

Tower RADIO

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A TOWER
MAGAZINE

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THE LANE SISTERS

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THE AMAZING REVELATION
OF LEE WILEY

TAXI DRIVER to JAZZ KING

THE STORY OF PAUL WHITEMAN

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Tower Radio

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with
Color

SHADOW INDICATES NEW SIZE

Watch the January Issue for sensational development in your favorite magazine

What a welcome you gave that first issue of Tower Radio some months ago! We knew then how much you had wanted it . . . how much you appreciate brilliantly written articles and fiction . . . good art work . . . and a generally dignified presentation of your chief reading interest. However, for the last few months, we have been delving deep into a study of the magazine to find some way of making it still more enjoyable to you, and now we have found one that we are confident will meet with your approval.

With the January Issue

Beginning with the January issue, TOWER RADIO will make its first appearance in a new

larger size. The illustration above suggests what the increase will be and we can assure you both editorial and art work take on a new beauty which is simply startling.

The Only Radio Magazine in This Larger Size

Just as TOWER RADIO has always been in a distinct class editorially, so will its new size set it apart physically from other radio magazines. It will be the only one of this dramatic size. The two-color pages and the rotogravure section will continue to add beauty to the presentation. This new TOWER RADIO goes on sale November 30th. Get your copy early. We predict a rush for the issue.

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STAND BY for SANTA CLAUS LAND
*A remarkable story of the annual
Eskimo broadcast from Denmark*

Tower Radio

CATHERINE MCNELIS, Publisher

VOL. 2, NO. 3

A TOWER MAGAZINE

DECEMBER, 1934

Cover by ARMAND SEGUSO

Autographed Portrait in Color of Lee Wiley..... 35

Behind the Dial.....Nellie Revell	6	The Unknown Chapter.....Nan Campbell	30
Radio Pageant.....The Tower Observer	12	Thrilling Adventures of Short Wave Amateurs Robert D. Heinl	32
Why I Killed the Baron.....Tom Reynolds	13	Out of Darkness.....Nan Campbell	34
Meet the Missus.....Nellie Revell	14	With Alice Aforethought.....Stewart Robertson	38
He Floats Through the Air.....Edward Sammis	16	Around the World on a Postage Stamp Tom Carskadon	36
Microphonies.....Raymond Knight	18	Short Wave Department..Captain Horace L. Hall	40
The Girl with a Tear in Her Voice.Dorothy Blank	19	Programs You'll Want to Hear.....	42
Still King of Jazz.....Guy Johnson	20	Let the Voice of Experience Help You.....	44
Radio Comes of Age.....Tom Carskadon	22	Radio from the Inside	
So Romance Is Dead, Huh?.....Dorothy Blank	24	The Man at the Controls	46
Tony Wons' New Scrap Book.....Tony Wons	25	Know Your Music.....Pitts Sanborn	62
Without Benefit of Ballyhoo....Edward Sammis	26		

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NEW ISSUE ON SALE THE FIRST OF EVERY MONTH



GARBO

"THE PAINTED VEIL"

with HERBERT MARSHALL • GEORGE BRENT
Warner Oland • Jean Hersholt • Katharine Alexander
Directed by RICHARD BOLESLAWSKI • Produced by HUNT STROMBERG
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

This is the Garbo whose flame fires the world! This is the STAR who entralls love-hungry hearts! Not in all her past successes whether in silent or talking pictures has she been so exciting on the screen as now in this story of a smouldering love, of high adventure, of tenderness that yields tears. This is your Garbo, the Star of exquisite mystery and provocative romance!

Based on the novel by W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM



TOWER RADIO brings to you the latest scoops about your favorites from an intimate friend of the stars

Behind the Dial

By

NELLIE REVELL

THE Donald Novis household is reputed to be on the verge of collapse. Donald Novis's matrimonial affairs, if rumors are true, are in decided contrast to those of his acknowledged rival, Morton Downey. These two young men came on radio about the same time and were pitted against each other for build-ups, by their respective networks. Donald was already married at the time, and Downey was a widower with a child three years old, but married the lovely Barbara Bennett, and they began raising another family—insist they want twelve.

BY the way, secret divorces and remarriages seem to be the vogue in radio. Jimmy Wallington was divorced for weeks before even his close business associates knew it. It was so secret in fact that Mrs. Wallington's parents in Worcester, Mass., knew nothing of the divorce, and the Worcester newspapers were amazed to discover it. That the second marriage was attended with more than usual secrecy, was evidenced in the fact that even Pat Kelly, Jimmy Wallington's superior officer, did not know of it.

SOMETIMES one wonders when we see a star of the calibre and standing of Kate Smith without a sponsor. She is one of the most beloved and, I should say, important names on all radio. The Columbia

Paramount

Joe Penner ran to Hollywood for "College Rhythm," then back to radio.



United Artists

Eddie Cantor and Ethel Merman took a vacation from radio to sing in "Kid Millions." But they'll soon be back.

Broadcasting Company summoned the radio editors for an important announcement early last Fall, and then confided in them that Kate was no longer to be "sold down the river" commercially, but was to become an "institution," meaning that she was to direct and arrange institutional programs for the network and lend her name, influence, personality, etc., exclusively to the (Please turn to page 9)

Grand FUN.. Beautiful GIRLS.. Dazzling SCENES in EDDIE CANTOR'S New Hit "KID MILLIONS"



Pardon my
(Ann)Sothern
accent!

It's Eddie! Going
harem-scarem in
the harem!

Eddie gets a heart
Merman for Ethel!

Eddie sings a look-at-
hymn to Block and Sully



The gorgeous Goldwyn
Girls in a scene from
the all-Technicolor
ice-cream fantasy!

Is Eddie's face black!
As he goes-to-town
with "Mandy" . . .
Irving Berlin's melody
masterpiece!



Just a big dame hunter!
Out for bigger and bedouins!

EDDIE CANTOR in Samuel Goldwyn's
production of "KID MILLIONS"

with ANN SOTHERN · ETHEL MERMAN
BLOCK and SULLY · THE GOLDWYN GIRLS
Released by UNITED ARTISTS

ROSES and DRUMS



R. H. Hoffman

A panorama of the cast of "Roses and Drums." Left to right: John Battle, Helen Claire, Guy Bates Post, once a Broadway star, Erwyn Mutch, Reed Brown, Jr., and John Daly Murphy.

Radio's famous dramatic series continues to present the romance of the blue and the gray

Ray Lee Jackson



Ray Lee Jackson

Bill Adams (above) as Daniel Stark. Adams used to imitate Roosevelt on "The March of Time."



R. H. Hoffman

Below, Guy Bates Post as General Grant talks it over with Bob Stone, NBC sound effects expert.

Above, pretty Helen Claire who plays Betty Graham, the heroine of "Roses and Drums."



What is happening in the domestic circles of the favorite stars of the airwaves?



Ray Lee Jackson

No wonder we clamor for television! Anka Lundh made a hit with her singing on the air. What if people could also see her?



Paramount

Bing Crosby tries the disguise of a waiter in "Here Is My Heart." Did he fool you?

**Behind
THE
DIAL**

(Continued from page 6)

Columbia Broadcasting Company. We have a feeling, however, that if a sponsor with enough of what it takes, appears, that Kate would listen to reason.

DICTION medal winners being bounced from their own networks, as in the case of John Holbrook and Ted Jewett, (Ted, while not a diction medal winner, is one of the good old stand-bys of NBC) probably realize now how the decorated veterans felt sitting on benches in Bryant Park when they would have been willing to trade all their medals for a hamburger sandwich.

THE most heartbreaking thing the sustaining artist has to encounter is the uncertainty of his scheduled programs. It is hard to build-up a following when the radio audience is never sure they can find their favorite artist on the scheduled time, and yet the special broadcast coming through is of vital importance not only to the public, but to the network, because it stimulates new listeners, and there really isn't any way of adjusting the time of a special broadcast.

LARGE and institutional programs seem to be the order of the day with the major networks. All kinds of institutional programs are put on by high-powered experienced broadcasters. John B. Kennedy's new program interviewing radio artists, is one of the most successful, not only because John B. Kennedy has one of the finest dictions on the air, but has a masterful way of saying things, and his interviews are most interesting. It seems as if everybody is interviewing everybody else these days. Three years ago, when I came to NBC, it was with great difficulty, that I persuaded the executives to permit me to interview their own artists on the air. My reportorial experiences told me that the listening public would be much interested in knowing more about the people whom they heard on the air. Three months afterward, Columbia put Bob Taplinger, of their press department, on the air interviewing their artists. Last year Wallace Butterworth, an announcer sold the same idea to a sponsor, and did a highly successful program; and now along comes John B. Kennedy doing the same thing. Well, anyhow, it was a good idea.

(Please turn to page 10)



Eddie Dooley again this Fall brings his comments on football to the mike. This is the third successive year he has been heard over CBS on Thursday, Friday and Saturday evenings. Eddie was all-American in '24.

Mary Pickford is another movie star to join the radio ranks



Last Summer John S. Young gave a course on public speaking at Oxford, England. While there he himself studied at Cambridge.

(Continued from page 9)

THE radio reviewers were not particularly enthusiastic about "Roxy's" program. He has been ill-advised, or perhaps refused advice, about the nature of it. He's got a particularly fine orchestra but his continuity and his supporting cast are weak. No doubt by this time, a good showman like "Roxy" adjusted it, but the first two programs were a considerable way from being what the public expected of "Roxy."

By the time you read this, Jimmy Melton will probably be all set for another Hollywood picture.

BEFORE this paragraph sees print the chances are several childless radio and stage couples will have adopted children. When it was written Al Jolson and



Myrt and Marge are back on the air, their program greatly improved by their "business-vacation" getting new material.

**Behind
THE
DIAL**

Ruby Keeler, George Burns and Gracie Allen, Jack Benny and Mary Livingstone and Jack Pearl and his missus (now retired professionally) were all shopping around for heirs. Fred Allen and Portland Hoffa and Tim Ryan and Irene Noble are among the famous matrimonial and radio partners

also without issue but I haven't heard they plan to fill the void in their homes and hearts via the adoption route. It really is amazing how many happily married folks without families there are among stage people. There is one notable exception, of course—Eddie Cantor, with five daughters. And Morton Downey and Bing Crosby are doing all right for themselves. So is Joe Cook, who has two fine boys.

MARY PICKFORD, happy that radio has given her the opportunity to head her own dramatic stock company, a life-long desire, looks forward to the coming television. "America's Sweetheart" hopes to be a pioneer in the sight development of radio as she was a trail-blazer in pictures. As Mary explained it to me the other day: "Television will revolutionize broadcasting just as the talkies did the silent screen. It may hurt some who are not able to survive when the new medium arrives, but it will smile on others, just as happened when talkies supplanted silent movies."

HENRY FORD has developed into one of the biggest buyers of radio time. The motor-car mandarin spent \$100,000 to broadcast the World Series and is currently sponsoring the Sunday night concerts of the Detroit Symphony Orchestra and the programs projected by Fred Waring's Band. A year ago the industrialist was indifferent to radio. Indeed, one of the networks, so eager to convert the flivver king, offered a cash bonus of \$10,000 to any salesman who could entice his signature to a radio contract.

Joe Cook's son, Leo, is getting started right as a future radio comedian. He is not only a wit but he is already sponsor-conscious. Driving through the New Jersey countryside near famous "Sleepless Hollow" with his dad recently. (Please turn to page 51)



Roy Jones-Paramount

Lanny Ross did not desert radio because he had a leading role in "College Rhythm," his newest movie. Lanny broadcast from Hollywood to keep his place on Cap'n Henry's Showboat.

Critical Comments
on Programs
Old and New

RADIO

Pageant

By

THE TOWER OBSERVER



De Mirjlan

Lois Bennett sings the chief role in "The Gibson Family."



Norman Taylor

You like Conrad Thibault's voice. The Observer agrees.



Ray Leo Jackson

Bob Crosby, Bing's promising young brother, recently made his debut in Eastern radio.

STEP by step radio moves along the same boulevard of progress traversed not long ago by the movies. For instance, the radio moguls this year are talking glibly about the discovery of a new art form.

The occasion was the ether debut of "The Gibson Family," the first musical drama written directly for radio. While we are always a little skeptical about new art forms, "The Gibson Family" is a genuine and outstanding hit. The makers of a popular soap created in their advertising an average American family. About this group radio folks have built a story with more than a tinge of melodrama and studded with songs. The story, by Courtney Ryley Cooper, is at least adequate. It is with the songs, by Howard Dietz and Arthur Schwartz, that "The Gibson Family" rises to the unusual. How these boys manage with each week's instalment to create enough tuneful melodies to make a stage revue is beyond us. For instance, one number, "How High Can a Little Bird Fly?" would be a song hit anywhere, from Broadway to Hollywood.

The cast of "The Gibson Family" is excellent, too. And let us give special comment to Conrad Thibault's singing and little Loretta Clemens' ingenue comedy.

By this time you've guessed it. The Observer is strong for "The Gibsons."

THE Observer captured a real thrill (*via radio*) on a rainy September afternoon in Glasgow when the great unfinished hull of a Cunarder, up to that moment No. 534, roared down the ways into the River Clyde and became the *S.S. Queen Mary*, greatest ship afloat. For the King, the Queen and the Prince of Wales were there. And it's pretty hard to top an announcer's introduction, "Ladies and gentlemen, the King!"

The band blared "God Save the King," a mighty roar came from beneath thousands of umbrellas, the King made a graceful speech and Queen Mary, after some hoarsely whispered instructions, spoke her first words on the air to christen the *Mary*. King George—whose microphone voice is exactly what a king's should be—offered a superb phrase on national fellowship when he said, "May her life among great waters speed friendship between nations."

ONCE again the Observer marvels at Amos 'n' Andy. The boys, back from their first vacation in years, are just as adroit and as interest holding as ever. The first tragedy removed one of the imaginary characters, the rich Roland Weber, who was killed in an automobile accident. Amos 'n' Andy are estate trustees empowered to build a city, giving an ingenious new twist to the adventures of those musketeers of Harlem.

HENRY FORD went out and bought the world's series with the same *sang-froid* that he purchased the birthplace of Stephen Foster. While the ballplayers will share in the \$100,000 paid for the air rights, we hate to see something sponsored that ought to be free for all America to hear. Since this issue went to press just before the umpire called "Play ball!" for the first game we have no means of guessing the thrills.

We regret to report, however, that radio keeps right on falling down as far as the presentation of news is concerned. For instance, the announcing lads strained too hard to make the international yacht races exciting. Only one New York independent station, WMCA, put the investigation into the *Morro Castle* disaster on the air. This was shot with tragedy and drama, yet the big chains backed away from it with fear and (Please turn to page 66)

Our fra-a-and, Lou Holtz, Vallee hour story-teller.

Ray Leo Jackson



"Do you know the real reason I killed Baron Munchausen?" asks Jack Pearl. "Because I loved him so much."

By TOM REYNOLDS

"Take a goot look at the Baron. You ain't never going to see him never no more!"

WHY I Killed the Baron

VAS you dere, Sharlie? Und did you take a goot look? Vell, dot's nice, because you ain't never going to see the Baron Munchausen never no more!"

It's true. Radio's immortal liar, Baron Munchausen, is retired—permanently. That bright Wednesday evening in late September when he and Sharlie argued and joked their way through a farewell program was his last appearance on any air.

But hold your tears, folks! Baron Munchausen is gone, but Jack Pearl is coming back bigger and better than ever. Let him tell you about it.

"Baron Munchausen is one of the grandest characters I ever played in my twenty-three years in the show business," says Pearl. "He was a real creation. But he had what you might call a single track mind. No matter what the Baron was doing—hunting, fishing, exploring, or what—you knew there was only one thing he was going to do about it. He was going to lie about it. Whatever the situation, the humor arose from the whoppers the Baron would tell about it.

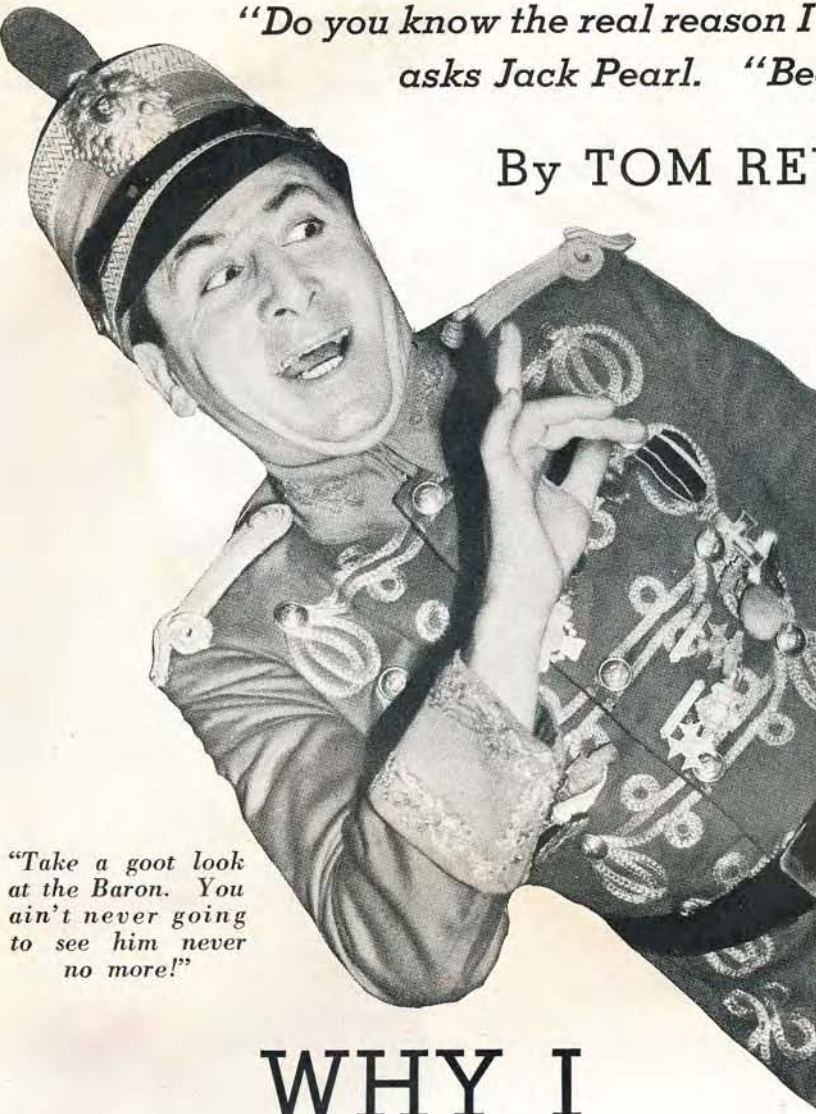
"That is a swell comedy situation, but it has its limits. After so long a time, anyone will eventually get tired of it. Do you know the real reason I killed

Baron Munchausen? Because I loved him so much!

"He was too grand a character to let him keep on and on until he began to grow stale. I didn't want to let people gradually grow tired of him and finally drop him altogether. Too many wonderful characters in fiction, on the stage, screen and in radio have been killed in just that way—by too much repetition. I wanted radio listeners to remember Baron Munchausen at the height of his powers. I took him off radio while millions of listeners were still chuckling over what a gorgeous old liar he was."

Jack Pearl smiled in affectionate reminiscence. Jack is an actor, and has been on the stage since he was fifteen years old. In that time he has played many parts. He was starred in a series of Winter Garden shows for the Shuberts, his comedy high-lighted the Ziegfeld Follies (including the last one which Ziegfeld himself produced) and he remembers the days when he and Marie Dressler had feature parts in the same show. As you talk with him, you can see that he has a genuine regard for this fictional character of Baron Munchausen which he played so brilliantly on the radio.

"Baron Munchausen is gone, but don't get the idea that I have deserted radio." (Please turn to page 70)



Meet THE



Julia Sanderson and Frank Crumit have made history in their successful marriage and career. Right, above, Mary Livingstone and Jack Benny are a perfect combination.

United Artists

Radio is noted for its happy couples
for it offers a mutual career

By NELLIE REVELL

HELPMATE is defined in the dictionary as a helper, a coworker. Another definition is a husband or a wife. Both definitions cover conditions in radio where there are more married couples working in cahoots than in any branch of amusements.

And why should they not? Is not radio entertainment for the whole family? And why should not those radio artists so fortunate as to have talented spouses maintain the domestic ties by appearing together? It all helps to preserve the tradition that radio is America's fireside companion.

But perhaps you never stopped to figure out how many married couples are entertaining on the air. Suppose we make a list. First to flash into mind are George Burns and Gracie Allen, probably because the lady of this combination is the comic and the husband the stooge, whereas the reverse is usually the rule in talking acts.

Then there are Jack Benny and Mary Livingstone, Fred Allen and Portland Hoffa, Goodman and Jane Ace, Cleo Mayfield and Cecil Lean, Frank Crumit and Julia Sanderson, May Singhi Breen and Peter de Rose, George Olsen and Ethel Shutta, Lee Sims and Ilomay Bailey, Peter Dixon and Aline Berry, and Jane Froman and Don Ross. There are many more but sufficient have been named here to support the contention that radio is a happy rostrum for the happy-married folks.

Even when the other partner or members of the family do not participate directly in the program they manage to get dragged into the proceedings in some way. For instance, Eddie Cantor is forever speaking of, to and about his wife, Ida, and his daughters. (Some of the latter have actually appeared on the program although Mrs. Cantor is always impersonated by a radio actress.) And George Jessel doesn't consider his broadcast complete until he has called up his

Portland Hoffa and Fred Allen (across the page) are among radio's happy married couples.

Photos specially taken for Tower Radio by Wide World



Tower Radio, December, 1934

Missus



Photo specially taken for Tower Radio by Wide World

Photo specially taken for Tower Radio by Wide World

Left, above, May Singhi Breen and Peter de Rose belong to the host who prove that radio is a matrimonial heaven. Right, "Easy Aces," Jane and Goodman. All their scrapping is confined to the air.



Tower Radio, December, 1934

mother on the (studio) telephone and unburdened his mind of a flock of nifties.

It is significant of something or other that the married couples on the air are all happily wedded to each other as well as their art. In truth, domestic discord is something rare in radio circles and where it does occur you will note that those seeking separation and divorce are not performing partners. If man and wife both ride the kilocycles you are pretty safe to include them among "the happiest couples I know", for this statement is so true that it has become a bromide with broadcasters. There is something about the atmosphere of the studios which foments and cements matrimonial accord.

MOST of the helpmates I have mentioned marched to the altar many years ago, their troths having thus stood the test of time. In many instances they were stage partners before becoming ether entertainers. Frank Crumit and Julia Sanderson, George Burns and Gracie Allen, Cecil Lean and Cleo Mayfield, Fred Allen and Portland Hoffa and Jack Benny and Mary Livingstone are notable examples in this classification. Ethel Shutta, too, is of the stage, and married George Olsen years ago when he was the musical director of a Ziegfeld show in which she was starring. More or less of radio origin are Goodman and Jane Ace, May Singhi Breen and Peter de Rose, Lee Sims and Ilomay Bailey, Jane Froman and Don Ross, and Peter Dixon and Aline Berry, although some of these had previous stage training.

Mary Livingstone joined her husband in his radio performance quite by accident. She accompanied him to the studio one night about two years ago when he was appearing on the same program with Olsen and Shutta. Rehearsal disclosed that the material he had prepared ran several minutes short. To fill in the time he suggested to Mary that they do part of their old vaudeville act, to which Mrs. Benny readily agreed. Next week Benny saw to it that his script was long enough and his wife didn't participate. But when listeners started writing into NBC demanding to know what had become of the "Mary" of the preceding program, Jack heard the voice of the people and wrote in a part for her. She has been in the skits ever since.

Mrs. Benny plays an even more important part in her husband's business than she does in his broadcasts. She is a very practical little woman to start with and appraises highly her spouse's value as an entertainer. As witness this episode:

The Bennys were discussing in their apartment an offer for a vaudeville engagement. Jack had suggested accepting a certain figure but Mary said he should get twice the sum. The phone rang. (Please turn to page 45)

HE FLOATS THROUGH THE AIR WITH THE GREATEST OF EASE

By
EDWARD SAMMIS

IF that Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze still "smiles from his bar on the people below" (assuming that the engaging rascal has been forgiven for his sins) he should, when he sees Walter O'Keefe, break out with a broad grin of appreciation.

For, thanks to the efforts of O'Keefe, some three-quarters of a century after the anonymous acrobat inspired one, George Leybourne, to pen his teary ballad, he finds his amorous exploits still celebrated from coast to coast.

Furthermore, time and Mr. O'Keefe have endowed the perennially young man with a certain glamour and swagger. The original epic, as conceived by Mr. Leybourne was a sob song of the "Close the Shutters, Willie's Dead" and "No More the Baby's Fingers Upon the Window-pane" school. And the Daring Young Man was the villain of the piece.

But as rendered by Mr. O'Keefe the Young Man's conquest takes on a picturesque and comic flavor viewed with relish by a more tolerant public.

At that, things are just about quits between O'Keefe and the Young Man. O'Keefe has done plenty for the Young Man, as already cited, but in return the Young Man has bought O'Keefe a new car, a place in Maine and a lighthouse, not to mention helping to enhance his reputation as an entertaining wag which has just landed him a cozy spot as master of ceremonies on the



WALTER O'KEEFE, late of NOTRE DAME.

Camel Caravan program, with the Casa Loma orchestra.

Their exchange of courtesies goes back a long way. Bing Crosby had a hand in it, although he very likely had no idea what he was starting that rainy day in California when he dropped over to O'Keefe's house with an armful of records.

But it goes back farther than that so we might as well go straight to the beginning when a first son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Michael O'Keefe, vaudeville troupers, during a layoff in Hartford, Connecticut.



Drawing by Charles Maffelland

How an old song of the '60s, "The Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze," made Walter O'Keefe a headliner

It might be worth pointing out right here, that Walter O'Keefe's life has resembled the fanciful flights of a daring young man on the flying trapeze in this way: his climb to success has been no steady progress, but a series of wild leaps into space after distant and unlikely objectives, which he has caught by three fingers or a toe and ridden to security, only to be off again on another wild leap, only to land with equal success.

"Or sometimes," his brother Jack who will assist him on the Camel show, put in helpfully, "lighting on his ear in the net."

Being the oldest son, the O'Keefes looked upon Walter as practically predestined for the priesthood and to that end packed him off to a school in England where Mrs. O'Keefe had relatives.

All through his boyhood, Walter struggled to fulfil his parents' wishes but as he grew older it became more and more apparent that the blood of the trouping O'Keefes' was strong within him, and he was not cut out for a life of meditation.

He returned, almost a stranger, to the land of his birth and cast about for something to do. His parents wanted him to continue his education, but in view of the O'Keefe progeny that had followed in his wake it became apparent that if he were to continue on to college, he must do so on his own.

IT was then that he took his first leap into space.

He sat down, wrote a letter to the faculty of Notre Dame, overflowing with persuasive eloquence as to what an addition Mike O'Keefe's oldest boy would be to any undergraduate body and asking, please, couldn't something be arranged so he could work his way?

The college wrote back telling him to come ahead and have a try at it. So on a bleak fall day, lonely and homesick, he got off the train at South Bend and wandered up the streets of the college town looking for a place to live.

He picked a house at random and rang the bell. Mrs. Knute

Rockne, wife of the late beloved "Rock," came to the door. O'Keefe had made his first successful landing.

"Rock" did everything for me," he recalls. "He advised me about my studies, helped me to get jobs and talked to me like a father."

Oddly enough he did turn out to be a social asset to the undergraduate body. He was an inveterate piano pounder, and his musical voice never failed to be raised whenever there was an occasion to raise one. Along with Charlie Butterworth as well as Eddie East and Ralph Dumke, who later became the Sisters of the Skillet, he was the life of every party. And between times he did work his way, with that fiendish industry which seems native to him, at every job that could be found from answering the telephone at *The South Bend News-Times* to tending bar at the Elks' Club.

When word of O'Keefe's swell voice got about, they wanted to draft him for the Glee Club. But there was one great obstacle—O'Keefe had no dress suit. So the whole campus took up the cry—"A suit of tails for O'Keefe!" At last a wealthy Filipino student was persuaded to lend his.

"It was without doubt the finest suit on the campus," said O'Keefe, "except for one thing—it didn't fit."

So he made his professional debut in Chicago in the suit with sleeves pinned up and trousers which made him look like Leon Errol.

It was enough to touch off the trouper spirit in his blood, however, and shortly O'Keefe began to have a hand in any amateur show business that he could hear of within a sleeper jump of South Bend.

"I was so crazy about the show business that I'd work for anything—coffee and doughnuts—and pay my own railroad fare. Finally Father Cavanaugh, one of the instructors, came to my rescue and laid down a rule that I couldn't leave the campus (Please turn to page 82)

The cover of George Leybourne's original song, reproduced by courtesy of the Congressional Library.



Microphonies



Illustrations by D. B. Hocomb

Can you take it? Here's the test. The radio humorist tunes in another comedy program

By RAYMOND KNIGHT

THIS column comes to you through the courtesy of the Fuel-proof Stove Co., makers of "No-Lite," the world's worst stove. No-Lite Stoves are fuel-proof. Never cold—never hot—you can sit right beside a No-Lite with comfort. You can even sit in it. By simply adjusting a screw a No-Lite can be turned into a refrigerator. Do you need a new stove? Buy a No-Lite . . . and still need one.

8:15-9:00—For Ladies Only

I have here a letter from Mrs. Oglethorpe Gansevoort of Pikes Peak, Colorado. I suppose Mrs. Gansevoort lives on Pikes Peak from the highest motives, but there I go again . . . playing with words. Anyway, Mrs. G. writes: "Dear Mr. Knight; I have a great deal of trouble keeping up my meringues and omelets. The air up here is so rarefied or something, that they collapse the minute I put them on the table before my husband. What can I do?"

DEAR MRS. GANSEVOORT: You didn't enclose a photograph of your husband so I cannot tell what he has to do with the collapse of your meringues and omelets. Therefore I shall assume it is due to the quality of the air on Pikes Peak. Of course all meringues and omelets are 60% air—and if you cannot get enough air in them, they are a flop.

Let me give you my recipe which I think will solve your problem. I will tell you how to make an omelet which will positively stay up—and the same principle may be applied to meringues.

First obtain some eggs from the grocery store or the nearest hen. For an omelet for six people use eight eggs. If you are running a boarding house use two eggs. Beat the eggs in $\frac{3}{4}$ time and pour into a



At the top you see the eternal radio girl trio. In the circle, one of the little dramas sandwiched into big programs. This shows how the use of Blank's Tooth Paste saved a once happy home from collapse.

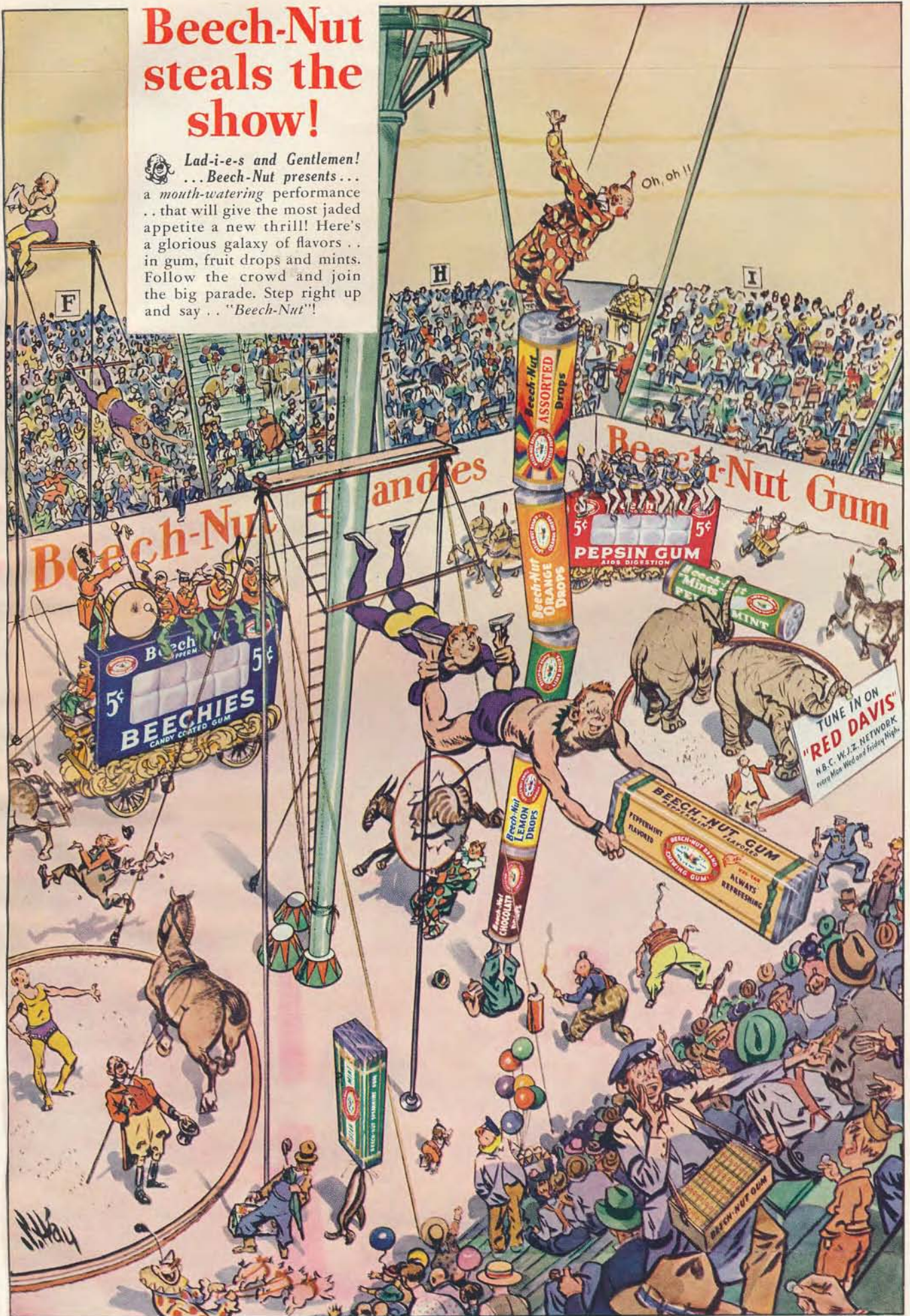
heated sauce-pan. As they cook, the omelet will rise. If it does not, play the Star Spangled Banner on your Victrola.

When it has risen to its full height then comes the danger point. It is here that omelets and meringues test their real quality and patriotism. And it is here that I bring science to aid the fallen! Use your—vacuum cleaner!

Attach your vacuum cleaner to the electric current and remove the bag so that the outlet where the air blows out is free. Then carefully direct this stream of air into the omelet or meringue and blow it up exactly as a tire is inflated. Your automobile tire gauge may be used to test the pressure. When enough air has been used, seal up the hole with a touch of glue and the omelet—or meringue—will "stay up" much to the admiration of your friends. Both omelets and meringues carry thirty pounds in the front and thirty-five in the rear. (Please turn to page 88)

Beech-Nut steals the show!

Lad-i-e-s and Gentlemen!
...Beech-Nut presents...
 a mouth-watering performance
 .. that will give the most jaded
 appetite a new thrill! Here's
 a glorious galaxy of flavors ..
 in gum, fruit drops and mints.
 Follow the crowd and join
 the big parade. Step right up
 and say .. "Beech-Nut"!



FAOEN *makes Loveliness
cost so very Little!*



Beauty Aids as fine as Science can
produce—yet they cost only 10¢

THE greatest part of charm is personal loveliness. This is a fact the world's most enchanting women have always known. And it is so easy to achieve...providing you follow one simple rule: use only beauty aids of unquestioned purity and quality...such as Faoen.

Smart women everywhere are more and more learning to depend on Faoen Beauty Aids...for they know that no greater

purity or finer quality is to be had at any price!

Read the report of a famous research laboratory:

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You owe it to yourself to be satisfied with nothing but the best. You can have it now...for 10¢...in Faoen Beauty Aids, the very finest Science can produce!

10¢ Each at F. W. Woolworth Co. Stores

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• CLEANSING CREAM • COLD CREAM • FACE POWDER • ROUGES • PERFUMES •

*From sob sister to radio
star is the thrilling story
of Shirley Howard*

By
DOROTHY ANN
BLANK



Ray Lee Jackson

The GIRL WITH A TEAR IN HER VOICE

IT'S a little bit of a job interviewing Shirley Howard. In the first place, she is so lovely you just want to sit and look at her; and in the second place, she can think of more questions to ask than you can, so that when you leave her you suddenly realize that it's you who has been interviewed instead.

Of course that is a result of her newspaper training. Not long ago, but still long before she ever dreamed of being a radio star, the dusky-haired lady of the ether airways was a busy young journalist. She came to New York, as all ambitious young journalists eventually do, with ideas of setting the world—or least the island of Manhattan—on fire with her brain children.

But no Manhattan newspaper seemed to want to make her its star reporter, strangely enough. Still she knew—and this is another thing which is true of all young literary tyros—that somewhere there must be an editor who needed her. She found him, in Philadelphia—and she got the job.

And so she started happily in what she thought would be her life career. It was hard work, but she loved it. Today would find her witnessing a heartbreaking scene in a woman's prison—tomorrow another in a divorce court. Of course all the stories she covered were not sad, but enough of them brought tears to her big hazel eyes to show her the light and dark of life. Perhaps, young as she was, tragedy did not really touch her—but we could gamble that Shirley's brief experience as a "sob sister" left its mark.

You know they call her, around the NBC studios, "The girl with a smile and a tear in her voice." But as you look at her, young, poised, beautiful, successful, in the smartest of smart frocks, you wonder why there should be a tear in the voice of a girl who has everything in the world to be happy about. I think Shirley Howard remembers unhappiness, perhaps from the sob sister days . . . perhaps not.

SHE must have been surprised to find herself, so suddenly, a radio darling. At a Philadelphia party one night, some one thought it would be a grand gag to have a radio editor sing. (Shirley had just been made radio editor of her paper.) Shirley thought so too—so she sang. (*Please turn to page 50*)

Shirley Howard wanted to be a newspaper reporter but Rudy Vallee heard her voice and radio claimed another business woman.



Apeda



STILL KING of JAZZ

FROM 1920 to 1934 is fourteen years. A lot of dance bands have come and gone in that time, but just one that was on top at the start of that period remains on top at the end.

You've guessed it. Paul Whiteman jauntily wears the crown and sits on the throne as the King of Jazz. He came to power in the turbulent, post-war Nineteen Twenties of America's Jazz Age, and now, alert, confident as ever, he is sailing serenely through the Nineteen Thirties.

An amazing man, truly. He has earned his place not only in amusement history but in American history. He taught American popular music to grow up, stand on its own feet and face the world. He developed and brought to public acclaim such extraordinary talents as those of George Gershwin and Ferde Grofe. His was the first dance band ever to give a concert in classic Carnegie Hall in New York City; he was the first dance leader ever to conduct a symphony orchestra; he has discovered innumerable radio and theatrical stars, and his Thursday night radio program remains today one of the outstandingly popular features of the air.

How does he do it? What keeps him on top when other leaders, sensations for a time, have faded and gone?

The main answer is simple—ability. Paul Whiteman really *knows* music. He is equally at home with a full symphonic score, a jungle chant from Harlem, a simple love ballad, or a hot Cuban rumba. There is authority in every beat of his

By GUY JOHNSON

Photograph (left) by Roy Lee Jackson

Probably the most famous band in the whole world—Paul Whiteman's.



Rotafoto

Although it is minus 150 pounds, Paul Whiteman's figure still looms over all conductors in the radio world

Special Photographs (right) by H. H. Hoffman

baton, sound knowledge in his every interpretation. You know at once that this man never won his popularity through mere good looks, or anything else except sheer, straightforward musicianship.

And he keeps on his toes! "I am always on the lookout for young composers, young singers, young entertainers," says Paul. "These younger musicians and entertainers have new viewpoints, fresh material, and they force us older ones to extend ourselves to keep up with them. I always try to encourage younger talents, for they bring valuable gifts."

To hear Paul talk, one would think the youngsters did all of the giving and Paul did all of the receiving. Actually, it is the other way around. Any number of young composers will tell you that Paul Whiteman's quick recognition of talent, even in its early, imperfect manifestations, his sympathy and encouragement, and above all, his affording of an actual hearing before a nation-wide audience, have been major factors in getting their careers launched.

THIS phase of Paul Whiteman's activities started with the launching of George Gershwin and his immortal "Rhapsody in Blue" in the early Nineteen Twenties; continued with the emergence of Ferde Grofe as a brilliant arranger and his development as a composer and conductor in his own right; and in more recent years has brought out such talents as that of the beautiful young New York girl, Dana Suesse, pianist and composer, whose

jazz concerto for piano and orchestra Whiteman introduced; and Johnny Green, composer of "Body and Soul" and the "Night Club" suite, who, a couple of seasons ago, was featured pianist and soloist with the Whiteman orchestra.

Does some of this sound a little bit highbrow and perhaps a little bit snooty? Rest assured, then, that Paul Whiteman leads a dance band playing dance music nightly at the Hotel Biltmore in New York, and he has never pretended to be anything other than a purveyor of American popular music.

The man's honesty is refreshing. "It always annoys me," says Paul, "when someone asks me which do I prefer, symphonic music or jazz. The question is silly. It is like asking 'Which do you prefer, the Bible or "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes"?' There is no comparison. They are two entirely different things, and one must point out that 'Gentlemen Prefer Blondes' is a very good work in its own particular field.

"It is the same way with orchestra. My orchestra is founded and designed to play popular music and never pretends to be anything else. Heaven knows there are countless things a symphony orchestra can do that we can't, but also we have our own field and there are things that we can do that a symphony can't."

Whiteman's words recall the course of American popular music. The waltz-songs and (Please turn to page 80)



Bands have come—



and bands have gone—



but Paul Whiteman still wears—



the crown of Jazz King.



Ray Lee Jackson
Norman Taylor

"The Gibson Family," l. to r., Jack and Loretta Clemens, Ann Elsner, Adele Ronson, Conrad Thibault.



Left, Courtney Ryley Cooper. Above, Don Voorhees and Carlo De Angelo. Right, Howard Dietz, Voorhees and the composer, Art Schwartz.

remained for "The Gibson Family" to change the emphasis from performer to creator, and put the author, lyricist and composer in the \$3,000 per broadcast class.

The three pillars of this program are major names in American letters and music. Courtney Ryley Cooper, author of the dramatic script, as novelist, short story and article writer is one of America's most widely read popular authors, and is an expert in such exciting fields as the circus, western life and outdoor adventure. Howard Dietz, who writes the lyrics of the songs used in the program, wrote two immensely successful New York revues, "The Band Wagon" and "Flying Colors," and in addition to his theatrical work is one of the foremost motion picture advertising directors in America. Arthur Schwartz, composer of the songs in the program, wrote the music for the two revues above, as well as major contributions to "Three's a Crowd," the "Little Shows" and other Broadway successes, and has such hits as "Give Me Something to Remember You By," "High and Low" and "Dancing in the Dark" to his credit.

There, indeed, is an extraordinary array of talent. How was it assembled for radio? On what lines was the program mapped out and produced? What goes into an "original radio musical comedy," anyway? The answers to these and similar questions form the story of one of the most fascinating experiments in the realm of building a major radio program. Would you like to see how it was done? Come along and let's take a look.

You have to start with a man who seldom comes to

RADIO

COMES of AGE

"The Gibson Family" proves that the radio is no longer an amusement step-child

By TOM CARSKADON



WHEN the day comes, if it ever does come, that radio will pay front-rank money to front-rank authors and front-rank composers to create exclusively for radio, on that day—and no sooner—can you say that radio has grown up."

Well, that day has come! What may have sounded like the croaking of an incurable pessimist, even so late as last season, is now an accomplished fact. It took almost a year of preparation and one complete million dollars to do it, but you can now march up to a calendar, pull out your little red pencil and put a ring around the date that marks radio's coming of age.

The date was Saturday, September 15, 1934. It was on that date that "The Gibson Family" first took the air, to send a full hour of melody, drama and merriment spinning across an NBC network.

This was the first original musical comedy, written directly for radio, that ever rode the air waves. The form was so new that Sigmund Spaeth and other experts in music hit upon the term "melody drama" to cover it. Every resource of radio money and ingenuity was brought to bear upon it. The full measure of its advance, however, is shown in the money paid to its creators.

Big money for performers is no novelty in radio. Broadway comedians, "name" band leaders, featured singers frequently get into the \$2,000 or \$3,000 per broadcast class, and higher, but the script for these programs usually comes from some radio hack, and the tunes from the regular channels of Tin Pan Alley. It

public notice—the producer. Radio has its Belascos and its Frohmans just as surely as the legitimate theater ever did, but the public seldom hears about them.

The producer in this case is Carlo De Angelo, head of the radio department of the Blackman Company, a large advertising agency with headquarters in New York. De Angelo had experience both as an actor and as a director on the legitimate stage and later went to Hollywood to direct movies. When the talkies came along, his stage experience proved a highly valuable asset, and he became one of the pioneer directors of talkies for one of the largest concerns in the business, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Ambitious to explore still further fields, the newly expanding art of radio caught his fancy and he returned to New York, where he directed such programs as the Camel Pleasure Hour, the Eveready Hour, and last season's successful serial, "Circus Days."

From his wide experience in all branches of the amusement field, De Angelo emerged with the conviction that what radio primarily needed was a willingness to pay real money for real creative talent. Performers drew high salaries, and the talent rolls were studded with big names, but the writing and composing ranks were woefully thin. Most major efforts in radio were "adaptations" or borrowings from older forms, principally the drama, opera and operetta, and novels and short stories, while direct creation for radio was painfully lacking. Radio, in short, was still a little brother of the other amusement arts, and it would

never grow up until it learned to create on its own.

Last Winter an invitation from the Blackman Company to become head of its radio department gave De Angelo an opportunity to put his convictions into practice. The advertising agency's major client, Ivory Soap, had been off the air for a year or more and wanted a smash idea with which to return to radio. De Angelo said he had an idea, but he wanted time to work it out in detail before showing it to the client.

FIRST he went to Courtney Ryley Cooper, who had written the script of the "Circus Days" serial which De Angelo directed. In this serial Cooper had demonstrated conclusively that he understood the special demands of radio writing, and could bring over to radio the drawing power, human interest and dramatic "punch" that had won him millions of readers in such magazines as *Collier's* and *The Saturday Evening Post* and had enabled him to write successful movies for such stars as Richard Barthelmess and Will Rogers.

Songs were an integral part of the program De Angelo had in mind, and again he went to the top. The "Band Wagon" type of revues, with song lyrics and sketches by Howard Dietz, was universally acclaimed the smartest entertainment New York had ever seen. The mild-mannered and brilliant Dietz was hailed literally as the "wonder boy" of Broadway, and producers fought for his songs and his services. The casually dynamic Dietz had refused to be upset by all this hullabaloo, and went on his way (*Please turn to page 76*)

Have you yearned for someone to whisper sweet nothings in your ear? "Your Lover" has taken it upon himself to supply this great national need



Roy Lee Jackson

Frank Luther is a young, good-looking person who is incurably romantic.

SO you think romance is dead? You think that women have become hard, mercenary creatures who would rather have a diamond bracelet than a kiss on the fingertips, because a diamond bracelet lasts longer?

That's what a lot of people think—especially men—and young men in particular.

But not long ago one young man believed that even in these sophisticated days there were still girls and women who would listen to billing and cooing—and like it. He had his own recipe for loving—possibly handed down from one generation to another; we wouldn't know about that. He garnished the tasty dish of romance with just one modern ingredient—crooning—which made it practically foolproof, served it hot over the radio, and did the ladies like it? You should see his fan mail!

You know this young man. His real name is Frank Luther, but when you hear him on the air he's "Your Lover"—and that of millions of other girls and women.

He is an incurably romantic person, Frank Luther. When he conceived the idea of the "Your Lover" program, last Spring—in the Spring a young man's fancy, you know—he knew that it was exactly the type of thing he'd been wanting to do for a long time. It had been coming on him insidiously while he had been singing sweet and hot with some of the ace quartettes of the air, and joining breezily in with the kidding between numbers. For Frank Luther, as you may know, was one of the original Revelers. Illness necessitated his leaving them, and his place was taken by Jimmy Melton. As soon as he was well again he started organizing the Men About Town, that other grand harmony foursome—and in his odd moments he is one of the Happy Wonder Bakers. He is one of the busiest men in radio. But he still finds time for his romantic moments.

He didn't jump into the "Your Lover" program in a hurry. First, there was the problem of material. He tried several excellent radio writers on scripts, but found that nobody could write the things he wanted to say to his dream girl as well as he could. He still writes every word of the program.

Then he knew that, in order for the program to be convincing, it was absolutely necessary to make it an intimate, personal conversation with just one girl. He first had to convince himself that the microphone was a beautiful (Please turn to page 58)

So Romance is DEAD, Huh?

By DOROTHY ANN BLANK

Drawing by Earl Blossom

Tony Wons' **NEW SCRAP BOOK**

*The air philosopher is back, writing
exclusively for Tower Radio*



Tower Studios

I HAVE heard men lament the destiny that requires them to shave. Yes, shave. They keep hoping for an invention that will eradicate hair roots on their faces, so they will be exempt for all time from the necessity of using a razor. They shave as seldom as possible, until the fuzz is conspicuous, so that their wives or sweethearts have to remind them about it.

It seems to me that shaving is a blessing. I'll wager that men have got more inspired ideas while gazing at themselves in the shaving mirror than you can possibly estimate. When you eye yourself in the looking glass, it is as if you are conferring with yourself. Spurred by this visible introspection, your mind covers all your problems and solves many of them.

Of course, I do not recommend taking a shave every time you have a problem to solve. But not only does it give you an unparalleled opportunity for contemplation, but it leaves you with a clean, self-satisfied feeling that promotes confidence and character.

The first and best victory is to conquer self; to be conquered by self is of all things the most shameful and vile.

—Plato.

CHRISTMAS comes but once a year. Many are thankful that it doesn't come oftener. I am thinking of mothers who prepare sumptuous repasts that keep them in the kitchen all day. Then, after dinner, they have to wash dishes and scrub pots. What kind of holiday is it for them, do you think?

There ought to be a code for housewives, anyhow. Everybody

seems to get a break under the New Deal but them. It reminds me of the story about the census taker who was interviewing a woman.

"What is your occupation?" he asked her.

"Well," she replied, wiping her hands on her apron, "I keep house, scrub floors, scour, bake, wash dishes, get a dozen children ready for school, do the laundry, iron, sew, and cook."

"All right, madam," said the census taker, "we'll put you down as a housewife—no occupation."

IF you think it's a cinch to take care of a house (and many's the man who's told his wife that) you ought to do what this husband did. He was an accountant. One day his wife went off to visit some relatives and left him home to take care of the children. Being of a mathematical mind, he tabulated the day's activities, and here are his sum totals:

Opened door for children 106 times; closed door for children 106 times; tied their shoe laces 16 times; rescued baby who is learning to creep 21 times; told two-year-old Georgia "Don't" 94 times; stopped quarrels 16 times; spread bread with butter and jelly 11 times; issued cookies 28 times; answered questions 145 times;

stumped by questions 175 times; lost temper 45 times!"

And here's to two great American birds! May you always have one on your table and the other in your pocket—the turkey and the eagle!

ONE of the finest men in my circle of friends has an unusual habit. He loves to send flowers and plants to people. At Christmas time particularly he will overwhelm all his friends with beautiful and expensive bouquets and wreaths. He will also send at least one plant. He knows that unfortunately the flowers' span of life is a short one. But it's different with plants. If you take care of them they live for many years. When this man visits friends, he can judge by the condition of the plant, how they respect his friendship. In my home I have five of these gifts, and we lavish more care on them than we do on our own flower garden. We feel that as long as these plants flourish, our friendship with the donor will live and thrive.

A young lad wrote me a letter in which he said he had set out to "swallow the dictionary." Eager to enlarge (Please turn to page 75)

Without Benefit of BALLYHOOD

Edward Sammis tells all about the First Nighter show, famous theater of the air, which plays to an audience of twelve million people every week

IN the four years now that the First Nighter program has been on the air, many another more pretentious radio show has shot up like a rocket into prominence, and then like a rocket spent, has faded as quickly into obscurity.

This Little Theater of the Air has never created, at any time, a sensation. Comparatively little has been printed about it. It has never been "plugged" or "ballyhooded."

Yet after going its quiet and unexcited way all these years it now rates as one of the most popular radio shows.

When the curtain goes up on the mythical "Little Theater off Times Square" of a Friday night, its actors play to an assured audience of more than twelve million people.

Tickets which will admit their holders to the weekly broadcast in modernistic Studio E of the National Broadcasting Company's Chicago headquarters in the beautiful Merchandise Mart, are spoken for more than a year in advance.

No effort has been made to draw attention to those in the cast. Yet Don Ameche, the leading man, wins one popularity contest after another. When June Meredith, the leading lady, appeals for comment on the program, the responses pour in literally by the truckload. The names of Cliff Soubier, the villain, and Charles P. Hughes, the genial First Nighter, are household by-words from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

What, then, is responsible for the continued success of this program under such unique circumstances?

The glamour of the illusion whereby listeners in remote places, far from the metropolitan bright lights, in-

valids and shut-ins, people for whom New York is a remote and legendary place, can experience vicariously the thrill of attending a Broadway "first night" is in a measure responsible for it.

So, also, is the stock company idea, so popular in the cities of the hinterland before the coming of the talkies, with all the fun of hearing actors who are almost intimates in all sorts of different roles and situations week after week.

Likewise of importance is the freshness and originality of the genuine first performance, standing out like beacons in the welter of hastily written scripts and warmed-over bits.

But behind it all is the dynamo of enthusiasm. The First Nighter program has been the "baby" of a commercial organization, the Campana Sales Company, whose Italian Skin Balm you see on store counters, ever since Charlie Hughes interested them in the idea which had been in his head from the days when he used to take tickets in the lobby of a Chicago theater.

SHOWMANSHIP is supposed to be a mysterious sort of black art whose secrets are open only to those who have grown up with the smell of grease paint.

Yet within this business concern there has grown up an organization which rivals in scope and activity the busier Broadway show shops.

The enthusiasm for the First Nighter program extends all through the Campana Company down to the salesmen on the road, writing in the listener reactions.

Its nucleus, however, is an anonymous body which functions more as a unit than as a group of individuals.

A First Nighter drama is on the air. Left to right: Betty Lou Gerson, Bob White, Don Ameche and Cliff Soubier.

Special Photograph for TOWER RADIO by Wide World, Chicago





Special Photograph for TOWER RADIO by Wide World, Chicago

It is known in the Campana offices and the offices of the Aubrey, Wallace and Moore Agency which handles the account as the jury. It is composed of executives of the Campana Company and of the agency, copywriters, radio production men and literary advisers.

The job of the jury is the difficult and painstaking one of selecting a satisfactory first night play each week, hearing it in audition, and improving it through discussion and rewriting until it is ready for casting for the air.

Those in charge of the production have learned a lot in their four years in (Please turn to page 60)

Above, the First Nighter, Charles Hughes. Right, the leading woman, June Meredith, who plays everything from Southern belles to gold-diggers.

Maurice Seymour



The Love Story of TITO GUIZAR

In Mexico they never met, but later in New York Tito and Nenett discovered their great love

By ADELE FLETCHER

THIS is a love story. Of Tito and Nenett. Tito Guizar and Nenett Noreiga.

It began five years or more ago, in Mexico City. Tito, twenty-two years old at this time, had returned after three years of musical study in Milan. And when he sang in such operas as "Manon," "L'Elisire d'Amore," or "The Barber of Seville," the opera was crowded, which is not strange. Few enough young men as fine and straight and tall as Tito ever stand upon the operatic stage. Or sing with just such a voice.

It is understandable too, that, the performance over, a large part of the audience flocked to the stage door and waited there to see Tito again, without the gulf of the footlights.

To Tito Guizar then Nenett Noreiga was a memory. He had seen her once.



Tito Guizar sings with a sweetness inspired by thoughts of his wife and baby.

"I remember that evening so well," Tito tells you with a rush of words which heighten his warm accent. "Nenett was playing in—what do you call it—a musical comedy. Yes, that is right.

"She wore a red evening gown. And

from the very first time she comes out on the stage for me she is the whole show. I think to myself, 'I would like very much to know that girl,' and I turn in the program to find her name. And I see it printed there. Nenett Noreiga.

"I like even the little things about her. You know how it is. Sometimes. Even the smooth way her cheeks they are made.

"But I am very busy. So I do not, right away as I think I will, meet her somehow through friends in the theater. And then a gentleman comes from the United States with a contract for me to go to New York and make phonograph records of Spanish and Mexican songs. And it is such a fine contract. . . ."

It is such a fine contract that Tito Guizar put thousands of miles between him and Nenett of the smooth cheeks and the tender eyes. (*Please turn to page 52*)

Pigtails and the Purdue Soph

THIS is the story of a man who never has known any trouble, of any kind.

This is the story of a sophomore who fell in love with a little school-girl, with pigtails down her back. And waited for her to grow up so he could marry her.

This is the story of Edward Nell, Junior, the baritone you hear on the Mulsified Coconut Oil programs.

Edward Nell's romance began when he was at Purdue University.

Across the Wabash, in Lafayette, Indiana, lived Bennett Taylor, his wife, and his two daughters. To the members of the Sigma Chi, Bennett Taylor was "Uncle Ben." Extremely active in this fraternity in his own college days Taylor still had an intense interest in it.

It all began one Sunday evening . . .

Ed, with six or seven other fellows, was invited to the Taylors' for

supper. He had heard about these famous Sunday night gatherings. But he wasn't disappointed, in the food—important to college boys—or the general spirit—also important to college boys.

"Uncle Ben" beamed in the soft candle-light at his head of the table. When his big house rang with the talk and laughter of his two girls and "his boys" from across the Wabash, Bennett Taylor was happiest. Life flowing around him was what Bennett Taylor liked most.

The older Taylor girl was the belle of Lafayette. She knew no lack of beaux, for the Purdue boys always outdid themselves to find the greatest favor in her sight. Edward Nell found her pleasant. Pretty too. But little Mildred, the younger daughter, he found positively devastating.

Not that little Mildred put herself out to be anything of the kind. She was polite to the boys. She said good-night to them pleasantly enough when, at nine o'clock, her mother suggested she go to bed.

But that was all that there was to it.

Ed, however, carried away an extremely vivid picture of Mildred sitting on the red ottoman before the fire, her hand on her dog's big head. He could close his eyes and see her fair braids lying smoothly against her straight young back. Her cheeks flushed from the fire. Her blue eyes, so gentle. (*Please turn to page 72*)



de Mirjian

Edward Nell Jr., waited for Mildred to grow up. Then married her

By MARGARET BREWSTER

Everett Marshall is an attractive young man who sings each week to please you.



THERE was never any doubt as to what Everett Marshall was going to be. When he was thirteen years old, he entered the Worcester County Music School to study singing. When he was sixteen, he sang in the choir at Grace Church, also in Worcester, and he has been singing ever since. As a singer, he has an unusual ambition. He wants to be an entertainer. If you have known many singers, you can realize just how unusual this is. He doesn't want to be a stuffed shirt. He wants people to like him. He wants them to forget that he is an artist. He has a horror of standing on a stage in front of a black velvet drop, beside a grand piano draped with a Spanish shawl, dressed in full evening dress and boring an audience to death. He tries to sing the songs most people want to hear and to sing them in such a way that they will begin to like him before they have time to resent the fact that he is one of those blankety-blank tenors.

Everett Marshall has found that people are apt to apply the reasoning used in the old Huck Finn-Tom Sawyer argument to him. The one that went some-

He Wanted People TO LIKE HIM

How Everett Marshall deserted the Metropolitan to forget art and be himself—a singer without pose

By SALLY BENSON

thing like: "Is a Frenchman a man?" "Of course, he's a man." "Then why don't he talk like a man?"

He doesn't want anyone to be able to say of him, "See that funny looking man over there? The one with the sideburns and that look on his face? Well, he's a singer. Wouldn't you know it?"

All the Scotch-Irish in him keeps him from wanting to make a show of himself. He wants his voice to be an asset and not a handicap. But I don't want you to get the impression that Everett Marshall is one of those hearty lads who wants to be a boy with the boys. He is no back-slapper, nor is he the sort who likes a spicy story as well as the next one just to prove that he can get right down to your level. And as a rule, what a level! At the same time, if he did slap you on the back it would be a clout and not a tap.

He is tall and well-built (Please turn to page 68)

DEAN of the CROONERS

RADIO'S original crooner slaved away at the microphone for twelve years before he could get a sponsor—the first nine years without any pay at all for broadcasting. But he had a goal ever before his eyes. He kept on plugging. Now he's at the top.

Plugging, by the way, is what gave him his start in radio. Song plugging. Putting his songs over the air—singing them in such a way that listeners wanted to sing, too, and went out to buy copies.

That is the story of Little Jack Little, the dean of the crooners, whose success is based upon the reversal of the usual formula. Jack isn't a bandmaster who cashed in on the crooner craze by learning to warble; he's a singer who organized an orchestra and took it to the top.

Jack, as you know, is a songwriter. You're familiar with some of his more recent hits, as "It's Only a Shanty in Old Shanty-Town," "Hold Me," and "Baby Parade." He has been writing hits like those for the past twelve years. "Jealous" was one of his songs, written in 1922, when he was only twenty years old.

That song marked his advent on the air.

A shrewd business man as well as a capable composer, Jack realized that he could sell more songs if he gave his personal attention to it.

"I was practically a traveling salesman in those

days," he recalls, "covering all the larger cities, where the amount of sheet-music made a visit worth while. Radio was new then; the boom was just beginning, but I thought it would be a good idea to bring my songs before whatever listeners there happened to be. So, when I 'made' a town, I went to the local broadcasting station and arranged to put on a few broad-

casts during the two or three weeks I was there. The stations didn't pay me anything for singing. In fact, I was glad I didn't have to pay them, for my programs proved profitable through the resulting song sales."

Those early broadcasts were profitable in more ways than that, though. They taught Jack the microphone technique which has made him successful.

One of the control men at KDKA, the first station ever to broadcast Jack's voice, is responsible for this low-voiced style—and possibly, (Please turn to page 86)



Little Jack Little fought for twelve years before he won recognition

By ROBERT EICHBERG

THE UNKNOWN CHAPTER



Gene Robert Richeo—Paramount

The war made Dennis King a man of sudden reticences and strange silences. Not only is it an unknown chapter in his life but it is also a closed one. All he will say is "I went in at sixteen, came out at eighteen." Whatever else the war did to King, it left an indelible mark upon his soul

By NAN CAMPBELL

THERE is a hidden chapter in Dennis King's life that nobody will ever know. A period in his life which he refuses to discuss. Only stray bits of information can be gleaned concerning it and these bits one learns from outside sources. I am referring to Dennis King's war experiences.

One can see by looking at his face that the man has suffered. The physical as well as the mental agony is written upon that romantic face. Undoubtedly the war left an indelible mark upon King's soul. Undoubtedly it accounts for the fact that, although King has been a vital part of the theatrical world for years, he is known very slightly by the boys and girls of Broadway, the night club habitués, the seekers of gayety. It accounts for the fact that he lives a quiet, indrawn life at his charming home on Long Island, talking to a few old friends, reading excellent books, listening to good music over the radio or on the phonograph and working off the tremendous energy stored within him on the tennis courts.

His war experience must account for his great restlessness when he is at work, his jumpy nerves, his impatience of minor details, his wanting to get rehearsals over quickly, quickly so that he can get to his tennis court and in violent physical activity forget for a little while.

All this one knows—knowing Dennis King. Talking to him, questioning him about the war, one realizes the depth of his experience.

We were sitting together in the luxurious lobby of the NBC studio just after Dennis King had completed a rehearsal for a new program sponsored by Enna Jettick shoes. A jazz band blared out from a hidden loud speaker. We chatted about the new program, his plans for the future, the radio in general. Presently I said, "You were in the war, weren't you?"

A curious look came into his eyes. For a brief moment I saw pain in those eyes and then it was as if he had pulled a curtain across his face.

In a strained voice he said, "Yes. I went in when I was sixteen. Came out when I was eighteen."

"Your experiences," I persisted. "Would you mind telling me about them?"

"Yes," his voice was clipped. "I'd mind very much." And that shadow of pain was there again.

I looked at his face and saw the physical damage the war had done. He bears a curious scar on one side of his face. It is not at all disfiguring, for there is evidence that skillful surgery has saved him. He is now handsome and romantic looking but there must have been a time when he thought his face would never be whole again.

Those brief words "went in when I was sixteen, came out when I was eighteen" told me more than an hour's conversation might have done. In the flash of a second I had the whole picture—the ardent, eager boy who had already had a taste of the theater as a call boy in a London playhouse, who dreamed great dreams of becoming a splendid actor, suddenly being swept up in war hysteria, answering England's call at the age of sixteen. It was exciting—leaving with his company. It was a brilliant, colorful scene with flags waving and bands playing. But the bright color soon faded to drabness—mud and rain—bayonets, bursting shells and horror. Two years of it and then the wound which, he undoubtedly thought, had disfigured him permanently.

"CAME out when I was eighteen." His services to his country were ended, but what had life to offer him now? There was just one thing he wanted to do and that was to be an actor, a great actor able to capture the bright bird of beauty. But who wanted to watch an actor with a broken face?

One knows how much he suffered but he is mute concerning this period of his life. He is mute, as well, concerning the restoration of his face. This fact remains, however, that the marks of that broken face are so slight one sees them only if one looks carefully.



Top Lee Jackson

Dennis King at the mike and, right, when he appeared as Francois Villon in the musical film, "The Vagabond King." King made a hit in this picture but he quit to come back to the Broadway stage.

War nor the ravages of war could not stop Dennis King from realizing his dream. Acting was in his blood. He had tasted the wine of the theater when he was a call boy and he began to secure small roles in various companies. Once he acted as stage manager and played minor roles as well. Slowly, learning his trade, trying to forget the bitterness which he had learned in the war, he worked his way up to leading roles.

He was a well-known English actor when he came to this country and played in "Romeo and Juliet" with Jane Cowl and Rollo Peters.

It was as an actor that Dennis King wanted to make his name. It was as an actor—a dramatic actor—that he had made his fame in England. And his success in "Romeo and Juliet" was outstanding.

Then a very curious thing happened. It was the breaking of an actor's superstition which shoved him into a place in the entertainment world which he did not covet.

Even now he will tell you, "I'm not a singer. I'm an actor." Yet it is as a dramatic singer that Dennis King is known in the United States.

This is how it happened. As a lad he had sung in a boys' choir in England. He had a naturally good voice but he never had a real singing lesson in his life. It amused him to sing and invariably as he was making up for the evening's performance of "Romeo and Juliet"



Gene Robert Ricker—Paramount

he sang loud and long in his dressing room—much to the amazement of the superstitious actors in the troupe.

ONE night as he was singing thus, the producer, Arthur Hammerstein, heard him. He paused at the door to listen. He heard the force and power and vitality in this voice and immediately he burst into Dennis King's room and said, "I want you to sing in a new show, 'Rose Marie.'"

Dennis laughed. "I can't sing," he persisted.

"Was someone else in your room?" Hammerstein asked.

Dennis shook his head. "But I've had no training."

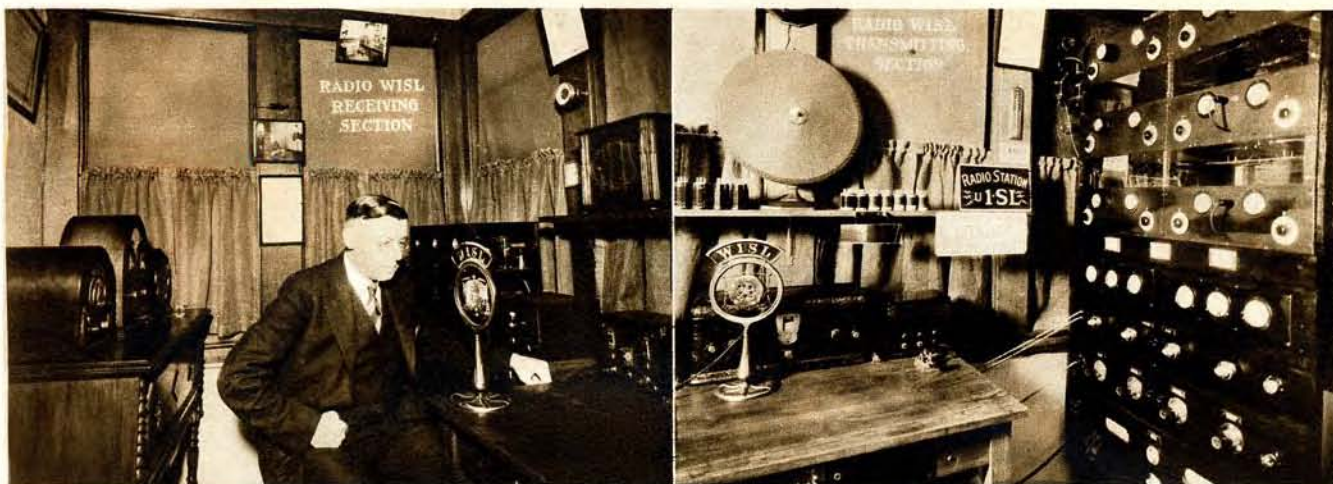
"But you can sing," said Hammerstein.

And, without a single lesson, Dennis King opened in "Rose Marie." From then on he was a singer.

Triumph followed triumph—"Three Musketeers"—"Vagabond King"—many others. The movies and now the radio.

"It is so amazing that they insist that I sing," he said. "Primarily I'm an actor."

He is delighted that this (Please turn to page 91)



Courtesy American Radio Relay League

A modern amateur's set-up. This is the broadcasting studio of Col. D. S. Boyden, of the Commonwealth Edison Corporation of Boston. Compare this elaborate set-up with that of the pioneer amateur on the opposite page.

Thrilling Adventures of Short Wave Amateurs

By ROBERT D. HEINL

I HAVE radio pals in all sorts of odd corners of the world, whose signals come whispering to me through the night out of the jungles of the Congo, from the tiger-infested districts of Malaya, from the interior of Dutch Borneo, from mountain tea estates of Java and India, from elephant and lion country of Rhodesia, from the sands of Iraq.

"We fraternize with Byrd's crowd in the Antarctic, we hobnob with the station farthest north, we talk with our friends in South Africa, first one way around the world and then the other.

"We struggle along with new found friends, neither of us knowing the other's language. We wander over the face of this little old world like a bug on an orange—just no place to go any more. Sad, eh. Hi!" (Hi being the way a wireless operator laughs with his key.) Clair Foster, W6HM, amateur radio operator, of California.

THE wide interest awakened by the recent QST broadcasts, dramatizing the heroism and adventures of amateur radio operators, has caused many a listener, including those who have had radio sets for years and

who have considered themselves pretty well up on radio, to ask, "Who are these radio amateurs? Where did they come from?"

If you happen to be one of those asking the question, do not feel at a disadvantage because numerous others doubtless know as little about them as you do. There are even a number, one way or another connected with the radio industry, who are somewhat hazy about the amateur operators.

Yet I have heard President Hoover, whose son was an amateur, say that many of the most important inventions in radio had first been thought of and developed by the amateurs. Although never brought to the attention of the listening public until the QST series, they have been in the game almost from the time Marconi, who started as an amateur, flashed the first wireless message across the Atlantic.

When the present-day listener was marveling at the phonograph, the amateur had the house littered up with batteries and wire trying to build a radio set. Later when his father and mother, downstairs, were thrilled to hear musical programs from New York and Pittsburgh, the young amateur son was in the attic with a homemade short wave set trying to get China.

"When the United States entered the war, our Army and our Navy had immediate need for thousands of radio operators," said Hiram Percy Maxim, noted scientist and president of the American Radio Relay League, the amateurs' national organization. "To make them from plumbers, farm hands, clerks and laborers in the time available was an insurmountable task. The radio amateurs were appealed to. In sixty days we inducted over four thousand of our membership, the most enthusiastic and skillful radio operators the world possessed, to enlist in the Army and Navy. Their record is one of the classics of the war."

Since the war their numbers have increased amazingly until today there are 46,390 licensed stations in the United States manned by 35,000 amateur radio operators. They are tied in closer than ever with the Army and Navy and in addition are a very important factor in the Red Cross disaster relief service.

IF every radio station were put out of business and every telephone and telegraph line went down, the country would still have the amateurs to depend upon. Despite earthquakes, cyclones or floods, amateurs time and again have gotten their messages through when everything else has failed.

Amateur radio during the past decade has figured prominently in the rescue work of more than twenty disasters on the North American continent including the Long Beach, California, earthquake and the Florida hurricanes. Dots and dashes, hurtled through the ether high above an Arctic storm, carried a diagnosis

When telegraph lines are down and communications are cut off, the amateur radio operators battle national disasters single handed

of a doctor in Seattle and saved the life of a lad stricken with appendicitis in Alitak, a remote Alaskan village.

Missing twenty years, a man in California was located by amateur radio operators in less than a week's time and brought home by a plea from a distracted sister left alone and friendless after suffering the sudden death of her husband. A Cuban boy in the Santiago earthquake ventured back into his house, amid teetering walls, set up his little portable transmitter, and a few minutes later from the ruins had succeeded in flashing news of the catastrophe to the outside world. So the exploits of amateurs could be recounted indefinitely.



© Underwood and Underwood

Above, Hiram Percy Maxim, inventor and radio enthusiast, who is president of the American Radio Relay League.

Right, a characteristic amateur rig of 1923-24. This was the year that amateur radio took a great step forward.



Courtesy American Radio Relay League

modest circumstances.

"Lack of money only whets the intensity of the amateur," Mr. Maxim continues. "A certain young man, aged seventeen, in a mid-western city was known to possess a particularly efficient station. Attention became directed to him because of his long distance records and his superior operating. Investigation disclosed the fact that he was the son of a laboring man in very reduced circumstances. The son had attended the ordinary school until he was able to work and then he had assisted in the support of the family. They were very poor indeed.

"Surprise was manifested that under these oppressive conditions this young fellow should have such a

fine radio station. It was found that this station was installed in a miserably small closet in his mother's kitchen, and that every bit of it had been constructed by himself. This meant that such things as head-phones and vacuum tubes were home-made. Asked how he managed to make these products of specialists, he showed the most ingenious construction of head-phones built from bits of wood and wire. In the case of his vacuum tubes, he had found where a wholesale drug company dumped its broken test-tubes, where the electric light company dumped its burned-out bulbs, and had picked up enough glass to blow his tubes and enough bits of tungsten wire to make his own filaments and had literally home-made vacuum tubes—and good ones at that.

"The greatest financial investment that this amateur had made in building his radio station was twenty-five cents for a pair of combination cutting pliers."

Whatever they may be—rich or poor—they are all the same in amateur wireless doings. The station of one, in a luxurious home in a Massachusetts city is called "Ham's Heaven." (They always modestly refer to themselves as "Ham" operators, perhaps after the "Ham"—not so good—actor.) The dwelling of another, in the same city is about the size of a chicken coop in the backyard of a waterfront fisherman's house. One is as well thought of among the "Hams" as the other.

"They don't care who you are," Paul H. Davis, formerly president of the Chicago Stock Exchange, himself an amateur, told me. "To them, for instance, I am known only by my call letters W9GES. I might be the biggest banker in the world, for all they cared. It is not a question of who I am, but am I a good operator, am I getting distance, and if so, how and why?"

A new thing they have found in perfecting their sets goes over the country like wildfire. A boy in Michigan discovered a way of perfecting his antenna. Amateurs heard about it one night and had it working the next morning. They hadn't any idea of patenting it. The commercial side doesn't interest them. During storms, earthquakes and other disasters, they will work 48 hours without sleep and without thought of compensation.

WHILE a majority of the amateurs are between the ages of seventeen and twenty-five, men of all ages are included in their ranks. Mr. Davis and his son, Paul, Jr., age twenty, are examples.

Celebrities who are ardent amateurs include Frank Hawkes, famous aviator; Wilmer Allison, tennis champion; Henry B. Joy, of Detroit, former president of the Packard Motor Company; Dr. Burton T. Simpson, famous surgeon, director of the New York Institute for the Study of Malignant Diseases at Buffalo; Colonel D. S. Boyden of the Boston (Please turn to page 53)

Out of Darkness

WHEN Lee Wiley stands before the microphone she is entirely unconscious of the studio audience which looks admiringly at her. She sees another audience. She sees, in her mind's eye, the thousands of lonely, sick, unhappy people to whom the radio is a blessed land of forgetfulness. For Lee can remember the time when, without the radio, she might have destroyed herself. She can remember when she saw only with her mind's eye.

For one year Lee Wiley, the charming, brilliant, vivacious girl whose voice you know so well, was totally blind! And during that year the entire course of her life was changed.

Lee, herself, has hesitated to tell the story of that year. I happened upon the knowledge of it accidentally. But it all has such a direct bearing upon the character of the girl and explains her in so many ways that I think you should know about it. Heretofore she has not wanted it known because she hates pity. She has been afraid that people might pity her if they knew

of her tragic year of loneliness and darkness.

She is, as you undoubtedly know, part Cherokee Indian and a distant cousin of Will Rogers, although she has never met him. Tulsa, Oklahoma, is her home town and it was there that her singing career began, literally at the age of three when, in a church entertainment, she was gently led to a platform where she sang "I'm Three Years Old Today," to the delight of the audience. From then on—when she wasn't busy hanging on ice wagons (to the terror of her mother) and jouncing over rough roads on hay wagons—she was an accepted part of every amateur entertainment given in Tulsa. And during high school she began, in a very small way, her radio career.

That was the time before there were coast-to-coast hook-ups. The local station was delighted to have Lee conduct a program all her own in which she sang and played the piano simultaneously, and even made her own announcements. But this was all just fun. She was terribly young and thoughts of the future included nothing but her eventual marriage to some handsome local swain. The radio was nothing but a plaything. Lee was nothing but a plaything. Lee was nothing but a cute kid who sang well.

And then tragedy occurred. (Please turn to page 78)

Lee Wiley was blinded for a year—and out of that grew her philosophy of life

By NAN CAMPBELL

Lee Wiley's blindness might easily have wrecked her life. But it turned her to radio for a career.



Special Photographs for TOWER RADIO
by Barnaba Studios



Lee Wiley

Around the World ON A POSTAGE STAMP

By
**TOM
CARSKADON**

Illustrated by Flora Smith

WOULD you like to go sailing around the world on a magic carpet less than an inch square? Would you like to visit foreign countries, meet strange people with strange customs, see historic sights?

You can do all of this on a postage stamp! Every stamp tells a story. As you look at stamps you go adventuring away to the diamond mines of South Africa, visit with Eskimos far up in Greenland, or see a rubber plantation in Java.

All of these things you do in your imagination. You don't go by airplane or train or steamship—that would take a long time and cost much money. You just look at a stamp and instantly—whizz! just like that!—your imagination carries you away to the ends of the earth. You see pygmy tribes in the jungles of New Guinea, you watch farmers harvesting grain in Hungary, you

all, he tells you how to start a stamp collection of your own!

"One should start with a moderate sized stamp album," says Captain Tim. "It should be large enough to list all the countries of the world, with space left for a few stamps from each country. If the album is too large or too elaborate it will discourage a beginner. The thing to do is to start in a small way and have the fun of building up a collection."

"These albums, together with an assortment of stamps from various countries, may be obtained from regular stamp dealers, from toy or department stores or mail order houses. The cost is not large. Also, there is an opportunity for you to get an album free, full details about this are given on my radio program. The sponsors of this program are the makers of Ivory Soap, and the Ivory stamp club album has been prepared

Stamps reproduced through courtesy of H. E. Harris and Co., of Boston, dealers in stamps.



20 million mark German stamp, pre-war value \$11,900,000,000.



Archduke Ferdinand and wife grace this Austrian stamp. Their killing started the World War.



Queen Catherine the Great heads this pre-Soviet Russian stamp.

walk beside a camel caravan in far Mongolia.

Isn't it fun? There is a man on the radio who tells the most exciting "stories behind the stamps." He looks at a stamp, and immediately his imagination takes him to the country pictured on it—just as your own imagination does—and then he tells you a story that happened in that country.

HE is Captain Tim Healy. He was in the Australian and British armies, and has adventured all over the world. He has visited most of the countries that you see pictured on stamps. And, best of

under my personal supervision.

"We also send you a beginner's packet of stamps with the album, and from time to time we make special offers of a packet of stamps from some certain country, such as Finland or China, which we send in exchange for Ivory Soap wrappers."

That's how Captain Tim Healy offers to get you started with a stamp collection of your own. Probably you will be surprised to find how many people, young and old, are interested in this hobby. Both the King of England and the President of the United States are enthusiastic stamp collectors. President Roosevelt has a collection of thirty



Boys and Girls, let Captain Tim Healy tell you all about the fascinating fun of collecting stamps from the remote corners of the earth

Capt. Tim Healy is a veteran of the World War. He tells you how to start a stamp collection.



Here's a beautiful stamp for your collection. It shows the departure of Christopher Columbus from Palos.



Ivan Mazepa, hero of Byron's poem, portrayed by this stamp of short-lived Ukraine, now part of Soviet Russia.



These stamps from Portuguese East Africa were stamped "Republica."

volumes of stamps that he has been assembling since his schoolboy days and the collection of King George V of England, specializing in Great Britain and her colonies, is valued at half a million dollars. Other famous collectors are former President Hoover and Ellis Parker Butler, noted American author of "Pigs Is Pigs" and many other stories.

It is interesting to look at a stamp, a tiny piece of paper which you hold in your hand, and think how far that little piece of paper has traveled. For instance, the island of Reunion, far out in the Indian Ocean, is only a very small dot on even a rather large map of the world. Yet that island is

a French colony which exports sugar, spices, vanilla and other products that sound good to eat, and the cancelled stamp you hold in your hand once actually carried a letter on that island and now has traveled half way around the world to you.

Look at a stamp from Reunion and you see a picture of a stretch of sea-coast, ships in harbor and palm trees waving in the breeze. Captain Tim Healy takes that stamp and tells you the story behind it, tells you how vanilla beans are harvested, how the natives on that tropical island live, and what is its history. Captain Tim believes that every stamp has a story to tell, and (*Please turn to page 74*)



With ALICE AFORETHOUGHT

I'M afraid I love that girl," said Mr. Raymond De Klyn as he backed away from the microphone at Station Wweep, leaving in his wake a smoothly delivered tenor solo. "The longer I look, the more I'm enthralled. Such grace, such charm! Eyes like violets—misted violets—not that I've ever seen a violet in a fog, but it's a simile I snared out of a magazine, and very apt, too. Yes, Raymond, my lad, your days of dalliance are over. This is THE GIRL."

It must be understood that Mr. De Klyn was conversing with himself, otherwise he would have shattered the rhythmic flow of the Soul Mates' Shoe Hour, but the look in his handsome brown eyes as they centered upon Miss Alice Windsor, the Dream Girl of Radio, conveyed his emotions more perfectly than if he had shouted them. He grinned happily, enjoying the sensation of being in love again, for by actual count this was the nineteenth time he had found the one and only, and commenced to sidle around the studio walls until he was near enough to breathe a compliment into Miss Windsor's pearl-studded ear.

When a honey-blond young lady is swathed in mint green crepe she has no objection to being likened to a jonquil swaying on its stalk, so the beauteous Alice responded with a thrillingly intimate smile.

"That's sweet of you, Ray," she whispered, admiring his corrugated raven hair and general clean-cut attractiveness. "You almost make me believe you."

"I will before I'm through," asserted Mr. De Klyn. "Look here, you like me a little, don't you?"

"A lot," amended Alice, but this time her gaze was directed toward the microphone. "Shhhh, now—let's listen to Tubby."

THE announcer had finished parrotting his information, and, as the orchestra vamped the opening bars, a tall and lumpy young man struck into Henley's "Invictus" with all the bellowing bravura this number requires of baritones. A lock of reddish hair fell across his forehead and his good-natured face was awry with strain, but nothing mattered save the warm richness of his voice. It held the compelling throb of an organ combined with the rousing fanfare of trumpets, and as always, the impressionable Miss Windsor felt a tremor run through her.

"He's perfectly glorious," she told herself.

Out of the night that covers me

Black as the Pit from pole to pole,

came the golden tones, and then the singer became aware that the girl he loved was watching him with adoration. He flushed, gulped, forgot a couple of words, promptly faked them, and plunged onward. There she was, a thing of youth and fragrance, her mouth framing silent words of encouragement, and at once Mr. Hubbard felt the glow of the lines,

*I thank whatever gods there be
For my unconquerable soul.*

If only, he told himself, that confoundedly dapper Raymond De Klyn would quit hovering around her. Raymond was decidedly a threat. Good-looking, Tubby admitted in fairness, and a likable chap as well, not to mention being a heavy asset in the six months' unbounded success of the Soul Mates, popular Fireside Companions. Still, very probably Ray was not being serious, for he seldom was; whereas it had burst upon Mr. Hubbard while shaving that afternoon that Alice was what he needed to change life from a quavering aria to a grand chorus. Yes. Ray couldn't be—but there, dammit, he was trying to squeeze her hand!

My head is bloody but unbowed,

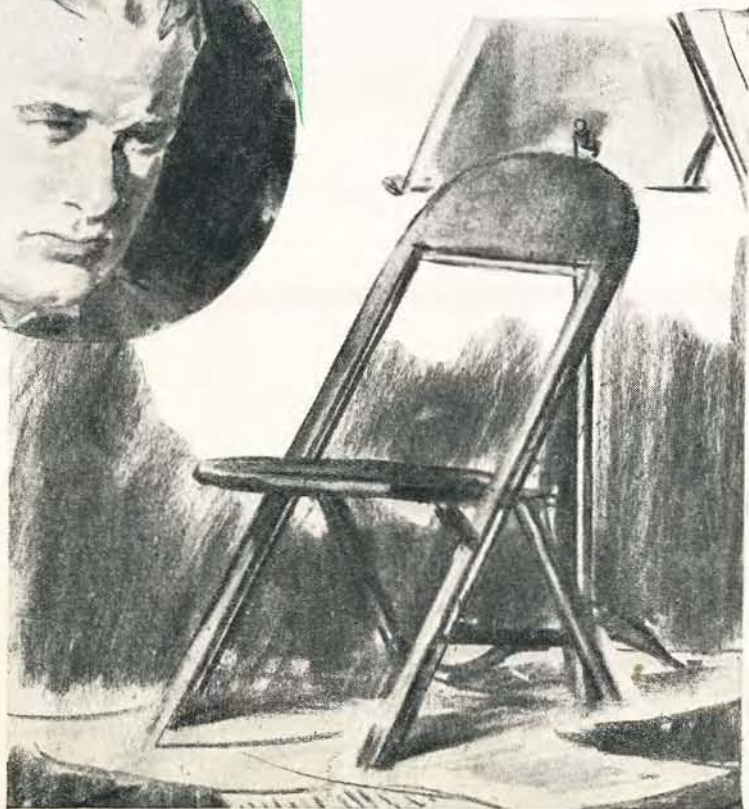
sang Tubby unhappily. Aha, she had drawn her fingers away!

"I think he's absolutely soul stirring," Alice was murmuring.

"A great warbler," agreed Mr. De Klyn. "A good old dependable carthorse. Not enough dash and ham about him to make the Met, but aren't we all?" He applauded in pantomime. "Sock it to 'em, Tubby!"

Miss Windsor sighed. A little jealousy would have made things more exciting, for, being purely feminine, she had sensed the trend of affairs long before the singers were aware they were exhibiting the sheepish symptoms of the male in love. And she was fond of both, tremendously so. Tubby, so cheerful and willing; Raymond, so debonair and brisk. Half a year on the same program had made

Tubby, the baritone



A Thanksgiving story of the Dream Girl of Radio who was loved by a suave tenor and a clumsy baritone

By STEWART ROBERTSON

DRAWINGS BY CHARLES LA SALLE

her sure that she could be quite happy with either, yet which one would it be? She almost wished she knew—if the uncertainty hadn't been so intriguing.

"You're as sparkling as a morning in May," said Mr. De Klyn beside her. "A golden thread in the tapestry of life."

Alice felt herself grow pinker at the words, and she pressed a shoulder against his. Ray always said the correct things, but . . . did he really feel them? Of course, he had probably read them in a book, but a girl couldn't expect to . . .

*I am the mawster of my fate
The ca-haptain of my soul!*
ended Tubby in a relieved howl, and immediately looked as bewildered as a sleepwalker who awakes to find himself in a ball-room without any clothes on. He began shambling toward his friends, tripped over his own feet, and lurched to a standstill, clumsily crimson.

"Sorry," he commenced, but Alice waved him to silence.
(Please turn to page 84)



Raymond, the tenor



SHORT WAVE

Now's the Time to Catch the Oriental Stations

COLD rainy mornings have proved to be the ideal days for pulling in "that hard to catch station." Nearly every fan has back in his mind the call letters, frequency, and schedule of a station that he has told himself, "I'll get that yet." If this elusive find is an Asiatic, this is the month to go after it and by the way—get it! Ever since early Summer, the season that we all thought was not suitable for logging Orientals, the signals transmitted from the various "J" stations have been heard very well. Now that an early winter snap is in the air, they will be right there for each one of us.

By far the most reliable JVM, 27:93 meters, which in connection with all the other Japanese short-wave stations whose call letters begin with JV, relays programs originating in the studios of the long wave station JOAK, Tokyo. The type of programs are as different as day and night from the ones we hear from either our American broadcasters or in fact from

any short wave station. A play, lasting for over an hour, without any of the performers stopping for breath; gongs; one man bands; baseball games, with announcements given in this fashion, "Ona strika, twoa strika," are all to be heard. But by far the best, from an entertainment point of view, are the vocalists. One wonders how they can sing three and four verses with their voices pitched to high C. And they stay up in the high octaves. From an American listener's point of view this is very nerve-racking. But show me the short wave fan who listens to foreign reception purely for entertainment. There may be some, but they are very few and far between. Yes, we will admit, programs from Germany and England are excellent but the former insists on breaking in on a beautiful selection of band music to have Herr this or that talk politics. And Daventry does give its listeners recorded or "canned" music in large doses. Programs from France are notoriously talky. When one fan took them to task for their failure to broadcast music, they replied that the programs were intended for their colonists, who do not get news items often enough. To which this fan ironically wrote, "Are you sure your colonists are equipped with short wave receivers?" This second letter was not answered.

TO hark back to the Asiatic stations, it is very important that you rise at which seems an unearthly hour in order to catch these Japs doing their daily dozen. Do not think these are the only stations that will make an early bird out of you. There will be the new stations in Shanghai and Java phone circuits which are on the air anytime from 4 A.M., E.S.T., until 10 A.M. But the short wave listener either should not retire at all or else if he does, set his ever faithful alarm clock to waken him at least by 5 A.M. Then the air begins to be alive. Carriers will be here, there, and everywhere, and so strong, that you will be in doubt which one to hold on to. The air will be comparatively free of man-made static.

Many a day, with the snow coming down and the temperature falling, I have sat at my receiver and logged as many as four Asiatics in one morning. And that was in the years before Japan had its new powerful transmitters. This Winter you and I should expect to hear the following stations almost every day:

- PMC, 16:50 meters Bandoeng, Java. 3 to 5 P.M. (Irr.)
- HSP, 16:92 meters Bangkok, Siam. 4 to 6 A.M. (Irr.)
- VWY, 17:10 meters Poona, India. 3 to 7 A.M. (Irr.)

Winter approaches and the Far Eastern radio stations begin to loom up on your DX dials

By Capt. HORACE L. HALL

Foremost authority on short wave in America

Captain Leonard Plugge, English radio magnate, visits our short wave expert, Captain Horace Hall, in New York.



Wide World



DEPARTMENT



Wills Walker

Above, four German announcers heard on stations in Herr Hitler's homeland. Right, exterior of the famous JOAK station in Japan.

- KAY, 20:03 meters, Manila, Philippine Islands. 5 to 8 A.M.
- FZS, 25:02 meters Saigon, Indo-China. Around 7 A.M.
- CQN, 49:96 meters Macao, China. 7 to 8 A.M.
- RV15, 71:00 meters Khabarovsk, Siberia. 3 to 9 A.M.

All time given is Eastern Standard Time. A fairly new telephone circuit has been established between Tokyo and Manchukuo, Formosa, Java and the United States. JV will be the first two letters of their assigned call letters, JVT, 44:44 meters; JVM, 27:93 meters; JVK, 19:69 meters will be the wave lengths used when phoning America.

VWY, Poona, India, has been heard on 31:36 meters and 33:41 meters here in the eastern part of the United States and may be a regular visitor during the winter months.

Naturally not all these will be logged at the first try but, if short wave teaches us nothing as some say and to which I heartily disagree, we do train ourselves to be patient and to persevere. No matter if the neighbor next door decides to go out early and has difficulty getting the motor of his car warmed up and we pick up the ignition noise just as a station announcement is coming. Do we slam off our receiver and tear our hair and use strong language? No! We sit either with volume turned low and wait for Jack Public to get started or go out and help him. Little does he surmise why we are so intent on his getting started. But if our temper were not so well under control, one cannot imagine what might happen. Have you ever read in any newspaper, "Short wave listener shoots motorist for interfering with his reception?"

STATIONS that take far less effort and skill to tune in are those in South America. As that continent lies almost directly south of the one we are living on, their time is very similar to ours. When we are ready to retire for the night, so are the South Americans. (Please turn to page 50)



The towers of ZLT transmitting station at Wellington, the New Zealand terminal of the international radio telephone service which links that continent telephonically with the world. While this is a commercial station, its tests can be heard by DX fans here.

Programs You'll Want to Hear

THIS list of your favorite programs is as accurate as we can make it as we go to press, but we cannot be responsible for any changes in schedule. All time given is in Eastern Standard Time. CBS stands for the Columbia Broadcasting System. NBC stands for the National Broadcasting 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

Adventures of Gracie—With George Burns and Gracie Allen; Bobby Dolan's orchestra. (General Cigar Co.) 9:30 P.M., Wednesday, CBS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Camel Caravan—Walter O'Keefe, comedian; Annette Hanshaw, blues singer; Ted Husing and Glen Gray's Casa Loma orchestra fea-

turing Pee Wee Hunt and Kenny Sargent. (R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.) 10:00 P.M., Tuesday and 9:00 P.M., Thursday, CBS.

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

Chesterfield Program—Rosa Ponselle, Nino Martini and Grete Stueckgold with Andre Kostelanetz's orchestra and soloists. (Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.) 9:00 P.M., Monday, Wednesday and Saturday, respectively, CBS.

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

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

Dreams Come True Program—Barry McKinley, baritone; Ray Senatra orchestra. (Procter and Gamble Co.) 3:15 P.M., Monday, Wednesday and Thursday, NBC-WEAF.

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

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

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

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

Gibson Family—Original musical comedy, starring Lois Bennett, Con-

rad Thibault, Jack and Loretta Clemens; Don Vorhees orchestra. (Procter and Gamble Co.) 9:30 P.M., Saturday, NBC-WEAF.

Gulf Headliners—With Will Rogers and Col. Stoopnagle and Budd in alternating cycles; Oscar Bradley's orchestra. (Gulf Refining Co.) 9:30 P.M., Sunday, CBS.

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

Hollywood Hotel—Featuring Dick Powell; Rowena Williams; Ted Fiorito; Louella Parsons, screen writer; the Three Debutantes; Muzzy Marcelino; El Brendel and William O'Neal. (Campbell Soup Co.) 9:30 P.M., Friday, CBS.

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

Lavender and Old Lace—With Frank Munn, tenor; Hazel Glenn, soprano; Gustav Haenschen's orchestra. (Sterling Products, Inc.) 8:00 P.M., Tuesday, CBS.

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

Little Known Facts About Well Known People—With Dale Carnegie; orchestra. (Malted Cereals Co.) 1:00 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

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

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

Lombardo Land—Featuring Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians, (Plough, Inc.) 10:00 P.M., Wednesday, NBC-WEAF.

Manhattan Merry-Go-Round—Raquel de Carlay, featured soloist; David Percy, baritone; Men About Town; orchestra under direction of Jacques Renard. (R. L. Watkins Co.) 9:00 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

Maxwell House Show Boat—With Cap'n Henry (Charles Winninger); Lanny Ross, tenor; Muriel Wilson, soprano; Conrad Thibault, baritone; Molasses 'n' January, comedians; Gustav Haenschen's Show Boat orchestra. (Maxwell House Coffee) 9:00 P.M., Thursday, NBC-WEAF. (Please turn to page 95)

BIRTHDAY GREETINGS



WHY NOT SEND

TO YOUR FAVORITES?

Jean Paul King.....	Dec. 1	Dr. S. Parkes Cadman.....	Dec. 18
Jesse Crawford.....	Dec. 2	John C. Daly.....	Dec. 20
Rosaline Greene.....	Dec. 3	Patti Piccens.....	Dec. 20
Connie Boswell.....	Dec. 5	Andre Kostelanetz.....	Dec. 21
Elaine Melchior.....	Dec. 8	Bee Churchill.....	Dec. 21
Freddy Martin.....	Dec. 9	Deems Taylor.....	Dec. 22
Lillian Roth.....	Dec. 13	Eunice Howard.....	Dec. 22
Sandra Phillips.....	Dec. 13	Marion Hopkinson.....	Dec. 25
Frederick Warlock.....	Dec. 14	Gladys Swarthout.....	Dec. 25
Jeanie Lang.....	Dec. 17	Tony Wons.....	Dec. 25
Ted Fiorito.....		Dec. 30	

PREPARE

FOR

Parties

By

HARRIET HILLIARD



Photos by Tower Studios

Whether you sing before the microphone, work in an office or stay at home, you will find a small make-up kit a great help in keeping your skin in the pink of condition all the time.

Skin nicely tanned in Summer may be a real problem when Winter comes

JUST about this time of year, with Christmas parties and all sorts of mid-winter festivities coming along, most girls are suffering from a gray looking skin. If you didn't know what caused it, you might be worried about it. But the cause is quite simple. It's just skin that was nicely tanned in the Summer and has faded.

Some girls, of course, tan a lovely color that fades to an equally lovely color as Winter goes on. Most of us just fade off into grayness. If the midwinter vestiges of your summer tan are a nice light beige, you needn't do anything about it, except to choose your evening clothes in congenial colors. But if you are the more usual faded gray, something drastic must be done immediately.

I think the first corrective step is to use a good bleaching cream. Use it conscientiously, as the directions specify, until the skin is fairly well rid of the grayish look. Then keep the skin in a nice, even state with the proper creams, with massage, and with the stimulating effects of a good-circulation—massage helps this as does systematic indoor and outdoor exercise.

If you look best with a tanned skin, you can get the effect with a sun-tan lamp. But don't use it on the gray, faded skin. Wait until the skin is clear and of its usual color—unless you began before the sun-tan from summer tans had turned to gray.

Christmas parties always make a big demand on the popular girl, so far as looks are concerned. She wants to look her best, of course, but she is bound to overdo at the holidays. For one thing, she is probably tired with before-Christmas preparations. And then come the parties between Christmas and New Year's, with their late hours and extra food.

I think it is a very good plan for the girl with lots of parties to eat very lightly, very sensibly, when she can. She doesn't want to be a wet blanket and refuse the good things offered for refreshments, but she can make lunch—unless it is a party luncheon—consist of a raw fruit or vegetable salad and a glass of tomato juice. She can make breakfast on (*Please turn to page 56*)

Let the Voice of Experience

HELP YOU

*He has advised millions
and he can help you, too*

By

VOICE OF EXPERIENCE



Special Photograph for TOWER RADIO by Wide World

AS I seat myself to write this column for TOWER RADIO, there lies before me a sheaf of letters, every one important to the person who sent it, and each problem submitted probably shared in by thousands of others. But even though these letters are less than one foot from my eyes, I cannot get the *Morro Castle* disaster from my mind. The reverberations of this great sea catastrophe have been heard around the world.

An investigation was recently completed to determine the origin of the fire which converted that beautiful ship into a floating pyre for so many helpless souls.

So constantly has this picture in all of its horror fixed itself before my mental vision, that I have asked myself, "Well, what can I do?" And it almost seemed that the answer came from the hazy outline of that ship in front of my eyes: "Prevent a recurrence of the great loss of life due largely to carelessness."

I recalled having read in several articles how some were found drowned with life preservers wrongly adjusted. Do you remember the first time you tried to put on a life preserver? Were you able to accomplish it with ease in the absence of an instructor? If

HOW TO WRITE TO THE VOICE OF EXPERIENCE

You can write the Voice of Experience by sending your letter in care of TOWER RADIO, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. It will be forwarded to the counselor unopened.

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

The Voice of Experience, in his New York offices, looks through his vast file of correspondence. He receives millions of letters yearly.

so, I congratulate you. I frankly admit that I have been to sea many times but never once have I taken the precaution to fit one of those life preservers on my body to learn a proper technique in case of an emergency. And then as I was contemplating this fact, I bethought myself of the two ocean voyages I took last Summer. As is always customary, life preserver drill and fire drill were scheduled almost immediately after our ships put out to sea. I distinctly remember that out of a passenger list of over eight hundred on one, only a baker's dozen reported for this precautionary drill. I saw the same thing on the other steamer with nearly seven hundred passengers. And then I recalled how lightly the different ships' crews have taken this drill on the ships on which I have embarked, and so I have reached the following conclusion:

Since life preservers and a knowledge of just what to do in case of a fire at sea are so necessary in such an emergency as occurred on the *Morro Castle*, certainly it seems to me that if pressure were brought to bear upon the powers that be, regulations would be established making such drills mandatory on every ocean-going vessel, whether transatlantic or coast-wise. Certainly if such a drill had been compulsory on the *Morro Castle* many people who have now passed on would be living human beings, happily reunited with their families in spite of the tragedy through which they had just gone.

With the vast number of readers that I have in TOWER RADIO, together with my enormous daily audience over the Columbia network, I believe that I am in a unique position, with your cooperation, to do something constructive toward the prevention of further disasters bringing great loss of life at sea. And here's how I mean to accomplish that:

Just as I have asked my radio audience, so I appeal to you readers, that every one of you who have ever had occasion to travel on an ocean or lake liner, go back in retrospect and remember just how the passengers and crew on the ship that you sailed on treated the fire drill and the life preserver drill. Sit down and write me a letter setting forth these facts as you remember them. I will act as a clearing-house for all of these letters, will gather (Please turn to page 92)

Meet the Missus

(Continued from page 15)

"If it's that agent," directed Mary, "tell him you won't work except for the salary I told you."

"Not a chance of getting it," demurred Jack as he picked up the receiver.

"You do as I tell you," whispered Mary, her eyes ablaze with determination.

It was the vaudeville agent on the wire and when he asked Benny what he wanted for the date the comedian dutifully specified the sum decided upon by Mrs. Jack.

"You're crazy," shouted the man and hung up.

"Now see what you've done," objected Jack to Mary.

"Sez you," said Mary. "He'll call back within ten minutes."

Eight minutes by the clock the phone bell jingled again.

"That's him," said Mary as Jack went to the instrument, "stand by your guns!"

"What's positively the lowest price you'll take—and no monkey business," demanded the agent.

"Not a nickel less than I told you," said Jack sternly but with a great fear in his heart.

There was a moment's pause. Then the voice fairly barked over the phone:

"Okay, you Jesse James. I'll be over in the morning with the contracts."

That is one reason why Jack Benny thinks Mary Livingstone is the greatest little business manager any comedian ever had.

IN the case of Burns and Allen, who are neighbors of the Bennys in the same hotel apartment building in New York (when they aren't on the Pacific Coast making movies) the husband is the business end of the firm. He is also the comedy end of the team off the air or the stage or the screen, Gracie being content to submerge her identity while she sits back and revels in the sayings and antics of her lord and master. A more devoted couple than these two couldn't be found even by Ripley.

Goodman and Jane Ace, good friends of the Bennys and the Burnses, were school sweethearts in Kansas City, Mo.

Their advent on the air came about in this manner:

Ace, whose flair for humorous writing and showmanship made him one of the mid-west's outstanding dramatic critics and columnists, after twelve years in those capacities, began to broadcast from a local station a radio edition of his newspaper departments. Jane used to accompany him to the studio and watch him broadcast. One night he was four minutes short with his material and on the spur

of the moment called upon Jane to fill out the time by ad libbing with him. Although she had never done anything of the sort before, she entered heartily into the spirit of the occasion and gagged along with her husband until the time was up. The next day a local advertiser who had listened in called up the station and announced that he would sponsor the act if Ace would write comedy featuring Jane. "Easy Aces" was thus created.

On the air the Aces disagree over practically everything, but off the air they are unanimous in their likes and dislikes, work and amusements. They are also one of the best matched and best liked pair of helpmates in all radioland.

IF you ever had any doubts as to the cordial relations existing between Mr. and Mrs. Fred Allen they would be instantly dispelled after hearing Fred address "Portland" in the loving manner he does on the Hour of Smiles program on NBC. The way he intones that "Portland" tells the tale. And the tongue-in-cheek satirist is the world's sweetest and most considerate of husbands, according to Portland.

"Being married to Fred is like being the wife of a hard-working, methodical business man," she says. "Except that Fred, unlike most husbands, does not require any particular waiting on. He was a bachelor, you know, for so long before I met him, that he became a thoroughly self-sufficient person."

Off the living-room of their New York apartment is Fred's study where he plots his radio scripts. Portland will let you peep into that room if Fred isn't there, and then she will tell you how the household behaves when the actor-author husband is in the throes of authorship.

"Fred works here very quietly, not stopping to smile or read aloud a good

bit," explains Mrs. Allen. "I sit nearby—also very quiet—usually knitting. He likes to feel that I am near, although he does not talk to me while he is working. Of course, when he has finished the week's script he wants me to read and approve the show. He particularly likes it when I laugh at his best gags and situations. He welcomes suggestions from me about my own part in the show."

And Portland should be able to suggest lines for herself, for she inherited a sense of humor from her father, Dr. Frederick Hoffa, a retired eye specialist. You will know that her dad was a humorist when you hear how and why he named his daughters.

Portland—that's an odd enough name for a girl to start with but to paraphrase Captain Henry of the Show Boat, "you ain't heard nothin' yet—it's only the beginnin', folks, it's only the beginnin'"—for Portland's sisters are named Lebanon, LastonE (the capital E on the end is correct) and Doctor Fredericka Hoffa. Portland and Lebanon were so tagged because Portland was born in Portland, Oregon, and Lebanon in Lebanon, Pa.

Sister LastonE was so named by the doctor in the expectation that she, the third of the daughters, might prove just that—the last one. But a fourth daughter came to bless the Hoffa home and Papa Hoffa wanted to name her Period. Mamma Hoffa protested so loudly at this that they compromised and christened the last arrival Doctor Fredericka after the good doctor himself.

THE story of the happy home life of Frank Crumit and Julia Sanderson and their devotion to each other has been told so often as to require no elaboration here. In 1922 they co-starred in the musical, "Tangerine," and in 1927 formed a matrimonial partnership. They have a lovely country estate at Longmeadow, a suburb of Springfield, Mass., where they have settled down to a life of rural bliss, commuting from there by motor to the Columbia studios in New York for their broadcast.

Equally well known to listeners are May Singhi Breen, NBC's Ukulele Lady, and Peter de Rose, the composer-singer-accompanist, for they are "The Sweethearts of the Air." Like Crumit and Sanderson they have a home in the country. They reside at New Rochelle, N. Y., "forty-five minutes from Broadway," where they have a big old-fashioned house in a choice residential section surrounded by spacious grounds. May and Peter are lavish entertainers (Please turn to page 49)



For the first time, the twins of Bing Crosby and his wife, Dixie Lee, are photographed. Dennis Michael, left, and Philip Lang Crosby are two months old in this picture

Radio from the Inside

BY THE MAN AT THE CONTROLS

FOR quite a few years both NBC and Columbia sent out their program corrections to newspapers and magazines with the brief, but adequate—

KILL: So and so (artist's or program's name).

ADD: Blank—blank (artist's or program's name).

—listing, of course, the date and time of the change. While CBS has retained the word "KILL," NBC now uses the synonym "DELETE" instead. This bit of information doesn't seem very important, or significant, for that matter—I know. But the story behind the item is dramatic, indeed.

Recently, when Russ Columbo met his untimely death through the accidental discharge of a friend's antiquated pistol, he had been appearing before an NBC microphone on Sunday evenings. The boys in the press department at Radio City, who send out all the mimeographed information on programs, didn't feel right about typing the program correction with "KILL" as the prefix to Russ Columbo. It seemed too ironic. So they substituted "DELETE." They have my printed praise. * * *

IT'S the little things in life that count, some folks say. And here's something to bear that out.

Last year the National network carried the Saturday afternoon Metropolitan Operas on behalf of a ciggie firm. It was one of the more important radio features, and netted the network and the opera moguls plenty of shekels. Everything was all set for the resumption of the high-hat broadcasts this year. The contracts were on the smoking chief's desk, awaiting only his signature before the second year of opera on the air became a reality. But just as he was about to affix his X on the . . . , he happened to notice an eye-catching ad in a magazine. It heralded a rival tobacco, and carried a glowing endorsement by one of the leading canaries of the Metropolitan—the Metropolitan whose last year's operas he had helped finance. The pen went back on its stand.

And that's why the operas this season will be aired as a purely sustaining offering—which means, without benefit of sponsor or bankroll. * * *

JACK DENNY, the stick-shaker, was being interviewed by a story-writer the other day. His interrogator asked him whom he thought was the greatest man living today.

"That's easy," smiled the music-man, "the man my press agents try to make people believe I am." * * *

GEORGIE PRICE has given up imitations—and when Georgie announces no more carbon-copy impressions, why, it's just like one man biting a litter of dogs. It's news. For ever since his Gus Edwards days, little Georgie has gone around doing imitations of everyone and everything but Georgie Price.

He told me of a definite experience that caused Mr. Price to decide to act himself. A few years ago, he was playing a vaudeville engagement at a

Los Angeles theater. One day a fond mother and a stage-struck son approached him, and begged him to show them how to do some of the imitations in his act. The kid was a cute little fellow, and Georgie had an hour off, so he obliged with his entire routine.

Then, not long ago, after a lapse of some time, G. P. was touring the same circuit. There had been a storm wash-out between San Francisco, causing his train to be a few hours late. Finally, Georgie arrived in Los Angeles, and rushed to the theater. Inside the stage door he met the same little boy, now all grown-up. He asked the young man what he was doing backstage.

"Oh, they phoned me a little while ago," the other told him, "and asked me to run over to fill in for one of the acts that was held up by the storm. I've just finished my turn."

Georgie had a peculiar feeling way down inside of him, but he inquired further into the nature of the fellow's act.

"I did some impersonations," he said. "You know, Eddie Cantor, Harry Richman, Ed Wynn, Al Jolson—"

It was Georgie's exact routine, and here he was supposed to be next on the bill. Bravely he went on. His act was discarded. Instead, he ad libbed a few jokes; told the orchestra leader to pull out this number and that; sang a few "straight" songs, and was a huge success. As a result, he began thinking that maybe he should develop his own personality and give it a chance. That's why you hear a different Georgie Price on the air these

days than the one you heard several years ago.

And the up-and-coming young mimic—the one who copped his imitations—is a nephew of Joe Weber of Weber and Fields. His name is Jerome Mann, and it was Georgie Price who garnered for him his first radio job on Everett Marshall's Broadway Vanities program not many weeks ago. * * *

ROXY likes to have his likeness snapped by cameramen, but the flashes momentarily blind him. . . . Tito Guizar and H. V. Kaltenborn are radio's ablest tennis aces. . . . The Boswell Sisters are Bing Crosby's favorite singing group, and Bing Crosby is the girls' No. 1 song-purveyor, and they're all on the same program. . . . Rosa Ponselle takes a daily bicycle tour around the roof of her apartment building. . . . I like the tune "They Didn't Believe Me," even though it spent two decades on the music publisher's shelf. . . . What happened to that movement to dispense with studio audiences? * * *

ALTHOUGH both have been identified with radio for a number of years, neither Freddie Rich nor Rubinoff ever met personally—that is, until recently.

It was at another orchestra man's hotel opening that the two maestros were introduced for the first time.

"You know," spoke Rubinoff in the Rubinoff manner, "I always thought you were a big, broad man, Mr. Rich, I am disappointed."

"Well," replied Rich, who really is a good-sized gent, "I've been more lucky with my impression of you. I always figured you really spoke with a thick accent."

And that closed their first meeting. * * *

A BROOKLYN neighbor of Mark Warnow who thought he had a singing voice with radio possibilities took a "course" in one of those so-called "radio schools." They showered him with praise, and advised him to devote himself to a broadcasting career. So, on strength of their promise to provide an "open sesame" to radio's portals, the Brooklyn youth quit his job to strive for a niche in the airwaves' Hall of Fame. That was after he paid them \$65. And after that, Mark happened to hear him sing. The orchestra leader, in a friendly way, told the embryo artist that his voice just didn't have what it takes. The fellow told him about the "radio school," the promises, and last, but not least, the \$65.

So Warnow got busy. He mustered into service four other established network performers—the Voice of Experience, Everett Marshall, Johnny Green and Frank Crumit—and together they formed a committee to expose these fly-by-night, fake, phony, or whatever you wish to tag 'em "radio schools." While the rest of the committee quietly gathered evidence, and established "plants" in the schools, the Voice of Experience campaigned against them on the air. It's their aim to stamp out these parasites which live off mike-struck folks just

(Please turn to page 64)

Riding the Kilocycles

The Notre Dame football team practices this year to martial music by Roy Shield, a division music director of NBC. . . . Coach Elmer Layden uses music to teach rhythm and coordination and Shield worked out the musical experiment with Layden's assistance. . . . Abe Lyman has been made a Kentucky colonel, suh. . . . Donald Novis flew up to Chapleau, Canada, recently, to visit the place where he used to sing to lumberjacks in his father's cobbler shop. . . . He was seven then. . . . When the Palmolive Beauty Box Theater put on "The Fortune Teller" recently a discovery. Anne Jamison, young Canadian lyric soprano, sang the leading role while Gladys Swarthout took a week off. . . . Countess Olga Albani is the wife of Count Arturo Albani and they have a six-year-old son, Guardo. . . . Paul Whiteman uses four or five gardenias in his coat lapel during a radio program. . . . Once Maestro Richard Himber was a package wrapper in a department store. . . . Himber started his radio career as secretary to Rudy Vallee. . . . Ethel Shutta was once a chorus girl in a Chicago theater. . . . Elaine Melchior, the Ardela of the Buck Rogers adventures, underwent a serious mastoid operation recently. . . . Whispering Jack Smith is back from two years abroad.

TURKEY DINNER



Before the fire in their Massachusetts home the Frank Crumits discuss the holiday dinner menu.

Frank Crumit and Julia Sanderson stage a regular old-fashioned New England feast



Roast turkey as usual, Julia Sanderson decides, with something new and different by way of stuffing.

DINNER on Thanksgiving Day can't be too old-fashioned to suit the Frank Crumits. Everything from soup to nuts will be prepared in the good old New England manner. And the setting will be as appropriate as the meal, because ever since this son of Ohio, Frank Crumit, and Julia Sanderson, his wife from Philadelphia, were married seven years ago, they have made their home near Springfield, Massachusetts, cradle state of Thanksgiving traditions.

Oysters, in Mr. Crumit's opinion, provide the appropriate first course. The hardy New England colonists had an abundant supply of them during the cooler months. Records give no evidence of mushroom soup as a part of early Thanksgiving dinners, but it does provide an appetizing flavor for the next course. There will be a sixteen pound turkey in the oven in the Crumit kitchen hours before the feast, because the Crumit cook holds to the old-fashioned idea that long, slow cooking is best to bring out the flavor and succulence of the holiday bird.

Creamed onions and mashed turnips will be included in the menu to give the old-fashioned flavor and celery and peas to satisfy the present day demand for green vegetables.

Then to provide a real surprise, there will be stuffing in the turkey of a new and different sort. Here is the recipe that will be used by the Crumit cook:

- | | |
|---------------------------|--------------------------|
| 2 chopped onions | 8 cups soft bread crumbs |
| ½ cup melted fat | Sage or other herbs |
| 2 cups sliced Brazil nuts | Salt, pepper |

Mince onions and cook two minutes in the fat. Mix seasonings and nuts with the bread crumbs and stir into the fat. Cook two minutes more, stirring constantly. If a moist stuffing is desired, add a little water. This amount of stuffing is enough for a ten-pound turkey.

Corn bread or Johnny cake, to use the old New England name, may add calories to the Thanksgiving feast but it is part of the old tradition that must be carried out in the Crumit menu. Here is the recipe followed by their cook:

- | | |
|---------------------------|---------------------------|
| 3 cups corn meal | 2 tablespoons soft butter |
| 1 tablespoon sugar | or other shortening |
| 1 teaspoon salt | 1 egg |
| 3 teaspoons baking powder | 1 cup milk, boiling hot |

Mix together the cornmeal, sugar and salt, stir in the egg and butter and then pour on the hot milk to make a stiff batter. Have ready a greased shallow baking pan, spread in the mixture about ½ inch thick and bake in a moderate oven (350°F) for a half hour.

For Holiday Parties

Jane Pickens selects evening dresses smart for the slim miss, and also appropriate for the larger woman



Gowns from Lane Bryant,
New York

■
 ■ Right—The gracious Baghera evening dress selected by Miss Pickens has a slit in the front of the skirt and a slit in the slight train in the back. The dress features the new high neckline and graceful back drapery and comes in lovely shades of parrot green and gentian blue.

■ Left—Miss Pickens wears this simple gown of metal crepe the front of which shows a "V" neckline featuring huge matching flowers. The kerchief effect over the back decollete is as flattering as it is concealing. The color range the dress comes in is wild black-berry, black and white.

■ Below—The all-over lace in henna, brown or black shot with metal has a slenderizing skirt and a surplice neckline, plus a shoulder drape which tends to shadow any plumpness of shoulders and hips. An antique silver and topaz buckle is the only ornament.



Photographs by
Barnaba Studios



Meet the Missus

(Continued from page 45)

and their house is always full of radio artists and other guests.

And the Breen-de Rose romance was no secret affair, either. Possibly a million persons received the announcement of the engagement because the couple broke the news during one of their broadcasts over the NBC networks.

Miss Breen, who plays the banjo and piano as well as the ukulele, made her first radio appearance more than six years ago. At that time she had a girl accompanist. Later she organized a woman's orchestra. Then she met Peter and that was the end of the orchestra and the beginning of the team of Breen and de Rose. The latter is a composer of note, having written the music of "Wagon Wheels," one of this year's biggest song hits. He is also the author of "Muddy Water" and numerous other song successes.

PERHAPS the oddest of radio romances is that of Lee Sims and Ilomay Bailey, the piano playing and singing duo. Both were married before but when Dan Cupid shot his darts into them the second time they shed their spouses via the divorce courts, and then their former mates turned around and married each other!

But I am getting ahead of my story. Lee Sims broke into show business as an organist in a movie theater in a small Iowa town. While playing there he married the girl ticket seller and they moved to Chicago where Sims opened a school of music. Came to Sims to take lessons on the piano Ilomay Bailey, then the wife of Bob Steiner, a Chicago business man. It was a case of love at first sight between pupil and instructor. They agreed they were meant for each other but being already married made things a little awkward.

However, that problem solved itself. In the course of time Ilomay introduced her husband to Sims and his wife, and the two couples mutually attracted to each other, were soon spending evenings together going places and seeing things as a quartet. Finally came the night when the four were grouped about a table in a Chicago restaurant. Lee and Ilomay had resolved to break the news and were awaiting a favorable opening.

"Oh, Bob, I have something to tell you," Ilomay said suddenly to her husband. Lee straightened up in his chair.

"And I've got something to tell you, Babe," Sims said to his wife.

"Okay, shoot," said Steiner smilingly, "but if you two are going to tell us you are in love you needn't—we already know it."

"That's right," chimed in Mrs. Sims, "and while we're on the subject, Bob, and I have something to tell you two."

"Good heavens," exclaimed Lee.

"Great scot," shouted Ilomay.

Then in unison:

"You don't mean to tell us that you—"

"Are madly in love with each other," finished Steiner, "and want to get married just as soon as we can fix things up."

And so they swapped husbands and wives, the Chicago courts attending to the details in due time. Then Lee and Ilomay went on the air and the first thing they did was to appoint Steiner

their personal manager, thus cementing business as well as social relations. Today the two couples are still fast friends and constant companions.

GEORGE OLSEN wooed and won Ethel Shutta under circumstances almost as unique. She was singing in the "Follies" and another Ziegfeld show, "Louis, the Fourteenth," at the same time. Each night she would slip away from the Broadway theater in which "Louis" was playing, jump into an automobile and be whisked behind a squadron of motorcycle police to the theater where the "Follies" were holding forth. She would sing a number there and return at high speed to resume her role in the other musical.

One night she found a man seated in the car when she came out to make the rush to the "Follies." He was George Olsen, the musical director of the other show, who calmly announced that he had heard she was dissatisfied with the orchestra's accompaniment of her number and that he had come to see her about it. Sure, he would ride to the theater with her—it was a good chance to talk things over. And that was the first of many conferences, for George, determined that the orchestra must do right by Ethel, was on hand every night! And so, after a whirlwind courtship under the surveillance of the police, they were married.

It has proved one of the happiest marriages of the theater. Two boys have come to bless that union, Charles, aged seven, and George, Jr., aged five. For a while after her marriage Miss Shutta retired from the stage, but when her sons grew older and didn't require so much of her personal attention, she started singing with George and his orchestra at night clubs. When he moved to radio she moved with him. Just lately she made a tour of the country with her husband, continuing her

NBC broadcasts with Walter O'Keefe at the same time.

The common bond between Cecil Lean and Cleo Mayfield is his yearning to play Hamlet and her suppressed desire to do Lady Macbeth. That makes them an ideal team of mirth-makers. But before Cecil Lean and Cleo Mayfield coupled up as husband and wife as well as stage partners, Cecil was married to Florence Holbrook. Miss Holbrook had taken him from the chorus of the musical show in which they were both appearing at the time and made a principal of him.

Later Lean and Mayfield met on the stage in "The Blue Paradise." Cleo played the part of a bereaved widow but whenever she uttered a melancholy word the audience burst out laughing. It was that lazy purring Kansas drawl, the way she mixed up names, her immense blue-gray eyes and her fascinating pretense of dumbness which fixed Cleo's fate. In fact, Lean first fell in love with Cleo's voice; they mourned together over their ambitions to play tragic roles, and they teamed up to become one of America's riotous theatrical combinations in "No, No, Nanette," "Allez Oop," "Bright Eyes," "Innocent Eyes" and other Broadway successes. They are enjoying the same popularity on the air in their Sunday evening CBS program.

ANOTHER real team of helpmates are Peter Dixon and Aline Berry. Dixon, a former newspaper man, writes scripts as well as plays in them occasionally. He is the author of a text book on radio writing and is a frequent contributor to newspapers and magazines on broadcasting subjects. Currently he has been running the "Bobby Benson" and "Sunny Jim" sketch on the Columbia network and he has written sketches for Al Jolson, Rudy Vallee, Eddie Cantor, Borah Minnevitich and other serial headliners.

Mrs. Dixon, who played Joan opposite her husband in his humorous domestic serial, "Raising Junior," a few years ago, as Aline Berry was a legitimate actress before entering radio. Her first stage chance came when she was understudy to Martha Bryan Allen in the Theatre Guild's production of "The Devil's Disciple." Miss Allen left the cast and Miss Berry found herself playing "Essie" on Broadway. Later she appeared in the Guild presentation of "Fata Morgana," with Otis Skinner in "Sancho Panza," in the revival of "Paola and Francesca" and in several motion pictures.

The Dixons have a lovely home in Bronxville, N. Y., where they are rearing two children. They were married nine years ago in Tulsa, Okla., while Peter was a reporter on the *Tulsa World*. His city editor assigned him to become an actor for a week in order to secure material for a series of stories and there he met Miss Berry, the ingenue lead of the local stock company. They were married five months later. Peter and Aline are extremely popular in radio circles. Their matrimonial venture to date has been one continuous honeymoon.

No list of happy couples in radio would be complete without the inclusion of Jane Froman, the lovely lark, (Please turn to page 79)

About Radio Folk

Jane Froman drinks two quarts of milk every day to keep from growing too thin . . . At 16 Willard Robison started with his own orchestra playing around the wheat country near Salina, Kansas . . . Georgie Price's father was a barber . . . The theme song of Tony Wons' program, "The House by the Side of the Road," was written by Ulderico Marcelli, musical director of the program . . . The daughter of the Wayne King household, Penelope King, celebrated her first birthday on August 22nd last . . . The Voice of Experience no longer ad libs his comments . . . He now reads from manuscript, the change being made to lessen the strain of the radio counselor's heavy routine . . . James Melton went to the University of Florida with the idea of becoming a lawyer . . . Dorothy Page, tiff-haired charmer who sings with Jan Garber's orchestra, used to be a stenographer . . . with the Curtis Publishing Company . . . A *Saturday Evening Post* artist saw her and got her to pose for illustrations . . . Later she won first prize in a Paul Whiteman audition.

Short Wave Department

(Continued from page 41)

Therefore at the time when we are scanning the dials for programs, they are radiating their signals for the world at large to hear. We must always keep in mind the fact that time changes as we go east and west and not south and north. With this idea in mind we realize that the time to tune for South American stations is during the hours of five to eleven P.M.

Between these hours one can log seven, eight and sometimes more Spanish speaking stations. The programs are good, by that we mean they consist of music, singing and plays. The majority of these stations have commercial announcements in which they inform the listener about the excellent cigars, hats, radios, etc., that can be bought very reasonably in their country.

HERE are some tips on what you can expect to hear and when. HJ12BB, 46:5 meters, Barranquilla, Colombia, is one of the most reliable, utilizing 100 watts power and heard with fine volume and clarity from 8 to 10 P.M. E. S. T. HJ4ABB, 42 meters, Manizales, Colombia, is good, but as this station has a most irregular time schedule you may have some difficulty logging it. The writer has heard them on Friday and Saturday from 9 P.M. to midnight and then one other time at 3 A.M.

YV3RC, 48:7 meters, Caracas, Venezuela, is on as early as 5 P.M., but rarely heard with any degree of satisfaction until about 8 P.M.. Then their signals are clear and loud. If we are still inclined to stay in Venezuela we have two other stations to tune for. One is YV2RC, 49 meters and the other is YV5RMO, Maracaibo. The former is operating from 5.15 to 10 P.M., while the latter is only on until 9 P.M. Both these stations are badly interfered with by American or Canadian stations but with a selective receiver, preferably a superheterodyne, you will be able to "pull" them through the "roaring forties."

A very difficult station to hear, except when they send a special program at an hour when all the other "forty-niners" are silent, is CP5, 49:34 meters, La Paz, Bolivia. This station is on every night from 8 to 9 P.M., E.S.T. But, as one fan laconically said, "Try and get it."

Now to the stations bordering on the equator. Peculiar as it may seem we have three stations in Ecuador to tune for, and all of them are on regularly. The better of the three, by this we mean

The Catch of the Month

HAVING twice circled the globe, distance lends particular enchantment to me. Therefore when a new station is logged, I immediately compute the distance from my receiver to the transmitter of the station. But the "catch of the month" was more novel than distant. One evening, when tuning in on the twenty meter band, transmissions from Capt. Bob Bartlett's schooner, the *Effie Morrissey*, were heard. The program consisted of "contact" talk. Then the announcer said the ship was in Labrador and, as they did not know when they would be there again, they had desired to bring some Eskimo talent to the microphone. The performers chosen were two Eskimo girls, with exceptionally fine voices, who sang world songs, a la Japanese.

The call letters of the schooner are WIOXDA. Reception of this floating station is all the more interesting as it operates on a wave length (20 meters) which many listeners say cannot be heard in the night hours.—H. L. H.

the easiest to log, is HC2RL, 45 meters, Guayaquil, Ecuador, whose schedule is bi-weekly, Sunday, 5:45 to 8 P.M. and Tuesday, 9:30 to 11:30 P.M. Prado, 45:31 meters, Riobamba, is on Thursday from 9 to 11 P.M. and Sunday from 5 to 6 P.M. on 19:44 meters. The latter transmission is intended for the Ecuadorian colony in Paris but is heard here in the eastern part of the United States with remarkable volume, although fading is noticeable. Exactly on the equator is Quito and there we have Clarence W. Jones' station to tune for. The call letters are HCJB and operates on two channels, 36:5 meters and 73 meters. This station, when using only the 73 meter transmission was considered a catch, but when we hear HCJB on 36:5 meters, the signals are comparatively free of interference.

THE Santa Domingo stations are heard here very well, the best being HHA, 47:8 meters, which plays "Anchors Aweigh" at the beginning and close of all programs. HIZ, 47:5 meters and HIX, 49:5 meters, are heard at irregular hours and change schedules as quickly as a "woman changes her mind."

TIEP, 44.7 meters, San Jose, Costa

Rica, cannot be exactly classed as a South American but any station south of the Rio de Janeiro is classed in the short wave fan's mind indelibly as a "South American."

T14NRH, the station whose signals were heard round the world when they utilized the lucky 7½ watts power, and subsequently raised their power to 150 watts and were rarely heard, are expected on the air within a very short time on either 31 or 42 meters.

One can hardly cover all the stations that we may hear during the coming season but in our next trip over the dials we will tell you more.

English Radio Magnate Visits America

CAPT. LEONARD PLUGGE, the English radio magnate, has been in the United States observing commercial radio from an Englishman's point of view. Captain Plugge was the pioneer in this field in Europe. He went to France and bought time on one of the leading long wave stations in that country, with the object in view of re-selling this time to English advertisers. This novel idea turned out to be a financial and artistic success principally because the programs under Capt. Plugge's direction were of the highest quality. The stations that Capt. Plugge's programs are heard on are: — Radio-Normandy; Radio-Athlone; Radio-Dublin; Radio-Cork; Poste-Parisien; Union Radio-Madrid; Radio-Barcelona; Radio-San Sebastian; Radio-Valencia; Radio-Cote D'Azur. These are long wave broadcasting stations but all short wave listeners know that the 7 to 7:30 P.M. programs from EAQ, 30 meters, Madrid, Spain, are sponsored by the International Broadcasting Company, whose president is Capt. Plugge.

The automobile that Capt. Plugge brought with him to this country was built specially for him. It is fully equipped with the latest in radio. Having won first prize in every automobile show, wherever it has been shown, one can easily believe that it is one of the finest cars that has ever been driven down Hyde Park or Park Avenue. Capt. Plugge's radio experiences have been as interesting as any encountered by any man in the realm of the high and low frequencies. It is interesting to note that Philco broadcasts from Capt. Plugge's EAQ Madrid station, the first American firm to pioneer on European short-wave radio.

Girl with a Tear in Her Voice

(Continued from page 19)

Rudy Vallee happened to be at the party. Perhaps this story might not have been written except for this fact—because nobody interviews busy young newspaper women!

Rudy was charmed with the voice of this attractive Howard girl. He thought she had the perfect radio personality. What followed proved again his talent for picking 'em for the air waves.

He practically pulled her back to New York with him. Auditions and voice tests were arranged. Quicker than you can say "Hammacher and Schlemmer," Shirley Howard found herself on the air—and in even less time a sponsor found himself a blues singer. She used to be the "Rheingold Girl," and sang on the program with Ray Perkins—remember?

Now her charm and sweet, insinuat-

ing voice is heard on a program of her very own, and you're late for dates on account of you can't miss her at 7:45 on Thursday evenings.

WHICH reminds me of what happened to Shirley herself, one night when she was almost late for an NBC broadcast. She was giving the taxi-cab driver a verbal beating over the (Please turn to page 53)

Burns and Allen start the parade of radio stars who are adopting children



Lois Nixon sings over the Columbia network with Jack Russell's Orchestra from Chicago.

Maurice Seymour, Chicago



Lucrezia Bori and Boake Carter broadcasting from the Waldorf-Astoria in New York.



Zella Sexton won a speaking part on "Hollywood Hotel"

on the air, because women were wearing fewer clothes and going in too strong for the nudist movement, thus making profits doubtful. Al retired for reasons almost as serious. It seems he specialized in stylish stouts and was getting along fine until his customers went on pineapple diets and the demand for stylish stouts fell off. Both of families of musicians—they are cousins, not brothers—it was natural that the Reisers turned to music for sustenance upon retiring from trade.

THERE frequently appears at broadcasts of the A. & P. Gypsies an aged colored man to whom Chieftain Harry Horlick pays unusual attention. He is a resident of Harlem who eleven years ago wrote the first fan letter ever received by the Gypsy violinist and director. . . . George Burns' real name is Nathaniel Birnbaum. That's why Gracie Allen's pet name for her spouse is "Nat."

He calls her "Googie" and Gracie likes it so well she has "Googie" embroidered on all her undies!

"WHATEVER became of Ed Thorgersen?" is the burden of many inquiries reaching my desk. Mr. Thorgersen is not in radio any more but he is very active creating "sound tracks" for one of the news reel companies; in other words, contributing the vocal descriptive matter that goes with the pictures. Thorgersen, according to the legend they tell along Radio Row, quit the broadcasting studios the victim of his own robust voice. It seems he was directed by the sponsor of a certain program to project the sales talk in tones that would carry to Mars. (Please turn to page 54)

(Continued from page 10)

he turned on the auto radio. The first thing that came out of the loudspeaker was the announcer's voice saying: "Next you will hear Frank Munn singing 'The Sunshine of your Smile' . . . 'But it's no brighter than your teeth,' added Leo quickly. Which is all right for the son of the Colgate toothpaste star.

Al and Lee Reiser, the piano duo, have an unusual background. They came to the musical world from the women's wear business. Lee was a garment manufacturer and Al was in the retail end of the game, at one time operating four stores in New York City. Lee quit commerce, he told me in a recent interview

The Love Story of Tito Guizar

(Continued from page 28)

And how the Fates must have sat back and smiled.

Tito was as successful in New York as he always had known he would be.

"Always," he told me, "I saw myself busy. Always I felt myself successful. And it has been like that ever since I came here. Every day I have worked. Every day."

"Do you believe," I asked him while we sat together in his living-room where brightly woven stuffs from Mexico hang upon every wall, "do you believe that conviction of yours helped? Do you believe perhaps that the thoughts we have go out upon the air, reach other people, and exert an influence?"

"I do think so," he said earnestly. "Yes, I do think so. Just as I think there are some things we must do, that there are some things born in us."

"People, they ask me sometimes if it did not take courage to leave the University in Mexico City where my father had placed me to study medicine and turn my back upon this safe life to become a musician."

He smiled. "It is no matter of courage, I think, to choose this life or that. Some of us must do certain things, follow a certain course, as water must follow the bed of a stream. How could I be a doctor when I was a singer?"

"That my father could send me to Milan for three years of study, that for me was good fortune. But if he could not have I would have managed some other way."

"Somehow I would have learned to be a singer. That I know."

IN New York Tito made his phonograph records. And sang with his Rhumba Band in Texas Guinan's and the Stork Club, as well as on WOR where he was billed with his band "Los Charros," and where they did things with "The Peanut Vender." Perhaps you remember.

Then one afternoon—and here we are back to his love story again, because in his life you can't very well get away from it—Tito went to call upon a famous Mexican artiste. He went quite casually. This was purely a business engagement. It seemed as if he and this girl might work together with profit.

Another girl was there. And Tito saw right away that she was very lovely. But immediately after the introductions were over she retired to the other side of the room with a book so Tito and her friend might talk at length of what they wished to do together, and discuss the best ways of going about it.

Tito was very interested in all they planned. Nevertheless his eyes would go seeking the girl who sat reading, discovering the smooth way her cheeks were made, the tenderness lying in her black eyes.

He liked her being there. He realizes that now. Even if he didn't at the time. Even if he then was stupid enough to believe the practical business in hand more exciting, more promising.

However, before he left they all talked together. In Spanish. About Mexico. Her sun. Her charm. And, of course, of the theater. The way professional people always will.

"But surely," the hostess said to the

girl, "surely, Nenett, you've heard of Tito. Tito Guizar. In Mexico City he sang in the opera!"

"Tito Guizar," the girl answered. "Oh yes. Yes indeed. And if I'm not mistaken we come from the same town. From Guadalajara?"

"And you," the hostess said to Tito, before he could answer, "you must know Nenett. She's Nenett Noreiga."

For a minute Tito found himself back in Mexico City, sitting in a dark theater, charmed again by a dancer in a bright red dress.

He turned to Nenett. "But, of course," he said enthusiastically, "I have seen you play. I did not recognize you. But now, now I certainly do. And Guadalajara is your home too! We might have met without coming so far. . . ."

Their hostess threw up her hands in despair. "Do people ever listen to names when I introduce them? They do not!"

Tito and Nenett arranged an engagement. But they didn't keep it. They were both very busy. Other things came up. There is, however, no rush when a thing is inevitable. The stars do not hurry in their courses.

The next engagement they made they did keep. They went to the theater. And took Nenett's sister who was visiting, with them.

Even today Tito finds himself mystified by the thing which almost immediately began to beat between him and Nenett.

"It is strange, very strange about

our emotions," he says, puzzled. "They do not answer our bidding. They command us."

"In Mexico many times there would be girls waiting at the stage door and girls at parties and they would be very lovely and at times very flattering. Sometimes they would flirt. It was gay. And what I think you call diverting. Nothing more. Ever."

"With Nenett it was different. We did not flirt. We talked about nothing. About a cigarette box lying on a table maybe, or about the way the New York buses go. And every word we say, that word has love in it, before we know ourselves that we love each other."

NENETT came in to join us. "One thing Tito doesn't tell you. I am sure," she said. "How it is the first time he kisses me." She is teasing Tito now. Obviously. "He is so shy," she goes on. And her eyes laugh at him.

Tito stood up, seeming even younger than his twenty-eight years.

"I think," he said, "if you will excuse me a minute, I had better go look at the baby."

Nenett laughed. "You see," she exclaimed. "You see how it is with him. But I must tell you about when he first kisses me. He is standing in the door of my hotel room. My sister is with me. A friend is leaving with him."

"'Good-night, Nenett,' he is saying, so nice and polite. Then he quickly bends and kisses me, here on the cheek. And he runs. So fast! I have to laugh. And my sister, she has to laugh too."

"My sister, you see, she never thought we were in love. Even after we knew it ourselves and told her. And when I assured her we were going to be married right away in the Spanish Church she simply would not believe me."

"'Why you two are not in love,' she said. 'I have been with you always. You talk only of the lightest things. You make many jokes. And laugh. You two are not in love!'"

Nenett turned the heavy silver bracelet at her wrist.

"She did not know, my sister," she said at last, simply, shyly, "how it is with us underneath, you see."

As if her sister could know how heavy Nenett found her eyes, weighted with love, when she wanted to raise them to Tito's dear face. As if any outsider ever can know the exciting sweetness which swings back and forth between a man and a woman, binding them closer and closer. Or anything else of that beautiful secret life two live.

Tito came back to us.

"We knew each other only for a few months when we were married," he explained. "Almost as soon as we knew how it was with us we made our plans. I am glad we did not wait."

"I am glad too," said Nenett, softly. "I am glad too."

"If only once in your life, you are sure," Tito went on, confidentially, "it is when you love. What can Time tell against what you feel? I pity those cautious people who wait and wait, who do not marry until—how do you say it?"

"Until they have grown accustomed to their love?" asked Nenett.

(Please turn to page 65)

About Radio Personalities

Annette Hanshaw would rather be called a "rainbow singer" than a "blues singer" . . . Conrad Thibault always approaches the mike humming a snatch of an old hymn he used to sing in the choir at Northampton, Mass. . . . James Melton carries a lucky dime . . . Barry McKinley, once a professional dancer, always rubs his feet in some imaginary rosin before he starts to sing over the air . . . Arthur Bagley, who has conducted the Tower Health Exercises on NBC for nine years, reports that 65 per cent of his audience mail is from women . . . "And their chief worry is overweight," says Mr. Bagley . . . Vivienne Segal collects rare first editions . . . The Voice of Experience started his radio career over the Columbia network on April 24, 1933 . . . He has received as high as 6,500 letters in a day . . . The one hundredth performance of Captain Henry's Show Boat was celebrated on Sept. 6th . . . By the way, Annette Hanshaw has left this program and Charles Winninger is quitting to return to the Broadway stage . . . Captain Tim Healy, born in Sydney, Australia, went into the World War as a private, won a captaincy and spent a large part of the war tracking down spies as a member of the Intelligence Service . . . Frank Parker started life in the tenements of New York's East Side.

Girl with a Tear in Her Voice

(Continued from page 50)

head, because he wasn't getting past enough red lights. He was taking his own time, toying with the radio dial.

"What's your hurry, lady?" "Take your time and you'll be able to hear Shirley Howard sing—she'll be on in just a minute."

Shirley sang at the Roxy Theatre in New York for two weeks last Spring, and has played a couple of theatrical engagements since. (And didn't like it, she says quickly. Dramatic acting, yes—but not singing in vaudeville.)

She has two loves in addition to radio. She would like very much to play emotional bits on the stage. And she would still like to write, she admits wistfully—novels preferably. She is sure she could write a book she'd like, but says there is always the possibility that no one else would care for it.

There should be some other name than "blues singer" for Shirley. True, her singing voice is as dusky as her hair, as blue-black, and can be sultry, seductive—but there's a sweetness in her smile and personality that contradicts all that. There is a loneliness about her, a detached preoccupation,

which is a little baffling. It makes you wish you knew her better, and wonder if you ever could.

SHE adores flying—doesn't know which she likes better, being in the air or on it. Shoes and food both fascinate her—she collects the former and consumes the latter in great quantities. She would much rather dine at some unusual little side-street foreign restaurant than at the Waldorf, and is probably as discriminating an epicurean as ever warbled a torch tune. She always knows she will like it, provided it's authentic. If her escort doesn't like it, she eats his portion too. What is much more remarkable, she can go home and cook a lot of things she can't even pronounce, after she has tasted them just once. And if you call her bluff, she'll even eat them herself!

Even song pluggers, who hate most radio artists, like Shirley Howard. They like her because she is one of the few singers who holds regular auditions for song pluggers, listens to new numbers impartially and patiently, and uses them if they hit home. Shirley won't tell even her best friend she

likes his song, unless she really does; but she is always interested in new numbers, and willing to give anybody a break. That's because of her unbounding interest in other people and their work.

If you go in for statistics, she stands about five feet six, or just the height of a man's heart. (We wish we knew what man, but Shirley shies at questions like that and simply turns around and asks you another, so—well, she's five feet six). There are 128 pounds of her, arranged verra, verra nicely, if we may say so. She dresses divinely. She likes to wear the sort of casual tailored clothes you read about in the *New Yorker*, and is one of, if not the best-dressed woman on Radio Row. She is twenty-three years old.

She would never be a social butterfly. Grand functions don't cause a flutter in her heart. In fact she might be that pretty girl sitting in the seat next to you, all alone, at the Paramount some night, since she often goes to the movies all by her lonesome. It's only a guess, but this might be because occasionally there's apt to be a tear in her eye as well as in her voice.

Adventures of Short Wave Amateurs

(Continued from page 33)

Commonwealth Edison Corporation and Clyde De Vinna, chief cinematographer for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, photographer of "White Shadows of the South Seas" and "Trader Horn," now in Saigon, French Indo-China, making a new picture, who takes amateur radio equipment along with him on all his camera expeditions.

The fact that he does this and the quick thinking of another amateur, once saved the life of the photographer when he was overcome by monoxide gas generated by a coke fire in a hut in which he was working in Alaska filming "Eskimo," a story of the North.

Busily engaged, in conversing over his amateur station with another amateur in New Zealand, more than 7,000 miles away, De Vinna did not realize the slow effect of the deadly fumes as they surrounded his operating table. His hand faltered; the telegraph key stuttered and stopped. In distant New Zealand the other amateur frantically called back to him, unable to understand the sudden break in the words from Alaska.

Alarmed, when no response came, he contacted another Alaskan amateur, who notified the authorities in Teller, near the film camp. In twenty minutes an investigation was under way. De Vinna was found unconscious, having breathed the death-dealing vapors, but rescue had arrived in time to save his life.

I was surprised to learn that there are more than three hundred licensed women radio operators in this country. Among the most famous are Elizabeth M. Zandonini, of the United States Bureau of Standards in Washington, and Mrs. Lee W. Mida, Chicago golf champion and socialite. They select their friends from all the world,

The presence of women in amateur radio was brought to public attention at the time this article was being written by a dispatch to *The New York Times* from London that C. W. Wright, of Leicester, is coming to the United States to marry Eleanor Fox, of Mount Clemens, Mich., whom he has never seen but with whom he became acquainted through the medium of short-wave radio sets.

A MATEUR radio took a great step forward in 1923 as a result of a visit to the United States by Leon Deloy, an amateur from France. John L. Reinartz, later to become known all over the world as the inventor of the Reinartz Tuner, was conducting short wave experiments with the Naval Research Laboratories in Washington.

"Deloy was so enthused that he arranged to build a transmitter like mine," Reinartz, who is now only forty years old, said describing the incident to me. "With that transmitter he succeeded, from Nice, France, in being the first European amateur to successfully reach a U. S. amateur by short wave, contacting Fred Schnell's station 1MO and my station 1QP on the first try."

"That was the start," said Clinton B. DeSota, of the American Radio Relay League. "Before a month was out, five countries were in contact—England, France, Holland, Canada and the United States. President Coolidge sent greetings to MacMillan in the vicinity of the North Pole. Italy shortly thereafter joined the DX (long distance) list. The Winter of 1924 and 1926 saw world-wide amateur radio an actual fact."

When the government forced the amateurs down to 200 meters, what was thought then to be a useless band, and later to still lower "useless" waves

—to 80 meters, to 40, and to 20—they not only succeeded in successfully developing transmitters and receivers for these wavelengths but demonstrated that the shorter waves were the most marvelous of all.

Col. Clair Foster, W6HM, of California, famous West Coast amateur, communicates regularly with the Philippines, China, Japan and Russia. Many other amateurs are doing likewise. His experiences then are perhaps typical.

"I have arranged with the chief of police of a California city for the apprehension of the abductor of a child from the Philippines," Colonel Foster relates, "and followed the job through until finally I was able to inform the father that his daughter was Philippine-bound in charge of the purser of a certain ship. I have engaged a tug and sent it to sea with a supply of oil for a private yacht that was fog-bound and stormbound."

"I have located two American boys whose parents had heard nothing of them since their departure from Shanghai for the Philippines; who had been caught in a typhoon and who had finally reached Singapore. I got one of my amateur friends, an Englishman on a rubber estate up in the jungles of the Malay Peninsula, to meet them in Singapore and take them up to his plantation; from which place he and I put the boys into direct contact with their parents in the United States."

"Think of sitting in the dead of night in a little radio shack in the village of Carmel, California, and introducing, just as you would in your office, a man in Bangkok, Siam, to one in Bloemfontein, South Africa; and I there in Carmel listening to these two felicitating one another happily over this new found friendship."

Behind the Dial

(Continued from page 51)

He did and became known as "Thundering" Ed Thorgersen; indeed, so well known that other sponsors who objected to such blasts from loudspeakers wouldn't hire him. The tragedy is that Thorgersen resented more than anyone else this method of delivery and only did it in the first place under protest.

Two radio headliners whose progress I have followed with interest are Billy Jones and Ernie Hare. I knew them both before they teamed up. Hare, for example, was understudy for Al Jolson when I took the Mammy Singer on his first starring tour of the country in a Winter Garden show for the Shuberts. But what I started out to say is this: Their partnership has existed for 13 years in perfect amiability and has been so successful because of one almost inviolable rule they have made for themselves. They never—or hardly ever—go out together socially. The boys say that inasmuch as they work together eight and ten hours a day a change of scene and faces does them good when play time comes.

THE original intention was to install at the Stratosphere Club, society night club operated by the Rockefellers in the RCA Building in Radio City, Ray Noble, famous English composer, as leader of the orchestra. But the American Federation of Musicians frowned on Noble as an alien artist, and Jolly Coburn, an American bandman, was hired instead. Shortly after the ban on Noble it was announced in the press that Reggie Childs, CBS maestro, was going to Toronto. Straightway Canadian musicians went into a huddle to consider ways and means of banning Childs. There was considerable embarrassment when it was explained that Childs, who had been ill, was merely going to Toronto to convalesce and further that he was born in Canada.

Before radio: Annette Hanshaw ran a music store. Charles Carlile was principal in the choir of a Jewish synagogue although he is not Jewish. . . . Tom Waring was a laundry delivery boy. . . . And Jack Fulton ran his own laundry in Philipsburg, Pa. . . . Abe Lyman was a soda jerker. . . . Shirley Howard was assistant city editor of the Philadelphia "World." . . . Nick Dawson was a hotel clerk, cowboy and scene painter. . . . Elsie Hitz was a repertoire actress. . . . Frank Munn, at 25, was a machinist. . . . Homa Bailey was a YWCA swimming instructress. George Givot was a soda clerk.

AS you know, Andy (Charles Correll) went to Europe on his vacation. But what you don't know and will be surprised to learn is that he spent only one day in Paris. Andy and Mrs. Andy got "regusted" with the French capital for several reasons. For one thing they found it too noisy. For another they had an experience with a taxicab man—such an experience that couldn't befall a customer of the Fresh Air Taxicab Company, in Harlem, especially if Amos were

driving. It seems Andy wanted to go to a certain restaurant near the hotel. He and Mrs. Andy walked several times around the circle on which their hostelry was located without finding it. Finally they summoned a taxi, told the driver their destination and climbed in. He drove them directly across the street! Andy paid the fee demanded but he and the missus packed their bags and were on their way to Switzerland in the morning.

THEIR own experience in courtship forms the basis for those episodes Goodman and Jane Ace are now unfolding on the Columbia kilocycles. I don't like to be a tell-tale but during the two years or more the Easy Aces were convulsing the nation with their squabbles at the bridge table they never played a game of contract, on or off the air.

RAY KNIGHT, leader of radio's 400, and Earl Lewis, treasurer of the Metropolitan Opera Company, are great friends. Frequently Mr. and Mrs. Lewis are week-end guests at Mr. Knight's country home, "Overwood," at Redding Ridge, Conn. But Lewis, it seems, had a complaint that "Overwood's" sleeping accommodations were insufficient, so the Cuckoo comedian built an addition to the house, designating it as the "Earl Lewis Memorial Wing." It was deemed necessary to dedicate the ell and ceremonies of a highly hilarious nature were held. Among the guests were Lawrence Tibbett, Gladys Swarthout and her husband, Frank Chapman.

In my capacity as an interviewer on the air twice weekly of radio celebrities I receive hundreds of requests from listeners for their favorites. For each crooner thus selected come demands for five announcers. Which certifies to me that listeners are intrigued by the personality of those mikemen and that their importance to radio may be under rated. Some sponsors exercise great care in picking the man to do the talking on the program but most of them think the talent and type of entertainment and spot on the schedule the only things important. After all it is the announcer who makes the sales spiel and human nature and competition being what it is, it is my thought that advertisers indifferent to the man selected to exploit this product are making a serious error.

WHICH reminds me that David Freedman, one of my favorite creators of comedy material (he's the gag man for Eddie Cantor, George Givot and Block and Sully, among others) has something pertinent to say about announcements. "Did you ever stop to think"—writes Freedman—"that announcements are to radio programs what adjectives are to newspaper writing? A few carefully chosen ones are necessary, and often add color and coherence, but weak and superfluous ones destroy a good creation."

Fred Allen is a natural wit who can't make his sense of humor behave.

He was the subject of one of my broadcast interviews not so long ago and I asked him, seriously, how he came to go on the stage. Then Fred told me, not so seriously, as witness: "I was forced to go on the stage, Nellie. An uncle died and left me a pair of lavender spats and a cane. There was nothing left for me to do but go into vaudeville. Soon after that, hissing became the favorite indoor sport of vaudeville audiences." Now, I ask you, what can you do with a man like that?

COLUMBIA acquires another Broadway theater to entertain the public at broadcasts and a great shout of protest goes up. Not alone from theater managers who wew with alarm the inroads that are being made upon their fast dwindling audiences by the free entertainment offered by the broadcasters themselves. A high executive of one of the networks whose name I can't reveal told me: "Just as sure as shooting, radio is committing suicide by taking spectators behind the scenes. Illusion is fast being destroyed by this practice. We wept years ago in the theater when Little Eva went to heaven in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" but when we went back stage and saw her jerked to a canvas glory on a block and tackle we laughed. The same thing is now happening in radio. Most visitors are not only disillusioned but lose all interest in the program they have seen in the studio. The psychological effect is the same as that of a child when it comes to a realization there ain't no Santa Claus."

Paul Whiteman gets pretty satirical at times. The other day he was trying to be polite to a bore but his patience snapped under the strain. "There was one number so enchanting that it carried me away," finally gushed the fellow. "Tell me the title and I'll whistle it for you," exclaimed the exasperated Paul.

THE life of an opera star is not an easy one. It's not just a question of singing several performances a month and then sitting back the rest of the time reading the press notices. For example, Lawrence Tibbett is one of the hardest working artists I know. You hear him every Tuesday night on the Packard programs over NBC but in between times he's traveling around the country singing at concerts or making opera appearances. One of his problems is how to keep in A-1 physical shape. His schedule doesn't permit him much time for outdoor exercise and he can't afford to let his 190 pounds of bone and muscle get flabby. So he hit upon this solution. He included in his baggage a portable rowing machine and the first thing he does when he reaches a town is to go to his hotel room, set up the machine and "pull" a couple of miles.

THIS Winter Mary Livingstone, Jack Benny's charming Mrs., is being reminded of her early married days to the suave comedian. For a long time Mary was unhappy because (Please turn to page 56)

One day in the life of a

Visiting Nurse



Just one incident in the busy day of a Visiting Nurse—Dressing an injured foot to guard against infection.

She is but one of about 16,000 women whose days are too short to do all they are asked to do and indeed eager to do, in accordance with the doctor's orders, for those who need their skillful and sympathetic care and direction in hygiene.

Looking for no praise, this Visiting Nurse turned in her report for a single day. From early morning until late afternoon every minute was occupied. But there was no place in her record for her own energy, tact, courage and resourcefulness, or for fatigue, climbing dark stairs, constant drain on sympathy for acute suffering or lost hope.

Her appointments, which averaged about an hour each, began with a call on Mrs. Schmidt—an enema for intestinal disturbance, as ordered by doctor. Then Tim Kelly—lobar pneumonia. Next, Mrs. Jacobs and new baby. John Hopkins—infected leg. Audrey Cohen next—under doctor's orders, gave insulin injection for diabetes. Mrs. Marziotti—prenatal care. Mr. Simmons—a chronic invalid: paralysis. Finally, Lucy Carleton—diphtheria: assisted the doctor in immunizing the other children; arranged home for communicable disease isolation.

The Visiting Nurse Service is one of America's distinguished contributions to the health movement of the world and has been adopted in other countries. Here it is supported by patients whose payments are supplemented by those of organizations that recognize the vast importance of this work which includes education in health. The Visiting Nurse whole-heartedly extends to each patient the benefit of her expert training.

The wage-earner who cannot stay at home when there is illness in the family, but who can afford the part-time service of a Visiting Nurse, goes to work with a lighter heart knowing that she will call at a definite time to do what is required. When possible the Visiting Nurse teaches some member of the family how to give bedside care before she hurries on to her next patient.

Through your telephone book or your doctor, you can find out whether or not there is a Visiting Nurse Service in your neighborhood. These trained graduate nurses are on call in more than 6,000 cities and towns in the United States. The bedside care given by them may help turn a serious illness to full recovery of health and strength.



METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT

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

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Behind the Dial

(Continued from page 54)

she was separated so much from her husband and they worked out that wrinkle by putting Mary into Jack's radio act. And a great help she is, those of you who follow Benny's Sunday broadcasts can testify. But week nights it is a different matter. Jack is in the Broadway show, "Bring On the Girls," and there's no part in it for Mary. So she is either out in the audience, as she used to be in the old days, or sits at home with friends. Like so many wives whose husbands work hard and late, Mary is a "widow" six days out of seven. But Sunday is her day—and how she does look forward to it.

• • •
Uncle Sam pays \$1 a year rent for the post office in Radio City. . . . Lud Gluskin, CBS conductor, this month observes his third wedding anniversary. He is married to Erica Telekte, former premiere danseuse of the Buda-

pest Opera Company. . . . A special bulletin issued by the U. S. Department of Justice urges all officers of the law to arrest on sight Glen Gray—but he's a post office robber and not the leader of the Casa Loma Orchestra.

• • •
OSCAR BRADLEY, successor to Al Goodman as musical director of that Gulf program on which Will Rogers and other stars appear, is a personality new to radio. Long a conductor of musical shows for Flo Ziegfeld, the Messrs. Shubert and other Broadway producers, the past two Summers Mr. Bradley directed the orchestra of the St. Louis Municipal Opera Company. Mr. Bradley, born in London, has been a naturalized American citizen since the World War. He served England during the conflict as a lieutenant in the Royal Artillery and was wounded in action.

WEIRD and varied are the methods used by radio fans to establish contact with their favorites. For instance, there is the experience of the brave man who, as the Voice of Experience, dares to give advice to troubled people. Because of the great number of problems submitted to him, he rarely consents to a private interview with his—shall I say clientele? But not so long ago a girl bothered his secretary so greatly with a tale of how she was in desperate straits, that she was considering suicide and that if she did a prominent man would be involved. Finally, the Voice consented to an interview but followed his invariable custom of having his attorney present. The girl, a charming miss of 18, was admitted. The Voice asked her to state her problem. "I'm not in trouble," she said, laughing. "I've just won a \$10 bet that I could get in to see you personally!"

It's harder to see the Voice now!

Prepare for Parties

(Continued from page 43)

fruit juice and crisp toast, with a cup of black coffee. If she does this, she won't be loading her digestive system with a lot of unnecessary food. And she can eat freely enough at her parties without worrying about results.

But even with the most careful plans in the world, the popular girl is sure to look a bit fagged after several days of festivity. A quick "pick-me-up" after a couple of days of holiday activity—busy shopping beforehand or parties afterward—is this: Beat the whites of two eggs to a stiff froth and use this as a face mask. Let it remain on for ten minutes. Then wash it off with lukewarm water. Then use ice, wrapping it in a bit of cheesecloth, and patting it all over the surface of the face.

Ice is always an excellent stimulant for the skin. It quickens the circulation. And when winter snow comes, it can be used in place of ice. It makes a wonderful circulation "starter." Just scoop some up in a bowl and pat it on the face in handfuls. You'll get your hands cold, even if you wear gloves, but that won't hurt them.

Wrinkles won't come permanently from just a week or so of extra festivity. But just the same the face will look tired and the tendency to wrinkles may start just from too much indulgence in late hours, unless you are careful. Massage and careful creaming lessen the tendency to wrinkle.

Many good concerns are putting out creams for crow's feet now. These, or some other cream, should be rubbed carefully into the skin about the eyes. This skin has a tendency to be dry, and that is why it is so likely to form into tiny wrinkles. Another thing—it is crinkled into dozens of tiny wrinkles whenever we smile. And of course this crinkling process finally turns into permanent wrinkles, unless we are careful. Being careful, in this case means two things: One is to try not to screw up the eyes unnecessarily. You can smile without wrinkling the

skin around the eyes. Practice before your glass. Even if you have a smile that scrunches up the fine skin about your eyes into tiny lines, you can probably break yourself of it. The second thing is regular massage about the eyes. Don't be rough. This skin is very sensitive and tender. It must be patted and rubbed carefully.

The way to massage it is this: Place the thumbs just below the ears, as levers for the fingers. Work with the first and second fingers. Put plenty of cold cream on their tips, and beginning at the bridge of the nose, work outward in short, quick, light strokes to the outer corners of the eyes. Then with the same light quick strokes work along the skin under the eyes. Now rub upward, at the outer corner of each eye, with more quick light strokes. Let the fingers work well into the muscles and fat under the skin but don't work with a heavy motion.

As far as the general condition of the skin goes, remember that, festivities or no festivities, a treatment of soap and water at least once a day is my idea of the right foundation. And I like a complexion brush. It must not be harsh and it must not be used like a scrubbing brush. But it is a wonderful thing to get the skin circulation going all over the body.

One of our readers has asked our opinion about the value of massage for improving the appearance of the arms. She complains of "goose pimples."

"My arms are fairly well shaped," she says, "though they are a little too thin. And the irregularity of the skin that I call 'goose pimples' embarrasses me a lot, for I love to wear sleeveless dresses in the evening."

Massage is an excellent remedy for this goose-pimple condition. It should stimulate the circulation so that the skin will not rumple up into those annoying little roughnesses. I suggest also that, after bathing and massaging the arms, our reader use cologne,

patting it vigorously into the skin.

And I certainly advise this girl to carry a little evening jacket of some sort to wear when she is chilly. If there is a chilly draught, skin subject to "goose pimples" is almost sure to show them. An attractive little wrap can be pulled on to avoid this embarrassment.

Another reader writes for help of another kind:

"Dear Miss Hilliard," she says. "I have a hair problem. I live in a very dry climate. Before I came here my hair used to be naturally curly. Now it is as straight as a stick. It seems as if moisture is needed to keep it in good condition. Is there anything I can do to make it wave naturally again?"

I suggest two things for Mary Jane to try. She might find a becoming way of wearing it straight. Or she might get a permanent. Certainly the hairdressers in her neighborhood will understand the difficulties of the climate and will be able to give a satisfactory wave. Permanents, you know, are not the unpleasant things they once were. You can get one now in a short time without half the trouble it used to cause.

Another reader brings this problem:

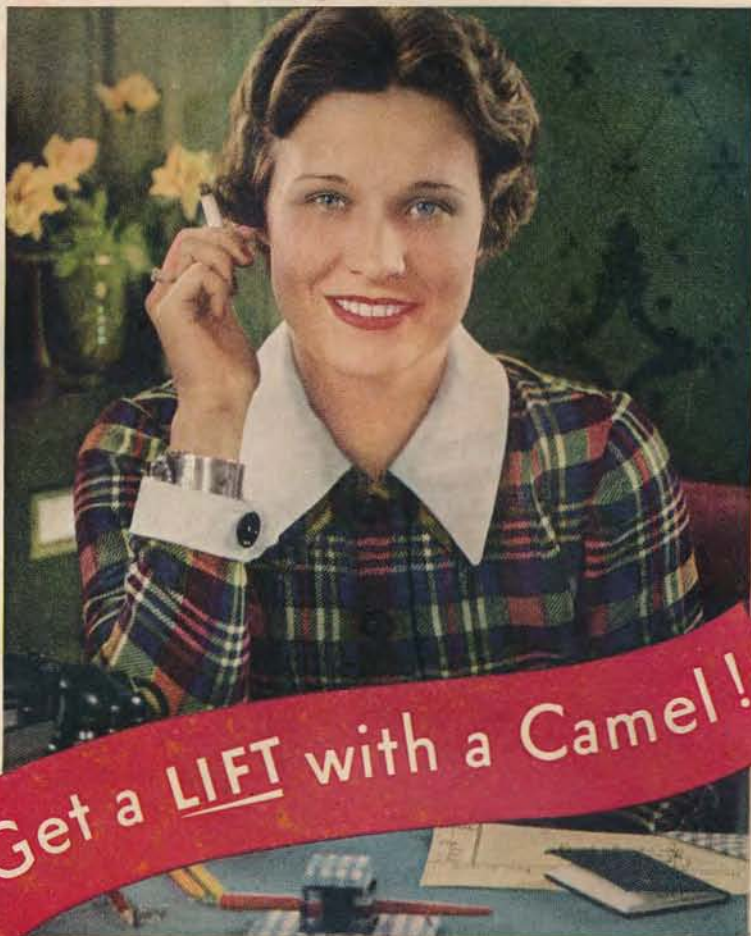
"Dear Miss Hilliard—I haven't the usual problem. I am too thin through the waist for the rest of my figure—and I think most people are too heavy. Is there anything I can do to improve the proportions of my body?" S. F. G.

The same exercises that bring down the waistline, if it is too big, usually increase it slightly if it is too small. And fortunately those same exercises will work on the hips.

There are lots of exercises for the hips and waistline. Perhaps the easiest is this: Lie on the floor, flat on your back, with the feet together. Place your hands flat beside you or else with the elbows bent, place one hand at each side of the waist. Now raise
(Please turn to page 70)



ENERGY
USED UP? —



Get a LIFT with a Camel!

FURTHER REPORTS ON A BENEFIT
ENJOYED BY CAMEL SMOKERS

On this page are submitted the latest reports received from Camel smokers... real experiences of real people. Miss Helen Hicks, Ellsworth Vines, Jr., Shepard Barclay, Miss Eve Miller. Miss Miller has an exacting job as a New York department-store executive. She says: "I started to smoke Camels

because I appreciate mildness and delicacy of flavor. I found, too, that Camels give me a 'lift' when my energy is low—and Camels never upset my nerves."

Camels are milder—a matchless blend of costlier tobaccos! Smoke them all you want. They never jangle your nerves.



BRIDGE EXPERT. (below)
"Smoking Camels helps concentration," says Shepard Barclay. "I prefer Camels... I can smoke them steadily without jangled nerves. They're always mild!"



TENNIS STAR. (above)
Ellsworth Vines, Jr., says: "Camels restore my pep... take away that tired feeling... I can smoke all the Camels I want, for they don't interfere with healthy nerves."

CHAMPION GOLFER. (above) Miss Helen Hicks says: "I can smoke Camels constantly without a sign of upset nerves."

TOBACCO EXPERTS ALL KNOW:

"Camels are made from finer, More Expensive Tobaccos—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand."

Copyright, 1934, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

Camel's Costlier Tobaccos never get on your Nerves!

Over 30—they have the skin of their 20's

*Titled beauties from 3 Nations
examined by Dermatologists*

say they owe their youthful
skin to the same Cream

The Countess Howe

—English beauty. "An unusually lovely skin—has the appearance of being years younger than her age. Firm and clear and fine-pored—free from blemishes." *London Physician's Report.*



The Duchess of Leinster

—the only American duchess. "A remarkably fresh young skin more than 10 years younger than her actual age. Texture fine and soft. Excellent tone and suppleness." *London Physician's Report.*



*Her Royal Highness
Princesse Geneviève d'Orléans*

Comtesse de Chaponay, niece of the late King Albert of Belgium, wearing jewels by Mellerio dits Meller, jewelers to the Royal House of France since Louis XIV. "The skin of twenty. Firm, clear, fine." *Dermatologist's Report.*

A WOMAN'S SKIN may be years younger than her age—or it may be years older.

Dermatologists determine the youth of the skin not by years but by the activity of its circulation. They consider its elasticity and, above all, the ability of its glands to supply rejuvenating oils.

They say that as early as twenty the skin begins to grow old. But you can retard this aging process!

Beauties praise this Cream

The Countess Howe says: "I attribute the freshness of my skin to Pond's Cold Cream." The Duchess of Leinster says: "It soothes tired nerves and it nourishes dry tissues."

While the Princesse Geneviève d'Orléans declares: "Pond's Cold Cream has prevented blemishes—roughness—lines. I would be lost without it."

Three famous beauties—from three different countries—all praise the same cream! This remarkable cold cream an-

swers the three vital needs of the skin:— It gives a thorough, deep-pore cleansing. Even blackheads yield to its gentle action. It softens aging lines before they crease into wrinkles. Finally, it prepares the skin for powder and make-up.

Use it at night—again in the morning—when you freshen up. Your skin will gain new freshness and suppleness. It will feel softer—finer. Your friends will admire this fresh new beauty which Pond's Cold Cream has brought to you.

A NEW FAVORITE—Pond's new *Liquefying Cream* contains the same oils for which Pond's Cold Cream is famous, but is quicker melting. Cleanses—refines—prepares for powder.

Pond's Cold Cream cleanses thoroughly—corrects skin faults, prepares for powder



**HOW OLD IS YOUR SKIN?
20? 30?**

Specially processed oils in this cream

**CORRECT SKIN FAULTS
of the 20's**



Blackheads, Roughness, Laughter lines, Little blemishes
Large pores Dryness

**FIGHT OFF AGE SIGNS
of the 30's**



Crêpy skin, Worry lines, Sallowiness, Sagging tissues
Discolorations

MAIL COUPON FOR A GENEROUS PACKAGE

Pond's Extract Co., Dept. M, 48 Hudson St., N. Y. C. I enclose 10¢ (to cover postage and packing) for 3 days' supply of Pond's Cold Cream with samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and special boxes of Pond's Face Powder. I prefer 3 different LIGHT shades of powder . I prefer 3 different DARK shades .

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

Copyright, 1934, Pond's Extract Company

So Romance Is Dead, Huh?

(Continued from page 24)

girl, and that was pretty difficult. He had to practice talking to it until he could forget it utterly. Now, he says, all self-consciousness is gone; when he broadcasts he forgets studio, microphone, announcer, everything—except the girl he adores—you and you and you.

HE practiced alone in his own studio for hours and hours before he actually went on the air as "Your Lover." Finally he asked a certain studio executive to put the program in a hidden spot—in other words, at some time when the number of listeners would be at its minimum. He was told that 3:15 in the afternoon was just about zero hour on the ether.

For thirteen weeks he talked and sang three times a week to his synthetic sweetheart, half hoping she wasn't listening. But after the first week he found she *was* listening—in great numbers! The fan mail started pouring in, and has increased steadily—amazing fan mail. Some of it makes you laugh, and some of it makes you cry.

At the end of that thirteen weeks of getting acquainted with the girl, even a sponsor had fallen for "Your Lover." Frank was given an evening spot twice a week then, but still had one afternoon date with his sweetheart each week, over WEA—*one* station, mind you. His fan mail during this second period averaged 1,750 letters a week!

Then the program was put on a national hook-up. When one thinks of the fan mail that means, one decides that what this country really needs is more lovers!

"Who answers your fan mail?" seemed a logical question to ask.

Frank Luther's frank, nice blue eyes widened.

"Who do you think?" he countered, grinning a little shyly.

"You mean you actually answer it yourself?"

"Say," he said, jumping up, "let me tell you. Why, I wouldn't miss reading and answering my fan mail for anything in the world!"

He produced a huge stack of scrapbooks, containing letters of different types, neatly pasted in, all with their own postmarked envelopes, but with signatures and addresses obscured by stickers.

"The contents of most of them are too personal to disclose their writers' identity," he said, and after I had read a few of them I realized how true this was. Rather a nice thing to do, though—don't you think?—and very like Frank Luther. Incurably romantic, this "Your Lover"—that's my story, and he'll stick to it, because he admits it himself.

THOSE letters were a revelation. Some of them funny, some poignantly heartbreaking—all sincere, with a certain quality of sweetness. Who writes them? Oh, young ladies whose ages range from six to eighty-six. One little girl wrote naïvely, in curled scrawl:

"Dear Lover:

"I love you. I am six years old."

And one young lady of eighty-six wrote: "When I listen to your broadcast, all the dreams and joys of my girlhood days come back to me, and I

Introducing Dixie Waring

On Friday, Sept. 14, at 1:30 A.M., a daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Fred Waring at the Women's Hospital in New York. The daughter, who weighed six pounds, was named Dixie Waring. The name was selected because Papa Fred was en route to Virginia for a single night's engagement when the child was born.

Mrs. Waring is the former Evelyn Nair, who danced with the band during its stage engagements until a year ago. The couple were married in Chicago last year.

am sixteen again." There were several requests for "a photograph which I can hold in my arms while I listen to you."

Occasionally some girl suggests a meeting at some appointed place, telling what her costume will be so that he may recognize her. Of course Mr. Luther never does meet anyone this way, although he admits some of the letters are a temptation. They are not all written by lovesick high school girls, as some of you old cynics might suspect. Park Avenue debutantes and Westchester society girls have penned suave invitations. And yet Frank Luther has never met a single incarnation of his ether sweetheart.

In a way it's too bad. Good looking, gentle voiced and (stop us if you've heard this) incurably romantic, it's safe to say none of them would be disappointed in him. Still—a mysterious

Concerning Radio Personalities

"The most exciting moment of my life," exclaimed Mary Pickford when she signed her contract to star in the series of Royal Gelatin broadcasts . . . Outstanding women athletes make poor wives, says the Voice of Experience, and he points to statistics to prove it . . . Julia Sanderson and her husband, Frank Crumit, live at "Dunrovin," their estate near Springfield, Mass. . . . They motor to New York for their broadcasts . . . Despite their long stage training, both are extremely nervous at each performance . . . Says Roxy: "When young people come to me for advice about radio technique, I always tell them to be natural." . . . And Jeanie Lang remarks: "I've given up squeaking my songs. I think it is about time I grew up and I'm going to sing right out like other people." . . . Jessica Dragonette exercises by roller skating and rope skipping on the roof of her New York apartment house . . . Bobby Dolan, who leads the orchestra with Burns and Allen, hails from Hartford, Conn., where his father was a clothing designer . . . Tony Wons is in his ninth year on the air . . . Joe Cook collects empty beer bottles, preserving the labels . . . Alfred Glenn, of The Revelers, was once an Alaskan salmon fisherman.

romance lives forever. You can't quarrel with a lover who only speaks and sings tenderly to you over the radio; there can be no disappointment, no heartbreak or tears. (It wouldn't seem that there would be very much satisfaction, either, in such an arrangement—but apparently there is!)

The most amazing thing in connection with the "Your Lover" program I have saved for the last. Frank Luther gave me two letters to read, which tell the story much more beautifully than I possibly can. I wish it were possible for all of you to read them, because they contain a thrilling drama of life—and death. They were written by a nurse.

In the first letter the nurse said she was taking care of a lovely young girl, only twenty years old, whose young husband had died recently. The wife, about to become a mother very soon, was so grief-stricken that she had given up, wanted only to die, to be with her lover. Her parents, happening to tune in on "Your Lover," both noticed that his voice was very much like that of their daughter's dead husband. The father had held the girl in his arms near the radio to hear the next broadcast and for the first time she had roused herself and shown interest in the resemblance of this radio voice to that of her loved one.

The nurse implored Frank to point his next program to this unhappy family, and to use the name "Glorious" in it—because that had been the husband's pet name for the sick girl. His heart touched—for the nurse said the girl was dying surely of a broken heart—Frank not only complied with her request about the name, but also put in his script some thoughts of consolation for one whose loved one had gone away.

He did not know he was performing a miracle as he broadcast that night.

But when he read the second letter from the nurse, a few weeks later, he was so deeply touched he could not speak. He had saved the young wife's life—even the doctor said so. From the bed where she lay wasting away, they carried her to the radio; she heard the voice so like her husband's, using the same words, the same name, he had once spoken; heard those words of comfort—and they gave her courage to summon her strength, and to bring her child into the world. Now her baby boy, the picture of her young husband, is fast bringing her back to health and happiness.

The letter carried the heartfelt thanks of the father, the mother and the nurse—and added that the nurse was starting to get very much interested in "Your Lover" herself, and how old was he, etc., etc.?

Ho-hum! And they say romance is dead.

At the time of going to press, Frank Luther was off the air with his "Your Lover" program. However, his plans were to bring back this intimate rendezvous with his many "sweethearts." "Your Lover" will probably be back on the airwaves even as you read this.

"This newly discovered Yeast is much *quicker-acting* ... it's amazing Doctors!"



DR. LEE, noted authority on Yeast for Health, is in constant touch with famous scientists all over the medical world.

explains DR. R. E. LEE,
Director Fleischmann Health Research

Corrects Constipation, Stomach, Skin Troubles far faster. (Rich in hormone-like* substances)

"Never before such results from Yeast!" report
25 Great Clinics . . .

IN 25 famous clinics, "XR" Yeast was tested on hundreds of patients. "Constipation, indigestion, skin troubles corrected twice as fast," doctors reported. "Astonishing."

Secret of new yeast's quicker action is its hormone-like* substances which make digestive juices flow fast and strengthen action of digestive tract.



● DR. ROBERT LATZEL, noted clinic head, reports: "XR" Yeast twice as quick-acting, due to amazing effect on digestive juices."

A new, stronger "strain" of yeast, discovered in a U. S. medical college, speeds digestive juices, strengthens digestive muscles. (Newly-added Vitamin A combats colds!)

troubles and run-down condition. The doctors were amazed. The results were the "talk" of the clinics!

poisons that aren't thrown off by the intestines. "XR" Yeast corrects this self-poisoning—makes your blood purer—skin healthier. Pimples, boils, etc., soon clear up.

ALREADY the news has cheered millions . . . amazed doctors. Hundreds of questions have been asked. Dr. Lee answers some of them below:—

1. How is it different?

It's a totally new "strain" of fresh yeast. Far stronger. It acts *faster* inside you.

2. How was it Discovered?

By a famous bacteriologist in a great American medical college . . . after years of research on yeast's action.

3. How was it "Tried Out"?

By well-known doctors throughout America and Europe . . . on hundreds of their most stubborn cases of constipation, indigestion, skin



"Some time ago," writes Barbara Evans, Ridley Park, Pa., "Yeast helped me a lot. Lately I again lost my pep—tried the new yeast. It's quicker. I felt better in two days."

4. How do Doctors explain it?

The reason most people get constipated, have stomach troubles, etc., is—their digestive juices and muscles have *slowed up!*

*This new "XR" Yeast is exceedingly rich in hormone-like substances ("activators") which speed up these juices and muscles all through your digestive system *amazingly!*

5. Why does it correct Constipation and Indigestion faster?

Because it makes your digestive juices flow faster and muscles work harder *all the way from the stomach on down!* Food is more quickly softened, digested, passed through your body. You can eat things you couldn't eat before—without indigestion or constipation. "XR" Yeast "normalizes" you!

6. Does the Skin clear quicker?

Yes! Skin troubles (as a rule) come from

7. Will "Run-down" feeling go?

Usually! Patients often feel better almost *at once!* You should get more "good" from your food—have fewer headaches—better appetite—more vigor.

After 40, especially, people need "XR" Yeast to correct the slowing of digestive secretions occurring rapidly after that age. It also helps often in rheumatism.

8. Will it reduce Colds?

Yes—by cleansing your system and supplying Vitamin A (newly added), the "infection-preventing" vitamin. Each cake of Fleischmann's "XR" Yeast is *also* rich in Vitamins B, D and G . . . 4 important vitamins!

EAT 3 CAKES EVERY DAY . . . plain, or dissolved in one-third glass of water—preferably half an hour before each meal. Keep on until you're thoroughly well. Get a 3-day supply now!

(It is as good as ever for baking, too!)



Fleischmann's XR Yeast

ON SALE AT GROCERS, RESTAURANTS, SODA FOUNTAINS

Copyright, 1934, Standard Brands Inc.

Without Benefit of Ballyhoo

(Continued from page 27)

show business. They often get out some of those early experimental shows of theirs and shake their heads over them.

But very early in the game, with shrewd insight they saw that if they were to reach a wide audience, cleanliness must be their keynote and they must confine themselves to shows that any parents would permit their children to hear. And with the trend in entertainment being what it has been, that wasn't as easy as it sounds.

"During the years that our program was developing, the hey-hey and hotcha spirit seemed to be growing in America," said I. W. Crull, vice president of the Campana Company, "but we felt that in spite of the superficial signs of the times the great majority of people prefer the simple, old-fashioned, wholesome type of show.

"Sometimes as we viewed the opposite tendencies on the stage, in the movies, and even on the surface of life itself, we wondered if we were on the right track. Certainly, according to all apparent signs we were going exactly contrary to the current trend. But although we wondered, we never hesitated, we never weakened. We stuck to our guns regardless.

"And now that the tide has set the other way with all this talk of censorship, we feel it a justification, in a way, of what we have always maintained, that the American public is largely made up of plain folks who want good clean entertainment."

"But doesn't such rigid adherence to plays of this type handicap you in your choice of entertainment?" I wanted to know.

"Well, no one has complained of a lack of variety so far," the sponsor stated. "One week we'll put on a melodrama of the Western plains, the next a society comedy, then a mystery play, and so on. We have even had a number of tragedies with most unhappy endings. There are plenty of themes for drama in this world besides subjects that are objectionable to mixed audiences and to the youngsters' ears."

IN following out their idea, the sponsors soon found that they had a job on their hands in bringing the radio audience to a first night every week which involved far more than a pleasant jaunt across Broadway in an imaginary taxicab.

It meant fifty-two productions a year of the highest calibre.

One of the greatest problems, of course, is getting enough producible plays to fill the need. For these the sponsor and agency rely upon outside sources of free-lance writers.

"We get over a hundred manuscripts a month," Mr. Crull said. "Strangely enough, many successful writers of other forms of entertainment are the least successful for us. Many writers who have big names can't seem to hit it either, with the result that most of the writers, whom we have learned to depend on, have been developed by radio itself.

"All scripts that come in are read. We must naturally keep on the watch for ideas. But our demands are not easy to satisfy and only a small percentage of those who submit manu-

scripts seem to be on the right track.

"You see, the author must condense what is practically the essence of a full-length play into three five-minute acts, with strong action starting right at the beginning and continuing straight to the punch at the final curtain, with minor punches at the finish of each of the first two acts. And they can only contain major parts for three important characters, the hero, the heroine and the 'heavy.' There's a job for anyone!"

The procedure as regards scripts is much like that of any large magazine or theatrical office. They are first gone over by the experienced readers of the organization. The promising scripts are then selected, cast, and given an audition before the jury as well as all those concerned with the production.

If the verdict is favorable, the play is thrown open to discussion, as to ways and means in which it can be improved. Sometimes it is sent back to the author for revision. Often the members of the jury mull it over and come in later in the week with suggestions of their own. Strenuous effort is always directed toward strengthening the punch at the end.

When the script is finally shaped up to everyone's satisfaction it is given to the cast for a preliminary audition. Again there are suggestions as to delivery and interpretation. Some of the actors are not so good on their first reading, but pick up astonishingly as rehearsals progress under the supervision of the agency and the NBC staff advisers.

Most of Wednesday and Thursday are given over to rehearsal, then on Friday night the show goes on the air.

THE cast always dons formal garb for the occasion. In Winter the men wear tuxedos, in Summer dark coats and white flannel trousers. The women wear evening gowns. They feel that it does wonders to help keep up the first night flavor.

There is always the invited audience of those who have written in for tickets. The studio holds a few more than two hundred and there are always more clamoring for admittance.

They do not try to give the pretense of the stage but broadcast from the floor of the studio. The audience can hear the voices of the actors except when there are unusual sound effects, but they try now to keep sound effects at a minimum because they feel that a bare suggestion of thunder, for example, gets the impression of a storm across better than a whole series of deafening roars that might detract from the lines themselves.

The audience, however, is not encouraged to interrupt, laugh or applaud during the progress of the play. It is felt that to do so would interfere with the progress of the play as it comes over the air. But sometimes it is impossible to keep the studio audience in control and those out front burst into laughter or applause regardless of admonitions.

There is, of course, the orchestra playing the theme song, "Neapolitan Nights," by way of introduction, but care is always taken to keep the musi-

cal group in character as a "pit orchestra" in the theater and not resort to the usual jazzy interpretations. The orchestra is also valuable in setting the mood for the play.

Those who are present in the studio are such fans as abounded in the old stock company days, applauding their favorites at the outset, lingering around for autographs after the broadcast is over. The less fortunate who are not present express their admiration and enthusiasm by fan letters which come from people in all walks of life.

For one of the striking things about the First Nighter show is the popularity of its principals who have frequently placed high in radio popularity polls.

June Meredith plays all the feminine leads. Don Ameche is the hero or the juvenile. Cliff Soubier is the heavy or the character man.

All of them have been identified with the stage during a good share of their professional lives, yet none of them has ever approached anything like stardom until coming to the First Nighter program.

The answer may be that while all were competent and attractive enough to meet with moderate success on the stage, the supreme gift of each is that mysterious quality known as "voice appeal."

DON AMECHE is the matinee idol of the old stock company days to the life. With his dark Latin good looks, he would be a great bet for the movies. Yet he lives a quiet unprofessional life in the suburbs of Chicago with his wife and small son, which would be impossible in Hollywood.

Don was born in Kenosha, Wisconsin, went to school in Iowa, and studied for the law at the University of Wisconsin. He took some part in amateur dramatics at college and one night filled in at the Madison stock company when one of the actors failed to show up. From that moment on he realized that he would have a better outlet for his dramatic proclivities before the footlights than before a jury box.

After working in stock for a time he traveled with Fisk O'Hara's company and for a time with Tex Guinan's vaudeville troupe.

It was Bernadine Flynn, the Sade of "Vic and Sade," who persuaded him that radio was the field for his talents.

He played anonymous minor roles for a time and within a few months was selected, through an audition, for the First Nighter show, where he has remained ever since.

Members of the audience are always clamoring to hear Don sing. Don never sang a note in his life until he was on the First Nighter program.

Then one time he was cast in a show called "The Song Hit" in which he was required to sing a number. He did so well that the listeners wanted more. Don decided there was nothing to do but take lessons, so he had his voice cultivated and now is ready for any singing assignment that comes along.

June Meredith also has a genuine warmth to her personality which gets across through the microphone and

(Please turn to page 67)

Life is more Exciting

WHEN YOU WEAR THE NEW BRIGHT CUTEX NAILS



CUTEX CORAL NAILS with a cypress green bib frock will never drink tea alone . . .



CUTEX CARDINAL NAILS, flaming against silvered lamé, demoralize the stag line



Wear deep CUTEX RUBY NAILS with black velvet . . . and pick out your engagement ring



If any of you girls have been hankering for more excitement, try the new bright Cutex nails. There's a glamour to their loveliness that you find yourself living up to!

No more sitting in corners—the Cutex lustre keeps you in the limelight! No suggestion of old-maidishness about Cutex Cardinal nails and blue satin. Nothing tomboyish about Cutex Coral nails and green velvet. Nothing dull or prosy about Cutex Ruby nails, even when they're worn with your oldest dress!

And remember—Cutex shades are created by the World's Manicure Authority with an eye on the new costume colors just out of Paris. They're absolutely *fashion-right*.

And that fascinating Cutex lustre flows



● CUTEX CLEAR POLISH is delightfully transparent and absolutely true in color. It goes on easily, is practically chip-proof. Free of roughness, peeling, cracks.

● THE NEW CUTEX CRÈME POLISH goes on as if you were a professional—and stays on. It actually benefits the nails and covers up imperfections. It cannot harden the cuticle or make the nails brittle. Cannot cause broken nails or hangnails. And it doesn't settle in the bottle.

on your nails as smoothly as a dream . . . free from the slightest blotching. It stays there for days and days, if you want it to . . . (or you can change it every day to bewilder the boys).

Cutex, you'll be glad to know, now comes in two forms—Clear and Crème. The latter is a great help in case your nails have white spots or ridges. All such bad nail traits are hidden from view by the new Cutex Crème Polish.

Clear or Crème—you'll find both, at your favorite store.

Get the whole range of Cutex colors tomorrow, and see if pleasantly unpredictable things don't start happening almost at once!

Northam Warren, New York, Montreal, London, Paris

WOMEN must avoid harsh Laxatives



THE feminine sex must be particularly careful in the choice of a laxative.

Women should avoid a laxative that is too strong—that shocks the system—that weakens. They should avoid laxatives that are offered as cure-alls—treatments for a thousand ills. A laxative is intended for one purpose only—to relieve constipation.

Ex-Lax is offered for just what it is—a gentle, effective laxative.

Ex-Lax is effective—but it is mild. It acts gently yet thoroughly. It works overnight without over-action.

Ex-Lax will not form a habit—you take it just when you need a laxative. You don't have to keep on increasing the dose to get results.

For 28 years, Ex-Lax has had the confidence of doctors, nurses, druggists and the general public alike, because it is everything a laxative ought to be.

Children like to take Ex-Lax because they love its delicious chocolate flavor. Grown-ups, too, prefer to take Ex-Lax because they have found it thoroughly effective—without the disagreeable after-effects of harsh, nasty-tasting laxatives.

At all drug stores—in 10c and 25c boxes.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS!

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

**When Nature forgets—
remember**

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

Know Your Music

Illustrated by
ZADIG



GIUSEPPE VERDI

By
PITTS
SANBORN

GIUSEPPE VERDI, one of the greatest of operatic composers, is known the world over through such universally popular works as "Rigoletto," "Il Trovatore," "La Traviata," and "Aida," each a treasure-house of unforgettable melodies.

Verdi's life presents a study in success, artistic and worldly. Except in his early years he prospered. He was born on October 10, 1813, at Le Roncole, a hamlet about three miles from Busseto, in the old Duchy of Parma, where his father kept a little inn. The serious, offish child has been described as both "shy and fierce." But he responded to music, following itinerant players and standing transfixed by the tones of the organ in the village church. His father was impressed enough to buy him a spinet when he was seven and to send him for music lessons to the village organist. At ten the child himself was appointed organist. Whereupon his father decided he should go to school at Busseto, though he retained his post at Le Roncole, trudging the distance every Sunday.

In the new surroundings his talent produced a marked impression, especially upon Antonio Barezzi, a well-to-do grocer. Barezzi gave the boy employment, introduced him to Ferdinando Provesi, organist of the cathedral and director of the Philharmonic Society, who took him as a pupil, and eventually, with the aid of the Monte di Pietà, provided the money for him to continue his studies in Milan. Verdi did so to such good effect that his first opera, "Oberto," was produced at Milan's famous lyric theater, La Scala, in November, 1839, stamping him as a rising composer and winning an urgent demand for a second opera. Meanwhile, in 1836, he married Barezzi's daughter Margherita.

Just when all was going so well calamity smote Verdi—perhaps the more harshly because it was never to smite him again. He had begun work on a comic opera early in 1840, "Il Finto Stanislao" (called also "Un Giorno di Regno") when he was stricken with quinsy. Then, in April, his two young children fell ill and died within two days of each other. In June, his wife, whom he loved devotedly, died after a brief illness. And he had a comic opera to complete! It is said that Verdi, saturnine by nature,

was permanently affected in his outlook on life and art by this series of blows. The comic opera, composed under such conditions, failed miserably when produced at La

Scala in September. Verdi, vowing never to write music again, resolved to support himself by teaching. And, as a matter of fact, he never wrote another comic opera until "Falstaff," his last work for the stage, fifty-three years later.

Verdi's muse, however, refused to be dismissed. A persuasive libretto on the Biblical subject of Nebuchadnezzar got him to composing again. The 9th of March, 1842, "Nabucco" was a triumph at La Scala. Verdi went home that night a made man. And he was only twenty-eight. The following February "I Lombardi," also at La Scala, was a second triumph. The 9th of March, 1844, "Ernani," this time in Venice, was a third triumph. Within nine months it was staged in fifteen different theaters!

During this period Verdi found a wise and devoted friend in Giuseppina Streponi, an eminent soprano, who was the prima donna of "Nabucco" and whom he eventually took as his second wife. He also strengthened his relations with Giovanni Ricordi, founder of a famous publishing house which owes much of its prosperity and prestige to his early faith in Verdi.

The operas of the next seven years, though including both "Macbeth" (first version) and "Luisa Miller," added less to their composer's fame and fortune. However, the very name of Verdi had become a watchword with Italian patriots bent on throwing off the Austrian yoke and uniting all Italy under one king. "Viva V-E-R-D-I!" shouted in an opera house was interpreted as "Viva Vittorio Emmanuelle Re d'Italia" from the initial letters of the Sardinian king's name and the hope that one day he would become in reality *Re d'Italia* (King of Italy).

Incidentally, Verdi himself, a staunch patriot and devotee of Cavour, took a sufficient part in public affairs to act as deputy and later as senator and also to serve on a commission for the reform of the Italian conservatories. Nevertheless, aside from the cares and pleasures of country life at St. Agata, the farm he acquired near Busseto, he remained (*Please turn to page 66*)



You'll just
 have time to make
 some of these lovely
 gifts... *then Christmas*
will be here!

New diagram patterns suggest
 gifts you can sew... and now's
 the time to start

You know how welcome hand-made gifts always are...
 gifts that show real thought.

There are all sorts of lovely things which you can sew if
 you choose from the wide selection of diagram patterns
 offered by Tower Magazines. This new diagram method
 gives you six or more different diagram patterns in each
 15-cent circular... and makes sewing so easy. There is,
 for instance, an adorable patchwork quilt... charming
 foreign linen... things for children... lingerie...
 even clever things to make in wood!

WHICH ONES DO YOU WANT?

Frances Cowles, Tower Magazines, Inc.,
 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me the sewing circulars I have checked above. I am enclosing 15 cents for each one I want.

Name.....

Address..... City.....

Patchwork Up to Date

Poke bonnet quilt... star and
 circle quilt... Tree of Life quilt
 ... Star Pattern quilt... designs
 for cushion covers... three fa-
 mous old applique designs...
 directions for padding, lining and
 quilting old fashion quilts. (Au
 set.)

Peasant Needlework

Italian drawn work table cloth and
 napkins... Mexican table linen
 designs... Czechoslovakia table
 doilies... the famous French
 Assisi chicken in cross-stitch...
 Russian embroidery... embroi-
 dery, crochet and drawn work
 stitches. (Se set)

New Lingerie

Hollywood combination... step-
 ins with pleats... new nightgown
 with diagonal seams... four-piece
 slip... French panties. (Ja 274)

Christmas Gifts

Linen and crochet table pads...
 new style work bag... small
 laundry bag made of wash cloths
 ... crocheted bed jacket...
 party bag. (No 341)

Fancy Bed Spreads

New crochet bedspreads...
 spread for day bed... butterfly
 applique spread... candlewick
 bedspread... gaily figured chintz
 spread... taffeta bedspread.
 (My 301)

Little Gifts That Please

Crocheted gloves... chintz-cov-
 ered cushion... dainty apron of
 swiss or dimity... mittens made
 of water-proof chintz... attrac-
 tive oilcloth pincushion. (Au 319)

Needlework for Smarter Tables

Modern crochet designs for lunch-
 eon cloth... coarse linen table
 doilies... bridge set... peasant
 table covers... new edgings...
 six fruit applique designs. (Jy
 318)

New Things for Baby

Chintz floor pad... bird and ani-
 mal appliques... bonnet...
 short-sleeved jacket... knitted
 rompers... pads for nursery chair.
 (Ap 300)

Wood Accessories

How to make a dressing table...
 a towel rack... decorative sewing
 screen... wall brackets... mod-
 ern lamp base... book shelf.
 (Fe 280)

For the Kitchen

New uses for empty tin containers
 painted and stenciled... cro-
 cheted stool cover... attractive
 lettuce bag... oilcloth case for
 kitchen memo pads. (Se 326)

Radio from the Inside

(Continued from page 46)



The old fight!

STOP HIM! Try and do it! A herd of elephants can't stop you when digestion is good, when a flock of irritations aren't nagging at your nerves.

Beeman's is a simple way millions of folks have found to help keep digestion orderly. Pure, smooth, healthful — it is a pleasant aid to digestion.

Try Beeman's. Sample its delicious flavor — cool, invigorating, and fresh — for Beeman's new Triple Guard Pack seals out air, seals in every bit of its delicious goodness. Pick up a package today.

Chew
**BEEMAN'S
PEPSIN GUM**



as they "get into the movies" and scenario schools were stilled through drives.

Personally, I'm all for the assault on this evil. The group is doing the public a service—and I hope the public cooperates with them.

IN THEIR HOMES—

Kate Smith specializes in all sorts of electrical kitchen gadgets. . . . Guy Lombardo has a portable swimming pool on top of his building. . . . Helen Morgan's extra bedroom is turned into an aquarium that harbors twelve tanks of prize-winning fish. . . . Walter O'Keefe's apartment seems more like a dog kennel—eight blue ribbon canines make their headquarters there. . . . Roxy's place is replete with little bronze nudes. . . . Howard Marsh raises grayhounds and monkeys in the backyard of his Rumson, N. J., property. . . . George Hall has a collection of unusual tapestries.

BBETTY BARTHELL, the pretty, wide-eyed singer whose programs come to you over CBS, was the recipient of a number of "mash" notes from a "Colonel" John Marshall of Kentucky, as the writer described himself. She never answered his missives, but this didn't discourage the Southern gentleman—if I may call him such. Finally, he wrote for some money so that he could come to New York and see his "lady love of the air-waves." Of course, Betty didn't send him even her regrets, but he got to Manhattan, anyway.

He called her up at the Columbia studio and very nonchalantly informed her that he'd be waiting downstairs for her after the broadcast. And so they would recognize each other, he suggested that it'd be a good idea for them to wear white carnations. Betty agreed. But instead of going herself, she sent for her chambermaid, a work-worn, pock-marked, straggly-haired woman of about thirty-five, and pinned a white carnation on her. The maid played her part well in fact, so well—that "Colonel" John Marshall took the next train back home. And Betty hasn't heard from him since.

WITH the spotlight focused on all the new stars of the airwaves, the talented ones of radio's earlier days who were the backbone of the microphone realm, have been left in the darkness behind the scenes. Why doesn't some enterprising sponsor who's ferreting around for some talent and entertainment feature bring some of these people together in a revue? Each, no doubt, still has a considerable following—and there'd be plenty of pleasant sentiment attached to the show. And sentiment will sell anything but war. I know I'd like to hear some of the old favorites like Vaughn de Leath, Billy Jones and Ernie Hare, Henry Burbig with his dialect, Wendell Hall, Nicolina, Benny Kruger and his saxophone, and many

others, too. The announcer for this all-star radio treat?—why, there's the dean of them all—Major J. Andrew White.

True, the old order passeth—but I hope it passes our way again.

A FEW issues back in the TOWER RADIO, I rigged up several acrostics—one for the Columbia Broadcasting System and the other for the National Broadcasting Company—each crossed with the names of their artists. I thought it was rather cute, if I may say so. But along comes Mr. Emmett Davis, Jr., of Austin, Texas, who's all of seventeen, and goes me one better. He combines both networks—and because I think it rather ingenious, I pass it along to you—with special permission of the copyright owner.

CouNtess albani
cOnnAd thibault
haroLdsTern
tonycalUcci
MajOr bowes
jackBenNy
phIlbAker
mARyLivingstone
BenBernie
jangaRber
aljOlsOn
nAthAniel shilkret
edDieDuchin
CabCalloway
leAhrAy
joeparSonS
TinType tenor
harriethIllIard
raymoNdkNight
sinGinG lady
jeSsiCa dragonette
anthonYfrOme
SeyMour simons
vincentTloPez
irenEbeAsley
frankMunN
joY lynn

ON one of Roxy's programs in his new Saturday night series, the impresario was casting an "ear picture" of a British colony in Africa. A major speaking part in this episode was that of a cockney soldier. But none of the actors who tried for the role seemed to suit Roxy. Finally, his valet, who always accompanies his master to the studios, asked for a chance to read the lines. Being a real cockney, all Amos (the valet's name) had to do was to act natural and so he got the part on the air.

A case in which Amos came in 'andy — eh wot?

Next month I'm going to bring to these pages some of the real low-down idiosyncrasies of your pet stars—and I think some of them are going to surprise you a little.

*Are you reading
RADIO FROM THE INSIDE?
The first authentic gossip column written from behind the controls.
Here is the genuine low-down on radio personalities.*

The Love Story of Tito Guizar

(Continued from page 52)

"Yes, yes," said Tito. "Until they have grown accustomed to their love. They cheat themselves, those careful people!"

One man disapproved greatly when he heard Nenett Noreiga was going to marry Tito Guizar.

"You must not," he told her. "You must not. I cannot permit it."

He was Nenett's manager. Marrying Tito and giving up her career as Tito wished her to do, this man felt Nenett was throwing away tremendous promise.

He still complains, in fact. He still groans when he visits the Guizaras to find Nenett even going so far as to refuse the leisure a baby's nurse would afford her, taking entire care of her baby, now a little more than a year old, herself.

He tells her she is wasting her life. And both Tito and she find him very funny indeed. And, of course, he is very funny.

"Nenett," Tito boasted while she was out of the room, "is a wonderful mother. A better mother than those who used to see her a gay dancer on the stage might have believed she would be. She will trust no one with our baby. Even when she leaves me to take care of her while she runs downtown on some errand she tells me many things I must do many times. And always she comes running back sooner than I expect her."

"Ah, Tito," said Nenett, returning, "I do trust you with the baby. It is not fair for you to talk so. It is just that I know how you are, always thinking about your music. And," very seriously, "it is right that you should. Of course."

"But," replied Tito, "I can think about our baby with one part of my mind and of my music with another part. Can't I?"

"I know, Sweet," Nenett said. "I know. It's just that I'm always afraid the music part will think loudest."

As I said before, this is a love story.

Tito Guizar may be heard each Sunday at 12:30 noon, E. S. T., over the following CBS stations:

WABC, WADC, WOKO, WCAO, WNAC, WGR, WBBM, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WFBM, KMBC, WCAU, WJAS, WFBL, WSPD, WJSV, WQAM, WDBO, WDAE, KHJ, WPG, WLBZ, WBT, WDOD, KVOR, KRLD, KLZ, WLBW, WBIC, WHP, KTRH, WGLC, KLRA, WFEA, WISN, WCCO, CKAC, WLAC, WMBD, KOH, WDBJ, WHEC, KSL, KTSN, WTOC, KSCJ, WMAS, CFRB, WACO, WMT, WWVA, KFH, WSJS, WORC, WDNC, WALA, KGKO.

BOYS AND GIRLS!

Are you reading the special story

TOWER RADIO

has for you each month? The pictures are always in color, too.

SMART GIRL?... YOU BET!
I FOUND HOW TO GET RID OF
"TATTLE-TALE GRAY"



1. "One day at the grocer's, I was fussing about how dingy my washes always looked. And he said, 'Your trouble is tattle-tale gray. Change to Fels-Naptha Soap—it gets out ALL the dirt.' Well..."



2. "Next washday, I did put Fels-Naptha to work and what a treat! Big creamy suds chock-full of lively golden soap and naphtha. The dirt simply hurried away. And talk about gentle! I gave these lace panties a Fels-Naptha dousing and they washed up as pretty as new."



3. "And now look at this! Did you ever see a whiter shirt? Why, my clothes all shine like snow. Everything smells sweeter, too. You bet I'm smart! I wouldn't dream of doing another wash with anything but Fels-Naptha."

YES INDEED! If you want to keep "tattle-tale gray" out of your clothes—that dull, foggy look that says dirt is still hiding in them in spite of all your work—it's smart to change to Fels-Naptha Soap!

For that big busy bar brings you two cleaners instead of one! Richer golden soap working hand-in-hand with lots of naphtha. A combination that hustles out every tiny bit of dirt and gives your clothes a brighter, sweeter whiteness!

Unlike "trick soaps" or "cheap" soaps, Fels-Naptha is gentle. It washes everything beautifully—silk stockings, lingerie, woolens. Fels-Naptha holds soothing glycerine, too. So it's specially nice to hands.

Fels-Naptha is a wonder for soaking or boiling clothes. It works splendidly in tub, basin or washing machine.

Fels-Naptha now sells at the lowest price in almost 20 years. Get some at your grocer's today... Fels & Co., Phila., Pa.

Banish
"Tattle-Tale Gray"
with
FELS-NAPHTHA SOAP

*He's changed
his mind
about vegetables!*



● This young man used to work himself up into a dreadful state when vegetables appeared on his menu . . .

But look at him now! See how glad he is that . . .

*His Mother
changed to Clapp's*



● Home-cooked vegetables are bound to vary in taste and texture from day to day. That's usually why babies struggle against taking them.

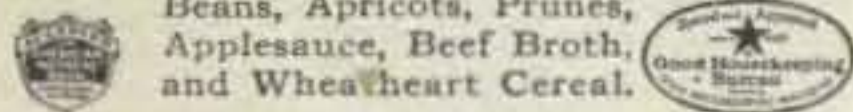
Clapp's Baby Foods are *uniformly smooth*. Cooked in glass-lined, air-tight kettles—they're rich in vitamins and mineral salts. Clapp Foods are made by experts who specialize only in foods for babies.

Clapp's 15 Foods for Babies



**IN THE NEW
ENAMEL
PURITY PACK**

● Your doctor will tell you which of these to give your baby—and a druggist or grocer nearby can supply you: Baby Soup Strained, Baby Soup Unstrained, Vegetable Soup, Tomatoes, Asparagus, Spinach, Peas, Beets, Carrots, Wax Beans, Apricots, Prunes, Applesauce, Beef Broth, and Wheatheart Cereal.



Send for FREE BOOK

HAROLD H. CLAPP, INC.
Dept. 76, Rochester, N. Y.

Please send me your free book, "Before Your Baby Goes on Vegetables."

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Know Your Music

(Continued from page 62)

before all else the composer. So little taste had this taciturn, self-dependent man for the life of the great world that in one of his letters he wrote:

"I am a bit of a savage. . . . True, I have been living for a year and a half in Paris (that city in which everything is said to acquire a certain polish), but, to be frank, I have become more of a bear than ever."

And then he added, with a touch of ferocity:

"I have never in the pursuit of success addressed a word to a journalist or asked a favor from a friend or paid court to a rich man. Never, never! I shall always despise that kind of thing. I write my operas as well as I can; then I let matters take their course without any effort to influence public opinion."

On March 11, 1851, Verdi's fortunes received a fresh impetus when "Rigoletto" was acclaimed in Venice. Two of his major successes followed—"Il Trovatore" (Rome, 1853) and "La Traviata" (Venice, 1853). True, "La Traviata" was a fiasco at its premiere because the soprano who interpreted the consumptive heroine was so incongruously robust that her death scene provoked ribald laughter. With a different heroine, however, it triumphed.

Verdi's operas during the next fourteen years included conspicuously "Les Vepres-Siciliennes" (for the Paris opera), "Simon Boccanegra" (first version), "Un Ballo in Maschera," "La Forza del Destino" (for St. Petersburg), a revision of "Macbeth" (for the Theatre Lyrique, Paris), and "Don Carlos" (for the Paris opera). Then came a request from the Khedive that he write an opera on an Egyptian subject to be presented in the new opera house at Cairo in honor of the opening of the Suez Canal.

The result was "Aïda" (December

24, 1871), which in a sense marked the culmination of Verdi's career as a composer for the stage.

A year and a half later occurred the death of Alessandro Manzoni. Verdi, who had been an ardent admirer of the great poet and novelist, was moved to compose a requiem in his memory. It was performed on the first anniversary of his death, May 22, 1874, in St. Mark's Church, Milan, attracting visitors from all over Europe. Verdi now felt that after this achievement in liturgical music he might well lay down his pen. Still, he largely rewrote "Simon Boccanegra" for a revival at La Scala in 1881 and in 1884 he revised "Don Carlos" for the Italian stage. Yet it was chiefly through the influence of Arrigo Boito, a composer and poet of rare culture, that he resumed creative activity.

"Otello" (Milan, 1887) and "Falstaff" (Milan, 1893), composed to admirable librettos by Boito, based on Shakespeare's "Othello" and "Merry Wives of Windsor," proved to be two of his greatest works. It has been held little short of miraculous that Verdi, who had not attempted a comic subject since the ill-fated "Finto Stanislao," should at last, at the age of four score, laugh his "great laugh" in music.

The laughter was brief. Gloom closed in on the old man. In 1897 he lost Giuseppina, his companion of more than half a century. The following year his final act as a musician was to bring out four short choral compositions—the "Quattro Pezzi Sacri," definitely terminating his career, though he lingered on till January 27, 1901.

This favorite of fortune, who had known fame, wealth, honor, summed it all up tersely in one of his last letters "Life is suffering."

Thus spake the artist.

In TOWER RADIO next month Mr. Sanborn will discuss Chopin.

Radio Pageant

(Continued from page 12)

trembling. And, when the strange denouement in the Lindbergh case was holding all America breathless, the radio maintained its curious attitude of avoiding all but the barest of news announcements. Result, you sat for hours, hoping that somehow or other a news bulletin might break through the welter of jazz bands.

THE radio comics are having tough going these days. Jack Pearl's Baron has fallen by the wayside. Other gagsters are wavering in popularity.

In the field of better music radio continues to step right along. The Palmolive Beauty Box Theater put on an English version of Puccini's "The Girl of the Golden West" and did an excellent job of it. It is odd how this old Belasco melodrama of '49er mining days still retains its vitality while other plays produced in the same era are hopelessly dated.

The Paul Whiteman hour offered a

brief panorama of Lehar's "The Merry Widow" with the original Prince Danilo, Donald Brian, and Helen Jepson in the chief roles. For some reason, the lovely music was "modernized" out of all its old charm.

AMONG the radio newcomers is Bob Crosby, a younger brother of the crooning Bing. Bob has a pleasant enough way with him, although we doubt if he will ever remotely eclipse his famous relative, and he appears with an interesting new band, that of the Dorsey Brothers. These lads offer highly danceable music. In this field, of course, the Lombardos stand alone.

That famous showman, Roxy, is back on the airways again with an elaborate and characteristic program. Of course, you remember Roxy's family of the old days. Roxy says there remains nothing new to do on the kilocycles and his latest program appears to be Exhibit A in proving his contention.

Without Benefit of Ballyhoo

(Continued from page 60)

wins her many friends. During her time on the air, she has received more than a quarter of a million letters addressed to her personally.

She was born in Chicago and determined at an early age to make the theater her career in spite of parental opposition. She paid her way through dramatic school by working as a stenographer and when she had saved enough money to pay her way, she set out for New York.

She was on the stage almost constantly for the next few years playing character roles in such plays as "Rain," "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," "Seventh Heaven" and "Tea for Two."

Charlie Hughes, whom she had known in Chicago, brought her into the First Nighter cast. Charlie has never had occasion to regret it.

Cliff Soubier, the villain, is the one who most belies his radio personality. He is the jolliest, most good-natured person one would care to meet, although millions of radio listeners have got a satisfying pleasure out of hating him. As proof of his versatility, Cliff tells bedtime stories on another program.

He was born in Hamilton, Ontario, while traveling with his father's medicine show, and went on the stage as Little Eva in a blond wig. He has played in everything from burlesque to Shakespeare, blackface to Robin Hood and the sticks to Broadway. He created the role of Papa Boule in "Seventh Heaven" on the New York stage.

He got into radio when he was visiting a studio one night and someone shanghaied him before the mike because he could speak a Scotch dialect.

CHARLIE HUGHES, the genial First Nighter himself, performs a valuable function in bringing the audience and actors together, so to speak. He introduces them, sets the mood and key of the play which is to follow.

Charlie has the theater in his blood. As a boy when he could get contact with it no other way, he sold peanuts in the gallery of a New York playhouse.

He made his first professional venture in the role of an impresario, when as a student at Notre Dame he brought the Glee Club to Chicago for a successful engagement.

He got most of his stage experience in Chicago as secretary to Augustus Pitou, the producer, during which time he did everything from taking tickets to playing walkons.

Later he drifted out to Hollywood, supporting himself by secretarial work while he played extra roles with Jack Holt, Lila Lee and Richard Dix.

Meeting with no success there, he returned to Chicago where he found his *metier* as an enterprising salesman of radio scripts. Becoming dissatisfied with the scripts he was selling, he got into the production end and so at last found the opportunity to work out the idea which had been in his head ever since he stood in Pitou's lobby and watched the glamorous panorama of first nighters pass before his eyes.

There is this curious fact about
(Please turn to page 68)

Tower Radio, December, 1934



Keep your complexion
MIRROR FRESH
and KEEP his admiration

New Discovery BY RICHARD HUDNUT

NOW MAKES FACE POWDER STAY ON FROM 4 to 6 HOURS
(BY ACTUAL TEST)

NOW you may dine... you may dance... you may drive... without repowdering a single time! Richard Hudnut has perfected a face powder that stays on longer than you ever thought possible. From four to six hours (by your own watch) Marvelous Face Powder keeps your complexion as fresh, as free from shine, as the moment you left your mirror.

Yet Marvelous Face Powder never looks in the least powdery on the skin. Rather, it gives a gracious softness, a subtle flattery to your own complexion.

And never, never does Marvelous Face Powder cake or clog the pores. It is superfine, as light and fine a powder as science

can make. The fifty-year reputation of Richard Hudnut, as maker of fine cosmetics, is your assurance of its purity.

We are so sure you will like Marvelous Face Powder that we are willing to send you trial packages in the four most popular shades—at no cost other than packing and postage. See coupon below.

Or, stop in at your favorite drug store or department store. The full-sized box of Marvelous Face Powder costs only 55¢.

OTHER MARVELOUS BEAUTY AIDS
Marvelous Liquefying Cream... Tissue Cream... Foundation Cream... Hand Cream... Skin Freshener... Rouge... Lipstick... Eye Shadow... Lash Cosmetic... Manicure Preparations... Dusting Powder... Only 55¢ each

MARVELOUS Face Powder 55¢



TRIAL OFFER Four trial packages of Marvelous Face Powder, in the four most popular shades—also Marvelous Make-up Guide, with authentic information on correct combinations of powder, rouge, lipstick.

RICHARD HUDNUT, Fifth Avenue, New York City 11-A

Please send me trial packages of Marvelous Face Powder and Marvelous Make-up Guide. I enclose 6 cents in stamps to cover packing and postage.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____
This offer not good after December 31, 1934

Everyone looks at
your *Eyes* first



Make them attractive
with
Maybelline
EYE BEAUTY AIDS



BLACK,
BROWN
AND BLUE



BLACK AND BROWN



BLUE, BROWN, BLUE-GREY,
VIOLET AND GREEN



COLORLESS



BLACK OR WHITE BRISTLES

● You cannot be really charming unless your eyes are attractive, and it is so easy to make them so instantly with the harmless, pure Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids.

First a light touch of Maybelline Eye Shadow blended softly on your eyelids to intensify the color and sparkle of your eyes, then form graceful, expressive eyebrows with the smooth-marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. Now a few, simple brush strokes of harmless Maybelline Mascara to your lashes to make them appear long, dark, and luxuriant, and presto—your eyes are beautiful and most alluring!

Care for your lashes by keeping them soft and silky with the pure Maybelline Eyelash Tonic Cream—to be applied nightly before retiring, and be sure to brush and train your brows with the dainty, specially designed Maybelline Eyebrow Brush. All Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids may be had in purse sizes at all leading 10c stores. Insist on genuine Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids to be assured of highest quality and absolute harmlessness.

Without Benefit of Ballyhoo

(Continued from page 67)

the members of the cast that none of them had ever realized his fullest capabilities before coming to the First Nighter program. Perhaps this is because the supreme gift of each is that intangible yet most necessary asset for the air known as voice personality.

Besides voice personality, versatility is another essential qualification for the cast. Within the space of a few weeks June Meredith has been a nagging wife, a Southern belle, a Russian adventuress, a sweet girl graduate, a hard-boiled gold digger. Ameche has been everything from trapper and forest ranger to Broadway Boulevardier. Soubier is almost always a heavy, but he has been just about every kind of heavy anyone could imagine.

There again is another secret of the First Nighter success. It has variety. One week it deals with romance, another week with mystery, *et cetera*. And curiosity is always strong to know how June and Don and Cliff week to week will come out.

George M. Cohan once said that radio can only be at its best when those connected with it are willing to throw their hearts away on a single

performance. The First Nighter show adds up to something like that.

They have made it attractive enough for a writer to contribute a first-rate fresh idea for a single show.

The actors have a better chance to prepare themselves than the old stock company troupers when you check out the bothersome business of memorizing lines and keeping two and sometimes three plays in mind at the same time. It may well be that the path of improvement in radio lies that way, as the trend this season would indicate with more and more original continuities being written.

The First Nighter may be heard each Friday at 10:00 P.M., E.S.T., over the following NBC stations:

WEAF, WEEL, WTIC, WJAR, WTAG, WCSH, WLIT, WFBR, WRC, WGY, WBEN, WCAE, WTAM, WWJ, WSAI, WMAQ, KSD, WOC, WHO, WOW, WDAF, KGO, WSMB, WKY, KPRC, WOAI, KOA, KDYL, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, WMC, WFAA, KSTP, WEBC, WSM, WSB, WTMJ.

He Wanted People to Like Him

(Continued from page 29)

and his hair and complexion are sandy. And he has a sort of aunt who lives in a place called Higganum. This would keep him normal even if nothing else would. Most of us have a sort of aunt or a sort of cousin living in a place called Higganum. He is from Worcester, Massachusetts, the same town that later boycotted Fred Allen. And from what I've learned about Worcester from various interviews, it must be crammed to overflowing with talented young boys on their way to fame and fortune. Walking around in Worcester must be like walking on eggs. Things have got to such a pretty pass there that the natives have to go around being nice to everybody for fear they will be inadvertently insulting some future idol. It has made a lot of sissies of them. A few years ago, a man named Harvey Driffle surreptitiously kicked a little boy who ran over his new lawn just on the outskirts of Worcester. The little boy ran home screaming and crying but nothing came of it until last Winter when this same Mr. Driffle visited Radio City and no sooner had he signed the visitors' book when he found himself out on his ear in the tropical fish pool. It seems that the boy had grown older and was a door slammer on the Sal Hepatica hour. He had left strict orders what to do to Mr. Driffle should he ever show up and the Radio City attendants, nothing loath, had followed them to the letter.

Fortunately for these talented young boys and fortunately for Worcester, most of them leave the town of their birth at an early age. I say, "fortunately for Worcester" because if every one of them had stayed there, the little city would find itself in a pretty pickle. These boys, not knowing which way to turn, would organize themselves into

little bands, or little theater groups as we call them in Connecticut. And everyone knows what has happened to Connecticut. The proud Nutmeg State has deteriorated into a hive for artists all of whom wear berets.

BUT to get back to Everett Marshall—from singing in the choir at Grace Church, he went to New York to study singing under George Hamlin. And in the Summer he got a job at Lake Placid teaching little boys to swim and teaching them how not to fall out of canoes. This was almost a career in itself. But Mr. Marshall who was young and could take it found himself with enough time left over to do a little singing on the side. And among the children that he fished out of the water were the children of John Raskob, the man who fought so valiantly side by side with Alfred E. Smith. John Raskob heard the young man sing and was enormously impressed by his voice. So that when Mr. Marshall went to the Conservatory of Music in Cincinnati the following Winter, he kept him in mind. In Cincinnati, he sold pianos and tried to sell insurance to help out with his expenses. He also had a choir he directed in his spare moments. After three years of hard work, Mr. Raskob sent him a check to come East. And it was decided that he had learned all he could in this country and it was time for the finishing touches to be put on by one of the well-known teachers abroad. Mr. Marshall was all for going to Italy but his advisers persuaded him to at least stop to see the famous teacher, Paddy O'Neil, in London. Mr. Marshall stopped and stayed.

By 1926, he was ready for his operatic debut, which he made in Palermo, Italy, in "Il Trovatore." And in 1927,

he made his debut at the Metropolitan in "Lohengrin." He feels now that he made this debut too soon. But he was anxious to get back to this country and show the people who had backed him during his years of study that he could sing at the Metropolitan, the goal of all singers, and knock them off their feet. He didn't quite knock them off their feet and he stayed at the Metropolitan four years singing minor roles. It was a frightful let-down for a young man. He was ambitious and suddenly things seemed to stand still for him. He felt that he wasn't getting anywhere and he was terribly anxious to make money. He felt that if he couldn't be one of the great artists of the opera, he would rather be making enough to justify the time and money spent on his voice.

SO he did a rather drastic thing. He left the opera and turned to the musical comedy stage. He thinks it is the best thing that ever happened to him. He played in "Melody" with Evelyn Herbert, in George White's Scandals and in the Follies. He also made "Dixiana" for the screen with Bebe Daniels. I remember his opening night and the reviews that followed it. He was something of a sensation.

He has even sung in vaudeville—five shows a day. "That's where I learned," he says, "to forget that I was a singer. I played before audiences who had paid forty cents to be amused. They hadn't any time to give me. From the second I came on the stage it was up to me to give them their money's worth. They didn't care how long I had studied or with whom. They wanted to hear something they knew and they wanted it to be good, but they wanted it without the frills. It was a great thing for me. It knocked my affectations into a cocked hat."

On his radio programs, Mr. Marshall again sticks to his policy of singing what people want to hear. Most of the songs he sings for you aren't the ones he'd choose himself. But he has the feeling that you're the doctor. He has never sung "Trees," probably because he feels that there is a limit to everything, even for a most obliging young man. As far as his appearance goes, you would do well to cut down your letters to your favorite crooner and direct a few to Mr. Marshall. He dresses well without looking at all like Jimmie Walker; he is the right size for a dancing partner without looking like one; he doesn't talk about himself too much. In fact, when Mr. Gaines of the World Broadcasting Studios tactfully left me alone with him, it looked for a while as though there might not be an interview. The information he gave me, he rattled off like a piece which he had been forced to learn and which he was glad to finish so as to get on with more engrossing things. In other words, Mr. Marshall is a very swell singer and a thoroughly nice young man.

Everett Marshall may be heard each Wednesday at 8:30 P.M., E.S.T., over the following CBS stations:

WABC, WADC, WOKO, WCAO, WNAC, WGR, WBBM, WKRC, CKLW, WOWO, WDRC, WFBM, KMBC, WHAS WCAU, WJAS, WEAN, KMOX, WFBL, WSPD, WJSV, KERN, KMJ, KHJ, KOIN, KFBK, KGB, KFRC, KDB, KOL, KFPY, KWG, KVI, WBT, KRLD, KLZ, WLAC, WDSU, KOMA, KSL, WIBW.

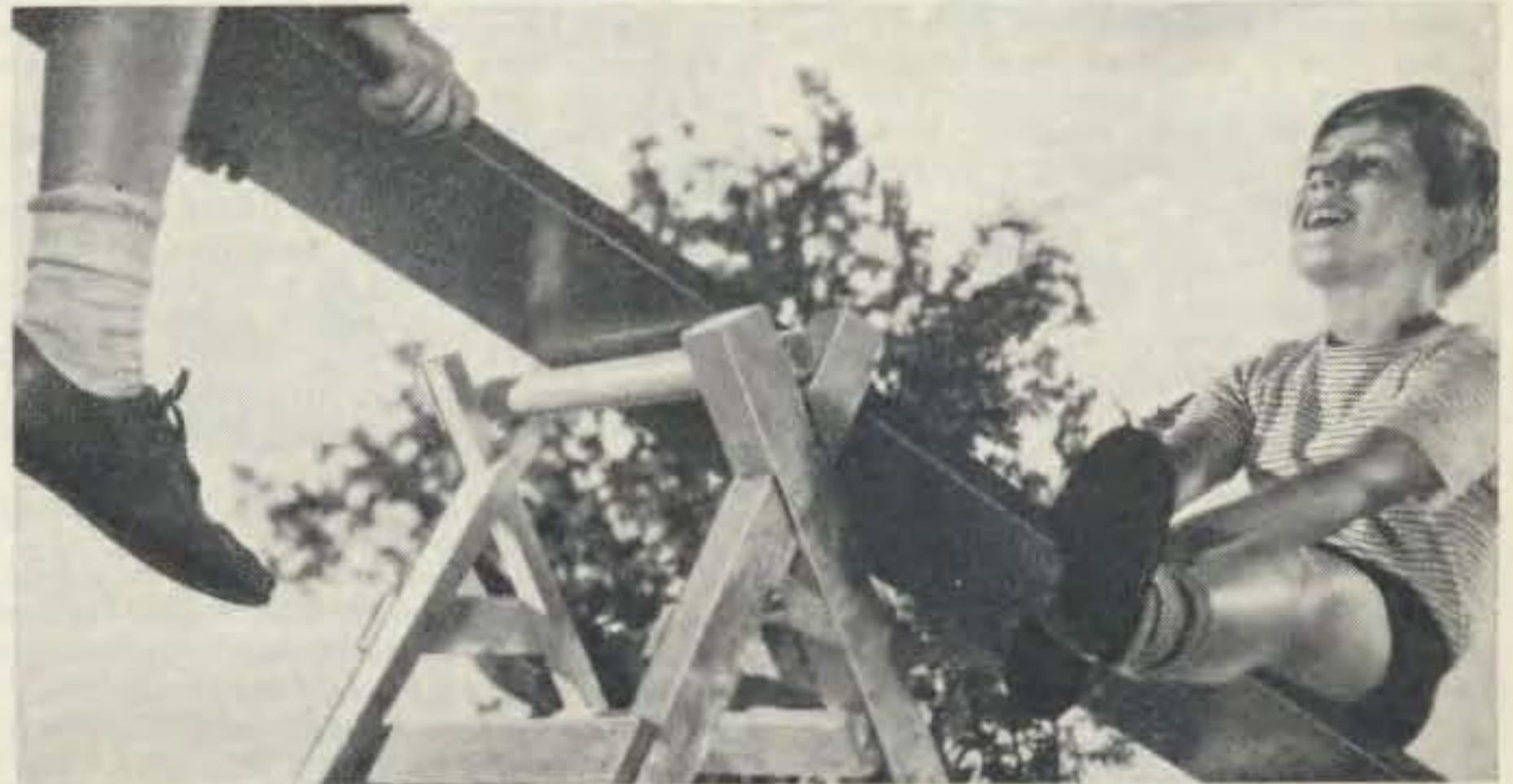
Tower Radio, December, 1934



"Peter, what has gotten into you? You're acting like a spoiled baby."



"Can't you tell Mother where to find the happy little boy she used to have?"



Peter can't answer, Mother, but we can. When a happy child suddenly becomes cross, contrary, sulky, he is usually constipated. Give him Fletcher's Castoria!

- A child's little symptoms should be taken seriously. A naughty child is often a child who is not well. His system is clogged with waste.
- At the first sign of trouble give Fletcher's Castoria—the laxative made especially for children. It acts gently but thoroughly. It is safe . . . contains no narcotics. And children love its taste.
- It's a grand first-aid, too, for the beginning of a cold. Look for the signature Chas. H. Fletcher on the carton. Buy the family-size bottle and save money!

Chas. H. Fletcher

CASTORIA

The Children's Laxative from Babyhood to 11 years



News for Radio Fans!—"Roxy" and his big new show, the Roxy Revue, are on the air for Fletcher's Castoria now. Don't miss it! It's grand fun, Saturdays, 8—8:45, Eastern Standard Time. Columbia Broadcasting System—coast-to-coast network.



New Charm with this amazing NAIL POLISH



New shades LADY LILLIAN Nail Polish—transparent or creme—made to harmonize with your natural coloring
—See Special Offer Below*

● A great many women believe that the first consideration in the choice of nail polish shades is the colors in their wardrobes. Beauty experts advise quite differently—say that nail polish shades should first of all match natural coloring for only then will nail polish help you attain the true charm of your color type.

No wonder the new shades of Lady Lillian Nail Polish first announced in *Vogue* are creating such a sensation. They include a full series of nine colors, based on the true colors of the artist's palette, in both transparent and creme type polishes.

The new Lady Lillian Polish shades flow on smoothly, leaving an unbroken surface without bubble or crumb. They dry rapidly, leaving no odor to collide with your perfume. They last and last because they do not chip and do not fade.

Individual bottles of Lady Lillian Nail Polish, Oil Polish Remover, Cuticle Remover and Cuticle Oil, cost but 25c at Department Stores and Drug Stores. There are 10c sizes at "five-and-tens." And you can buy complete Lady Lillian Manicure Sets at prices that will surprise you. Lady Lillian Products are approved by *Good Housekeeping*. Booklet "How to Enhance Your Natural Coloring" comes with polish and sets.

***TRIAL OFFER**—One daytime and one evening shade of Lady Lillian Nail Polish—made especially for your color type—with Oil Polish Remover, Cuticle Oil, Nail White, Emery Board, Manicure Stick and Cotton—and valuable booklet "How to Enhance Your Natural Coloring"—All for 12c.

I enclose 12c for the new Lady Lillian Manicure Set described above, I prefer Transparent . . . or Creme Polish. . .
I am True Blonde . . . Ash Blonde . . . Light Brunette . . .
Chestnut Brunette . . . Dark Brunette . . . Titian Red . . .
Silver Hair . . . Black Hair . . . Black with Silver . . .
Send also booklet "How to Enhance Your Natural Coloring."

Name
Address
City State
LADY LILLIAN (Dept. F)
1140 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

Prepare for Parties

(Continued from page 56)

the legs straight above you, keeping the feet together, the toes pointed. Raise them slowly while you count five, and then lower them slowly for the same count. This is an excellent exercise for both hips and waist.

Another good one is to stand with feet parallel, about six inches apart, and to bend forward from the waist, letting the finger tips come as near the floor as possible. Don't strain to touch the floor, however, as the real value of the exercise consists of the bending movement at the waistline, not in your ability to reach the floor.

These exercises, you see, build up weak muscles—and so increase the size of the parts exercised if you are underweight; and they rub away fat

that has gathered around lazy muscles, and so reduce the size of the girl who is overweight.

Harriet Hilliard may be heard with Ozzie Nelson's orchestra each Sunday at 7:30 P.M., E.S.T., over the following NBC stations:

WJZ, WBAL, WMAL, WBZ, WBZA, WSYR, WHAM, KDKA, WGAR, WJR, WLS, KWCR, KSO, KWK, WREN, KOIL, WTMJ, WIBA, KSTP, WEBC, WDAY, KFYR, WRVA, WPTF, WJAX, WIOD, WFLA, WSM, WMC, WSB, WJDX, WSMB, KVOO, WKY, WFAA, KPRC, WOAI, KOA, KDYL, KGO, KFL, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, KTAR.

Why I Killed the Baron

(Continued from page 13)

Jack Pearl is quick to reassure you on that point. "I love radio work, and I am busily preparing a new series with which to return to the air.

"I plan to get more variety into the new venture. I am going to play different characters, and there will be different settings. I want to try some little playlets, and occasionally there may be some pathos mixed in with the comedy."

The prospect of Jack Pearl's return to the air is a welcome thought to radio fans all over the country. Here is another bit of reassuring information.

"I plan to continue to work in the same style of German dialect," says Pearl. "That comedy dialect has come to be my trademark, and people expect it when they listen to me. As a matter of fact, I can do about eight different dialects, but it is the German dialect which has brought me most of whatever success I have had, and I mean to keep on using it."

Jack has an interesting theory about the value of vacations from the air. "I don't think it is wise for a comedian to stay on the air the whole year 'round. If he takes a vacation from radio for a quarter-year or half-year, he leaves his listeners wanting more, and when he eventually does return, the program is likely to be more enjoyable for actor and audience alike."

Jack Pearl tossed off this information just as he was about to sail for England and a vacation on the other side. He loves to travel, but he says he can stand just so much of it, and then he wants to pack up his things and come home!

The legitimate stage still has great appeal for Jack. "Stage training is fundamental," he says. "It is the basis of the other amusement arts, and usually you find that an actor or actress who has had that training will last longer either in the movies or on the radio than one who hasn't."

"Of course, any player will have reverses. There will be low spots in his career. But fundamental stage training is one of the best assurances of ultimate come-back that I know of. The career of Marie Dressler richly illustrates this. She had known both the heights and depths of fame, but her own ability remained constant, her

sweetness and generosity of spirit never deserted her, and she died one of the best loved women in the entire history of the American stage."

IT IS easy for Jack Pearl to lapse into seriousness. People who don't know him personally, who have never seen him except in his public appearances, often are surprised to learn what a shy, sensitive, and tremendously conscientious person he is. No one in radio worries more about his work, takes more pains in a constant effort to improve, than Jack Pearl. He has the mental slant of a true philosopher—he is genuinely honest both with himself and his fellowmen, and, no matter what else Jack Pearl may or may not do, there is one thing you can be sure of. He will never hand you a "phoney." Anything Jack Pearl tells you will be honest.

"Radio work in many ways is the most exciting branch of the amusement world," says Pearl. "In a theater—if you are lucky!—you might play to two thousand or more people per night. But just think—on radio, you reach instantly from ten to twenty million. You couldn't possibly play to that many people in a while lifetime of stage shows. That air audience is a tremendous responsibility. It requires the very best of material and playing to get and hold an audience, and it is an inspiration to any radio artist to try to deserve that many listeners."

Pearl has tried not only radio, but the movies, and of course, the stage. At the moment he is planning ventures in both other fields. Hitherto his stage work has been almost entirely in musical shows and revues. He has a new angle on this now.

"In my next stage venture I plan to try a straight play. I think it should have comedy, but it should also have pathos and human interest. The thing that I look for is a play that has a real theme, a real dramatic idea, and is not just a carpentered piece of entertainment. Such plays are rare, but I want to find one and do it on the stage."

"It might be that such a play would carry right on over, and could be adapted for the movies. Certainly I intend to do a movie, and it would be a nice thing to do a movie version of my stage play."

"One trouble with both radio and movies is the speed with which they eat up material. Sometimes it seems almost impossible to keep up with the demand for adequate radio material. This forms quite a contrast with the stage. For instance, David Warfield, in one long period of his career, was on the stage for twenty-seven years and used only four plays in all that time."

COMING back to radio, there are some things you might like to know about Jack Pearl's plans. What does he think of that catch-line, "Vas you dare, Sharlie?", and does he intend to use it, or another one like it, in his new ventures. Here's Jack on the subject.

"A catch-line such as 'Vas you dere, Sharlie?' can be a great asset," says Pearl. "It identifies you quickly, helps people to remember you, and gains force by repetition. But it is also a boomerang. Lots of people think you have nothing but a single catch-line. If you try to vary your program, and do something a little different, many listeners are disappointed. No matter how hard you try, you can't get away from your catch-line."

"I can say definitely now that my forthcoming programs will not have a catch-line. I think they are dangerous. I think you can get more color and variety into your work when you don't have to build to a single line on every program. Look at Eddie Cantor, Jack Benny, Burns and Allen—all of them certainly are topnotch stars on the radio, and not one of them uses a catch-line. From now on, Pearl won't use a catch-line, either."

That settles the catch-line question, but what about Baron Munchausen?

Jack Pearl tells you what he thinks about this question. "I think Baron Munchausen was more fun to play than any other character I ever did. No matter where I went, I was always hailed as 'The Baron'. People always spoke of me as 'The Baron', and when I would go to Washington, for instance, Senators and other officials often would ask me to pose for pictures with them because of the reflected glamour of the radio character of 'The Baron'."

IT IS hard to get away from a build-up like that. The whole thing is like what happened to Ed Wynn. For twenty-five years or more he had been one of the most popular comedy stars on the stage, a really top-rank name in the theater. In all those years and in all that fame, he was known as Ed Wynn. He went on the radio, and almost overnight he became the Fire Chief. So many more millions than he could ever hope to reach in a life-time of theater playing were in his radio audience that no matter what he does, great blocks of listeners will always think of him as the Fire Chief.

"The character of 'The Baron' had much the same effect. The radio audience is so large, the build-up so terrific, that you can't get away from a title like that. All you can do is to retain the title, but drop the characterization and insert your own personality and your own comedy instead. Here's a little secret for you. The character of 'Baron Munchausen' is gone, but in my future radio work I'll be known as—Baron Jack Pearl!"

Jack Pearl will return to the airwaves the middle of December. His program will be announced later.

HER LIPS WON HIM FROM ANOTHER



Natural lips win...
painted lips lose!

SOFT lips. Nice lips. Never conspicuous with jarring red paint. Simply alluring with rosy color that looks as though it was her own!

Men say time and again that they cannot stand the painted-mouth habit. Yet they are the first to admit that pale lips are equally unattractive. So, to be your loveliest, you should color your lips without painting them. Sounds impossible but it can be done by using the lipstick that *isn't* paint. This lipstick, known as Tangee, intensifies the natural color now in your lips!

LOOKS ORANGE—ACTS ROSE

In the stick Tangee looks orange. On your lips, it's rose. Not a jarring red. But a glowing shade of blush-rose most natural for your type. Don't be fooled by imitative orange-colored lipsticks: Tangee contains the original and exclusive color-change principle that enables it to color lips beautifully, *naturally*.

Cheeks must not look painted, either. Tangee Rouge gives same natural color as Lipstick. In new refillable gun-metal case. Buy Tangee refills, save money.

Tangee's special cream base soothes and softens dry, chapped lips. Goes on smoothly... becomes a very part of your lips, not a coating. Get Tangee in 39c and \$1.10 sizes. Also in Theatrical, a deeper shade for professional use. Or for quick trial, send 10c for 4-Piece Miracle Make-Up Set, Containing Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder.

UNTOUCHED—Lips left untouched are apt to have a faded look... make the face seem older.

PAINTED—Don't risk that painted look. It's coarsening and men don't like it.

TANGEE—Intensifies natural color, restores youthful appeal, ends that painted look.



World's Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK



Don't be switched!
Insist upon Tangee.
And patronize the
store that gives you
what you ask for

★ 4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET—10¢

THE GEORGE W. LUFT COMPANY TG124
417 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Rush Miracle Make-Up Set containing miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder. Enclosed find 10¢ (stamps or coin).

Check FLESH RACHEL EIGHT RACHEL
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Name _____ (Please Print)

Address _____

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KOOL

MILDLY MENTHOLATED CIGARETTES
[CORK-TIPPED]



a long gain for
THROAT COMFORT!

Block those hot cigarettes that scorch your throat. Signal for KOOLS! They're as far ahead on throat comfort as a forward pass ahead of a fumbled ball! KOOLS are *mildly* mentholated. The mild menthol refreshingly cools the smoke, soothes your throat, while your tongue enjoys the hearty flavor of the fine Turkish-Domestic tobacco blend.

Cork-tipped; they don't stick to lips. Finally, each pack carries a B & W coupon good for attractive, nationally advertised premiums. (Offer good in U. S. A. only.) Send for latest illustrated premium booklet.

SAVE COUPONS for
HANDSOME MERCHANDISE



15¢ for TWENTY 25¢ in CANADA

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.

Pigtails and the Purdue Soph

(Continued from page 28)

He began to ask how long it was likely to be before his particular group would be invited to the Taylors' again.

The fellows laughed. "So you've gone off the deep end too," they said. "Well, you're only running true to form. Falling in love with Uncle Ben's daughter has become part of the curriculum here." They thought, of course, that Ed had fallen for the older Taylor girl.

Nevertheless, by their kidding, they called Ed's attention to the fact that the restlessness with which he had been taken, that his brain switching to Mildred no matter what he was doing, that his constant imagining to chance encounters with her were **THAT THING CALLED LOVE.**

"I can remember," he says, "how delighted I was when Mildred's pigtails disappeared—greatly as I admired them. It meant, you see, she was growing up."

It's my guess Mildred Taylor's pigtails went up sooner than they otherwise would have because of Edward Nell. He's not a young man to be ignored by girls of any age, under any circumstances. He's tall and lean and strong. He has the easy confidence of a person who's never had any reason to doubt himself. His blue eyes are keen. And since he's always spent a good part of his time out of doors, his skin, even in the winter months, retains much of that warm color which the sun induces.

Besides, Ed could sing. Often on those Sunday evenings he would take his place beside the piano. Sometimes there would be the additional accompaniment of collegiate banjos and guitars.

"Then," he says, "Mildred used to turn from the fire and sit watching me, her sensitive little face cupped in her hands. The night I discovered she'd powdered over those three golden freckles on her nose I botched the song I was singing. Horribly!"

Powder . . . Mildred was growing up! Of course Ed was excited!

The Nells had hoped their son would be a singer. His voice had been trained as a matter of course. Two afternoons a week, after high school, he had been obliged to work with one of the teachers in his father's famous Indianapolis school of music.

"I thought music was all right for father," Ed explains now, "but sissy for me. I was more interested in mechanics. I'd built my own radio. And the radio license I'd received from the government I prized above everything else I owned.

"So when I was graduated from High and father asked me what I wanted to study I told him engineering. He was disappointed. I know that now. But at the time I had no inkling of it."

Back in 1916 and 1917 when Ed sang the stirring, lilting war songs at the Taylors' it is reasonable to suppose that he sang them well. It wasn't imagination on his part either, as Mildred Taylor Nell today will attest, that her eyes went soft with dreams when he sang. There was one song especially which she knew in her bones he sang to her alone.

"There's a long, long trail awinding . . . there's a long, long time of waiting . . . until the day when I'll be walk-

ing down that long, long trail with you . . ."

Mildred couldn't grow up fast enough.

America entered the war. Hoping to get into the flying branch of the service, Ed enlisted in the Navy. But he was sent back to Purdue as a naval student, a future need of trained engineers being anticipated.

Mildred, of course, was the very first person to see him in his uniform. She'd always known he was attractive. But now . . . well!

Before Ed was called into active service the Armistice was signed.

Then he was graduated.

"At Purdue," he says, "I had the record for the longest attendance, up to my time. Someone has beaten me since, I understand. Shame on him! Altogether I was there five and one-half years."

I hasten to add that this does not indicate that Edward Nell, Junior, isn't a bright young man. As a Naval student his course was interrupted. He was, besides, often absent from his classes for weeks at a time. He traveled with the Purdue band, as soloist. In those days no credits were given for activities outside of the class-rooms.

More and more music became important in Mr. Nell's scheme of things. More and more he proved himself his father's son, until one day he made a very important decision. He decided not to be an engineer after all. He determined to be a singer.

If you are any good at all as a singer you're likely to get ahead faster than you will as an engineer. A man's place in the world and an independent income Edward Nell wanted to achieve as rapidly as possible. He had notions about getting married.

NOW the love between him and Mildred was mutual, accepted. Together they went everywhere. No other fellow ever bought her a huge chrysanthemum to wear to a football game. And it was Ed who took her to her first frat dance.

Delighted at his son's change of heart, Edward Nell, Senior, sent Ed to New York to study with the finest teachers.

"However," Ed says, "I used to return home frequently so father could get me straightened out. He always understood more about my voice than anyone else."

Trained for a career of music, out hunting his first job, Edward Nell, Junior, might very well have experienced difficulty and trouble. But nothing of the kind happened. He was engaged, almost at once, to sing in the chorus of "No, No, Nanette" and to understudy two of the principals. At sixty-five dollars a week.

Leaving the manager's office Ed whistled, and computed the time it likely would have taken him to earn this much weekly as an engineer.

From the first telephone booth he came to he called Mildred. She was East at a finishing school. He told her, jubilantly, that he now was in a position to get married.

"Oh Ed . . ." she said. "Oh Ed!" And before she had the receiver back on its hook she was planning her bridal dress and her trousseau.

"No, No, Nanette" played for two

years. It was during the incredibly long Chicago engagement that Ed got one night off. He arrived in Lafayette only a few hours before the organ in the big brick church pealed forth the wedding march for that fashionable wedding in which he was as unimportant as grooms are likely to be, particularly when the bride's as lovely as Mildred Nell, nee Taylor.

A honeymoon beside a moon-washed lake is something. A honeymoon is something anywhere. But Mildred Nell—returning to Chicago with her actor husband, meeting all the members of the company, welcomed backstage as if she belonged there—counts her honeymoon the most thrilling ever.

It was in "The Vagabond King," as understudy to Dennis King, and playing the title role on Sunday nights when King did not appear, that Edward Nell, Junior, really made his mark.

TODAY, in more ways than one, he and Mildred are sitting on top of the world. His radio work, in which he becomes more and more popular, permits them long hours on the golf course and on the beach.

Their home is a penthouse topping one of New York's big apartment buildings. Their windows overlook the sun rising out of the pale blue East River in the morning and sinking behind the Hudson, coppery in its reflected light, at night.

They've been together now for years, Edward and Mildred Nell. But they continue as happy as two people can be when they love each other and have congenial work to keep them busy.

"I've got Mildred working for me now," Ed boasts, grinning. "She was so successful in the hat business into which she dipped, restless for something to do, that I outbid her employer. I thought it only good business to keep such charming executive qualities right in the family.

"She attends to all my affairs and leaves me free to concentrate upon my singing and study. And every week I give her a check for the salary we agreed upon."

You'll have to take Edward Nell's word for Mildred Nell's efficiency. But I can vouch for her charm.

I saw her one morning as she was about to set out upon Ed's affairs. She looked more like a debutante bound for luncheon at the Junior League. She wore a very tailored tan suit and looked extremely feminine in it. A casual little brown felt hat pulled down over her soft fair hair matched her brown silk blouse beautifully. And when she opened the flat leather bag she carried there was a whiff of fragrance that had all the enchantment of an old-fashioned garden.

At the sight of her, Edward Nell, Junior's eyes deepened with love and pride. And she saw this. You could tell by the fluttery little catch that came into her voice.

No wonder this radio star brings such a youthful spirit to his songs. He's found life a wonderful lark. And he has the capacity for enjoying a good thing when he has it.

Edward Nell, Jr., may be heard each Thursday at 8:30 P.M., E.S.T., over the following CBS stations:

WABC, WADC, WOKO, WCAO, WAAB, WNAC, WGR, WKBW, WBBM, WKRC, WHK, WOWO, WDRC, WFBM, KMBC, WHAS, WCAU, WJAS, WEAN, KMOX, WFBL, WSPD, WJSV, CKLW.

"... and you can actually



OVENBAKE *in these* *pretty* TABLE DISHES?"

EVERY single piece can be used in the oven! All the bowls and serving dishes, platters and saucy individual French casseroles, the pie plates and custard cups—even the cups, saucers and plates—stand oven heat, oven baking.

The dishes don't get that brown, cooked look, either. They don't "craze."

Is it beans for dinner? Then oven-bake them in the individual bean pots. Or how about a baked meat dish or scalloped vegetables or any one of a dozen, or a hundred, other things? Cook them in these dishes and whisk them from oven to table in the same dishes.

And OvenServe dishes are simple to wash, too. No scraping, no scouring are necessary—just use hot wa-

ter, soap and the dishmop.

Cost a lot? No, ma'am! Just a fraction of the cost of the kitchen ovenwares you know about. And OvenServe dishes have the added advantage of being table dishes, not kitchen ware.

POPOVERS! UMMM!

- 1 cup flour
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 7/8 cup milk
- 2 eggs
- 1/2 tsp. melted butter

Mix salt and flour, add milk gradually to make a smooth, very thin batter. Beat whole eggs until light and add to mixture. Add butter. Beat hard. Turn into buttered OvenServe custard cups, filling them from a half to two-thirds full. Bake 30-35 minutes, beginning with a hot oven (450° F.) and decreasing gradually to moderate oven (375° F.) as popovers begin to brown.

Makes 6 popovers.

Note: Thorough beating and correct temperature are the secrets of perfect popovers.

OVENSERVE

SOLD AT

F. W. WOOLWORTH CO.
FIVE AND TEN CENT STORES





**BIG MEAL DAYS
ARE S.O.S. DAYS**



**... a stacked sink ...
no terrors ... with the
magic of S.O.S.**

After the feast, all those greasy pots and pans.

Never mind. You can have them shining like new again in double-quick time.

S.O.S. will do the trick. Like magic.

It "cuts" the grease. It scours away the burnt-on food. It polishes.

Put S.O.S. on your big meal shopping list. Or mail coupon for a trial package.



FREE Mail this coupon or a post-card to The S.O.S. Company, 6204 W. 65th Street, Chicago, Ill., for a free trial package of S.O.S. You'll like it!

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

Around the World on a Postage Stamp

(Continued from page 37)

his programs consist of these stories, rather than technical discussions of the size, appearance and rarity of the stamps themselves. That is why Captain Tim's programs are so fascinating for both young and old, whether they are stamp collectors or not.

CAPTAIN TIM'S own history is quite as interesting as that of any of the stamps he talks about! He was born in Australia, in the city of Sydney, and attended the University of Sydney there. When the World War broke out in 1914, he was one of the first to enlist and was in the original Australia-New Zealand Army Corps, whose initial letters were used to form the popular name "Anzacs," by which the soldiers of that corps were known.

Captain Healy saw service in Egypt, Arabia, Palestine and was cited for bravery in that desperate, bitter campaign of the British army at Gallipoli. He started as a soldier of the line, but was rapidly promoted and was assigned to duty in the Intelligence Service, which seeks out military information about the enemy, and is more intricate and mysterious—and frequently more dangerous—than the actual firing line.

After the Gallipoli campaign, Captain Healy was transferred to the Western front and served with the British army in France. He continued his military intelligence work, and took part in or came in contact with countless hair-raising adventures of spying and counter-spying, and his spy stories are always a big feature of his radio programs over the NBC network.

After the war, Captain Healy returned to his childhood hobby of stamp collecting, and became a lecturer on the subject. He has lectured in many countries, and he has spoken before actually millions of school children in the United States. Principals of schools, welfare organizations, men's service clubs, the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A., churches, and similar organizations always welcome Captain Healy because his lectures are so educational, and the study of stamps, besides being a fascinating hobby, teaches so much of geography and history. Last year Captain Healy went on the air and was an immediate success, receiving several thousand letters in his very first week of broadcasting, without any advance advertising whatever. Now he has received hundreds of thousands of letters from listeners, and this Fall he is being heard over a big new National Broadcasting network that enables him to reach one of the largest audiences in radio.

All of this started with a postage stamp. Captain Tim advises you, too, to start a collection, and he has some further hints for you.

"The easiest way to start," says Captain Tim, "is to gather some simple, direct line of stamps. For instance, one may set out to get at least one stamp from every country in the world listed in the album. The countries run into the hundreds, so this is not so easy as it may sound, and you

will learn about a lot of countries you never even heard of before.

"Another thing one might do would be to gather a set of the rulers of the world. Heads of rulers, of course, are a favorite decoration for stamps. Again, one might assemble farm scenes from all over the world; or stamps showing means of transportation; or stamps commemorating historical incidents. The United States issues are especially rich in these historical stamps, and the United States has just now a very beautiful series showing, in the various denominations, the various national parks of our country.

"One must learn at the start to take good care of a stamp collection. An album is essential, and it is necessary to use little 'hinges' to paste your stamps in the album. These hinges are tiny strips of paper with adhesive or 'stickum' on each end. You attach the stamp to one end, and then attach the other end to the page of your album. This is important, because the stamps can then be removed for selling or trading or transferring to a larger album by simply pulling off the little hinge. If a stamp is pasted flat on the album page, it becomes almost impossible to remove without damage to the stamp.

"There are several ways to enlarge a collection, once it is started. One of the best is to join a stamp club. That way you meet members with a similar interest, you learn about other stamps and other collections, and you trade duplicates. If you have two stamps of a certain kind, you find a friend who has two of some other kind and trade with him. In that way each of you gains a new stamp for his collection.

OTHER good ways are to have friends or relatives, especially any who may work in banks or business firms having dealings with foreign countries, watch out for unusual stamps and save them for you. Or you may come upon interesting discoveries in old desks or among old papers in the attic. Of course, one can always buy stamps from dealers, and there are dealers all over the world. There are also several magazines published which deal with stamp collecting—or philately, which is the official name for it—and they list news and offerings from everywhere.

"Don't be too ambitious at the start. You can't possibly collect all the stamps ever issued, and nobody can. Begin gradually, and you will find stamp collecting one of the grandest—and most instructive—hobbies on earth."

The Ivory Stamp Club with Captain Tim Healy may be heard each Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 5:45 P.M., E.S.T., over the following NBC stations:

WEAF, WTIC, WTAG, WEEL, WJAR, WCSH, WFBR, WRC, WGY, WBEN, WCAE, WTAM, WWJ, WMAQ, KSD, WOC, WHO, WOW, WDAF, WTMJ, WIBA, KSTP, WEBC.

Tony Wons' New Scrap Book

(Continued from page 25)

his vocabulary, he had taken the dictionary, started at the very beginning and proceeded to memorize the words and their meanings. Such ambition should not pass unnoticed. Imagine trying to memorize the entire dictionary! It's a good trick if he can do it. The trouble is, though, in cases of this kind, the lad will probably never speak in words of one or two syllables when he can use another word containing four or five.

NOTE to people who nurse grudges: Time spent getting even would be better spent getting ahead.

ONE of the most unfair practices is judging people by first impression. There are so many possible occurrences in this involved world that you cannot mark down a person's character after one meeting. Suppose you are introduced to a fellow. His hair is ruffled, his hands rough. His clothes are not neatly pressed. The collar of his shirt is wrinkled. So what? Beneath that rough exterior beats a heart of gold. Perhaps the same fellow is usually the picture of neatness, but he had to fix a flat tire.

He may say something and you will judge him by that remark. But it may not indicate his true character at all. You may be greatly impressed by the remark and think the man is a deep thinker. Yet, the fellow may be very shallow, impressing people at first meeting because he has a few effective stock remarks.

You can't really know a person unless you've known him for many months. Even then you don't know him. Some people can never be understood, because they don't even understand themselves.

AMERICA certainly is a strange country, according to a Hollander who was up at the radio station the other day to inspect the studios. "What is the queerest custom you noticed here?" I asked him.

"The United States has many wonderful things," he answered, "but by far the most wonderful is the cocktail. You put whiskey in to make it strong, water to make it weak; gin to make it hot; ice to make it cold; lemon to make it sour; sugar to make it sweet; then you say, 'Here's to you' and you drink it yourself! What a country!"

Tony Wons may be heard each Sunday at 5:30 P.M., E.S.T., over the following NBC stations:

WEAF, WTIC, WEEL, WJAR, WCSH, WFI, WRC, WGY, WBEN, WCAE, WTAM, WWJ, WMAQ, WHO, WOW, WDAF, WOAL, CRCT, CFCF, WRVA, WPTF, WWNC, WIS, KVOO, WKY, KTHS, WBAP, KPRC, WTAG, WOC.

He is also heard on Monday through Saturday inclusive at 11:15 A.M., E.S.T., over the following NBC stations:

WJZ, WBZ, WBZA, WBAL, WMAL, WSYR, WHAM, KDKA, WGAR, WJR, VCKY, KWK, KWCR, KSO, KOIL, WREN, WENR.



GOLDEN LOVELINESS RESTORED TO DARKENING BLONDE HAIR

Marchand's Hair Scientists Are Helping Thousands to Protect Blonde Beauty

REMEMBER — nature gave you pretty, blonde hair. It's in your nature to be blonde—you have every right to keep your hair as radiant as nature created it. Give blonde hair the special care it needs—and Marchand's hair scientists promise that the lovely tints of girlhood will return to your hair. Their fine product, Marchand's Golden Hair Wash, is scientifically prepared to offset darkening, to restore clear golden tints.

Right now, thousands of women are using Marchand's to protect blonde hair from darkening. Women of refinement, beauties of stage and screen like the way Marchand's works. You can control the effect so nicely. Hair can be lightened just a tiny shade at a time until you obtain the tint that pleases you most. New hair growing in can be matched.

Marchand's is perfectly safe, it is not a dye or powder. It will not wash out or come off, it has a lasting effect on the hair. Easy to do at home. No skill required.

Beautiful results are assured—Marchand's won't disappoint you.

Also Makes Arm and Leg Hair Invisible!

The same reliable Marchand's makes dark excess hair **INVISIBLE** like the light unnoticeable down on the blonde's skin. This avoids shaving—you have no fear of re-growths at all because you do not cut or attempt to destroy the hair. Limbs look dainty and attractive thru the sheerest of stockings. Easy, inexpensive.

Ask Your Druggist Or Get By Mail —Use Coupon Below

Marchand's

GOLDEN HAIR WASH

C. MARCHAND CO., 251 W. 19th St., N.Y.C.
 45c enclosed (send coins or stamps). Please send me a regular bottle of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. T.G. 1234
 Name.....
 Address.....City.....State.....

Radio Comes of Age

(Continued from page 23)



SAY
PARISIENNES

But you can buy
and be
Irresistible

PARISIENNES know that love is a treasure beyond price . . . but they are always able to win love, for they make themselves fascinating with the lure of an exciting, seductive perfume. Such is **IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME**. Its exotic fragrance stirs senses . . . thrills . . . awakens love. It makes you divinely exciting, glamorous, utterly irresistible.

Try all the Irresistible Beauty Aids . . . each has some special feature that gives you glorious new loveliness. Irresistible Lip Lure melts into your lips leaving no trace of paste or film . . . just soft, warm, ripe, red, indelible color that makes your lips beg for kisses. Four gorgeous shades to choose from. Irresistible Face Powder is so satin-fine and clinging that it absolutely hides small blemishes and gives you a skin that invites caresses.

Irresistible Beauty Aids are guaranteed to be of the purest, finest quality . . . like \$1 or \$2 preparations. Be irresistible tonight . . . buy **IRRESISTIBLE BEAUTY AIDS** today . . . full size packages only 10¢ each at your 5 and 10¢ store.

Ask at the cosmetic counter for Irresistible Perfume, Lip Lure, Face Powder, Vanishing, Liquefying, Cold Cream, Cologne, Brilliantine, Talcum Powder.



Irresistible
FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK

as head of the advertising and publicity department of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, the highest paid publicity man in the show business. If a project interested him, be it writing a new song or playing ping pong or anagrams (he excels at all three) he would turn aside to do it, but his enthusiasms were as unpredictable as his performances were brilliant. Whether or not he could be interested in radio was an open question, but De Angelo, who had directed pictures for the same company for which Dietz directed publicity, decided to try it.

If he got Dietz, he would have to get Arthur Schwartz to go with him. The fame of these two was inseparably bound together in creating songs, Dietz writing the words and Schwartz composing the music. Equally facile in music styles as Dietz was in word styles, Schwartz' tunes many times had set the whole country humming and whistling.

ALL three men were interested, all right, but all three commanded genuinely big money. Advisers told De Angelo he'd better pull in his horns, and seek cheaper writers; that no sponsor would pay such money as these three men were accustomed to getting. But De Angelo stuck to his principle. If genuinely big talent was to come out of a program, genuinely big talent must go into it. He went into a huddle with Cooper, Dietz and Schwartz.

Now some really high powered brains were represented at that conference. These four men, each in his own way, had plunged into the New York maelstrom and had conquered. The hard glitter of New York success was upon them. Yet they were unanimous on one principle that was to be forever first and foremost. No matter what else happened, they meant to desert Broadway.

New York is not the United States, and these men knew it. The surface glamour, the slick smartness, the hard state of mind denoted by the term "Broadway" were what New York might want, but the rest of the country didn't. Human beings live west of the Hudson river, and these men meant to reach those human beings.

Ryley Cooper, a Colorado boy who made good in the big city, was to go back to his western beginnings for the story. Howard Dietz, a native New Yorker but an offhand, casual lad who never let the big town "get" him, would write simple song lyrics that people love. Arthur Schwartz, a New Jersey boy who survived the kidding that New Yorkers love to aim at anything from neighboring "Jersey" and lived to show the big town itself a thing or two, would write songs that people could sing and remember.

"THE GIBSON FAMILY" on the air would consist of real human beings whom listeners would recognize and love. A perfect tie-in with the sponsor's product (always a difficult element in commercial radio) was available immediately. A fictional Gibson family had been used as a basis for much of the company's magazine advertising, and the radio story would bring this family to life and extend its adventures.

Production principles were next to be worked out. "We wanted this program to set a new high standard in radio production," says Director De Angelo. "Original musical comedy was our form, but instead of putting it on the stage, we were putting it on the radio. Our task was to take the visual and make it oral. We wanted always to maintain the feeling of reality. To do this we paid special attention to sound effects and atmospheric elements of the program, and strove for naturalness of speech in the reading of lines. We eliminated such artificial conventions as musical 'bridges' between scenes, and concentrated our attention on straightforward, smooth-flowing narrative."

SPEAKING of the story, Cooper says, "Actually 'The Gibson Family' is not musical comedy. It is comedy-drama with music. I try to make every incident end on a definite dramatic upbeat. I put in comedy along with the drama, but the yarn must necessarily be full of dramatic punch. The punch must reveal itself continually and not drool off into quiet finishes. We give the listeners Action with Music."

As for the music, Howard Dietz says, "First of all, one must keep in mind that Schwartz and I are NOT trying to write hit tunes for Broadway. We want good songs, we want simple songs, but above all we want songs that fit the story. If the songs don't come naturally into the narrative, they are out." Dietz and Schwartz are quite sincere in this attitude, but listeners who heard their songs, especially those three on the opening program, "Under Your Spell," "Hi De Home Sweet Home" and "Cowboy, Where Are You Riding?" think they may be a little too modest in their disclaimer of any intention of writing hit songs. Sometimes you just can't keep a good song from becoming a hit!

The musical direction of the program was entrusted to Don Voorhees, one of the best of radio orchestra leaders, and he assembled a distinguished company of soloists, orchestra and chorus to interpret the music. The National Broadcasting Company offered as its production representative Lester O'Keefe, one of the ablest production directors on its staff, a young man who has toured the country as a featured juvenile in musical comedy, a song writer and member of the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers in his own right, and an expert on all production details of radio broadcasting.

IN line with the experience of other big programs on the air, "The Gibson Family" found that in some roles best results were obtained by having a singer to sing the role, and an actor to act the same role. Here, again, the casting was carried through with the same determination to get the very finest talent available, regardless of cost, as governed the choice of writer and composer.

More than one hundred baritones tried out for the masculine leading role which was eventually awarded to Conrad Thibault, who had been featured in opera, concert and radio

work. Opposite him is Lois Bennett, a soprano from the musical comedy stage. These are the two singing sweethearts heard on the program. The role of Sally, daughter of the Gibson family, which Miss Bennett sings (she was chosen over forty other aspirants) is acted by Adele Ronson, one of the most beautiful and talented of the younger leading ladies in radio.

GREAT favorites in the Gibson family stories are Billy, the 17-year-old son of the house, and his giddy young sweetheart, Dottie Marsh. These two are played by two of the most welcome newcomers who appeared on the NBC networks last season. They are Jack and Loretta Clemens, brother and sister, and as natural, friendly and thoroughly likeable a pair of kids as you will find anywhere in radio. Virtually the entire NBC staff was rooting for this pair and hoping for a "break" for them, and now in "The Gibson Family" it has come magnificently.

Ernest Whitman, Negro actor, singer and comedian, who appeared in the New York production of "Green Pastures," takes the part of Awful, the colored man-of-all-work, and carries a large share of the comedy burden. The cast includes such well-known actors of radio and the stage as Ann Elsner, William Adams and Jack Rosleigh. The action of "The Gibson Family" series takes place on a dude ranch in the West, and in addition to a vocal ensemble of eighteen voices, there is a male quartette headed by "Scrappy" Lambert to lead in cowboy and other songs. Each program of "The Gibson Family" series is designed to be pretty much complete in itself, although fitting into a related whole, and the author and composer keep the writing of their programs from four to six weeks ahead of performance.

Such are the elements that went into the making of "The Gibson Family." Is it any wonder, then, that the sponsor liked the program as soon as he heard it, and signed up immediately for a series of 39 full-hour programs, even though this involved a total expenditure of close to one million dollars? De Angelo, Cooper, Dietz and Schwartz had stuck by their guns—and they triumphed. Tune in next Saturday night and see what a grown-up radio program is like!

The Gibson Family may be heard each Saturday at 9:30 P.M., E.S.T., over the following NBC stations:

WEAF, WTIC, WTAG, WEEL, WJAR, WCSH, WFL, WFBR, WRC, WGY, WBN, WCAE, WTAM, WWJ, WLW, WMAQ, KSD, WOW, WDAF, WTMJ, WBA, WEBC, WDAY, KFYZ, KOA, KDYL, KGO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, KSTP.

Are you making full use of
PROGRAMS YOU'LL WANT
TO HEAR?

Your favorite hour is listed
with the time and network.

"I can't be bothered with
sticky hand lotions"

Mrs. Frank Buck



Even in the jungle, helping "Bring 'em Back Alive,"
she keeps her hands beautiful this quick, modern way

"WHEN I check supplies for one of our trips," says Mrs. Buck, "I make sure that I have plenty of Pacquin's Hand Cream. Tropical countries are dreadfully hard on the hands. My hands would be leathery and wrinkled

if I didn't care for them with Pacquin's. It is so quick, so sure, the skin absorbs it at once...and I don't have to wait for my hands to dry as you do with those sticky lotions. I can use it anywhere, any time. I advise any woman with busy hands to use Pacquin's."

Women who use their hands a lot do find Pacquin's a blessing. It takes literally no time to dry—your skin seems to absorb this soothing cream instantly. Pacquin's feeds the skin because it goes into the underlayers. So different from old-fashioned lotions that stay on the surface of your hands and keep you waiting until they evaporate. Send for the introductory jar of Pacquin's.



PACQUIN LABORATORIES CORPORATION
Dept. 3-B, 101 West 31st Street, New York, N. Y.
Please send me your generous trial jar of
Pacquin's Hand Cream for which I enclose 10¢.

Name.....

Address.....

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

Pacquin's *Hand Cream*



*And I had
to be Scolded
into trying it*

"A friend who knew how I suffered every month kept scolding me until I had to try Midol. How glad I am that she did! Two tablets see me through my worst day comfortably. I tell every girl I discover who is still suffering the way I used to."

Many users of these remarkable tablets have given them endorsement as strong as that! Many are grateful enough to spread the word at every opportunity. For Midol *does* bring definite relief, and prompt relief from periodic pain even to those who have always suffered severely. You can go through this trying time without those severe pains if you use Midol. At least, many women do—and find they can be quite as active as usual.

The best way to use these tablets is, of course, to anticipate the time for any expected pain—or at least, take a tablet the first moment there is the slightest indication of the pain coming on. There is no need to postpone the comfort of this special medicine, for there is no harmful effect from its use—no after-effects.

That's the beauty of this discovery; Midol is as harmless as the aspirin you take for an ordinary headache. Don't be afraid of the speed with which Midol takes hold; it is *not* a narcotic. All drug-stores have these tablets.

Out of Darkness

(Continued from page 34)

Like every daughter of Oklahoma she had ridden horseback from the time she could remember. And the wilder the horses the better. She had often been thrown, but bruises and cuts were nothing in Lee's young life. It was a very bad fall, which occurred one day while she was riding, that affected the nerves of her eyes and left her totally blind.

Can you imagine what such an accident would mean to a young girl? She had just finished high school. She was beautiful, talented, and well known in the town. Life stretched alluringly before her. And just as she was about to taste the cup of life, she was plunged into darkness.

Frantically, her family tried to save her. But the doctors all shook their heads. There was, they said, no hope. Lee must simply reconcile herself to the tragedy.

Such a reconciliation would seem, to me, to be almost impossible for a girl so young and lovely. But Lee was determined that, instead of taking her life (as certainly she thought of doing), she should live a rich, full life in spite of her dreadful handicap.

In six months she had changed from a carefree kid into a thoughtful, courageous young woman. And although now Lee speaks of this metamorphosis as something quite simple and natural, any sensitive person knows that it must have taken an amazing amount of bravery to accomplish it.

HER sight was gone. But one thing was left. She did have her hearing. She could still play the piano without seeing the keys. She could still sing. Someone brought her a ukulele and she learned to strum that. But her greatest joy during those heartbreaking months was the radio. Hour after hour she sat and listened. Not seeing, she made mental pictures of the people whose voices she heard over the air. She enjoyed imagining what they were really like, and what they were thinking about as they brought such comfort to people like her who had no other comfort.

It was then that she determined she would have a career. Hundreds of avenues to success were closed to her, but the radio was possible. She would study hard. She would make her singing voice lovely and true. She might, perhaps, sing on one of the big radio hook-ups. That would make her life worthwhile.

And with this resolve came to her a great peace. Now that she had an ambition, a goal, the darkness was not so hard to bear. If she could bring to listeners the peace that the radio artists had brought to her, her life would not have been lived in vain.

THERE was, in Tulsa, one doctor who had not agreed with most people that Lee's case was hopeless. He believed she had merely sustained a terrific nervous shock when she had been thrown from the horse. And somehow he felt that something could be done to restore the function of the nerves and bring back her sight. He did not dismiss her case.

It is difficult now for Lee to talk about that incredible day when she saw again.

"It did not come suddenly," she told me, "but it was enough to let me know

that I would be cured. And when at last I completely regained my sight..." she hesitated. "Did you ever feel as if you wanted to kneel down and kiss the earth? Did you ever feel as if you could embrace the world with your two arms? I can't describe how I felt. But I remember. . . . Curiously enough, the mental agony of that year is gone from my mind now. But I still can conjure up the ecstasy I felt when I was well at last.

"And how to describe my feeling for the doctor who brought back my sight. I felt as if I should get down on my knees to him. I was really in love with him for what he had done for me. I told my mother that I wanted to marry him. I would have cut off my right arm for him if he had asked me to."

There followed, after her sight was returned to her again like some miraculous gift from the gods, a strange period of adjustment. She had lived in darkness for so long that it was hard to live in the world of light again. Everything seemed strange and unreal to her. And she had completely changed. She was a thoughtful young woman now. She had had time to learn to know herself. And the ambition born when she had no joy but the radio was still the guiding force of her life.

WHEN she was completely well, both mentally and physically, she came to New York and, step by slow step, climbed the shaky ladder of radio fame until now she is one of the air's most important stars. And actually now she is grateful for that year—grateful for all the things she learned to desire.

She is rather appalled at the sophistication she sees about her in New York—the blasé attitude taken by so many people. Not very long ago, a girl she knows had a date with her best beau. The man said, "Bring Lee along. I like her because she is so enthusiastic."

In relating the incident Lee said, "It hadn't occurred to me to realize that I am enthusiastic. But I suppose I am. And why shouldn't I be? Knowing what, without that wonderful doctor, my life might have been, how could I help but get pleasure from everything I do. Going to a party, buying a new dress, learning a new song—all are thrilling and wonderful experiences to me still. For you see, I haven't quite forgotten."

She is possessed of a tremendous vitality. "Oh, there are so many things I still want to do. I am still studying singing. I want to be as good a singer as I can be. The songs I like best are those that tell a story. I think that many people slight the lyrics when they sing—and some lyrics, I admit, deserve to be slighted. But the best songs are those that tell, in music, some sincere message.

"I WANT to go further in radio, and even then I won't be completely satisfied. I hope that motion pictures will come next. And then? I want to go on and to prove to myself and my doctor that I was worth the saving.

"But most of all I want to be honest and sincere with myself and the people of whom I am fond. I loathe affectation. I can't stand insincerity. I just don't want to be around people who 'put on an act.' I've learned that being

something you're not isn't worth the effort."

If "being herself" is one of Lee's ambitions, she has achieved it. She is completely unaffected, utterly natural. You cannot look into her lovely eyes without seeing in them real honesty.

As I have already told you, she did not want to mention her year of blindness. It was her honesty that caused her to do so. We had been talking about strange accidents of fate that change lives.

She said, "My life was changed by a serious illness that lasted a year."

Innocently I asked, "What sort of illness?"

She looked at me directly. I saw that she was mentally struggling with herself. Her honesty won. "I was blind," she said.

AND then she told me that the reason she had not, herself, mentioned it before was her terrific fear of pity. And to show you her courageousness, I must tell you that she still rides horseback completely without fear.

But I wanted you to have this story. I want, particularly, those of you whose chief happiness is the radio to know that, when Lee Wiley sings, she is singing directly to you. She knows, you see, exactly how you feel.

Meet the Missus

(Continued from page 49)

and her talented husband, Don Ross. This past theatrical season they played together in "The Follies." While they do not sing together on the air, they attend each other's rehearsals and broadcasts. When Don is broadcasting he can see Jane in the control room, singing his songs with him and nodding encouragement. And when Jane is facing the mike, Don is sure to be in the immediate vicinity to encourage her with his presence and concern.

The Rosses live in Garden City, a Long Island suburb of New York. On their days off they swim, ride and play tennis and golf together.

MY space is about exhausted and I haven't room now to tell of the happy home life of Gladys Swarthout, the Metropolitan mezzo-soprano, heard on the Palmolive Beauty Box Theater program, and her hubby, Frank Chapman, concert and operatic star. Nor of Irene Wicker and her husband, Walter Wicker, who broadcast from the Chicago studios of NBC, and Donna Damerl and Gene Kreitzinger, of "Myrt and Marge," and a host of others.

For this story of coworkers would be almost endless if I should try to introduce you to all the helpmates in radio. Some of them, like Margaret Livingston, Paul Whiteman's missus, play most important parts in their husbands' careers, although they do not themselves face a microphone. But of these another time.

Send Your Beauty Problems
to

HARRIET HILLIARD

Read her advice on page 43

Listen To The Tales Men Tell



"44 EASY, ECONOMICAL DINNERS"

is a 48-page cook book full of tempting recipes and menus, the kind of dinners that never fail you. It will show you how to add those special little touches which change dinners from the usual to the unusual. All so simple, too. For instance . . . Pear Salad with Ginger Sauce, Grape-Nuts Tortoni, Asparagus Baskets, Jellied Walnuts—dozens of splendid recipes and menus you'll want to use time and time again.

Send today for "44 Easy, Economical Dinners" - 10c a copy.

TOWER BOOKS, Incorporated

55 FIFTH AVENUE

New York, N. Y.

"Last Call, Kids, for Big CRAYOLA DRAWING CONTEST!" says "SPANKY" MacFARLAND



"SPANKY" MacFARLAND featured in Our Gang Comedies produced by Hal Roach

FREE Packet of Christmas Cards If You Join CRAYOLA Club Now!

"Spanky" is right. Boys and girls of 14 years or under should hurry and enter the CRAYOLA Drawing Club Contest which closes December 20. Because, if you join CRAYOLA Club now to enter the contest, you'll get a free packet of Christmas Cards, win or lose.

Just check the No. 1 square on the coupon below and mail the coupon with the flap from a box of CRAYOLA Colored Crayon. Then you will receive the Official Membership Card and the free packet of Christmas Cards. Also, you'll be ready to enter the big contest and win one of the fine prizes. But don't delay, for you will want the Cards in time to color and mail to your friends before Christmas!

Present club members may enter the contest merely by checking No. 3 square and mailing the coupon with an original drawing (See Contest Directions below). But members who want the free packet should check No. 2 square and mail the coupon now with the flap from a CRAYOLA box.

CONTEST DIRECTIONS: Make an original colored drawing for a Christmas Greeting Card. Draw any picture or design you like for your card—or ask your teacher for a suggestion. Make your drawing on paper not over 8"x10" in size and color it with colored wax crayons.

All Drawings for the Contest must be mailed on or before December 20, 1934

THE PRIZES

BEST DRAWING, \$15; 2nd PRIZE, \$10; 3rd PRIZE, \$5; TEN FOURTH PRIZES: Ten sets consisting of 24-color assortment of "Rubens" CRAYOLA Crayon and box of "ARTISTA" Water Colors.

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THE LEADING COLORED CRAYON

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I want to join CRAYOLA Drawing Club. Enclosed is flap from CRAYOLA package. Please send me Official Membership Card, Contest Entry Blank, and packet of Greeting Cards.

I belong to CRAYOLA Drawing Club. Please send the packet of Christmas Cards and Contest Entry Blank. Enclosed is flap from CRAYOLA package.

I belong to CRAYOLA Drawing Club. Here is my drawing in Christmas Greeting Card Contest. It is yours to keep and I hope it wins a prize.

NAME.....

AGE.....

ADDRESS.....

Still King of Jazz

(Continued from page 21)

ballads of the turn of the century gave way to Irving Berlin and ragtime around 1910, and ragtime, in turn, yielded to its noisier, rowdier descendant, jazz, in the period immediately following the Armistice.

HERE Whiteman entered the scene. Instead of holding his ears—and possibly his nose!—at jazz, he set out to explore its possibilities. The average jazz band consisted of a pianist, violinist and possibly a cornetist who could read notes, surrounded by saxophones, banjos, clarinets and drums which chimed in whenever they saw a chance for a good break. Some of these chance effects were extraordinarily vivid and some were unbelievably bad. Seldom was a piece played twice in the same way, and nobody ever thought of writing out the effects in advance.

Whiteman did. He would devise the most intricate effects for the interplay of instruments, and carefully write out the parts in full. He scored for a jazz orchestra as carefully as for a symphony. He achieved astonishingly rich effects in tempo and melodic pattern. He made even the highbrow critics take notice. This was no honkey-tonk thumping. This was music as vital, as original as the country itself. Here was American music.

So great was the furore he aroused that a concert was finally arranged for Carnegie Hall, the staid home of symphony, concert and classic music since the great Tschaikevsky himself conducted at the opening ceremonies in 1893. Old timers were horrified at the thought of a dance band in Carnegie Hall, but Whiteman had an ace in the hole. He revealed the wonders of "symphonic jazz" in George Gershwin's inspired "Rhapsody in Blue," and electrified the entire musical world.

FROM that moment jazz had "arrived." Paul Whiteman had demonstrated the grown-up possibilities of a new musical idiom, had opened up a new field for American composers in American music. The demand for Whiteman became tremendous. A Whiteman concert is now an annual event in Carnegie Hall, an event which brings out the newest and best in American popular music. Each Summer he is usually asked to conduct a concert in the outdoor summer symphony series in Lewisohn Stadium, a concert which never fails to pack the stadium, and aids materially in financing the series. Last year the Cincinnati Symphony invited Whiteman as guest conductor, and so great was the success of the concert, both artistically and financially, that other symphony invitations are in prospect this season.

If Whiteman used all this prestige merely for his personal glory, one could shrug the shoulders and dismiss him as another success story. But he most emphatically doesn't. Even the most cynical observers will tell you that Whiteman's generosity is as genuine as it is unfailing, that he is tireless in his efforts to aid young talent in gaining recognition. Despite the fact that he is the greatest drawing card they could possibly get, he never charges a cent for his appearances with symphony orchestras because he

knows they are hard pressed for money, and because his interest in American popular music is so deep-seated and genuine that he welcomes a chance to demonstrate its possibilities before symphony clientele.

Whiteman's origins are interesting. He was born, in 1891, in Denver, the Rocky Mountain home of Tammien and Bonfils, the circus newspaper publishers, of the "unsinkable" Mrs. Brown of the Brown Palace Hotel; the city in which Will and Wallace Irwin were once telegraph messenger boys, Burns Mantle was once a typesetter and Paul Whiteman was once a taxi driver.

PAUL'S father, Wilburforce James Whiteman, was for fifty years supervisor of music in the Denver public schools. Coming from such a background, Paul quickly tired of his youthful enthusiasm for taxi driving and entered upon his true career in music by joining the Denver Symphony as a viola player.

The boy progressed, and made a name for himself. In 1915 he went to San Francisco to join the 112-piece symphony orchestra that was formed to play at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, opening that year. The fair had scarcely closed when America found herself at war. Paul joined the Navy and was made director of a forty-piece Navy orchestra.

Shortly after the Armistice, Paul's health broke down, and he stayed in California to recuperate. He led hotel orchestras in Santa Barbara and Los Angeles. It was in this period that he made influential friends and began to experiment with the new rhythms and scorings of symphonic jazz. His fame traveled East, and he was called first to Atlantic City and then to New York.

He received an offer to record some of his music for the Victor Talking Machine Company, hesitated for a while, and then decided to try it. His very first phonograph recording, "Whispering," sold just under 2,000,000 copies. He was now making great strides in the amusement world. His was the first dance band to play a stage engagement—at the old Palace Theater in New York, the country's ace vaudeville house, where he opened for one week, remained for five, and returned within a month for four more weeks, a phenomenal record. He was booked into the Palais Royal Restaurant on Broadway, and is largely credited with having inaugurated the "night club era" of one and two dollar cover charges for "name" bands.

With all this amusement experience, and with the prestige of his Carnegie Hall concerts, Paul Whiteman was a "natural" for radio when it came along. Here again his alertness for new talent, his encouragement of deserving but unknown figures, manifested itself. Some of the radio stars discovered and brought forward by Whiteman include the Rhythm Boys, from which he extracted Bing Crosby, Mildred Bailey, Lennie Hayton, Ramona, Jack Fulton, Peggy Healy and Morton Downey.

RADIO is a boiling, turbulent business, with spectacular successes made—and blasted—overnight. Paul Whiteman's standing is indicated by

one highly significant item. Song pluggers, canny, hard-boiled gentry who circulate among radio stars trying to get songs from their particular publishing houses placed on the leading programs, are almost unanimous in giving Whiteman number one rating. He can just about take his pick of any song published. To have a song introduced on the air by Paul Whiteman is just about the top ambition of every song plugger in Tin Pan Alley.

THAT is why the Paul Whiteman Music Hall program, heard on the NBC network every Thursday night, constitutes an authentic panorama of what is new in American popular music. The portly maestro, whose romantic marriage with Margaret Livingston, lovely star of the silent movies, and his reducing 150 pounds to make that marriage possible brought him a great deal of public notice, is much more than a husband and a reducer. He is an authentic figure in American music.

Nor does his interest cease with the receipt of his weekly check—a handsome one of \$4500 for one broadcast weekly from his orchestra and entertainers, Ramona, Jack Fulton, Peggy Healy and Bob Lawrence. Recently he announced the Whiteman Medal and Scholarship, an annual award which he plans to maintain for ten years as a memorial to his mother, who died in Denver last Summer. This medal and scholarship for all expenses for one year at a conservatory of the winner's choosing, will go to the young man or young woman, who must be an American citizen and under thirty, who submits the best musical composition in modern American form. The composition must be scored for full orchestra by the composer.

Commenting on this award, Whiteman said, "It is significant that 'Rhapsody in Blue' has been played by almost every important symphony orchestra in the world, proving that American music is by no means to be regarded lightly. It is my hope that the medal and scholarship may stimulate interest and possibly bring forward a group of composers, now unknown, who, with the aid that my orchestral and radio connections can give them, may develop into important figures in the world of music."

There, ladies and gentlemen, is Paul Whiteman, a man who is not only an artist and a musician, but also a most public spirited American citizen.

Paul Whiteman may be heard each Thursday at 10:00 P.M., E.S.T., over the following stations:

WEAF, WTAG, WJAR, WCSH, WFL, WFBR, WRC, WGY, WBN, WCAE, WTAM, WWJ, WLW, KSD, WOC, WHO, WOW, WDAF, WMAQ, WDAY, KFYP, WEBC, CFCF, WKY, KTBS, KTBS, WTMJ, WBAP, KPRC, WOAI, KOMO, KOA, KDYL, KGO, KFL, KGW, KHQ, WEEL, WIBA, KSTP, CRCT, KTAR, WTIC, WRVA, WPTF, WWNC, WIS, WJAX, WIOD, WFLA, WMC, WSB, WAPI, WJDX, WSMB, WAVE, (WSM off 10:30), KVOO.

Are you reading Nellie Revell's
BEHIND THE DIAL
Each Month in TOWER RADIO?

Are You A COLDS-SUSCEPTIBLE?

Do You CATCH COLD Easily?

At the first sneeze, or nasal irritation, quick!... A few drops of Vicks Va-tro-nol. This unique aid in preventing colds is especially designed for nose and throat where most colds start. Its timely use helps to avoid many colds—and to throw off colds in their early stages.



Do Your Colds Hang On AND ON?

Don't take chances with half-way measures. Massage throat and chest with Vicks VapoRub—standby in 26 million homes for relieving colds. Two generations have learned to depend on its famous direct double action—by stimulation and inhalation—to end a cold sooner.

To Help PREVENT Colds



VICKS VA-TRO-NOL

Follow Vicks Plan for Better Control of Colds

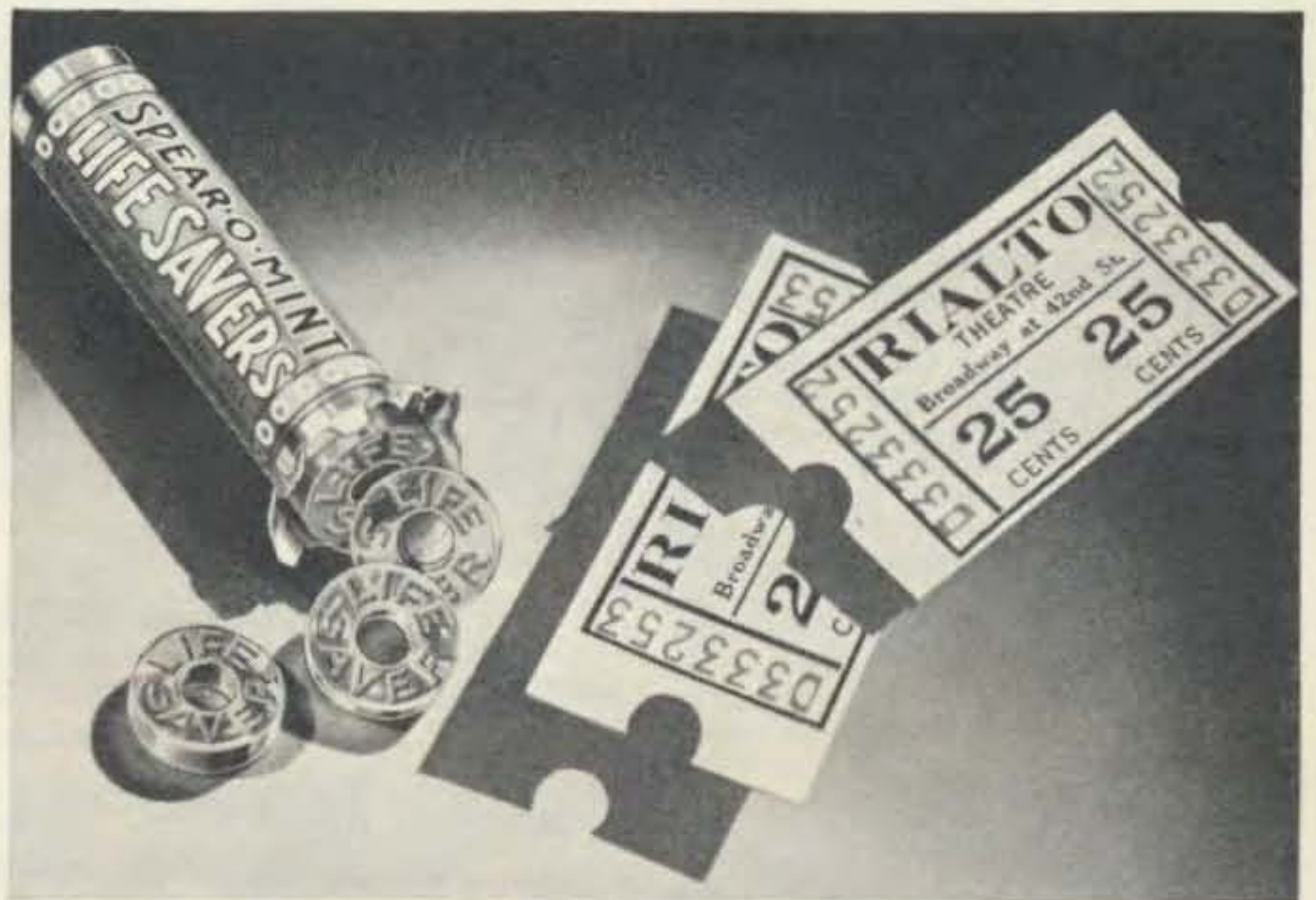
These twin aids to fewer and shorter colds give you the basic medication of Vicks Plan for Better Control of Colds. Full details of this clinically tested Plan are in each Vicks package.

To END a Cold Sooner



VICKS VAPORUB

THREE TICKETS ... TO "REEL" ENJOYMENT



Every show's a HIT if you take along Life Savers. They're your ticket to reel enjoyment. Crisp, flavory rings of purest candy... in delicious mint or fruit flavors!

IF IT HASN'T A HOLE . . . IT ISN'T A LIFE SAVER

**"U-MMM!
DAD, JUST TRY
THIS SPAGHETTI
WITH FRANKFURTERS"**



Can you imagine a more appealing picture to husky young appetites than Heinz Cooked Spaghetti served with butter-browned bits of frankfurters and diced onions?

Grown-ups, too, relish a steaming plate of this savory dish. For Heinz Cooked Spaghetti is not only delicious by itself, but combines temptingly with inexpensive meats and vegetables to make nourishing luncheons and dinners.

Heinz starts with choicest Durum wheat, then converts it into pure, firm strands of fine spaghetti. Cooks it till it's mild and tender. Then adds a sauce of ripe, prize tomatoes, cheese, meat stock and selected spices. Seals it in tins ready for heating and serving. Order a supply today for your Quick Feast shelf. There's a different way to serve it every week in the year.



57

HEINZ
COOKED SPAGHETTI

He Floats Through the Air with the Greatest of Ease

(Continued from page 17)

unless I was paid fifty dollars and expenses. After that, working my way was a cinch."

It was while he was in South Bend that he discovered the technique of rendition that really made "The Man on the Flying Trapeze" a success. And he got it, of all places, from the Salvation Army.

He came across an army group on a street corner one night singing "Come and Bring Another." The tinny resonance, the swinging gusto of the way they sang it fascinated him. When they were through he followed the leader back to headquarters and asked if he wouldn't sing it again for him alone. Touched by the young man's piety, His Reverence complied in full. O'Keefe thanked him and went away.

Having heard it twice, he had it by heart. That was the first of his collection of songs of native flavor. But it was the manner of singing, the rousing nasal twang that he filed in his memory for future reference.

After college he embarked on what appeared to be a staple business career as advertising manager of The Fort Wayne News-Sentinel. Although he was doing well enough for a young man of his age, he took another flying leap and landed in a better job with a large publicity concern.

Then came his first mishap. He developed infantile paralysis. He declares the chief significance of this event was in turning his attentions back to the stage.

"There was nothing to it," he said, "after the first horror of not being able to get about again had passed, the eleven months I spent in bed while recovering were the most fun I've ever had in my life."

Being as active as the acrobat of the ballad, O'Keefe had to do something so he started to write songs and also dashed off a play on the side. The play was never produced, but he later sold the title, "Up and At 'Em" to a Hollywood magnate for a picture. Incidentally the picture was never produced either.

He worked out the songs sitting up in bed and playing over the chords of a ukulele. The first one was,

*"My father was a Union man
From his head down to his boots
He wore a pair of unionalls
And likewise union suits."*

There was another one something about

*"My father was a barber
Before the Civil War"*

And the two songs kept getting mixed up in his head.

Then when he was well enough to get around the doctors broke the news to him that he wouldn't be able to go back to the strenuous activities of advertising and publicity.

"Well, at least," he said to himself, "I can walk to the center of a stage and sing a few songs and tell some gags."

So he listed his services with an agent and began to get bookings.

"It was this kind of an act. The manager of a house in Squeedunk would say to his assistant, 'the guy what does bird calls has tonsillitis. Better send for O'Keefe.'"

Finally he got a week's bookings in Utica. He was so exuberant over the break that he went out before the show and had a couple of drinks with the result that the two songs with which he tried to open the act, "My Father Was a Union Man" and "My Father Was a Barber" got all mixed up.

So he stopped short, stepped down to the foot-lights and said to the audience which was hitherto unimpressed, "Wait a minute. Singing a song is no way to open an act anyway."

It seemed that they thought so too, and that wowed them. From then on O'Keefe used the same routine and he did all right with it.

Then, just as vaudeville was slipping out from under him, O'Keefe took another wild fling in the form of a telegram to the late Tex Guinan, whom he thought was a man, the substance of which was a bid for a job, although O'Keefe put it in a kidding way.

The result was a phone call from Miss Guinan telling him that if he could be as funny for her as he could for Western Union, she would put him on the payroll.

O'KEEFE became a master of ceremonies. As the show closed he took another leap, landing in a similar club in Florida. This also closed, calling for another leap and O'Keefe caught on for a high swing in the Florida land boom as a real estate promoter. This wound up with a nose dive into the net, and O'Keefe found himself broke, starting out again at twenty-five a week as a real estate salesman on Long Island.

He had, however, salvaged a song out of the Florida fiasco entitled "I'm Going to Key Largo in the Morning," which he retitled "I'm Going to Long Island in the Morning" and sold to his new bosses for a thousand dollars.

O'Keefe went back to Guinan's for a brief swing and then to Barney Gallant's celebrated rendezvous in Greenwich Village as master of ceremonies. It was here he met young Bobby Dolan his closest friend, who now has his own orchestra on the Burns and Allen program. Dolan played the piano for O'Keefe's warbling and got to know the lyrics so well that he could supply them when O'Keefe forgot them.

Here, too, he really began to hit his stride as a song writer coming out with "Henry's Made a Lady Out of Lizzie," his own touching tribute to the new Ford and the classic which revolutionized American Grammar, "I'm Gonna Dance with the Guy What Brung Me," which caused his Notre Dame English instructors to wonder if he'd ever really been there.

Then the Warner Brothers discovered the pot of gold at the end of the Vitaphone rainbow and O'Keefe was pushed from the secure platform of Barney Gallant's into the hurly-burly of the dancing, shouting pictures.

He and Bobby Dolan went to Hollywood, or more accurately to Culver City to write the music for Ina Claire's picture "The Awful Truth."

BUT the most important thing that happened to him while in California, was, although this may be vigorously denied, that one day it rained. On that day, Bing Crosby, who was then just one of the Rhythm Boys on the loose, came over to O'Keefe's house with a load of records. Among them was "The Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze." And O'Keefe thought it was wonderful. In fact he played that record thin.

The only thing about it that bothered him was that it was sung like a dirge, with a plaintive, mournful chant. And then he saw what it needed—that swinging, flavorsome gusto that he had heard the Salvation Army people put into "Come and Bring Another" so long ago on the streets of South Bend!

Let us now digress a bit to pick up the history of the song itself. The copyright was taken out by George Leybourne in 1868 and the song had passed into the public domain and the annals of American song.

THE number itself still enjoyed a measure of popularity along with its hill-billy fellows and had been preserved in one form or another by such collectors of Americana as Sigmund Spaeth.

The original version and its author had been lost sight of and might have remained unknown today had not a radio soprano, Kay Macrae, stumbled across a copy of the original among some old selections in her grandmother's attic.

Miss Macrae put them all on the air in a series entitled "Songs My Grandmother Used to Sing". But the only one she got any repeat requests for was "The Man on the Flying Trapeze." She sang it several times after that, but realized that it was not best suited to her soprano voice and eventually let it drop.

O'Keefe returned from Hollywood to Barney Gallant's and caused an immediate sensation among the customers with his version of the old classic sung in larrapping forthright style. He took it with him when he went into the third "Little Show" and when he went on the air for a guest appearance on Rudy Vallee's program.

He was the first to copyright a modernized version of the song and the Robbins Music Company brought it out. Because it is in the public domain a number of other versions have also been copyrighted.

THIS has given rise to any number of arguments, contentions and laying of bets as to who really wrote "The Man on the Flying Trapeze." Well, George Leybourne wrote the original version of course, although just who George Leybourne was no one seems to know beyond the fact that his name, credited with both words and music adorns the copy of the old song. But it is most likely the O'Keefe version which you have heard on the air, as that is the one which is frequently sung on the air by Rudy Vallee and others.

O'Keefe himself has sung it frequently on the Nestle program and other shows in response to popular demand. Strangely enough during the past year it has enjoyed greater popularity than at any other time during

its long and varied career.

O'Keefe has since written other songs in something the same vein, such as "The Tattooed Lady" which is a favorite of his. It winds up something like this,

*"When she fell in a faint
He whipped out his paint
And the double-dyed villain tattooed
her."*

As to the flying O'Keefe, he seems to have attained a position of comfortable stability after his dizzying succession of leaps and swings. He is ecstatically married to Roberta Robinson, who was prominent in "The Bandwagon" and other musical shows and who retired from the stage to keep O'Keefe from wearing himself out commuting around the country to be with her when she was playing out of town.

He has become a responsible citizen of the town of Cherrydale, Maine, where he is known as the guy who gets telegrams. He has become a Maine enthusiast and goes on about it like the veriest Rotarian.

"Why I can sit for hours with my feet on a log," he will declare exuberantly, "sit there in the evening—and watch the moose come up."

Besides, he owns a lighthouse and that sort of settles a man. When he talks about the lighthouse he will work the conversation around until he can get some one to ask if he has an elevator in the lighthouse.

"Of course not," he will snort, "I get a lift with a Camel!"

THE lighthouse worries him a little, though. He's afraid he might get to collecting them.

You'll hear more of those fantastic experiences of his this Winter—his adventures as press agent, as advertising man, as jack of all trades and master of ceremonies.

He is going to set them all to music in a series of rambling ballads to be called "The Life and Times of Walter O'Keefe." They will be something like "He Polished Up the Handle of the Big Front Door" from "Pinafore."

Radio needs more rhymes, he thinks, and O'Keefe the minnesinger, will be on hand to wrap them up and deliver them in his engaging personable manner as his voice "floats through the air with the greatest of ease."

And his network rivals may well complain to the listeners with the author of the original song, that like the Young Man on the Flying Trapeze, their "Love he's purloined away-ay!"

Walter O'Keefe may be heard each Tuesday at 10:00 P.M., E.S.T., and each Thursday at 9:00 P.M., E.S.T., over the following CBS stations:

WABC, WADC, WOKO, WCAO, WNAC, WKBW, WBBM, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WOWO, WDRC, WFBM, KMBC, WCAU, WJAS, WEAN, KMOX, WFBL, WSPD, WJSV, WMBR, WQAM, WDBO, WDAE, WGST, WPG, WLBZ, WBRC, WICC, WBT, WDOD, WBNS, KRLD, WLBW, WBIG, WHP, KTRH, KFAB, KLRA, WFEA, WREC, WISN, WCCO, WSFA, WLAC, WDSU, KOMA, WMBD, WMBG, WDBJ, WHEC, KTSN, WTOC, KSCJ, WMAS, WIBW, KTUL, WACO, WMT, KFH, WSJS, WORC, WNAX, WKBN, WALA, KWKH.

"I WILL SON, AND DON'T FORGET THE HEINZ KETCHUP"



If you want your husband to hurry home to his meals, don't forget "flavor" as the principal ingredient in successful dinners.

To most men, this "extra flavor" means Heinz Tomato Ketchup. They truly relish this spicy condiment with mannish dishes—from bacon and eggs in the morning to steaks and chops at night. They like its tangy goodness in gravies and sauces, too.

Every woman can add magic to her cooking skill with Heinz Tomato Ketchup. Made from the most luscious tomatoes you ever tasted—seasoned with the Orient's choicest spices—cooked and bottled dewy fresh from the fields—its marvelous flavor is famous throughout the world. Keep it handy when you cook and bring it to the table daily.

57



HEINZ TOMATO KETCHUP

With Alice Aforethought

(Continued from page 39)



Why this

**moisture-proof
face powder**

banishes shiny skin!



What happens in this glass of water happens on your skin. What it proves!

PUT a teaspoonful of Luxor Face Powder into a glass of water. Stir it. *The powder does not mix with the water.* It drifts back to the surface, dry and soft and fine. It's moisture-proof. That's why it can't mix with the moisture of your skin.

Use Luxor Face Powder for one evening. Notice the flattering colors, the even, smooth-grained texture. Notice that it *doesn't* gather into floury spots; that it is, as the test shows, moisture-proof.

To settle your face-powder problem, give yourself the thrill and security of this moisture-proof face powder—LUXOR!

... FREE ...
Quarter-ounce bottle of \$3 La Richesse perfume attached to 55c box of Luxor for a limited time only.



LUXOR, LTD., 1335 W. 31st St., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me your generous trial packages of Luxor Moisture-Proof Powder, Rouge and new Special Formula Cream. Here's ten cents to help cover mailing costs. (Offer not good in Canada.)

Check, POWDER: Rose Rachel Rachel Flesh
ROUGE: Radiant Medium Sunglow
TM-11 Pastel Vivid Roseblush

Name _____

Address _____

With quick fingers she disengaged the third button of his jacket from the second buttonhole, rearranged his tie, and gave his hair an affectionate little pat.

"You feel better now, don't you?" she inquired, and went shimmering toward the microphone in readiness for her closing number.

MR. DE KLYN had seen these proprietary actions a score of times, but now he observed them with creeping apprehension. Women, he knew from experience, were unpredictable. Was it conceivable that this bit of thistledown had any thoughts of clinging to a cactus? If so, surely the cactus would not aspire—but yes, it would! There stood Tubby, lost in an amorous stupor, and the agitated Raymond moved out of earshot, dragging the cactus with him.

"I love that child," he announced throatily. "I'm completely swamped over her."

"Me, too."

"Yeah, but I'm going to propose to her."

"Me, too."

"When?"

"After you, I guess. You mentioned it first," said Tubby generously, "so go ahead and try your luck. But she's far too good for either of us, remember."

"I never thought of it quite that way," remarked the candid Raymond. He regarded his rival with kindly humor. There was nothing keen, decisive or Sir Galahadish about Mr. Hubbard, and the tenor decided not to press his advantage. "I'll tell you what," he suggested, "let's break it to her together, to save her the emotional strain of two proposals."

"That's white of you, Ray. I suppose she'll choose you, at that, because you've got that 'I've-been-around' air and you're always the cavalier. If I could sing all the time I might have a chance, but when I'm away from the job I seem to develop too many hands and feet, and I'm so happy just being with her that I can't think. Blunderer, that's me, ever since I used to be a typesetter on a reform gazette that fired me for leaving the first 't' out of immortality once too often."

"It's not over yet," said Mr. De Klyn with great tact, "and remember, there's to be no hard feelings. You'll always be welcome to Sunday dinner, Tubby."

"The same from me to you, old sock."

"Look at her!" exclaimed Ray. "The prize of a lifetime. Eyes—eyes like misted violets—but don't you tell her that. That's my line."

"Where'd you get it?"

The tenor flushed. "A fellow can't help seeing..."

"Oh, that's all right," said Tubby. "I read that story, too, but somehow that violet material didn't seem exquisite enough for her. You see, some-

times in the evenings I try my hand at—well, they're beckoning us for the finale. I expect Alice will be knocked all of a twitter when she hears the news."

But the glamorous Miss Windsor only grew a bit quivery around the lips as she stood on tiptoe to kiss each of them in turn.

"I love you both," she said joyously, "and which one the best I wouldn't dare to say. Now, look. Two weeks from today is Thanksgiving—suppose I give you my answer after that broadcast? And in the meantime we'll go everywhere together. It will save us all from worrying."

But not so the luckless Tubby Hubbard. The fortnight dragged by as a ghastly ordeal in which he seemed fated to play the part of an also-ran. At dancing or ordering a dinner with the proper wines or dropping a remark that make the violet eyes kindle, the sprightly Raymond was unapproachable. At the morning's badminton or a stroll around Central Park Reservoir or parading his courtier qualities before the studio personnel, he performed with the deceptive ease of genius, and once he plucked the flustered Miss Windsor from under the wheels of a taxi with a dexterity that won him the admiration of passersby.

ALESS durable soul than Tubby would have sworn that Fate had stacked the cards, but one thing kept him floundering in the backwash of brilliancy. Alice's tiny good-night kisses were friendly and quite impartial, and up to the final evening neither suitor had any means of knowing where he stood.

The Thanksgiving broadcast found Tubby in a state of hunger because he had been too uneasy to do more than stare wistfully at Alice and Ray as they waded through a dinner as though there were no such things as broken hearts or indigestion. Once in the studio the pair worked with gay abandon, joining with comedians, character people and orchestra to keep Sole Mates, Fireside Companions the acknowledged criterion of programs, while Mr. Hubbard bawled mournfully of the road to Mandalay, wondering whether it would be a suitable place on which to forget all.

The last fifteen minutes found Mr. De Klyn rendering "Alice Blue Gown," embellishing it with soulful glances at the sapphire transparent velvet that encased his charmer. The funny men were properly comic about turkey and pumpkin pie, Alice herself sang "Smilin' Through" directly, it seemed, at Raymond, and then Tubby lumbered to the mike, brandishing a slip of paper he had pulled from his pocket.

The Fireside Companions watched him with quickening interest, for the program arranger had allotted him three minutes of material that had not been aired at rehearsals. The orches-

In TOWER RADIO Next Month
A Remarkable Short Story
by **MARGARET SANGSTER**

Dean of the Crooners

(Continued from page 29)



EASY! Spread on SO-LO

Take an old knife and a can of So-Lo! Dig out a chunk of So-Lo and spread it on the sole like butter. Next morning it's dry and tough! Neat! Waterproof! Non-skid! Wears better than leather.



Hundreds of Uses

So-Lo mends the sole or heel, 1c. Fixes most anything—canvas, wiring, handles, galoshes, rubber boots, etc. More than 247 other money saving uses.



Ask for "So-Lo" at Woolworth, or any other 5 and 10c, or hardware store.



Over 5 Million Satisfied Users



FRIEND'S SECRET SAVED ME \$7.50 ON WINDOW SHADES!

"ADMIRING a friend's lovely window shades saved me exactly \$7.50. When she told me they were Clopays at only 15c each, I just had to try them. And what a bargain! They're so good looking—both the plain colors or those lovely chintz designs and wear amazingly. Their distinctive creped texture makes them hang and roll straight. Won't crack, fray or pinhole. *Attach to rollers without tacks or tools. *Trim only one side to fit narrow windows. In every way a value not to be measured by their sensationally low price." . . . Millions of Clopay Shades now in use. Don't risk substitutes! At all 5c and 10c stores. Send 3c stamp for color samples.



New! . . . FABRAY Used Like OILCLOTH

Truly amazing—made on solid fibre instead of cheesecloth backing. Looks—feels and wears like oilcloth at a saving of 1/3 to 1/2! See it at your nearest 5 and 10c store, or send 25c for 39x46" Table Cover—bound edges—state color preferred.

CLOPAY CORP., 1341 York St., Cincinnati, O.

through Jack, for its use by all similar singers who have followed him.

"My voice in those days was pretty well developed, although now it's nothing—just a knack of singing," Jack admits with becoming modesty. "I walked into the studio and cut loose just as though I were before an audience. The control man dashed out of his cubbyhole and told me that such volume wasn't necessary in radio—that I could sing softly and easily, and he would bring it out as loudly as necessary through his controls.

"I took his advice. The listeners liked it, and I've been using that style ever since."

FOR six years Jack toured the country, traveling with his beautiful dark young wife, Tea Little, whom he married after one of the quickest courtships on record.

An eighteen-year-old songwriter in Newark, New Jersey, Jack went to a theater party on New Year's Eve, 1921, with a group of friends. One of the members of the party was a fifteen-year-old girl, Tea Hellman, whom he had never met before. Jack saw Tea—it's not a nickname, by the way; it really is her first name—and fell in love with her at once. He was either with her or talking to her by telephone almost incessantly during the next three days. On the fourth day they went out and got married.

And if you believe that long engagements are necessary, or have faith in the old saying, "Marry in haste; repent at leisure," try to laugh this off. They're more in love now than they ever were.

During his years on the road, Jack sang over every major station (and most of the minor ones, too) between New York and Denver. There weren't many big stations on the coast, and anyway, it cost too much for a poor young composer to go there. Cost was pretty important to him in those days, though now he can maintain a suite at one of the city's swankiest hotels, and a cabin in the mountains for weekends during the Summer.

FIVE years ago WLW, the Crosley radio station in Cincinnati, was granted permission by the Federal Radio Commission to use 50,000 watts—more power than any other broadcasting station in America. With that tremendous output, its programs were clearly heard throughout the territory in which Jack circulated.

He found that he could save money by staying in one place—Cincinnati—and broadcasting over only one station—WLW. Therefore he did just that, and sang over the station regularly for three years.

He didn't get any money for his broadcasts. His income came from his songwriting, and from an occasional personal appearance in a theater, or at a club or party. He never went in for vaudeville, for he hadn't the time and, anyway, he didn't think Tea would like the life.

But the bug bit him. He wanted that which is the ultimate aim of all sustaining artists—a sponsor. He wanted to make radio broadcasting his big work, and while advertisers admitted that he had a pleasing radio personality and a "different" manner of

delivery, which undoubtedly attracted listeners, none of them wanted to make an investment in him.

TIME passed, and Jack saw that he wasn't getting ahead. He decided that he could probably do better as an orchestra leader and planned to get a band together. But, like so many of us, to think was not always to act, and he just drifted along, an unpaid artist, with the band idea somewhere in the back of his mind.

Then, in 1932, the break came. Jack got a letter from the NBC, saying, "If you come to New York, drop in to see us. We can use you on our network as a sustaining singer." That was a decided step upward, for NBC pays its sustainings, many of whom soon get snapped up by advertisers, who pay handsomely for talent.

So Jack came to New York, and soon blossomed forth on the NBC, with visions of an imminent sponsor before him. It wouldn't be many weeks, he thought, before he had attracted an advertiser.

"I was wrong," he admits today. "Advertisers aren't as easily secured as you might think. I stayed on the NBC for six months without a sign of a sponsor; then I got discouraged and quit.

"When the CBS heard that I was no longer under contract, they sent for me and signed me up as a paid sustaining, promising to sell me as soon as possible. By this time I had been built up on the networks to some extent, and the sponsors began to show signs of interest. But signs were all they showed, and as a year and a half drifted past, I began to wonder whether the advertisers were wrong—or I was. Frankly, I commenced to get slightly desperate.

"I RESOLVED to do one of two things: either get a sponsor or quit radio broadcasting. For my last intensive attempt, I wanted a band, and I spent the next six weeks listening to units—boys who had been playing together, and who knew each other's style, yet who lacked the direction which would enable them to click. You see, I felt that they could supply what I needed, and that I could give them what they lacked.

"Finally I found a combination that struck me as being ideal—not a bunch of soloists or prima donnas, but a group of boys who knew what network meant; who were smart enough to sacrifice opportunities to show off for the good of the band as a whole.

"Then I got a couple of good arrangers and went to work with them. Every piece we play is a special arrangement, based on novel harmonies and tricks of the piano—little things I learned when I was a traveling song-salesman, pounding out my own accompaniment in music shops and local stations.

"The band was ready in October, 1933, and we put it on the air. Almost immediately it clicked, with a job in the Hotel Lexington. Three months later I had won my goal—a contract with a sponsor. I now have a contract with Pinex so the band idea was what I had needed to complement my singing all these years—and I found it out only a few months ago."

DON'T NEGLECT A COLD

Distressing chest colds and minor throat irritations—that so often lead to something serious—usually respond to the application of good old Musterole. Musterole brings relief naturally because it's a scientific "counter-irritant"—NOT just a salve. It penetrates and stimulates circulation, helps to draw out congestion and pain. Recommended by many doctors and nurses—used by millions for 25 years. Three kinds: Regular Strength, Children's (mild), and Extra Strong, 40¢ each. All druggists. Hear "Voice of Experience"—Columbia network. See your newspapers.



YOU CAN DO A REAL WIRING JOB WITH LAIZ-FLAT

THE ELECTRIC BANDING
That makes home wiring easy, safe, slighty and thrifty. LAIZ-FLAT will provide you with an unlimited number of outlets at trifling cost. Lays flat under 1/16" x 1/2" covers, sticks on with household, etc. Colors to match woodwork. Always ask for LAIZ-FLAT Electric Banding.

Sold in 10c Stores and Electrical Shops
The William Hers Company Chicago



THOUGHTFUL PEOPLE know the great value of using SALT

Your doctor prescribes salt as a gargle, your dentist prescribes salt as a mouth wash, and that is exactly why salt forms the base of this new Worcester Salt Toothpaste. It heals tender gums, it cleanses your teeth beautifully and safely, and its salty, tangy, exhilarating taste leaves your mouth delightfully refreshed. Large size, 35c; guest size, 10c. Try a tube. Your money back if not delighted.



"NOW that you've reached your goal, I suppose there isn't much left for you to aim at, is there?"

"That's where you're wrong. Now I'm after recognition. There are too many good bands in radio—that is, bands which are simply capable and nothing more. I don't want to have just another good band. I want to be one of the five best bands on the air—or nothing. It's my ambition to have people think of Lombardo, Whiteman, Vallee, Waring and Little all at the same time, and I'm working toward that end constantly."

He's a happy-go-lucky sort, is Little Jack Little, who takes no care of his voice, smoking freely whether it's just before broadcasting time or not. And he isn't at all superstitious, as so many radio people are. He has good reason not to be, for his first commercial was signed on February Thirteenth.

And that is the story of Little Jack Little. It's a story that has everything—young love—a long struggle, culminating in success—an indomitable hero, who had an ideal and fought for it until he won, just as he was about to go down in defeat.

It even has the famous "Man Bites Dog" angle, for Little Jack Little's success is based upon a reversal of the conventional formula. He is not an orchestra leader who won fame by crooning; he is a crooner who became an orchestra leader in order to win the recognition he merited.

Little Jack Little may be heard each Sunday, Wednesday and Friday at 1:30 P.M., E. S. T. over the following CBS stations:

- WABC, WBBM, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WLWL, WFBM, KMBC, WHAS, WCAU, WJAS, KMOX, WFBL, WJSV, WBT, KRLD, WCCO.

RADIO GOSSIP

LOIS BENNETT auditioned on the 13th for the coveted lead in "The Gibson Family" and was the thirteenth aspirant heard for the job. So who says 13 is unlucky—surely not Lois. Arthur Schwartz and Howard Dietz work away ahead on their songs for "The Gibson Family." They had ready the numbers for the first eight programs when radio's original musical went on the air. . . . Courtney Riley Cooper, who writes the scripts, is the author of 30 novels, 15 movie shorts and nearly 2,000 short stories.

IRMA GLEN, the organist heard from the Chicago studios of NBC, is unique among broadcasters. She has a sponsor who has nothing to sell, so no sales talks are projected on her program. Her patron is truly that, an elderly lady devoted to organ recitals and Irma Glen's in particular. Some time ago, when Irma was merely a sustaining feature, announcement was made that she was leaving the kilocycles. Promptly this woman appeared at the studios with a demand that Irma be retained. It was explained that her spot on the schedule had been sold to an advertiser. "All right," said the lady, "What will it cost for Irma to continue her concerts?" The figure was named and to the amazement of all concerned was accepted without a quibble. The sum is paid regularly every week and has been now for several years.

Nobody called...
nobody cared



FREE TEST
until a
"scrap of paper"
led me to loveliness

Night after night I used to sit home alone. Nobody called... nobody cared for me. I couldn't seem to make friends or attract men at all. Then one lucky day I visited the 10¢ store and a "scrap of paper" changed my whole life and led me to loveliness.

I accepted from the girl at the cosmetic counter a sample card sprayed from the giant atomizer of Blue Waltz Perfume. What exquisite fragrance! It made me think of music... moonlight... romance. Quickly I bought this enchanting perfume and the other Blue Waltz Cosmetics, too, because the salesgirl told me they were wonderful for my skin and as pure and fine as \$1 or \$2 preparations. Next day I made up carefully with Blue Waltz Lipstick and Blue Waltz Face Powder. I finished with a touch of Blue Waltz Perfume.

When I looked in the mirror, I hardly dared believe my eyes. How fresh and radiant my skin looked! How temptingly red my lips were! And others noticed my glorious new charm. Everybody was friendlier and men began to ask me for dates. At last my dreams of romance are coming true... and it's Blue Waltz Perfume that made me glamorous and alluring.

Girls, go to the cosmetic counter of your 5 and 10¢ store. Get a free sample card sprayed from the Blue Waltz Giant Atomizer... you'll love its enchanting fragrance. Buy Blue Waltz Perfume and all the wonderful Blue Waltz Cosmetics... certified to be pure and only 10¢ each at your 5 and 10¢ store.

Seize this opportunity to ensemble your beauty preparations. You find the same alluring fragrance in Blue Waltz Perfume, Face Powder, Lipstick, Cream Rouge, Brillantine, Cold Cream, Talcum Powder. Only 10¢ each at your 5 and 10¢ store.



Blue Waltz
PERFUME AND COSMETICS
FIFTH AVENUE · NEW YORK

Microphonies

(Continued from page 18)

9:30-9:45—Pat and Mike

PAT: SO THIS HORSE WALKED THROUGH A FIELD OF GRAIN TOUCHING ALL THE GRAIN WITH HIS NOSE.

MIKE: WHY DID THE HORSE DO THAT?

PAT: HE WAS FEELING HIS OATS.

MIKE: I WANT TO BORROW SOMETHING TO CUT MY GRASS.

PAT: I'VE GOT A SCYTHE, A KNIFE, AND A PAIR OF SCISSORS.

MIKE: IS THAT ALL YOU HAVE TO CUT GRASS?

PAT: THAT'S ALL THERE IS . . . THERE ISN'T ANY MOWER.

12:00-12:30—Government Talk on Economy

This month's lecture by Dr. Rexall G. Tugboat speaking for the Post-office Department on "Steam Heat by Mail."

Friends and Democrats—I am going to tell you how to heat your home all Winter during the 180 days of cold weather at a profit to yourself and Uncle Sam. First connect the letter slot in your door with your furnace by a chute. Then get fifty cents worth of postcards and sit down with a pile of magazines. In these magazines you will find hundreds of advertisements for tin pans, reducing girdles, silk stockings, canned pineapple, hair restorers, etc. Answer fifty of these advertisements—simply saying "Send literature." Then wait for the postman to come and when he arrives hand these postcards and say to him—"Eddie, it's going to be a hard Winter and you'll probably get hungry during the day, so I'll leave a sandwich out for you every morning." Eddie will be quite delighted with this, and as he leaves say to him, casually—"Oh Eddie, by the way, would you drop into the cellar every other day and pick up a parcel post package? Eddie will, of course, agree to do this, and the stage is set. In 48 hours the first answer will be due. Fifty envelopes full of folders, samples and other inflammable material will arrive addressed to you. Eddie will naturally drop them through your mail slot and they will descend to the cellar through the chute and into the furnace. A lighted match and the winter's fire is started, never to go out.

The next morning as Eddie drops the day's supply of fuel into your slot, he sees a sandwich which you have left for him. He reaches for it, discovers that it is secured rather tightly. He pulls it, he wiggles it, and finally after a little struggle, he loosens it and eats it. He does not realize that it was fastened to a lever which in turn was attached to the furnace grate and that in obtaining the sandwich he has shaken down the furnace. He then descends to the cellar and there he finds in the ash bin under the heater a box addressed collect to the Elite Driveway, Company, Oshkosh. This box contains the ashes which he has just shaken down and he mails it, unsuspectingly, to its destination.

And so all Winter Eddie feeds the furnace, shakes it down and collects the ashes. As other companies get hold of your name, the daily mail grows and the house is kept piping hot. And then, when Winter is over, one bright morning you will find in your mail a check

from the Elite Driveway Company for \$28.92 for the ashes which you have been sending them during the Winter! This not only pays off the original investment of fifty cents and 180 sandwiches, but leaves a tidy profit of \$25.-61. Yours for the New Deal in house-heating!

1:00-1:05—Dance Music

WE NOW PRESENT A MUSICAL PROGRAM SENT TO YOU BY THE STARZAN STRIPES, INC., MAKERS OF STRIPES FOR CONVICTS' UNIFORMS. ORDINARY STRIPES MADE BY STARZAN'S COMPETITORS, THE DIRTY BUMS, ARE UNSATISFACTORY. WHILE STARZAN STRIPES, INC., DOES NOT WISH TO CAST REFLECTIONS UPON COMPETING COMPANIES, THE LOW-DOWN CROOKS, WE WISH TO SAY THAT ALL OTHER STRIPES ARE ABSOLUTELY ROTTEN.

FOR EXAMPLE STRIPES FURNISHED TO THE CLASS OF 1912 AT SING SING BY ANOTHER COMPANY WERE MADE TO RUN VERTICALLY INSTEAD OF HORIZONTALLY. THE RESULT WAS A PRISONER ESCAPED, AS EVERY TIME THE GUARDS LOOKED FOR HIM, HE STOOD STILL AND THEY THOUGHT HE WAS A PICKET FENCE.

WHEN YOU GO TO JAIL YOU DON'T WANT TO WEAR INFERIOR STRIPES, DO YOU? OF COURSE NOT! WITH STARZAN STRIPES YOU WILL BE ONE OF THE BETTER DRESSED CONVICTS. THE STONE BREAKERS ORCHESTRA WILL OPEN OUR PROGRAM WITH OUR THEME SONG—ENTITLED—"STARZAN STRIPES FOREVER!"

2:00-2:45—Sports Broadcast

Hello everybody . . . This broadcast is coming to you from the Tooth and Nail Clinic in New York City, where we are sending you a pull-by-pull description of the title bout between Dr. Q. N. Jiffy of the Dental A. A. and John Doe, impacted molar champion of the U.S.A. Doe has won against every dentist who tried to take out one of his teeth, while Dr. Jiffy received his experience pulling teeth in Europe, which is why he is said to be of foreign extraction.

ROUND ONE

There's the gong . . . Doc Jiffy rushes out of his corner and meets John Doe almost at his own corner . . . a right . . . a left . . . and Doe is down . . . in the dentist's chair . . . his head is back . . . his mouth is open . . . and he's breathing hard. Doc comes at him with a mouth mirror and follows it up with a long searching probe which hits home between the cuspid and the bicuspid. That's a point for the doc. He struck a tender place and Doe is groggy. . . .

BELL

John Doe is saved by the bell . . . Round one was clearly in favor of the Doc. He had Doe down on the chair before he knew it. Doc is using psychology in this battle . . . Just before that last blow was delivered, which caused Doe to shout aloud, Doc said to him—"Did it hurt?" Doe is wearing down fast.



Soft Luna EYEBROW PENCIL

Like the magic spell of an autumn moon, Soft Luna brings to your eyes the allure of romance. Carefully etched eyebrows are important in your makeup. Use Soft Luna for the alluring quality of eyes that reflect the moon.

SOLD IN ALL 6 AND 10 CENT STORES

J. S. Staedtler, Inc., 55 Worth St., New York City

GENTLEMEN: Please send me your booklet "Eye Magic"

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

"25 WAYS TO EARN EXTRA MONEY WITH A TYPEWRITER"

Here is a booklet you will read, cover to cover! It is literally packed with tried-and-tested, "spare-time" money-making ideas! Whatever your age or vocation, if you really want to earn extra money, it will be of real value to you. Send for your free copy even if you do not own a typewriter. Royal's latest handbook, just off the press, shows how you can buy one and actually make it pay for itself many times over. Use the coupon today. The supply is limited.

ROYAL PORTABLE

Finest of home-sized typewriters

Easy to operate—even if you have never typed before! Fast! Sturdy! Standard 4-bank keyboard. Many exclusive features. 3 models . . . 3 prices. Monthly payments easily arranged.



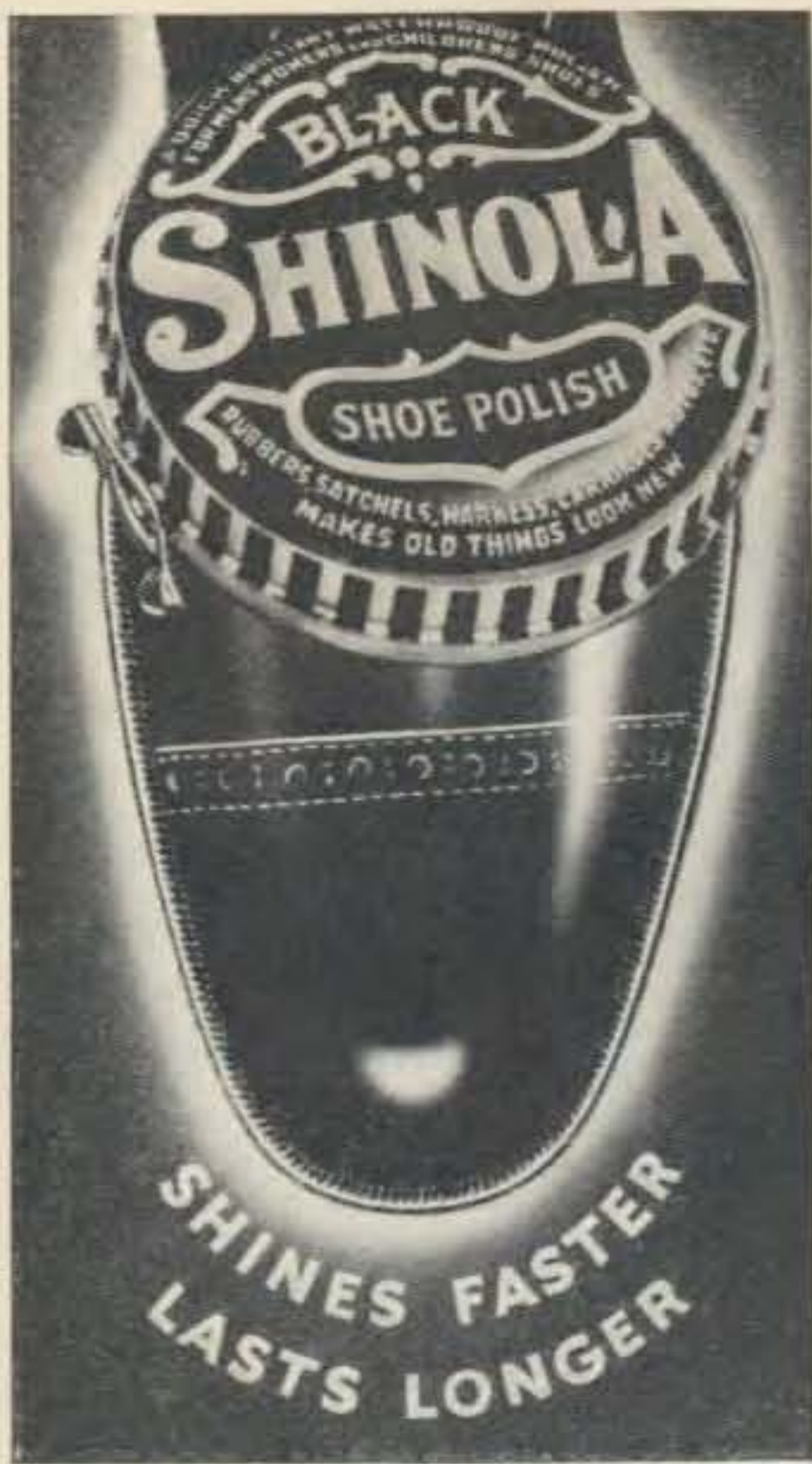
Only \$33⁵⁰ to \$60

FREE! SEND FOR ROYAL'S NEW HANDBOOK

Royal Typewriter Company, Inc., Dept. TM-12
2 Park Avenue, New York City

- Please send free copy of your valuable booklet "25 Ways to Earn Extra Money with a Typewriter."
- I own a (Insert Make) Typewriter, Serial Number Please send me the details of your special allowance on home typewriters traded in this month.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____



10¢ [West of Rocky Mts.]
two sizes—10¢ and 15¢

FASHION NOTE—Shoe styles this Fall feature browns and colors. There's a SHINOLA POLISH to clean and shine every shade of leather. For browns, use Shinola Brown, Tan or Ox-Blood. For other colors, Shinola Neutral Polish.



SKOUR-PAK

A Superior Scouring Brush of Steel Wool

- Protects fingers from scratching and possible infection—you don't touch the steel wool!
- Scours more efficiently—gets into the corners—is easier to handle!
- Keeps clean. Skour Pak's steel wool is treated to resist rust.
- The rubber holder peels off as more steel wool is needed. One Skour-Pak outlasts two big boxes of ordinary steel wool.

Sold at 5 and 10 cent stores, Grocery, Hardware and Department stores...

RIDGWAYS, Inc. 60 WARREN ST., N. Y. C.

ROUND TWO

Doe is in the chair. Doc Jiffy ducks . . . He feints! Now Doc feints and they're throwing water on him . . . No, they're not . . . The fountain at the side of the chair got busted. Doc rushes back to his corner and comes out armed with some kind of a new instrument . . . Doe gives way . . . Who wouldn't? Oh, boy . . . It's a drill . . . Doc was at West Point and does he know how to drill . . . A right . . . A left . . . Now he's getting into the bicuspid . . . Is Doe taking a lot of punishment? . . . Oh boy what an uppercut into the nerve! There's an unholy smile on Doc's face . . . Look at him bore in . . . now they're in a clinch. Doc is holding on to the drill and Doe is holding on to Doc's arm. The referee is warning them.

BELL

Round two is also in favor of Doc. John Doe didn't have a chance against that drill . . . He was licked before they started.

ROUND THREE

Here they go, folks! . . . Hot Dog! . . . The Doc's got his forceps out this time. They meet in the middle of the ring . . . A clinch . . . Now they're out of it . . . Now the Doc leads with a forcep to the jaw . . . The patient ducks . . . Doc leads again . . . Doe gets away again!

Oh Boy! Doc feinted with his left and then gave a short, quick one with his right and caught the bicuspid right between the forceps . . . Now he's pulling. He's got Doe where he wants him! . . . He's pulling . . . It's giving way . . . It's coming . . . It's out! The bicuspid is out! The referee is counting. . . .

REFEREE: 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10 dollars!

And now the patient's out! The bill is ten dollars and when Doe got a look at it, he took the count. It looks like a frameup folks, because the title goes to the man with the pull!

3:00-3:30—Lecture

PROFESSOR: I shall now give you a little talk in my series of lectures on Old Legends and Myths. This series was formerly called, "Old Legends and 5,280 feet."

HECKLER: What has 5,280 feet to do with a myth?"

PROFESSOR: A myth is as good as a mile. Once in the Olympian Fields, there was a tornado.

HECKLER: What kind of a tornado?

PROFESSOR: A tornado and lettuce salad. Are you trying to heckle me?

HECKLER: Sure—who the heckle care?

PROFESSOR: I've collected a great deal of data on this subject.

HECKLER: Data or dis-a?

PROFESSOR: Data.

HECKLER: So what?

PROFESSOR: And data is data!

3:30-4:00—Poetry Hour

I am delighted to present on this evening's program our poet lariat, Miss Eugenia Skidmore. Miss Skidmore is of the Hey You School of Poetry. Writers of the Hey You School of Poetry always address the world very familiarly. In this class fall Miss Skidmore's "Aha—Posterity," "Good-morning, Mr. Meadow-lark," "Hail to thee, Titwillow," "Fie Fie, Panama Canal"—and the recent poem of international reciprocity, "Yoo hoo, Canada." Tonight she has dashed off an epic poem (Please turn to page 90)

Kills a COLD "Dead"!

—Does this Amazing 4-Way Treatment!

DIRECT and definite treatment is what you want for a cold. For, a cold may develop serious "complications".

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine supplies the treatment needed because it is expressly a cold remedy and because it is *internal* in effect.

What It Does

First, it opens the bowels. Second, it combats the cold germs in the system and reduces the fever. Third, it relieves the headache and grippy feeling. Fourth, it tones the entire system and fortifies against further attack.

That's the four-fold treatment a cold requires and anything less is taking chances.

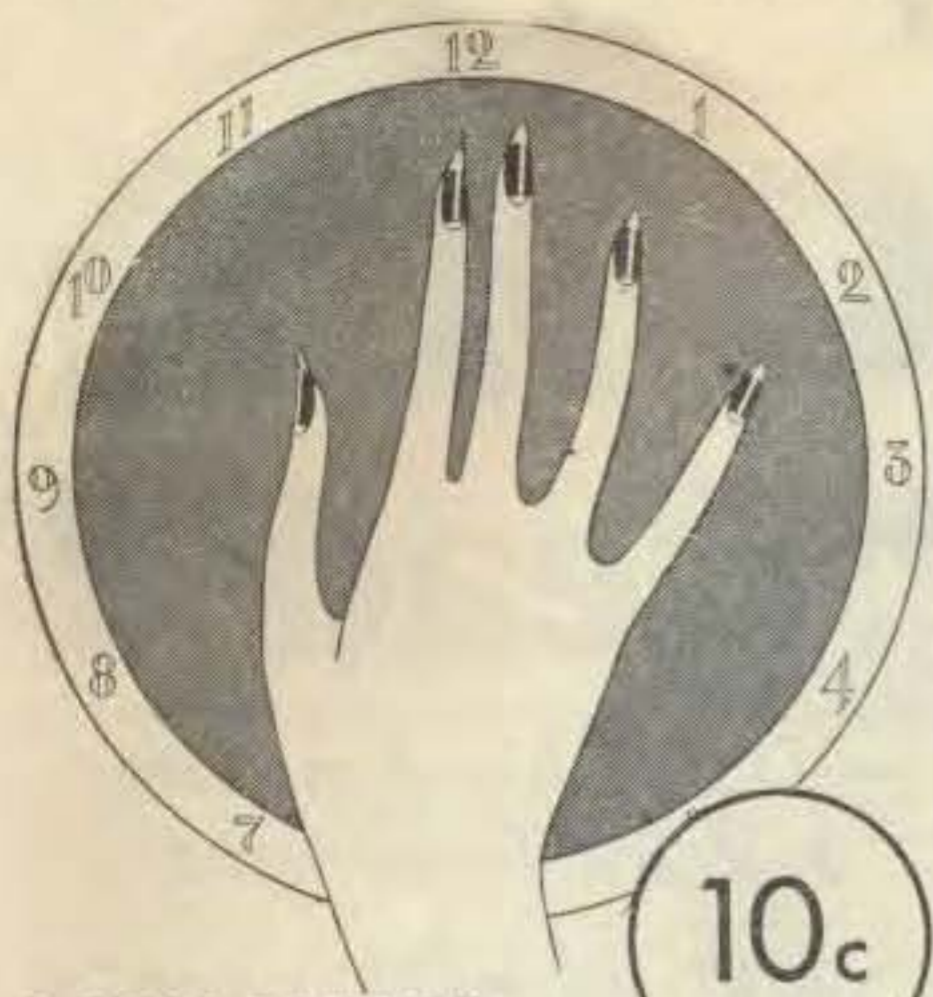
Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is utterly harmless and perfectly safe to take. Comes in two sizes—30c and 50c. The 50c size is by far the more economical to buy as it gives you 20% more for your money.

Always ask for Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine and reject a substitute.



GROVE'S LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE

CHIC at all times!



5 CHIC SHADES

CLEAR
PINK
CORAL
RUBY
DEEP

You will agree...
a truly fine polish...
at a great saving... also



Chic Creme Polish
Chic Cuticle Remover
Chic Polish Remover
Chic Oily Polish Remover

• FOR SALE AT THE 10c STORES •

Gray Hair

Best Remedy is Made At Home

You can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy by following this simple recipe: To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. Barbo imparts color to streaked, faded or gray hair, making it soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.

Mercolized Wax



Keeps Skin Young

Absorb blemishes and discolorations using Mercolized Wax daily as directed. Invisible particles of aged skin are freed and all defects such as blackheads, tan, freckles and large pores disappear. Skin is then beautifully clear, velvety and so soft—face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty. At all leading druggists.

Powdered Saxolite
Reduces wrinkles and other age-signs. Simply dissolve one ounce Saxolite in half-pint witch hazel and use daily as face lotion.

Microphonies

(Continued from page 89)

entitled "Hello Hello, Nature." She will now recite this with absolutely no assistance whatsoever. Miss Skidmore.

Miss Skidmore: Friends of poetry... I believe that if we commune with nature... nature will commune with us. So I have written my little poem "Hello, Hello, Nature" to show how we should be friends with nature, no matter when—whether in January or February or March—or—etcetera. I will now read "Hello, Hello Nature"...

(Reads with gestures)

NATURE THRILLS ME THROUGH
AND THROUGH
ONE NEVER KNOWS WHAT IT
WILL DO
FIRST THERE'S SUN AND THEN
THERE'S RAIN
AND THEN THE SNOWFLAKES
COME AGAIN
FICKLE FICKLE NATURE!

NATURE'S FULL OF RUNNING
BROOKS
AND HILLS AND DALES AND
INGLE NOOKS
I WASH MYSELF IN A RUNNING
STREAM
THE ICY WATER MAKES ME
SCREAM
OOH OOH NATURE!

NATURE BECKONS AND I RUN
FOR I SEEK MOTHER EARTH'S
OWN SON
I SEEK MY BROTHER—AS I
OUGHTER
FOR I AM MOTHER NATURE'S
DAUGHTER
PRETTY PRETTY NATURE!

NATURE SOOTHES ME INTO
SLEEP
THE EVENING BIRDS GO PEEP
PEEP PEEP
THE NIGHT WIND SOOTHES ME
INTO REST
MY HEAD HANGS HEAVY ON MY
CHEST
NIGHTY, NIGHTY NATURE!

NATURE IS A HARD TASK-
MASTER
IT MAKES ME RUN FASTER AND
FASTER
I FIND IT IN A GREAT TREE
TRUNK
I EVEN FIND IT IN A SKUNK
OH OH NATURE

NATURE IS SO ROUGH AND WILD
AND I AM NATURE'S LITTLE
CHILD
WITH COLUMBINE STUCK IN MY
HAIR
WHEN NATURE CALLS, WHAT DO
I CARE
HELLO HELLO NATURE!

6:00-6:30—Advice to the Lovelorn

QUESTION: Dear Mr. Knight: Two nights ago my husband took me to the theater. We sat in \$1.50 seats in the first balcony, but between the acts he threw me down into the orchestra. Do you think he still loves me? (Signed—Black and Blue).

ANSWER: Dear Black and Blue: Of course he still loves you. He could have bought seventy-five cent seats—in the second balcony—saved money and thrown you farther.

QUESTION: Dear Mr. Knight: The man I love treats me terribly. What can I do? (Signed—Perturbed.)

ANSWER: Dear Perturbed: If you are already married to this man—divorce him. If you are not, then marry him! It is best to teach men a lesson.

8:00-8:45—Music Depreciation Hour

I NOW TAKE PLEASURE IN PRESENTING EDWARD FRANKLIN GOLDSCHMIDT AND HIS MUSICAL FRANKENSTEINS.

MAESTRO GOLDSCHMIDT WILL PLAY TONIGHT THE LIGHT CAVALRY OVERTURE. DUE TO THE TREND OF TIMES, THIS SELECTION HAS BEEN GIVEN A NEW ARRANGEMENT AND IS NOW KNOWN AS THE MOTORIZED CAVALRY OVERTURE. A FEW NOTES ON THE COMPOSER, VON SUPPE, WILL I THINK, CONFUSE YOU.

VON SUPPE WAS BORN IN JUGOSLAVIA AND TOOK UP THE STUDY OF MUSIC AT THE AGE OF TEN. HIS TEACHER SAID—"BEFORE YOU CAN BE A MUSICIAN YOU MUST GO AND SLAVE FOR YEARS." VON SUPPE REPLIED WITH AN EXPRESSION WHICH HAS GONE DOWN IN BALKAN HISTORY, "JUGO SLAVIA YOURSELF."

NEXT HE MOVED TO SOFIA, SO-FIA, SO GOOD. THEN TO FIUME, BUT THERE HE WAS A FAILURE FOR MANY ARE CALLED BUT FIUME ARE CHOSEN. FINALLY HE WENT TO GERMANY AND GOT IN BAD. AS A MATTER OF FACT HE GOT IN BADEN-BADEN. IT WAS VON SUPPE WHO POPULARIZED NEW SETTINGS FOR BRAHMS, SAYING AS HE DID IT—"A NEW BRAHMS SWEEPS CLEAN."

9:00-9:15—Joe and Josie

JOE: I've got a place to sell where you can tie up a boat.

JOSIE: What of it?

JOE: Do you wanna buy a dock?

JOSIE: I hear you're on the Yale Polo Team.

JOE: Yessir—I'm wearing the blue!

JOSIE: I've got a horse that used to be with the Harvard Team.

JOE: That's a horse of another color.

JOSIE: Ever been to any other college?

JOE: I attended a counterfeiting school in Germany last year.

JOSIE: What sort of grades did you get?

JOE: I made some pretty good marks.

12:00 Midnight—Sign-off

THIS COLUMN HAS COME TO YOU THROUGH THE COURTESY OF NICKS' NICK-NACK COMPANY, Inc. THIS BUSINESS IS UNDER THE PERSONAL SUPERVISION OF ITS PRESIDENT, MR. NICK NICK-ILOPOULOS, A NICK-NACK EXPERT OF YEARS' STANDING. HE NEVER LIES DOWN ON THE JOB. NICK HAS A KNACK FOR NICK-NACKS, AND HIS SLOGAN IS "EVERY NACK IS A BOOST."

The Doctor said
"MOIST-THROAT"
METHOD

**WOULD STOP COUGH
 QUICKLY— IT DID**



Extract of famous medicinal herb stimulates throat's moisture

WHEN you cough, it's usually because your throat's moisture glands clog. Their healthy secretions change. Throat dries, sticky mucus collects. A tickling... then a cough! PERTUSSIN stimulates your throat's moisture. Phlegm loosens—is "raised." Relief! Pertussin is safe. Contains no drugs. Tastes good.

● Doctors have used Pertussin for over thirty years because it is always safe and sure.

GLANDS HERE CLOG—
 THROAT DRIES—
 WHEN YOU CATCH COLD.
 THEN COUGHING STARTS!



PERTUSSIN

helps nature cure your cough

Brand New NOW ONLY \$17.95

TYPEWRITER

PORTABLES
 10¢ a Day—Easy Terms

Sensational Low Prices and easy terms on limited supply only. All brand new, up-to-date—4-row keyboard. Fully Guaranteed. SEND NO MONEY—10 Day Trial. Send for special new literature and money-saving, easy pay plan with 10 day trial offer. Also amazing bargains in standard size, rebuilt office models on FREE trial offer. 231 W. Monroe St. International Typewriter Exch., Dept. 1293 Chicago



Millions use
"HUSH" Deodorants

fastidious women prefer HUSH to stay sweet. Effective—easy
 3 Kinds - CREAM - LIQUID - STICK

Now available in 10¢ sizes everywhere or send 10¢ for each kind desired
 HUSH COMPANY
 116 Market St.
 PHILA., PA.



10,000 TINY SHUTTERS

Through a microscope, rough, chapped skin is like 10,000 tiny shutters torn open—broken skin—dry, hard, cracked. Ordinary lotions only glaze over this.

DAME NATURE Cream

is unusually rich liquid formulated by a woman physician who found others ineffective. It absorbs into your skin—softening, smoothing and healing it—not glazing it. It makes the entire skin fabric remarkably smooth, comfy, attractive. Redness, roughness, chap, dryness—disappear. 10c, 25c, 50c. On sale at 10c stores. Dame Nature Co., 251 W. 19th St., New York.

**The Unknown
 Chapter**

(Continued from page 31)

new program gives him a chance to act as well as to sing.

Shakespeare is what he loves to do best. His ideals are high and even when it is opposed to good business he will not indulge in cheap entertainment. Now he can pick and choose, can say "No" to a producer who asks him to appear in tawdry numbers because he has enough money to be choosy, but even during the time when Fate was not so kind to him he, when he was really in need of a job, turned down a well paying radio program because he did not feel it was first class music he was being asked to sing.

Incidentally, he has now had singing lessons. He still has them but he is not a good student. He is too impatient, too nervous a man to spend hours and hours chanting "me, me, me." At rehearsals one of his favorite phrases is "Can't we get done with this? What is holding us up?" And, one wonders, why he should spend endless hours studying when he has such a tremendously romantic personality which comes through in his voice and gives vividness to every song he renders.

HOLLYWOOD and the studios made him restless. He could not understand why it took so long to set up the lights, to change film in the camera. Nor could he understand why his first film was entrusted to a director who had yet to be proved in American movies. For that matter, it is not very understandable to anyone.

I have never seen a more restless man. While we were talking he left to perform a dozen mysterious errands while his manager took up the thread of the story of his career. King constantly appears to be under some terrific strain—a victim of some urgent inner restlessness which he cannot control. Yet everything he does bespeaks the dynamic qualities of his nature.

His manager does not like it to be known that King is married and has two lovely children. He is afraid that, when this is told, some of the glamour and romance of the man will be rubbed off.

But the mere fact that he has a wife cannot take away the glamour that belongs to Dennis King. And one sees terrific drama in his sudden reticences, his strange silences. I have a feeling that one could know Dennis King for years and never really know him. And I am sure of this much, that no one knows all of the details of that chapter in his life which concerns the war. He will say only, "I went in when I was sixteen and came out when I was eighteen."

His face and his eyes tell the rest of the story.

Dennis King may be heard each Wednesday at 10:00 P.M., E.S.T., over the following NBC stations:

- WJZ, WBAL, WMAL, WBZ, WBZA, WSYR, WHAM, KDKA, WGAR, WJR, WCKY, WENR, KWCR, KSO, KWK, WREN, KOIL, WTMJ, WIBA, KSTP, WEBC, WDAY, KFJR, KOA, KGO, KDYL, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, KGIR, KFSD, CRCT.

Keep your hair aglow with the glory of "youth". The "Sheen of Youth" is every woman's birthright and it's a distinctive beauty asset, too. Make your friends wonder how you obtained that joyous, youthful, vibrant color tone so necessary for beautiful hair.

If your hair is old or faded looking, regain its "Sheen of Youth" by using ColoRinse—use immediately after the shampoo. It doesn't dye or bleach, for it is only a harmless vegetable compound. Yet one ColoRinse—ten tints to choose from—will give your hair that sparkle and lustre, that soft, shimmering loveliness, which is the youthful lure of naturally healthy hair.

Also ask for Nestle SuperSet, Nestle Golden Shampoo or Nestle Henna Shampoo.

THE NESTLE-LEMUR COMPANY
 MAKERS OF QUALITY PRODUCTS
 NEW YORK



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



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Name

Address

Let the Voice of Experience Help You

(Continued from page 44)

the statistics together, and present them to the proper authorities, and, with the preponderance of evidence that I believe will be available to me through your cooperation, I believe that something tangible can be done to make these drills at sea compulsory for every passenger as well as for every member of the crew. If only a few respond to this request, naturally my hands will be tied. But if every one of you readers who is sincerely interested in the saving of human lives by preventive measures will sit down and briefly recite your experiences as regards these two drills, and, if you agree with me in believing that such drills should be made compulsory, say so. Armed with thousands of such letters I can then approach the authorities with some assurance of a successful hearing, and although the idea is mine, the working out of the idea lies in your hands. On behalf of posterity I urge that you give me this cooperation. Simply address your letter, as brief as you can make it, to the Voice of Experience, care TOWER RADIO, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, and let me thank you in advance in anticipation of this cooperation which I have requested.

I know that you will pardon me for this digression from my regular routine, but I believe that circumstances warrant it and I feel that you will think so, too.

A little 14-year old girl writes me:
"DEAR VOICE OF EXPERIENCE:
"I have a problem which has me puzzled. Up to now I have been free, light-hearted and unrestrained. Have had no thoughts of boys, except as pals, for I have three brothers.
"Today, however, a boy and girl whom I have known a long time were married, and as they went by my house with ribbons and old shoes streaming out behind their car, a strange sort of longing came over me—a longing for a home of my own.
"My question is this: Should I settle down quietly now and pay more attention to boys, or should I go on playing with my dog and my brothers as I have in the past? Why should that longing have suddenly come to me to have a home of my own, when I have never thought of such things before? Please answer as soon as possible in TOWER RADIO."

EDNA.

ANSWER:
And yours, Edna, is an excellent question. Has it occurred to you, Edna, that a little more than fourteen years ago the Edna that you know didn't even exist, and then one day she was born? You see, everything earthly, Edna, must have a beginning, and you had your physical beginning at birth. Up until now you have been going through what is termed childhood, but usually at about your age all girls go through what is called a climacteric, or change, and they commence to leave behind them the childish foibles that had occupied their entire time and attention, and they commence to show interest in society as such. Boys no longer are merely teases and playground companions, but they take on a very different

complexion. This change doesn't happen over night, but it is most important in every girl's life, and it is certainly a time when the girl should sit down and talk over a number of things with Mother.

This column, Edna, is not the place for a discussion of either the whys or the wherefores of such a problem as yours, but I wish that every girl would stop and analyze herself as you have done and would then go to some older woman and frankly talk over such a problem. It would mean much to other girls, as I know it will to you Edna, if you do as I suggest and present the same problem you have brought to me to your Mother.

DEAR VOICE OF EXPERIENCE:
"I am a regular reader of TOWER RADIO and think it very interesting. Please would you oblige me by letting me know who was the first girl ever to sing jazz on the radio? And do you know who the very first girl was ever to sing over radio?
"Thank you for this information."
M. C. B.

ANSWER:
I frankly admit that I am not an encyclopaedia of radio history, and I cannot answer either of these questions for you, but probably among my readers are some radio enthusiasts who do have the answer to these questions, or know where to get the answers, and perhaps one of them will help me to help you. I have your address, and if I receive any information as a result of printing your request in this column, I will forward it to you.

DEAR VOICE OF EXPERIENCE:
"I am a young man of nineteen. Have been going with a girl two months older than I for over two years. For the last ten months we have been going steady, but my girl friend started to work at the Fair. Four nights I called for her; the other three I had to work at a drug store. On nights I couldn't go for her, she commenced having dates with others. I found it out, and when I asked her about it she confessed, but promised not to make a date with anybody else again.
"Now she comes out with the idea that since I can't meet her regularly, I go with other girls and she go with other boys until I have got a better job and can afford to take her places more often. You see, other guys have got more money than me, and take her to sweller joints, although she says that doesn't make any difference to her. I love her and don't want to lose her, but I don't mind telling you I don't hanker after this idea of hers. Makes me think she don't love me. What do you think?"

T. C. G.

ANSWER:
Let me ask you first, T. C. G., if you should marry this girl, would you not want to be happy with her, and would you not want her to be happy with you? Then for goodness sake give her the freedom of young womanhood, the companionship of others boys, have other girl companions yourself. This is mighty important if you really want

JUST LISTEN TO ME
IF YOU WANT TO
KNOW HOW EXCITING
CHRISTMAS CAN BE!



BELIEVE me, a dog sure gets pretty wise about a lot of things. For instance, the way Tommy's mother settled the problem of extra money for Christmas. What do you suppose she did! Sold subscriptions to Tiny Tower—that magazine children like so well. She knew how eagerly Tommy waited for each issue, and figured it ought to be a best seller.

"It's a cinch, Boots," she told me. "Why, everyone who sees Tiny Tower simply loves it and, of course, almost every mother and father wants to order a subscription for the children's Christmas present. It sure solves the gift problem for uncles and aunts, too. It's *always* pleasant and profitable to sell Tiny Tower subscriptions but right now, with Christmas coming, it's an especially good time. Tiny Tower pays a generous commission so we can buy lots of extras this year. It's amazing how it adds up to real money!"

Subscriptions to Tiny Tower are easy and profitable to sell. For details about how you can increase your income, write to

•
Olive Reid

TINY TOWER MAGAZINE

55 Fifth Avenue . . . New York, N. Y.

Tower Radio, December, 1934

to settle down later and not feel that either or both of you have been robbed of the normal pleasures of social companionship in youth. Certainly a girl can love one boy and go with many others merely as friendly companions, and so can a boy love just one girl and have several girl friends. Don't allow jealousy and unreasonableness to ruin the prospect of a happy future for you two. Be patient, be natural, and whatever the outcome, I assure you you will both be better off.

DEAR VOICE OF EXPERIENCE:

"I am a young married woman, 27. My husband is 37. We have been married 2½ years. Husband and I love children very much and wish we had a little tot to make our home complete, but the doctors tell me that this is impossible.

"Do you think that you would be able to help me find a little child that is without a home that I could adopt? We could do so much for it. I hope that you will answer me soon, but do not use my name and address in print—just use my initials and let them write to you."

A. P., CHICAGO.

ANSWER:

A. P., I have been the means of securing the adoption of a great many children, but always through some recognized agency. I have printed your letter in the event that some person might know of a worthy little child that needs a home, in which case I will be glad to get you together and have you investigate. If the little tot was to your liking, I would help you make arrangements through a regularly legalized agency for its adoption. Maybe some reader knows of such a little child and will write to me, particularly one in Chicago or near by. If they do, I'll get in touch with you, A. P.

Here is a letter that hails from away down in Texas, saying:

DEAR VOICE OF EXPERIENCE:

"I am 18 years old, not bad looking, have a good personality, but have never had a date with a boy because I don't want one. I would much rather go for a hike through the woods or go fishing than to talk the silly talk that other girls do about their boy friends. And because I say so, they say I am not normal.

"Voice of Experience, it isn't true, is it? Isn't it possible for a girl to love Nature and be interested in other things than boys? A girl isn't abnormal just because of this, is she? This may not seem very important to you, but to me it means a great deal."

KATHLEEN.

ANSWER:

No, Kathleen, it does not necessarily mean that you are not normal, but you see, particularly since the World War, girls and boys, too, have matured so much more rapidly that they have given up companionship for courtship much earlier on the average than the age at which this used to occur. To a girl that is boy-struck, a girl not interested in boys seems odd. We always look, Kathleen, upon the things different from ourselves with awe.

However, I wouldn't allow myself to be completely devoid of any interest in other girls and boys, because that's a most unsocial attitude that always ends unhappily for the individual. Don't give up Nature for a steady boy friend until you are ready, but
(Please turn to page 94)

GOING on THIRTY and
Worried about GRAY HAIR



Keep your age your own secret. No one under 70 need show a spear of gray. Will you be out-smarted by women your own age or "let out" of your job for some one younger only in appearance?

FARR'S FOR GRAY HAIR keeps it youthful, natural looking, soft and lustrous; easy to use without instruction in hygienic privacy AT HOME. Harmless, odorless, greaseless, will not rub off nor interfere with curling. Once you've got the shade you wish a few occasional touches keep a uniform color. \$1.35. For sale everywhere.

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*Some Women
Always Attract*

The women you most admire, and perhaps envy, prize their beauty and guard it. Their lustrous eyes and clear skin are the result of daily care. Above all else, these women keep their systems free of the poisons of constipation. Thousands of such women find Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets a matchless corrective. Made of pure vegetable ingredients. Know them by their olive color. They are a safe substitute for dangerous calomel. Not habit-forming. All druggists, 15c, 30c and 60c.

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Heartburn...Sour
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Relief for Millions**

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TUMS free you from this danger. They act as an acid "buffer." The scientific explanation of TUMS is that it acts gently—just enough of the antacid compound is released to counteract over-acidity. When your heartburn or sour stomach is corrected—the balance passes on inert and undissolved, without affecting the blood or kidneys.

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THANK YOU—
THE HUBINGER CO., No. 796, Keokuk, Ia.
Your free sample of QUICK ELASTIC, please, and "That Wonderful Way to Hot Starch."

Let the Voice of Experience Help You

(Continued from page 93)

when the time comes for you to make that exchange, it is only natural that you would wish some interests in that direction, and so I would compromise if I were you and show interest in both.

DEAR VOICE OF EXPERIENCE:

"I feel as if I have no one else but you to turn to for advice. I am a widow; lost my husband last June. Now my mother lives with me and keeps house for me while I work. I have one child six years old. There is a man whom I like and he likes me, but my mother says he is not to come to the house to see me, although the house is mine, left me by my husband. Mother says that she does not like the man, and has heard rumors about him. I believe that I should be able to pick my own male company, and to invite them to my own home if I like. Do you think that I am unjust in this?"

MRS. F. H.

ANSWER:

In the first place, the home is yours, and as I understand it, you are doing the work, and your mother is keeping house to make your work possible. Even where there are two women under the same roof, you cannot have two heads of a house, and although you are your mother's daughter, you have been married and have a child of your own. You are a free moral agent, and certainly are not unjust in wishing to pick your own friends. On the other hand, if your mother is in possession of definite information that this man is unworthy of your friendship, she should not resort to saying that she has heard rumors, but should come out openly and tell you what she has heard and upon what authentic source. The final decision as to his company and his being invited to your home should rest solely with you.

DEAR VOICE OF EXPERIENCE:

"I am a boy of 19 and have been going out with a girl the same age, but we have been having to sneak out together as her parents won't allow her to go with boys. At present we don't know whether to continue our friendship or break it up. What would you advise?"

J. M.

ANSWER:

I wouldn't advise breaking up your friendship, J. M., but if I were you, for the protection of the girl's good name and for the sake of the family, I would not sneak out with the girl. I personally don't believe that parents should make this necessary for a girl of 19 years, but of course, that is the parent's business, not mine or yours. The best solution for you might be to keep the friendship of this girl, but to

find another girl friend to go out on dates with you.

DEAR VOICE OF EXPERIENCE:

"I think my problem different from any you have had yet.

"I am a woman of 62. Have always been healthy and strong, but lately I have been to quite a few doctors because of noises in my head; a kind of hissing sound that comes and goes. But no doctor can do anything for it. I tried to get rid of it by pouring hot water over my head and made it much worse. I may be able to pay for treatments, but the doctors don't know where to tell me to go.

"I am appealing to you for advice, and if you can't help me, I feel that death would be a relief."

MRS. M.

ANSWER:

I am sorry, Mrs. M., to hear that you have made yourself worse by trying to doctor yourself, but then that's what usually happens, you know, when people try something merely on someone's say so.

Personally I have never had any experience with a condition of that kind, but since you say that your doctors have found it impossible to help you, maybe this column will reach the attention of someone who has had a like experience and has found a doctor who has a different means of relief, or some physician may read it who knows just what to do.

At any rate, I will be glad to forward to you any replies I receive from having inserted your letter in this column, but I caution you to be sure and check carefully with your family physician anything that you have recommended to you before trying it out. That's a mighty good policy to follow.

The Voice of Experience may be heard over the following Columbia stations at 12 o'clock noon, E.S.T., on Monday to Friday, inclusive:

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

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Rebroadcast Sundays between 11 and 12 midnight, E.S.T., over:

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Do you need a friend in whom you can confide? One who can give you expert advice? Then why don't you send your problem to

VOICE OF EXPERIENCE

He will give your questions his personal attention.
Letters go direct to him, unopened.

Programs You'll Want to Hear

(Continued from page 42)

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

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

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

Music by Gershwin — Dick Robertson, tenor; Rhoda Arnold, soprano; Lucille Petersen, soloist; male sextet; Louis Katzman's orchestra; Harry Von Zell, master of ceremonies. (Health Products Corp.) 6:00 P.M., Sunday, CBS.

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

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

Pontiac Program — Jane Froman, featured soloist; Don McNeil, comedian; Modern Choir; Frank Black's Concert Dance Orchestra. (Pontiac Motor Co.) 10:30 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

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

Radio City Party — Guest artists; John B. Kennedy, narrator; Frank Black and his orchestra. (Radiotron Co.) 9:00 P.M., Saturday, NBC-WJZ.

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

Roxy Revue—With Roxy himself and his gang; male quartette; guest stars. (The Centaur Co.) 8:00 P.M., Saturday, CBS.

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

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

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

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

Swift Program—Featuring Sigmund Romberg, noted composer; William Lyons Phelps, master of ceremonies; orchestra. (Swift and Co.) 8:00 P.M., Saturday, NBC-WEAF.

Texaco Program — Starring Ed

Wynn, the Fire Chief; Graham McNamee; Eddie Duchin's orchestra. (Texas Co.) 9:30 P.M., Tuesday, NBC-WEAF.

Town Hall Tonight — Fred Allen, comedian; James Melton, tenor soloist; Songsmith Quartette; Lennie Hayton's orchestra. (Bristol Myers Co.) 9:00 P.M., Wednesday, NBC-WEAF.

Waring's Pennsylvanians — Fred Waring's orchestra with guest stars. (Ford Motor Co., dealers.) 9:30 P.M., Thursday, CBS.

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

Vicks' Open House — Elmer Feldcamp, baritone; Terry Shand, specialty songs; Freddy Martin's orchestra. (Vicks Chemical Co.) 5:00 P.M., Sunday, CBS.

Ward Family Theater — Buddy Rogers and Jeanie Lang, stars; Three Rascals; Gene Conklin; orchestra. (Ward Baking Co.) 7:30 P.M., Sunday, CBS.

Concerts and Classical Music

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

Firestone Garden Concerts—Gladys Swarthout, mezzo soprano; Margaret Speaks, soprano; Fred Hufsmith, tenor; Frank Chapman, baritone; William Daly's Symphony String orchestra. (Firestone Tire and Rubber Co.) 8:30 P.M., Monday, NBC-WEAF.

Ford Symphony Orchestra—Under the direction of Victor Kolar; mixed chorus of twenty-four voices; guest stars. (Ford Motor Co.) 8:00 P.M., Sunday, CBS.

Great Composers Program—Distinguished guest artists; ensembles; Frank Black, musical director. 1:45 P.M., Monday and Thursday, NBC-WJZ.

Hoover Serenade—Edward Davies, baritone; Josef Koestner's orchestra. (The Hoover Co.) 5:30 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

Kansas City Symphony Orchestra—(United Drug Co.) 4:00 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

Master Music Hour—String quartet in lesser known master works of great composers; Frank Black, musical supervisor. 1:30 P.M., Tuesday, and Friday, 4:00 P.M., NBC-WEAF.

New York Philharmonic Symphony—3:00 P.M., Sunday, CBS.

Palmolive Beauty Box Theater—Light operas with galaxy of outstanding stars; Nathaniel Shilkret's orchestra; Palmolive chorus. (Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co.) 10:00 P.M., Tuesday, NBC-WEAF.

Philadelphia Orchestra — Leopold Stokowski, conducting. 3:00 P.M., on following dates—November 2, 16, 23, December 7, 14 and 21, CBS.

Radio City Concerts — Radio City Symphony orchestra; Music Hall Glee Club. 12:30 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

Piano and Organ Music

Ann Leaf at the Organ—3:30 P.M., Tuesday; 2:30 P.M., Wednesday; 2:15 (Please turn to page 96)

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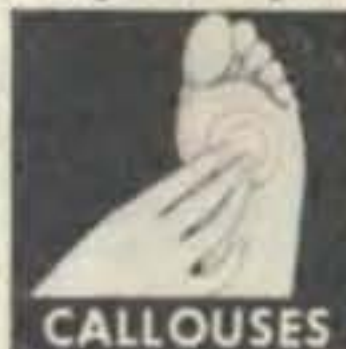
New De Luxe Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

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You never tried anything so wonderful for your feet as the New De Luxe Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads! The way they instantly relieve pain and quickly loosen and remove corns and callouses; the protection they give from shoe friction and pressure that cause corns, callouses, bunions, sore toes and blisters—will delight you. But that isn't all!

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CAUSED BY MOTHERHOOD



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"I used to wash my hair with any old soap. Treated it like a step-child, as though it didn't belong to me. But not since that first shampoo with Marchand's NEW Castile Shampoo. That was a grand coming out party for my hair—for its real hidden beauty.

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Programs You'll Want to Hear

(Continued from page 95)

P.M., Thursday, and 4:00 P.M., Friday, CBS.

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

Lew White at the Organ—8:30 A.M., daily, NBC-WJZ.

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

Salt Lake City Tabernacle—Organ recital and choir, 12:00 Noon, Sunday, CBS.

Children's Programs

Adventures on Mystery Island—Directed by Madge Tucker, 4:45 P.M., Monday to Thursday, inclusive, NBC-WEAF.

Billy Batchelor—(Wheatena Corp.) 6:45 P.M., Monday to Friday, inclusive, NBC-WEAF.

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

Boy Scout Program—(Libby, McNeill and Libby.) 5:00 P.M., Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, CBS.

Buck Rogers in the Twenty-fifth Century—(Cocomalt.) 6:00 P.M., Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, CBS.

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

Ivory Stamp Club—Talks by Captain Tim Healy. (Procter and Gamble Co.) 5:45 P.M., Wednesday and Friday, NBC-WEAF.

Jack Armstrong—All American Boy—(General Mills, Inc.) 5:30 P.M., Monday to Saturday, CBS.

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

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

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

Robinson Crusoe, Jr.—(Bureau of Milk Publicity, State of New York; New York State stations only.) 5:45 P.M., Tuesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, CBS.

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

Skippy—(Sterling Products Co.) 5:15 P.M., Monday to Friday, inclusive, CBS.

Sunday Morning at Aunt Susan's—9:00 A.M., Sunday, CBS.

Tom Mix's Straight Shooters—(Ralston Purina Co.) 5:15 P.M., Monday, Wednesday and Friday, CBS.

Dance Bands

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

Don Bestor—11:00 P.M., Monday; 11:30 P.M., Wednesday, and 11:00 P.M., Thursday, NBC-WJZ.

George Olsen—12:00 Midnight, Wednesday, NBC-WEAF; 12:00 Midnight, Thursday, NBC-WJZ.

Gus Arnheim—12:00 Midnight, NBC-WJZ.

Henry Busse—11:00 P.M., Sunday; 11:30 P.M., Wednesday, and 11:15 P.M., Thursday, CBS.

Jack Denny—10:30 P.M., Wednes-

day, NBC-WJZ.

Leo Reisman—With Phil Ducey. (Philip Morris and Co.) 8:00 P.M., Tuesday, NBC-WEAF.

Leon Belasco—11:15 P.M., Monday; 12:00 Midnight, Wednesday, and 11:15 P.M., Friday, CBS.

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

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

Dramatic Sketches

Bar X Days—Carson Robson and his Buckaroos; dramatic cast includes Ann Elsner, John Battle and Kenneth Daigneau. (Feen-a-Mint Co.) 9:00 P.M., Thursday, CBS.

Court of Human Relations—8:30 P.M., Friday, CBS.

Dangerous Paradise—Elsie Hitz and Nick Dawson. (John H. Woodbury Co.) 7:45 P.M., Monday, Wednesday and Friday, NBC-WJZ.

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

Dream Drama—Dramatic sketch with Arthur Allen and Parker Fennelly. (Western Clock Co.) 4:45 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

Fish Tale—(Booth Fisheries Corp.) 11:15 A.M., Wednesday, CBS.

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

Grand Hotel—With Anne Seymour. (Campana Sales Co.) 6:30 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

Irene Rich—With supporting cast. (Welch Grape Juice Co.) 8:00 P.M., Friday, NBC-WJZ.

Just Plain Bill—(Kolynos Sales Co.) 7:15 P.M., Monday to Friday, inclusive, CBS.

March of Time—Dramatized news events. (Time, Inc.) 9:00 P.M., Friday, CBS.

Myrt and Marge—With Myrtle Vail and Donna Damerel and supporting cast. (William Wrigley, Jr., Co.) 7:00 P.M., Monday to Friday, inclusive, CBS.

One Man's Family—With Anthony Smythe. 6:00 P.M., Saturday, NBC-WEAF.

Peggy's Doctor—Starring Rosaline Greene and James Meighan. (Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Coal Co.) 1:15 P.M., Monday, Wednesday and Friday, NBC-WEAF.

Red Davis—(Beech-Nut Packing Co.) 7:30 P.M., Monday, Wednesday and Friday, NBC-WJZ.

Roses and Drums—Civil War dramas. (Union Central Life Insurance Co.) 5:00 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

Story Behind the Claim—True life insurance stories. (Provident Mutual Life Ins. Co.) 9:15 P.M., Tuesday, NBC-WJZ.

Tastyeast Theater—One act plays. (Tastyeast, Inc.) 9:45 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

Terhune Dog Dramas—With Albert

Payson Terhune. (Spratts Patent, Ltd.) 5:45 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

Thrills of Tomorrow—Dramatic sketch. (A. C. Gilbert Co.) 6:00 P.M., Friday, and 4:00 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

Vic and Sade—With Art Van Harvey, Billy Idelson and Bernadine Flynn. 1:30 P.M., Monday to Friday, inclusive, NBC-WJZ.

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

Comedy Sketches

Amos 'n' Andy—(Pepsodent.) 7:00 P.M., daily except Saturday and Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

Clara, Lou and Em—Louise Starkey, Isabel Carothers and Helen King. (Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Corp.) 10:15 A.M., daily except Saturday and Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

Easy Aces—Jane and Goodman Ace. (Wyeth Chemical Co.) 8:00 P.M., Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, CBS.

Honeymooners—Starring Grace and Eddie Albert. 11:00 A.M., Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Saturday, NBC-WJZ.

Oxydol's Own Ma Perkins—(Procter and Gamble Co.) 3:00 P.M., Monday to Friday, inclusive, NBC-WEAF.

Mystery Sketches

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

The Shadow—With Frank Readick. (Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Coal Co.) 6:30 P.M., Monday and Wednesday, CBS.

Featured Singers

Bing Crosby and the Boswell Sisters—With George Stoll's orchestra. (John H. Woodbury Co.) 9:00 P.M., Tuesday, CBS.

Bill and Ginger—(C. F. Mueller Co.) 10:15 A.M., Monday, Wednesday and Friday, CBS.

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

Little Jack Little—(The Pinex Co.) 1:30 P.M., Sunday, Wednesday and Friday, CBS.

Pat Kennedy—With Art Kassel and his orchestra. (Paris Medicine Co.) 1:45 P.M., Sunday, Monday, Tuesday and Thursday, CBS.

Paul Keast—Rollo Hudson's orchestra. (Gold Dust Corp.) 7:30 P.M., Monday, Wednesday and Friday, CBS.

Ralph Kirby—(Mohawk Carpet Mills.) 2:00 P.M., Sunday; 12:00 Noon, Thursday, NBC-WEAF.

Smiling Ed McConnell—(Acme White Lead and Color Works.) 12:30 P.M., Thursday, and 6:30 P.M., Sunday, CBS.

Tito Guizar—(Brillo Mfg. Co.) 12:30 P.M., Sunday, CBS.

Wendell Hall—(F. W. Fitch Co.) 7:45 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

Whispering Jack Smith—(Ironized Yeast Co.) 7:30 P.M., Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, CBS.

Inspirational Programs

All About You—Harold Sherman, psychologist. (Emerson Drug Co.) 10:30 A.M., Monday, Wednesday and Friday, CBS.

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

Tony Wons—11:15 A.M., Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Saturday, NBC-WJZ.

Voice of Experience—(Wasey Products, Inc.) 12:00 Noon, Monday to Friday, inclusive; 6:45 P.M., Sunday, CBS.

Household Hints

Betty Crocker—(General Mills.) 10:45 A.M., Wednesday and Friday, NBC-WEAF.

Cooking Closeups—Mary Ellis Ames. (Pillsbury Flour Mills.) 11:00 A.M., Wednesday and Friday, CBS.

Frances Lee Barton—(General Foods Corp.) 11:15 A.M., Thursday, NBC-WEAF.

Ida Bailey Allen—Radio Home Maker, 10:15 A.M., Thursday, CBS.

Magic Recipes—Jane Ellison. (Borden Sales Co.) 11:45 A.M., Wednesday, CBS.

Mary Lee Taylor—Domestic science authority. (Pet Milk Sales Corp.) 11:00 A.M., Tuesday and Thursday, CBS.

Madame Sylvia—Health and beauty expert. (Ralston Purina Co.) 10:15 P.M., Wednesday, NBC-WJZ.

Mystery Chef—(R. B. Davis Co.) 9:30 A.M., NBC-WEAF.

Commentators

Boake Carter—(Philco Television and Radio Corp.) 7:45 P.M., daily except Saturday and Sunday, CBS.

Edwin C. Hill—The Human Side of the News. (Wasey Products, Inc.) 8:15 P.M., Monday, Wednesday and Friday, CBS.

Frederick William Wile—"The Political Situation in Washington Tonight," 6:00 P.M., Saturday, CBS.

H. V. Kaltenborn—Current Events, 6:00 P.M., Friday, CBS.

John B. Kennedy—Looking Over the Week, 4:00 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

Lowell Thomas—(Sun Oil Co.) 6:45 P.M., daily except Saturday and Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

Town Crier—Alexander Woolcott; Robert Ambruster's orchestra. (Cream of Wheat Corp.) 9:00 P.M., Sunday, CBS.

Walter Winchell—(Andrew Jergens Co.) 9:30 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

Miscellaneous Programs

American Bosch Radio Explorers Club—Historical talks by explorers from the American Museum of Natural History; music. (United American Bosch Corp.) 5:30 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

Byrd Expedition—News from the Antarctic; variety program for the explorers and radio audience; Mark Warnow's orchestra. (General Foods Corp.) 10:00 P.M., Wednesday, CBS.

Gene and Glenn—(Gillette Safety Razor Co.) 7:15 P.M., daily except Saturday and Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

Science Service—Instructive and informative talks. 4:30 P.M., CBS.

Shell Football Reporter—Eddie Dooley. (Shell Eastern Petroleum Products, Inc.) 6:30 P.M., Thursday, Friday and Saturday, CBS.

Woman's Radio Review—Conducted by Claudine Macdonald; guest speakers; orchestra under direction of Joseph Littau. 3:30 P.M., Monday to Thursday, inclusive, NBC-WEAF.

Doctors, Dollars and Disease—10:45 P.M., Monday, CBS.

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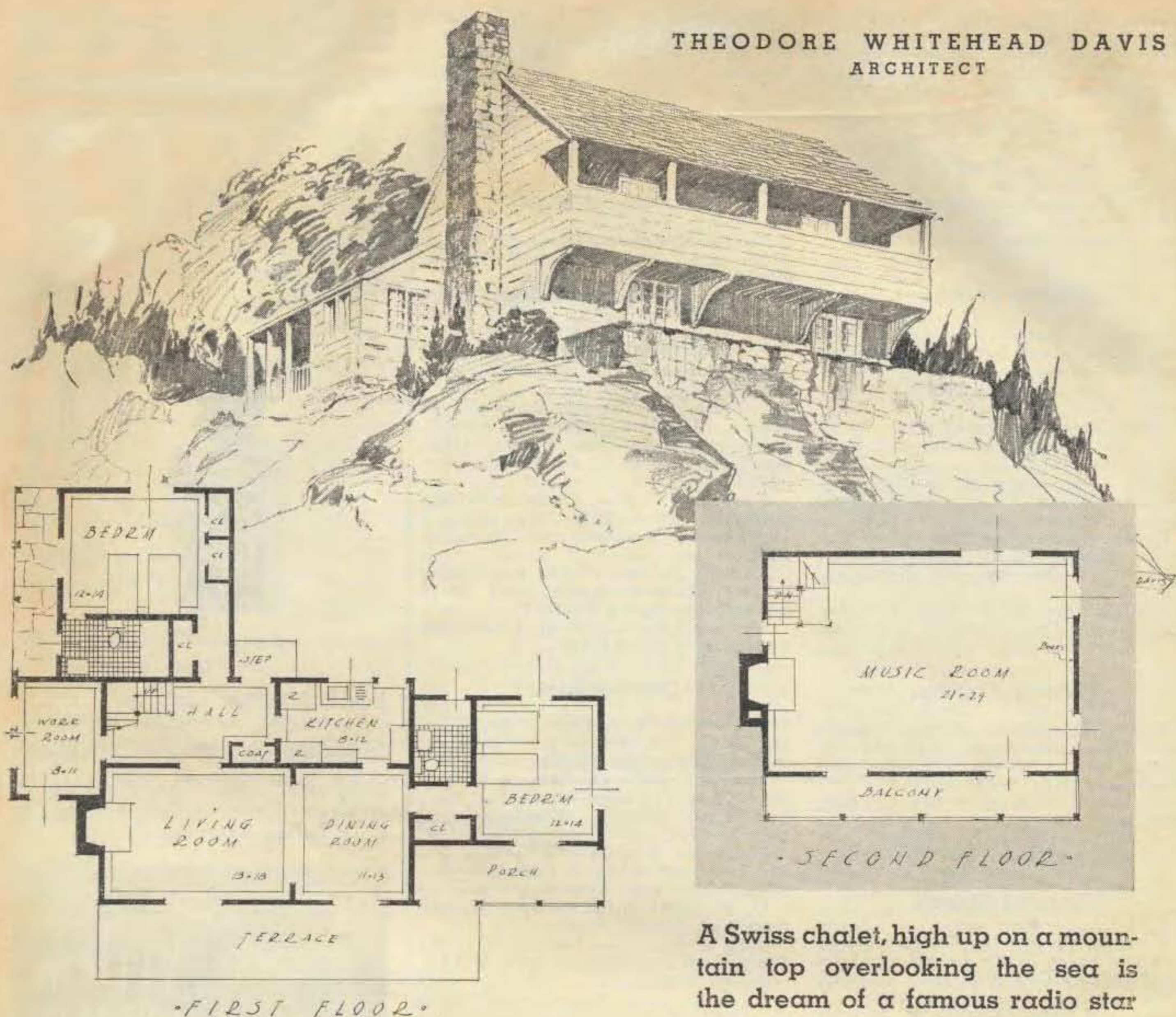


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A Swiss chalet, high up on a mountain top overlooking the sea is the dream of a famous radio star

Andre Kostelanetz PLANS A HOUSE

ANDRE KOSTELANETZ, well-known orchestra leader, is said to be five years ahead of everyone with his arrangements and orchestrations, and we have discovered that he is not only ahead in the musical world but he is also way ahead with his ideas on architecture and home planning. His ideas and plans are most original and interesting. His house is to be a simple Swiss chalet built of weather-beaten boards and located on a mountain top overlooking the sea, with a background of dense woods. As for the plan, Mr. Kostelanetz started to build his house from the top down with the room closest to his heart, his music room. This room with a long balcony overlooking the sea occupies the entire second story of the house. Bookshelves line one end of it and a huge fireplace the other. He wanted the roof constructed in such a way that it could be raised and lowered so that he could view the stars, as like most great artists and musicians he is very much interested in astronomy. Although this

could be managed, it is not considered very practical.

The living quarters of the house are all on the first floor. The living-room and dining-room can be thrown open into one large room with the fireplace available to both rooms. The kitchen is conveniently located. The bedrooms, each with separate bath and balcony, are placed at opposite ends of the house and the tiny work room is located off the main hall.

Mr. Kostelanetz also has very definite ideas on the way his house is to be decorated and furnished. Carved oak paneling for his beloved music room with severely simple but comfortable furnishings. Rough plaster walls for the living and dining rooms, and modern treatment for the two bedrooms.

If you would like to see a house designed for your favorite radio star in a future issue of this magazine send in your request with the star's name to Tower House Editor, TOWER RADIO MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.



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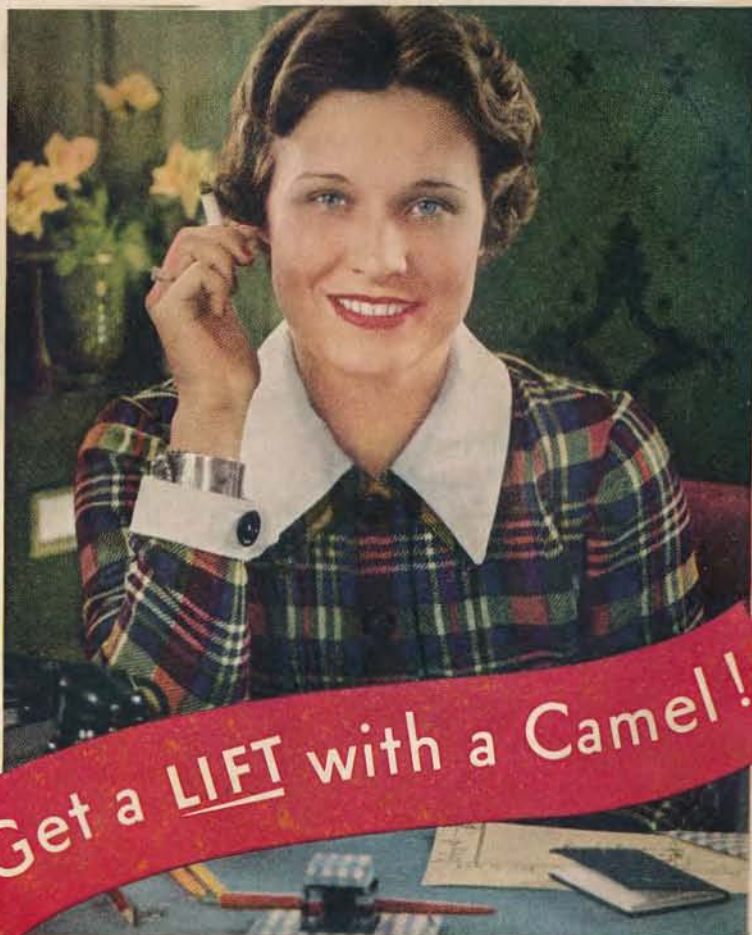
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FURTHER REPORTS ON A BENEFIT
ENJOYED BY CAMEL SMOKERS

On this page are submitted the latest reports received from Camel smokers... real experiences of real people. Miss Helen Hicks, Ellsworth Vines, Jr., Shepard Barclay, Miss Eve Miller. Miss Miller has an exacting job as a New York department-store executive. She says: "I started to smoke Camels

because I appreciate mildness and delicacy of flavor. I found, too, that Camels give me a 'lift' when my energy is low—and Camels never upset my nerves."

Camels are milder—a matchless blend of costlier tobaccos! Smoke them all you want. They never jangle your nerves.



TENNIS STAR. (above) Ellsworth Vines, Jr., says: "Camels restore my pep...take away that tired feeling...I can smoke all the Camels I want, for they don't interfere with healthy nerves."



BRIDGE EXPERT. (below) "Smoking Camels helps concentration," says Shepard Barclay. "I prefer Camels...I can smoke them steadily without jangled nerves. They're always mild!"



CHAMPION GOLFER. (above) Miss Helen Hicks says: "I can smoke Camels constantly without a sign of upset nerves."

TOBACCO EXPERTS ALL KNOW:
"Camels are made from finer, More Expensive Tobaccos—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand."

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Camel's Costlier Tobaccos never get on your Nerves!