene has scored heavily in demonstrating that a program for children can be popular without being blood-and-thunder material. In a broadcast of quiet story-telling, singing and music, Irene

THE Singing LADY

By **DARRELL WARE**

has outpulled many a program of stark adventure of the type wherein Young America hears romantic characters speaking very faulty English. This achievement should merit additional honorary citations.

The Singing Lady writes all her own material, adapting folk-tales and fairy stories, or inventing new yarns which usually have a well-hidden moral or aim at glorifying one of the better human emotions. Occasionally the story merges into a limerick-lyric, which Irene sings. The construction of this part of the program is interesting.

A few minutes before the show is taken over the mike, Irene shows this original verse to Allan Grant, her versatile piano accompanist. Grant improvises a tune to fit the lyric, and promptly writes it down on staff paper. During the broadcast he plays background music which he improvises as he follows the trend of the story in the script. On the approach of a song, he begins to modulate his (*Please turn to page 77*)



● *Left, David Ross started his announcing days when a youngster, selling newspapers on the streets of New York.*

● *Right, James Wallington tried several occupations—theology, opera, furniture selling—before he became an announcer.*

THEY BRING THE WORLD



● *Left to right we have three of the best—Howard Claney, Don Ball—a Rhode Islander who just “happened” to become an announcer—and the Fire Chief’s perfect running mate, the inimitable Graham McNamee.*

All photos specially taken for TOWER RADIO by Culver



● One of the best sports announcers, Ted Husing is a typical New Yorker, although born in New Mexico.



● Above, Milton Cross speaks into his microphone. Perhaps he is commenting on the opera about to be broadcast—or telling how he's gained such weight.



● He was born in Indianapolis, this Harry von Zell who, when announcing, bobs his head, cups his ear, and treats the mike with fond familiarity.



Culver

Above, the Yacht Club Boys. Left, the Revelers, numbering Frank Parker, Elliott Shaw, Wilfred Glenn and Lewis James. Sometimes these boys are known on the air as the Gulf Headliners and the Cities Service Quartet.



The airwaves demand more than harmonizing "Sweet Adeline," for a successful quartet is a business

WHEN the boys in the barber shop used to get together and raise their voices in "Sweet Adeline," a quartet consisted of four men. But in radio, a quartet is composed of five men.

The fifth is a very important member of the combination, serving as the accompanist, or conductor, but performing his greatest service as the arranger of the music. His function is to adapt the melodies so as to bring out the best qualities in each voice, singing individually and as a group. It is a job requiring a talent—nay, a gift—possessed only by true musicians.

So, you see the idea of a radio quartet being a quintet isn't so quaint, after all. It is the natural development of the vital importance of proper musical arrangements.

To the uninitiated, a tune is a tune and you either like it or you don't like it. Musicians explain that you like it because of the treatment given it by the arrangers when they change the composer's original design to meet their own purposes. That's why the same popular song done by different artists sounds differently. It's all in the arrangement, the singer's voice and personality helping, of course, but in themselves they are inadequate without the expert aid of the adapter.

The result is that when four singers find their voices blend nicely and decide to form a quartet, they immediately go into a huddle to pick an arranger. If they don't get the right man, they might just as well abandon their enterprise and resign themselves to the fate of being chorus boys, or haberdashery clerks, or whatever it is members of male quartets would be if they didn't go quartetting.

CONSIDER, for example, The Revelers. This group, said to be the highest paid entertainers of their species appearing regularly in radio, since their inception have rendered numbers especially orchestrated for them by Frank Black, now general musical director of the National Broadcasting Company. As the man behind The Revelers, Mr. Black introduced something new

in ensemble singing, a distinct departure from the traditional quartet manner.

Today, determined by their popularity on the air, by the sale of their phonograph records and by their concert appearances here and abroad, The Revelers are an outstanding combination. And it was Mr. Black, creating extraordinary arrangements, who made them what they are. At the same time, of course, Black had the advantage of working with four young men of brilliant musical accomplishments.

What is true of The Revelers is true of all quartets. Name any of the popular ones—like The Cavaliers, The Rondoliers, The Eton Boys, The Four Clubmen, The Round Towners, The Rollickers, The Songsmiths or The Southernaires—and I'll point out to you an arranger lurking in the background who contributes as much to their achievements as the singers themselves.

The strange law of musical mathematics which makes a quintet of a quartet, by the same token, makes a quartet of a trio. An illustrious example is that combination known as The Men About Town when they sing on NBC, and The Happy Wonder Bakers when they carol on Columbia. This group consists of Frank Luther, Jack Parker, Phil Duey—and Will Donaldson, their accompanist and famed among musicians as one of the two greatest living vocal arrangers. Who the other is I wouldn't venture to say, not caring to bring down upon my once blond head the wrath of the gods, but Will Donaldson certainly is one of them. Some say he is both of them but I don't feel qualified, or brave enough, to pass on that.

LET'S return to The Revelers and we will see how an arranger arranges not only music but sometimes organizes quartets. The five young men involved first met in the Victor Laboratories where they were separately occupied in making phonograph records. Besides Black, who was conducting recording orchestras, there were Charles Hart and Lewis James, tenors, Elliott Shaw, baritone, and Wilfred Glenn, bass. The vocalists were making individual records when studio



Radio's
**PLUS
FOURS**

By
NELLIE REVELL

The Men About Town (Frank Luther, Phil Duey and Jack Parker) also appear on the air as the Happy Wonder Bakers.

officials formed them into a quartet called The Shannon Four, a title selected because of the popularity of Irish songs at the time.

Hart dropped out to go to England to sing and was replaced by James Melton. Shaw was next to leave and was succeeded by Phil Duey, whose last name then was spelled Dewey, just like the hero of Manila Bay. And it was about this time that Black, ambitious to put to the test long cherished plans for original transcriptions, was convinced that this foursome sang "orchestrally" better than any he had ever heard. His

suggestion that they try out his ideas met with ready accord and they made records with such success that their radio engagement naturally followed.

Then the Shannons of the records became The Revelers of the radio and under that name, and some others, they continue to carry on with two recent changes in personnel. Frank Parker has succeeded Melton, who left to sing the lead in a Broadway show, and Elliott Shaw, of the original Shannons, is back again, replacing Duey. The combination takes different names on different (Please turn to page 86)

Elaine Melchior (right) is
wicked Ardala Valmar, Curtis
Arnall and Adele Ronson (be-
low) are Buck and Wilma.

FIVE CENTURIES FROM NOW



Do you follow "Buck
Rogers in the 25th Cen-
tury" via air and comic
strips, with his imagi-
nary trips to distant
planets? Here are the
radio players.

Photos by McElMott

Take Your Problems to the VOICE OF EXPERIENCE

Tower Radio is the only magazine in which the counsellor of millions answers your questions

By
VOICE of EXPERIENCE

HAVE you a problem? Do you want the advice of The Voice of Experience? If so, state your worries in a simple, short letter, explaining your problem as you would to a friend, and address your letter to The Voice of Experience, TOWER RADIO, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Be sure to enclose a stamp for reply. All letters received in care of TOWER RADIO will be forwarded unopened to The Voice of Experience.

Some of the problems submitted will be answered in TOWER RADIO each month. The Voice of Experience says:

"To those of my readers who honor me by submitting their problems for solution, in the event that a problem is not chosen for a reply in this column, if any of the literature that I have available will in any measure help in the solution of the problem, that literature will be sent gratis, provided that the name and address of the individual are sent with the letter."

• • •

DEAR VOICE OF EXPERIENCE:

I am thirty years old and have been happily married for eight years, but now husband and I are drifting apart. The reason for this is my refusal to play cards, smoke and drink with his friends. He claims that, if I loved him, I would try to like these things and not be a "back number" all my life. I love my husband and don't want to lose him, but I certainly don't want my two children to get their ideas of life from this class of people. How can I be a companionate wife and also a good mother under these circumstances?

MRS. M. E. B.
(New York)

ANSWER:

Yours, my friend, is a real problem that many so-called modern wives are having to face.

What constitutes a companionate wife in the mind of a husband may vary considerably from what constitutes a good mother in the mind of his wife. In my opinion, there is no choice in this matter.

Tower Radio, June, 1934



The Voice of Experience is adviser to a great army of radio listeners.

Below: A corner of his offices, with part of his large mail-opening staff.



The raising of these two children is a God-given responsibility and, although a father may employ petty vices and still retain the admiration of his children, the average child somehow thinks Mother is made of finer clay than Dad; and for that reason most of us men as well as women owe our traits of character to the teachings and examples of our mothers rather than our fathers.

If it is a "back number" to be a good mother and offer a good example to your children, then, if I were you, I would prefer to be less companionate toward my husband, according to his ideals, but discharge to the fullest of your ability your obligation as a mother to your children.

• • •

DEAR VOICE OF EXPERIENCE:

My brother-in-law and I have had quite an argument and have decided to put the matter up to you. To be brief, he and my sister are very unhappily married. As an unbiased individual who loves them both, I consider both to blame. Neither of them are saints. But they just don't think themselves suited, with the result that the brother-in-law has fallen in love with another woman. (Which is their business, not mine.)

Now, sister argues that a marriage vow is binding for life and, if she made a bad bargain, that God expects her to keep it. I believe as my sister does and have so argued with him. But he claims that no vow is sacred and no promise should be considered greater than the happiness of the ones that made it. Therefore, since they are unhappily mated and have no children the thing to do is to get a divorce.

Which one of us is right?

BOBBY,
(Pennsylvania)

ANSWER:

In my opinion, Bobby, the (Please turn to page 72)

The BOY from NAGY BECSKEREK

A TALL old church with a bell tower and a rectory back of the church, and a garden back of the rectory—this was the only world that Joe Penner (Joe Pinter, then) knew for nine years of life. There he lived with his grandfather, who was the rector of the church. There he played and laughed and worked—yes, worked. For children, in Hungary, are not taught to be idle. They justify their existence by having a job—and doing it. Having a job, and doing it, has been Joe Penner's creed, always!

His first job wasn't such a funny one, either—not for an embryo comedian. His grandfather's church was located in Nagy Becskerek—and, as I mentioned before, it was tall. It was taller than any other building in the town, or in the neighboring districts for that matter. And so Joe, as a little tot, used to go up to the bell

tower with a fire lookout, every fifteen minutes or so, and scan the countryside for a puff of smoke. When a puff appeared (such things do happen!), it was young Joe's business to hang out a red flag, which pointed in the direction of the fire. If he'd stayed in Hungary he might have developed into a fire chief—and then where would Ed Wynn have been? To say nothing of the girls of the nation!

Joe did other tasks, however, besides red flag waving. He was a bear-cat when it came to industry. He sold frogs, garnered from the goulashy Hungarian swamps, to the village chemist. He picked grapes and melons from the rectory vineyards and vines. He even sneaked from home, upon occasion, to do his stuff as an incognito altar boy (his grandfather musn't know!) in the local Catholic Church.

Drawing by CLARK AGNEW



Little Joe used to climb up to the tower of his grandfather's church as a fire look-out.

*You know him as Joe Penner
but, back in Hungary, he was
little Joe Pinter*

By
**MARGARET
E.
SANGSTER**

Photos by Wide World



Quite a contrast from the child, Joe Pinter, to the radio star, Joe Penner. Top right, Mrs. Joe Penner.

"It wasn't that I wanted pay for being an altar boy," he told me. "It was because I wanted—oh, you know! Drama, beauty, lights, thrilling color, excitement—that sort of thing. We didn't have 'em in grandfather's church. And then, too, they let me wear a lace collar and a long robe, and I was always nuts about a uniform. . . ."

JOE and his grandfather came to America about twenty years ago. Joe's father and mother were in Detroit, and they longed for their two missing generations. They were merely the filling of a family sandwich without a son on one side and an ancestor on the other! So Joe and his grandfather set forth and sailed from Fiume. Joe cried bitterly when he glimpsed the blue ocean—it looked so big and wet and wide. It, subconsciously, gave him his first feeling of fellowship with a certain web-footed fowl which shall—for the nonce—be nameless!

Italy, Gibraltar, long days at sea. Joe learned during the voyage that he must now begin to call his grandfather by that patriarchal name—he'd called the chap "father" before. He learned what it feels like to be seasick—that may be one reason why he has never been back to his native land. He screamed with apprehension when he caught sight of New York harbor. "It was full of buildings, and they were all smoking at once," he said, "and not a bell tower or a red flag in sight!" Perhaps that was why he hurried through

New York (yes, of course, his grandfather was still with him!) for the fastest train to Detroit.

Joe's biggest thrill, in coming to America, was his initial glimpse of his mother. He hadn't seen her since he was a baby. He'd expected her to be an old woman—mothers in Hungary usually appear ancient to nine-year-old eyes. Joe's mother was young and pretty and as smart as the dickens, and had kept her figure. She and his father met the travelers at the Detroit station, and they rode home in that height of luxury, a taxi. During the ride home, Joe kept peering at her from between his fingers and saying, under his breath, the Nagy Beckserek version of "Golly, oh, golly!" He thought she was the princess in the fairy story until she spanked him—which she did, practically (if you know what I mean) upon the eve of his arrival, for some childish misdemeanor. After that he accepted her as the conventional parent.

JOE, at nine—and the deuce of a lot brighter than most kids in Detroit—was sent to kindergarten. He didn't know a word of English, and that was the simplest way for him to learn. He sat—very adult and self-conscious—at a long table, cutting out paper dolls, with a flock of near-babies. That experience gave a certain depth and wistfulness to Joe's personality—it added pathos to his voice. You get a reflection of that pathos, even now, over the air. When he says, "You na-h-sty woman," he's (Please turn to page 66)

Adventuring

By

THE LADY NEXT DOOR

WOULD you like to go flying off to Sherwood Forest with Robin Hood? Would you like to hunt for buried treasure, or visit an enchanted castle, or explore some great river?

Well, there's a way to do it without leaving your own home! And you won't get cinders in your eye, as you sometimes do on a train. Nor get seasick, as you sometimes do on a ship. Nor stop by the side of the road while Daddy fixes a blowout, as you sometimes do when you travel in an automobile.

No, indeed—because these journeys I am talking about are made by the magic of radio. All you do is to tune in the Lady Next Door program and join us in our make-believe.

You see, some of us are sitting in little villages away up in Nova Scotia, in Canada. And some of us are down in Alabama, where the cotton grows. And some of us are out in the big city of St. Louis, where they make shoes, and other things. Some of us are under the palm trees out in California, some of us are on a farm in Iowa, some of us are in New York City.

WE are all over the country, listening to the radio. We can't see each other, but we are all listening to the same program. That makes us a little circle, all listening to the same thing. We are really together, even though we can't see each other, and that makes it a Magic Circle.

That's what we call our listeners, the Magic Circle. It is a real Circle, too, with membership cards and everything. When children write to the Lady Next Door, in care of the National Broadcasting Company, New York City, we send them a membership card in the Magic Circle.

The Circle goes adventuring on the radio. The expedition is headed by the Lady Next Door and her "gang" in the broadcasting studio, but every listening child takes part in it.

We make all of our journeys by make-believe. Instead of putting on a program about what is happening in some distant land, we pretend that all of us—listeners and actors alike—are going to that distant land.

When we visit Sherwood Forest, for instance, we don't just sit back and listen to what is happening to Robin Hood and his men. No, we pretend that we ourselves are playing Robin Hood and his band. We decide which one of us will be Robin Hood, and which one of us will be Friar Tuck, and which one of us will be the Sheriff, and so on until the band is complete.

We want the girls to play, too; so we decide that the Lady Next Door will be Maid Marian and all the girls will be her Merry Maids, and the boys will be Robin Hood and his Merry Men. That gives all of us a chance to play.

Then we decide what we want to do today. We think maybe we shall have Robin Hood capture the Sheriff today and send him back to Nottingham. That promises to be a lot of fun, so we think up a way to have Robin Hood capture the Sheriff, and then we act it out.

SOMETIMES when we want to start a hunting party, or decide what is the best way to wake up a sleeping princess, or something like that, we ask our listeners to help us out.

That's where the Magic Circle comes in. For the children all over the country are listening with us and joining our make-believe. They write and tell us what they think about what we are doing. They say which one of us ought to head the hunting party, and tell us what is a good way to wake up a sleeping princess.

That's how all of us take part in our broadcasts, and that's how we all go adventuring together. When we aren't busy with some big adventure, we pause to act out some favorite fairy tale that we love, or give a party, or listen to a story that some one wants to tell.



Miss Tucker, the Lady Next Door, is also general director of children's programs for NBC. Here are some members of the Magic Circle.

at Home

Special pages for the youngest radio listeners. The Lady Next Door tells you all about her Magic Circle



Roy Lee Jackson



Culver

Our Magic Circle covers the whole network of the National Broadcasting Company, but we have several smaller circles as well. All the children who listen in a certain town, or in a certain neighborhood or street in a big city, get together and form their own little clubs. In addition to going adventuring with us on the radio, they have their own little parties and meetings at home.

We have two clubs for these "little circles" within our big circle. The club for girls is called Thigma Sipia Cappa, and the club for boys is called the League of the Skull. Don't they sound exciting?

To get into one of these clubs you write to me at the National Broadcasting Company, giving your name and address, and telling me you want to join. Then I'll send you one of the interesting little application blanks for our club. On it are three questions. If you answer the three questions, we make you a member of the club.

THE girls of Thigma Sipia Cappa (the name sounds like a Greek letter fraternity, but those are just make-believe Greek letters, not real ones) give all kinds

Upper right, Miss Tucker. Above, the Lady Next Door with her pals, Emily Vass, June O'Day, Florence Halop and Mary Oldham.

of interesting parties. They have rules and dues and a club song, and they often hold their meetings at the same time as our broadcasts.

The boys of the League of the Skull think up many exciting adventures for themselves. Usually they are good detectives, and they help us to solve many of the mysteries that we put on the air.

Every once in a while we get out a little newspaper for our Magic Circle. We call it The Front Gate Post, and we have puzzles and codes and stories and jokes in it. Would you like to know some of the things that members of the Magic Circle have sent in for our newspaper?

Well, for instance, here's a little poem that has some good advice for children everywhere. The poem is:

*It's the best place for dishes,
For food and for meat,
For silver and glasses
And good things to eat.
(Please turn to page 80)*

MIKE

Surprises



RADIO has borrowed from the stage and applied to its own the expression "the show must go on." Expediency and ingenuity frequently are called into play to the highest degree in covering up the acts of omission and commission, not forgetting the totally unexpected, during the time a program is on the air or an audition for a client is in progress. If the program is going out on the air waves there must be no "dead air", for nothing will lose immediately tens of thousands of listeners quicker than lack of sounds emanating from the family set. Father, Mother or Junior will twist the dial to another program. In the instance of a commercial program, involving as it does heavy expenditure to an advertiser, his merchandising message to you and me remains undelivered and his investment is lost.

By reason of its fast tempo, perhaps, its right-up-to-the-second character, radio people have developed a sixth sense that gets into action the moment anything goes wrong. Actors, singers, control men, announcers, production men and advertising agency representatives have at some time or other risen to the emergency and distinguished themselves. In the telling afterwards, the incidents generally are amusing in flavor but at the time of happening the mishaps, or whatever, produced mental anguish and wrinkles of dismay rather than laughter.

Of course, there are the near tragic such as the incident which happened recently on the Hecker Bobby Benson show for children, which is heard over the Columbia network. The action of the script at this particular supper time called for the reproduction over the air of the sound of a rattlesnake's rattle. In the interests of fidelity, if not expediency, the production head hired one Hawaiian Joe, an itinerant snake man, to bring to the studio one of his "pets" to produce the real thing in rattles. At the appropriate moment the rattlesnake obliged but in a flash wriggled free from Joe and was on the studio floor. His owner, in a very few seconds, had retrieved his rattler, which promptly bit him on the arm. Fortunately for him, the snake's fangs had been removed and Joe suffered only the pain of the bite. But in those brief seconds, which seemed like minutes, the cast, required to be near the microphone, managed to keep the script going, veritably with one eye on the script and the other eye on the rattler.

AT one of this season's programs of The Hall of Fame, sponsored by Hines over the National Broadcasting Company's WJZ network, a front row spectator in the studio from which it was being broadcast, was seized with an epileptic fit while George Gershwin, the composer guest artist, was at the piano. Control men immediately amplified "The Rhapsody in Blue," while agency representatives assisted the unfortunate sufferer outside the studio where he could receive medical attention. The audience never knew!

When the Big Ben Dream Family program was holding forth, a member of the

A studio page refused to let Cap'n Henry (Charles Winner) take his trombone into an elevator. The cap'n almost missed a broadcast.

You never can tell what will happen when you go on the air. But the radio workers are resourceful in emergencies

By

JESSE BUTCHER

Drawings by D. H. Holcomb

A player on the Big Ben program lost her voice just before a broadcast.



cast playing the part of a mature, heavy-voiced woman, whose contribution was greatly needed, suddenly lost her voice one evening about a half hour before the program was scheduled to go on. One radio ally thought of an osteopath in the building next to the broadcasting citadel; another had a mental flash of the nearby druggist. Each produced his man and the skill of either or both managed to get the lady back in vocal form sufficient enough for her to broadcast.

Cap'n Henry of Maxwell House Showboat fame, had trombone trouble aplenty a few months ago and he attributes to luck rather than his own thwarted efforts finally rewarded that the show went on, according to rehearsal. In the particular show Charles Winninger—Cap'n Henry—was called upon to do a trombone solo, which the veteran of the stage formerly did in his vaudeville days. He arrived at the National Broadcasting Company studios pretty late, only to encounter a brace of new pages at the entrance who like good soldiers carried out their orders that musicians with instruments must use the back entrance. They would not let Cap'n Henry and his trombone case get by. Finally, one of the pages compromised by suggesting that Mr. Winninger could proceed to the studio on the upper floor with the empty trombone case while the

Imagine keeping one eye on a loose rattlesnake, one on the radio manuscript, in a tightly barred broadcasting studio.

instrument was being transported by the back way according to the instructions the lad had received on taking his new job. Cap'n Henry just made his broadcast by running and just had enough wind

left, he affirms, to blow the ol' trombone when it belatedly appeared via the back entrance.

THE extreme to which the broadcasters will go to make certain that nothing shall stop the program was aptly illustrated when Elsie Hitz and Nick Dawson were appearing in "The Magic Voice." Came word one broadcast day that the rash which had been annoying Miss Hitz really was scarlet fever and she was under quarantine in her home. In the particular script, there was a climactic situation which Miss Hitz and Mr. Dawson were to play for which the fans had been long waiting. There was a breathless scurrying around, which resulted in a miniature control room being fitted up outside the sick room in her Long Island home, with elaborate headphone paraphernalia being adjusted to Miss Hitz' feverish head, all this so her words would coordinate with those of Mr. Dawson and the rest of the cast, over in the Columbia studios in New York. With this makeshift expedient, all concerned having to time their talk by guess work, (Please turn to page 74)

George Gershwin, composer of "Rhapsody in Blue" and other melodies, believes that radio opens an unlimited world to musicians



Culver

"Modern Music IS PRETTY TERRIBLE"

WHILE George Gershwin's music has long held a prominent place on the racks of the radio rajahs the composer himself has remained steadfastly away from the broadcasting salons. Like the cowboys in his song, he seemed to be bidin' his time, the one conspicuous figure in musical America, with the exception of Jerome Kern, to resist the lure of America's newest El Dorado.

It wasn't that he didn't appreciate the importance of the microphone march. Recruiting officers, some time back, had tracked him down, found him pleased with the prospect of enlistment.

But Gershwin, in accordance with his particular musical rank, set a high fee for his service. Moreover, he had certain ideas which he wished to perfect before he signed the papers.

The negotiations were called off and the radio men waited a more propitious time. They waited until prosperity seemed to have turned their particular corner. At last, in this year of our Franklin,

George Gershwin, jehovah of jazz, finds himself occupying a plush seat in the broadcasting throne room. He is immensely happy in his new elevation. He regards it as an opportunity unparalleled in even his eventful career, for he now becomes a tangible radio personality instead of just a legendary figure of Broadway, busy in the mass production of toe-tickling, torso-teasing tunes.

Your correspondent searched him out the other day as he was preparing for his armchair appeal. Three broadcasts awaited him, two of them to present him as a so-called guest star with dance bands, the third to star him at the head of his own series of programs.

HE occupies a palatial aerie on the upper East Side of Manhattan. The seal of success is stamped upon his two-floored apartment. A butler, a cook, a secretary are at his call. His furnishings would do justice to the less ostentatious financiers of the Insull era.

With æsthetic eye he has gone in for what Ex-Mayor Hylan of New York (Please turn to page 84)

By LOUIS REID

Tony Wons

NEW SCRAP BOOK



The famous radio philosopher writes of life and people exclusively for TOWER RADIO

MANY readers of TOWER RADIO are clipping Tony Wons' comments each month and making scrap books of their own. These notes on the passing show have all the charm, humanness and sincerity of Tony's broadcasts—and they appear exclusively in this magazine each month.

IT takes so little to satisfy most people. A good book and a comfortable sofa might be Utopia for one. An interesting radio program, a pleasant beverage or a box of candy might be the acme of enjoyment for another.

I heard a man berate the fate that made his home life unhappy. All because he liked to lean back in a chair and rest on its two back legs. His wife scolded him every time he did it. She complained that he was breaking the furniture.

This is an acute American Tragedy. I know how that man feels. I can understand his exquisite sense of ease and well being as he stretches out his legs and tilts back the chair. Ah, this is pleasure of a rare kind. It is a difficult habit to break.

Do you know what we do in our home? The chairs are re-enforced. Ruby—that's my better half—saw to that. I certainly did not want to be deprived of one of my fondest

pleasures though I was breaking the chairs one by one, much to Ruby's discomfiture. So we compromised and I spent three days on my knees—no, not apologizing—but putting in some fancy carpentry on the chair legs which made them strong enough to bear my weight.

My advice to this harassed husband is to have his chairs strengthened in the rear, too, so that once more he will know the unexcelled delight of tilting.

• • •

The scratch that hurts most is the scratch for a living.

• • •

SOME people are always looking with suspicion at any change in customs. They sit in the corner and moan for the "good old days." They complain that instead of progressing, we are slipping backward.

Well, let's take a look at some of the things that existed—or didn't exist—in the good old U. S. A. only a brief hundred years ago. I picked this out of an old newspaper:

A hundred years ago:

There wasn't a public library in the United States.

Almost all our furniture was imported from England.

There was only one hat factory, and that one made cocked hats.

Crockery plates were objected to because they dulled the knives.

The whipping post and pillory were still standing in Boston and New York.

Beef, pork, salt fish, potatoes and hominy were the staple diet all the year round.

Buttons were scarce and expensive, and trousers were fastened with pegs and laces.

The church collection was taken in a bag at the end of a pole, with a bell attached to arouse sleepy contributors.

That's the way it goes. What was right in one age is wrong in another. A hundred years from today a different people will laugh at some of the things we do. While others will cry that we are heading back to Methuselah.

• • •

Throne a man high in a stately chair

And his heart will ache if his friends aren't there.

And never a fortune is worth the cost

If peace is lacking and love is lost.

—Anonymous

• • •

SUPPOSING some one were to ask you what the greatest disappointment in your life has been. You probably would not be able to answer without thinking about it a long while. At the time a disappointment happens you think it's the greatest you ever had, then times goes on and you forget.

Often it is something that really
(Please turn to page 70)

Little Nancy Kelly, the heroine of "The Wizard of Oz," is becoming the best known child player on the air. She is an outstanding radio hit.



Vanaman Studios

Do YOU want to be a Radio Actor?

SO you want to be a radio actor?

So do thousands of other lads and lassies, including some three or four thousand veteran performers from the legitimate theater. Strangely enough, even though you have not studied elocution nor have been to a dramatic school, your chances are almost as good as a stage trained Thespian. In fact, some of the best radio actors have never seen the brightest side of the footlights.

If you leave out the comedians who are actors, too, you can count the dramatic stars of radio on your fingers. In fact, radio has yet to develop a John Barrymore or a Helen Hayes. And its best known dramatic performers are not even known to the listeners by their real names. For every person familiar with the name of Gertrude Berg, a hundred know Mollie Goldberg. And ask the first ten persons

you meet the names of the two girls who portray "Myrt" and "Marge."

But you still want to be a radio actor.

Six or seven months ago, the outlook for fame and fortune on the radio stage was not so good for dramatic players. Today that situation has changed and by the time this is in print, the names of some of the best known Thespians will be seen regularly in radio columns. Among them, according to contracts now being negotiated will be Helen Hayes, Judith Anderson and Roland Young.

The network officials have become drama conscious in a big way and the advertising agencies which have more to do with your radio program than the networks, are also planning to use more and more drama. The comedians have told all the jokes but there is no apparent limit to the number of dramatic situations—



Ray Leo Jackson

Popular stars of that continued thriller, "Dangerous Paradise": Nick Dawson and Elsie Hitz.



Edward Reese plays the sleuth, Spencer Dean, in the Eno Crime Clues. Georgia Backus is one of the players.



Ray Lee Jackson

Helene Dumas is another important member of the Eno Crime Clues cast.



Mary McCoy, once prominent in the movies, is with Ray Knight's program.

Radio has become drama conscious in a big way, giving opportunities to hundreds of would-be players

By
PETER DIXON

hence the advertisers who use radio say there is wisdom in the development of radio drama.

Already Eddie Cantor, Al Jolson and Fred Allen have set the style in mixing in brief sketches with comedy and other comedians are wondering if they aren't potential Hamlets.

The dramatic cycle is upon us and there will be need for more and better radio actors.

So there is some reason for wanting to be a radio actor!

Now, let's look at things as they are today. We'll dish up some facts now that we've tasted the theories.

THE National Broadcasting Company, at this time, uses approximately one hundred actors a week on its sustaining programs. The average fee is \$18.00 a program. A total expenditure of \$1,800 a week for all its sustaining dramatic performers. Almost as much money as is paid one fairly well-known comedian for ten or fifteen minutes of gags written by someone else.

The picture is a bit brighter when you look at the commercial programs on NBC. Last Winter there was work for approximately one hundred and thirty actors every week with NBC sponsored broadcasts.

And—the average fee for an actor on a commercial program is \$30.00 a program. Multiply that and you have a total of \$3,900 a week for dramatic talent paid for by advertisers and a grand total of \$5,700 for the services of two hundred and thirty players. Ed Wynn receives more than that for a single broadcast, according to reliable reports.

Now, let's go over to Columbia Broadcasting Company's studios on Madison Avenue in Manhattan. CBS uses comparatively few players on its sustaining programs. At the time this is written, fifty players a week is about average, and the average fee is \$20.00. Which means there's a thousand dollars of Columbia's money for performers. Commercial programs on CBS use approximately the same number of players as those on NBC. The figures are about the same . . . in other words, less than \$6,000 a week is divided between more than two hundred performers.

The best paid actors on the air are probably heard every Thursday night on the Rudy Vallee variety show. Dramatic stars, recruited from Broadway successes, are presented in brief excerpts from current plays and the actors' checks are written in three figures. These performers, however, are not really radio actors.

Some of the actors who devote their entire talents to radio do rather well. It isn't unusual for a player to be in five or six broadcasts a week and that means an average income of \$150.00 a week, which is a small fortune to almost any Broadway actor these days.

A very few players are stepping to the front as star performers. There are Nick Dawson and Elsie Hitz in "Dangerous Paradise" and
(Please turn to page 92)

Harriet Hilliard

TALKS ON BEAUTY



Above, Harriet Hilliard's well-groomed hands. Right, a typical pose of the radio star when singing, hands gracefully relaxed and forgotten.



Posed by Tower Studios

"Hands must be well groomed, then forgotten," says Miss Hilliard. Here are her valuable suggestions

WHETHER a girl marries and stays at home, goes to an office every day, or sings before the microphone, her hands should always be beautifully cared for. For the well-cared-for hand passes as beautiful—the neglected hand never looks pretty.

Of course a careful manicure is the foundation of all beauty of the hands. It is such an easy thing nowadays to manicure the nails, if you want to do them yourself, because there are such attractive, easy-to-use nail and hand cosmetics to work with. This is the way to go about it.

The first step is to soak the finger tips for five minutes in hot, soapy water. Then rinse them thoroughly in clear warm water, and dry them. Next, file the nails to the desired shape and length. A long flexible steel file is used first, filing from the sides to the points, as this works with the grain of the nail. Then the nails should be smoothed off very carefully with an emery board, with a coarser sandpaper surface on one side to use first, and a very fine sandpaper on the other for the finishing.

Be sure to look after the fold of skin at the base of the nail—the cuticle. This may be softened with cream and gently pushed back with an orange-wood stick covered with a bit of cotton, or it may be removed with an antiseptic liquid that comes for the purpose. After this has been done the under sides of the nails may be cleaned with a little cotton, on an orange-wood stick, dipped in nail bleach.

Then comes the final step—the polish that gives the right finish to a well-cared-for finger nail. If you use liquid polish, all traces of the last application should be removed with polish remover, before the finger tips are soaked. The shade you choose, from lightest flesh to dark ruby, is a matter of personal choice. But please remember this one point: If your fingers are very short, always use a light polish. Dark polish is attractive only on long fingers. It makes shorter ones look pudgy.

I find that exercise is one of the most helpful means of keeping the hands lovely. The finger exercises that piano players use are excellent to make the fingers and wrists supple—to keep all stiffness out of the hand. I use, every day, an exercise given to every child learning to play. It is used to train the hand to reach an octave. You place the thumb and little finger of the hand flat against the front of the piano and rest the fingers (Please turn to page 91)

How to Use Your RADIO

By
JESSE BUTCHER

DO you occasionally run across those who declare that "there is nothing but jazz on the air?" Every now and then, the Letters to the Editor columns of the press contain diatribes from writers who affirm that the broadcasters pay little heed to the requirements of lovers of good music. Surprising as it may seem, I have found that the preponderance of grumblers are the serious music lovers themselves who, either because they are random dialers or have never taken the trouble to look over the radio time-tables, know not whereof they speak.

Let it be said at the outset of this article that one of the most expensive, and, in my opinion, one of the finest contributions made by the Columbia Broadcasting System and the National Broadcasting Company out of their own pockets for the entertainment of the people

is directly aimed at those who like serious or so-called "high-brow" music. While it is true that commercial sponsors in increasing number, are providing classical programs, such as the Chesterfield series which presented the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra, under the baton of Leopold Stokowski, six nights weekly over Columbia and the Lucky Strike matinees over NBC's two networks offering operas as staged from the famous Metropolitan Opera House, nevertheless the majority of the serious music programs have been sustaining periods which means that the entire cost has been borne by the networks presenting them.

In a twelve months period, for example, NBC carried 260 symphonic programs—an average of five a week offering free for those who cared to dial in such stellar attractions as the Boston Symphony, the Chicago Symphony, the Minneapolis Symphony and the Rochester Philharmonic orchestras just to mention a few. CBS, too, maintained a similar balance in sustaining structure in favor of the devotees of the higher type of music, carrying over its network among others such orchestras as the Philadelphia Symphony, Los Angeles, Portland, Curtiss Institute and the Cleveland Symphony. And not content with this achievement in making available the best that America had to offer, foreign representatives of National and Columbia signed up and presented famed international musical aggregations, each vying to outdo the other.

Listen to what Ernest La Prade, NBC executive identified with the field has to say on the subject of serious music on the air:

"The music lovers' day has arrived in radio. No matter where he lives—whether in a palace or hut, on a farm or in the city—as long as he has radio facilities and the urge to listen, there are countless programs available. Symphony concerts, grand opera, choral music, chamber music, instrumental recitals—all are brought to the listener at the twist of a dial. There is no dearth of good music; there is plenty of good food for the musically hungry."

Indeed, there is so much offered on the air in the various divisions mentioned (*Please turn to page 98*)



Drawing by
EDWARD COUSE

Symphony, opera, concert—a musical education—await the music lover if he but knows how to find them

RADIO STYLES FOR SUMMER PARTIES

Photographs by Foran Studios



① Demure as the sweet girl graduate is Rosemary Lane in this charming garden frock of white embroidered organdy. The dress buttons down the front with blue mirror buttons. The sash is blue grosgrain ribbon.

② For evening, Miss Lane selects an imported blue chiffon print as delicate and lovely as the orchid she holds in her hand. An interesting feature of the dress is the wind-swept collar of dark blue mousseline de soie.

③ Miss Lane wears this simple little dinner dress of white organdy with an all-over design in blue. The sash is of blue grosgrain ribbon, and the bow may be worn either at the front or the back of the dress.

If you would like to know where these lovely dresses may be purchased in your own vicinity write to Adele Gardiner, Fashion Editor, Tower Radio Magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.



*Rosemary Lane, lovely radio singer,
wears these charming evening frocks*

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 Daylight Savings 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 (Great Atlantic & Pacific Tea Co.) 9 P.M. Monday, NBC-WEAF.

Fred Allen's Hour of Smiles—Fred Allen, Portland Hoffa, Jack Smart, Minerva Pious, Eileen Douglas, Lennie Haytons' orchestra, Theodore Webb, baritone, guest artist (Bristol-Myers Co.) 9:00 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, Virginia Rea, Ohman and Arden, Bertrand Hirsh, Haenschen Concert orchestra (Bayer Co.) 9:30 P.M. Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

American Revue—Marx Brothers; Freddy Martin and his orchestra (American Oil Co.), 7 P.M. Sunday, CBS.

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

Bakers Broadcast—Joe Penner, Harriet Hilliard, Ozzie Nelson's orchestra (Standard Brands, Inc.) 7:30 P.M. Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

The Big Show—Gertrude Niesen, Erno Rapee orchestra; guest star (Ex-Lax Co.) 9:30 P.M. Monday, CBS.

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, Tom McLaughlin, Nicholas Cosentino, Hannah Klein, Four Minute Men (NBC service from Capitol Theatre) 11:15 A.M. Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

Broadway Melodies—Jerry Freeman's orchestra and chorus, guest soloists (American Home Products Corp.—Bi-So-Dol) 2:00 P.M. Sunday, CBS.

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.

Chesterfield Program—Andre Kostelanetz orchestra playing and accompanying Rosa Ponselle (Monday); Nino Martini (Wednesday); and Grete Stueckgold (Saturday) (Liggett and Myers Tobacco Co.) 9 P.M. CBS.

Colgate House Party—Donald Novis, Frances Langford, Arthur Boran, Rhythm Girls, Melody Boys, Don Voorhees orchestra (Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co.) 9 P.M. Saturday, NBC-WEAF.

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

Evening in Paris—Claire Majette, Katharine Carrington and Milton Watson (Bourjois Sales Corp.) 8 P.M. Sunday, CBS.

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—Mark Warnow's orchestra; movie guest stars (Borden Company) 8 P.M. Saturday, CBS.

General Tive Program—Jack Benny and Mary Livingstone; Don Bestor and his orchestra, 10:30 P.M. Friday, NBC-WEAF.

Gulf Headliners—The Revelers Quartet; Al Goodman's orchestra; Will Rogers or George M. Cohan (Gulf Refining Co.) 9 P.M. Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

Hall of Fame—Guest artist; orchestra directed by Nat Shilkret (Lehn and Pink Products Co.) 10:30 P.M. Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

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

George Jessel—also Vera Van, 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 (Northam Warren Co.) 9 P.M. Friday, NBC-WJZ.

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

Manhattan Merry-Go-Round—Tamarra, 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, Lois Bennett, Annette Hanshaw, Conrad Thibault, Molasses 'n' January, Gus Haenschen's Band (General Foods Corp.—Maxwell House Coffee) 9 P.M. Thursday, NBC-WEAF.

Molle Show—Shirley Howard and Jesters, Red, Wamp and Guy (The Molle Co.) 7:30 P.M. Monday, Wednesday and Thursday, NBC-WEAF.

Music on the Air—with Jimmy Kemper (Tidewater Oil Co.) 7:30 P.M. Monday, Wednesday and Friday, CBS.

Nestles Chocolateers—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 (P. Lorillard Company) 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; Charlie Lyon, announcer (Plough, Inc.) 10 P.M. Wednesday, NBC-WJZ.

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

The Royal Gelatine Review—Jack Pearl, 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, male quartet, Bill Childs, Mac McCloud and Clifford Soubier, end men; band director, Harry Kogen (Sinclair Refining Co.) 9 P.M. Monday, NBC-WJZ.

Songs My Mother Used to Sing—Jacques Renard's orchestra; Oliver Smith and Muriel Wilson (Wyeth Chemical Co.—Hill's Cascara) 6 P.M. Sunday, CBS.

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

Voice of America—Alex. Gray and Mary Eastman, guest artist; Kempner's orchestra (Underwood Elliott Fisher Co.) 8:30 P.M. Thursday, CBS.

Ward's Family Theatre—Cecil Lean and Cleo Mayfield; James Melton, guest stars, Green Stripe Orchestra (Ward Baking Co.), produced in two acts, Sunday 6:45 and 7:30 P.M., CBS.

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

Paul Whiteman—Al Jolson, 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.

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 Cities Service quartet; Frank Banta and Milton Rettenberg, piano; 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, A Cappella Choir, direction of Noble Cain; Josef Koestner's orchestra (The Hoover Company) 4:30 P.M. Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

Library of Congress Chamber Musicale—guest artists; 4:15 P.M., CBS.

Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy, conducting (General Household Utilities Co.) 9:30 P.M. Tuesday, CBS.

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) 5 P.M. Sunday, CBS.

Palmolive Beauty Box Theatre—musical comedies and operettas with galaxy of well-known stars; Nathaniel Shilkret's orchestra, Palm Olive Chorus; 10 P.M. Tuesday, NBC-WEAF.

Radio City Concert—Radio City Symphony orchestra; chorus and soloists (NBC service from the Radio City Music Hall in New York) 12:30 P.M. Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

Albert Spalding, violinist—Also Conrad Thibault and Don Voorhees' orchestra (Centaur Co.—Fletcher's Castoria) 8:30 P.M. Wednesday, CBS.

Swift Garden Program—Mario Chamlee, concert orchestra, direction (Please turn to page 58)

Should musicians stand or sit when they play? That's a radio problem

Behind the Dial

The Debutantes of Ted Fiorito's band, who sing on the Old Gold Hour, are Red Head Betty, Blonde Margery, Brunette Dot. An effective trio, too. Wait 'til television comes along.



Special photos for TOWER RADIO by Wide World



(Continued from page 10)

FRANK BLACK, NBC's general musical director, started something when he announced studio musicians should stand instead of sit while playing. Promptly other maestros went on record for and against and the controversy is waxing hot as we gallop to press. The argument has reached the point where the batoneers are calling each other by their right names and it is perfectly amazing to learn the real tags of some of our most popular conductors. It appears 90 per cent of them originated in Russia and they have cognomens longer and more in-

You've heard "One Man's Family," which is broadcast from San Francisco. TOWER RADIO had so many requests for a glimpse of the cast that we made this special picture. Left to right: J. Anthony Smythe, who plays Henry Barbour; Minette Ellen, who is Fannie Barbour; Bernice Erwin, who is Hazel Barbour; Michael Raffetto, who is Paul Barbour; Barbara-Jo Allen, who is Beth Holly; Barton Yarborough, who is Clifford. Seated: Winifred Wolf and Billy Page, who play Teddy and Jack.

Ray Lee Jackson



involved than the well known Muscovite beards of their ancestors.

THERE is no justice in this world. Pappy, Zeke, Ezra and Elton, the Westchester hill-billies, spent hours rehearsing "Home on the Range," President Roosevelt's favorite song. They wanted to have it perfect when they appeared at a recent entertainment graced by the presence of the Chief Executive. Then John Charles Thomas, on the program just ahead of them, sang "Home on the Range" and Pappy and his Arkansas associates had to substitute another number. And maybe they weren't mad!

Frances Langford, the blues singer, is co-starred with Donald Novis in Colgate House Party.



Copyright, 1934, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

Check up on those jangled nerves today

Yes, a simple little nervous habit such as wringing out your handkerchief is really a sign of jangled nerves.

And jangled nerves may mean lines in your face—They mean that in time you may look years older than you are.

So if you find yourself with any of those little nervous habits, check up on yourself.

Get enough sleep—fresh air—recreation. And watch your smoking.

Remember, you can smoke as many Camels as you want. Their costlier tobaccos never jangle the nerves.

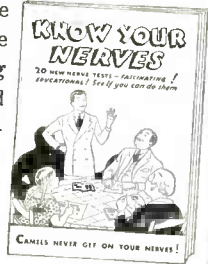
COSTLIER TOBACCOS

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS than any other popular brand of cigarettes!



TEST YOUR NERVES..

Write for illustrated book of 20 nerve tests. **FREE!** See if you have healthy nerves. Have loads of fun testing friends for "jangled nerves." Mail order—blank below with the fronts from 2 packs of Camels. Free book comes postpaid.



CLIP THIS COUPON

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
Dept. 118-A, Winston-Salem, N. C.

I enclose fronts from 2 packs of Camels.
Send me book of nerve tests postpaid.

Name _____
(Print Name)

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Offer expires December 31, 1934

CAMELS

SMOKE AS MANY AS YOU WANT
...THEY NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES

The New Deal in GLASS

Quench your summer thirst with beverage-filled glasses decorated in the modern manner

DRINKING merely to quench your thirst or to drown your sorrows calls for no elaborate glassware. An old-fashioned jelly tumbler or a battered tin cup will serve the purpose. But if you have an eye to style and a taste for flavor then the design and color and shape of the glass are of real importance.

The secret of fine glass making was once known only to a few and even within recent times glasses of real distinction could be enjoyed only by a favored few, not only because of their high initial cost but because of their extreme fragility. It is now possible to buy reasonably priced glasses that are not only sturdy enough to survive an amazing amount of hard usage but that are really beautiful in design. Many of the smartest of these glasses come in a variety of useful sizes. There is a five-ounce beverage glass that you can use, among other things, for fruit juice or for tomato juice cocktails, a nine-ounce glass that is the usual choice for water or milk, a ten-ounce glass for lemonade or highballs, a twelve-ounce glass for ice tea, and the larger fourteen-ounce highball glass.

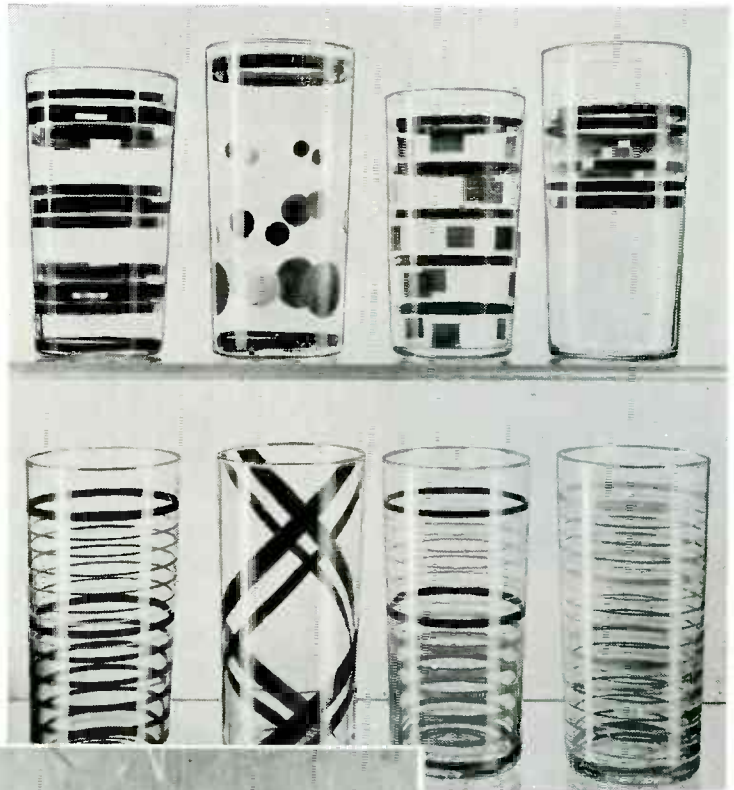
Modern glass makers have taken pains to provide glasses for a wide variety of tastes and dispositions. If you are a conservative sort of person who prefers to take your ice tea or other cooling summer drink without benefit of gay color, choose a simple band design in white, black and platinum. On the other hand if you are blessed with a light and rather frivolous nature you will prefer the new bubble glasses, decorated with an assortment of red, green, yellow, orange and blue dots.

If you are a more practical sort of person, interested more in facts than in fancies—and still like color with your liquid refreshments—choose the tumbler showing five platinum bands combined with blocks of red, orange, yellow, green and blue or one showing colored rectangles in combination with platinum and black bands.

Other glasses that give you an opportunity to satisfy your taste for color show interesting band treatments of red with black, orange with green, yellow with green, green with red, blue with green and black with yellow. But, if with your enjoyment of better business and the new deal you still retain a saving sense of thrift you cannot possibly do better than to stock your pantry shelves with an assortment of the colorful Scotch plaid glasses that may be had in no less than six useful sizes.

A plentiful supply of ice has greatly simplified the question of cold drinks in the home. Perhaps you do not wish to serve beer and other beverages ice cold, but that does not mean you have to have a deep, dark cellar for storage. With a little ingenuity you can duplicate any temperature by regulating the refrigerator or by shifting the beverage bottles.

Stem glasses served a practical purpose to begin with. When it was difficult to chill your drink to a refreshing temperature the stem kept off the heat of the hand. Now well-chilled beer, milk or water can be served in either type of glass.



Courtesy Libbey Glass Mfg. Co.



Platinum bands, colorful bubbles, plaids and spirals give zest to the long, cool drink of 1934.

You don't have to drink Scotch to enjoy your favorite beverages in these Scotch plaid glasses.

Red, green, yellow, orange and blue bubble glasses in highball, ice tea and regulation table size.

WANTED---

Junior Safety Volunteers!



WOULD you like to be a Junior Safety Volunteer and have a booklet with pictures in it showing how you can help to prevent accidents? Your booklet will have a place on it for your name.

Of course you are smart enough to take care of yourself on the street, and you surely know how to keep an eye on kids who forget to look where they are going—especially the little ones.

If you save someone from being killed or having his bones broken you will remember it as long as you live. And you will be on the lookout for just such a chance.

More than a thousand children a month are killed by accident in our country and more than a hundred thousand are hurt—many of them seriously—in spite of all that has been done by fathers and mothers, teachers and traffic officers to keep boys and girls from being injured.

The Metropolitan hopes that when Junior Safety Volunteers are on the alert, all over the country, there will be a very different story to tell about accidents next month and the months to follow.

Print your name and address on the coupon and be one of the first Junior Safety Volunteers in your neighborhood. While being careful about yourself you can do a grand job looking after schoolmates, or possibly grown people who will not know so much about accidents as you will after you get your free booklet. Who will be the first to volunteer?



Metropolitan Life Insurance Co., Dept. 634-B
One Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

I want to help prevent accidents. Please send my copy of “The Junior Safety Volunteer.”

Name _____
(Print plainly)

Address _____

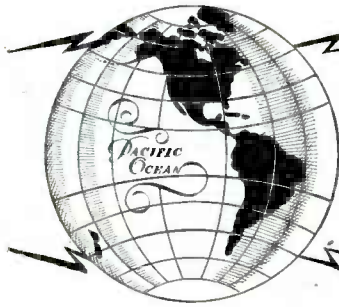
City _____ State _____

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

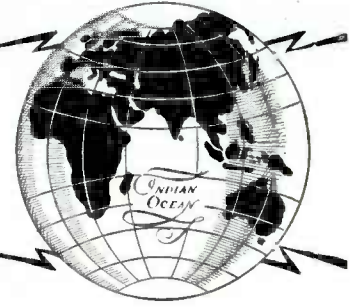
FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT

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

© 1934 M. L. I. CO.



SHORT WAVE Department



Dialing the South American Stations

THE stations that short wave fans designate as the "foreign locals" i.e. Germany, England, France, Spain, Italy and Holland, use certain wave-lengths consistently. Day after day and week in and week out you can be fairly sure of finding the stations of these countries on their assigned frequencies. All but Holland are government owned and operated and this may be one reason why they transmit so regularly. But if we leave the European stations and travel, *via* the ether waves, down to South America, we will find that very few of the short wave broadcasting stations there limit themselves either in power or wave-length. A few do confine themselves to allotted waves and schedules, but they can be counted on one hand. These we will mention in passing.

One of the best received of the South American stations is YV3BC, Caracas, Venezuela. This station is known as the Radiodifusora Venezuela and is heard daily from 5 to 9:30 P.M. (E.S.T.) They operate on 48.75 meters (6150 k.c.) and occasionally on 31.53 meters (9510 k.c.) Their programs consist of music in the typical Spanish style interspersed with station announcements that are sometimes difficult for the novice in short wave listening to understand. However when they sign off you will hear chimes struck and with "YV3BC, en Caracas" you will easily identify this very popular station. If you do receive this station they greatly appreciate reports and answer promptly with their verification card that stipulates, in bold type, when you heard them and how long a report you sent them. The address is: Bajos Paeje Ramella, Caracas, Venezuela.

What one might almost call the twin to this station is YV1BC, also in Caracas. A little story can be told about this station. About two and a half years ago they realized that a well organized commercial broadcasting station was needed in Caracas, and so, on December 11, 1930, a 100 watt transmitter was inaugurated and in a short time Caracas, where the station was located, and its surrounding territory went radio-mad with the novelty of local programs. Not much time had elapsed when the rest of the country began to ask for a powerful station and the interest of radio reception spread all over the country in such a way that the name, "Broadcasting Caracas," had been given this organization. A modern five kilowatt transmitter was ordered, and not long afterwards the little antenna on top of the Almacen Americano Building in Caracas disappeared and a couple of 200 foot towers on the summit of a near-by mountain started to carry the YV1BC programs every day to the entire world. Every type of entertainment is presented, Venezuelan popular songs mingled with educational talks and sporting events.

TWO most unusual facts can be told about their transmitter. The lot in which the transmitter buildings and aerial are (*Please turn to page 96*)



By Captain
HORACE L. HALL

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

Best Stations Heard in the Month of May

EUROPE

- 16:86 GSG, Daventry, England. 7.30 to 8.45 A.M. EST.
- 16:88 PHI, Huizen, Holland. 7 to 9 A.M. Irr.
- 19:68 Pontoise, France: 8 to 11 A.M.
- 19:73 DJB, Zeesen, Germany. 7.15 to 11 A.M.
- 19:84 HVJ, Vatican City, Italy. 5 to 5.15 A.M.
- 25:20 Pontoise, France. 11 to 2 P.M.
- 25:28 GSE, Daventry, England. 7.30 to 8.45 A.M.
- 25:40 2RO, Rome, Italy. 11 to 1 P.M. and 2 to 6 P.M.
- 25:63 Pontoise, France. 3 to 5 P.M. and 6 to 10 P.M.
- 30:00 EAQ, Madrid, Spain. 5.15 to 7 P.M.
- 31:27 HBL, Geneva, Switzerland. 5 to 5.45 P.M.
(Sat. only.)
- 31:38 GSC, Daventry, England. 6 to 8 P.M.
- 49:59 GSA, Daventry, England. 6 to 9 P.M.
- 49:83 DJC, Zeesen, Germany. 8 to 10 P.M.

ASIA

- 30:40 J1AA, Kemikawa, Japan. 5 to 7 A.M. Irr.

AFRICA

- 23:38 CNR, Rabat, Morocco. 7.30 to 9 P.M. (Sun. only.)
- 37:33 CNR, Rabat, Morocco. 3 to 5 P.M. (Sun. only.)

NORTH AMERICA

- 16:87 W3XAL, Bound Brook, N. J. 10 A.M. to 4 P.M. Irr.
- 19:72 W8XK, Pittsburgh, Pa. 10 to A.M. to 4 P.M. Irr.
- 25:27 W8XK, Pittsburgh, Pa. 4 to 10 P.M. Irr.
- 48:86 W8XK, Pittsburgh, Pa. 4 to 11 P.M.
- 49:34 W9XAA, Chicago, Ill. 3 to 6 P.M.
- 49:50 W8XAL, Cincinnati, Ohio. 9 to 10 P.M.

CANADA

- 49:10 VE9HX, Halifax, N. S. 5 to 10 P.M.
- 49:22 VE9GW, Bowmanville, Canada. 3 to 6 P.M.

SOUTH AMERICA

- 28:98 LSX, Buenos Aires, Argentina. 8 to 9.30 P.M.
- 31:56 YV3BC, Caracas, Venezuela. 9.30 to 10.30 P.M.
- 48:78 YV3BC, Caracas, Venezuela. 6.30 to 10 P.M.
- 50:20 YV1BC, Caracas, Venezuela. 5 to 10 P.M.

WEST INDIES

- 47:80 HI1A, Dominican Republic. Mon., Wed., Fri., 12 to 1.30 A.M.
- 50:40 HIX, Santo Domingo. Tues. 8 to 10 P.M. Sun. 2.30 to 4.30 P.M.

OCEANIC

- 31:28 VK2ME, Sydney, Australia. Sun. 1 to 3 A.M., 5 to 8.30 A.M., 9 to 11 A.M. (Sun. only.)
- 31:55 VK3ME, Melbourne, Australia. Wed. 5 to 6.30 A.M. Sat. 5 to 7 A.M.

To avoid Wrinkles...to Fight Dryness

CHERISH BOTH YOUR SKINS

In **UNDER SKIN** (right) ward off dreaded wrinkles with deep, penetrating oil-rich cream.

In **OUTER SKIN** (in center) stop mortifying dryness... roughness, with moistening 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 shrunken.

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

FEW WOMEN know they must take proper care of both their skins to present a clear, fresh complexion to the world. Their *outer* skin and their *under* skin. That's not only sound sense—that's accepted scientific knowledge!

The outer skin is wafer-thin. It protects the under skin from weather, climate, exposure. The under skin is many times thicker—and is full of nerves, blood vessels, tiny glands, that supply it with oil.

WRINKLES . . . Long before you're aware of them, insidious wrinkles start way down in your half-starved under skin. Natural beauty oils there keep it young, firm. After "20" these oil glands often fail to function precisely. Pond's Cold Cream penetrates deeply—carries to your under skin the oils it lacks. It keeps mortifying wrinkles at bay. And Pond's Cold Cream has been famous for years as a skin cleanser!

THE ANSWER TO DRYNESS . . . Your extremely delicate outer skin should always be kept moist. Weather, wind, steam heat, dust . . . all sap natural moisture from your thirsty outer skin. Even young women suffer from skin roughening. Don't use a grease cream for this. You need the wonderful moisture-restoring substance in Pond's Vanishing Cream! It is wonderful for softening chapped, dried-out skins quickly. Smooth it on hands, neck, arms and face.

This is how the arrestingly beautiful Mrs. John Davis Lodge describes her Pond's Two-Skin Treatment.

1. "My nighttime cleansing . . . Pond's Cold Cream patted in well . . . removed with Pond's Tissues. Then a second cleansing, for final toning and firming. Again . . . Pond's soft Tissues,

Mrs. John Davis Lodge
(née Francesca Braggiotti) keeps both her Under and Outer skins young . . . fresh . . . with Pond's Two-Skin Treatment. "I really believe these Two Creams are all any woman needs."

2. "Finally, Pond's Vanishing Cream, which I leave on overnight. It softens and smooths my skin beautifully.

3. "Mornings, and during the day, I cleanse with Pond's Cold Cream. Then Pond's Vanishing Cream. Powder and rouge go on so evenly."

Try the Pond's Two Creams yourself! Send for samples! In no time at all you will see how velvety soft and fresh your skin will be.



● For your **Under Skin**—Pond's Cold Cream. Oily. Or Pond's Liquefying Cream. Melts instantly.

● For your **Outer Skin**—use Pond's Vanishing Cream. It's greaseless!

SEND FOR SAMPLES

Pond's Extract Company, Dept. F
48 Hudson Street, New York City

I enclose 10¢ (to cover postage and packing) for samples of all Pond's Creams and two different shades of Pond's New Face Powder as checked.

I prefer Light Shades
I prefer Dark Shades

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

Copyright, 1934, Pond's Extract Company

Any camera
 plus Verichrome
 Film is the best
 combination yet
 for day-in and day-
 out picture-making
 ...Verichrome
 works where
 ordinary films fail.



Accept nothing but the familiar yellow box with the checkered stripe.

HOW VERICHROME DIFFERS FROM ORDINARY FILM

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

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

KODAK
VERICHROME
FILM

The Town Crier

(Continued from page 18)

people who drop in for a drink.

He simply talks about what he likes to talk about in the way he likes to talk about it. It is my theory that anyone in radio who is wise enough to do that is assured immediately of a large public following. Witness Father Coughlin and the Elder Michaux. Mr. Woollcott may be somewhat startled to find himself grouped with those two worthy gentlemen. But after all each is a revivalist. The Elder Michaux revives you spiritually, Father Coughlin will revive you financially (or gives you the idea he would if he had his way with economics) and the Wily Woollcott revives you mentally.

Besides that, Woollcott is an instinctive radio showman. Being a canny old lad, he has evidently taken the trouble to study his medium where others from the rarer intellectual strata have condescended to it. Not that he cares much whether he is a tremendous success or not. It's just because he likes it. But you will notice that among his comments he intersperses little parlor tricks and guessing games, quips and fancies that set his listeners to figuring and speculating. They rise quickly to these bright flies.

This sense of showmanship is most evident when he strays afield to put on one of his special productions, such as his combination reading and dramatization of Dickens' "Christmas Carol" on last Christmas Eve, or his introduction of his good friend Dorothy Parker (he is the only man to whom the poet literate has proposed publicly) to the air waves.

HIS gift is the oldest gift in the world, that of the born story teller, who can fashion you, with words, a silk purse out of the proverbial sow's ear. He is merely applying it to the newest medium of expression, radio. But it goes back to the day when our first ancestor thumped his hairy chest before the campfire and regaled his Neanderthal companion with details, mostly fictitious, of the Behemoth hunt.

Although Alexander Woollcott is familiar to inveterate first nighters, to sundry leading lights of the arts and their "hangers-on-ers," to the readers of *The New Yorker*, not to mention those family journals of wider circulation, viz., *The Saturday Evening Post* and *Collier's*, his rising wave of radio popularity has washed him up, an aerial beachcomber, on the consciousness of hosts of new friends for the first time.

So short is the collective memory of man that few recall him as the Columbia Broadcasting System's personal bookworm who did his turn before the microphone a season or so back.

For that reason it may be a good idea to slit a few pages in the open book of his past for the purpose of separating Woollcott, the Man, from Woollcott, the Myth.

He rather gives you the impression that he was born in an easy chair with not a silver spoon, but a whole set of Rogers Bros.' finest (adv't.) in his mouth. Nothing could be farther than the truth. His story is the sort that would make Horatio Alger feel he had died before his time. He is a sort of plump, Phil the Fiddler, or Bob the Bootblack. Starting as a thin boy, he worked himself up until his figure now

resembles one of the better fed Buddhas.

IN addition to his other accomplishments he might be known as the man who put Phalanx, New Jersey, on the map. His grandfather founded the place as a sort of idealistic community for something or other and let it go at that, leaving it to his grandson to make the town famous.

His father was a Micawberish sort of man, who later went West under the impression that there was gold out there. Woollcott, as a boy, decided that the gold was really back East and left home in Kansas City for Philadelphia at what is popularly known as a tender age.

When most boys would still be shooting marbles for keeps, he was flipping out book reviews for Philadelphia papers and thus supporting himself after a fashion.

His personality attracted the interest of a group of Hamilton College alumni resident in Philadelphia and these men arranged to further his education by procuring him a scholarship at the small but distinguished institution in upstate New York.

Here Woollcott augmented his income by the usual college-boy chores, waiting on table, tending furnaces and whatnot. He is glad he got all that over with before he started to put on weight.

He remained at Hamilton for two years after his graduation in 1909 to become a Doctor of Letters and to pick up the first of those gems of classical lore which he now scatters through his broadcasts.

From Hamilton he went on to Columbia University to continue his studies and from there went to his first regular job in the dramatic department of *The New York Times*.

He remained on *The Times*, developing into first string dramatic critic until 1922.

THERE was of course, the interlude of the war. In a burst of patriotic fervor Woollcott went to France as an enlisted man. But his wit was deemed too valuable to be confined to a single company of his mess mates and he was assigned to the editorial staff of *The Stars and Stripes*, official publication of the A. E. F.

The staff of *The Stars and Stripes* was a distinguished crew. It contained among others, Harold Ross, later to become editor of *The New Yorker*, George S. Kaufman, co-worker with Woollcott on *The Times* and Leroy Baldrige, the artist.

His mess mates recall Woollcott, the soldier, bursting out of his olive drab at every button as something strange and wonderful to behold, for success had already begun to go to his stomach.

From *The Times*, Woollcott went to *The Herald* for three years, thence to *The World* where he stayed until 1928.

All this time he was writing chiefly about the theater, although he occasionally made such excursions afield as his dog story "Two Gentlemen and a Lady," which was brought out in book form. His comments on matters dramatic found their way between covers in such books "Mr. Dickens Goes to the Play," "Enchanted Aisles" and "Going to Pieces."

(Please turn to page 90)



Twenty
March 10
Dear Joan:
The old place isn't good
any more you left. We have
been doing all the usual things
but you really mean it
when you asked for one?
Did you really mean it
when you asked for one?

★ How much a snapshot says to the one who waits for it! No longer is the separation real. This little square of paper brings them face to face. Hearing the whispers that cannot be written in a letter. Feeling the heartbeats . . . Always snapshots have been intimate and expressive, but now they are more so than ever. Kodak Verichrome Film wipes out the old limitations. People look natural, as you want them. Use Verichrome for your next pictures. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, New York.

Don't just write it—

Picture it—*with snapshots*

CALLING ALL CARS!

(Continued from page 15)



Harry Gleason, Chicago police announcer, sends out a call.

Left, two Detroit patrolmen in a scout car listen to a police call.

Special Photographs for TOWER RADIO by Wide World in New York, Detroit, Chicago and San Francisco.

forward in their cars, ready for the message.

Here it comes! "Cars Two Eight Seven and Three Nine Four. . . Cars Two Eight Seven and Three Nine Four. A hold-up of a grocery store at Lexington Avenue and Twenty-ninth Street. A Signal Thirty at Lexington Avenue and Twenty-ninth Street. Cars Two Eight Seven and—"

Already accelerators are pressed to the floor, sirens are roaring, and two squad cars are on their way. If luck is with them, they may arrive in time to break up the hold-up and catch the gunmen red-handed. A great many times they succeed.

FROM all over the country comes praise for the speed and accuracy of radio patrol work.

From Detroit in particular there comes a story that rivals the most fantastic invention of a wild-eyed fiction writer. Yet this thing actually happened, and we hear it told in the words of James E. McCarthy, acting Superintendent of Police.

"Recently," says Mr. McCarthy, "a wealthy resident of the fashionable Indian Village section of Detroit returned home after a short absence. Shortly after he entered his home he heard suspicious noises upstairs and telephoned the police (*Please turn to page 101*)



New York City police headquarters radio room, with board showing exact location of every car.

Use **TINTEX**— for Everything Faded in Your Apparel and Home Decorations



*Use **TINTEX** for*

- Underthings... Negligees
- Dresses ... Sweaters
- Scarfs... Stockings... Slips
- Blouses ... Children's
- Clothes... Men's Shirts
- Curtains... Bed Spreads
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- Doilies ... Slip Covers

• Color Magic for Every Fabric •

EVERY day Tintex is performing its miracle of color in millions of homes. With these simplest and quickest of all tints and dyes you, too, can make faded fabrics become new again... or you can give them different colors, if you wish.

Use easy Tintex for everything in your Spring and Summer wardrobe. And for home-decorations, too. Saves time, money and disappointment. 35 brilliant, long-lasting colors from which to choose!

PARK & TILFORD, Distributors

*On sale at drug stores and
notion counters everywhere*



Tintex *World's Largest Selling* Tints and Dyes

THIS GRAY BOX TINTS AND DYES ALL MATERIALS

Programs You'll Want To Hear

(Continued from page 49)

Karl Schulte; Norsemen quartet (Swift & 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.

Vince program—starring John Charles Thomas, William Daly and orchestra; 9:30 P.M. Wednesday, NBC-WJZ.

Piano and Organ Music

Henri Deering—10:30 P.M. Monday, NBC-WJZ.

Fray and Braggiotti—9 P.M. Friday, CBS.

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 Tom Mix (Ralston Purina Co.) 5:30 P.M. Monday, Wednesday and Friday, NBC-WEAF.

Buck Rogers in the 25th Century—(Cocoamalt Co.) 6 P.M. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, CBS.

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

Bobby Benson and Sunny Jim (Hecker H-O Company) 6:15 P.M. Monday, Wednesday, Thursday, 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—(sustaining) 9 A.M. Sunday, CBS.

Lady Next Door—directed by Madge Tucker (sustaining program) 4:45 P.M. Monday, Tuesday and Thursday, NBC-WEAF.

Let's Pretend—(sustaining) 10:35 A.M. Saturday, CBS.

Little Orphan Annie—with Shirley Bell and Allan Baruck (Wander Co.) daily except Sunday at 5:45 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. every day except Saturday and Sunday, CBS.

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

Dance Bands

Leon Belasco—12 midnight Monday 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.

Isham Jones—11:20 P.M. and 11:30 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 program at varied hours—about 11:15 P.M. Sunday, 11:30 P.M. Wednesday and 12 midnight Saturday, all on CBS.

Guy Lombardo—10:45 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 P.M. Tuesday, CBS.

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

Freddie Rich—10:45 P.M. Wednesday, CBS.

Dramatic Sketches

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

Billy Batchelor—Raymond Knight and Alice Davenport (Wheatena Corp.) 7:15 P.M. every night except Saturday and Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

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.) 1:15 P.M. Sunday, 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.) 6 P.M. Sunday, CBS.

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

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 MacBryde (Harold S. Richie & Co.) 8 P.M. Tuesday and Wednesday, NBC-WJZ.

Kay-Seven—Secret Service spy story (sustaining program) 10 P.M. Wednesday, NBC-WEAF.

Featured Singers

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

Bing Crosby—Jimmy Greer's orchestra and the Mills Brothers (John H. 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 appearing 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

Beatrice Fairfax—(General Foods) 8:30 P.M. Saturday, NBC-WEAF.

Cheerio—8:30 A.M. every day except Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

Del Monte Ship of Joy—with Hugh 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 week-day except Saturday; also Tuesday at 8:30 and 11:45 P.M., CBS.

Household Hints

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

Mystery Chefs—(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—(Philco Radio and Television Corporation) 7:45 P.M. every day except Saturday and Sunday, CBS.

Human Side of the News—Edwin C. (Please turn to page 95)



Wide World

Little Bedette Hill tries out a melody on her own piano. Little Miss Hill is a daughter of Billy Hill, who wrote the popular song, "The Last Round-Up."

STRANGE COLORS FOUND IN HUMAN SKIN—

REVOLUTIONIZE FACE POWDERS



NEW DEVICE FINDS

Bright Blue IN BLONDE SKIN
Startling Green IN BRUNETTE

ACTUAL RECORD TAKEN BY DELICATE
 OPTICAL MACHINE PRODUCES NEW
 POWDER SHADES THAT CORRECT
 COMPLEXION FAULTS

Miss Charlotte Young says, "Pond's Rose Cream is wonderful for blondes or fair-skinned brunettes."



Mrs. Edward Burns—a typical brunette—uses Pond's Rose Brunette. "No other powder has ever seemed so grand for my skin."

BLONDES and Brunettes need no longer guess about the face powder they should use.

A new era in powder blending has come about.

Here's the amazing truth . . . In every human skin, there are colors you cannot distinguish with the human eye.

Now, a delicate optical machine has

finally been found to detect those colors. By means of this machine, Pond's actually recorded to the smallest degree the bright blue in blonde skin—the startling green in brunette.

Many skins analyzed

Many blonde and brunette skins were analyzed to find exactly *what amount* of blue makes the most beautiful blonde skin, *what green* goes into the loveliest brunette skin.

Then Pond's used these actual records to blend their new powder shades.

Now any girl can be sure that these scientifically analyzed powders will bring back to her just the colors missing in her own skin.

Pond's powder is finer in texture than expensive French powders. And Pond's has the same fragrance as a certain very costly imported powder. A lovely glass jar for only 55¢ contains as much as most \$1.00 boxes. And, in the five-and-ten and variety stores—ten and



Actually
~~a \$3.00~~
Powder
 ONLY 55¢

10¢

twenty-five cent sizes. Six colors! Natural, Light Cream, Rose Cream, Brunette, Rose Brunette, Dark Brunette.

★ *Two Special Boxes for 5¢. Send Coupon.* Send for two special boxes of Pond's powder—two new light shades or two new dark shades—as you prefer. Try them! See what life—beauty—these new colors bring to your skin.

Pond's Extract Company
 Dept. F, 92 Hudson Street, New York City
 I enclose 5¢ (to cover cost of postage and packing) for TWO Special Boxes of Pond's New Powder as checked.
 I prefer Light Shades I prefer Dark Shades

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Copyright, 1934, Pond's Extract Company

News of the New

BREEZES of fashion shift easily, and while the wind-blown silhouette of last Winter meant one thing, this Summer it apparently means something quite the reverse. Then we were sailing against the wind, with the fullness of skirt centered at the back. Now we are sailing with the wind, with fullness shifted lightly forward.

In the world of fashions, winds may quite easily blow two ways at the same time, so that while the fullness of our skirts appears to be blown forward our hair may be blown smartly off our foreheads and our hats may have a back blown tilt. But of this no one is quite certain. Only a few weeks ago bare foreheads were in order, and now the latest word from Paris indicates the smartness of a short straight bang.



HERE'S something new in constructive beauty culture—lessons in loveliness given to you by experts with your own fair face as the object of your attentions. You take your place in front of a make-up table spread with all sorts of tempting cosmetics. Eight or nine others, who make up the class, are seated at similar make-up tables while an expert gives you instructions and individual guidance in beautifying your skin, your eyes and your lips. She will tell you precisely what shade of rouge you should use and where it should be applied to best advantage, and she will study your face and show you how to bring out all the latent beauty in your eyes and lips.

There are classes in the morning and afternoon for the home-makers and women of leisure, with special evening classes for the busy business woman who realizes that an understanding of beauty culture and the best use of cosmetics may be as useful to her as a brush-up course in French or Spanish.

At one of these new schools of beauty, where classes are strictly limited to ten, arrangements may be made so that you with nine of your friends may have a special hour all your own. One lesson would give you help—two or three would give you the claims to real expertness.

Even those self-sufficient women who think that they know all that there is to know about the use of rouge, powder and other cosmetics will learn dozens of new ways to increase their charms.



THERE always seems to be something to worry about and, while fifteen or twenty years ago, philanthropists were worrying about the long hours that we working girls had to spend sitting at our desks, standing behind our counters or tending our machines, they are now giving a lot of kindly consideration to the subject of how we will spend our new leisure. Once they were afraid we would ruin our health working too much and now, perhaps, they are afraid we will get into bad habits with not enough to do.

Deans of women's colleges, presidents of large industrial organizations, mayors of cities, personnel directors, plant managers here, there and everywhere have been called upon to give wise advice—but the most helpful and altogether pleasant suggestions have come from certain department stores who have shown us concretely what hobbies we might pursue.

Bagatelle, parcheesi, checkers, lotto and camelot we soon discover are not a bit too childish to focus our adult attention. As Summer comes we may take up Tom Thumb golf or croquet on our own front lawns. There are dozens of musical instruments of a not too intricate sort if we wish to make melody and, if we are conscious of latent artistic talents, we can now dabble in water colors or oils at a most reasonable cost.



CCHEESE to the average American housewife a few years ago was just cheese—a yellow sort of nourishment sold in wedge-shape pieces at the corner grocery store, that could be made into welsh rabbits or served with pie. There were also the “smelly” cheeses—limburger, brie, and camembert, appreciated by only a few, until ten or fifteen years ago. Then we all began to wake up to the fact that the world was full of a variety of delicious cheeses that could be used to give welcome variety to the diet and add style and tone to our meals.

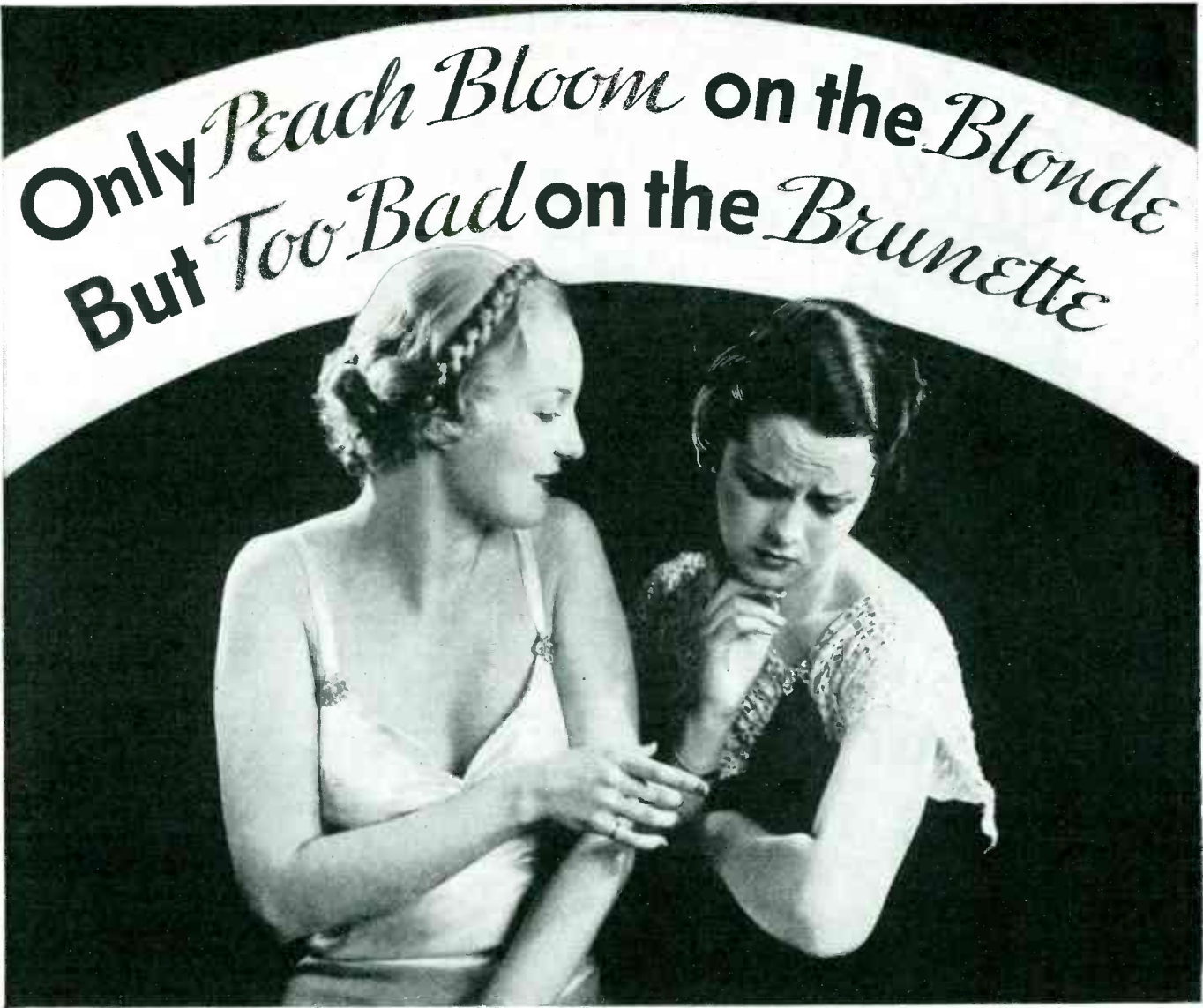
Much the same thing is happening now with respect to sausage. To many of us the word still means little more than frankfurter, bologna, salame and the regular sort of fresh pork sausage that can be bought either “loose” or in



links. If you are discriminating in your taste you know, too, that there is a big difference in the flavor of this fresh pork sausage, depending on the grade and freshness of the meat used and the precise blending of spices and other seasonings. That is as much as most of us know about it. The fact is that sausage of one sort or another has been a very important and valuable food for over three thousand years and, to quote that well-known dietitian, Lucy Graves, sausage is known today by almost as many names as it is years old.

The spiced and salted sausages were among the earliest forms of preserved foods and, just as with cheese, each community recorded something of its own taste in food flavors by the type of sausage it chose to produce.

Now there seems to be starting what might be called a newer knowledge of sausage, not only of its food value and convenience, but of its interesting flavors and style value. While the busy housewife felt a sense of apology at sending the children to the corner store for fifteen cents worth of bologna for their midday meal, she now realizes that pure high-grade sausage gives commendable variety and nourishment to children's diet, and the style-conscious hostess feels that she is showing her sophistication when she offers a plate of assorted sausage as an *hors d'oeuvre* at luncheon or as the *pièce de résistance* at a late supper.



Only Peach Bloom on the Blonde
But Too Bad on the Brunette

MAKE UNSIGHTLY HAIR INVISIBLE WITH MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH



DARK hair on face and arms doesn't get by! Everyone sees it. Men think it undainty, unfeminine. Nature protects the blonde. But the only completely satisfactory protection the brunette has is Marchand's Golden Hair Wash.

Marchand's makes the unsightly hair pale and UNNOTICEABLE. After one or two applications of Marchand's, face and arms become dainty and smooth. Marchand's

enables the brunette to do for herself what nature has done for the blonde.

Takes only 20 minutes—avoids the dangers of shaving—does not encourage course re-growth. It does not irritate the skin or make it hard. Most economical.

Blondes Use Marchand's to Keep Hair Smartly, Beautifully Golden. Marchand's Golden Hair Wash is

used by thousands of attractive blondes. It restores youthful color and luster to darkened hair—brings a new loveliness of subtle lights and glints to the dullest hair. Used safely, successfully at home. Not a dye. Economical—be sure you get genuine MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH.

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST OR GET BY MAIL

Use Coupon Below

MARCHAND'S HAIR EXPERTS DEVELOP MARVELOUS NEW CASTILE SHAMPOO—FOR ALL SHADES OF HAIR

Now—a shampoo that brings out the hidden, innate beauty of the hair—natural, rich color—soft, silken texture—free of soap film because it rinses completely. Does not change color of hair. Ask your druggist for Marchand's Castile Shampoo or write us.

TM-634
C. Marchand Co., 251 W. 19th St., N. Y. C.
45c enclosed (send coins or stamps) Please send me a regular bottle of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash.

Name

Address City State

“it Tastes
so Good”



—can it be
effective?”

EX-LAX looks like chocolate — tastes like chocolate. Yet no nasty-tasting, violent cathartic was ever a bit more effective!

Ex-Lax doesn't cause stomach pains. Ex-Lax works the way a perfect laxative ought to work — gently but thoroughly — without disturbing the system.

You take Ex-Lax just like you would a bit of chocolate. No bottles to shake — no corks to lose. Nothing to gulp down. Nothing to make you shiver and shudder. Nothing to splash or stain the washbowl!

Ex-Lax is the ideal laxative for all — men, women, the kiddies — everybody! And the nation knows it — for Ex-Lax is America's leading laxative!

Ex-Lax isn't a bit expensive. 10c and 25c at all drug stores.

But see that you get the *genuine* Ex-Lax, spelled E-X-L-A-X.



Doping a Radio Hit

(Continued from page 13)

desirable requisites of a hit show are first, that it have an appeal for all members of the family and second, that it have a framework capable of infinite repetition and variation for the radio chews up material faster than any other medium.

As in other branches of show business, to the listener's misfortune, the most popular way of attaining a hit show is the "follow the leader" method. In other words, if one advertiser is winning a following with a show containing a comedian, blues singer and a dance orchestra, then eighteen other advertisers will immediately be convinced that the best way for them to get a hit is to build a show just like it.

The shrewder and more imaginative among the agency production men, however, recognize the fallacy of this reasoning. They see that while it is a safe way to secure a moderate hit, it is an almost impossible way to secure a smash hit, because the first in the field always creates the biggest. To the innovator belong the spoils. They say that no other comic will ever be as popular as Cantor when Cantor was at the peak, that no other script show will ever paralyze telephone service as Amos 'n' Andy did in their hey-day, that no symphony orchestra will ever create the comment that the Philadelphia orchestra did in its fifteen minute nightly spots for Chesterfield.

Hence, the shrewder gentlemen run counter to the popular trend, try to devise for a hit show something entirely different from that which has ever been tried before.

IT is far from easy to think of something entirely fresh and new, but far more productive of really big results.

Mysterious to the listener likewise is the suddenness with which a new star appears upon the horizon with all the attendant ballyhoo and fanfare.

Where did he come from? Who knew that he would be good on the air?

There is more here than meets the eye. It is fun to be fooled but it is more fun to know.

As a matter of fact every important star on the air today has been watched for a year or two before even being given an audition. Right now there are at least forty potential radio stars around the country, being constantly watched by the leading agencies who are waiting until their time is ripe.

Joe Penner is a case in point. To the listener in North Dakota, Joe Penner is probably a funny man who walked into a radio office with a duck, absolutely unheard of and had everybody rolling on the floor, proving so funny that they just had to put him on the air. But every listener in Altoona, Scranton, Baltimore, Washington, or any other cities where Joe Penner has played in vaudeville or the movie houses, knows that he has been a household by-word for ten years.

Their past blotted out by the blinding glare the spotlight of fame throws on their present, people are apt to forget that the renowned Amos 'n' Andy were for years the only moderately well-known team of Sam 'n' Henry over a local station in Chicago. Even Cantor was on the air for a while in a short series and didn't create any great stir until Chase & Sanborn put him in

a Sunday night one-hour show and he became a household institution.

People forget that the "March of Time" program was sent out to local stations on records as a test for a year before the response justified the financing of a network show, that Jack Pearl was a well-known dialect comedian on the stage for years and was carefully tried out in a number of spot broadcasts before the mantle of Baron Munchausen was dropped on his shoulders; that Burns and Allen were a popular vaudeville team sure of drawing a crowd to any house before they were given cautious trials over the air; that Stoopnagle and Budd were the handy men of a little station in Buffalo until their clowning began to attract attention and a sponsor brought them to the networks.

WHAT about the idea shows on the air? Plenty of good ideas come to the networks every day. But many of them die aborning in the audition rooms, or after a few weeks' trial on the air. The reason here is that it is not so much the idea that counts as the presentation of it. A blend of skilful casting, directing, producing, a well of material that never runs dry is necessary for such a show.

Take "March of Time." Any number of people have tried to copy the technique of dramatizing the news. But none of them has been successful so far, because no one is able to reproduce the adroitness and authenticity with which the programs are staged.

"Show Boat" depends for its success not so much on the idea—a program on a show boat which wouldn't draw flies if badly done—as on the appeal of the characters and the presentation.

To return to the stars for a moment, many important stage and screen stars have flopped on radio. How can an agency have a remote idea whether or not a star will click over the air before the contract is signed?

"You can tell whether a star is going to go or not by talking to him over a luncheon table," said one advertising executive. "If he 'gives out something' in conversation, he will give it out over the air. It's a matter of a personality projected through the voice. That's where the movies have it on us. Movies are largely a matter of beauty and acting. Beauty can be manufactured. Acting can be taught. There can be no synthetic stars in radio.

"It is for that reason that material is comparatively unimportant. A good star can work with the most mediocre material and go over big just by the way he handles it. At the same time, the right characterization, the right appeal, created in production can do wonders for a performer, especially for a comedian.

SO much for picking talent and shaping a show. But once the show is on the air, lacking the box-office barometer, how can the sponsor tell if the show is clicking?

First there is fan mail. Advertisers don't take much stock in fan mail any more. They have found that fan mail can be juggled, a performer can produce volumes of mail by answering the letters that come in to him, putting a "teaser" question in his reply that will

draw another letter. Sponsors can increase their fan mail at will by offering premiums, staging contests. Taken in connection with other things, fan mail is something of an indication, but not by itself.

Next there are the surveys. Most important of these is the Crosley survey which publishes a monthly program rating for advertisers on the basis of personal interviews with listeners in all parts of the country.

Other surveys by telephone are sometimes made at the request of sponsors who aren't sure of their listening audience. But these surveys, while fairly accurate, are costly, and the sponsor is sometimes inclined to rely on his own judgment.

Dealer reaction: Every sponsor has a network of dealers spread over the country, sensitive to the reactions of customers. They often keep the central office informed of the popularity of programs.

Sales response: There are so many factors involved in sales increases that it is not always possible to trace increases directly to hit shows. However, if a show isn't impressing a large number of people sufficiently to send them to the store, if not the box office, then the advertiser is not frequently inclined to keep on spending his money.

Press comment: Unlike dramatic criticism, an unfavorable press is not always taken adversely by radio sponsors. A dramatic critic must say something about a show, but not a radio critic. If a radio critic pans a show, he must have noticed it anyway. Hence, any news is good news in radio criticism.

Gossip in the street: The office boy, the elevator operator, the scrub woman, the waitress, the people next door, all make up the listening audience. Individually their reactions mean nothing, but strike an average and they are pretty good straws in the wind.

NO one of the above mentioned is anything like a reliable test of a show's popularity. But add them all up, and they spell a fair summation of the situation.

And above and beyond all facts and figures is the transcending sense of showmanship, rarest but most valuable guide of all. As radio develops, it is producing trained radio showmen who know from instinct and experience what a hit show needs.

So when you ask one of these showmen:

"How do you know that show is going to be a hit?"

And he answers:

"Why, I just know that's all."

The chances are he's right.

Are You Reading

BEHIND THE DIAL

by Nellie Revell

All the News and Gossip of Radio
FIRST

Tower Radio, June, 1934

AM I HAPPY!

My washes look like a million dollars now!

WHE-E-E! That sun dazzles you—
shining on my washline!

See? Those clothes aren't yellow.
They aren't gray. They're *white!*

How did I get them that way? Well,
I've learned the secret. I've found
that "trick" soaps just can't do a job
in the tub.

What clothes need is *real soap*—
soap that knows how to go deep into
the tiniest little threads and get out
ground-in dirt. And that soap is
Fels-Naptha—the *golden bar with lots
of dirt-loosening naptha in it!*

Make a test with Fels-Naptha next
washday, just to see what I mean.
The dirtiest part of your wash, I imagine,
is the neckbands on shirts. Well,
try Fels-Naptha Soap on those neck-
bands! See how quickly that stub-

born dirt is loosened! (Naptha and
soap are working for you—helping
you do the rubbing!) See how easily
Fels-Naptha suds—rich and lively—
wash all that dirt away!

**Yet—here's an important point—
that wash of yours will be whitened—
safely!**

Fels-Naptha doesn't hurry clothes
to the mending-basket. It's the best
thing ever for dainty lingerie, silk
stockings and woollens. It's nice to
hands, too.

Get some Fels-Naptha Soap today
and try it. Soak your clothes or boil
them—use hot, lukewarm or cool
water—machine or tub.

No matter how you wash your
clothes, Fels-Naptha will turn them
out *snowy-white*—in record time! . . .
Fels & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.



© 1934, FELLS & CO.



"More good news! . . .
Fels-Naptha Soap now sells at the
lowest price in almost twenty years!"

Men and Helen Morgan

(Continued from page 27)

inspire him and it was while he was eating his heart out for her that he did his inspired work in "Bad Girl."

Had she taken her friendship from him—heaven knows what would have happened to the boy. And, even now, every time they happen to be in the same town they meet and talk and Jimmy leaves her with new hope and new courage.

Once he said about her, "She's one of the finest women I've ever known. Honestly, I think she gives away most of her salary to poor people who, he thinks, need it worse than she does."

THERE is another lad whom Helen inspired. His name doesn't matter, since he did not touch fame as Jimmy Dunn did. This boy had got into a terrific jam in college and he was too weak to confess it to his parents who might have helped him. He turned, therefore, to drowning his sorrow in the time honored fashion. Literally for a week he did not draw a sober breath, but on the seventh night of his effort to forget he stumbled blindly into Helen Morgan's night club.

Something about her stirring, pitiful voice pierced his poor befogged brain and as she passed his table, after finishing a number, he looked up and their eyes met. She saw the dark clouds of trouble in those eyes and paused a moment at his table. "What's the matter, kid?" she asked.

Before he knew what he was saying he had told this kindly woman—who stopped being the famous Helen Morgan and became, for him all generous, warm-hearted womanhood—all about himself, all about the jam he was in, all about how black the future looked.

Helen sat down. "I've had trouble in my life, too," she said. "We all have. But, honestly, most of it I can't even remember now. Sometimes I've had to help myself out of jams. Sometimes other people have helped me. Look here, why don't you get good and sober and go straight home to your father and mother and tell them everything. I'll bet they've had troubles, too. I'll bet they'd understand."

Helen Morgan has, no doubt, forgotten the incident by now. If she remembers she might be pleased to read here that the lad did just that and remembers the jam—which was so quickly ironed out—only pleasantly. What he still contemplates is the sweet generosity of a woman—a famous and busy woman—who had time to listen to his story, whose sympathy emanated from her in such a bright stream that he was able to tell her the story and who actually turned the tide of his life.

Even those whom she has not helped have fallen under her spell. There was a sophisticated young magazine editor who met her one night at a party. This time it was Helen who confided to him—she confided that she had cherished an ambition to write for a long time. Now every editor in the world has just such confidences given him every time he sets foot outside his own apartment. It is an old, old story and one to which editors have long since learned to turn stone deaf ears.

But such is the quality of Helen's



"Sweet dreams, sister,
And pardon me while I gloat
over that smooth skin of yours.
That's what happens to girls
who baby their complexions
with pure Ivory Soap."

Do these warm Spring evenings find you drooping like a wilted sunflower? . . . What to do? What to do? The answer's easy! Before you slick up for a party or crawl between the covers—ease yourself into a soothing, refreshing Ivory bath.

Don't sing at first—just relax. And then get to work with your nice big cake of Ivory. Whip up a cloud of creamy lather and massage it into every tired pore. Goodbye to dust and dirt and perspiration. Ivory leaves your skin cool and pussywillow soft. Simple, isn't it?

As for your face—doctors scoff at elaborate beauty rigamaroles. They know that soap-and-water is best for the skin. Not just any soap, of course, but Ivory Soap—because it is absolutely *pure*. Ivory protects the most sensitive com-

plexions in the world—the skins of tiny babies.

It's smart to be a baby about your soap! Ivory contains nothing harsh to dry up your skin's natural oils. No flossy colorings or perfumes in Ivory! It's "smoother" to buy your scent in a bottle and not in a soap

Get some Ivory today and start working for your baby-smooth Ivory complexion.

Ivory will be the *finest* and least expensive beauty treatment your skin has ever had.

Ivory Soap

99 41/100 % pure • It floats

personality that this young editor listened—listened and encouraged her and gave her stories more attention than he had given the last best seller submitted for his approval. The stories did not appear but instead there sprang up between these two a friendship which he treasures to this day.

I COULD go on—I could tell you more but it would be repetition. There is something about this woman, some deep compassion, which allows people to warm their hands at the fire of her sympathy. She has never touched a life that has not felt her influence. But why? What curious gift has she?

It is, to begin with, one of the inexplicable things. Like the gift of a beautiful voice or a talent for the violin, it is God-given and comes from where no one knows. But Helen's own life has mellowed her—has shown her rare glimpses of human misery.

Helen, fatherless since a very small child, was brought up in Chicago by a mother who had to work to support herself and her young daughter. Helen always knew that the minute she was old enough she would have to help out. She was not really old enough when she began to work—just fourteen and she had to fib about her age to get her first job—in a Chicago mail order house—at five dollars a week.

She had various jobs after that—jobs that opened her eyes to all the human suffering in the world. She was, in turn, a manicurist's assistant, a child's nurse (she was only fifteen then) a packer at a biscuit factory, a shop girl, a stockroom girl, a cloak-and-suit-model, a candy maker and a worker in a tea company.

But while she was engaged in the difficult and confining tasks she still hoped for a real career and at last, through an elocution teacher whose brother was a booking agent, got a job as chorus girl. Winning a beauty contest in Montreal—and receiving \$1500 in prize money—made it possible for her to come to New York but the big city did not welcome her, and before she got a remunerative job the money was gone and she was living in a five-dollar-a-week room with two other girls, whose luck was as bad as hers. But at long last the breaks came—and Helen had her deserved success.

SO perhaps you are able to see how, knowing so many people, seeing so much trouble in her own life, she is able to understand and sympathize with others. She opens her purse and her heart to those in need.

I watched her working, not long ago, at the old Biograph Studios in New York where she is appearing in the screen version of "Frankie and Johnnie." She had had a hard day. She was unspeakably tired. As she sat wearily waiting for lights to be arranged one of the extras—a little girl of ten or so—spoke to her. "Do you remember me, Miss Morgan?" the little girl asked. "I was in your last picture. Remember?"

Helen smiled. "Of course, I remember you." The child beamed and flew to her mother. "Mother, mother," she whispered, "I just spoke to Miss Morgan—and she, she remembered me."

And thus her great tenderness beautifies and makes happy everything it touches. Helen Morgan, warm, compassionate, sympathetic Helen—who understands the troubles and needs of others because she has had so many of her own.

"She was always tired—
looked Sick!"



Dr. Rosenthal is Physician-in-Charge of pulmonary diseases at the Hospital of Mercy, Paris.

explains

DR. GEORGES ROSENTHAL,
(President, Medical Society of Paris)



"SALESGIRL, age 25. Her unhappy appearance made her seem irritable. She couldn't sleep soundly, had to force herself to eat, had headaches, was depressed.



"AFTER EXAMINATION, I told the young lady: 'The root of your trouble is constipation.' I advised her to give up cathartics, and to start eating yeast daily.



"THE CHANGE was extraordinary. Before a month had passed, her nervousness disappeared. Her appetite and strength quickly returned. Headaches disappeared."

"WHEN patients are run-down," says Dr. Rosenthal, noted physician, "I always suspect sluggish intestines.

"Constipation shows itself in such varied troubles as drowsiness, headaches, bad breath, coated tongue, and skin troubles.

"These afflictions, together with loss of appetite, irritability, and lack of energy, disappear when the blood stream and intestines are purified by yeast.

"Yeast," Dr. Rosenthal adds, "is a veritable policeman of the intestines.

"For more than 20 years, I have found yeast the best remedy for constipation. It acts in a natural way . . . unlike harsh, habit-forming cathartics."

Won't you decide to start eating Fleischmann's Yeast *right now?*

Eat 3 cakes daily for at least 30 days. Directions are on the label. You can get it at grocers, restaurants, soda fountains . . . very rich in vitamins B, D and G.

Fleischmann's Yeast gets at the root of most troubles . . . bodily poisons! Then you're like a new person . . . more cheerful . . . more energetic . . . So start eating it right away!



"I was very tired and run-down," says Mr. Thomas Laman, a sculptor, of San Francisco. "My appetite had completely disappeared. I felt lopy and spiritless.

"My doctor told me to eat Fleischmann's Yeast. In a few weeks I felt alert and clear-headed."

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Stoopnagle Talks about Budd

(Continued from page 16)



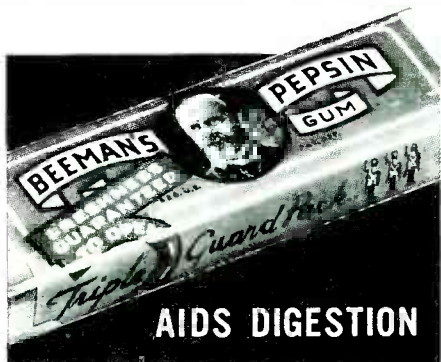
*Hitting on
all twelve!*

WIN THE RACE! Outswim a boat! Break a record! Why not? Even miracles seem easy when digestion is good, when peevish irritations aren't slowing you up.

Keep your digestion sweet, your temper even, your spirits high. Chew Beeman's — the tempting, stimulating chewing gum — to aid digestion.

You'll like it after meals for its mild, pleasant aid. You'll like it before and between meals for its delicious goodness — so cool and refreshing — kept fresh by the unique new air-proof Triple Guard Pack. Try Beeman's today!

Chew
**BEEMAN'S
PEPSIN GUM**



as I may, I cannot get him to wear an undershirt or any top to his pajamas. He has an idea that if he does, he will catch pneumonia. An old Eskimo superstition. He is almost civilized now. But every once in a while, on a cold winter's night, if I don't watch him he will sneak out on the balcony and go to sleep in a snow-drift.

"Budd is a fellow with as big a heart as anybody I have ever known. He just doesn't know what the word selfishness means. I have explained it to him, I have had him look it up in the dictionary, but it just doesn't register. He's not so good on words with a lot of syllables like that.

"You might say that he is generous to a fault. In fact I once said to him, 'But, you are generous to a fault.'

"He said: 'Yes, I am generous to a fault named Stoopnagle. I let *you* take all the bows.'

"Seeing he was sensitive about his generosity like that, I never brought it up again.

"IT is pretty confusing going around with Budd, on account of he's always imitating people. I just get to thinking I am a pretty popular fellow with hosts of friends and they all turn out to be Budd in the last analysis. Or even in the first analysis. I never send a friend to the chemist to be analyzed any more. He will always turn out to have a large precipitate of Budd.

"Budd has made a tidy little fortune out of tips I have given him, under the impression that he was really the waiter, the hat check girl and the old blind man on the corner selling pencils.

"One time not long ago, things got so bad we had practically a crisis. Budd had been imitating people so much he had forgotten who he really was. I found him at the missing persons bureau where he had given himself up for lost.

"He was a pathetic sight, believe me. There were tears in his eyes as he clutched me by the lapels and said:

"Colonel—for the love of mercy—tell me who I am!"

"Now take it easy, old fellow." I said in my soothing voice with which I subdue maniacs (I have often used it on myself with great success), "Perhaps you're Bing Crosby."

"Perhaps I am!" he said hopefully.

"All right. Try crooning."

"He tried crooning and found out he wasn't Bing Crosby."

"Then maybe I'm Kate Smith!"

Budd observed, brightening slightly.

"Try going through a revolving door," I advised.

"He got through all right, and knew he wasn't Kate Smith.

"Through a process of elimination that took in people like Hitler, Mahatma Gandhi, Mr. Bopp, Quaintface, Hezzy Newton, Isaiah Unh, a Caravan of Camels and other notables, all of whom Budd was sure he was at one time or another, he got down to Wilbur Budd Hulick, obscure saxophone player of Asbury Park.

"For months I wouldn't let him imitate anybody but Hulick until he got straightened around, was able to sit up and take nourishment and other loose objects and say all the wrong things at dinner parties.

"While we are still on the subject of Budd's imitations, I want to dispel a popular fallacy. Budd does *not*, as many suppose, take all the parts on the *March of Time* broadcasts. You have occasionally heard him barking like a seal on the Byrd program, but he was never invited to take part. He just butted in, a whim of the artistic temperament.

"But seriously—and believe me things are getting pretty serious—I think of Budd as a loyal friend and a grand partner. He understands better than anyone the kind of material I write for our broadcasts and is able to interpret it better than anyone with whom I have come in contact.

"He is wholly in sympathy with the very definite idea I have in mind for the general substance of our programs and helps me, aside from his own suggestions, by serving as a wholesome and highly beneficial 'agree-er.' I don't mean to convey that Budd has no mind of his own. But my ideas of comedy so closely approach his that if he were taking the same subject, he would handle it almost precisely as I do.

"This Hulick guy who drinks his coffee black, smokes up all my Camels, eats too many French fried potatoes and will contentedly spend hours fishing through the ice in my Frigidaire, is one of the swellest gents between here and the South Seas. If I had the choice of any or every comedian on screen, stage or air as my partner, I'd still choose Budd. He's pleasant, punctual, and just a plain, ordinary grand person."

"Who is?" asked the interviewer.

"Colonel Stoopnagle," I replied, running out into the street and losing myself in the howling mob.

And Budd Retaliates with—

(Continued from page 17)

pretty soon it will catch up with the Colonel and then it will recognize him at his true worth (about thirty-seven cents).

"The thing about the Colonel is that he sees more clearly than most people. In fact he sees so clearly that he has to wear smoked glasses to keep him from seeing more than one thing at a time.

"I guess you know by this time that the Colonel is at heart a reformer.

He loves to change things. While they were building the Empire State Building (maybe you don't know this) they hired a squad of secret service men to play chess with the Colonel in relays until they got the building finished, because they knew that if he came around while they were working on it he would want to change it and have it go sideways maybe instead of up—or something.

"I feel that at heart Colonel Stoop-

nagle would like to be dictator. In fact he has often said to me: 'Budd, sometimes I think I would like to be a dictator. And you know, I believe I would make a very good dictator too, if I could just find a stenographer fast enough to keep up with my dictation.'

"Personally, I doubt if he will ever go in for it. I think he will just keep on pounding out his stuff on the old McCormick thresher which stands in one corner of his suite at the Ritz. 'It has a touch that I like,' he said to me just the other day as he fed two bell boys and a head waiter into the fuel box to keep it going before he ran out of ideas.

"A lot of people I guess would sort of like to know how the Colonel's mind works. So would I. As a matter of fact I have never known it to work. It just plays.

"He just gets his ideas out of things that happen to him. It works like this: something happens to him and then years later he gets an idea. Right now he is working on when he was in the sixth grade in school. He was there for five years. If he begins to repeat himself, you'll know what the trouble is.

"HE has a way of making things happen too. One time he pushed me down a manhole. 'Colonel,' I called up to him, 'I'm in a devil of a hole!' 'Great!' he cried, 'we'll make use of that.' Later I accused him of having pushed me down the manhole just for a gag. He didn't say anything, so I'd rather think it was accidental. I'm like that. But believe me, he'll never get me up in a skyscraper with him.

"The Colonel's life hasn't been all beer and skittles, I want you to know. In fact he confided to me once that he didn't even know what a skittle was until his father took him aside and told him when he was twenty-eight.

"The reason is that people don't understand him. Of course they understand him better now that he has learned to talk English. Then he has that habit of talking with his mouth full and that hasn't made it any easier for people to understand him. Sometimes he gets weighed down by the futility of it all. Once he said to me: 'Budd (he said) sometimes I think that even if people did understand me, they wouldn't know what I was talking about!'

"The Colonel is so genial a man that you would never suspect him of being a great hater. He is—one of our very greatest. The energy he uses up hating would run one of our great ocean liners to South Africa (and just the place for it too) or would heat one of our great apartment houses, should there be a janitors' strike. He hates turnips, taking baths instead of showers, Pekingese dogs, formal dinners, people who call up on the telephone and say 'Guess who?' In fact I could go on for hours about the Colonel's hates.

"Seriously, though, when you have worked with a fellow for nigh onto five years (that's the length of time we've been together when we started on the Camel show) hearing his jokes day in and night out and still think he's a scream, a card and a grand guy in the bargain, he must have something.

"In fact there isn't a thing in the world I wouldn't do for him."

"For whom?" the man from the magazine shot at me.

"For Hulick!" I shouted, dropping from the chandelier into the in-a-floor bed and folding it up after me.

"This simple Method gave her A SECOND HONEYMOON"



From an interview with Dr. Paula Karniol-Schubert, leading gynecologist of Vienna

"She was a wreck when she came into my office! Pale. Nervous. Tearful. The perfect example of what mere fear can do!

"Sound advice on marriage hygiene was all she needed. That was all I gave her. In two words. 'Use "Lysol".'

"She took my advice and in two months she came to see me again. Completely changed. Her old buoyancy and youth had returned. She was gay, confident. In love with life.

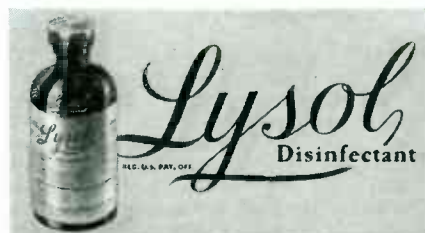
In love with her husband. And radiant with the beauty I thought she'd lost! This simple method gave her a second honeymoon.

"I have tested "Lysol" for many years. I know the certainty of its germ-destroying power even in the presence of organic matter."

(Signed) DR. PAULA KARNIOL-SCHUBERT

What Dr. Paula Karniol-Schubert advises for her patients, distinguished physicians everywhere advise.

"Lysol" kills germs. It's safe. For 40 years it has had full acceptance of the medical profession throughout the world. No other antiseptic is so generally recommended for home use.



FACTS MARRIED WOMEN SHOULD KNOW

Mail coupon for a free copy of "Marriage Hygiene." Check other booklets if desired. "Preparation for Motherhood." "Keeping a Healthy Home."

LEHN & FINK, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J., Dept. L-26
Sole Distributors of "Lysol" disinfectant.

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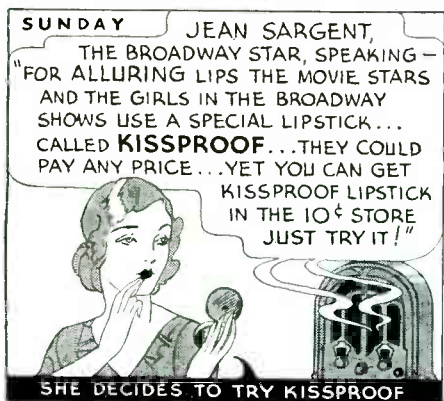
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"HALL OF FAME" on the air every Sunday night, 10:30 E.D.S.T., WEAF and N.B.C. coast-to-coast hook-up

PEGGY GETS REALLY KISSED



Try the Stage and Movie Lipstick

Have the same "lip appeal" that the movie stars and Broadway actresses have. Use the same lipstick! It is the new **KISS-PROOF** Indelible Lipstick—*Special Theatrical Color!* This lipstick is so wonderful, it has been placed by the make-up experts in the dressing rooms of the Hollywood Studios and New York Theatres! Price is no object here—but the experts have found that inexpensive **KISSPROOF** gives *matchless allure* to the actresses. It will do the same for you.

Use it tonight! You will be thrilled! You can get it in all shades, including the new *Special Theatrical Color*, at any toilet goods counter and at the 10¢ stores.

Kissproof

Indelible LIPSTICK

The Boy from Nagy Becskerek

(Continued from page 37)

probably remembering the kindergarten teacher who taught him to braid dolls and mats very long.

As soon as he began to learn English (and American) he started to skip classes. He skipped so fast that he might have been playing a frantic form of hopscotch. Between skips he sold papers and did odd jobs (not too odd!) in grocery stores, and helped in piano salesrooms and music shops. His first big opportunity came when he got the chance to be head soloist in St. Paul's Cathedral—he had a high soprano voice at the time. Unfortunately the wages of sanctity are not as high as those of sin! Joe got thirty-nine cents a week for doing hundreds of hallelujahs—and besides, he felt out of place. "All the other choir boys had money," he said, "and I was a poor kid. Class conscious? Gosh, no! But I know when I'm in the wrong pew."

It was but a step from the choir of St. Paul's to the wings of a theater. And the winner of the amateur night contests—very much the vogue then in Detroit vaudeville houses—got three times as much per week as did a church soloist! So Joe laid aside his halo and went in seriously for the drama. He was fourteen—and his soprano voice was on the wane, anyway. He bought joke books and learned dance routines. He memorized all the business of George Beban's "Sign of the Rose"—one of the most popular sketches of the day. He learned to do Chaplin, with a burnt cork mustache and his father's shoes. He learned Dutch dialect—which was the cats with everybody. He was funny, too—but he soon discovered that it wasn't humor that brought home the amateur night bacon. It was the pathetic old man in rags who got the prize money—and the little girl with a big bow in her hair who sang something about "mama in heaven." Joe was a scream, all right, but he was well fed and looked it. His plumpness sent him from vaudeville to a brief career of selling magazine subscriptions. Maybe he was that boy who stuck you with five unwanted farm journals because he was working his way through college!

From subscriptions he went into the Ford factory—who doesn't, at one time or another, in Detroit? Seeing cars assembled with lightning speed prepared him for his next job—which was as property man to Rex, the mind reader, in a traveling road show. Joe was far too enterprising to stick at only his own work, however—he spent his spare minutes learning everybody's parts. And so it transpired that one night—when the comedian fell by the roadside for some obscure reason—Joe (mixed metaphor!) stepped into his grease paint.

THE average youngster, in the show business, imitates his way to success or failure. But Joe had gone through that phase early with his pseudo Bebens and his near Chaplins. He didn't want to imitate anybody. He wanted to be himself—Joe Penner. He didn't exactly know what Joe Penner really was, but it would be fun to find out. Hang the Dutch dialect and tear-getting songs! Off

with the slapstick make-up and the stealing of somebody else's thunder. Joe began to go over his own talents—his own abilities, his own peculiarities—with a fine-tooth comb. There was his spontaneous laugh, his lisp, his trick of accenting a word in the most unexpected syllable. There was his old home training—selling frogs, selling grapes and melons, even selling smoke to the fire department of Nagy Becskerek. He decided that he had enough raw material (but not too raw—ask the mothers of children who encourage those children to listen to Joe Penner!) to make the grade. It was just a question of building, and building and building. . . .

The road of a comedian isn't a matter of laughter—not to the comedian! In the years that followed Joe lost that sleek, well-fed look which had deprived him of so much amateur night gravy. He became a lean, sad-eyed young trouper—drifting from cheap carnival to cheaper five-a-day to even cheaper burlesque. He never knew, very far ahead, where his next booking would come from—nor his next meal, for that matter. He never knew until he got his pay envelope whether there'd be any money in it. Sometimes the laughter that he peddled across the dingy footlights was a darn sight closer to tears than the shouting, booing audience realized. Sometimes he hated his frayed joke books with an impotent, feverish hatred.

Joe's real break came back in 1925, when he got a steady job in a burlesque house in Cleveland. It was the incredible chance—and it lasted, believe it or not, for a year and a half. Cleveland will never be just a second string, middle-western city to Joe Penner—it will ever be a promised land, a place of milk and honey and regular dishes of scrambled eggs. Joe would be glad to go back, any time, and hang a wreath in the lobby of either of the two Cleveland theaters that housed his budding talent. But he can't, for the theaters have bowed beneath the wings of progress. An office building rears its sober head on the site of one, and the other has become—with unconscious irony—a parking lot.

FROM the time that Joe got his steady job, the uphill road began to grow easier. Pretty soon Joe was doing his hill climbing on an escalator. His lisp, and laugh, and inane patter had become stronger and surer and had taken form. He knew when to wait for guffaws—and he was seldom doomed to disappointment. Especially did he get responses from a set of ga-ga questions that he was wont to hurl, plaintively, at his audience. In the midst of some erratic bit of conversation, he'd stop and eye his listeners with the nine-year-old kindergarten look, and ask:

"Wanna buy a ash-h-can? Wanna buy a de-ad horse? Wanna buy a hippo-ma-tamus?" And for some reason—ask your psychologist, not me—the answering mirth would rise in tides and bubble over.

It happened in Birmingham, Alabama—the thing that turned Joe's luck from good to best! It was when he was on the stage walking away, with his feet straying in and out of

the spotlight that he paused to ask one of his foolish questions.

"Wanna buy—" he began, and hesitated, searching for the first unsalable article that might come to mind. "Wanna buy a—duck?" he finished after an appreciable pause. "A duck?"

The audience began to laugh. They laughed a good deal harder than they usually did. And Joe, hearing them, began to laugh, too.

"It seemed so insane, all at once," he told me, "asking those people if they wanted to buy a duck. Wasn't a soul in that theater wanted a duck any more than I did. Wasn't a soul would know what to do with a duck if one were left on the doorstep. I went on with my routine and in a few minutes I stopped and said it again. 'Wanna buy a duck?' I repeated, and the house went wild and I laughed with them. I couldn't help it; it was darn ridiculous!"

"I was so placed that my dressing-room, in that Birmingham theater, was practically on the street. So close to the street, in fact, that I had to keep my shades pulled—you know what I mean. I went into my dressing room when I'd finished my act, and sat down and started to take off—you're way ahead of me!—take off my make-up. My shade was drawn but the window was up and eventually I began to hear people leaving the theater. And pretty soon I began to hear them walking—and talking—under my window. And I'll be a so-and-so if they weren't saying, 'Wanna buy a duck? Wanna buy a duck?'"

"I'd heard some young fellow say, 'Wanna buy a—duck?' And his girl would answer—'Who'd you think you're nudging? Wanna buy a duck, yourself?'"

"And I sat there and listened. And nobody mentioned my name, but they all talked about that guy that sells ducks. And they meant me. And was I tickled!"

Right then and there Joe Penner knew he had something Big. Something that the public wanted.

Miss Sangster, the famous author, will tell you the further adventures of Joe Penner in TOWER RADIO next month. How he met Eleanor Mae Vogt, now Mrs. Penner, how Joe got his first chance in the "Greenwich Village Follies," how he became a big-time headliner and how radio captured him—all these things will be presented as only Miss Sangster can write them, with sympathy, understanding and color.

In

TOWER RADIO
for July

The Story
of
Albert Spalding

The famous violinist

"How can she be so dumb when she's so smart?"



*"He's swell!
But is he human?
He never looks at me!"*

HE: "It isn't as if she were stupid. She's really downright smart. Attractive to look at, too. That's what 'gets' me—how can she be so dumb about herself? Well, guess it's another secretary or a dictaphone for me."

SHE: "He certainly is grand—but is he an icicle! Here I sit and I'm not so hard to look at. But apparently I'm only something to dictate to. You'd think I was fifty and a fright!"

The smartest girl is stupid when she does not live up to her looks—when she allows

the ugly odor of underarm perspiration make her unpleasant to be near.

It's so inexcusable when it takes just half a minute to keep your underarms fresh, odorless *all day long*. With Mum!

Use Mum any time, before dressing or after. It's perfectly harmless to clothing. And it's so soothing to the skin you can use it right after shaving your underarms. It does not prevent perspiration itself, just the ugly odor.

Mum has saved many a girl her job, as well as her self-respect. Try it; all toilet counters have Mum. Mum Mfg. Co., Inc., 75 West St., New York.



**TAKES THE
ODOR OUT OF
PERSPIRATION**

TRY MUM FOR THIS, TOO. On sanitary napkins Mum acts as a sure deodorant which saves worry and fear of this kind of unpleasantness.



Who WAS THE real MAN IN THE IRON MASK?



A barrier little more than skin deep shut out the world, the past, and the present. Could it blot out forever a human identity?

NOT even the jailers knew the identity of the prisoner whose very resemblance to a human being was buried within that blank, unanswering metal helmet. Many have wondered and many have guessed, but even today no one can say with certainty who that man was.

A bad complexion, too, becomes a punishment mask—hiding the real man or woman behind it. How much of the best of life it shuts away from its victim. So unnecessarily, too. For it has been proved in thousands upon thousands of cases that there is a possibility of amazingly speedy and effective relief through the medium of treatment with Cuticura Ointment. The impressive record of success achieved by this soothing, healing 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 skin ailment, especially eczema or pimples, try first 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-3, Malden, Mass.



Cuticura OINTMENT

... Over half a century of success in controlling and healing skin troubles.

Confessions of a Crooner

(Continued from page 22)

power. There was a long period of depression—four or five months—when they could not seem to find any steady work. They did a song in the Amos 'n' Andy picture, "Check and Double Check," and they made a short for Pathe. Occasionally they got a job singing at a party.

Whiteman had never selected their songs for them. They had had to dig them up for themselves. Now, on their own, with no one to drive them and living in different parts of town, they never seemed to find time to get together for conferences or rehearsals.

Bing—at that time—was the most unconcerned person I have ever met in my life. As long as he had a dollar in his pocket and a stomach full of food nothing mattered. Golf engrossed him utterly. He was determined to cut down that eighteen handicap. When he wasn't golfing he was fishing. He has a marvelous sense of humor and, broke or not, he was always welcome at parties. If, as occasionally happened, he wouldn't sing he was always good for laughs. Small wonder the boys couldn't get together.

About four months after Whiteman had left, the three of them wangled an engagement to sing at a private party. I think it was one of Doheny's. Jimmy Grier who, at that time, was with Arnheim's orchestra, had got together a few pieces and was playing the dance music at the same party. He watched the boys work, told them Arnheim was going into the Cocoanut Grove shortly and wondered if they would be interested in joining him. They would, you know.

After an audition, the hotel management signed them on a year's contract at \$125 per week each. That engagement is still spoken of in tones of reverence on the West Coast. They packed them into the Grove night after night. The other two were good but it was Bing the crowd came to hear. When he was singing you couldn't get within fifteen feet of the orchestra platform.

THE management, quick to realize their drawing power and anxious to keep them contented, promised to bring in an orchestra and put them at the head of it when Arnheim finished his engagement. But Arnheim left and another orchestra took his place—and then another and there was still no talk of putting the Rhythm Boys at the head of them.

It seemed to Bing that everything was going wrong. Not only was he getting nowhere at the Grove, it seemed the fates were conspiring to separate him and Dixie. He was not permitted to see her at home and the studio had threatened drastic action if she were seen in public with him. A friend of Dixie's, John Truynens, used to make dates with her, call for her and take her to some out of the way place where they would meet Bing.

They talked things over and decided to be married with or without the consent of friends, relatives and studios. On Monday, September 29, 1930, Dixie left home attired in a green woollen sports dress, a gray coat with a gray fox collar, green felt hat, green stockings and bag.

She met Bing and they proceeded to

his brother Everett's home where they phoned all their friends to be over there between four and five for cocktails.

John Truynens was supposed to have stood up with Bing but, for the first time in months, he'd got a job and was working that day. So Everett was pressed into service as best man. Betty Zimmerman, a friend of Dixie's from Chicago, acted as maid of honor.

EARLY in the afternoon the small party proceeded to the Church of the Blessed Sacrament where Father Stack did whatever the Church and the law required to enable Dixie to sign her name "Mrs. Bing Crosby."

Returning to Everett's home they found everybody they had ever known in Hollywood and a lot of people they hadn't known. What a night! And what a picture Dixie made.

Sue Carol had been Dixie's most intimate friend since the latter's arrival in Hollywood. Sue and Nick had only recently moved into their new home and Sue insisted that the bride and groom spend their honeymoon there. It was the only honeymoon they would get as Bing couldn't get away from the Grove and Dixie was going to have to start work on a new picture shortly.

When they reached the house that night Dixie shed a few happy tears and even matter-of-fact Bing felt a sudden constriction in his throat. The room was a veritable bower of flowers—bridal roses, lilies of the valley and almost every kind of flower you could think of even remotely connected with weddings.

Nor was the practical side neglected. There were toothbrushes for each of them and Sue had thoughtfully laid out a lacy nightgown for the bride. As a bachelor girl Dixie had been in the habit of sleeping in pajamas.

THE honeymoon lasted two weeks and then Dixie went to New York to make "No Limit" with Clara Bow. Bing stayed on with Sue and Nick until her return. Everything had been so pleasant and Sue was so insistent, they even lingered on after Dixie's return.

It was while Dixie was away that Bing started thinking and analyzing the situation. And the more he thought, the more discouraged and dissatisfied he became. He knew he could doubtless go on indefinitely the way he was—singing with orchestras—but where would it get him? More and more he begrudged the nights which kept him away from Dixie, as he felt, to no purpose. More and more he turned to the people who gladdened him and told him how mistreated he was. A number of nights he failed to show up at the Grove at all.

It was about this time Bing sang a number with an orchestra in Paramount's production, "Confessions of a Co-Ed," starring Phillips Holmes and Sylvia Sydney. Al Kaufman, one of the production heads of the studio, became interested in Bing for pictures—but there was that contract with the Grove.

He signed with Mack Sennett for one short and gave Sennett an option for five more if it was successful. Then

Norman Taurog, who afterwards directed "Skippy," met him and urged him to go to New York and try the radio. Con Conrad, a song writer, wanted to take him to New York. Bing turned a deaf ear to all proposals.

I DON'T know exactly what it was that caused him to leave the Grove. Possibly it was the fact that he and Dixie had married and he thought he should plan more definitely for the future. Possibly it was another orchestra being brought in. At any rate, he finished his short with Sennett, saw the possibility of making a lot of money in that field, and one night eight months after he had started there, he walked out of the Grove never to return. That was the end of the Rhythm Boys.

He made a couple more shorts for Sennett and during that time offers from New York began to come in. The offers were for considerably more than the \$150 a week he was getting at the time he left the Grove but he stood to gross something like \$50,000 on the year if he made all his shorts for Sennett. He ignored the offers.

Then, in addition to the agents who had been angling for him, National and Columbia Broadcasting Companies put in their bids. He began receiving long distance phone calls from New York.

People back there simply could not understand that as long as Bing had enough money to supply his simple wants that golf, fishing and good times meant more to him than more money. They assumed their offers were not high enough and increased the same. Bing still was not interested.

But things were not going too smoothly at home. He and Dixie had quarreled and made up oftener than either of them can remember now. And just at that time they were in the throes of another disagreement. Bing's brother and sister-in-law were living with them and while Dixie had nothing against them she wanted a place of her own. She left him again, swearing she would never return until they did have a place of their own. There was no violent argument—she simply announced her platform and walked.

ONE night during that time Bing was at home listening to the radio. Suddenly Russ Columbo's dulcet tones came over the air, gently caroling "I Surrender, Dear." That was a song that had been written for Bing and which he had popularized. He began making hurried inquiries and learned to his amazement that Conrad, unable to get him to go to New York, had taken Columbo and sold him on the program for which he had been trying to get Bing.

Just as suddenly as he had decided to leave the Grove, so suddenly did he decide to go to New York. In addition, that decision seemed a way out of his marital difficulties. He and Dixie could have a room in a hotel together in New York and it wouldn't mean that either of them would have to eat humble pie. They would have a place of their own.

Two days later they were on the train, eastward bound.

In New York he got in touch with both Columbia and National and got them bidding against each other. After about a week he signed with Columbia
(Please turn to page 70)



"Mary—I just don't know what to do with Junior. He whines like this all day long. And he hasn't one BIT of appetite!"



"I've gone through the same thing with my Polly. Don't worry—I'm sure all he needs is a good laxative. Give him Fletcher's Castoria tonight."



"Mary! I followed your advice—and you ought to see the smiles around here this morning!"

"I'm so glad, Sue. Fletcher's Castoria is really the ideal laxative for children—it's made especially for them. You see, many laxatives made for grown-ups are too harsh for the delicate system of a child—and often do more harm than good. Fletcher's Castoria acts gently yet thoroughly. And I'm sure Junior loved the taste of it—all children do. Yes, that's the kind—it has the signature Chas. H. Fletcher on the carton."

Chas. H. Fletcher **CASTORIA**

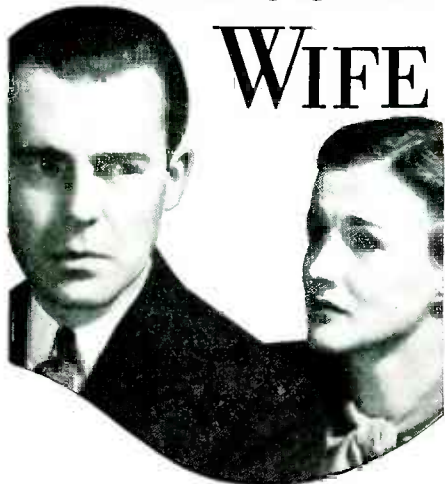
The children's laxative

• from babyhood to 11 years •

Mother, from babyhood on—there is no better first-aid for colic due to gas, for diarrhoea due to improper diet, for sour, or acid stomach, for flatulence or for the beginning of a cold, than a good laxative. There is no better laxative for children than Chas. H. Fletcher's Castoria.



The UNKISSED WIFE



Not that she's never kissed. But she no longer wins the kind she wants. He seems to kiss her hastily, gingerly . . .

The reason is, a man hates to kiss paint. Yet he never even notices a lipstick like Tangee. For Tangee colors your lips without painting them. It intensifies your natural coloring and becomes *part* of your lips, not a coating.

LOOKS ORANGE — ACTS ROSE

Unlike ordinary lipsticks, Tangee isn't paint. It changes color when applied. In the stick, Tangee is orange. On your lips, it's your natural shade of rose! So it cannot possibly make you look painted. Its special cream-base soothes and softens dry peeling lips. Goes on smoothly and gives lips a satin-smooth sheen! Get Tangee today—39¢ and \$1.10 sizes. Also in Theatrical, a deeper shade for professional use. (See coupon offer below.)



UNTOUCHED—Lips left untouched are apt to have a faded look. . . make the face seem older.

PAINTED—Don't risk that painted look. It's coarsening and men don't like it.

TANGEE—Intensifies natural color, restores youthful appeal, ends that painted look.



Cheeks mustn't look painted, either. So use Tangee Rouge. Gives same natural color as the lipstick. Now in refillable gun-metal case. Tangee Refills save money.

Don't be switched! Insist upon Tangee. And patronize the store that gives you what you ask for.



World's Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

★ 4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET

THE GEORGE W. LUFT COMPANY TG64
417 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Rush Miracle Make-Up Set of miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin).

Check Shado Flesh Rachel Light Rachel

Name _____ (Please Print)

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Confessions of a Crooner

(Continued from page 69)

for \$1250 a week for a nightly broadcast on their sustaining program.

And then he discovered there were more kinds of trouble than he had ever dreamed.

The Grove brought suit against him for \$7500 claiming breach of contract.

A Los Angeles attorney brought suit against him in alleged broken contract.

An agent with whom he had signed a contract years before in the hope of finding picture work bobbed up with another suit.

The musicians' union had forbidden any union men to work on the program with him on account of his walkout from the Grove where union men were employed.

With court costs, attorneys' fees and the settlement of his various suits it cost him close to \$35,000 before he could even start rehearsing for his opening program on Columbia.

IT was during this time of trial and tribulation that Bing's loyalty became apparent. At \$1250 a week he was going to be a big shot around the radio studios. He couldn't help but be. He held out for his own accompanist and that accompanist was Eddie Lang.

Bing had met Eddie while the latter was playing the guitar and Bing was singing with the Whiteman outfit. I think Eddie was the only real friend Bing has ever had—the only one who ever really got to know him and for whom Bing has ever had any real regard.

Eddie played his first broadcast with him and the association continued uninterrupted until Eddie's sudden death this past Summer. I think Bing has still not got used to broadcasting without him.

Nor has he forgotten. He and Dixie had Eddie's widow, Kitty, with them practically from the time of Eddie's passing until recently.

It was in August of 1931 that he finally got his tangled affairs straightened out and began rehearsing. On account of the heat they rehearsed in a refrigerated room. An hour before it was time for him to go on for his first broadcast he had an attack of laryngitis and his voice left him entirely. Bing was nearly beside himself.

The West Coast papers, getting wind of it and remembering the nights he had failed to show up at the Grove, immediately concluded he was up to his old tricks and not sick at all.

Thinly veiled innuendoes appeared in print. It isn't true. Bing really was a very sick boy.

I WISH I could tell you that Bing was an overnight sensation—that before the broadcast was over the station was flooded with telephone calls and telegrams—as you've seen happen many times in the movies—but I can't. It took two or three weeks before he found exactly the right kind of songs and ballads. Then mail began to come in about him. Once started it gained the momentum of an avalanche and by the end of another week the station was snowed under. He was, indeed, a sensation.

During the three years that have elapsed since then Bing has been one of the highest priced soloists on the air and his popularity has continued unabated.

After the first three weeks on the air, the Paramount in New York—the same theater where he had flopped so ingloriously with Whiteman two or three years before—engaged him. He stayed there for months, his engagement being extended from week to week.

The rest of his career is history—history too recent to need re-telling. Al Kaufman, of Paramount—the same who had first noticed him in "Confessions of a Co-Ed"—signed him to return to Hollywood during the Summer of 1932 to make "The Big Broadcast." They also took options for a picture in 1933 and one in 1934.

The first option was taken up and in 1933 he came out to make "College Humor." When that film was released it was discovered that Bing's engaging personality had got over in pictures in the same proportion his voice had on the air, the contract was destroyed and a new one given him calling for more pictures and more money.

"Too Much Harmony" followed and he recently played opposite Marion Davies in "Going Hollywood." He has just finished "We're Not Dressing." In the meantime, he continues his other work as the featured artist of the Woodbury Company's weekly broadcast.

It is significant that of all the great radio names who have come to pictures Bing is the only one who has survived in that medium and who also has managed to continue in radio work with undiminished popularity.

There's a reason. It's Bing. There's only one like him!

Tony Wons' New Scrap Book

(Continued from page 43)

doesn't amount to much which displeases us most.

A fellow who had lived a pretty strenuous life—he had plenty of troubles in his day—confessed that the greatest disappointment in his life was when he was a boy, and crawled under a tent to see what he thought was a circus but discovered it was a revival meeting.

• • •

THE difference between man and woman is that a man will pay two

dollars for a dollar article that he needs and a woman will pay one dollar for a two dollar article that she doesn't need!

• • •

We expected friends from a little hamlet out in Wisconsin. It was many years since we had seen them. Ruby warned me. "Please remember that these simple country folk are different from us. Our language and customs are foreign to them. We live in another world, so far as they're concerned."

I pshawed the idea. Living in New York has made a New Yorker out of me. A leopard can't change his spots.

But I was prepared for our rural visitors, and looked forward to showing them the town. We met them at the depot. As we drove from Grand Central Terminal to our little home not far away, there was much craning of necks. They—man, wife, fourteen-year-old daughter and nineteen-year-old sor—wanted to see the high buildings.

But they weren't yokels by a long shot. They knew more about New York than I did. They knew exactly how many floors the Empire State Building contained; how long Broadway was; how many people lived in New York; the principal streets; the tallest buildings; the best churches; the biggest department stores; the points of greatest interest. And when it came to life on Broadway, they were so far ahead of me, it wasn't even funny. They knew the names of the orchestra leaders in every hotel, and night club.

And they understood the New York patois better than I did. Yes, sir. They talked more like the typical New Yorker than the New Yorkers do themselves! Radio has done all that.

Believe me, I know and love New York a lot better since these out-of-town friends visited us. Instead of showing them the town, they showed me!

CHILDREN know how to live. They know how to enjoy the day before them. They do not clutter up their minds with a lot of rubbish about the dim future. They are happy, and you will be happy, too, if for a little time you can again become as a child. Carefree, reckless, happy, abandoned! You will go back to problems that seemed insurmountable and they will be easy. Enemies will not seem so pernicious to you, and friends will be dearer. Alas, elders take life too seriously. Look at the children. They know how to live!

AN "Apology" to a hungry alley cat seen through a coal hole grating on Sixth Avenue; gleaned from a newspaper clipping:

"You plead so wistfully, you poor beggar cat, as from your hole in the cellar you mew up to me. What have you done that fate treats you so meanly? What two-legged creature denies you the sun? Your little green eyes look up to me kindly; you beg me so humbly for freedom and for sun. My people rush by you bent on their business, with no time for sympathy, no time to caress. You are so dirty with soot from your dark, dingy prison, you poor hungry beggar cat, forlorn and forgotten. How little you need to make you a happy cat—some left-over milk, some liver, a hand-pat. But we cannot stop, because we're in a hurry. Good-bye—beggar cat. You know I'm so sorry! You do not curse me, like some human beggars do. You just turn your pleading eyes to others that pass. But they glance at you carelessly and hurry along. Poor, sooty alley cat, down in your cellar—down in the coal-hole, shut out from the sun."

Best definition of an optimist: A fellow who doesn't care what happens in this world so long as it doesn't happen to him.

Tower Radio, June, 1934

MAYBELLINE eye make-up lends glamour to "smart 25"

MAYBELLINE eye make-up adds charm to "sweet 16"

MAYBELLINE eye make-up takes 10 years from "only 38"



Maybelline

EYE MAKE-UP

beautifies
EVERY TYPE

BEAUTIFUL eyes are your best asset at any age. Study the types shown above and see how each age is made charming by the addition of Maybelline Mascara to darken the lashes, Maybelline Eye Shadow to delicately shade the eyelids, and Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil to form graceful, expressive eyebrows. Then there is the delightful Maybelline Eyelash Grower, a pure, nourishing cream that will stimulate the natural growth of the lashes when applied nightly before retiring. Last, but not least, is the dainty, yet strongly constructed, Maybelline Eyebrow Brush for brushing and training the brows and lashes. Try these five famous eye beautifiers today and learn why over ten million women insist on genuine Maybelline eye beauty aids—for highest quality, purity, and harmless effectiveness. Purse sizes of all Maybelline eye cosmetics may be had at 10¢ each at all leading 10¢ stores.



MAYBELLINE eye make-up beautifies dignity of "queenly 35"



Black or Brown



Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil

smoothly forms the eyebrows into graceful, expressive lines, giving a perfect, natural effect. Of highest quality, it is entirely harmless, and is clean to use and to carry. Black and Brown.



Maybelline Eye Shadow

delicately shades the eyelids, adding depth, color and sparkle to the eyes. Smooth and creamy, absolutely pure. Blue, Brown, Blue-Grey, Violet, and Green.



Maybelline Eyebrow Brush

Regular use of this specially designed brush will train the brows to lie flat and smooth at all times. Extra long, dainty-grip handle, and sterilized bristles, kept clean in a cellophane wrapper.



Maybelline Eyelash Grower

pure and harmless, stimulates the natural growth of the eyelashes and eyebrows. Apply before retiring.



ZIP
PERFUMED
DEPILATORY
CREAM

Just spread on Zip Depilatory Cream, and rinse off. It instantly removes every vestige of hair; eliminates all fear of stimulated growths. It is as delightful as your choicest cold cream, and by far the most popular depilatory cream today. Get your tube and you will marvel at this white, perfumed cream. Twice the size . . . half the price.

TO DESTROY HAIR PERMANENTLY

ZIP IT'S OFF because IT'S OUT **EPILATOR** The only Epilator available for actually destroying hair growths. Pleasant to use. Simple. Quick. ZIP leaves no trace of hair above the skin . . . no prickly stubble later on . . . no dark shadow under the skin. Ideal for *face*, as well as arms, legs and body. Special ZIP Kit now \$1.00.

Treatment or FREE Demonstration at

Madame Berthe
SPECIALIST

562 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK (46th ST.)

ZIP Cream Deodorant



At last, a physician's prescription for eliminating odors. This delightful cream, applied with finger tips, acts immediately. Especially large container . . . 10c

Take Your Problems to the Voice of Experience

(Continued from page 35)

solution of the problem of your sister and her husband does not lie in which is right—marriage for life or easy access to a divorce court—but is more fundamental than that.

Suppose they do get a divorce and both remarry. Both failed the first time. Neither of them knows why they failed. What chance have they for success in a second marriage?

You'd be surprised, Bobby, to know how few who divorce one partner, because they feel they will be happier with another, find the happiness that they are seeking.

The trouble with both of these individuals is that they are trying to get more out of marriage than they are willing to put into it. Your sister is resigned to her unhappiness because of a vow. Her husband wishes to seek happiness elsewhere. No, happiness is not a goal—is not a condition that can be sought after and earned or bought. It is a feeling of contentment which comes as a by-product of services rendered, love expressed, unselfishness personified.

The thing for both your sister and her husband to do is to sit down and make mental note of their difficulties, their disagreements, the causes of their bickering and malcontent; trace those things back to their source and eliminate the original causes. If this cannot be done and their religious views are not against it they are better off apart, regardless of the happiness equation. But, if the causes can be eliminated, they will be surprised to find that real happiness comes unsought as a result of one's attitude toward life and toward his intimates. And the problem will solve itself much more quickly than to establish which is right and which is wrong.

DEAR VOICE OF EXPERIENCE:

My boy-friend is twenty-four and I am twenty-eight. I have seen him steadily for one year three times a week. We wrote for your questionnaires containing one hundred questions to determine whether or not our marriage would be successful. Although our percentages were fairly high, there are some vital points in which there are disagreements.

First: We are of different religious faiths and argue continually about religion. Second: Each of us has a former sweetheart whom we are unable to forget. Third: He is continually finding fault with me, which I resent.

Sunday night I told him we had better part as friends now than to discover after marriage that we had made a mistake. But we ended by kissing and making up until another argument starts.

What is your opinion of our contemplated marriage?

BETTY.

ANSWER:

What is my opinion? The same as that of any sensible person not blinded by a misconception of life. "Forewarned is forearmed." Radical religious disagreement is in itself sufficiently important to cause considerable fore-

thought when a life partnership is being considered. The fact that both of you are interested in former lovers shows clearly that neither of you is ready for marriage; and if he is fault-finding with you now and making odious comparisons, certainly you can only expect a continuation and an aggravation of this after the ceremony.

The best advice I can possibly give is that the next time one of these arguments starts, instead of kissing and making up as lovers, you shake hands and part as friends. And I am not trying to be facetious, either.

DEAR VOICE OF EXPERIENCE:

I am thirteen, almost fourteen, a freshman in High School, and although you may think I am quite young to have the thoughts I do, I believe that I should be allowed to plan things for myself. I am old enough to know what I want to do.

I see no harm in going out nights like other girls do, but mother will not permit it. She does allow me to have my boy-friend come to our house. He is swell, clean-cut, sensible. Both my parents like him. I know a lot about love and know the real from the false. In fact, I know as much about love now as I ever will; and what I want is to be able to plan my own life.

Won't you help mother and father to see things my way?

MISS H.

ANSWER:

I could devote my entire column to answering you and not exhaust the subject. But I must be brief.

You say that you know all that you will ever know about love. I thought that, too, when I was in my teens. But after spending twenty-five years of hard study and having received over two and a half million letters, most of which revolved around this subject, I frankly admit to you that I learn new things every day about this important factor in human life.

Although this is not what you wish, it is what you need, when I tell you that I congratulate your mother and father upon allowing you to entertain your boy-friend at home. I also commend them for being interested in your whereabouts and your companions after darkness. But I cannot commend you on the over abundance of egotism which your letter displays.

Nature has so constructed us that we do not reach our mental, emotional or physical maturity until we have arrived at our twenty-first year or more. You haven't traveled two-thirds that distance and yet you feel that you know more than your parents, who have long since completed their maturity.

What you need to do, little girl, is to get a proper sense of values and through some experience or other to learn that a child of thirteen is, as a usual thing, far from ready to assume the responsibilities of maturity.

DEAR VOICE OF EXPERIENCE:

I am a young woman of twenty-seven. My husband is thirty-seven. We have been happily married two and

a half years. Except for one thing our happiness is complete—and that is—much as we both love children it just seems that God will not answer our prayer and let us have one of our very own.

When others have many children and don't want them, why would a just and merciful God refuse our prayer when we are not only anxious for children, but able to do much for them?

EMPTY ARMS.

ANSWER:

My childless friend, I never receive a letter such you have just penned to me but that I feel a sympathetic ache for the one who writes of a void so noticeable in a home where husband and wife are anxious for children.

Briefly, for I must be brief, we should not blame Deity for a condition such as you describe, because one of two things is inevitably the cause: a congenital condition passed down to you or your husband, which was not God's fault, or, (as is many times the case), lack of understanding of dietetics and hygiene, both of which have to do with procreation.

Because my space here is limited, let me suggest that you write me a letter in care of TOWER RADIO and ask for a little booklet of mine called, "The Childless Home," which will answer your question very adequately. I'll be glad to send this to anyone who cares to send me a self-addressed envelope or a three cent stamp. It offers at length, material which should prove beneficial.

DEAR VOICE OF EXPERIENCE:

My daughter, twenty-six years old, has been running around with her former employer, a married man and a father. Because I forbid her bringing him to the house, she left home a few weeks ago, calling me the vilest names she could think of.

What should I do to break up this affair and bring my daughter home where she belongs?

BROKEN-HEARTED MOTHER.

ANSWER:

While I am most sympathetic, my friend, I am compelled to remind you that your daughter is twenty-six years old and, therefore, a free moral agent. Your duty to her should have been, and probably was, discharged in bringing her to maturity. But when a child becomes of age, if that child decides to leave home, there is no state that has enacted laws which will aid the mother in returning the prodigal girl or boy.

Although your heart may bleed because of her waywardness, sometimes the school of experience is the only teacher that will bring a girl or boy to sensible reasoning and although I know that this is not the reply that you expect, my advice is to pray for your daughter's welfare and, if possible, to offer her motherly counsel, but at the same time to remember that it is her life she is living and, although I don't condone her actions, it is not my business to interfere and, in kindness, let me say it is not your business either.

(Please turn to page 79)

THE VOICE OF EXPERIENCE
answers readers' questions
only for
TOWER RADIO

Equals \$1 to \$3
Brands in Quality



yet FAOEN BEAUTY AIDS
COST ONLY 10¢

Every smart woman knows that it's the purity of the cosmetics she uses and not the price she pays that protects her complexion and enhances her beauty! So when a famous firm of analytical chemists certified that...

"every Faoen product tested is as pure and fine as products of like nature sold for \$1, \$2 and \$3"...

the loveliest women in America promptly became Faoen-wise! Try Faoen Beauty Aids! They are exquisite as well as economical.

PARK & TILFORD'S
FAOEN

(FAY-ON)

Beauty Aids

● CLEANSING CREAM • COLD CREAM
FACE POWDER • ROUGES • PERFUMES

10¢ each at
F. W. Woolworth Co Stores

This is the
MODERN WAY
to
prevent odor



HERE is the new easy-to-use deodorant. Instantly it gives protection for the day! Never before has the problem of perspiration odor been so neatly and effectively solved.

Just hold Perstik like a lipstick—and apply. Fingers and nails never touch the deodorant itself. No wonder the beauty advisers to more than 10 million women hail Perstik as the perfect way to underarm freshness.

Awarded the Good Housekeeping Seal of Approval

The wives of thousands of American physicians prefer Perstik because it cannot irritate the skin, even after shaving. Nor can it injure fabrics. Use it the first thing in the morning, and slip right into your dress.

Say goodbye forever to the fear of abhorrent body odor. The daily use of Perstik keeps you sure of yourself at all times.

In buying Perstik, be certain to get real Perstik, in the handsome new black-and-ivory case with the name "Perstik" right on the cap. Perstik is sold at all stores from coast to coast. Perstik, 469 Fifth Avenue, New York City.



Perstik
THE EASY-TO-USE DEODORANT

Mike Surprises

(Continued from page 41)

the broadcast went on that night with great credit to the participants. Again the fans, at the time, never realized the trouble the sponsor had had to bring the regular show to their ears.

Gertrude Berg, author of "The Goldbergs," who also plays the part of Molly Goldberg, adopted a rule this past Winter of always looking at a script before she goes on the air. It happened this way: one night she was handed her part but continued a conversation with a fellow player. The signal came and the show started. Jake began reading his lines to which Molly was to reply. She suddenly discovered to her horror, that the script she held in her hand was for the following day. There was nothing to do but improvise, which she did throughout the entire performance.

At the all-important audition which won for them a place on the Camel Caravan program, Chase Taylor and Bud Hulick, better known as Colonel Stoopnagle and Budd, successfully "ad-libbed" the entire second half of their offering, when they were unable at the critical moment to find their script. Camel officials, gathered around the board room of their Winston-Salem offices to listen to the audition which was carried to them by special wire, thought the comedians were very, very funny. But neither the Colonel nor Budd at the time thought their predicament was very, very funny at all.

Charles Day, basso member of the Eton Boys, was scheduled on a broadcast to do an impersonation of George Givot. He appeared with a laryngeal affection which made him sound less like Givot but more like Jimmy "Schnozzle" Durante. While the show was in progress over the air hasty revisions were made in the script to permit Day to present "Inka Dinka Do" which he sang without a chance to rehearse Mr. Durante's well-known special number.

On an occasion when Ethel Waters, the blues singer, was engaged as guest artist on a General Motors program, the star was also appearing at a theater in New York's Harlem, where the colored actress is a great favorite among her people. The audience responded vociferously demanding encore after encore. When she attempted to leave with only twenty minutes to spare to reach the broadcasting studio, there was a near-riot. They just wouldn't let her go. And that was that. Word reached the frantic producers just after the program took the ether. Improvisations of all kinds were hastily devised to save the show and somehow the program came out all right.

WILL ROGERS on the final broadcast of his Good Gulf Oil series a couple of months ago failed to reach the studio on time when the program was switched from New York to Hollywood. Harried radio officials adopted all kinds of expedients from evoking unusually long rounds of applause to enlisting the microphone appearance of the president of the oil company, who happened to be in the audience. Mr. Rogers finally arrived puffing; he had been delayed in a dense fog.

We asked Don Stauffer, who directs many shows for an agency during the year to recall some incidents illustrating the adage "the show must go on." He said:

"I think the weekly broadcasts from Admiral Byrd at Little America in behalf of Grapenuts, tops everything. Because of the atmospheric conditions involved, the unexpected radio engineering problems, we never know until the last minute whether we will be able to bring Little America over the 9,000 miles to Big America. On the studio floor we have had to devise impromptu entertainment running from two minutes upward when something suddenly has gone wrong. Despite all the extra music we have, together with scripts conforming to two or five or ten minutes, well, many times it just won't work out and we have to cut or 'ad lib' on the spur of the moment. Recently, there were crossed signals right here in our studio and we had a couple of minutes of 'dead air.' But, we have managed somehow with this single exception to keep some sounds going out over the air."

Last Christmas, their sponsor telephoned the studio to inquire why the Rhythm Girls had not up to that moment included a Christmas carol in their selections. Well, they just hadn't and with only three minutes to spare, Charles Bates, their arranger, made a hasty arrangement of "Silent Night" which the girls seized and sang with fervor, hoping that it sounded all right.

EDWIN C. HILL, Barbasol's interesting interpreter of the American scene, reached for his glasses one evening in a Columbia studio, as Louis Dean was introducing the editor-star to the radio audience. Mr. Hill, who simply can not read without the aid of spectacles, in vain turned pockets inside out—he had left his ocular aids at home. Louis Dean snatched the script, and made a praiseworthy effort to imitate the timbre of Mr. Hill's voice in his reading of the script. Now Mr. Hill wears his eye glasses attached to a long black string around his neck.

Bob Taplinger of Columbia, who is master of ceremonies of a house program known as "Meet the Artist," in which stars are interviewed out of character, told us this one:

"The show almost didn't go on the time I had Guy Lombardo on my program. Guy was playing at a summer roadhouse and it was necessary for me to put the program on from a corner of the dining room. Guy had just finished dinner and the microphone on the table was surrounded by dishes. Just as we took the air, a new waiter of foreign extraction, came through a door and the first thing he grabbed was the microphone—of all things—and started away with it. Still talking, Guy and I had to take hold of the startled waiter, get our microphone replaced, at the same time making certain that the servant did not become an unexpected radio actor. We managed to keep to our lines although we both were almost doubled up with laughter before the broadcast was over."

The show had to go on in two places the night that Arthur Pryor, Jr., decided to present to "March of Time" listeners a three-minute excerpt of Gertrude Stein's modernistic opera, "Four Saints in Three Acts." The cast of thirty colored actors, attired in bothersome cellophane costumes, had to be brought from the Forty-fourth

(Please turn to page 79)

Floorwalker to Star

(Continued from page 28)

the chorus. Anyway, the man in the glassed-in box, control room if you'd rather, was complaining. After quite a while, it was time for Conrad Thibault to sing his song, "Gwine to Hebben," the words of which were written by Clement Wood. Most singers sing so close to the microphone that the audience in the studio can't hear them. But Mr. Thibault promised to sing loud enough for us to hear him. He stepped a few feet back from the mike. "I'm going to let her loose," he said. And he did.

When he finished, there was complete silence. Then the voice of the man in the control room came through the loudspeaker. "That," he said, "was the nuts."

Conrad Thibault makes most other singers seem like a lot of sissies. He is an artist who knows music and how to sing it. There isn't a touch of the crooner in him. Music does something to him. When he first heard Debussy's "Afternoon of a Fawn," the opening notes impressed him so that he doesn't remember what happened until he heard the applause at the finish. He has always heard and sung good music and I imagine that, if left to himself, his choice of the songs he would sing, would be excellent.

He admires Bing Crosby and he thinks he has a fine voice. He likes the Dorsey Brothers' orchestra records and Joe Venuti, as who doesn't. He likes Glen Gray. But he prefers a Victrola to a radio, principally because he can listen to what he wants to hear. He gets tired of hearing things like "Trees" and the "Indian Love Call."

When I asked him what song he would like to sing if he could sing just one more song and never sing again, a silly question, he said, "Smilin' Through." And then he laughed. "Don't you think that's a pretty song?"

"I think it's terrible," I said. So we left it at that. Mr. Thibault has a perverted sense of humor.

He doesn't want to sing in opera because he thinks opera is artificial and his greatest ambition is to give a series of concerts. He doesn't think he is good enough to try it yet. He thinks John Charles Thomas is swell.

He was born in Northbridge, Massachusetts, twenty-eight years ago on Friday, the thirteenth, and moved to Northampton when he was fourteen. When he was seventeen, he went into the choir of the Episcopal Church where he attracted the attention of Calvin Coolidge. And that, ladies and gentlemen, is something! I don't know whether or not Mr. Coolidge was an inspiration to him. I didn't dare ask. Anyway, Coolidge and the organist of the church encouraged him to develop his voice. He came to New York where he got a job as floorwalker at Franklin Simon's. I believe in the Fifth Avenue stores, they call them section managers. So never be rude to a floorwalker at Franklin Simon's again, because he might turn out to be Conrad Thibault. "I started in the millinery department," he told me. "And worked up to the Junior Misses Underwear."

"Why not the Misses Underwear?" I asked, a little disparagingly.

"I was under age," he said.

(Please turn to page 76)



**DANCE? DON'T RUB IT IN,
GWEN! IT'S ALL I CAN DO
TO WALK AT THIS TIME OF
THE MONTH!**

**FIDDLESTICKS! YOU ARE
COMING, BECAUSE I CAN
TELL YOU HOW TO AVOID
ANY PERIODIC PAIN.**



AND SHE DID!

(Thanks to Midol)

How to End Periodic Pain:

Yes, the girl who once gave-in to periodic pain has found a way to snap out of it.

Even those women who have always been "knocked flat" may now menstruate in perfect comfort.

The treatment is explained here. It's simple. It's perfectly harmless. It doesn't interfere with Nature's necessary process; all it does is block the pain. And this is all you have to do:

Watch the calendar.
Just before your time, take a tablet of Midol, followed by a large glass of water. The usual



pains may not start at all. But if you feel one twinge, take a second tablet.

That's all! Relief is complete, and lasts several hours. Two tablets will see you through your worst day. Menstruating becomes merely an incident. No need to "favor" yourself, or "keep off your feet." Keep your dates, and keep active.

Midol is not a narcotic. Don't be afraid of the speed with which it takes hold. Don't hesitate to try it, for it has helped thousands of desperate cases. Just ask the druggist for Midol—today, so you'll be prepared.



NOW COLOR YOUR LINGERIE

THIS NEW WAY
that LASTS
and LASTS
and LASTS!
as ordinary
"surface colors"
never can!



It's simply marvelous the way color STAYS IN when you use Rit—so clear, so sparkling, so professional—it never looks "dye," never stiffens the material.

And the new Rit is easier to use than ever before—very different from the Rit of a few years ago—different from any other product you have ever used. Just break off part of the tablet—watch it dissolve like lump sugar—notice that Rit doesn't dust out of the package like powder dyes—doesn't leave specks of undissolved dye around the bowl. That's why you never have streaks and spots. And notice how the fabric itself soaks in the color—because of one patented element in Rit that no other tint or dye possesses. Be sure you get Rit.



33 Rit Colors—a complete color range to meet every need. Easy to use—lovely in every shade—and so LASTING—Rit will help you to dress attractively, brighten your home and economize sensibly!

✓ 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.

Floorwalker to Star

(Continued from page 75)

NORMA SHEARER was his Dream Princess about this time and he saw her when she came in the store. "I still remember that her favorite color was green," he said.

Hope Hampton used to come in the store, too. Later he made his debut with her. But he never told her that he once sold her underwear.

He sang for a while with a dance orchestra and, finally, tried for a scholarship, which he won, at the Curtis Institute of Music. He started his studies under one of the greatest of baritones, Emilio de Gogorza. De Gogorza and his wife, Emma Eames, have been the backbone of Thibault's musical life. In his second term at the Institute, he was given a contract by the Philadelphia Grand Opera Company, which wasn't bad for a young singer.

He stayed at the Curtis Institute five years, appearing during this time with the opera company and working up from small parts to better ones. During the Summers he went abroad to study with the best European teachers.

He began making Red Seal Victor records and became a best seller almost immediately.

In Philadelphia, he did some radio work and when he came back to New York, he fitted in immediately on some feature programs over the National Broadcasting network. You probably heard him in the "Through the Opera Glass" series last year with Archer Gibson. He is featured on three commercial programs, Maxwell House, Castoria and Hudson. And he certainly has one of the finest voices in the whole radio world.

He is not easy to interview because he doesn't like to talk about himself. I think he knows exactly how good he is and doesn't want to say anything that might lead you to believe that he thought he was better than that.

He is one of four children, all boys, the third from the top, to be exact. None of the rest of them are musical. He might have picked up his taciturnity from Coolidge.

That's fame for you.

The Do Re Mi Girls

(Continued from page 28)

cherry juice so she helped herself to a bottle of red wine which she found on a shelf. What a lot of pennies she reaped that day. The kids thought it was the best lemonade they ever tasted and kept coming back for more. In no time at all they were spinning on their ears and doing high dives off the grand piano.

IN the midst of the revelry Mrs. Ross returned home. She took one look at the cock-eyed kids and then made a bee-line for the kitchen. The empty wine bottle told the story. She managed to get the children sobered up and sent them home. When the last one had departed Miss Evelyn was informed in no uncertain language that her career as a neighborhood dancing instructress was at an end.

Evelyn then turned philanthropic. With the aid of sister Maybelle she began putting on "benefit" shows to aid suffering families. The girls made their own costumes and arranged their own songs and dances. All of their neighbors in the Bronx who attended these "benefits" were unanimous in agreeing that the Ross kids were just as good as professionals.

It was, of course, inevitable that Evelyn and Maybelle should land on the stage. If they had had their way they would doubtless have stepped directly from the cradle to the footlights. But Papa Ross was old-fashioned enough to want to keep his daughters at home. So they waited until one Summer when he went to Europe on a business trip. No sooner had the ship shoved off from the pier than Evelyn and Maybelle stepped out and got themselves a vaudeville contract. Everything was hunky-dory until papa returned. Then the trick was to keep him from finding out what they were doing. In order to do this they managed to secure out-of-town bookings and papa was informed that they were visiting relatives in the country. Eventually,

however, the girls had to confess all.

Ann Balthy had no such parental objections to hurdle. She started out to be a dancer and appeared in the revues of Boris Petroff and John Murray Anderson, including "Blossom Time" and "The Three Musketeers." Singing was a sideline with her until she met the Ross Sisters.

Abe Lyman gave the girls their first radio opportunity. They sang with his orchestra for four weeks and were then given a contract by CBS.

ALL three of the girls are single. At present they are being kept so busy that they don't even have time for dates. And that, you must admit, is a pretty sad state of affairs.

"No man wants to date a girl whose life is just one stop watch after another," says Maybelle.

Recently they were appearing on programs emanating from both New York and Washington. In order to keep the Washington date they had to fly to the capital. They had never been in a plane before and all three confess that they were just plain scared to death. The weather had been perfect up until they arrived at the airport. But scarcely had they taken off when the winds began to blow, the thunder rolled, and the plane did everything but nose-dive. Between New York and Washington they made three forced landings. By the time the girls finally reached the broadcasting studio their vocal chords were practically petrified.

"And almost the same thing happened every time we made the flight," they told me. "We thought each time would be our last. How we ever managed to sing after those trips will always be one of the unsolved mysteries. It's a good thing the radio audience wasn't able to see us, for our faces were pale green from air sickness and our knees were so wobbly we could scarcely stand."

The Singing Lady

(Continued from page 29)

background music into the key for his newly composed song. Consequently, when Ireene reaches the lyric she can begin to sing without any interruption or pause. Thus the song is moulded into the narrative, and this has proved to be extremely effective.

The extemporaneous accompaniment of Allan Grant's is undoubtedly a feature of the program, as Ireene readily admits. It does a great deal to create the proper mood for the best interest of the story. Ireene owes much to Allan Grant, including, perhaps, her presence on the program itself. It occurred in this way:

Ireene's first radio job was with WLS in Chicago, where Bill Vickland met Miss Wicker as she toured around looking for a chance. "I'll give you a part right away," Vickland said, when approached, "but I'll kick you out if you can't act." He was convinced on trial that Ireene could act, and for thirteen weeks she appeared in a serial called "Betty and Bob"—not the program of that title now on the air.

Following this she was on the Farm network for two years in a dramatic stock company directed by David Owen. Three actors did all the parts, and Ireene became proficient in doubling which was later to prove of great assistance. Following this job, Ireene was called in for an audition as The Singing Lady, a character which the Kellogg Company had conceived, principally with the idea that the program should be composed of fairy tales exclusively.

IREENE survived the first trials, but suggested that the constant broadcast of fairy tales would tend to become monotonous, and urged that the program be made more flexible. The sponsors liked the idea and told the remaining contestants to go home and write an original script, to be auditioned the next day. Ireene hurried home and composed a story interspersed with the famous children's songs about Christopher Robin.

The audition, on the following day, proved again the important part that Luck plays in the turn of events. It so happened that the man chosen to accompany the contestants in the presentation of their original scripts was Allan Grant—and Ireene had worked with Allan before, in the early days of her radio career. Allan cooperated in working out the music for her, and when Ireene auditioned, he sold the show in every way his ten fingers could devise. She got the job—and a contract for fifty-two weeks.

Ireene was then faced with the thought of turning out six shows a week for a year—and was somewhat appalled. She refuses to imagine what her feelings would have been if she had known that the next three years were to require her to turn out about a million words of radio continuity.

AS a background for her present eminence, Ireene remembers dramatizing at home every story told her in kindergarten, but it is safe to assume that one out of every ten children possesses this instinct in greater or less degree. So it wasn't until
(Please turn to page 81)

Tower Radio, June, 1934

READ **FREE** OFFER BELOW

YOUR EYES



Before

After

ARE YOUR FORTUNE

by **LOUISE ROSS**

For 10c you can give your eyes an utterly new effect—interesting, attractive. That I promise. So why not try this easy, inexpensive way? Just buy my Winx Mascara (cake or liquid) and darken your lashes. Note

how much better you look. Some faces are utterly changed—weak-looking eyes are given a new, irresistible lure. Since 10c is all it costs, why should you be content without proper eye make-up?



3 FINAL TOUCHES OF ALLURE

In addition to beautifying your lashes, buy a 10c Winx Brow Pencil and a 10c Winx Eye Shadow—they come in various attractive shades. By using my three eye beautifiers, you'll be amazed at the charming results. So will your friends.

LONG, LOVELY LASHES . . . SO EASY . . . JUST ACCENT WITH WINX

Thousands of girls are now using my Winx eye beautifiers—so why neglect *your* eyes. Face powder, rouge and lipsticks are necessary, I agree, but the eyes must have the proper make-up, else they look weak, unattractive. I have just published a complete treatise called "Lovely Eyes—How to Have Them."

Please send for a free copy. It tells how to glorify the eyes, what to do if they seem too far apart, too close, too small, too staring, what to do for lines and wrinkles, etc., etc. It is the most complete book on the eyes ever published, you'll agree. Mail the coupon NOW for your free copy. Note special offer.

WINX EYE BEAUTIFIERS

AT ALL
10¢
STORES



FREE

Mail to LOUISE ROSS
243 W. 17th St., New York City
T.M.-6

Name.....

Street.....

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

If you also want a generous trial package of Winx Mascara, enclose 10c, checking whether you wish Cake or Liquid Black or Brown.



The Brides of five generations ago . . . like



today's Brides . . . prized fine needlework,



stitched with smooth, even, elastic threads,



Coats or Clark's Best Six Cord. The spool-



end that says Coats or Clark's is your guide to good thread that does not fray or tangle.

FOR MORE THAN A CENTURY . . . AS TODAY



THE TWO GREAT NAMES IN THREAD

COOKING OVER THE AIR



Copyright, Harris and Ewing, Washington, D. C.

The voice of the U. S. Bureau of Home Economics.

Thirteen million listeners a week tune in to Ruth Van Deman

SURELY she is one of the best talkers in Washington—when thirteen million citizens listen to her every week and then write in for more recipes and more facts about health, diet and nutrition. But Ruth Van Deman is also one of the best listeners. She is a good, practical, housewifely person herself as well as an expert in the Bureau of Home Economics, but she likes nothing better than to call at the laboratory of one of the government scientists and find out what he or she knows that might be of help or interest to the woman at home. One week she will explain in words that you can readily understand, but with scientific accuracy, just why alkaline foods will help prevent colds, and another week she tells in words that make your mouth water the best way to roast a turkey.

Miss Van Deman's radio career began about eight years ago when she helped to start "Housekeepers' Chats" a script radio service issued from Washington by the Department of Agriculture, to local stations all over the United States. For four years she planned menus for this service under the character of the "Menu Specialist." This service still continues to interest Miss Van Deman but she no longer plans the menus. Aunt Sammy's Radio Recipes, revised with 90 menus and 400 recipes is an outgrowth of this service. Over 700,000 copies of the book have been distributed and it is still on sale by the Superintendent of Documents, Government Printing Office, Washington, for ten cents a copy.

In 1930 Miss Van Deman took a year's leave of absence from her government work and helped plan menus for Colonel Goodbody's morning broadcast "Our Daily Food." The present once-a-week broadcast on the Farm and Home Hour dates from March, 1932, an NBC network program, with 48 stations. You can hear her at 12:30 P.M. any Thursday.

Few women know more about food than Miss Van Deman and few have a better understanding of what American women want to know about what they eat. Yet she never takes an academic attitude toward household affairs.

"I sometimes think," she tells you, "that this food question is a lot like others we are up against. We hunt for some complicated way out, and we pass by the simple common sense ideas and strain after the freakish ones. Maybe the idea of a good well-balanced diet made up of a variety of common foods in season is just too simple. But we believe that it's the safest and sanest way to good health. Anyway, good-bye for this time."

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.

Take Your Problems to the Voice of Experience

(Continued from page 73)

DEAR VOICE OF EXPERIENCE:

Would you kindly advise me where there is a hospital where I can take a course in male nursing? I have tried in my own city but was unable to be placed in a hospital due to a full class.

Thanking you for any information you may forward me and wishing you success.

CLIFFORD.

ANSWER:

Frankly, Clifford, I don't know where such a hospital is located, but I have had other problems similar to this submitted to me in response to my broadcasts and my column, and almost invariably when I ask the assistance of my listeners or readers I receive many helpful replies.

Certainly some reader of this column will know where there is such an institution and I hope that he or she, in friendship and a desire to be of help to one who is anxious to advance himself, will write me and give me the information desired.

I have your name and address, Clifford, and as soon as I receive this information I will forward it to you. And in your behalf and mine I want to thank any one who is kind enough to assist us.

Mike Surprises

(Continued from page 74)

Street Theatre, West of the Gay White Way, to the Columbia studios, three blocks cross-town and eight blocks uptown, all in the densest traffic, in time to make the broadcast and then returned in time to appear before the theater audience.

"It required the closest timing all around," said Mr. Pryor. "We had to get permission to park a bus on the wrong side of a one-way street. We had to arrange to get the thirty men and women with their cellophane clothes into the studio and in front of a mike while another episode was going on in the same room. Then after they had done their act, to keep our word that the other show must go on without delay, by getting them back to the theater. That was the hardest part of the evening as we had to encircle a block because of one-way street rules, which if we had tried to buck, we would have failed as it seemed to us that every automobile in the city was jamming the highway at the time. But both shows went on to the edification of the unseen and the seeing audience."

Yes, the show must go on and the versatility of many an unexpected performer has come to light in an emergency. But radio is like that. A fast-moving business develops quick thinking and adaptability to the needs of the moment.

HOW DO THEY DO IT?

How *can* Woolworth give such values? For example—a crystal necklace with Parisian charm and smartness—for 20c!

And now you can get at Woolworth's a face powder as fine as any \$1 powder—for just 20c! How do they do it?



WANTED: Beautiful Girls

WHO PAY \$1 FOR THEIR FACE POWDER

You are invited to try this sensational new \$1 quality face powder which Woolworth sells for 20c. Read the startling offer.

A \$1 quality face powder for 20c? We think we know what you are going to say...

You are going to say, "I don't believe it!" And, really, we can't blame you.

Yet it is true.

A well-known manufacturer of fine cosmetics went to Woolworth's and said: "I'll sell the entire output of my Embassy Powder exclusively to you. . . You, with your huge organization of over 1800 stores, will be my one and only customer for Embassy. And thus I'll cut my costs of doing business to such a minimum that we'll be able to offer women a real \$1 quality face powder for 20c."

... And now—may we prove it to you? Prove it with an offer so daring, so challenging that it leaves no room for doubt.

Today get a box of Embassy Powder. Feel its exquisite, smooth texture on your face. Like \$1 powders, it is sifted through silk, soft as a cloud, tender as a kiss.

Notice the color of Embassy Powder—true skin tones adorably natural. And notice, too, Embassy's delicate fragrance.

If, after a week's use, you don't think

Embassy is exactly like a \$1 powder, mail it back to Embassy, 71 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C. We will send you, absolutely free, a package of ANY \$1 powder you care to choose. (Offer expires June 15th, 1934.)

In making this offer, we are relying completely on your honesty. And in all honesty—once you try Embassy—you'll say, "This is a \$1 quality powder!"

Other Embassy Aids to Loveliness

Embassy is a complete treatment and make-up line—all \$1 quality products for 20c. Facial Cream (Nourishing)—for wrinkles. Cleansing Cream (Liquefying). Cleansing (Cold) Cream—for dry skins. Skin Freshener (Lotion)—revives circulation. Skin Softener makes make-up natural. Rouge, Lipstick, Eye-Make-up, Perfume.



AT F. W. WOOLWORTH STORES

DO YOU KNOW WHAT THESE GIRLS ARE SAYING?



Can they say this behind your back?

"Why in the world can't someone tell Meg! She looks so plain . . . and she'd be positively lovely if she only knew how to make the most of herself. That's something every woman has to learn."

"Yes, but you just can't make personal remarks to people. And think of the thousands of women who would be beautiful if they only knew how to bring out their good features and hide their unattractive ones."

The Beauty Editor of Tower Magazines has developed a series to show women HOW they can gain new loveliness . . . HOW to make the most of your hair and skin. . . . HOW to choose the colors best for you. . . . HOW to acquire personal charm and good grooming.

Write and ask the Beauty Editor
about learning loveliness

Tower Magazines, Inc.

55 Fifth Avenue New York, N. Y.

Adventuring at Home

(Continued from page 39)

*But the dining room table,
As everyone knows,
Was never intended
For little elbows.*

That poem was sent in by a member of our Magic Circle, and other members often send jokes for us. Here's a joke that one of our listeners sent:

A man was walking down the street when he happened to see a boy in a yard turning somersaults. "Why are you doing those somersaults?" the man asked. "I am a Boy Scout," the lad replied, "and I must do my good turn daily."

ANOTHER thing we like to get from our Magic Circle is a good secret code. Of course, the simplest one is to put numbers instead of letters. That is, you say A is 1, B is 2, C is 3, and so on through the alphabet. Then when you want to write the word "cab" for instance, instead of writing CAB you write 312.

That secret code is very easy, but it will fool people who don't know about it. Another one a listener sent in to us is also easy (when you know how it is done) but it looks very mystifying. In this secret code you just put a letter before and another letter after the real letter that you want to write. Any letter at all will do for the extra ones before and after the real letter. For instance, "Lady Next Door" in this code would look something like this:

L a d y N e x t D o o r

R L o a s d m y b T N w e j x f t s K D b o p o j r l

Do you see how that works? If you know of any good secret codes or can think up one of your own, the boys of the League of the Skull are always glad to hear of them.

Recently when we formed the Robin Hood band of Merry Men and Merry Maids we found out what many of the children in our Magic Circle want to be when they grow up. Many wanted to be lawyers or doctors or teachers or nurses, but there were some unusual answers. One little boy wanted to be a hotel manager or a radio announcer, another wanted to fly airplanes, and another wanted to be a penmanship teacher. One of our girls wanted to be a dancer, another wanted to be a nun, and another wanted to be an interior decorator. All of those are useful activities, and it is good for children to have ambition.

PEOPLE often ask me why I call myself the Lady Next Door. Several years ago, when Jolly Bill and Jane first went on the air, I used to help plan the programs. It was such fun,

working with Jolly Bill and Jane and thinking up stories and adventures for the girls and boys. Then one day we learned that Jolly Bill and Jane were going to be morning visitors on the radio. They were going to help girls and boys get off to school on time.

Well, that was fine, but there was the afternoon, with no stories and adventures for the girls and boys who had been listening in. Then somebody suggested that I fill that Magic Time. I was so happy! Everybody wondered what to call the new Magic Hour. We wanted the girls and boys to know that I wasn't a stranger, coming to take the place of Jolly Bill and Jane, but a sort of Fairy Godmother who already knew them, and who had been hovering about all the time, having adventures with Jolly Bill and Jane—somebody who wasn't any farther away than just next door! And then one day I knew!

In the life of every girl and boy there is always a "lady next door"—somebody who is such fun, who lives not even as far as just around the corner. A lady with a cookie jar and stories—somebody with all kinds of wonderful ideas for making girls and boys have a good time. I decided to be the Lady Next Door. And that's what I've been ever since—to all our radio Magic Circle.

I have a real name, of course, and it happens to be Madge Tucker. I was born in a town in Illinois, where my father owned a department store, and I went to school in Illinois, Missouri, New York and Washington, D. C. I did some work on the stage for a while and then I found out about radio. It seemed like a new magic game. And magic is so much more fun than everyday things, isn't it? So now I write and direct children's programs for the radio, and hear auditions of girls and boys who would like to be on the radio, too.

My apartment in New York has a downstairs floor that I call the Magic Cave, and that's where I go to think up adventures and stories for the girls and boys. I have a long name that tells what I do, too, it's general director of children's programs for the National Broadcasting Company—but I like "The Lady Next Door" best, don't you? Because it always makes me think of our Magic Circle, and the thousands and thousands of girls and boys who are members, and who share adventures and travel together, from Merry Sherwood Forest to the Kingdom-of-the-Finktum-Diddis, who gather each day from all over the world, when the music box calls them, and who sing the Chime Song for good-bye when our big gong sounds, saying that the Magic Hour is over for another day.

In the July TOWER RADIO

The Romance of the A & P Gypsies, Pioneers of the Air

and—

The Story of the Corn Cob Club of Richmond, Virginia

Watch for these Interesting Features

The Singing Lady

(Continued from page 77)

Irene was eleven that something more tangible developed. At this age, in High School, Irene won a declamatory contest which promptly resulted in an offer from the local stock company to appear on the Peoria, Illinois, stage. Parental objection nipped this ambition in the bud, but during the following summer vacation, Irene took the job. Another year in school, another Summer with the stock company, and Irene became more interested in child psychology. She pursued this study with a year at the University of Illinois and another term at the University of Florida, but then the stage claimed her again and she spent two years acting at the Goodman Theatre in Chicago. Among other shows she scored as Alice in "Alice in Wonderland."

And now she does that play on the air, but she does it alone, taking more than twenty parts herself. She also played it many times last Summer in the Children's Theatre on the World Fair's Enchanted Island, where she appeared three afternoons a week. Under a theory that children can be painlessly educated, the Singing Lady has been doing a series of occasional broadcasts on her regular program with dramatized incidents from the lives of great composers—with a background of the artist's music. Thus she has been able to familiarize her small listeners with the best in music. That series ended, she is now building a group of Friday programs to deal with the life of various living celebrities, the first to show incidents in the youth of Mary Pickford. So one day out of the week the child audience emerges from fantasy and imagination to become acquainted with living notables.

Irene Wicker is a small person, dark, vibrant, and sometimes child-like herself. Her two small children are an unconscious test-laboratory of material. Irene is another of those rare and fortunate beings who would rather do what they are paid to do than anything else in the world.

This may account for her success, but beyond that, she has supreme artistry as you will quickly discover on hearing her program. It is difficult to imagine anyone else we know in radio doing as beautiful and sympathetic a job.

Watch for—

What

George M. Cohan

Thinks of Radio

A provocative feature of

the July TOWER RADIO



Shorter'n the Mouse's Tail
in Alice in Wonderland is
DOUBLE MINT'S
beauty secret.

Enjoy this gum
daily and you
will find that
it will help
tone up saggy
muscles of
your face and
neck. Chewing
exercise aids in
keeping a facial
contour that is
young and
beautiful.

Try it
out 5
to 10
minutes
twice
a day.

When
DOUBLE
MINT is
enjoyed
right
after a
meal
it also
helps
keep
your
teeth
white.

©-57

Charlotte Henry, Paramount Featured Player,
Endeared to the Public in Alice in Wonderland

How JOAN got her "MOVIE EYES"



Have the Witching Eyes of the Movie Stars Tonight

You can make your eyes wells of allure... get exactly the same effect the movie and stage stars do—*instantly!* Simply darken the lashes and brows with the wonderful make-up they use—called DELICA-BROW. In a few seconds DELICA-BROW makes your eyes look bigger, brighter... irresistible. Try it tonight. It's waterproof, too. Remember the name, DELICA-BROW. At all toilet goods counters and at the 10c stores.



BUILDING A HOME?

If you are, you'll be interested in these blue prints before you go ahead: Colonial House, Italian House, each 6 rooms. Normandy House, Swiss Chalet, Modernistic House, Spanish House, each 5 rooms. Send 3 cents for each of the blue prints you want to

Tower Magazines, Inc.
55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y.

The Human Alarm Clock

(Continued from page 29)

clerk has been told to ring his apartment at 5:40 and 6:00 A.M. There's little danger of oversleeping!

From the point of view of broadcast hours he's been on the air longer than any other performer. His cheery "one - two - three - four — one - two-three-four—arms high over head" has got more people out of their soft, warm comfortable beds than any other program that was ever thought of.

This business of giving setting-up health exercises over the air was Arthur Bagley's own idea. Athletics was his business and his hobby. Back in 1924, when radio was still a howling, lusty infant, he was living in Newark, New Jersey, and was athletic director of the Y.M.C.A. there. He'd already been a Y.M.C.A. athletic director for twenty-three years. He had organized some 200 athletic meets, gymnastic camps, aquatic meets and displays. He had taught the science of athletic training and organization to professional directors. For several years he had supervised city playgrounds in a New England town. He had taught gymnastics and calisthenics in summer school and organized military athletic carnivals. In short, he knew his stuff.

ONE day he started giving some health talks over Station WOR, which was located in Bamberger's store in Newark. He gave these talks for a few months, and then his Big Idea came to him. Why couldn't he give some simple setting-up exercises over the air? Radio was full of singers and musicians, but this was something new.

He talked his idea over with the executives at Bamberger's store, and they were enthusiastic over it. They saw it would be a swell advertisement for them, so they offered to pay all Arthur Bagley's expenses. Salary? Pshaw! In those days radio was full of enthusiastic amateurs, willing to perform for nothing.

Arthur Bagley was probably the first individual to broadcast setting-up exercises over the air. They caught on like wildfire.

Bagley started giving his setting-up health exercises in June, 1924, over WOR.

One day, the late Robert Lynncox, then vice-president of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, happened to tune in on the program. Instead of some screechy soprano or a comedian telling hoary jokes, he heard a peppy, cheerful voice, telling the listeners in, "One-two-three-four. One-two-three-four—arms high over head—down—up—down—up" while a pianist played a bright, rhythmic accompaniment.

Mr. Lynncox realized that these health exercises would make a marvelous good-will offering for his company. Why, they made exercises fun.

On March 31, 1925, Arthur Bagley began broadcasting over an NBC-WEAF network for the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, and he's been doing his stuff for them ever since.

Usually the only people present at his broadcast are Bagley himself, the engineer who handles the broadcast, and Bagley's pianist, Bill Mahoney, who has been with him for eight years, and who is just as punctual and faithful as Bagley himself.

TODAY, however, is an exception, and we are going up to the twenty-seventh floor of the Metropolitan Tower building to hear Bagley broadcast.

He stands at ease in front of the mike in his everyday clothes. As he talks, he unbuttons his waistcoat, unhooks his watch and puts it in front of him.

His appearance vitiates all your preconceived ideas of what a physical training director will look like. Before I went to see him I decided that probably he'd be stocky and middle-aged, with a huge corporation and rolls of flesh hanging from him. Actually he is middle-aged, but he's also thin, alert and wiry. He's over fifty years of age, but looks as fit as a fiddle.

When he broadcasts he can't relax on any comfortable couch. He can't even sit down or his voice wouldn't sound peppy. He stands as comfortably as he can before the mike from 6:45 A.M. to 8 A.M.

Now the Metropolitan chimes ring out. The bugler sounds the reveille.

"Good-morning, good folks, top of the morning to you," says a cheerful voice, and Bagley is on the air.

Contrary to publicity stories, he doesn't, of course, go through all his exercises while talking through the mike. It would require the ability of a contortionist to do that and still stay close enough to the mike for you to hear him.

Then how does he get his realistic effects? I'll tell you.

On a table near him is a bunch of noise gadgets, which would put a toy shop to shame.

"Stretch," says Bagley. Suddenly you hear the sound of something ripping.

"There go dad's pajamas," says Bagley. "I'm afraid he exercised too hard!"

The noise of the ripping pajamas is caused by a little wooden toy.

When papa kicks too high and you hear the bell ring, it's a bell from an old ambulance you're listening to.

Even the goofus bird which has a head like an elephant, a hump like a camel and the tail of an ostrich and which flies backward to keep the sand out of its eyes, is produced by a little whistle.

There's nothing cut and dried about Bagley's setting-up exercises. In the middle of an exercise, he'll stop counting to dash off some homely bit of philosophy or read a poem that will make you forget your morning grouch. You keep right on exercising while he's reading, because Bill Mahoney's playing of the piano gives you the rhythm.

ONE feature of his program is the bicycle exercise. His listeners-in are supposed to lie on their backs and wave their legs in the air as if pedaling a bicycle. As they pedal, Bagley describes the sights along the route selected for the morning's ride. It may be a trip from Winchester to Boston or from Washington to New York. It doesn't matter. Bagley has spent hours poring over maps and reading books about interesting places along that route, and how he describes them!

I doubt if there's any performer over the air who gets more mail than Arthur Bagley. He gets about 700 or 800 letters a day, or over 20,000 letters

a month. It takes fifteen clerks to answer them.

Where do the letters come from? Who writes them?

They come from every imaginable sort of person, from chorus girls, from inmates of poor-houses, from congressmen and cowboys.

Arthur Bagley gets more requests for exercise charts than anything else. Next come the requests for health pamphlets. The pamphlet on overweight is most popular, then comes the cook book, and then the pamphlet on rheumatism.

Bagley himself gets his exercise by going to a club gymnasium at least two or three times a week. There he takes his setting-up exercises, with some other exercise director giving the orders.

I'm sure you'd like Arthur Bagley if you met him. Enthusiastic as he is over gymnastics, he's no fanatic. He believes in moderation in exercise just as in everything else.

HE believes in moderation in eating, too. He thinks that most people dig their graves with their teeth.

"Why, there's one doctor I know," he told me, "who's always getting sick headaches. He can't understand why. When he sits down to dinner he orders everything from oysters to ice cream. He doesn't skip a thing. The same way with breakfast and lunch.

"He said to me recently, 'Arthur, I don't understand how you keep fit. You don't eat enough to keep a mouse alive.'

"I eat enough to keep this particular mouse alive and running," I told him."

This is what Arthur Bagley eats.

At 6:15 A.M. he has a cup of French coffee and half a slice of whole wheat raisin bread.

At 9:30 A.M. he has some orange juice, another cup of French coffee and another half slice of whole wheat raisin bread.

For lunch he has a salad or a dish of soup.

He has dinner at 6:30 P. M., and it's the only heavy meal he eats during the day. His favorite dish, by the way, is corned beef and cabbage.

He gets to bed before midnight every night. Claims six hours a night is enough sleep for him. But admits that there are other folks who may need more.

In nine years Arthur Bagley has never missed a broadcast, except for a few short vacation periods and three weeks during which he was ill. But so long as it is humanly possible he goes on with his work.

One day he was in the midst of giving an exercise when he began to writhe with pain. He tried to keep his voice cheerful, but great beads of sweat stood out on his forehead.

His pianist, Bill Mahoney, looked up and saw the agony in Arthur Bagley's face. But he could not leave the piano. He kept on playing while Bagley counted out his regular commands in that gay sing-song manner he has: One-two-three-four, One-two-three-four. The minutes slowly dragged by, each minute seeming an age. Finally the exercise came to an end, and Bill played a piano solo while Arthur Bagley got a grip on himself. None of the members of Arthur Bagley's huge gym class dreamed that anything was wrong, but right after the program he was rushed to a hospital and operated on for appendicitis.

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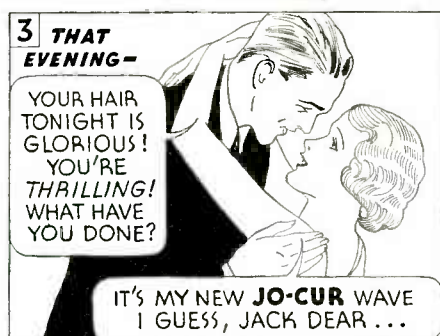
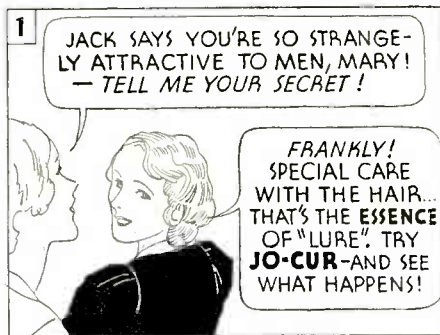
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PAUL RIEGER
233 First St. San Francisco, Calif.

30¢

"Modern Music is Pretty Terrible"

(Continued from page 42)

used to call art artists. And when he is not collecting paintings he is busy himself with the brush. He has managed, even amid his musical work, to find time to paint several portraits which adorn his walls. There is one of himself in sweater vest, shirt open at the neck, which he copied from a photograph. There is one of his grandfather and there is one of his father.

A tuner was brushing up the bass notes of his pianos—he has three of them—as we appeared. Just returned from a successful concert tour, he was working on the final details of his radio programs.

The tour, he said, was immensely profitable in every large city. He would gladly show me the figures were I doubtful. I took his word for it. Only in a few of the smaller towns where financial recovery had not become as progressive as in the large cities and where also his name was not as well known was the attendance below expectations.

He attributed the box office interest to the wide and frequent airing his music had had in the radio towers. Especially the music of the "Rhapsody in Blue." Whiteman and other broadcasting orchestras of concert and dance band variety have dinned this classic of jazz into the eardrums in the last ten years. The Philharmonic fiddlers, when Toscanini wasn't looking, have even given it their expert vividness and vitality, extracting every ounce of its exciting flavor. Extracting it, they have demonstrated how superior the "Rhapsody" is to Gershwin's later compositions, though many of the later works are distinctive in melody and rhythm.

Hearing the "Rhapsody" as well as a countless number of other Gershwin tunes on the airwaves, a vast public was curious as to the personality of the man who wrote them. And here he was on view, seated at a piano on a stage like any virtuoso of the concert hall.

"THE tour," he said, "gave me valuable experience for my radio journey. I was acquiring stage presence for one thing. I was learning the reactions of audiences to my music, how they responded to this tune or that arrangement. With this experience back of me I am more prepared for broadcasting. I'm taking radio seriously as, of course, any entertainer must who wants to get anywhere on the microphone."

He made it plain that radio means something more to him than a medium for easy money. He could easily have assembled the smoother of his rhythms, the tinkler of his tunes; have sat down at a studio keyboard, banged them for the armchairs in the conventional style of an ordinary pianist, resting only to permit the chatter of advertising or the clatter of saxophones and drums.

But he did not do that. He is too painstaking an artist, too intelligent a craftsman to follow the line of least resistance. Instead, he has prepared intricate arrangements of his melodies, worked out programs in which he might offer as many as eight different versions of a tune. And he went to his piano and demonstrated the varied arrangements of his song hit, "I've Got Rhythm," that he had planned.

"I've Got Rhythm" is based upon four notes of the Chinese scale. Gershwin made it sound not only incoherently Chinese but coherently Calloway. He turned it also into a waltz, into something faintly suggestive of Debussy, into high-hat jazz. I wasn't aware he was such a deft manipulator.

He took me to his workshop to let me see with my own eyes the evidence that he orchestrates his own works. There has been a persistent belief that this work was done by others. The report has been current ever since he wrote "Rhapsody in Blue" as the special blue plate for Paul Whiteman's sensational jazz banquet a decade ago in the hitherto inviolate confines of Aeolian Hall. At that time Ferde Grofe was Whiteman's arranger and to him fell the task of orchestrating the "Rhapsody" when the comparatively unknown Gershwin sent over his piano copy. Since then Gershwin has written concertos, a Second Rhapsody, various elaborate compositions for symphony band, and he has orchestrated them all.

I ASKED him which of all the hundreds of songs he has written was his favorite.

"The Man I Love," he replied. "I selected it for my opening broadcast."

He then revealed that he had insisted upon acting as his own announcer and commentator.

"I believe much of the appeal of a musical artist depends upon the feeling of intimacy he can establish with his hearers. I wished to talk to them as if I were a casual guest in their sitting-rooms and had been asked to play something on the piano. Informality is a big aid to a radio artist. It enables him to be more spontaneous, gives him greater confidence, and greater confidence means a better performance."

Gershwin appreciates, of course, that he is not the first concert star to discard ceremony at the microphones. Practically all the topnotch musical artists—the practice, I believe, began with Heifetz—announce their own programs, comment upon the selections they are to play or sing. Gershwin, however, is carrying the custom into deeper ground. Indeed, he is adopting the Damrosch technique, explaining popular music with something of the story-telling manner with which the venerable conductor explains the classics.

"Popular music would have a longer life on the radio, I believe," he told me, "were it accompanied by an interesting story of its history, of how it happened to be written, the often laborious steps it underwent before it saw the light of day."

In his opening broadcast the composer interlarded his playing of "The Man I Love" with a brief sketch of its climb to recognition. With pleasant voice, in modest, friendly tones he told of how the tune was turned down by one publisher after another, of how Lady Mountbatten, hearing it in New York, took it to London, where it became a sensational hit and then, with Helen Morgan as its interpreter, of how it finally repeated its London triumph in this country.

Gershwin is enthusiastic over radio

with the enthusiasm of a pioneer. Radio staggers his imagination, he said. He uses Hollywood's favorite term, "colossal" to describe it. He has a new viewpoint of the much-maligned commercial sponsor.

"The sponsors are the new patrons of art and artists, comparable to the kings and emperors of the Middle Ages. He may overstep the mark occasionally in his advertising talk, but if it were not for him the country today would be much poorer in culture. He is bringing great music into the home—the leading orchestras and artists, to say nothing of the principal actors and comedians. He is widening his own artistic appreciation as evidenced by his recent sponsorship of the Metropolitan Opera and the Philadelphia Orchestra.

"The commercial broadcaster has made it possible for an entertainer to express himself to an audience of millions that otherwise would be limited to one of a few paltry thousands. This is to me the most stupendous fact about radio, the fact that I can sit down at a piano and be heard in every cranny of the land, and over the seven seas as well."

GERSHWIN believes that through radio the public is becoming familiar with music that otherwise would be denied it. Most every noted musical figure upon approaching the microphones for the first time makes this observation, but the composer added a new thought.

I had ventured the remark that the big symphony orchestras cling too rigidly to conservative traditions, that it was possible the public, wearied with constant repetition of the masters and ever desiring something new, might, as heeders of symphonic financial distress calls, insist upon a larger representation of modern music. Particularly the modern music of America.

"Most modern music," he replied, "is pretty terrible."

He thereupon suggested that the broadcasters establish an experimental orchestra which would try out, so to speak, new compositions. If they passed muster with this orchestra then room could be found for them on the programs of the big symphony bands.

"In this way the wheat could be separated from the chaff. The public would hear only superior music. Maestros would satisfy their consciences that they were progressive, alert to the new ideas in music, and broadcasters would have the pleasure of knowing they were performing a notable service in art."

In the meantime George Gershwin has been busy with his broadcasts—there are two of them a week, each of fifteen minutes' duration. The arrangement he said, is experimental. A single half hour once a week, he intimated, may be preferable. The verdict will rest with the armchairs.

And what are you doing in your spare time? I asked.

"I'm writing music," he answered. "I'm setting the Negro play, 'Porgy' to music. I'm trying to get the spirit of the modern Negro into the score."

The idea may stimulate Gershwin to go even further. To express, possibly modern New York, its dazzling, exciting, fabulous character. To write, perhaps, the first American grand opera in jazz.

Of all those dipping their pens in the jazz inkwell he seems best equipped for the job. He's got rhythm.

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FREEZONE

Radio's Plus Fours

(Continued from page 33)

programs; for instance, with George M. Cohan or Will Rogers on the Gulf period, they are the Gulf Headliners, and on the Cities Service hour with Jessica Dragonette, they are the Cities Service Quartet. But no matter what title they sing under The Revelers are still one of radio's best bets.

Black, since those early days in the recording laboratories, has come into great prominence in the radio world, his unique arrangements for The Revelers, and others, proving the springboard from which he landed into his present exalted position as NBC's master musician. Now he works something like sixteen hours a day in fine disregard for NRA regulations and seems to thrive on it. But no matter how busy he gets, no matter how many orchestras he has to direct, no matter how much original music he has to compose, no matter what the thousand and one details demanding his personal attention, Frank Black always finds time to make the arrangements for The Revelers.

VIYING for popularity with The Revelers are The Men About Town, (or The Happy Bakers, depending on which network you are tuned in on) the trio which must be regarded as a quartet because of Arranger Will Donaldson. Frank Luther, second tenor, who was active in organizing the group, was at one time a Reveler but had to drop out because of ill health. Phil Duey, another former Reveler, is the baritone and Jack Parker—no relation to Frank—is the first tenor.

What Donaldson means to them is best expressed in Luther's own words. Says Luther: "Will Donaldson, more than anyone else, with his infinitely important ideas and arrangements, has contributed to The Men About Town's advancement." Pretty strong statement, that, but Luther proclaims on the authority of his associates and himself.

The Men About Town came into being in 1927. The four met in Steinway Hall, New York, and with Donaldson at the piano sat down to figure out what three voices and that instrument could do. They sought—and found—a new vocal style to supplant the vogue of os that blared from radios and phonographs everywhere. After four months of experiments and rehearsals they made their first appearance on the air waves as The Happy Wonder Bakers. Perhaps you remember their theme song, written by Frank Moulán, the operetta star, a song they were destined to sing for four years. It ran like this:

Yoho, yoho, yoho, yoho
We are the bakers who mix the dough
And bake the bread in an oven slow

The popularity of the Happy Wonder Bakers grew and other programs solicited their services. Nat Shilkret wanted them for Eveready and Victor and Mobiloil; Frank Black featured them on General Motors and Chase and Sanborn; Gus Haenschen requested them for Palmolive and Veedol. And so it went. Obviously they couldn't sing on other sponsors' periods as The Happy Wonder Bakers, so the term, Men About Town, was selected, the idea being Luther's. At first nobody liked it, common objection being that

it suggested a bunch of rounders. But gradually the name gained favor and stuck until it became a trademark.

In their six years' existence these Plus Fours have had their little arguments and differences, but they are still on speaking as well as singing terms. That, of course, is to be expected of artists, for artists they surely are, as these snapshots of their careers and personalities will show:

Luther was born in 1900 on a cattle ranch near Hutchinson, Kansas. He tried a couple of colleges in his home state and in California but gave up to join a male chorus on a Chautauqua circuit. Then he became an evangelist and after three years of scriptural exhortations was regularly ordained a minister of the gospel on the Pacific coast. The call of music finally lured him from his pulpit to New York, where he joined a choral group that went on a country-wide tour with Will Rogers. He went to London and sang at the famous Kit Kat Club. Returning, he became one of The Revelers, singing a year with them and later organizing The Men About Town. Luther is married to his boyhood sweetheart, Zora Layman, screen and stage beauty, and who is also occasionally heard on the air.

Phil Duey is a Macy, Indiana, boy, one of eleven children, and he had to make his own way in the world. By tending furnaces, singing in churches and doing odd chores, young Duey earned his tuition through the University of Indiana, emerging with a Phi Beta Kappa key and a scholarship to the Juilliard School in New York. The handsomest of The Men About Town, Duey has a beautiful home in Larchmont, N. Y., a charming wife and a son and a daughter.

Although of Swedish-German extraction, Jack Parker has a voice with a winning Irish ring. With shoulders and arms like Carnera, he looks more like a wrestler than a warbler. He loves to tinker with motors and think up funny (and, whisper, naughty) parodies on popular songs. Before going radio, Parker sang leading male roles in "Rose Marie," "Blossom Time," and "Gypsy Love" and was also heard in the Follies. He married one of Ziegfeld's beauties and has a daughter.

Donaldson, besides being a musician, is a philosopher, and communes for relaxation with Socrates, Spinoza and Marx. He started out in life to be a painter and went to the National Academy until his modernistic ideas expanded beyond those walls, when he turned to philosophy—and, of course, the piano. For six years he toured the country as an accompanist, going also to London in that capacity with the late Nora Bayes. Will has a New York apartment and another home up the Hudson, where he pops bulls'-eyes and clay pigeons by the hour in his own shooting range. Yes, he's married.

COLUMBIA'S Four Eton Boys (they're all from Missouri and *not* Eton College, England, as you might think) rely on Ray Block for the special scoring of their numbers. One of Broadway's popular arrangers, Block accompanies them on the piano during their radio performances. He has been with them since their inception.

The Eton Boys proper consist of Charlie and Jack Day, brothers, Art Gentry, who supplies the lead voice, and Earl Smith, the boy who hits the high notes. All four were born in small towns near St. Louis and educated at country schools in that vicinity.

Originally the Day brothers were acrobats and they made their debut in vaudeville when they were sixteen and fourteen years old, Charlie being the elder. After a year as a team they joined the "Yip, Yip, Yip Hankers," a band of tumblers, with whom they toured the country nine years. This group was so good that they appeared nine times in one season at the New York Palace Theater, then the mecca of all big-time vaudevillians.

It was in 1923 that the Days sang their first song. Maury Abrahams, late husband of Belle Baker, taught them one of his numbers which they introduced in their acrobatic act. It went so well they turned from tumbling to tunes and graduated from variety into musical comedy, playing in "Le Maire's Affairs," and later going into the movies to make two-reel comedies.

Art Gentry came to the Day brothers two years ago after breaking into radio as announcer at Station KMOX, St. Louis. Prior to that he had been a member of the Four Rajahs, for a while feature singers with Vincent Lopez's orchestra. Earl Smith, who became a professional entertainer after an experience in amateur theatricals, joined the Days while they were playing at the Nut Club, a New York night resort.

THE man behind The Rondoliers (known as the Arcola Rondoliers when on the American Radiator program on NBC for two years and as the Eskimo Quartet when they sang with the Clicquot Club Eskimos) is Charles Touchette, a former member of the faculty of the Boston College of Music.

Touchette's arrangements for the quartet and his synchronizations for the movies establish him as a veritable musical magician. In addition to serving as accompanist for the Rondoliers, Touchette does all the sound effects for "Terrytoons," does the travelogue singing in six languages for Warner Brothers' shorts and supervises many recordings for the Columbia Phonograph Company.

Fred Wilson, the first tenor, organizer and manager, is a native of Ohio who started his singing career as a church soloist, got into concert work and first attracted attention on Broadway in the original cast of "The Student Prince." Other musicals in which his fine voice was heard were "Lucky," "The Sidewalks of New York" and "Rain or Shine."

Ray Hallee, the second tenor, is also a recruit to radio from musical comedy. He sang in the "Greenwich Village Follies," in "Spring Time" and in "Tangerine" with Julia Sanderson and Frank Crumit, among other productions. Hallee is a native New Yorker and is married to Becky Corble, former show girl. Hubert Hendrie, the baritone, is another alumnus from "The Student Prince" and received his musical training in Paris under Oscar Seagle. Darrell Woodyard, bass, formerly with The Cavaliers, is an Oklahoman, as proud of his state as Will Rogers.

(Please turn to page 88)



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Send me **FREE** Regular Size Radio Girl Perfume and Trial Size Radio Girl Face Powder. I am enclosing 10c (coin or stamps) for cost of mailing. (Offer good in U. S. only.)

Name.....
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Radio's Plus Fours

(Continued from page 87)

THE Songsmiths for four years have been projecting on the kilocycles melodies given first aid by old Doc Kenneth C. Christie, a graduate of Boston University and the Institute of Musical Art, New York. For two years he taught music at Trenton, N. J., and for six years he was a church organist and choir director. He came to radio as announcer and staff pianist at Station WOR, Newark, N. J. While there he became interested in male quartet arranging and coaching.

Other members of The Songsmiths are Randolph Wyatt, tenor; Leonard Stokes, baritone; Robert Moody, bass; and "Scrappy" Lambert, top tenor. Wyatt (proper name, Randolph P. Weyant) the son of a Methodist minister, was born in Wakefield, Kansas, and was educated at Boston University, New York University and the New York Institute of Musical Art. He was soloist with the glee club of N.Y.U. three years and for five years sang in a Manhattan church. Wyatt is married, has a daughter named Patsy and lives in Weehawken, N. J.

SINCE a child on his mother's knee when he was able to carry her melodies, Leonard Stokes has been singing. When he grew up (he was born in Moultrie, Ga.—Jimmy Melton's home town) he studied music with Oscar Seagle and Jean de Reszke in Paris. Returning to America, he worked his way through the University of Missouri as an instructor in voice. He also became soloist with the M.U. Glee Club and the University Chorus of 200. Stokes, who appeared in the Ziegfeld Follies of '31 and played "Kringelein" in the stage version of "Grand Hotel," has been singing on the air since 1927. He often acts as "sound effects" on programs because of his ability to make noises like trains, opening of bottles, etc., and to imitate animals and birds. He is five feet eight inches, has auburn hair and is still single.

Robert Moody (he appears as Robert King Moody, Jr., in the family Bible) started singing while a student at the Lawrence (Kan.) High School when he joined the glee club. He also sang in the Episcopal church there. He was educated at the University of Kansas, where he was a member of the glee club, of course. In 1926 he went to New York to study with Estelle Leibling and a year later appeared with a quartet in the musical show, "Say When." The following year he met Ken Christie and joined The Songsmiths. Moody is married and has three children, all boys.

"Scrappy" Lambert, also known to fans as Mark of the Smith Brothers' Trade and Mark and who frequently appears as guest on numerous programs, is the "crazy" member of the quartet—to hear the others tell it. Lambert sings, plays piano, composes and arranges those original songs he projects as featured artist on such periods as the Ipana Troubadours, Lucky Strike and the Fiske Hour.

Four years ago Lambert was a student at Rutgers, where he did a lot of extra-curricular work harmonizing with a classmate, one Billy Hillpot, who now dons whiskers to qualify as the other Smith Brother. Their parents had hoped to make lawyers of them

but when they outgrew Rutgers they became professional entertainers and organized, among other things, a jazz band which won favor with college boys and which brought them to radio in the natural sequence of events.

And before I forget, feminine readers, "Scrappy" is also married—Stokes being the only bach in this band—and has a little girl. She, too, is called Patsy, just like Wyatt's youngster, there thus being at least two Patsies connected with The Songsmiths.

THE Cavaliers have been carrying on for NBC since February, 1927. Frequently they have substituted for The Revelers as the Cities Service Quartet when concert engagements prevented the latter from appearing on the air waves. The Cavaliers were organized one Summer at Schroom Lake, New York, at the studio of Oscar Seagle, whose name is bound to recur in any story of singers.

The original Cavaliers were Leo O'Rourke, Robert Stevens, John Seagle, son of Oscar, and Darrel Woodyard. Of these only Seagle remains. Henry Stroke is now the first tenor, Stanley McClelland is the bass and at this writing the post of second tenor is vacant. Their accompanist and arranger is Lee Montgomery, a native of Sedalia, Missouri, and a graduate of the University of Missouri.

The Rollickers are old standbys and make frequent concert appearances. They were organized by Victor Hall, second tenor, a native New Yorker, who as a boy sang soprano in the choir of St. John the Divine for eleven years. William Scholtz, the baritone, was also a boy soprano in a church choir in Louisville, Ky., his home town. He has sung with the American Opera Company and also with the Chicago Civic Opera.

Clark Bremner, top tenor, was born in South Dakota and reared in Canada. He was a member of the cast of the musical show, "Rain or Shine," before going radio. James Davies, the basso, was born in England and graduated from the Royal College of Music, London. He was three times winner of the Welsh National Festival, the greatest honor that can be given a singer in Wales. Clifford Lang, a Cincinnati product, is their arranger. He is also a composer and a graduate from the Cincinnati College of Music.

Space is getting short and I haven't room now to go into the detail I should like about Columbia's Round Towners and The Four Clubmen, for they rate a story by themselves. But for the sake of record I should like to identify their personnels.

The Round Towners are Lon McAdams, bass, Evan Evans, baritone, Brad Reynolds, first tenor, and Carlton Boxill, second tenor. Their coach is Irving Weill, author of "Tripoli," "Honeymoon Time" and other song hits.

Taylor Buckley, baritone, Fred Roberts, second tenor, Carl Mathieu, first tenor and Charles Robinson, bass, comprise The Four Clubmen. Leith Stevens is their coach and also their arranger.

NO story on radio quartets would be complete without inclusion of that splendid organization of negro singers, (Please turn to page 95)

Radio Pageant

(Continued from page 6)

Yes, there is a place for intelligence on the air.

RUMOR has it that Jack Benny recently shifted sponsors because the first wanted less comedy and more soft, soothing music on the Benny program. That astute business man did not realize what Benny is doing for air humor. This comedian is developing a new kilocycle technique, an easy sort of radio kidding. He can take any serious movie plot and spoof it into a state of hilarious exhaustion.

To us, Fred Allen is even a greater comedian. His comedy is built upon a sharp, pungent observation of the passing show, his is a bitter, incisive, biting humor. We doubt if his sly comedy is appreciated completely on the airways. He is, we fear, caviar to the millions.

On the other hand, Will Rogers has come to be accepted as the official observer of America, our National Philosopher. He can tell what's wrong with us—and get away with it. Probably because there is a homely, cracker-barrel quality about him, an of-the-soil honesty. After all, this cowboy, part Indian, seems to have a right to tell us how we should handle our national opportunities.

George M. Cohan, who alternates with Philosopher Rogers, is an observer of a different type. His rhymed comments upon things in general are fresh and original—but Cohan is as much of the city as Rogers is of the wide open spaces.

* * *

WE still can find amusement and interest in the day-by-day Harlem problems of Amos 'n' Andy. Radio authorities marvel at the sustained popularity of these two entertainers, forgetting that these blackface comedians hit upon a formula of universal appeal: the difficulties encountered by a lazy procrastinator who can't keep out of trouble. Aren't we all? We suffer for wise, far-sighted Amos but few of us play the role of Amos in real life.

Here is negro appeal of a totally different sort: the fervid broadcasts from the Washington, D. C., church of the Rev. Lightfoot Solomon Michaux. Amos 'n' Andy are sincere enough in portraying the serio-comic aspects of the cified darkey. The Rev. Michaux is actuated by a very religious zeal; his congregation steps along in his wake almost to the point of hysteria. To hear the Rev. Michaux exhort his followers to get the devil on the run and to hear his congregation shout "Hallelujah!" and burst into song is, to us, one of the high points of colorful radio broadcast. Here simple emotion hurls itself out of your loudspeaker, with the drums of Emperor Jones not far behind.

* * *

HERE is our list of the high spots of the month:

Walt Disney's broadcast from Hollywood, aided by a cast including Mickey and Minnie Mouse, the Three Little Pigs and the Big Bad Wolf.

Fannie Brice singing "Poor Little Popular Song" and giving her imitation of the child who couldn't tell the truth.

Alexander Woollcott's farewell to radio.

WHO SAYS WOMEN DO ALL OF THE GOSSIPING?



NO husband is going down the street with that glum, underfed look if his wife knows about all the recipes in that popular pamphlet **FOOD MEN LIKE**. Just watch how the popovers and the fricassee of chicken, the gingerbread and the chocolate custard pudding take hold. Recipes for breakfast breads and other dishes, meats and meat substitutes, vegetables, pies and pastries, cakes, puddings and simple desserts, candies . . . recipes the men folks like is pretty sure to be popular

with everyone else, too. Send today for **FOOD MEN LIKE**—this helpful pamphlet with delicious menus and 63 wonderful recipes. Complete for 10 cents.

RITA CALHOUN, FOOD EDITOR

TOWER MAGAZINES, INC.

55 FIFTH AVENUE

NEW YORK, N. Y.

The Town Crier

(Continued from page 54)



Honeymoon SPECIAL

Often the forerunner is a tiny detail, such as lustrously lovely, well-cared-for fingertips. F-O Nail Polish sees lovely nails through the honeymoon and all the new jobs of housework. Goes on evenly, doesn't peel, lasts unbelievably long. Five charming colors to match all modes and moods. Available also in the new "Creme" type polish. Ask for F-O Cuticle Remover and F-O Polish Remover, too.

At your favorite chain store.



REALSHINE
won't rub off!

Don't waste money on imitations! Buy genuine REALSHINE WHITE... removes spots and dirt and gives a beautiful lasting white polish to shoes, gloves, belts, purses and summer accessories. The only dressing that cleans, whitens and polishes thoroughly in one operation, yet WON'T Rub off!



Realshine
TRADE MARK REG.

Look for this
for white
10¢

WHITE SHOE CLEANER AND DRESSING

AT 10¢ STORES

Realshine TAN

REALSHINE CO. Inc.
GALVESTON TEXAS

Realshine
WHITE
SHOE CLEANER AND DRESSING
WILL NOT RUB OFF

In more recent years, with his department "Shouts and Murmurs" becoming a regular feature of *The New Yorker*, he has given himself more to comments on anything that amused or interested him. His random essays from here and there have just been collected in his most recent book, "While Rome Burns."

He has revealed himself in this capacity as an assiduous and skilled reporter ferreting out obscure and unimportant but fascinating facts like—well, like a ferret.

His capacity for friendships has given him a rich background for anecdotal material about the great, the ex-great and the soon-to-be great.

WOOLLCOTT'S role on the radio is something of a hodge-podge of all his past performances. He is commentator on plays and books. He is the reporter. He is the gossip, the spinner of yarns and anecdotes. There is an air of intimacy and authenticity to everything he says which makes the listener feel that he is really getting the inside of it. And as a matter of fact he usually is, for the ubiquitous Woolcott has been practically everywhere, has known everyone.

He leads now a life which is pretty much to his liking, or ought to be, anyway. He has enough money now even for his needs, and Woolcott is no St. Francis who would be happy to live in a hut.

Woolcott is a restless soul, always popping off somewhere now that it is no longer a necessity for him to turn out his daily stint on the typewriter, now to Shanghai, now to London, now to see what they are drinking in the remoter villages of Sweden, and returning refreshed, loaded down with curious anecdotes of places he has seen, people he has met.

He has three homes, an old farmhouse a hundred miles or so upstate in New York which he owns with George Kaufman, a homey little shack on an island in a Vermont lake where he repairs with the mad Harpo Marx and sometimes with the Charlie McArthurs (Helen Hayes), especially in deep Summer when he feels the need to get away from it all (Harpo can always be depended upon to frighten away visitors); and a New York apartment in exclusive Beekman Place, overlooking the East River, which he calls, appropriately enough, "Wit's End."

Sometimes when he is staying in town even his comfortable apartment with its chintz-covered furniture, its restful pine-paneled walls and its shelves upon shelves of books (one of the rooms is given over entirely to mystery stories), begins to pall on his wandering spirit and he moves out bag and baggage into some hotel room in mid Manhattan where he can write and meditate undisturbed.

HIS household at "Wit's End" consists, besides himself, of a faithful negro retainer named Junior, for the simple reason that his father also worked for Woolcott, a garnet-eyed poodle named Pip in honor of the Mr. Pip of Charles Dickens, a secretary or two and such stray friends, house guests and passersby as do not happen to have gone home yet.

He abhors night life, because he feels so terrible the next morning, loves the

country except when it gets too lonely for him, and dotes on Charles Dickens whom he considers the greatest of them all.

Woolcott's Sunday morning breakfasts are a famous institution in the artistic and literary life of New York. There you will find such of his cronies as Neysa McMein, the artist, the Marx Brothers, Hope Williams, the Marx Brothers, Dorothy Parker, the Marx Brothers, Robert Benchley and the Marx Brothers.

No sketch of anyone is really complete without a mention of what he would like to be if he hadn't been what he is. Woolcott has his dreams, even as you and I, of what he would have been if fate hadn't cursed him with the writer's itch. He would like to have been a jovial mine host of the most superb and most expensive inn in the world, serving only the best of food and drink.

His nearest approach to it is his farmhouse upstate where he dispenses hospitality to week-end guests. And some day, if he gets fed up with writing, he may devote all his time to it.

He loves physical ease and comfort. When he feels the need of a good stiff workout, he goes in for a rousing game of croquet, at which he is no mean adversary.

His favorite position is sitting squarely on the middle of his spine. He dictates his broadcasts that way, over his morning coffee.

HE usually goes on the air without the customary "dress rehearsal," contenting himself with merely muttering his lines over under his breath like a medieval chant to get the feel of the words.

Characteristically, he broadcasts sitting crouched over a little table instead of standing before the upright microphone, letting the sheets of his script fall to the floor like autumn leaves as he finishes with them.

At the opening of the Columbia Playhouse he created something of a sensation as a master of ceremonies in his quick crossfire with George Jessel.

Later someone stopped Jessel on the street and remarked:

"Say, you two boys were wonderful that night. Why you ought to team up. You'd be swell together—almost as good as Stoopnagle and Budd!"

"Gosh," muttered Jessel, "wouldn't that please Woolcott!"

He likes to give the impression that he is an acidulous snappish sort of person, crusty and hard-shelled as a venerable turtle, but as a matter of fact his kindnesses, which he keeps a jealously guarded secret, are many.

Some time next year he is setting out to rediscover remoter America, a modern day Columbus in a well-upholstered sedan.

The sentimental vagaries of his countrymen, as reported by his multitudinous correspondents, have long intrigued him. Now he plans to gather evidence of the Ipsy-Wipsy Tea Shoppies and Hot Doggie-woggie emporiums at first hand, the better to lampoon them.

Yes, it is a pleasant life, he leads, the ex-thin boy who has made good. But if misfortune should ever assail him, which seems dubious at this date, he would probably take it lying down. It's more comfortable that way.

Harriet Hillard Talks on Beauty

(Continued from page 46)

lightly on the keys. Stretch the thumb and little finger as far apart as you can. Try it on a table instead of the piano, if that is more convenient, stretching the thumb and little finger of both hands flat against the table edge, resting the fingers lightly on the table top.

WHEN Warner Baxter was training for his first juvenile part he had a lot of trouble with his hands. They were in the way. They were awkward. You know how it is with beginners. They stick their hands out stiffly in front of them when they sing or talk. Even children whose hands are naturally lovely, become self conscious about them when doing anything in public.

Mr. Baxter just could not hold his hands naturally. And of course the more he thought about them, the stiffer and more difficult they were. So my father, who was a stage director and has helped train many successful actors and actresses, gave him a little piece of match stick to hold. And the actor's hands never gave him any more trouble. The bit of match stick kept them occupied and he forgot them.

If you are asked to sing or talk before a group of people—or just one or two—you have the same problem as the girl before a big audience. Everybody is looking at you, and you know it. But just be natural. Clasp the hands loosely together as you would if there were no audience. If your hands look at ease, they will look well. But if you pose them, if you hold them stiffly, they will attract attention, and people will notice every flaw and defect in them.

RINGS can be used to give great charm to the hands. The girl with hands that are not really beautiful can make them look attractive if they are always immaculately clean, always well groomed, and if she does not wear the wrong sort of rings. A big, striking ring on thick, short fingers is out of place.

What I am going to say now seems almost unnecessary. But I have seen so many girls—high school girls especially—going about with rings on their first or second fingers that I must say something about it. It is a most unattractive fashion. Rings should be worn on the ring finger of either hand, or on the little finger—and never on the index or middle fingers.

Chester Hale told me something once that has helped me a great deal. He said that if I would train myself to keep the third and fourth fingers—that is, the middle and ring fingers—of my hands closer together than any other two fingers, my hands would never look ugly. I have done that for so long that I can hardly get those fingers far apart now. This is an idea that has come down from an old Italian method of ballet training. You cannot be a good ballet dancer unless the hands are held gracefully. And you cannot be graceful or look your best, whatever you are doing, unless your hands are graceful and at ease as well as fastidiously cared for.

Your Complexion looks like a Million Dollars And it cost only a Dime

There's simply *no sense* in using costly facial creams. Truly, you will find a 10c jar of Vi-Jon Cream as pure, as delicate, as genuinely *beautifying* as creams costing 50c to \$2.00 per jar.

Make this simple test: Buy a *full size* (2- or 3-oz.) jar of any Vi-Jon Cream; also a "small size" of any high-priced cream recommended for the same purpose. Compare their texture, their odor, their actual effect on your face. No difference whatever! *And* the Vi-Jon jar contains 3 to 6 times as much cream. Make this test. Convince *yourself*.

10c at F. W. Woolworth Stores

VI-JON COLD CREAM
VI-JON VANISHING CREAM
VI-JON LIQUEFYING CREAM
VI-JON THEATRICAL CREAM (Cleansing)

VI-JON CREAMS

VI-JON LABORATORIES . . . ST. LOUIS

What's It Going To Be?

An American BUNNY or An English MONKEY

We are not suggesting a new animal for the zoo or a toy for the children.

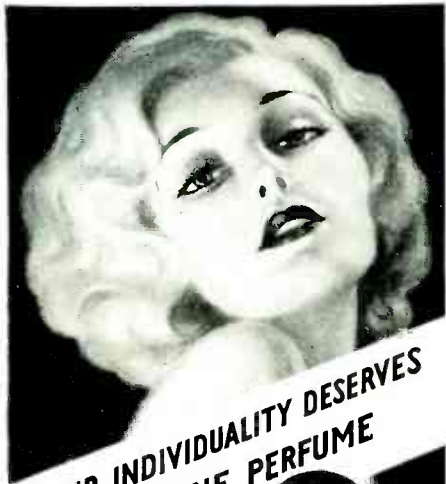
On the contrary, American Bunnies and English Monkeys are both delicious recipes for cheese dishes that you will want to serve often. These two recipes come from one of the best collection of cheese recipes you can find anywhere. Cheese straws . . . Roquefort canapes . . . onion cheese soup . . . rarebit . . . cheese fondu . . . broiled open

sandwich . . . frozen fruit salad with cheese . . . olive cheese mold . . . cheese filling for gingerbread . . . foreign cheese dishes.

There are dozens and dozens of tempting recipes in this food circular that you'll be glad to have. To get them send 10 cents in stamps or coin for "Delicious Cheese Recipes" to

RITA CALHOUN

Tower Magazines, Inc., 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.



**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**

NEW EASY WAY 10c JUSTRITE PUSH-CLIP

KEEP WIRES OFF FLOOR (LAMPS AND RADIO)

A neat job instantly. No damage to woodwork. No tools needed. Set of eight colored clips to match your cords, 10c.

At WOOLWORTH'S

QUICK
SEE FOR YOURSELF!
IRONINGS
NO STICKING—NO SCORCHING

Here's that new way to do hot starching without mixing, boiling or straining as with old fashioned lump starch. Everything already included in powdered form. Makes starching easy. Makes ironing easy. See how elasticity and that fresh new look are given back to curtains, aprons, play clothes, soft collars and shirts. Your iron fairly glides. A wonderful invention. *Send now.*

TRY THIS FREE



THANK YOU—

THE HUBINGER CO., No. 791, Keokuk, Ia.
Your free sample of QUICK ELASTIC, please,
and "That Wonderful Way to Hot Starch."

Do You Want to be a Radio Actor?

(Continued from page 45)

there is Don Carney in "Main Street" sketches. Little Nancy Kelly in "The Wizard of Oz" is becoming well known and Spencer Dean of the Eno Crime Club is a familiar name. The Goodman Aces of "Easy Aces" are very well known by their own names, for they had the good judgment to incorporate their actual name in the sketch title.

While salaries for almost all other performers in radio have increased in the past few years, the actor is paid less than he was three years ago. At one time, the minimum fee at NBC was \$22.50 a performance and the same fees or better were paid at Columbia. The average fee for an actor on a commercial program was \$50.00 with many players receiving \$100.00 a week for important parts.

IT is a good policy to tell aspirants for dramatic careers that the road is long and the odds are against them. For that is quite true. But the unknown has a chance and there are a number of cases on record where absolute unknowns have landed in good radio jobs.

This writer's best illustration of what can happen in radio is based on a personal experience. Some months ago it was necessary for me to go to Los Angeles and re-cast a certain radio program. There were two parts to be played by two eleven or twelve-year-old boys. I heard every available boy actor in Los Angeles and could not find one that fitted the part. Then I called in the youngsters who play in the movies but couldn't find the right voice. Finally a secretary in the radio station in which I was working suggested that I hear a little newsboy who sold papers on the corner outside the studio. I heard him and knew I had found the voice I was looking for. With a little coaching he fitted into the part perfectly and he is still playing it as this is written.

I still had to find the other boy and again I heard a lot of young actors. None of them could handle the role. Finally, in desperation I stopped the first lad I met on the street, a 12-year-old who was selling magazines and asked him if he wanted to be a radio actor. He was willing to try. He had an audition within twenty minutes and he sounded real and convincing. The following day I worked with him for ten hours and that night he went on the air as the juvenile lead in the program. He is playing the part of Bobbie Benson on the Pacific Coast today and doing a first rate job.

Neither boy had previous dramatic or radio experience but both were willing to learn and both had what I wanted for my characters. It sounds like Horatio Alger but it is what actually happened.

RADIO, unlike the screen, does not require lovely features and a good complexion. And, unlike the stage, it does not matter whether you know how to walk across a room gracefully or not. Radio requires above all things an individual speaking voice and the ability to be sincere. The day

of the ham actor in radio is rapidly passing. Instead the casting directors are looking for people who can read lines simply and naturally.

Perhaps "read" had better be explained. In radio drama you do actually read your lines from a printed page. But what you must be able to do is to avoid any suggestion that you are reading—to make your voice sound as if what you say is spontaneous and natural. Curiously enough, some of the best actors read very badly. They have the ability to memorize their lines but when they have to work at a microphone with a script in front of them, they sound stilted and affected. That is just one more reason why an amateur has a chance in competing with the veteran of the stage for work in radio dramas.

In the past few years a number of "microphone training schools" have been opened. A very few of the schools can teach you microphone technique. Many of them are operated by out and out swindlers or by people who have picked up some smattering of radio and are trying to make money by trading on the gullibility of others.

Do not go to the average elocution teacher to have your voice trained for radio because the average elocution teacher can do more to spoil honesty and sincerity in voice than any other agency. I know that from actual experience with people I have heard in auditions.

A good director, and there are quite a few of them in radio, can teach you more in an hour before the mike than any school can give you in its whole course of instruction. And the good directors are not dismayed at lack of actual microphone experience. If the voice quality is there, they will be patient and develop it.

NOW for the honest lowdown on how to go about being a radio actor.

It may sound cynical, but knowing the right people is a tremendous advantage. It is, indeed, half of the battle. If you know a network executive or an executive of an advertising agency, it is not difficult to get over the first hurdle of an audition. And if your Uncle William is an executive of Canned Foods, Inc., and Canned Foods has radio programs—well, things are decidedly bright for you.

There are other connections that are possible, too. Sometimes a newspaper man can introduce you to the right person in an advertising agency or in a radio studio. Never forget the advantages of a "friend of a friend."

Three or four years ago, anyone could get an audition. Today, unless you have some advance information or have some sort of name in the theatrical world, you may have to wait weeks and even months for a chance to prove that yours is the voice with a soul.

Now let us take a different case. Let us assume that Margaret Miles, who lives in Springfield, Illinois, has decided she is the future Ethel Barrymore of the air. And Miss Miles doesn't know anybody in radio nor has she any

friends who know the right people. All she has is the firm conviction that if she ever gets a chance, she will be a success. And that firm conviction is something worth having!

She should have practically no trouble in getting on programs broadcast by the Springfield radio stations (Springfield, as a matter of fact, has two radio stations) but it is extremely doubtful that she will be paid for her efforts. However, two or three months experience on a home town station is decidedly worth having. There is no time like the present to get acquainted with Old Man Microphone.

With the background of two or three months experience in Springfield and with the "firm conviction" shining brightly, Chicago is the next step. Almost as many programs are cast in Chicago as in New York—in fact, Chicago is second to New York as the world center of radio opportunities.

Margaret Miles, with sufficient funds to live in Chicago for at least a month, goes there. A Chicago telephone book . . . preferably a business directory book . . . gives her the addresses of the National Broadcasting Company, the Columbia Broadcasting System and the important independent stations. Her next step is to apply for auditions and she should get them when she can prove she has had actual radio experience.

AUDITIONS at the stations are a necessary part of the routine. The next step is to get in contact with the advertising agencies. The business directory again is useful and as a further aid, the names of the leading advertising agencies handling radio programs are listed at the end of this article.

If some of these agencies are casting radio programs, the chances are that they will give an audition to anyone who asks for one. No one knows when a certain part will be difficult to cast and there is always a possibility that Miss Miles has that certain tone in her voice that the casting director is seeking.

If, after a month or six weeks, Miss Miles finds her funds are low and she has not been on the air, she had better go home to Springfield—thereby saving herself any amount of future grief and hard labor.

If, on the other hand, she does find she is on a radio program, there is nothing more to tell her. She has made the grade and, if she is clever enough to do that, she will get along all right.

Chicago was selected as a logical place to start a radio career because it happened to be near Springfield, Illinois. Other important radio centers are New York, which is the international capital of radio, Cincinnati, with its famous WLW, which has developed so many nationally famous stars; Cleveland, with its powerful WTAH; Pittsburgh, where is located the pioneer KDKA; Boston, with its Yankee network headquarters; Philadelphia, with WLIT and WCAU, two very important stations; Los Angeles, where the competition from out-of-work players is terrific, and San Francisco, where the best radio programs west of the Rockies are produced.

MAY I inject a few warnings? I will, anyway.

Do not be too much afraid of the Big Bad Wolf sponsor or executive who wants a nice girl to give all
(Please turn to page 94)

Tower Radio, June, 1934

Rinse the Years Away!



Keep dull, faded, lifeless hair out of your head—and out of your life! Groom your hair with ColoRinse—just add it to the shampoo wash. Instantly it transforms any appearance of drabness into hair of sparkling beauty, vibrant with natural, youthful, color sheen and softness. It's harmless—just vegetable compound, not a dye or a bleach—with 12 tints to choose from.

THE NESTLE-LEMUR CO.
New York

Nestle

COLO RINSE

10c at all 5 and 10c Stores and Beauty Shops . . . Nestle
ColoRinse, SuperSet, Golden Shampoo and Henna Shampoo

TRY
THIS
ONE

CHOCOLATE WAFFLES

2 cups flour
4 teaspoons bak-
ing powder
3/4 cup sugar
1/2 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon vanilla
2 eggs
1 1/2 cups milk
1/2 cup shortening
2 ounces melted
chocolate

on your next party!

To make the Chocolate Waffles above, sift the dry ingredients together. Separate eggs. Beat yolks and add milk. Stir into the dry ingredients. Melt shortening and chocolate. Add to mixture when cooled. Then add vanilla and stiffly beaten egg whites. Serve with whipped cream or ice cream.

That is one of the delicious recipes you'll find in this helpful guide, "Successful Party Refreshments." Perhaps

you'd rather serve a shrimp rarebit sandwich or fruit salad and toasted cheese puffs. But whether it's a canape and tea affair . . . or a more elaborate party calling for one and two-course menus, you'll find delightful suggestions in this party circular.

June's the party month. Be prepared to entertain successfully. Upon receipt of your letter and ten cents we will immediately send you "Successful Party Refreshments."

RITA CALHOUN

TOWER MAGAZINES, INC., 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Let me tell you
how to improve
Your skin,
as I did Mine



It is so embarrassing to have your skin clouded with blackheads, coarsened by clogged pores or roughened by pimply spots and blotches. Cosmetics will not hide them, and you feel conscious of unspoken criticism, ill at ease, unable to appear at your best.

Why endure this mental distress—and perhaps physical discomfort—when the Resinol treatment provides a safe, simple way to help nature relieve complexion ills and make the skin clearer and smoother?

Bathe first with Resinol Soap. You will find it ideally refreshing and cleansing, and, because, it has no excess of free alkali, it can be used safely on sensitive, tender skin—where harsher soap might irritate. Then apply Resinol Ointment to the sore pimply spots. Its special Resinol medication is particularly effective in giving quick relief and promoting healing. Try this treatment a week and watch your skin improve.

Your druggist sells Resinol Ointment and Soap. Keep them always on hand.

For a convincing free sample of each write Resinol, Dept. 4-H, Baltimore, Maryland.

Resinol

REMINGTON ONLY 10¢ A DAY PORTABLE



A new Remington Portable. Carrying case free. Use 10 days without cost. If you keep it, pay only 10c a day. Write. Say: How can I get a Remington Portable on 10-day free trial offer for only 10c a day. Remington Rand Inc., Dept. TO-4, Buffalo, N. Y.

A LARGER CAN
OF BETTER
WALL PAPER
CLEANER
FOR A DIME

This can sold
exclusively in
the 5¢ and 10¢
to \$1 stores.



Do You Want to be a Radio Actor?

(Continued from page 93)

return for a part in a program. There may be a few of them, but they are humorless creatures who are not nearly as important as they think they are.

When you get your audition, do not lose sleep if you are terribly nervous. All good actors and actresses are nervous at auditions. Performers who are not a little shaky are regarded with suspicion.

Do not count on any radio job unless you are called back for a second audition. The bright people who get their jobs after one audition are found in stories only.

And—when you get on the air, do not expect to be famous overnight. It takes time to learn radio technique and it takes time to build a reputation. If you are paid enough to live on, it is worth sticking around for a few years.

It is just a rough estimate, but this writer believes there will be jobs for a thousand more actors in radio by the end of 1934. Naturally, there will be twenty thousand applicants for the thousand openings but a twenty to one gamble in the show business is not bad at all. Perhaps you are one of the twenty. I hope so. Only please do not

ask me to introduce you to the radio casting directors I know.

I have a girl friend of my own. I married her.

And here are the names of the agencies that produce radio programs. All of them have New York offices; most of them have Chicago offices and you will find some of them in Philadelphia, Boston, San Francisco, Detroit and Los Angeles:

N. W. Ayer & Son, Inc.; Batten, Barton, Durstine and Osborn, Inc.; Benton & Bowles, Inc.; Biow Company, Inc.; Blackett-Sample-Hummert, Inc.; Blackman Company; Campbell-Ewald Company; Cecil, Warwick & Cecil; The Paul Cornell Company; Samuel C. Croot Company; Erwin, Wasey & Company, Inc.; William Esty & Company, Inc.; Federal Advertising Agency; Albert-Frank-Gunther Law; Gardner Advertising Agency; Gotham Company; Hanff-Metzger, Inc.; Joseph Katz Co.; Lambert & Feasley, Inc.; Lennen & Mitchell, Inc.; H. E. Lesan Advertising Agency; Lord & Thomas; McCann-Erickson, Inc.; Newell-Emmett, Inc.; Ruthrauff & Ryan, Inc.; J. Walter Thompson Company and Young & Rubicam.

Radio Gossip

By NELLIE REVELL

WHAT success on the radio means is strikingly exemplified in the case of Joe Penner. A few months ago the "Wanna Buy a Duck" comedian's salary for theater appearances was \$950 a week—and engagements few at that figure. Today he receives a weekly minimum of \$3750, plus a percentage of the gross receipts bringing his individual takings up to between \$8,000 and \$10,000—and he can't begin to play all the dates offered him. This tremendous increase in salary and demand for his services is entirely due to his great popularity as a broadcaster. Penner built himself up from a comparatively unknown vaudeville comic to a network headliner in a period of six months.

Sunkissed native sons of California won't like to hear it but Lanny Ross finds New York's climate is kinder to his voice than Hollywood's. It's all right out there in the daytime, says Lanny, but the night air does things to his throat which makes singing difficult. That's one reason why Lanny prefers to broadcast from the metropolis. But his first picture, "Melody in Spring," made such a hit that he is certain to spend most of his time in the cinema capital—at least for a while.

BACK in circulation notes: In Chicago, Alice Joy, "The Dream Girl," secures a divorce from Captain Eldon A. Burn, a Canadian who served with the British Royal Flying Corps during the World War. In New York about the same time, Harriet Hilliard has annulled her marriage to Roy

Smedley, the comedian. Radio Row picks Ozzie Nelson, the bandman with and for whom she has been warbling, as Harriet's second hubby. But the lady says: "Never again. Henceforth I am wedded only to my art." Time will tell.

In the same room where George Gershwin composes his music—indeed, right alongside of the piano—is a punching bag. It has been there ever since Jack Dempsey told the composer that unless he kept in physical trim he couldn't write good melodies. Gershwin says it's the best tip on how to write music that anybody ever gave him.

"BEETLE," the stooge who haunts Phil Baker on his Armour program, is disclosed as Henry Laird, actor. Until this revelation some listeners were under the impression that "Beetle" was the ghost of Joe Miller.

THE anti-studio audience movement is growing. Groucho and Chico Marx started it by banning all spectators including even the sponsor. George M. Cohan, replacing Will Rogers for a spell, followed suit. And another George—this time, Jessel, returning to the airwaves after a holiday in Florida—is also doing it. As spokesman for the group of headliners definitely opposed to visitors, Mr. Cohan declares: "The idea of studio spectators is all wrong. The performer unconsciously plays to the visible audience, forgetting the greater, unseen audience. Listeners resent it and I don't blame them. No more studio spectators for me."

Programs You'll Want To Hear

(Continued from page 58)

Hill (Barbasol Co.) 8:15 P.M. every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, CBS.
H. V. Kaltenborn—6 P.M. Friday; 11 P.M. Sunday, CBS.

Looking Over the Week—John B. Kennedy, 11 P.M. Tuesday; 6:30 P.M. Thursday, WEAF.

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

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.

Gene and Glenn—(Gillette Safety Razor Co.) 6:45 P.M. daily except Saturday and Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

Madame Sylvia—(Ralston Purina) 5 P.M. Friday, NBC-WEAF.

Johnson Program—Tony Wons; Keenan and Phillips, piano duo (Johnson's Floor Wax) 11:30 A.M. Monday and Thursday, CBS.

Meet the Artist—Bob Taplinger interviews radio stars (sustaining program) 6 P.M. Saturday, 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 (sustaining program) 1:15 P.M. Wednesday, CBS.

Palmer House Program—Ray Perkins, master of ceremonies; Gale Stokes, contralto; Harold Stokes orchestra; guest artist (Palmer House, Chicago) 10 P.M. Tuesday, NBC-WJZ.

The Radio Pulpit—Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, 10 A.M. Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

Radio's Plus Fours

(Continued from page 88)

The Southernaires. They have held the attention of music lovers for the past five years and as time goes on their popularity seems to increase.

The quartet is composed of William Edmondson, bass; Jay S. Toney, baritone; and Homer Smith and Lowell Peters, first and second tenors. Their accompanist and arranger is Clarence Jones, an outstanding musician, largely responsible for their tremendous appeal. Presiding at the piano, Jones' interpretation, whether it be jazz or a spiritual, has a style and character all its own, and helps wonderfully to make distinctive the broadcasts of The Southernaires.

Tower Radio, June, 1934

Is Such Beauty Your Dream?

To be beautiful and alluring is every girl's most treasured dream. Such beauty means popularity, romance, love! Sighing and longing never made a girl beautiful, but the use of Blue Waltz Beauty Aids often has. Attain the charm men cannot resist through the daily use of these supremely fine Blue Waltz Beauty Aids!



Blue Waltz Beauty Aids—Face Powder, Lipstick, Perfume, Cold Cream, Vanishing Cream, Toilet Water, Brilliantine, Talc—each only 10c at your 5 and 10c store.



Are your windows Greeting Summer Gayly?

Are you quite content and happy with the way your curtains look? If you're not, what kind of draperies would you like to have. Modernistic? Formal? Casement Draw Curtains? Ruffled Curtains? New Kitchen Curtains?

It's a simple matter to bring new beauty to your rooms when you make curtains from the diagram patterns designed by Frances Cowles. Diagram patterns are patterns you make yourself from easy-to-follow directions. The curtains listed above are all contained in one set of diagram patterns so that you have patterns available for your different rooms—all for ten cents. You'll enjoy making your curtains this new way.

Send today for a set of curtain diagram patterns—10 cents complete

FRANCES COWLES

TOWER MAGAZINES, INC., 55 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Short Wave Department

(Continued from page 52)



BEAUTY does COME IN BOTTLES

Lovely, lustrous fingertips . . . their secret's found in each bottle of CHIC. See how satin-smooth CHIC nail polish "goes on" . . . how its lustre lasts, unharmed by water. CHIC comes in five favorite colors . . . CLEAR (Colorless), PINK, CORAL, RUBY, DEEP . . . each in an unusually generous crystal flacon. Available also in the new "Creme" type polish. Ask for CHIC Cuticle Remover and CHIC Polish Remover, too.

At all good chain stores.



GRAY HAIR

takes on new color

(FREE Test Shows Way)

No matter whether your hair is all gray or only streaked with gray, you can transform it with new radiance. And it is so easy. Merely comb Mary T. Goldman's clear, water-white liquid through your hair. Gray strands take on new color: black, brown, auburn, blonde. Will not wash or rub off on clothing . . . Hair stays soft, lustrous — takes wave or curl. This way SAFE. Sold on money-back guarantee at drug and department stores everywhere.

Test it **FREE** — We send Test Package. Apply to single lock snipped from hair. See results first. No risk. No expense. Just mail coupon.



MARY T. GOLDMAN
942 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Name.....
Street.....
City..... State.....
Color of your hair!.....

located, is on top of a mountain 3,930 feet above sea level. Also since it never gets to be cold enough to freeze the water, they have installed, in the open, a cooling system for the tubes that makes a charming fountain when the station is in operation. Most visitors think it is an ornament and are surprised to learn that it is a vital part of their installation. They broadcast regular programs, using 200 watts, on 49.09 meters (6,112 k.c.) and irregularly on 25.65 meters (11,695 k.c.). This station is heard here daily from 5:30 to 10 P.M. (E.S.T.) Send a verification as soon as you hear them and you will be surprised at the booklet you will receive in answer. The address is: Apartado 290, Caracas, Venezuela, S. A.

These two stations are practically stand-bys for the fan and the next for regularity is HC2RL owned and operated by Dr. Roberto Levi in Guayaquil, Ecuador. Bi-weekly programs, of Ecuadorian music, news and the names of all listeners who send their reports of reception are given over the air. The schedule time on the air for this station is: Sunday from 5:45 P.M. to 7:45 P.M., and Tuesdays from 9:15 P.M. to 11:15 P.M. (E.S.T.) They have an output power of 150 watts. All transmissions begin and conclude with the Ecuadorian anthem. Their verification card is an acquisition for any collection. Address: P. O. Box 759, Guayaquil, Ecuador, S. A.

HJ1ABB "La Voz de Barranquilla" has been heard nightly with good volume and exceptional tone quality. Station announcements in English and Spanish are given at regular intervals and are easily understandable. Regularly from 7 P.M. to 10 P.M. one can listen to programs coming from this station in far away Colombia. HJ1ABB is only one of the many stations which is classed as an amateur. To understand this fact actually one must know that very lenient rules and regulations are set down by the governments in the various countries in South America in regard to what the amateur down there may and may not transmit. Amateur licenses, here in the United States would be revoked if they dared transmit musical programs over an allotted wavelength. Amateurs may "send out" music for modulation purposes but this is rarely done by the conscientious "ham" as music seems "to leak" over into other channels and cause "QRM" or interference.

The amateurs in South America and Central America do not have to worry about these regulations and are only happy when radiating programs of a purely entertainment value. One night you may hear a Spanish "ham" working "the States" and the very next night sending music for short wave listeners.

One of the amateurs who clings close to the amateur band is Clarence W. Jones, whose station HCJB operating on 73 meters can be picked up very often when interference from code permits. Every night from 7:30 P.M. to 10 P.M. except Monday, this station is in operation sending musical selections. When the short wave listener does hear HCJB he can know he has a very selective receiver and also he has logged a station which is exactly on the equator. HCJB is

in Quito, Ecuador, and just look at one of your school-day maps and see for yourself just how far away this station really is. Do write Mr. Jones whenever you hear his transmissions and you will be rewarded with one of the cleverest verification cards you have seen in many a day. Address is: Casilla 691, Quito, Ecuador, S. A.

GOING back to Venezuela we will find an amateur who has gone "commercial." By this we mean sponsored programs are to be radiated from his outfit. The call letters of this new "born" is YV5BMO at Maracaibo. What fan has not heard programs from this station when the old call letters, YV2AM, were used? Santiago Vegas, the owner and operator, has not set schedule or wave-length but has limited himself to the evening and these two frequencies, i.e., 6070 k.c. and 9600 k.c. A tip for the fan that likes to "catch" stations on the wing! YV5BMO using his old call letters is heard on Sunday mornings from 7 to 7:30 A.M. He "roars" in on the forty-meter amateur band absolutely free of all interference from fellow experimenters. This verification card is very fine. When writing address the letter to: S. Vegas, Maracaibo, Venezuela, S. A.

Then we have HJ3ABD, Bogota, Colombia, who broadcasts using 100 watts power. This station is on 40.5 meters with an irregular schedule. By that we mean he says he is on from 9 to 11 P.M., but when I heard him best it was at two in the morning. HJ3ABD, classes itself as "The most complete entertainment on the air" and "the station with personality." Their volume is rarely good but for the DXer who wants to "get" all the South Americans this is one to go after. Address: Calle 16; Bogota, Colombia, S. A.

Another station that seems to be coming to the front is HJ5ABD, Cali, Colombia. This station operates on about 47 meters, also with an irregular schedule. Two nights in succession I heard them from 6 to 8 P.M., and have not picked the transmissions up since.

THE Radio Club of Brazil sends to their listeners programs originating in the long wave broadcasting station PRA3. These transmissions are rebroadcast through PSK, 36.65 meters and are heard nightly from 7 to 8 P.M. The verification card is very attractive but may confuse the fan when he sees it because the letters PRA3 printed in inch type are on it. PSK sends all reports of the reception to the "Radio Club of Brazil" and they in turn send out PRA3 verifications. It is advisable to write direct to the Club when requesting confirmation of the program.

Now we will come nearer home and our first stop will be Heredia, Costa Rica. There we will find Cespedes Marin's world famous station T14NRH. A book could be written about this station but we will condense it. Several years ago "Cespedes," as he is known to all short-wave listeners, operated the smallest station in the world using the unbelievably low power of 7½ watts. He was heard round the world not figuratively but actually. Reports of re-

ception of his transmissions were sent to him from Canada, Japan, England, Australia and India. In the course of time he increased his power, rebuilt his transmitter and what were the results? He is rarely heard. Not because he is on a congested wavelength but just one of those mysteries that make short waves so fascinating. From his last letter we glean the fact that he is on either 31 or 32 meters from 7 to 8 P.M. For two months his station was silent while he went to Granada, Nicaragua, and built a 150-watt transmitter. After teaching the owners of this new station how to operate it, he came home and his famous bugle call, which by the way is NRH's identifying signal, will be heard by fortunate listeners. The new station in Granada is YN-CRG and operates on 45 meters at irregular times but usually in the late evening.

The island of Haiti never was within the short wave fan's scope until several fairly low-powered stations went into operation.

One station using the lucky 7½ watts has been heard here very often. This is H1-1-A. Santiago de los Caballeros, Republica Dominicana, operating on 47.8 meters (6272 k.c.) with a regular schedule of: Monday to Saturday: 12:30 P.M. to 2 P.M. and from 8 P.M. to 10 P.M. Sunday: from 2 P.M. to 6 P.M. and 8 P.M. to 10 P.M. The persistent fan should easily be able to log this station. In the upper left hand corner of the verification card is pictured the flag of the Republic.

"Estacion Radiodifusora HIX" on 49.4 meters using 200 watts power and with a schedule of Tuesdays and Fridays from 8:10 P.M. and Sundays 7:40 A.M. (E.S.T.) should really be heard better than they are. When these stations "run afoul" of the congested 49 meter band it is "bad business."

ANOTHER station in the same republic is H1Z, 47.5 meters. One can sometimes hear them from approximately 4 to 5:30 P.M. and sometimes later. Of all the Dominican Republic stations this is the least heard. A communication from this station announces tests between 47 and 48 meters. This explains their erratic wave-length. They also say that they are awaiting the arrival of a 1,500 volt transformer to increase their power to 150 watts and that they are remodeling their transmitter equipment.

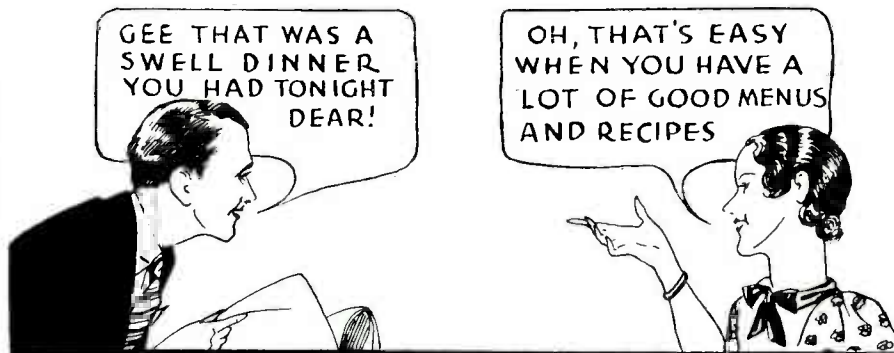
In Havana, Cuba, we have COC. This station is on 50 meters daily from 4 to 6 P.M. Every night when they sign off you will hear the announcer say in English and Spanish "This is short wave station COC, reports of reception should be sent to P. O. Box 98, Havana, Cuba." COC has been heard as late as 9:30 P.M. They come in with fine power and in the near future will be transmitting with increased power. Ever since this station has been on, RV59, Moscow, U.S.S.R., also operating on 50 meters, has not been heard.

Latest news on South American stations reported by listeners: YV4BAG—Caracas, Venezuela—50.2 meters—testing late at night. CP5, La Paz, Bolivia, is scheduled to move from 49.3 meters to 32.8 meters. LSX, 28.98, Buenos Aires, Argentina, can be heard testing with Little America every week-end.

will not rub off

**HANDY TUBES
10¢ & 25¢**

CARBOXA SHOE WHITENER



Have You Started Your Recipe Library?

Last month Tower Magazines offered "Recipes of the Month", and here are some additions you'll want.

Each of the following food circulars is crammed with a wealth of recipes . . . new, different, appetizing. The kind that makes cooking and meal planning so much easier . . . the kind that makes your family say, "Let's have lots more dinners like that!" Each circular is 10 cents and your letters should be addressed to Rita Calhoun, Tower Magazines, Inc., 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Healthful Diet for Children

Nursery and kindergarten menus . . .
diets for grammar school age . . . high
school diet . . . height and weight tables
. . . school box lunches . . . menus.

American Cooking

Favorite American cakes and pies . . .
appetizers and salads . . . New England
dishes . . . Southern dishes . . . American
sandwiches . . . meat and fish dishes.

Vegetable Cookery

New recipes for green vegetables . . .
special tomato recipes . . . ways with
corn, peas and beans . . . cabbage and
onions dressed up . . . vegetable salads.

Fresh and Canned Fish

Cocktails and appetizers . . . fish soups
and chowders . . . main course fish
dishes . . . salads . . . breakfast and
luncheon dishes . . . sauces and garnishes.

Bread and Cereal Dishes

Muffins and breakfast breads . . .
macaroni and spaghetti . . . left-over
bread dishes . . . rice cookery . . . bran
recipes . . . variety with breakfast cereal
. . . griddle cakes and waffles . . .
favorite cereal puddings.

Cheese for Every Occasion

Cheese appetizers and soups . . . main
dishes . . . dishes for lunch and supper
. . . cheese sandwiches and salads . . .
cheese desserts . . . foreign cheese
recipes . . . cheese you should know.

How To Use Your Radio

(Continued from page 47)



MAKE ORDINARY BOB PINS SEEM NEEDLESSLY CLUMSY

Only an inch and a half long, they're the tiniest, daintiest, most truly invisible pins you've ever used. Beauty shops find them indispensable for those soft curls and flattering ringlets. You'll like their strong snap and tight grip—and they are richly enameled, of course, as are all Sta-Rite hair pins. 10 cents at your favorite store in black, brown, gold or silver color. Or send 10c for full size pack. Specify color desired.

STA-RITE HAIR PIN CO., Shelbyville, Ill.



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.

by Mr. La Prade, that it is impossible to include all of the programs in this article. Moreover, there are so many special programs that are arranged on comparatively short notice, that obviously they cannot be anticipated.

Followers of this series will recall the emphasis I have placed on what I have termed planned listening, which contemplates devoting attention to the published radio time tables in order to select out of the multiple programs on the air every day, features that appeal to one's taste. Random dialing, I repeat, produces generally random results—the set owner many times missing programs that he would have enjoyed hearing. To the lover of serious music especially, I recommend reading over the time table of events carefully, lest by hit or miss skipping up and down the vernier he elude some of the musical treats in store for him.

So, planning our listening, let us examine in a cursory way, what the air waves have to offer, remembering, of course, that we should look over the radio program schedules each day that we have time free for listening. New York time will be given in each instance; listeners should compare with locally published time tables for exact time for dialing.

BECAUSE he has so long been striving and succeeding to educate the radio audience to appreciate the best in music we invite the serious music lover's attention first to Frank Dainrosch whose Music Appreciation Hour may be heard on either NBC chains on Friday mornings at eleven. With helpful program comments by the distinguished conductor, this series offers valuable assistance to the listener who would like to gain a background knowledge of the classical themes. If the series has not been concluded, the programs of the New York Symphony Orchestra, Arturo Toscanini conducting, over the Columbia chain on Sundays at three in the afternoon, should be heard by the Symphony followers.

Then there is the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Eugene Ormandy and sponsored by the General Household Utilities Company that may be heard over CBS stations on Tuesdays at 9:30 P.M. Another commercially sponsored gesture in behalf of serious music adherents is the program offered by the Cadillac Motor Car Company on Sundays at 6 P.M. over NBC affiliated stations headed by WJZ. This series features outstanding guest conductors and artists. Also over WJZ hook-ups may be heard the familiar concerts of the Radio City Symphony Orchestra each Sunday at 12:30 P.M., the Rochester Civic Orchestra, Guy Fraser Harrison conducting, each Tuesday at 3 P.M., and the Eastman School Orchestra and Chorus under the leadership of Herman H. Genhart on Thursdays at 3:15 P.M. On Friday afternoons from 2:30 until 4 over the same chain, listeners may tune in the programs presented by the Boston Symphony Orchestra under the baton of Serge Koussevitzky.

The conductor, Howard Barlow, gives his "Musical Album of Popular Classics" over CBS stations Wednesdays at 4 P.M. Mr. Barlow's orchestra is also heard each Sunday at 10:30

P.M. over a Columbia hook-up in conjunction with a series of recitals by Ernest Hutcheson, concert pianist.

And on the subject of piano artists, there are the popular Fray and Braggiotti, broadcasting over Columbia and affiliated stations on Thursday at 9:15 P.M., and Alma Schirmer over WEAF stations on Saturday at 11 A.M. Mischa Levitzski may be heard on the same WEAF outlets each Sunday at 11 P.M. and Henri Deering each Monday at 10:30 P.M.

In the course of the weekly listening, the music lover should try to hear Albert Spalding, the violinist, who appears on the program sponsored each Wednesday at 8:30 P.M. over Columbia by Fletcher's Castoria. Yascha Bunchuk, cellist, presents a diverting fifteen minutes on Tuesday afternoons at 2:15 over an NBC-WEAF hook-up.

CONTINUING our selective program study, we should make note to dial in on many programs that have serious music mixed in with the lighter entertainment as, for examples: the Cities Service concert over a WEAF hook-up on Friday at 8 P.M., in which Jessica Dragonette and Rosario Bourdon's orchestra take part; or the Hall of Fame period, also on the WEAF stations Sunday at 10:30 P.M., in which outstanding guest artists appear. Alex Gray, baritone, and Mary Eastman, soprano, in the Voice of America program on CBS Thursday at 8:30 P.M. do not neglect their musically serious fans in their selections. And the good music group will not be disappointed if it tunes in on the Bayer Company's Album of Familiar Music with Frank Munn, tenor, Virginia Rea, soprano, and the Haenschen Orchestra, scheduled on an NBC-WEAF network at 9:30 P.M. Sunday. Dialers on the same chain at 8:30 P.M. Monday will always find a noted artist featured as guest star on the Voice of Firestone program. The makers of Vince are contributing the voice of the famous baritone, John Charles Thomas, each Wednesday evening at 9:30 over a WJZ hook-up.

Do you like chamber music? The broadcasters have arranged such programs. Each Monday afternoon from 4:15 to 5 o'clock Columbia presents to the nation its Library of Congress series; NBC over a WJZ web offers the Kraeuter String Quartette each Monday at 7:45 P.M. Do you like choral music? Just to single out two such programs as a guide to the reader's further planned listening search, there is the Westminster Choir of mixed voices, under the direction of John Finley Williamson, sent out over WJZ's airways on Wednesdays at 6 P.M., and the Salt Lake City Tabernacle Choir on Sundays at noon on the Columbia chain.

Since TOWER RADIO is distributed on a national scale, we have referred only to some of the programs of a serious character carried by the National Broadcasting Company and the Columbia Broadcasting System. A study of the time tables of several regional and local stations disclose a great many worth while programs which the reader will have to uncover in his item by item examination of the published schedules.

The New Jazz Kings

(Continued from page 25)

who were to spend a Summer in Canada. The visit failed to materialize and the building was sold to a rich American who promptly turned it into a hotel and placed Gray and his orchestra there.

The band was a cooperative organization and upon obtaining the Canadian engagement changed its name from Orange Blossom to Casa Loma and elected Gray president. After finishing the Toronto season the band returned to Detroit, then on a vote decided to barnstorm around the country playing for college dances.

Their unusual rhythms and arrangements made the boys popular with the college crowds and they never found themselves wanting for work. For three and a half years they toured the country and last spring established quarters in the Glen Island Casino, facing Long Island Sound at New Rochelle. When the season closed there they moved to their present location, Essex House, New York.

The catchy arrangements of the band are done by Gene Clifford, guitarist, and Bill Challice, who does not play in the band. Clifford is also a composer of note, having turned out such hits as "Smoke Rings," "Maniac's Ball," "The Moment I Looked Into Your Eyes," and in collaboration with Gray, "The Night We Met."

There are fourteen men in the band, the oldest of whom is 28 and the youngest 21. The singing is done by "Pee Wee" Hunt, Kenny Sargent and Clarence Hutchinrider. Any question arising is voted upon at meetings called by Gray. There is a secretary, treasurer, musical director and librarian. It is the only cooperative band in the country—and the members share equally in the profits and expenses.

Gray himself is a saxophonist who stands six feet four inches in his stocking feet. He does not lead because he believes big men are ungainly in front of bands. Mel Henssen, violinist and smallest man in the orchestra—he is only five feet three inches tall—directs the band.

OZZIE NELSON, like the M. Vallee, is a product of the campus. At Rutgers he seemed destined for an important place in law and athletics, but he has put them aside for the business of putting America through its dance paces. He is also twenty-seven years old, born in Jersey City and christened, believe it or not, Oswald.

At college he developed into a four-sport letter winner; he played quarterback on the football team and was a member of the swimming, boxing and lacrosse teams. He won the college oratorical contest in his senior year, captained the debating team, was art editor of the humorous publication, *Chanticleer* and president of the Student Council.

Upon graduation from college he entered New Jersey Law School, and it was there that his musical interest came to the fore. He organized an orchestra which played for private parties and for a sponsored series of programs over a New York radio station. He has filled engagements at numerous hotels in New York and at present is heard in a weekly program featuring the comedian Joe Penner. He is blond and single.

Nelson was one of the first dance

orchestra leaders to feature a feminine vocalist with his band. Harriet Hilliard is the singer in question.

DON BESTOR has been a well known bandsman for several years in the Middle West but it is only recently that he attained New York and radio network recognition. In 1931 he came to Gotham at the behest of Ralph Hitz who wanted a new orchestra name for his Lexington Hotel. His original rhythms won him an enthusiastic following in the East equal to the established prestige that had been his in the West.

Bestor was born in a hamlet called Mazomanie, near Madison, Wisconsin. It is not revealed whether citizens of this community are identified as Mazomaniacs. He showed musical aptitude at an early age and when only 14 joined a repertory show and not only acted parts but played the piano in the orchestra pit. At 16 he was on the vaudeville stage with a band, pounding the piano.

After a time he got a job with a music publisher in Chicago, playing the new numbers on the piano for the benefit of song pluggers. He was offered a theater in Kankakee, Ill., and purchased it. There is a hiatus of several years in his musical career while he operated this theater. Then he received an offer to come back to Chicago and lead the Benson orchestra, which held a position there similar to that of Meyer Davis in the east. Bestor led three bands in conjunction with Roy Bargy, now pianist and arranger with Paul Whiteman.

Presently Bestor broke away from Benson and organized his own band. The Music-Corporation of America had just been formed and Bestor's orchestra, along with that of Coon-Sanders, was the first to join. Followed a succession of hotel seasons, vaudeville tours and special engagements—and at last New York where he is now heard over the NBC network.

THE only Englishman in the list of new dance orchestra leaders is Reggie Childs. This batoneer was born on a Christmas day in London. His mother was a prominent choir singer and his musical talent was given early encouragement. He finally won a vocal scholarship in London and was sent to sing in the choir of the American Cathedral in Paris.

He attended a French school and in the course of time left the choir to study violin at the Paris Conservatory. His course lasted seven years but before it was over he was back at the Cathedral—this time as boy soloist.

Later, the family migrated to Canada and Reggie went to school in Toronto. His musical training was now fairly complete. What to do with it? Organize a dance orchestra, of course. He formed a band and engagements came in hotels and vaudeville in the Dominion as well as in the States. The broadcasters soon corralled him and he has been the musical feature of many sponsored programs. Once he provided the musical background for the health discussions of Senator Copeland. He also played on the first radio program that was made from the *S. S. Leviathan*.

Childs is tall and slim, with an olive
(Please turn to page 100)

"Here is the SECRET"

SOYS

Mary Bruun



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 \$2 you couldn't get finer nail polish than Hollywood's own MOON GLOW—the new favorite everywhere. Ask your 10c store for the 10c size or your drug store for the 25c size of MOON GLOW Nail Polish in all shades. If they cannot supply you mail the coupon today.

Moon Glow Cosmetic Co., Ltd., Hollywood, Calif.

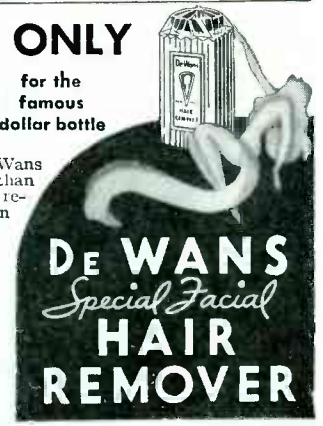
Gentlemen: Please send me introductory pkg. of Moon Glow. I enclose 10c (coin or stamps) for each shade checked.
() Natural () Medium () Rose () Platinum Pearl
() Carmine () Coral.

Name.....
St. & No.....
City..... State..... (TG-A6)

NOW ONLY

50¢ for the famous dollar bottle

Now that DeWans costs no more than ordinary hair removers, women can enjoy the mildness... the skin-kindness... the pleasantness of a facial depilatory... on their arms, underarms and legs. At all drug and department stores... 50c.



NEW "COLLOIDAL" TREATMENT FOR BAD SKIN!

DOCTORS working in many localities have been obtaining wonderful results, treating eczema, pimples, boils and similar skin outbreaks with a new, non-irritating "colloidal aluminum compound" (or CAC) preparation. A typical group of cases, reported in one medical journal, showed that 95% of eczema cases and 100% of boil cases so treated showed decided improvement—results were called "spectacular!" Marvelously effective also for cuts, burns, wounds, poison ivy. Astounding how quickly it allays itching and pain!

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The New Jazz Kings

(Continued from page 99)

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complexion and dark brown hair. He is unmarried.

BOB GRANT is a protege of John Hay Whitney. Twenty-five years old, he entered the dance band business in 1924 and it was not long before he had his own orchestra. He has played in Atlantic City, Lake Placid and Saratoga. It was while he was appearing in Saratoga that his orchestra attracted the attention of John Hay Whitney, millionaire sportsman. When Whitney became an official of WMCA, he was instrumental in securing a wire in the Embassy Club, whence Grant and his band broadcast nightly.

Grant is married and lives with his parents in uptown New York. He is acknowledged the youngest looking of all the maestros of prominence.

THE newest figure in the dance band leaders' ranks is Little Jack Little. For many years Little has been a radio headliner, presenting a song-and-piano program over the networks. His vocal style was something of the crooner's but, unlike the crooners, he was able to do his own accompanying. His keyboard technique revealed a natural rather than a trained musician. He had a practice of rambling willy-nilly over the instrument, in something of the manner of the piano-players in the early movie houses. But he was careful always to keep pace with his vocalizing.

With the coming of repeal indicating a prosperity for the hey-hey maestros such as even they have never experienced before, Little realized that opportunity was tapping at his door. He organized a band and set out on a tour of New England until such time as he believed his organization was ready to compete with the famous orchestras in Gotham: Whiteman, Vallee, Olsen, Lyman, Bestor, Gray and others.

He did not wait long. On November 16th he began a season at the Hotel Lexington and thereby set a precedent that, it is expected, will be followed widely by other entertainers to whom repeal means a shortage of dance bands in the Republic.

Most of the maestros, new as well as veteran, owe their starting success to broadcasting. Before radio, little was heard of them beyond the small

horizon of their respective dance coops.

Today? Today, they are household gods from one end of the land to the other. They have turned the nation to dancing as no nation has danced since Nero laid down his fiddle and called it a day.

There is no hotel above the rank of second-grade that does not employ a dance band expert in the various styles of hoofing. Nightly they are a magnet for the bright young people and the trying-not-to-be-dull older people of the urban centers. With prosperity having actually turned the corner of the mezzanine grills, the maestros have had to devise new rhythms, new styles of dance music that would satisfy not only the younger patrons but those much more numerous older ones. Chiefly, they have slowed up their tempos.

The old fast time, which strangely symbolized the big, bad wolf days of 1933, has given way to a languorous technique. The bandmen will tell you—as Little Jack Little and others have told me—that the public in good times is especially romantic. Therefore, it must be given romantic music—tunes about moonlight and gardens and cottages and the sea. And the word "Love" must be repeated often and distinctly.

Obviously, this stuff cannot be raced through. It requires a slow, soothing tempo. The maestro who can dispense it most satisfactorily, who can air his melodies so rhythmically languorously that sleek girls, carefree youths and any number of paunchy fellows in their fifties tilt head to head and peer poignantly into each other's eyes is the maestro who is sitting most pretty in these recovery days.

The younger maestros, the Grays, Bestors, Grants, Childs, believe they have an advantage over their older rivals. They have not the old styles to forget. They have only the new technique to remember.

In any event, they are going strong. When you get down to statistics there must be two thousand dance band leaders going strong. They are the busiest fellows, outside the brain trust, in the land. In fact, the father who raises his son to be a dance maestro is that father who today has no worry about his son's bills.

JUNE Birthdays

Why not send birthday congratulations to your favorites?



Ben Grauer.....June 2, 1908
Glen Gray.....June 7, 1903
Paul White.....June 9, 1902
Norman Brakenshire.....June 10, 1898
Priscilla Lane.....June 12, 1917
Gypsy Nina.....June 15, 1906
Jacques Renard.....June 15, 1897

Vincent Coleman.....June 21, 1897
Phil Duey.....June 22, 1902
Jack Whiting.....June 22, 1901
Ann Leaf.....June 28, 1906

CALLING ALL CARS!

(Continued from page 56)

San Francisco police officers, listen in on headquarters.



Wide World Photos

Right, Chief William J. Quinn, of the San Francisco police, a strong believer in the value of radio for police work.

that there was a burglar at work in the upper rooms.

"The burglar, it later developed, had heard the householder calling the Department and had listened in on the upstairs telephone extension. As soon as the owner had replaced the receiver, the burglar called the police operator and told him to cancel the call, as there had been a mistake. The operator informed the intruder that the call had already been put on the air.

"The burglar immediately made a mad dash for the nearest window and lowered himself on a trellis to the ground—and into the arms of the crew of a Fifth Precinct scout car. The car had been cruising within a hundred yards of the house when the alarm was received."

Commenting on this incident, Superintendent McCarty goes on to say, "Although it was seemingly spectacular, there was really nothing unusual about the arrest. It was merely another exemplification of the efficiency of police radio."

Superintendent McCarty speaks with a good deal of authority, for as he points out, "The Detroit Police Department was the first to put a radio equipped patrol car in operation, directed by licensed police operators from a municipally owned broadcasting station devoted exclusively to police work. This was done early in 1921.

"At first, the license under which our station was permitted to operate made it necessary for us not only to broadcast our messages upon a wavelength that was used by commercial broadcasting stations, but it was also stipulated that we must provide a musical program, between messages, for our curious listeners. In other words, if we wished to broadcast the alarm of a murder or a hold-up, we must first play a tune on a fiddle!"



Gradually these difficulties were ironed out, the police station was permitted to use a short-wave transmitter that was outside the usual commercial broadcasting range, and in 1928 the police radio system was established on a firm basis. Detroit has received widespread recognition for her years of pioneering in the field of police radio, and as Superintendent McCarty points out, "Police officials from practically every large city in the world have come to Detroit to inspect our police radio system."

At present there are just about 100 cities large and small in the United States that regularly use radio in some form in police work. Among these are many suburban communities which lie close to the big cities and receive calls sent out from the city station.

This situation is particularly true of Chicago and St. Louis. In Chicago, William H. Shoemaker, Chief of Detectives, and William H. Killeen, director of the Police Radio Department, point out that during the year 1933, there were 168,457 broadcasts to City of Chicago police department cars. There were 12,688 arrests made as a result of broadcast messages. The city furnishes broadcast service to
(Please turn to page 102)

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HE SAID...
ONLY 15¢



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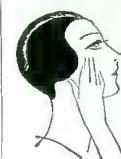
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Absolutely dollar size and quality. Goes on easily and evenly—and stays on until you want it off. Handsome, durable mirror top case, Soft puff. Save money—try Silvaray once and you'll never spend a dollar for rouge again.

At Your 10¢ Store



Silvaray

Calling All Cars

(Continued from page 101)

fifty-one suburban communities around Chicago, as well as to the County Highway Police and the several local Park Police bodies.

Commenting on the efficiency of the radio patrols, Chief Schoemaker says, "We consider radio service an indispensable weapon in our efforts toward the suppression of crime."

Giving protection to surrounding territory is featured at St. Louis, where John J. McCarthy, Captain and Acting Chief of Police, says, "Our transmitting facilities have been extended to various law enforcement agencies of St. Louis County, and East St. Louis, Illinois. In all we serve a territory of 472 square miles.

"St. Louis itself is patrolled twenty-four hours a day by 143 radio receiving cars. Maintenance cost of the entire radio division has been approximately \$35,000 a year. This figure includes salaries of the personnel, operating depreciation and replacement of parts. We broadcast an average of 70,000 calls a year.

"Radio in police work has long passed the experimental stage, and its value is emphasized by the fact that no city discontinued its use, having once installed equipment. Although the initial cost of equipment is high, upkeep costs are low, and this Department feels more than justified in having invested in the installation and operation of our Radio Division."

Chief McCarthy cites several instances of speedy work by the radio police patrols. On one occasion an convict who had just stolen an automobile was overtaken and arrested before the radio dispatcher had completed broadcasting the alarm the regulation three times. At another time, officers summoned by radio arrived in time to arrest two persons who were trying to pass counterfeit money in a shoe store. On another occasion a man wanted for murder was apprehended just a block and a half from the scene of the crime.

THESE instances occurred in St. Louis, but they can be paralleled in any city which uses a radio police system. In New York, for instance, police radio cars have been utilized to take an expectant mother to a maternity hospital during the recent taxi strike; have averted several suicides; have found lost children; and have released persons accidentally locked in offices. All of these things are in addition to the regular work of apprehending criminals.

Out of a great deal of experience in many cities, police officials have evolved several rules for the public.

1. First and foremost, help to PREVENT crime. If you see suspicious persons loitering about a bank near closing time; or see a truck drive up to a closed warehouse in the dead of night; or hear noises or see a light in a neighboring house or apartment when you know the family is away—don't hesitate, but call the police. Often it is only a matter of seconds before a radio car is on the scene, ready to squelch a crime before it happens.

2. If you are in a store or bank or home, and suspect that some stranger is trying to cash a forged check, or pass a counterfeit bill, or perpetrate some other fraud, invent some excuse

to go back to a telephone and call the police. Meanwhile, "stall" the intruder along, pretending interest in his scheme, until a fast radio patrol arrives to find out if the man really is a crook or not.

3. If you listen to police signals on the radio, help the police in what they are trying to do. Many fans now have all-wave receivers, or short-wave attachments on their regular radio sets. If you have such an arrangement, don't regard it as a mere source of amusement. When the police broadcast an alarm for a man fleeing in a certain type of automobile, keep your eyes open, and you may spot that car. Likewise, if a suspect is wanted for murder or burglary, listen to the description, and you may see the man. Police departments are for the protection of the general public, and they work best when the public works with them.

These are the three main rules to keep in mind, and meanwhile police use of radio is constantly growing in extent and effectiveness.

Up in Boston the Acting Police Commissioner, Martin H. King, says, "Radio has not been completely installed by this department, as only a few of our cars are so equipped, but it is anticipated that with the installation of radio we will have an added asset in the detection and apprehension of criminals."

Enthusiastic endorsement of radio in police work comes from B. R. Marshall, Superintendent of Police for the city of Pittsburgh. He says, "This Department has 38 radio-equipped cars and our own broadcasting station. We also cooperate with all the adjoining Boroughs that have radio cars.

"In my opinion no police department could meet with the present conditions without radio-equipped machines. The radio police car is one of the greatest crime prevention weapons the police department has, and we expect to increase our radio equipment just as

Wide World



John P. Smith

Police Commissioner of Detroit was a pioneer in the use of radio in police work.

Tower Radio, June, 1934

fast as the financial condition of our city will permit."

EQUALLY enthusiastic endorsement of police radio comes from the Pacific coast. Out in San Francisco, Chief of Police William J. Quinn says:

"In cases of bank robberies, payroll hold-ups, kidnaping or any other form of banditry practised by the gangster, racketeer or desperado bandits of this age, the properly manned and equipped radio patrol car is a police department's best, or, I might say, only weapon."

Those are strong words, and the copper-haired, smiling police official in the city by the Golden Gate backs them up with a bit of history and some specific instances. Chief Quinn says:

"The San Francisco Police Department is one of the pioneer police departments in the United States using radios and radio equipped cars. This department has had its own radio broadcasting stations since March 24, 1931, but previous to that time we had radio-equipped patrol cars which picked up messages of police importance broadcast, by arrangement, over some of the local broadcasting stations."

"I could cite many instances of the success of our radio patrol cars, which, to the uninitiated, would appear uncanny. The very latest case of this type coming to my mind is the case of a bank hold-up in one of our outlying districts recently."

"Shortly after the bank had opened for the day's business, two men walked in and engaged the officers in conversation until a few customers in the bank had left. Then, abruptly, the men drew guns and ordered the four employes to the rear of the bank."

"While one bandit kept the quartette covered with his gun, the other leaped over the counter and scooped money into a briefcase he carried."

"However, the girl stenographer in the bank, in going to the back of the room as the bandits ordered, stepped upon the secret burglar alarm which had been installed some time previously."

"The signal of a hold-up was flashed to the main office of the bank, as well as to our Bureau of Inspectors. Without delay the alarm was broadcast over the police radio. The radio patrol car in the district in which the bank was located picked up the radio warning of the hold-up and sped to the scene."

"The officers arrived at the bank just as the two hold-up men were coming out to the street, and before the bandits had grasped the situation, they were under arrest."

"Before the bandits had any opportunity to warn their friends, police had raided the flat which the bandits gave as their residence, and there found evidence linking the two with several hold-ups which had baffled peace authorities of the State for some time. It was learned, too, that these two bandits both had long criminal records, one of them being an escape from a middle-western penitentiary, where he was serving a life sentence."

"On another occasion, a desperate and heart-sick young woman was saved from suicide some time ago through the magic of the radio. She had sent a note to the police, by special messenger, that she was about to plunge into the ocean. By means of the radio, police cars patrolling in the vicinity of the beach were warned to look for the girl. A radio car arrived at the beach just as she was

wading into the surf, and she was, of course, saved from self-destruction."

CHIEF JAMES E. DAVIS of the Los Angeles, Calif., police department, believes thoroughly in police radio. He says:

"We have many instances on record where radio helped in the detection and prevention of crime. In one particular case—an arrest of a hold-up man was made within thirty seconds after receipt of the message by a patrol car. A neighbor observed a gas station operator being stuck up with a gun. He called the police and the message was radioed to the district car, which chanced to be just around the corner from the gas station in question. The officers drove into the station in time to intercept the bandit as he was backing out of the door with his gun in one hand and with the other stuffing the money stolen into his pocket. A sawed-off shotgun in the middle of his back temporarily stopped his crime career."

"On February 3, 1934, a Shell Oil station was held up at 7200 Sunset Boulevard, in Hollywood, which, for your information, is part of Los Angeles. Immediately after the bandit departed the operator called the police and the radio patrol car of the district. Some detectives who were cruising in another car responded in less than one minute. They found the robber before he succeeded in concealing himself and recovered both the proceeds of the robbery and the gun used."

"On November 20, 1933, the complaint board of the Police Department received a report of a hold-up at Twenty-fourth Street and Stanford. It was relayed by radio to the car in the district and the officers arrived on the scene in ninety seconds. Another car having heard the call also responded a few seconds later—in time to apprehend the robber who had just left the victim. In this instance the victim had been stabbed in the side by a negro bandit who held him up."

In Cleveland, Chief of Police George J. Matowitz pays tribute to the efficiency of police radio, and then cites an instance showing how it works. Chief Matowitz says:

"Police radio is indispensable to the police department of today, not only from the standpoint of instantaneous and constant contact with the entire department which has furnished one of the greatest aids to crime detection, but also from the standpoint of a deterrent to those criminally intent."

Chief Matowitz tells of the robbery of a gasoline filling station by a gunman who escaped in a taxicab. A patrol car, getting the alarm by radio, went at once to the headquarters of the cab company. While the police officer was there, the driver of the cab called in to say that the robber had abandoned his cab, and had jumped into another cab, whose number he took.

The number of the second cab and its description were broadcast. Police patrol cars in the neighborhood were warned to be on the lookout, and before the robber could escape the cab was overtaken and the robber arrested with the stolen money still on him. He later confessed to four other robberies in Cleveland.

Thus the instances multiply, and the final verdict remains unanimous—radio is the finest weapon which modern science has placed in the hands of the police.



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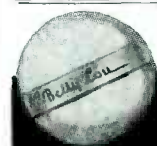
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Cushioned Powder Puffs
They apply face powder more becomingly because they are cushioned

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Radio's Oddest Job

(Continued from page 19)

"I Deserved
a Sour
Stomach



But TUMS Kept My
Stomach Sweet"

I ADMIT I was indiscreet at the party last night. I had far too much to eat, smoked too much. But I feel fine today. Not a hint of sour stomach. No acid indigestion, not a trace of heartburn. Here's the secret: After the dinner I ate three or four Tums—those delightful new candy-like antacid mints. Tums contain no soda or water soluble alkalies, only soothing insoluble antacids that pass off undissolved and inert when the acid conditions are corrected. Millions now use Tums. Only 10c, all drug stores.

Free Beautiful new gold and blue 1934 Calendar-Thermometer. Also samples TUMS and NR—Just send name and address, enclosing stamp, to A. H. LEWIS COMPANY, Dept. HAAS, St. Louis, Mo.

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Quick and easy to use. . . Absolutely pure, cooling and soothing—non-irritating. FOR UNDERARM PERSPIRATION.

If your favorite toilet goods counter cannot supply you, write for handbag size, 10c, enclosing stamps or coin.

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Nadinola Bleaching Cream

later, some of my friends say 'Here comes that fried egg.'

Bradley Barker's career as an animal vocalizer started some forty years ago. Though he was raised in New York City, he spent his summer vacation on an uncle's upstate farm. The small, jolly, happy go-lucky boy was full of the joy of life. He'd get up early, before the rest of the household, and devise ways of making them sit up and take notice. One of the best ways, he discovered, was to imitate rural sounds—the crowing of the roosters, the neighing of horses, the mooing of cows, the cackle of the chickens, the barks of dogs. Dogs were always Bradley Barker's (yes, that's his real name) favorite. The neighbors proved extremely unappreciative of his efforts.

Today his bow-wows and woof-woofs, his growls and barks are so realistic that thousands have written in for pictures of the dogs he portrays. You should see the faces of studio visitors when, instead of a trained wolf-hound, or poodle, or terrier, which they expected to see, this heavy-set, graying, kindly middle-aged gentleman steps to the mike and does his stuff.

One of the most popular characters on the air is Bones, the hound of the "Moonshine and Honeysuckle" series. Do you remember the landslide which took place in one of the sketches? Through the howl of the wind, the crash of the rocks down the mountain-side, the boom of lightning, the frightened cries of the spectators, you heard the agonizing yelping of a dog, caught in the downrush of rocks and trees. That dog was Bones, vocalized by Bradley Barker.

The "Moonshine and Honeysuckle" cast thought nothing more of the matter until the next day. Early in the morning, at noon, late at night the phone kept ringing; messenger boys arrived with telegrams galore; the mailman dumped hundreds of letters into the studio correspondence department. The tenor of all was the same: "Why did you allow Bones to be hurt in the landslide? That was a mean trick to play on such a lovely, intelligent dog. We are just as fond of him as of the human cast. Don't let him die."

How this animal vocalizer entered radio makes an interesting story. It was a rather indirect route. When Bradley Barker was a tiny boy, he dreamed of the days when he would appear on the stage, a swashbuckling hero. His family, however, wanted to make a business man of him; he dutifully got a job as a clerk in a woolen house, after he had graduated from Public School.

But he kept on thinking of the stage. "When I was eighteen," he told me, "I wrote a vaudeville skit. A girl friend, who shared my confidence, and also chafed under the restrictions of a sensible family, was the other character. For weeks we rehearsed it in secret. Finally one of my theatrical friends actually gave us the opportunity to try it out in Wilmington, Del. We closed the very same night. It was terrible."

Barker persevered and landed on Broadway. Within a few years he had become a leading man. Then along came a movie offer, and for quite a while he pioneered in films. He played with such people as Billie Burke, Alice

Brady, Lionel Barrymore, Pauline Frederick and Olga Petrova. When sound effects were introduced into the movies, he supervised their production; later he became a director. Talkies had just come in.

Between pictures he did radio work. His first part was as a dramatic actor in the Eveready Hour skits. His first rehearsal was of a shipwreck in the Galapagos Islands, in which the sailors killed seals and used their skins for foot-covering.

"How are we going to get the flapping grunt of the seals as we approach the shore, their growls as we kill them?" a member of the cast asked. "We can't import a drove of seals for our act."

"I'll take a try at making the sound," Barker answered. He did it so well that before long he was started on a regular career as an animal imitator. Which was not at all to his liking. Making animal sounds for a living is quite a far cry from being a leading man in pictures.

HE set himself about to become the master of animal calls, though, to memorizing new sounds. He haunted the zoo and the circus. "I realized," he told me, "that my success in radio depended upon my specializing in animal imitations. There are hundreds of competent radio actors; there is nothing unique in being an ex-Broadway star. Here was a field where I could be outstanding. I made up my mind to corner the market on radio menagerie effects.

"I used to do a good deal of practicing for my programs," he continued. "In the park, at home, wherever I was. After I completed the Frank Buck series of radio sketches for *Bring 'Em Back Alive* and did all the animal sounds for his moving picture, I felt I really knew my stuff without hours of practice. Nor was the work all fun. One day, after a broadcast, I came home with two pieces of loose flesh hanging in my throat. I couldn't swallow—I couldn't speak above a whisper.

"Home remedies didn't help any, so I went to a doctor. He told me I had torn the lining of my throat imitating a tiger yell. He gave me some medicine with which to spray my throat. It worked wonders. Some days, though, I still come home so hoarse I can hardly speak."

This experience convinced Mr. Barker of what his wife had failed to convince him—that he should get his throat, which is his capital, insured. It is insured for \$50,000 today. Barker uses no mechanical aids in making sounds, only his vocal chords. Nor is there anything unusual about the formation of his throat organs. He assured me they are just like yours and mine. Only he has trained them to do just as he bids; we don't bother.

Radio is not his only interest. He has three hobbies: oil painting, clay modelling and working out trick sound and spectacular lighting effects for stage settings. Some day, Mr. Barker avers, when the animal vocalizing business is played out, he is going to devote all his time to tinkering around in his workshop with them. But judging from his popularity as an animal imitator, I am indeed afraid that day will never come.

My Double Life

(Continued from page 21)

movie, but this occasion is made rare enough to be a red letter day and highly appreciated.

After a couple of hours with the boys I attend to my own duties—those necessary duties of a radio performer, like rehearsals, shopping, having my hair done, having photographs taken, etc., etc., but no matter where I am, no matter what demands are made upon my time I am back home soon enough to have dinner with the boys before they are put to bed.

I'd much rather have dinner with them than to dine in some grand hotel. You get sick of hotel cooking. What they eat is simple and healthy. It's swell.

After dinner I read to them until their bedtime. They love cowboy stories and their ambitions for the future include nothing but a life on the plains with lariat and cayuse—whatever in the world a cayuse is! Both Charlie and George spurn to follow in the musical footsteps of their father. No sir, they're going to be cowboys!

By half past six they're tucked in bed and that gives me just enough time to get to the hotel at seven and begin the day's—or rather the night's work.

Every Saturday night they're allowed to stay up until eight to listen to George and me on the radio. Incidentally they're my toughest critics. The next day they always tell me what they've liked and what they haven't liked. Some of my songs they think are grand. Some they can only give lukewarm praise. And I've often had them tell me, "That number wasn't right for your voice, Mother." The funny thing is they're usually right, too. They listen to the children's hours on the radio but that's about all. Except for our stuff—which they love to hear—they're not what you would call real radio fans.

WHEN I'm working in a show they're allowed to come once. And occasionally I let them go back-stage. That's a big thrill and something that they talk about for weeks.

On Thanksgiving I had them at the Madhattan Room, but that's an experience I don't want to repeat. You see, their lives are so simple that when they're let loose they go wild. Well, on this night they ran under the tables, and climbed on the orchestra platform and got tangled up in the saxophones and Lord knows what! I was so nervous I could hardly manage to sing and they're such big fellows for their ages that they're hard to cope with. I'll never take them to a hotel where we're working again until they're in long pants!

I'm not really a strict mother but I do believe in their leading normal lives.

I'll never let them show off. I wouldn't have them "speak pieces" or play little numbers on the piano for anything while they're kids. I don't want ideas of showing off to get in their heads. And I do want them to choose their own professions and not have mine and George's thrust upon them unless they actually want it.

They are never given more money than a few pennies and sometimes on great occasions, a nickel or a dime. You see, George and I have had to fight for everything we have and we want the kids to realize that money doesn't come easily. We always tell them that, because it is important that they know it and will, I feel, help them to be sensible in later life.

I KNOW some people who will spend sixty-five dollars for a child's coat. Our boys' best coats cost fifteen and they know that's the best coat and has to be respected. I don't want them to have false ideas in their heads that money grows on trees. I can't see the sense of putting a lot of money on children's backs. It doesn't mean that you love them any more than if they're simply dressed. It just means that you, yourself, want to show off. And as for loving them—why, I couldn't love them any more than I do.

After Charlie was born I gave up the stage. I thought I had given it up forever, until Ziegfeld persuaded me to go into the production of "Whoopee" with Eddie Cantor. While I was in that show I realized I was going to have another child. I worked until four months before George was born—and I felt so fine that I wouldn't consent to having a single dance number cut.

People told me I was crazy to do that. But it didn't seem to hurt me and I have a fine, fine boy who certainly wasn't hurt by it.

I did not go back to work until George was a year old. Then I went into the film version of "Whoopee" in California. Back from the West, I did no work for a year. Then I began singing with George's band. Radio fans know the rest.

One thing is sure and that is that if I couldn't regulate my life so that I could have all the time I wanted with the boys I'd stop work tomorrow. There wouldn't be a moment's hesitation. It would not be a great decision, for there isn't a doubt in my mind on that score. The boys come first—they're the most important things in this world!

P. S.—Did I say I regulate my life so that I have *all* the time I want with my boys? That's wrong. After all, I do not spend one quarter of the time with them a good mother should. Days are all too short!

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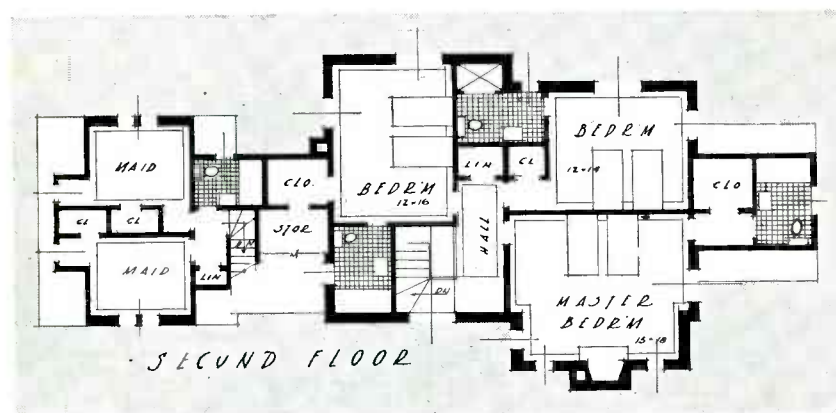
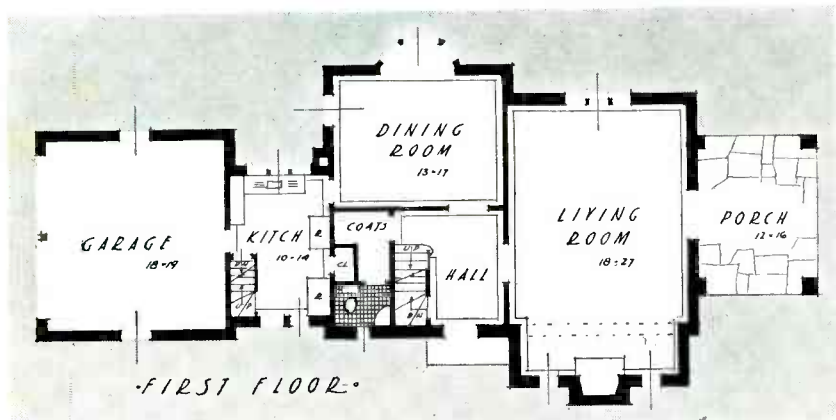
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A HOUSE FOR RUDY VALLEE

Designed by
Theodore Whitehead Davis, Architect



ALTHOUGH Rudy Vallee, popular radio crooner, has purchased a beautiful home in California and has recently completed a lovely estate up in the Maine woods, he says that when he builds a home in the vicinity of New York he wants a house of this type. Mr. Vallee wanted a large house because he likes to entertain; he wanted an English house because he thinks that style of architecture is most suitable to this locality. Mr. Davis, in charge of Tower Magazines Architectural Department, took Mr. Vallee's ideas on the type of house he would like to build and designed this lovely rambling house.

It is an interesting reproduction of an old Cotswold house with faced stone walls.

The floor plans of the house contain some interesting features such as the angle-nook in the living room, the large bay window in the dining room, the unusual stairway, the kitchen away from the living rooms, the downstairs lavatory, the garage easily accessible from the house. Upstairs there are three large bedrooms, each with connecting bath, spacious closets and each room has the desired cross ventilation.

This house is perhaps larger than some of us would require, but by making a few changes in the plans a smaller and less expensive house could be built without spoiling the design. The service wing and the garage could be eliminated entirely. The dining room could be made into a kitchen, and the living room a combination living room and dining room.

Rudy Vallee, popular radio crooner, wants a large, roomy home of old English design



WHAT AGE WOMEN ARE WEARING the New Bright Cutex Nails?

SUB-DEBUTANTE

Miss Nathalie
Brown

who will make her *début* next season, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederic Rhineland Brown. She says: "When mother saw that all the girls in my set were tinting their nails, she let me do it, too."

CORAL nails are lovely with white, pink, beige, gray, blue, brown, green frocks.

GARNET is smart with brown, black, white, beige, gray, orange frocks.



**"CORAL, CARDINAL, RUBY
—WE WEAR THEM ALL"**

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16 or 60—you're almost as conspicuous in plain nails today as if you had on one of the short skirts of 1927!

And honestly—variety in finger nails *does* suit every age. You can be daring at the Junior Prom in white satin and red Ruby nails. Or preside with dignity at the next Woman's Party meeting in brown velvet with delicate Rose finger nails!

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Mrs. Tilton
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who divides her time gaily between Paris and Newport, says: "There is a Cutex shade suitable for every color gown and every age. I am particularly fond of black for town wear with bright Cardinal nail polish."

CARDINAL contrasts excitingly with black, white, pastel, gray, beige, blue gowns.

ROSE is charming with pastel, green, black and brown gowns.



GRANDMOTHER

Mrs. Courtlandt
Richardson

one of New York's charming older matrons, noted for her chic, says: "My daughters and I wear the same colors and adore working out clever combinations of gown and nail tint. I like to wear white in the evening with deep Ruby Cutex Polish."

RUBY is such a real red, you can wear it with any frock.

NATURAL is best with bright costumes—red, purple, orange.



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