

Tower **Radio**

A TOWER MAGAZINE

SEPTEMBER

10¢

15¢ in Canada



**BRINGING
HOLLYWOOD
TO THE MIKE**

VIVIENNE SEGAL

"WHY I MARRIED A BANDMAN"

By MARJORIE OELRICHS

THE STORY OF BELIEVE-IT-OR-NOT RIPLEY

Irresistible Eyes

makes Your eyes alluring



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DIFFERENT
MASCARA..**

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For natural, lasting beauty use all the wonderful IRRESISTIBLE BEAUTY AIDS. Each has some special feature that gives you new loveliness. All are laboratory tested and approved. Only 10¢ each at your 5 and 10¢ store.



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EACH AT YOUR
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**PERFUME AND
BEAUTY AIDS
FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK**

IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME, FACE POWDER, ROUGE, LIP LURE, MASCARA, COLD CREAM, COLOGNE, BRILLIANTINE, TALC

PRINCESS CHARMING (UNTIL SHE SMILES)



"Pink Tooth Brush"—
 Makes her avoid all close-ups
 . . . dingy teeth and tender gums
 destroy her charm.

A WOMAN smiles—and her face glows with a vivid touch of splendor.

(Dazzling white teeth set in firm, healthy gums help create that lovely moment.)

Another woman smiles, and her charm vanishes before your eyes.

(Dingy teeth and tender gums halt your attention with an unpleasant jolt.)

"PINK TOOTH BRUSH" IS YOUR ENEMY

You can't afford to neglect your gums until they show the warning signal of "pink tooth brush." For it is a serious matter—as dental science tells you.

The explanation of "pink tooth brush" is remarka-

bly simple. It's because almost no one nowadays eats the coarse, fibrous foods so stimulating to the gums. Our modern, soft-food diet allows them to grow tender and sensitive through sheer inaction. And that's why the warning tinge of "pink" appears so often—why modern dental science urges Ipana and massage.

Actually, you have a double duty to perform for complete oral health. You must massage your gums as well as brush your teeth. So be sure to rub a little extra Ipana on your gums every time you brush your teeth. Ipana, massaged well into the gums, helps them back to normal, healthy firmness.

Change to Ipana and massage. For with healthy

gums, you have little to fear from the really serious gum troubles—from gingivitis, Vincent's disease, and pyorrhea. And the brilliance of your smile, the whiteness and beauty of your teeth, will make you wish you had changed to Ipana and massage long ago.

WHY WAIT FOR THE TRIAL TUBE?

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



IPANA
TOOTH PASTE

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. Y95
 73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

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

Name _____
 Street _____
 City _____ State _____



NEXT MONTH'S
TOWER RADIO

A Beautiful Cover of lovely

VERA VAN

An amazing story about Rudy Vallee showing a new side of this famous crooner's personality

Another colorful feature presents the vagabond orchestra leader, Willard Robison, who has taken his deep river music from dance halls of the desert to radio fame

SEPTEMBER COVER DESIGN
BY ZOË MOZERT



Vera Van

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VOL. 3, NO. 6

TOWER RADIO

SEPTEMBER 1935

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Published monthly by TOWER MAGAZINES, Inc., 4600 Diversey Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Executive and Editorial Offices: 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Home Office: 22 No. Franklin St., Wilkes-Barre, Pa. Western Editorial Office: 7046 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Officers: Catherine McNelis, President; John P. McNelis, Vice-president; Theodore Alexander, Treasurer; Marie L. Featherstone, Secretary; E. L. Schroeder, Eastern Advertising Manager; S. B. Galey, Western Advertising Manager; R. M. Budd, Pacific Coast Representative.

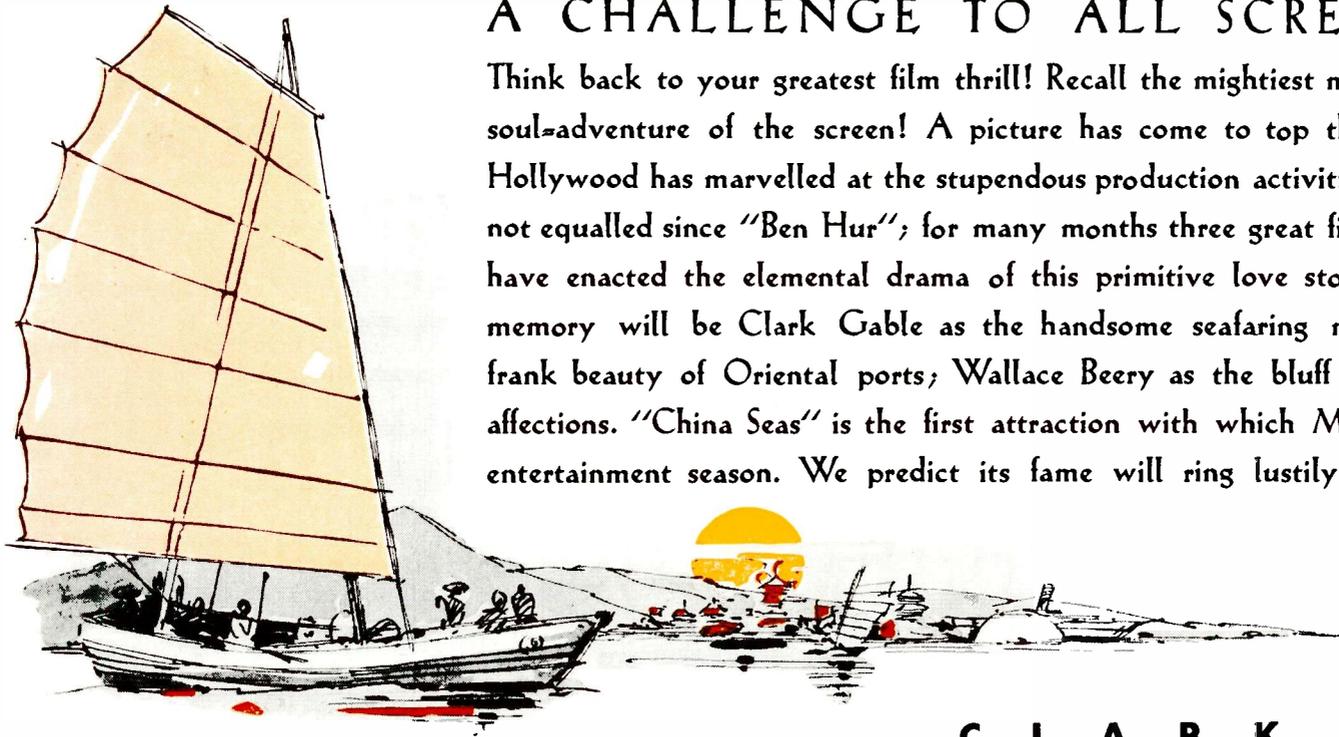
Advertising Offices: 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.; 919 No. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.; Russ Building, San Francisco, Cal.

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Ill., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Printed in U. S. A. Nothing that appears in TOWER RADIO may be reprinted, either wholly or in part, without permission. Tower Magazines, Inc., assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts, and they will not be returned unless accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelopes. Authors submitting unsolicited manuscripts assume all risk of their loss or damage.

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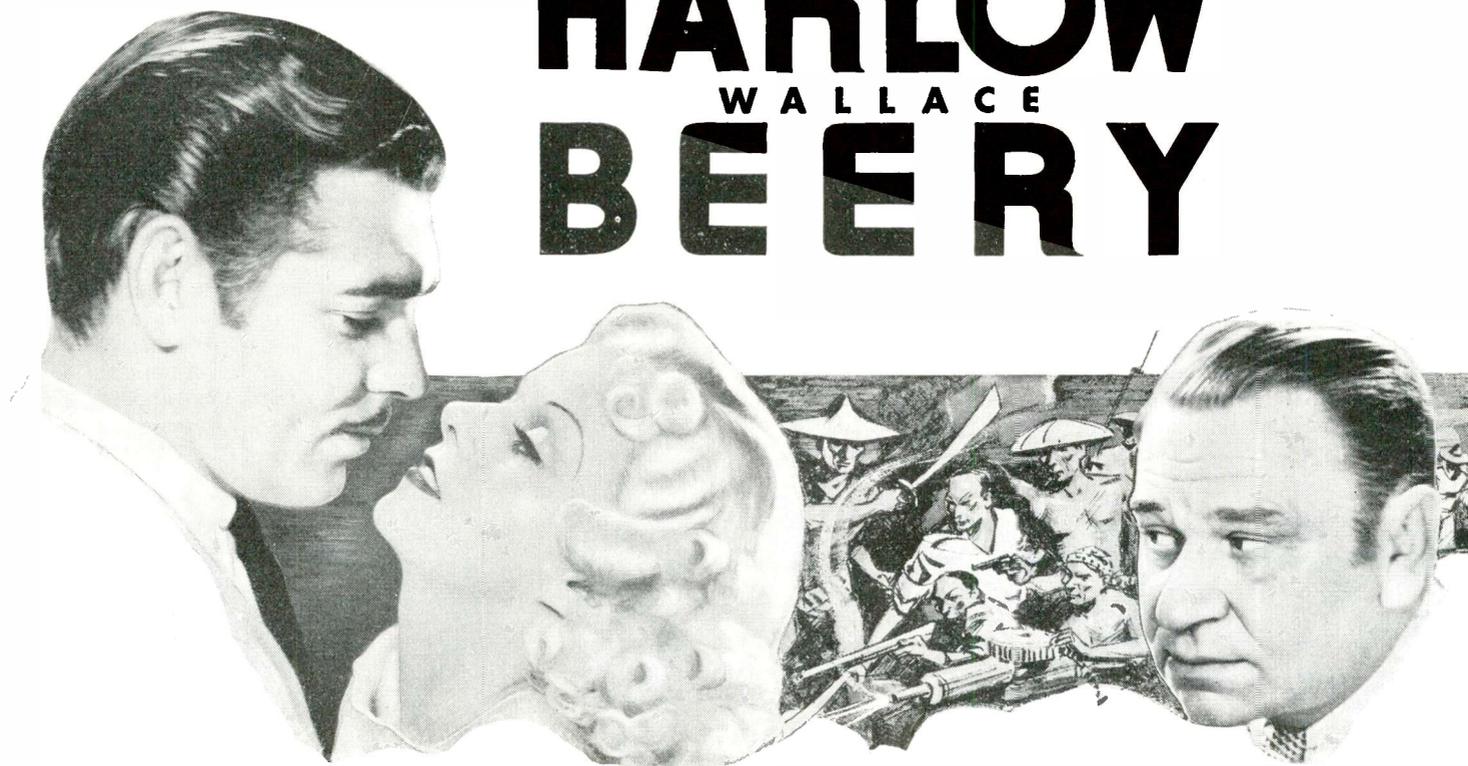
NEW ISSUE ON SALE THE FIRST OF EVERY MONTH



A CHALLENGE TO ALL SCREEN HISTORY!

Think back to your greatest film thrill! Recall the mightiest moments of romance, action, soul-adventure of the screen! A picture has come to top them all! For many months Hollywood has marvelled at the stupendous production activities at the M-G-M studios, not equalled since "Ben Hur"; for many months three great film stars and a brilliant cast have enacted the elemental drama of this primitive love story. Deeply etched in your memory will be Clark Gable as the handsome seafaring man; Jean Harlow as the frank beauty of Oriental ports; Wallace Beery as the bluff trader who also seeks her affections. "China Seas" is the first attraction with which M-G-M starts its new Fall entertainment season. We predict its fame will ring lustily down the years to come!

C L A R K
GABLE
J E A N
HARLOW
W A L L A C E
BERRY



CHINA SEAS

with
Lewis STONE • Rosalind RUSSELL
Directed by Tay Garnett • Associate Producer: Albert Lewin

A METRO • GOLDWYN •  • MAYER • PICTURE

Behind the Dial

LETTERS I have been getting from radio folks making movies in Hollywood this Summer—and there seems to be scores of them—have a common complaint. It is that the camera is cruel to their figures and makes them look bigger than they really are. "I reduced thirty-five pounds to go into pictures," confesses Grace Moore, "and still have to worry whether my shadow self is going to appear svelte-like on the screen. The camera makes you look ten pounds heavier than you are—and puts these extra pounds positively on the wrong places!"

WHICH reminds me there is a beauty shop in Fifth Avenue patronized by Miss Moore, Gladys Swarthout, and—believe it or not—Lawrence Tibbett! Lest you get a wrong impression from this latter statement, I hasten to add that Mr. Tibbett goes there for hair and scalp treatment, and not for what you first thought. Indeed, twenty-five years ago no less a masculine personage than Mark Twain used to have his long, gray locks brushed and treated there. The proprietress, Rose Laird, is famous with radio and opera stars for her deep knuckle muscle massages.

"I wish I had the same confidence in myself now that I had when I first went on the air three years ago." The speaker was one of our best known feminine cooking experts.

"Just why haven't you?" asked this inquiring reporter. "Because then, I guess, it was a case of a fool rushing in where angels fear to look with a telescope," she replied.

And then she went on to explain that when she first faced the microphone she knew nothing about technique, production men, nor the inhibitions of supervising advertising agencies. And she gave an audition in a most natural voice reading from a script prepared by herself without regard for the "don'ts" that sponsors impose in their imperial wisdom.

The latest news of your favorites of the airwaves

By **NELLIE REVELL**

THIS radio neophyte was immediately engaged for a commercial. But in the intervening three years, due to what she describes as "too much supervision, too much editing and too much temperament on the part of production men and others anxious to assert their 'showmanship' and introduce 'new ideas'," she has lost confidence in herself. Instead of receiving the smiles and nods of approval so necessary to the morale of anyone broadcasting, she imagines now she scents disapproval. And as a result she is fast losing her naturalness and the confidence which were her chief assets.

RADIO has done that to many other performers. Program managers and advertising agency representatives like to take their jobs seriously and to invest the microphone with mysterious qualities it doesn't possess. They become over-fastidious and bend backwards in their efforts to maintain what they are pleased to regard as studio standards. But the effect on the creative artists with all these "Thou-shalts" and "Thou-shalt-nots" is something else again. Recruits to radio from the stage and screen become bewildered and you can't blame them if they also become resentful when somebody never connected with the theater tells them they don't know how to deliver lines. This attitude has chased many a famous star of vaudeville and musical comedy out of the studios with the determination never to cross their portals again.

Perhaps by the time you read this paragraph Mr. and Mrs. Paul Whiteman will have joined the ranks of the foster-parents. They have been seeking an increase to their household via the adoption route for some time but adopting a baby isn't as easy as it sounds. The demand is much greater than the supply. Eight thousand children have been adopted in this country in the last six



Paramount

Above, George Burns and Gracie Allen on the Paramount lot in Hollywood. Left, Lina Basquette is the newest addition to the Princess Pat Players. Right, Alice McHenry, the "upside down" girl, was a guest recently on Kate Smith's Hour.



Lanny Ross and Edmund "Tiny" Ruffner confer on the script.



Special Wide World

Nellie Revell is the intimate friend of the headliners of radio

I RELATED here some months ago that Harry Richman had purchased the yacht which Doris Duke, now Mrs. James H. P. Cromwell and still the richest girl in the world, felt she couldn't afford to keep because of the terrific cost of maintenance. It now becomes my duty, for the sake of the record, to report that the night club entertainer has sold the yacht for the same reason that prompted its original owner to dispose of it. But part of the proceeds, some \$20,000 odd dollars, Richman promptly invested in another airplane. He now has a fleet of 'em.

Society singers have faded from the kilocycles, for which Allah be praised. At one time they threatened to become an epidemic, like amateurs, but listeners soon tired of their so-so voices and, in most cases, absolute lack of personality. You have got to have something more than your name in the Social Register to register with the critical radio audience of today.

BROADCAST briefs: Al Jolson gets \$1,000 per broadcast less when his programs originate in Hollywood instead of Radio City. That's the sacrifice he makes just to be home with Ruby and the baby. Can you beat that for devotion? . . . Jeanie Lang, not so long ago a pet of the parlors, is singing under another name in a New York church. . . . There is a very good reason why "Chopsticks," played on the organ by Colonel Stoopnagle, is the signature song signaling the coming of Stoopnagle and Budd. It is the only bit of music the Colonel has ever learned to play on the console . . . Rosemary and Priscilla Lane are studying diction under Francis Robison Duff, tutor to Katharine Hepburn and other stars. . . . They have to change the clocks in Radio City back to Eastern Standard Time the last Sunday in September and gosh how they dread it! You see there are just 291 timepieces that have to be regulated and it is something of a chore.

GATHERING dust in studio cupboards, maintain those familiar with the intricacies of radio production, are finer and better scripts than have ever been heard on the networks. They are ideas which have been auditioned and then shoved into the files to languish and become forgotten because no sponsor immediately discerned their worth. With the never-ending parade to the audition chambers of new personalities with new plans for new presentations, yesterday's script becomes as dead as yesterday's newspaper. Some day some way (Please turn to page 6)

years but something like 25,000 couples formally applied for children in the same time. Indeed, such a famed child-placing institution as *The Cradle of Evanston, Ill.*, the foundling home where the Jolsons and Burns and Allen acquired their babies, appeal to the public via the radio for orphans to rear. Baby girls are most in demand—seven out of ten couples preferring them to boys.

SPEAKING of babies, I am reminded of a story told by Shirley Howard, who used to be a newspaper gal once herself. It has to do with a reporter who nearly got shot by an irate politician because of a typographical error. It seems that office-holder, all aglow over becoming a papa, waxed poetic in describing the little stranger to the newspaperman. "He is my pigmy counterpart," he declared proudly. But the paper the next morning made it read, "He is my pig, my counterpart," and the politician to this day insists it was an intentional insult on the part of the opposition press.

ONE of the most gracious gentlemen of the studios is Lowell Thomas. If you chanced to hear my interview on the air with him you must have sensed my great admiration and respect for his personal qualities. And certainly, if you have ever heard his breezy dissertations on the news, you have felt his charm. Nothing throws a more searching sidelight on his character than what happened when Lawrence of Arabia met his tragic death. A London newspaper editor promptly reached Mr. Thomas by transatlantic phone offering him \$5,000 for the rights to reprint in serial form his book, "With Lawrence In Arabia," published more than a decade ago. As it was Mr. Thomas' first book and one of his most successful, he felt it wasn't just proper to capitalize on Lawrence's death in this way. "He was an inspiration and idol of mine," protested the news commentator, "and I couldn't take money like that." The London publisher argued that it would help perpetuate the bizarre Britisher's memory. Then Mr. Thomas had an inspiration. "I'll tell you what I'll do, old man," he told the English editor. "You can reprint my story but send the \$5,000 to Lawrence's aged mother in Thibet—I suspect she will need it now." Lowell Thomas is like that.

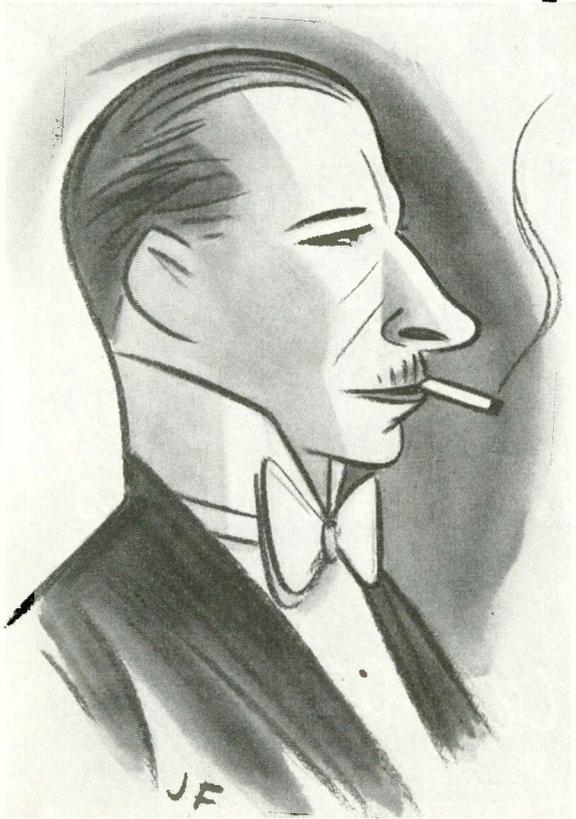


Ray Lee Jackson



Left, Ruth Etting deserts radio for a world's trip. Above left, Olga Albani whose marriage to H. Wallace Caldwell surprised everyone. Above right, Johnnie Davis, scat singer on Waring's hour.

RADIO Pageant



Ray Noble, whose suave British style of conducting lends a new note to American radio.

MAXIE BAER, in last month's TOWER RADIO, attributed all his pugilistic success to a training course of radio and spinach. Simultaneously with the appearance of the issue Mr. Baer had the bad judgment to go out and lose his heavyweight championship to a chap whose radio personality is practically nil, James J. Braddock.

Naturally the Observer does not blame radio for Maxie's defeat. So it must have been the spinach. The Observer frankly confesses that he always has looked upon this vegetable as a delusion and a snare. Now Baer's defeat proves it. The vitamin legends are just so much high pressure publicity to camouflage a lot of sand.

Shortly after his defeat the personable and pleasant Mr. Baer disappeared from the radio pageant, at least for the moment. What sponsor wants a defeated champ? By the way, they're still talking about the crack Maxie made when they shoved a mike in front of him in the first breathless seconds after his defeat. Baer was gracious to the man who had beaten him but a little too flip for the morally conscious radio commentators. The crack did not bring a blush to the Observer's cheek—but maybe the Observer is just a hardened watcher of the air parade.

ANOTHER prize for putting-his-foot-in-it goes to the redoubtable old Maestro, Ben Bernie, who upset some folks by reciting a burlesque of Abraham Lincoln's Gettysburg Address. The usual sensitive

minded letter writers hurried to their desks to protest and the Old Maestro's ears must have burned furiously. It all goes to show how careful you must be with the whole world listening in. One chance word can transform a hero into a goat.

THE Columbia Broadcasting System has engaged an expert child psychologist to supervise and develop its kiddie features. Probably this will remove some of the blood-and-thunder from the air and inject a properly elevating tone to childhood entertainment. The Observer often wonders how the modern child must feel, with keen-eyed psychologists observing his every action. He is under a microscope from his sandbox days, through school, right to the college campus.

The old carefree dime novel days of childhood are gone. Now we have a regimented improvement and possibly everything is for the best. But some of the zest must be gone, at that. Huck Finn couldn't have stood the strain.

ON other pages of this issue leaders of the radio industry—the business of beguiling you into turning dials from 8 A.M. to 12 P.M.—goes in strongly for predictions.

Judging from these, it will be a big year for the airways. Bigger even than last, the bumper crop period to date. Here are some of the more interesting predictions:

Radio will play a big part in the next election.

There will be less advertising on the air, less blatant propaganda pushed at you. In a word, the sponsors will be more adroit and briefer with their sales talks.

Afternoon programs will be better. In fact, there will be a distinct sponsor trend towards daylight hours.

The established comedians will go on to continued success. So will the variety programs so much in vogue these last twelve months. Too, the air will continue to go for good music in a big way.

Air authorities believe bigger and better radio drama is just around the corner, but this is predicted every year—and the Observer has his doubts.

More programs will come from Hollywood, home town of glamour.

All interesting trends, if you ask us. And you can count on all of them, at least, all but one.

HERE'S one appointment you can put down in your engagement book. Every Christmas afternoon for the next five years Lionel Barrymore is going to do Charles

Dickens' "Christmas Carol" for you, enacting the deathless role of old Scrooge, transformed to happiness by the spirits of Christmases past, present and to come. The Observer can't think of a finer national gift than this present of a far-sighted and understanding sponsor.

This eldest of the Barrymores, by the way, gave an interesting performance of the David Warfield role in the old Belasco spook play, "The Return of Peter Grimm." But the outstanding dramatic interlude of recent weeks, however, was the appearance of Leslie Howard and his little daughter in moments of Barrie's gentle fantasy, "Dear Brutus." Little Miss Howard should be congratulated for an exquisite performance. It was the child's first appearance—on stage or screen or air—and she revealed a rare promise.

ANOTHER dramatic event was the appearance on the Jolson hour of that excellent film player, Richard Barthelmess, in moments from his recent film, "Four Hours to Kill." Barthelmess is an able, adroit actor—and he ought to do more things on the air. The radio needs histrionic experts.

THE amazing radio success of that literary gentleman, Alexander Woollcott, has brought a whole lot of writers to the ether. All of them hope to duplicate the rotund critic's hit on the airways. The latest to try is Christopher Morley, the essayist.

Morley, the Observer regrets to report, has none of the fine Woollcott indifference—or his oddly intimate and gossipy style. Only one literary figure has approached the Woollcott popularity. He is William Lyon Phelps—and he isn't on the air now.

Frank McIntyre, (right), skipper of the late lamented Showboat.



Maxie Baer, (left), is off the air because he committed the fatal error of losing the heavyweight championship. Who sponsors a loser?

A bumper radio year is in sight with bigger and better programs on the way

By THE TOWER OBSERVER

Caricatures by Jaro Fabry

What About NEXT YEAR?

WHAT will be next season's trends in radio programs? Will the popular variety program remain a prime favorite among the 21,000,000 set owners? Much criticism has been levelled against many of the children's programs. Have these adverse reports carried weight with the program builders? Will there be an avid audience for New Deal and Old Deal speakers, not forgetting political big wigs who belong to neither school? And what of a lot of other program variations that are of interest to the dialers?

As soon as radio's big season tapers off in the late Spring when the majority of sponsors end their current offerings, the commercial program builders and station directors study the year's successes and failures. Elaborate and costly surveys of listener response are gone over in an effort to gauge what type of entertainment should be continued or avoided. With greater millions of dollars available for next year's programs, the hard put entrepreneurs of ether entertainment are making their predictions and hoping with crossed fingers that you captious fans will not turn thumbs down on their programs.

Feverishly, during these hot days, they are working on next Fall and Winter's shows. Auditions by the hundreds are being held; the radio departments of the agencies are thronged with hopeful talent. Time on the air is at a premium, so great is the demand of sponsors who hope that you will applaud through buying. Millions and millions of dollars will be

M. H. Aylesworth, president of NBC, says that more programs will emanate from the West Coast next year.



spent for the pleasure of the millions and millions of fans.

Again this Summer, in behalf of TOWER RADIO readers I have made a canvass of the two chains and of the representative radio heads, getting the information that enables us to present pre-view of what the listener may expect. Not all of the Belascos and Ziegfelds of radio were willing to be interviewed, several of them electing to keep their thoughts on the subject a secret—as they do their auditions, but we shall present the forecasts of those who were willing to be quoted.

And first let us listen to the predictions of M. H. Aylesworth, president of the National

Things to Expect

Comedy favorites will go on successfully next year.

Less gag comedy, more situation comedy.

More and better radio drama.

More thought will be given children's programs.

More public and political discussions on the air.

Less time will be given commercial announcements.

Popular variety programs will continue in favor.

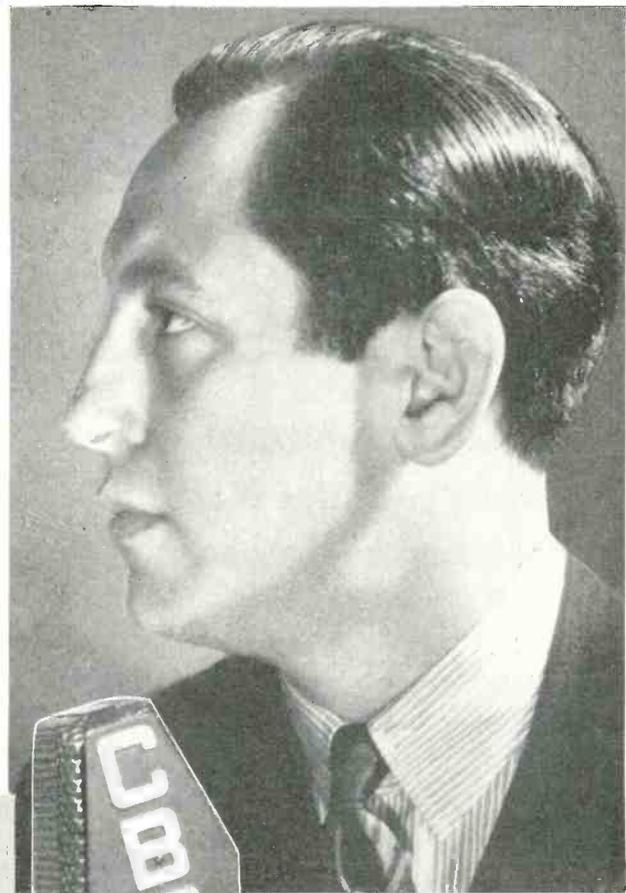
More evening type of programs will be given in the daytime.

Waning of amateur hours.

Broadcasting Company. As president also of the Radio-Keith-Orpheum enterprises and chairman of RKO Radio Pictures, he speaks authoritatively on what the great masses of our population like in the way of entertainment.

Mr. Aylesworth began by saying that as a result of a closer cooperation and friendlier feeling between radio and motion pictures, there would be many more programs emanating from the West Coast next season with many new stars as well as old favorites appearing before the microphone. He added that at the present there were more radio stars making movies than picture luminaries appearing on radio hours.

"COMEDY on the air is holding up well," Mr. Aylesworth continued. "The Ed



William S. Paley, president of CBS, sees a new era of better taste in broadcasting.

Wynns, Fred Allens and other fan favorites will go on next season, I am sure, and new personalities in this field will emerge, in time. I believe that comedians will give more thought to

material that will give the listener a chuckle or a laugh. Amos 'n' Andy illustrate the great hold that the veteran radio comedians have on the fire-side audiences. During the Weber City episodes last Winter more than 2,600,000 listeners wrote in for maps of the city which were offered."

Radio drama, in which some splendid advances have been made, would be taken more seriously, in the opinion of this executive. The producers must avoid, however, not to overdue this form of ether entertainment as it had been established that too much talk annoyed the set owners.

"There has been much talk and discussion these past months on the subject of children's programs," Mr. Aylesworth said. "We have been studying this subject for a long time with a special department devoting its entire time to it. Looking ahead, I see the programs for the youngster perform their primary function which is to entertain without crusading too much."

Mr. Aylesworth was certain that the classical music periods would continue to grow in favor among sponsors and the mass of listeners. With the press and radio enjoying cordial relationships, he believed commentators would be more and more featured and welcomed by the listeners. And he predicted that news bulletins would be more frequent.

"Public affairs will (Please turn to page 58)

The radio experts tell you what the next season has in store for you

By JESSE BUTCHER

How I Bring HOLLYWOOD to the Mike

The hostess of "Hollywood Hotel" tells how she gets Mae West and others of the movie famous to become stellar guests



Louella Parsons at the mike of "Hollywood Hotel." Above, some of the celebrated guests: Fred Astaire, Ronald Colman, Carole Lombard, Fredric March and Mae West.

Special Photograph for TOWER RADIO by "Wide World"

IT has been both my pleasure and my problem for many months to induce Hollywood's outstanding stars to appear as guest artists on a weekly nationwide radio broadcast. There have been moments, of course, when I wondered why on earth I let myself in for so much grief. But on the whole I must admit the pleasure has far outweighed the pain.

It's been a thrill to have stars who've steadfastly refused to face the mike, even turning down four figure offers, graciously consent to appear as my guests for nothing. It's been grand to sponsor Mae West's very first experience with the air waves; to inveigle that confirmed hermit, Ronnie Colman, into addressing an audience of millions; to have Fred Astaire get out of a sick bed rather than disappoint me. Each week's broadcast has brought some new, heartwarming experience, some fresh assurance that these movie folk I've written about and tried to befriend for twenty years reciprocate my interest and affection.

They've been such marvelous sports. Not one of them has failed me. Not one has balked at the repeated rehearsals and tiresome adjustment of details. You know a full hour program, like our "Hollywood Hotel" broadcast, requires hours and hours of patient and meticulous adjustment. Each song, each bit of entertainment—even the applause must be regulated to a split second. Some of our rehearsals would try the patience of a saint. Yet even the most reputedly temperamental of my guest stars have shown amazing understanding and Job-like endurance.

Take Margaret Sullivan for example. I'll confess I expected Margaret to be a problem child. She had been pictured as such an *enfant terrible*—a veritable

interviewer's nightmare. Judging from my colleagues' reports she spent wakeful nights thinking up new ways to bring gray hairs to members of the press.

Yes, I was prepared for the worst with that young lady. Imagine my delighted surprise when she not only showed up for every scheduled rehearsal, but offered to spend extra time on preparation.

"I'd rather spend twenty-four hours a day rehearsing than go on the air and have it bad," she said and meant it. And that from the gal who isn't supposed to give a darn!

Lee Tracy's another who fooled me. Everyone said, "Oh, you can't depend on Lee—he'll never show up." Everyone, that is, except Sally Eilers.

Sally, who's one of my favorite children, told me, "Don't you believe them, Louella. I just finished a picture with Lee and I've never seen anyone more punctual."

Well, Sally was right and everyone else was wrong. Lee kept every appointment—not only kept it but was there on the dot.

PERHAPS you'd expect Jean Harlow to take a radio program rather casually. Especially one where she was donating her time and highly paid talents. Yet on one of the days Jean was rehearsing with me, she gave up her lunch hour and never said a word till late in the afternoon when it suddenly occurred to someone that a snack might be in order.

Freddie March was in the midst of making the very difficult "Les Miserables" at the time he appeared on my program. We had to do our rehearsing right on the set. They were filming the extremely dramatic and gruelling scenes in the sewers of Paris, and Freddie would emerge dripping, throw on a bathrobe and go over his radio script with me without taking time to change his wet clothing.

He realized that our air preview of scenes from "Les Miserables" was in a sense as important to him as the picture itself and he worked tirelessly to make it a success. As a result, his portrayal on the air of (*Please turn to page 51*)

By LOUELLA O. PARSONS
As told to HARRIET PARSONS



WHY I Married A BANDMAN

as told by
MARJORIE OELRICHS
to
ROBERT D. HEINL

Eddie Duchin,
the conductor,
and his bride,
Marjorie Oel-
richs.

The famous society girl married the maestro—and here she tells you all about her front page romance

FOREWORD: Miss Oelrichs, outstanding member of New York society who married Eddie Duchin, radio and society's foremost dance orchestra conductor and pianist, replied to the numerous questions propounded to her with a graciousness, resourcefulness, self-possession and general intelligence that would have done credit to a leader in any walk of life as well as to one in society.

From the movies and listening over the air, most of us have a very definite idea what the marriage of two persons who lead such supposedly glamorous lives as Miss Oelrichs, whose distinguished family have been the very essence of New York society's Blue Book for years, and Mr. Duchin, amazingly successful radio-light, might mean.

We can also visualize their honeymoon, including, according to the best traditions, an indefinite romantic period at Palm Beach or Newport, or even a yacht trip around the world. How different this popular opinion is from what Mrs. Duchin, a niece of the late Mrs. Herman Oelrichs tells us.

R. D. H.

“WHY I Married a Famous Bandman?” Well, I love music, so why shouldn't I marry an outstanding musician? Everything else being what was desired, the musical part was but a detail. While we are on that subject though, I might say that Mr. Duchin plays classical music as well. He received his musical education at the New England Conservatory in Boston.

As for the “glamorous life” we led immediately after our marriage and the exotic honeymoon period, allow me to say it included neither the journey to Palm Beach nor the yachting cruise mentioned.

On the night before our wedding, as listeners throughout the United States may remember, Mr. Duchin's orchestra was the one chosen to make the broadcast from the ball on the great steamship “Normandie,” in port for the first time. There were several other orchestras, but inasmuch as the honor of broadcasting had been accorded to my husband-to-be, he felt that he must be present. Mr. Duchin did, however, succeed in getting off the next night for our wedding at the Hotel Pierre in New York, but not for long.

The next evening he had to play at the Central Park Casino, where six years ago I met him. A romance? I don't believe there was anything more romantic than leads up to the marriage of other people. He was the pianist in Leo Reisman's orchestra, we were introduced, and what has happened since then is what has happened to so many others under those circumstances.

Dashing from the Casino at twelve-thirty o'clock that night, we caught the one-thirty train to Washington for what was practically Mr. Duchin's first



Special Photograph for Tower Radio by Wide World

vaudeville tour. There had previously been a short, but successful, tryout in Baltimore, but now we were beginning a 15-weeks tour to the Pacific Coast and Hollywood. We went straight from the train in the national capital to the theatre, where rehearsals began without delay.

Backstage life was new and thrilling to me, even on a honeymoon. Mr. Duchin played his first performance at one-thirty o'clock that afternoon and at least one visitor to the dressing-room expressed surprise when he learned my husband had not been on the vaudeville stage all his life. There were extra Saturday and Sunday performances at the theatre, due to the fact that 100,000 Shriners were assembling in Washington for their annual convention.

This, however, was the least of Mr. Duchin's troubles, as in addition to a new wife, to his first vaudeville tour, he had the very great responsibility of staging the first of his local talent guest-artist appearances on the Texaco Fire Chief broadcasts, calculated to hold the interest of the listening public in the absence of Ed Wynn. There were auditions of several hundred. Mr. Duchin took this more seriously, I imagine, than would some (Please turn to page 59)

A VERY charming young wife and mother is giving a special series of radio programs this Summer. She does comedy—a very refreshing kind of comedy based on character sketches. Meeting her in person, you find her quite willing to talk about her young son, her household, her husband—about the normal everyday concerns of American women the country over.

Unless you knew in advance, you would never dream that she bears one of the most distinguished names in American theatrical history. She is a successful actress who writes all her own material, and she has written short stories, books and magazine articles as well. She is so thoroughly of the theater that her mother used to carry her to rehearsals in a market basket—and yet spiritually she seems a million miles away from Broadway.

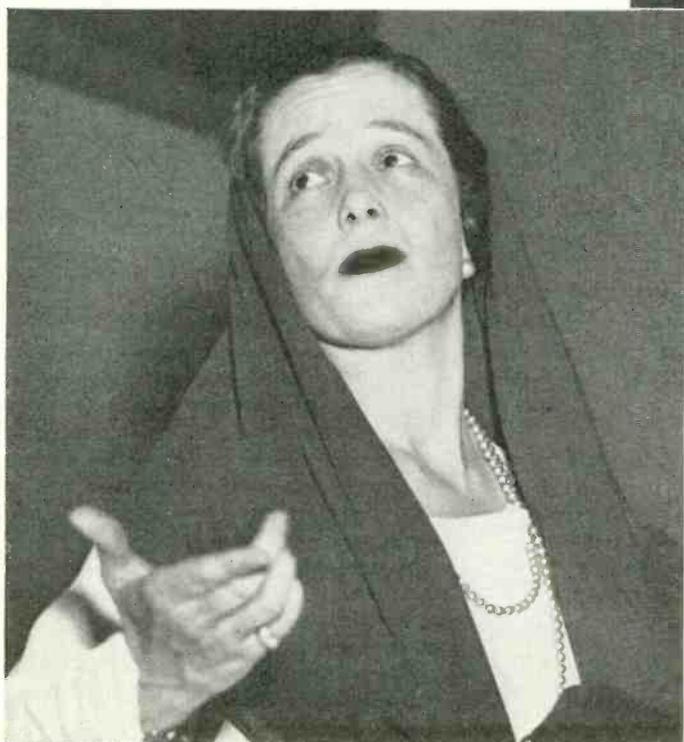
This beautiful — and contradictory — young woman is Cornelia Otis Skinner. Her comedy is hailed as a distinctly new note—rich character studies instead of the usual knock-down-and-drag-out style of the typical Broadway “gag” comedian. In one short season, preceded only by a few guest star appearances on the Rudy Vallee and other programs, she is on her way to becoming one of the outstanding stars of radio.

WOULD you like to make a call on Miss Skinner? Perhaps she will tell us some stories of her childhood in the theatre; of her famous father, Otis Skinner; of her classmate in college, Ann Harding. Perhaps we can induce her to tell us something of how she combines the role of wife, mother and homemaker with a successful career. Perhaps she will tell us how she gets material for those priceless sketches of hers—a fluttery housewife getting her first automobile driving lesson; a prim school teacher teaching a class in physiology; a gushing society matron being presented at court; an endlessly amusing parade of characters. Let's start out right now to make our call.

We go to one of the most charming nooks in Manhattan—the extreme end of East Eighty-fourth street, where it spreads out to overlook the East River and gets a distinctive name for this one spot, Gracie Square. Here are stately apartment houses, standing in a row in quaint dignity reminiscent of Berkeley Square in old London.

An elderly doorman with courtly manners greets us at the entrance of the apartment house in which Miss Skinner lives, announces us by telephone from the lobby downstairs, and escorts us to the elevator. We are whisked upward to the proper floor. A

Cornelia Otis Skinner is the daughter of Otis Skinner, the retired stage star. In a few months she has established herself on the air with her rich character studies.



DAUGHTER

OF THE

Theatre



Special Photographs for TOWER RADIO by Wide World

middle-aged maid with a well-scrubbed face and a motherly smile admits us to the apartment and shows us into the drawing room.

We are a bit surprised to find the rugs taken up, and dust covers on the furniture. A basket of miscellaneous household articles peeps out from under a reading table, and—but here is Miss Skinner now. She comes forward to greet us. Her friendly, informal manner puts us at ease at once. She is a strikingly handsome young woman, with dark hair and brown eyes; rather tall, with a slender, well-proportioned figure and beautiful, erect carriage. Her dress, which is cut with that utter simplicity that is the essence of smartness, is of brown silk with a very small checked pattern and it has a graceful white collar that frames her face most flatteringly.

Miss Skinner makes a gesture toward the room and smiles. “Please don't look at this room too closely,” she says, in the manner of housewives the world over. “We are just moving out to our little place in the country today, and are closing the apartment for the Summer. We plan to start this afternoon, and if you think it is easy to keep a little boy and a little dog quiet when there is a prospect of going to the country, you just ought to try it. Dick and Ted—Dick is my son and Ted is his dog—are out in the park now working off a little excess steam before we start.”

Miss Skinner seems very much the young wife and mother as she goes over these details. In private life she is Mrs. Alden Blodgett, wife of a New York business man, and her home is a matter of very real concern to her. We have come to talk about the theatre, though, and we soon get her started on that subject.

“One experience I missed,” she tells us, “was that of being stage struck. I know it happens to almost every girl at one time or another in her life, but the trouble with me was, I knew too much about the stage already! Both my father and mother were on the stage, and where most girls think of the theatre in terms of stardom, champagne suppers and eager admirers, I knew it to be a place of immensely hard work, miserable railroad journeys and even more miserable hotels on the road. When I was a tiny baby my mother used to carry me to rehearsals in a market basket—a traveling company could scarcely include a perambulator in its equipment—and I knew everything about a theatre from the cold water in the dressing rooms to the dust on the scenery in the wings.

I WENT to school just like any other little girl. As I grew up, everyone would say, ‘of course she is the daughter of Otis Skinner, and naturally she will go on the stage.’ But Father very wisely neither encouraged nor dis- (Please turn to page 56)

How to combine the roles of wife, mother and homemaker with a real career

By TOM REYNOLDS



Just an episode of an amateur hour, of a lost Russian of the old regime, but the famous storyteller gives it drama and pathos

ILLUSTRATED BY
JAMES SCHUCKER

AMATEUR *By* MARGARET SANGSTER

He was a slim, fair man in shabby tweeds. Upon him looked his past—old Russia and Oxford.

AMATEUR hour was just about finished—for another week. A secretary was already making lists, another secretary was drumming with impatient fingers against a broad desktop. Even the audience—glamor-swept though they were by this business of listening to, and watching, a broadcast—was beginning to fidget.

The one man band had come and gone—with a clatter of bells and horns and tin cans. The two platinum blondes who insisted that they were twins, had done their dual imitation of the brunette Libby Holman. The cowboy tenor had sung "Home On the Range" and had been applauded to a fare-thee-well by every synthetic Westerner present. The school teacher from the sticks had broken down in the middle of her recitation and had been mercifully hustled off stage by the handsomest of the ushers.

The master of ceremonies—presiding over the amateur hour with his ready smile and his readier wit, with his gentle voice and his eyes that were as shrewd as they were kind—sighed. Mentally, while he waited the appearance of the ultimate amateur, he reviewed the evening's program. As always, he found himself wondering where these people were going, and why. Would the vote that came in from the vast listening audience mean fame and fortune for any of them? And if it did, would the fame and fortune bring them happiness? Per-

haps, he told himself, the cowboy tenor would be better off as a janitor—that's what his card had given as an occupation—than as a performer in the night club. Perhaps the blonde twins—he sighed again and consulted another explanatory slip of paper. For the last amateur of the evening was being lead forward.

The last amateur of the evening! He was a slim, fair man whose well-cut tweeds were shabby. With the tweeds he wore an air of wistfulness as evident as it was undefinable. He bowed to the master of ceremonies—a slight formal acknowledgment to a great man and a great man's multiple secretaries. Something in that bow lifted him apart from the rest of the group. Suddenly the platinum twins were cheap and the cowboy tenor artificial and the one man band overly blatant.

The master of ceremonies spoke. Talking with the fatherly intonation, the intense human kindness that characterized his amateur hour, that made it different from all other amateur hours, he asked a question.

"Your name," he said, "is Boris Maranoff. You're a Russian, I take it, although we—in America—rather expect Russians to be dark."

The slim fair man bowed once more.

"Yes," he said in a low tone, "yes, I am a Russian. After my home and people were—" he choked back some rising emotion. "I left Russia

nearly two decades ago," he finished.

The master of ceremonies surveyed the man who stood in front of him. He hesitated briefly, and then—

"You've scarcely a trace of Russian accent," he said, "despite your background. But for your name I'd be inclined to think of you as English."

The fair amateur smiled with a flash of white teeth.

"Before everything was lost," he said, "it was arranged that I should go to Oxford. Maybe that is why you would suppose—"

The master of ceremonies was as frankly puzzled as he was interested. He leaned forward on his desk. The girl who was his secretary-in-chief leaned forward, also. The audience, however, still fidgeted. The school teacher who had broken down in the middle of her carefully prepared recitation—she had been screamingly funny. This wasn't even amusing!

THE master of ceremonies was speaking once more. He said slowly, almost as though he was talking to himself:

"The old Russia, eh? It seems more than twenty years ago that the Soviet was born. And Oxford—with its lovely old gray stones and its green lawns, and tall trees. It's a far cry . . . What—" the master of ceremonies was back swiftly in the crowded room, interviewing an amateur—"What are you doing now, Mr. Maranoff?"

The fair young man spread wide his hands. They were very slender, but his involuntary gesture displayed the fact that they were work-reddened and calloused.

"I," he said, "am a farmer. I work with the earth; I plow the land. That is why I hope to have good fortune this evening. I am not of a family of farmers."

The master of ceremonies said: "A farmer, in New York? That's strange, and out of the ordinary. Is your farm nearby, Mr. Maranoff?"

The young Russian (*Please turn to page 56*)



*Elsie Mae Gordon—
who can sound more
like a parrot than a
real parrot.*



The Unknown Specialists

By

JOHN SEYMOUR

Decorations by Ely Ginsburg

YOU hear their voices on the air more often than any others. Yet chances are that you do not even know their names.

Although they are not in the top flight weekly salary class many of them drive shiny cars and own places in the country.

They rarely attain anything that could remotely be called fame outside of their profession. They see the name stars rise and fade and disappear and they go right on working.

Contracts and sponsors do not keep them awake nights, for they are always in demand.

They are the odd jobs people of radio.

And when we say odd jobs, we mean odd. The range of their accomplishments embraces everything from maniacs to Cheshire cats, with such way stops as whinnying like a horse or delivering Mohammedan calls to prayer.

They have made a lucrative profession out of baby crying. They have raised dog barking to the dignity of a fine art.

As a rule they are Jacks and Jills of all trades. They pride themselves on being able to step into any role at the drop of a cue.

But most of them have developed at least one specialty, either by accident or design, for which they are known in radio casting circles.

Sometimes they are proud of it. Sometimes it causes them acute embarrassment. Sometimes they regard it as a handicap which has kept them from greater artistic recognition.

But they will all tell you, some of them defensively, some with the pride and satisfaction that comes of having attained success in this curious field:

"Well, anyway, it's a living!"

Usually you will find that they are skilled actors who have found that a parlor trick, a hobby or a

*Bradley Barker—specializes on dinosaur
calls but imitates all kinds of animals.*



Jackson

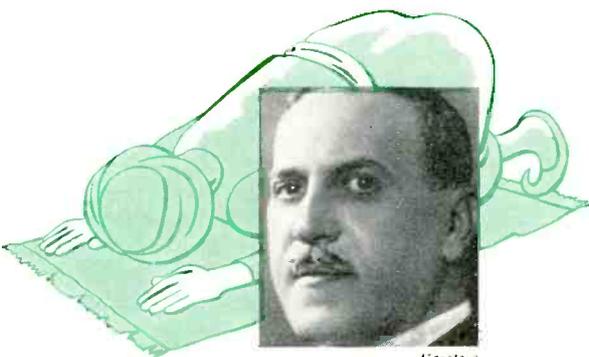
gag can be made to pay better in the hurly-burly of radio than playing "straight."

The casting files are filled with ingenues, handsome juveniles, even routine character men and women.

But where will a harassed producer be able to find at a moment's notice, someone who can bay like a hound on the scent, or at a given signal turn on the authentic grunt of a pig?

Take Bradley Barker. That's his real name—not a gag. You've probably heard of him. He is practically the dean of animal imitators.

In fact he has been so successful at it that he often gets billing under his own name and sometimes appears with his bag of tricks as a guest artist, a



Kerstner

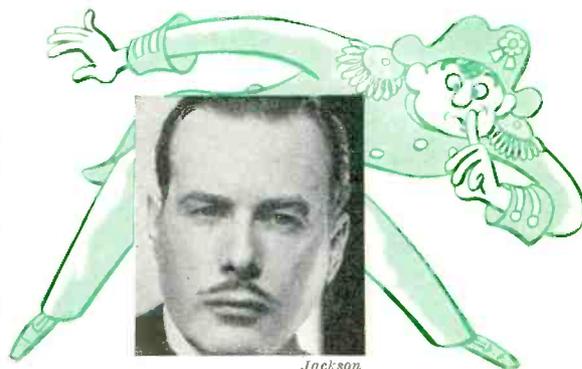
*Jack Barraket—has a radio monopoly on
doing the Mohammedan call to prayer.*

distinction not often achieved by the specialists.

Barker has played almost every conceivable animal on the air, from a mouse to a dinosaur—a wounded dinosaur at that. But the hardest noise he was ever called on to make was an elephant's trumpet. It took him hours to get that one.

He uses his own voice for all of the noises, too, with the exception of a lion's roar. The human vocal chords just aren't capable of that. So he roars into a box to achieve the necessary resonance.

Barker used to be an actor and director in the



Jackson

*Stephen Fox—radio's favorite lunatic.
Also a specialist in playing famous men.*

silent pictures. He was once leading man with Marguerite Clark.

He discovered his lucrative gift by accident one day during the filming of a silent version of "Anne of Green Gables." They were trying to get a shot of a rooster crowing. But the rooster wouldn't crow. So Barker began to crow, until the rooster, out of sheer chagrin, responded. After that he was constantly in demand to coax moos, brays and meows out of stubborn animals for the films.

His first radio job was barking like a Galapagos Island seal on the Ever-Ready Hour. He didn't stop there, but trained the rest of the cast into barking like a whole school of seals.

Later, he was drafted to be the barnyard on "Soconyland Sketches."

In the meantime, he had become general manager of the Pathe Eastern Studios, but he kept up his imitating more or less as a hobby.

Then when the studios closed after the fire he turned to radio more seriously. He saw at once that there were a hundred leading men available for every animal imitator so he set out to develop his specialty in earnest.

You hear him making noises and playing minor parts on the Bee Lillie and Joe Cook programs.

These odd job people of radio aren't starred but they earn big salaries. They can imitate anything from a dinosaur to a Cheshire cat, from a cricket to a dragon

But it is on the "Mickey of the Circus" dramatic show that he is really in his element. There he is chattering monkey, snarling tiger, barking dog—almost every animal known to natural history.

He also did the animal noises for the Frank Buck picture, "Wild Cargo." Once, at a showing of the picture, an old lady behind him said:

"My, I wouldn't want that lion anywhere near me!"

Barker could hardly refrain from roaring to show his appreciation.

His proclivity for imitations cause him some difficulty in his personal life. He gets to rehearsing around the house sometimes. Then the neighbors



Sally Belle Cox—cries like a baby, in fact, a whole lot better than a real baby.

accuse him of keeping a menagerie in his apartment.

Harry Swan is another radio naturalist who has been everything from a turkey gobbler on a Kate Smith Thanksgiving show to a cricket.

"In fact," he said, "I have been three crickets—all at once. Anyway, I think it was three."

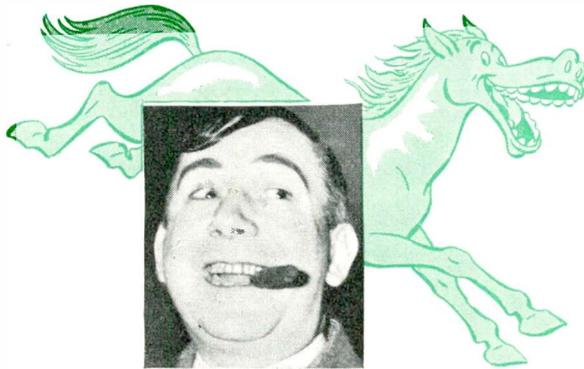
Harry even has a sub-specialty which is dog barking. He doesn't just go in there and yip. He makes a study of it.

He must know the kind of dog he is impersonating, how old the dog is, and what the circumstances are, whether it is a friendly "wurp" of greeting, or a warning "arp" from a watchdog.

He has been more dogs than you can throw a stick for on the Thrivo Dog program. Sometimes he has to be not only a dog but four or five people as well. Then it gets really complicated. On the Thrivo show, he has been a dog barking and a man yelling out of the window, at almost the same time.

On Nila Mack's "Let's Pretend" program, he has had to be a whole pack of dogs, as well as a man escaping from them.

Jean Sothern (left, below), does everything from Krazy Kat to leading roles on the Red Davis program. Georgia Backus (right below), plays stoical radio squaws.



Ray Collins—proud of a unique accomplishment. He can whinny like a horse.

If you think this is easy, you ought to see him in action. He speaks into the microphone as a man, rushes to a far corner of the studio, barks into his coat, and rushes back to the microphone again.

He gets to feeling so sheepish about how screwy he looks, tearing around the studio, alternately barking and shouting that he doesn't like to have people watch him broadcast.

For his other animal noises he spends a lot of time at the zoo to make them authentic. It was there he found out that the kind of a noise a deer really makes is sort of a soft "woof."

The hoarse whoop of a bear is one of the hardest things to do, because it comes from the solar plexus and is quite a strain on the muscles.

Harry has been making noises in radio since the days before they had mechanical sound effects. He went to war quite young and was gassed, and he thinks the slight hoarseness with which it left him has helped him sound like animals.

He used to be a drummer in small bands and as a drummer learned how to make backstage noises, like thunder, for the theatre.

IN one of his shows he met Nila Mack, who later sent for him to come and make noises on her program. Besides the dogs and other real animals, you hear him as the dragon. He just uses his imagination for that one.

The one thing that stumps him is bird calls. He has thirteen canaries at home. He also has six parrots who all call him "Butch." But he's not so hot on their trills and tremolos. It bothered him for a while but he's pretty philosophic about it now.

Radio has a couple of bird call experts, though. They are Clarence Straight and Donald Bain. They also run the entire gamut of animal noises. In addi-



Frank Readick—an able actor, he has the most blood-curdling laugh on the air.

tion to his radio work, Straight also does ducks, dogs, and talking animals for the Disney cartoons.

Ray Collins is one of radio's most versatile dialecticians and character actors. But he is also proud of a rather unique accomplishment—his ability to whinny like a horse. Curiously enough, it is the only animal sound he can make.

A whinny seldom lasts more than three seconds on the air. But Collins is often called in to that one sound because he has built up a reputation for the most realistic whinny in radio. He has had years in which to perfect it for he started at an early age, imitating the horses on his father's ranch in California. You hear him often on the H-Bar-O Rangers program.

Collins may be tops on the whinny, but when it's whole horse or none, the production men go to George O'Donnell, of the CBS sound effects department. Not only can O'Donnell whinny, he can blow, snort, neigh and whicker as well.

Where he really shines, though, is on the hoofbeats. He does these with halved cocoanut shells in a tray of soft wet sand.

George says most people are wrong about hoofbeats because they think that there should only be three beats, whereas there are actually four, two of them so close together they can be mistaken for one.

In order to get all the gaits just right—walk, trot, canter, gallop or singlefoot, he has spent days in the country lying with his ear to the ground while friends rode by for him.

He is also one of radio's most accomplished crickets. You get that sound, he says, by drawing a whistle of air in through your teeth. The uninitiated think it should be blown out.

George was once stage manager for Mae West,



Adelaide Klein—specializes on doing slow plodding, inarticulate peasant women.

and later an actor in a March of Time mob scene. He got so interested in the sound effects that he asked a lot of questions and eventually got hired to help with them.

His most embarrassing moment on the air was when he was given the cue:

"Hark! Hear the dog bark!"

And out of sheer force of habit, he whinnied!

George is very adept at popping like a champagne cork. He has popped all over a lot of radio programs. But he doesn't (*Please turn to page 45*)



The Benny line-up: Jack, Frank Parker, Mary Livingstone, Don Wilson and Maestro Don Bestor.

By
MARTHA
JONES

Out of the East Side

WHEN a romantic tenor leads a double life, there's usually some scandal attached to it. We hate to gossip. . . . but everyone knows Frank Parker is wedded to his art, which is singing. At the same time he's playing around on the side with a fickle dame called Comedy, aided and abetted by all his friends, including that wag, Jack Benny. Yet the name of Frank Parker is as unsullied as a fresh dish of pineapple j-e-l-l-o.

Nobody who knows him well was surprised to find that Frank could be funny on the air. He has been the bright young man of radio ever since he joined the chain gang. He is always first with new gags and catch phrases, first with new gadgets and dress accessories. He can always get a grin from anybody, from the shyest boy up to the grimmest executive. So it was no news to them when he turned stooge—and then almost changed Jack Benny into one!

But it did surprise audiences, and sponsors, and movie magnates—and that's why Frank needs a manager these days. Offers from musical comedy producers and cinema companies keep a staff of employees fairly rushed—not to mention the proposal department, which Frank wishes we wouldn't. As far as he's concerned, the phrase "romantic tenor" is a description of his voice, not his character; and he wishes the ladies wouldn't take it quite so much to heart.

"Sure, I'm a tenor," he says, looking extremely romantic. "But I'm not very romantic . . . And besides, I'm really a tenor with bass habits. Say, you're a good speller, aren't you?" he asked anxiously. "Because it would ruin me if you spelled 'bass' incorrectly!"

"Don't chase opportunity, be prepared for it," says Tenor-Comedian Frank Parker, not so long ago a Manhattan choir boy



Frank has the world on a string these days. He can fence with words, and he can "take it" as a stooge on the air. But he could not always treat everything with a light-handed touch. It's just one of the things life has taught him in a series of stiff lessons, over a period of twenty-six years. And that is why, even today, when he is funny he is very, very funny—and when he is serious he is almost sad.

In his serious moment, you seem to see again the sensitive, dark eyed little Italian boy who left his home on New York's lower East Side one Sunday, to sing in the choir of the Holy Cross Church for the first time. You sense his mother's joy at hearing her twelve year old son's pure, clear voice raised in a Latin chant.

That was a big day for "Ciccio" and his family—or at least it should have been. But as he left the church, the gang of tough boys with whom he swam around the docks every day approached him with taunts of "Sissy! sissy!" The words of praise he had heard inside changed to ashes. Frank couldn't take it, in those days. He never returned to

the choir, and four years went by before he would sing again. Now he realizes that he might not have been where he is today, if his voice had not had that long rest during its changing period.

FRANK'S father planned an engineering career for him, and he attended public and high schools in New York with that end in view. In class plays and operettas he re-discovered his voice. No one else in his family had the same passion for good music, but even with money scarce as it was in the Parker household there was always enough for "Ciccio" to sit in the topmost gallery seat at the Met and hear his idol, Tito Schipa. And (*Please turn to page 57*)

Frank Parker has been transforming Jack Benny into a radio stooge. This story tells you why.



Special Photographs for TOWER RADIO by Wide World

Vivienne Segal's life has been touched by tragedy and ill luck—but she has won a new place for herself in the sun

PLENTY of radio songbirds find it necessary to pinch themselves occasionally (in private, of course) to convince themselves that they are actually the *piece de resistance* of important programs. Much ether stardom comes overnight—and all too often it goes to the pretty heads of those who experience it.

But it didn't surprise Vivienne Segal to find herself a leading lady in radio. Why should it? She was a leading lady in her early 'teens, when she was, to quote her, "just a red-headed shrimp." Since then she has always played the lead, first on the stage, then in the movies, now on two important radio programs. Fame neither confuses nor flatters her; she knows its fickle ways too well. She takes it tranquilly, gratefully—and gracefully, as a leading lady should.

She was born in Philadelphia, an only child in a well-to-do family—and from the time she could walk and shake her auburn curls, she had something the matter with her. Although her father was a doctor, a famous diagnostician and specialist in children's diseases, he never diagnosed her case properly. It was Mrs. Segal who realized what ailed Vivienne. She was stage-struck! She had apparently never been exposed to footlights, but she had a bad case of them.

She was given piano lessons and vocal lessons with the approval of her father, who thought it quite the proper thing for an eminent doctor's daughter to study music with an operatic career in view. It never entered his mind that Vivienne had an eye on a stage career, or that her mother was secretly delighted with the child's determination to become a star. You see he didn't know that his wife had always had that same ambition in the back of her mind. It's easy enough for one woman to fool a man, but when two of them (one with red hair) put their heads together, he might as well quit guessing.

When Vivienne was eight years old, she was elected president of the dramatic club in school. Some way she and her mother worked in dancing lessons on the side, and at the age of twelve the Segal shrimp was appearing regularly in the ballet of the famous Philadelphia Operatic Society. Perhaps you are beginning to understand why things like press notices are no particular thrill to her. In that same twelfth year of her life, she played *Puck* in "Midsummer Night's Dream" with charm and utter nonchalance. "The role," the newspapers reported the next morning,



Special Photograph by Ezra

Vivienne Segal says she was "just a red-headed shrimp" when she made her first hit on Broadway.



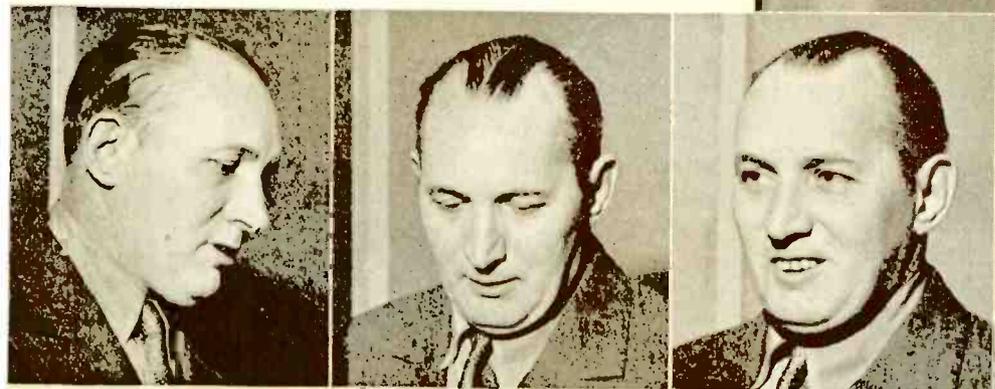
BROADWAY STAR

By DOROTHY ANN BLANK

"fitted her better than her tights." Imagine her blushes. She was already a great actress in her own mind's eye—and she was not far wrong. Her splendid soprano voice was featured in many amateur productions in Philadelphia during the next few years. Her poise and talent were remarkable in a girl of her years; long weary hours of practice never tired her or dimmed the slow, sweet smile which is still one of her greatest charms.

She never went through the "awkward age." When she was fifteen, she was taken out of the ballet of the Operatic Society to sing the title role of "Carmen." She has never been so thrilled before or since, never expects to be again. But only an increased determination to get out into the world and try her wings.

THERE wasn't much talk about it when Dr. Segal was around, but Vivienne and her mother planned a week's "shopping trip" in New York soon after her triumph in "Carmen." As soon as they arrived, they started pulling wires for an appointment with the Shuberts, who were casting for a new operetta written by an unknown composer named Sigmund Romberg. If the great Shuberts *(Please turn to page 36)*



Back in 1918, on the old New York Globe, Bob Ripley drew his first Believe-it-or-not by chance. Now 71,000,000 readers follow his series every day in 38 different countries of the globe.

WHAT are you going to say about a guy who was born on Christmas day, who was brought up in Luther Burbank's home town, who started out to become a professional boxer and now receives more mail than any other living human being?

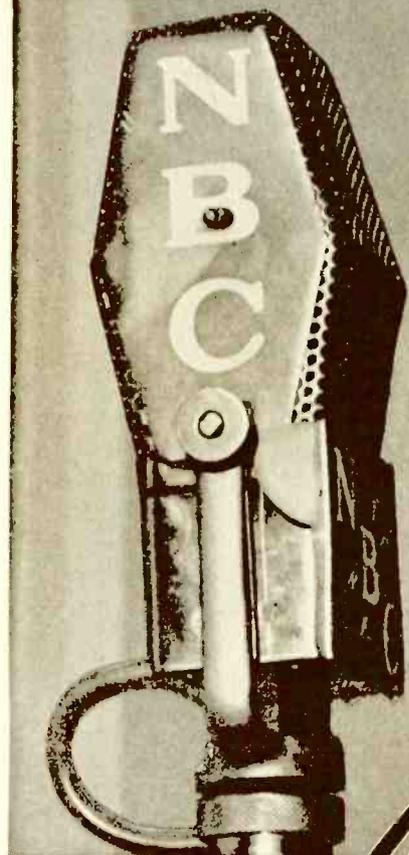
Well, about all anyone can say is that, believe it or not, his name is Robert L. Ripley. What's more, that really is his name, and it is signed daily to the most popular cartoon in the world. The big news for radio is that after several guest star appearances on the Rudy Vallee and other programs during the Summer, Believe-It-Or-Not Ripley will start a new program of his own in the Fall. He replaces Joe Penner and co-stars with Ozzie Nelson and Harriet Hilliard on the Bakers' broadcast, to be heard over the National Broadcasting Company's Blue network on Sunday evenings, starting October first.

This brings to radio a man who has visited both Hell and the Kingdom of Heaven, who has seen, described and drawn more fantastic and unbelievable sights and facts than any living person. He has visited a land where sausages grow on trees, and he has proved that snakes have hips and that George Washington was NOT the first president of the United States. He has been called a liar oftener than any ten men you can think of, but he has yet to be proved wrong on any of his incredible statements, and he will gladly furnish proof of any fact used in his radio broadcasts, his daily newspaper cartoons, or his movies.

Back of the story of all the oddities and marvels that Ripley collects is the story of a man, and that is the story we want to tell now. Who is Ripley, anyway, and where did he come from? How does he collect his Believe-It-Or-Nots, and how does he check up on his facts? What is he like in private life, how did he ever get started in this business, and what is his ultimate ambition? These are some of the questions we want to have answered, and to help matters along let's stroll over and meet Robert L. Ripley in person.

Instead of some puffed-up, strutting celebrity we meet a diffident, almost bashful, and very young looking man who will be exactly forty-three years old next Christmas day. He is solidly built, now growing slightly plump, and his fair hair, pink cheeks and blue eyes give him a very youthful appearance. His manner is most friendly, and we find him smiling and agreeable in disposition. We happened to meet him in a studio at Radio City during rehearsals for the Rudy Vallee program, and he is chuckling with a small boy's delight over the quips of Tom Howard, who at that moment is rehearsing the comedy part of the program.

As we talk with Ripley we find he is that rarity in California—a native son. He was born in Santa Rosa, metropolis of historic Sonoma county, which lies some fifty or sixty miles to the northeast of San Francisco. He comes of pioneer stock, and we learn that his grandmother crossed the plains by ox-train and his mother was born in a covered wagon along the banks of the Russian River above Santa Rosa, in



The Believe

IT-OR-NOT STORY of BELIEVE-IT-OR-NOT RIPLEY

that gorgeous countryside that Jack London called the Valley of the Moon.

AS a growing boy in Santa Rosa, young Ripley went in heavily for athletics, and his first ambition was to become a prizefighter. He didn't go very far along that line, but later on he became (and still is!) something of an amateur champion at handball and for a short time—believe it or not—he played baseball with the New York Giants.

What turned Ripley aside from athletics was the discovery that his hands were talented for something else besides throwing a baseball or pushing boxing gloves in somebody's face. He found that

those hands could manipulate a pencil and a drawing board. His debut as a cartoonist was made at the tender age of fourteen, when he sold a cartoon to *Life*. Ripley nowadays blushes at the horrible pun involved in that drawing—it was entitled "The Village Belle Was Ringing Low" and showed a country girl wringing out the week's wash—but *Life* thought it was good enough to accept, and paid him eight dollars for it.

Thus endowed with an enormous fortune of eight dollars, this fourteen-year-old Columbus of the arts decided to embark upon a career as a cartoonist. The opportunities in a small California town were rather limited, however, and besides, Santa Rosa was

His mother was born in the Valley of the Moon and he has visited Hell and the Kingdom of Heaven

By TOM CARSKADON

sufficiently famous as the residence and workplace of Luther Burbank not to bother much about the unrecognized cartooning genius in her midst. Ripley thus devoted his talents chiefly to the blank pages in the front and back of his schoolbooks, and to drawing posters for school dances and athletic events. When he reached the ripe old age of seventeen, a very handsome young woman came to board at the house next door to the Ripley home. She happened to notice Robert sitting out under a tree (when he should have been hoeing cabbage in the back garden) and she asked him what he was doing. For answer, he held up a drawing board.

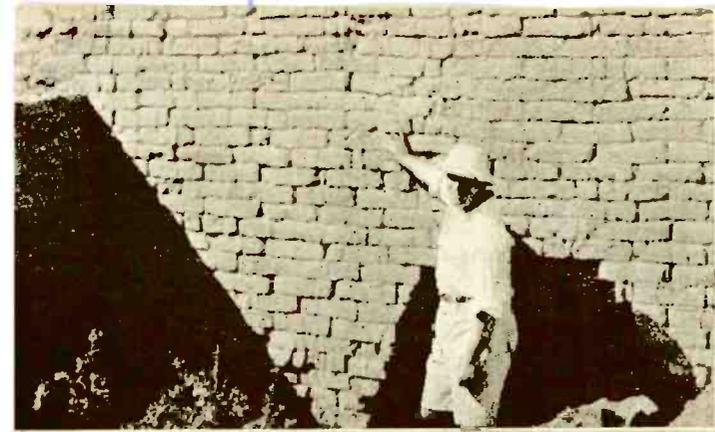
The young lady was greatly impressed. She happened to know the editor of *The San Francisco Bulletin*, H. L. Baggerly, and on her next trip to the city she went in to see Mr. Baggerly and spoke so glowingly of her discovery that the editor was induced to offer Ripley a job on *The Bulletin*. Young Ripley could scarcely believe his own ears when she came back with the news, but in due time he set out, with high hopes in his heart, for the big city and for the paper that had given a start to two famous cartoonists, Tad (T. A. Dorgan) and Rube Goldberg. The small town boy was certainly traveling in fast company!

ALAS, he had scarcely got started in his new job when the axe descended and he was fired. This disaster turned out to be a blessing in disguise, however, for he immediately went right across the street and got a better job on *The San Francisco Chronicle*. He was put to work under Harry B. Smith, who is still on *The Chronicle*, one of the ablest and best liked sports editors in America. Smith set Ripley to work illustrating a special series written by W. O. McGeehan, thus releasing Harry Herschfield who had been doing the McGeehan illustrations and was eager to get started on a new project of his own.

Ripley made good on *The Chronicle*, and, after inching up his salary from the \$8 per week at which *The Bulletin* started him to the \$20 per week *The Chronicle* was now paying him, he decided the time had come to ask for a raise. This was all very well, except for one slight detail. The owner of *The Chronicle*, that gruff and sturdy old personal journalist, M. H. De Young, happened not to agree with Ripley. This was sad indeed, for the result of the interview was to leave Ripley once more free to accept any job that came along—if he could find one.

Friends on *The Chronicle* staff rallied around and got Ripley a commission to illustrate a book of reminiscences by an old barnstorming actor, Joe Taylor, for which he was paid \$100. With this to buck up his courage, Ripley decided to make the great plunge and go to New York. He had a letter of introduction to Ralph Renaud, then a reporter and later managing editor of *The* (Please turn to page 54)

Want to see real poverty? Bob Ripley says this beggar of Kasvin, Persia, is the raggedest man he ever saw.



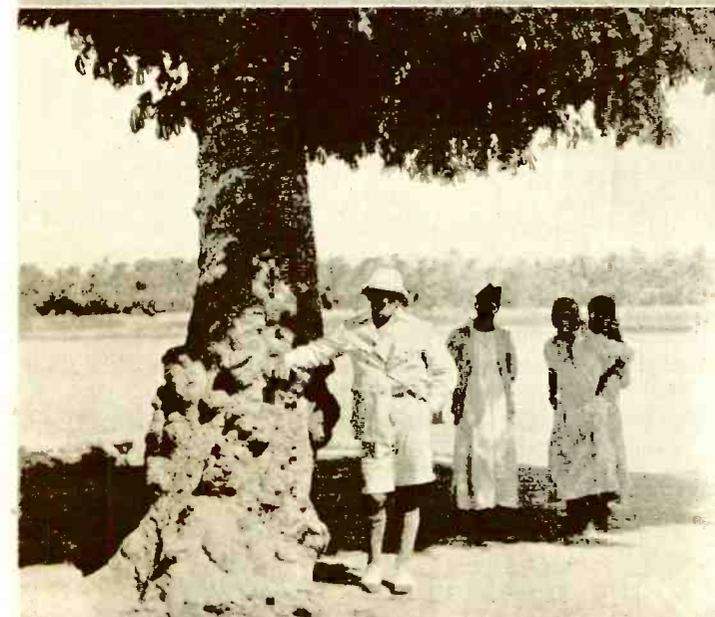
The doom of Babylon was written on the very wall on which Ripley has his hand. This palace wall looked down upon the never-to-be-forgotten feast of Belshazzar



Crossing the desert from Bagdad to Iraq Ripley came upon this nomad Bedouin family. All their possessions are under these tents. They rest by day, travel by night.



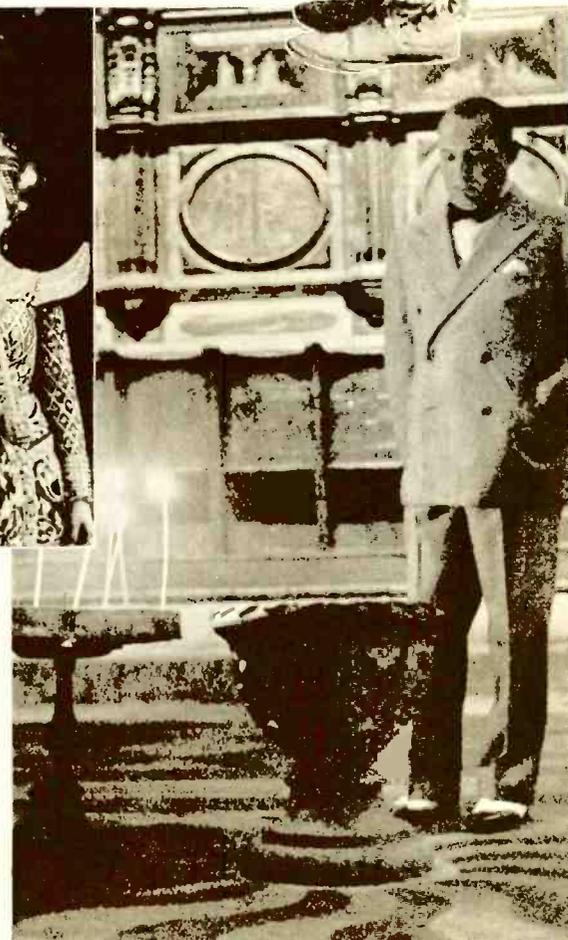
Next to Mecca, Najaf, in Iraq, is the holiest city in the world to Mohammedans, who would rather be buried there than anywhere else. Cemeteries surround the city.



Above: Ripley reports that the bronzed royal Cambodian dancers of Bangkok, Siam, dip their faces in white flour before they start their performances.

Left: Bob Ripley declares this to be the authentic Tree of Life in the Garden of Eden. Bob reports the garden to be at the junction of the Tigris and Euphrates rivers, not far from the Persian Gulf.

Right: Bob Ripley close to the spot termed the Center of the Universe. This is within the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem, the sacred goal of so many crusades and pilgrimages all through history.



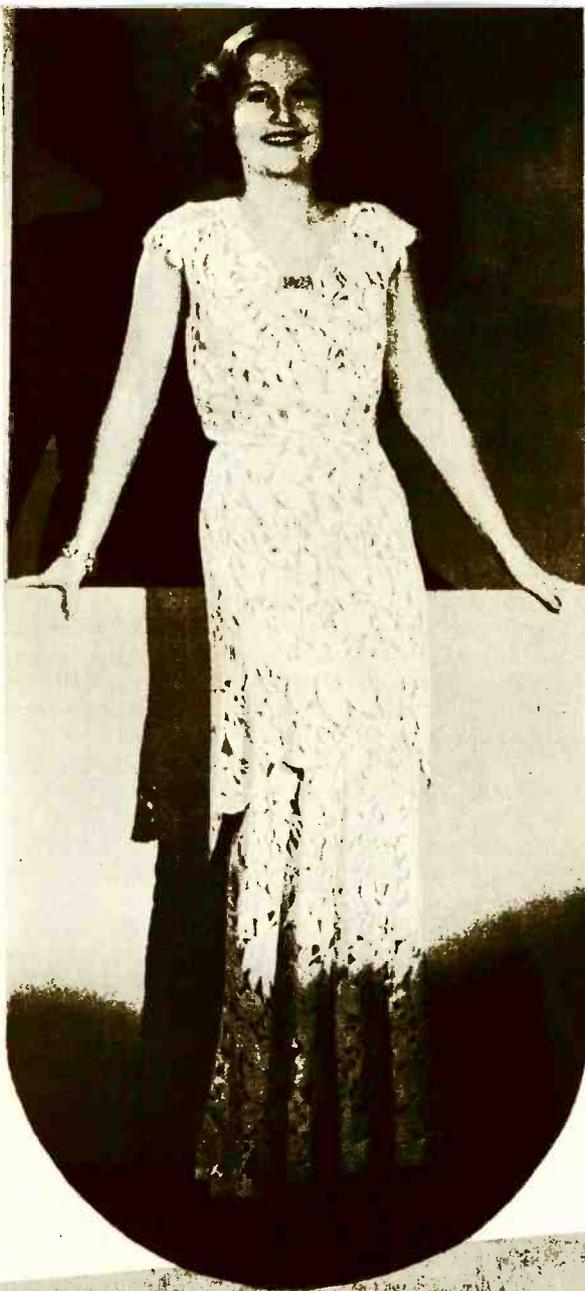
LAST MINUTE KID

YOU know those stories about the little understudy suddenly achieving fame and fortune when the star has a bad cold and can't go on. Well, Lucy Monroe is the original last minute kid. She's all those stories rolled into one. Except once she wasn't even an understudy. She was just a chorus girl and fifteen minutes before curtain . . .

But wait a minute—that incident comes later. It was Fate which brought Lucy to the theatre. She could no more have kept off the stage than a boy can keep out of the jam pot. The stage was in her blood and yet had her father lived she might right this minute be taking dictation instead of singing to you over both the National and Columbia networks.

Lucy's mother was Anna Laughlin, a soubrette of the early nineteen-hundreds. In "Wizard of Oz" and other extravaganzas she sang a little and danced a little and was—being just five feet tall—really pretty cute, and then Anna Laughlin married a diamond and pearl importer and, as so often happens when an actress marries outside the profession, she retired from active stage work.

Occasionally she came back to the theatre to play for a few weeks, but her husband did not approve, and when their daughter was born he insisted that



Anna give up the stage completely. Also he was determined that Lucy should not follow in her mother's light footsteps.

Even when she was very little the child had a naturally sweet and naturally skillful voice, but every note she sang brought pain to her father, who feared she might choose the theatre as her profession.

One evening at a summer resort a group of hotel guests, thinking Lucy a cute kid, asked her to sing for them. And she, like all children, eager to show off, stood up on a table and entertained them.

Right in the middle of a song her father came into the lobby. She saw at once the scowl that came over his face. Of course, she realized that she had displeased him, but how she did not know. And then he came toward her and with one commanding gesture lifted her off the table and sent her to bed.

The next day he told her that she must never, never as long as she lived sing or dance for anyone.

Yes, Lucy was thoroughly squelched and if ever she had entertained thoughts of going on the stage she put them completely out of her mind.

WHEN she was thirteen her father died and a few years later, both she and her mother took stock of the family finances and realized that money was badly needed. Lucy must go to work and the only way her mother could help her was to introduce her to the theatrical friends she had.

And so she went into the (*Please turn to page 38*)

*Lucy Monroe became a
star on a moment's notice*

By **NAN CAMPBELL**

Learn to LISTEN

*Howard Barlow believes
jazz is the slang of music*



IF anyone tells me, generally with a sickly grin," says Howard Barlow, director of the Columbia Symphony Orchestra, "that he cannot understand the great composers, but that he knows what he likes, he has given me a blueprint of his makeup. What he really means is that he either doesn't want to understand fine music, or that he's too lazy to learn, or, saddest of all, that he is mentally gaited to appreciate only such melodic gems as "Sweet Adeline." In any case he might as well be left wallowing in his sea of ignorance, for it would be a waste of time to throw him a lifebelt."

Plain words, you see, but they come aptly enough from one who sounded his first A in Plain City, Ohio, and lived there until, at two years of age, he persuaded his parents to move over to the more intellectual atmosphere surrounding the college town of Urbana.

"On the other hand," continued Mr. Barlow, emphasizing each word with a rap on his desk, "give me those others, especially the ladies, Lord love them, who are generally more sincere in their desire for self-improvement, and I could play for them all evening. To them I would say, if you want to learn, first learn to listen. Hear all the good music you can. Soak it up the way you would absorb a sunbath, and after a while you will find yourself a new and better person to live with. Let the average modern woman keep listening, and her inner beauty—the beauty of

the soul—will come to match that of her outward appearance."

That is Howard, the old symphonic smoothie, talking now. Give him time, and this earnest, self-effacing young man who worries lest he be mistaken for an inaccessible highbrow, could talk a Mae West addict out of the lineup for her latest bit of cinemagnetism and steer him into Carnegie Hall. This gift of eloquence got its start when he used to wangle an old pawnbroker at Mount Carmel, Illinois, into selling him various musical instruments at a loss.

From there the family headed westward, for Barlow, Senior, being in the lumber business, found it necessary to go where the forests were thickest. But to the parental eye Howard seemed a bit frail, so he was sent to a cattle ranch near Denver for a toughening process, while the family moved on to Portland, Oregon. Music faded into the background under the sweep of Colorado sun and sky while the youngster grew up in an ideal boy country. There, where the only nocturne is the strangled wail of the coyote, he might have been surprised could he have seen ahead.

Twenty years later his baton was to guide an orchestra through the maze of brilliant melody that is the "Ballet Egyptienne" in the very first program of the Columbia Broadcasting System. Howard will discuss that program today with as much enthusiasm as if it had occurred only last week, and then, fearful lest he grow too lyrical, he will mention a hitherto unknown sidelight. The new studio was incomplete, no control room having yet been built, and the sound engineer went looking for a place to set up his portable control apparatus. He found one, wires were laid, and the newly born (*Please turn to page 61*)

By **JOHN PROCTER**

Keep On Trying

Bob Lawrence is not satisfied half way up the ladder of success, his goal is top

BOB LAWRENCE, baritone light of the Paul Whiteman program, is a professional singer in spite of himself. It is quite believable that his father and mother, both voice teachers, inspected their son the day he arrived down in shadowy New Orleans, and decided, human nature being what it is, that he was going to be different. They gave him singing lessons as a matter of course, but that came under the head of culture, and when Bob did his share of piping at parties and church socials such antics were viewed without misgiving. Even when, at nine, he undertook to coax sweet music out of a violin, it was held to be no more dangerous a sign than that he would always have a hobby.

Life flowed smoothly by for the Lawrences when they moved to such diverse localities as Birmingham, Alabama, and Cos Cob, Connecticut, and by the time Bob graduated from Rutgers he had chosen the greasiest way. This meant a career as a petroleum engineer, and for several years he pursued fame in Pennsylvania and Canada, not omitting to keep his bathroom singing up to the mark, for Bob is one of those lithe and handsome six footers who do not have to shrink before the stark intimacy of a shaving mirror.

About this time a well known song and dance team

began to loom large on the horizon. Always unpopular, but apparently quite able to do their stuff without the aid of applause. Old Man Depression and Mother Necessity came clumping into Bob Lawrence's consciousness and forced him to listen to their act. In other words, his job went the way of yesterday's tabloid. Then came an interval as counselor at a boys' camp in Maine, but Bob began seriously to limber up his voice, and from the set of the Lawrence chin you gather that he went at it in earnest.

"Ancestry helped me there, I guess," says Bob thankfully. "One side of our family had some cross grained, stubborn Scotch away back in the past, and whenever I felt like quitting, those old Highlanders would gang up on me, and keep me from being a flop. But after I did get my voice in shape I began to wonder what I would do with it."

Reason enough for that. The mysterious, inefficient gods who attempt to regulate supply and demand always seem to be stocked with more personable baritones than the market can absorb. Obviously, the most needful thing for Bob was a break, and, characteristically, he forced the first one for



himself by tramping around from place to place until he got a job entertaining in a Greenwich Village cafe. Having a sense of humor, he didn't allow the arty and crafty atmosphere to upset his balance, and after a while Break Number Two came through the clouds.

"The village attitude toward life was a spur to me," is the way Bob puts it, "not because I agreed with it, but because it disgusted me to see a lot of young people sitting around talking frustration and envy, and singing the blues about a world they wanted to conquer without a struggle. It all looked off center to me, so when the WTIC directors came down from Hartford to (Please turn to page 40)

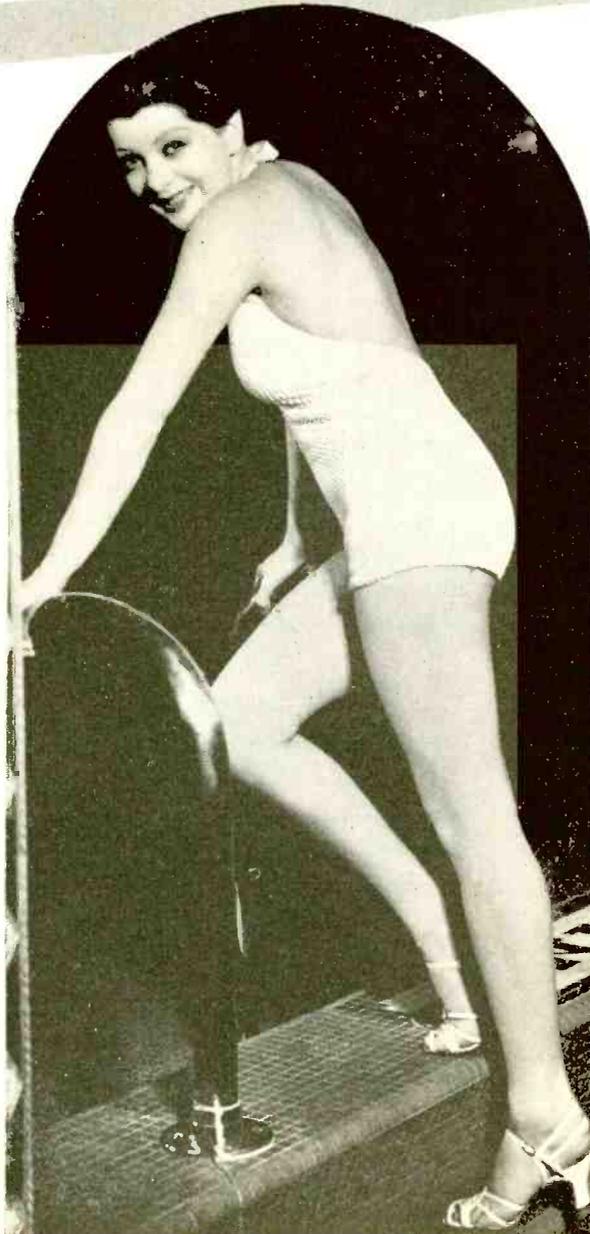
By
STEWART ROBERTSON

Out of the WEST

VIRGINIA VERRILL, radio's youngest and bluest of "blues" singers, is fresh from Hollywood where she sang on that popular West Coast program, "California Melodies." Hollywood and New York are swapping talent these days. Actors sweep westward toward the movies—and radio entertainers come East for big contracts. So far "California Melodies" has given us Bing Crosby, the Boswell sisters, and Vera Van. Now it's Virginia Verrill, and from all reports she is going to sing some of our famous "blues" singers into the background.

Virginia's first public appearance dates back to the time when she was three years old. Paul Whiteman, who was a friend of the Verrills, lifted her up on the bandstand to croon "I Never Knew I Could Love Anybody." That was fifteen years ago, and Virginia has been singing ever since. In fact, she ate her spinach with amazing rapidity whenever mama promised to teach her another song.

As she grew older, her voice grew lower, and Mrs. Verrill, who sang contralto herself, listened with dismay to her little girl's attempts to carry a tune. No song written was low enough for her tone range. She tried to discourage her, but she was hardly the person to influence her along those lines. For years she herself was in a vaudeville act, and later became publicity director for the Pantages Theatres. It



was she who conceived the idea of presenting their acts on the air. She was master of ceremonies for the hour—and sang the opening and closing numbers. Virginia sat at home with her little chair close to the radio, listening to her mother's voice and dreaming of the time she too would sing to an unseen audience.

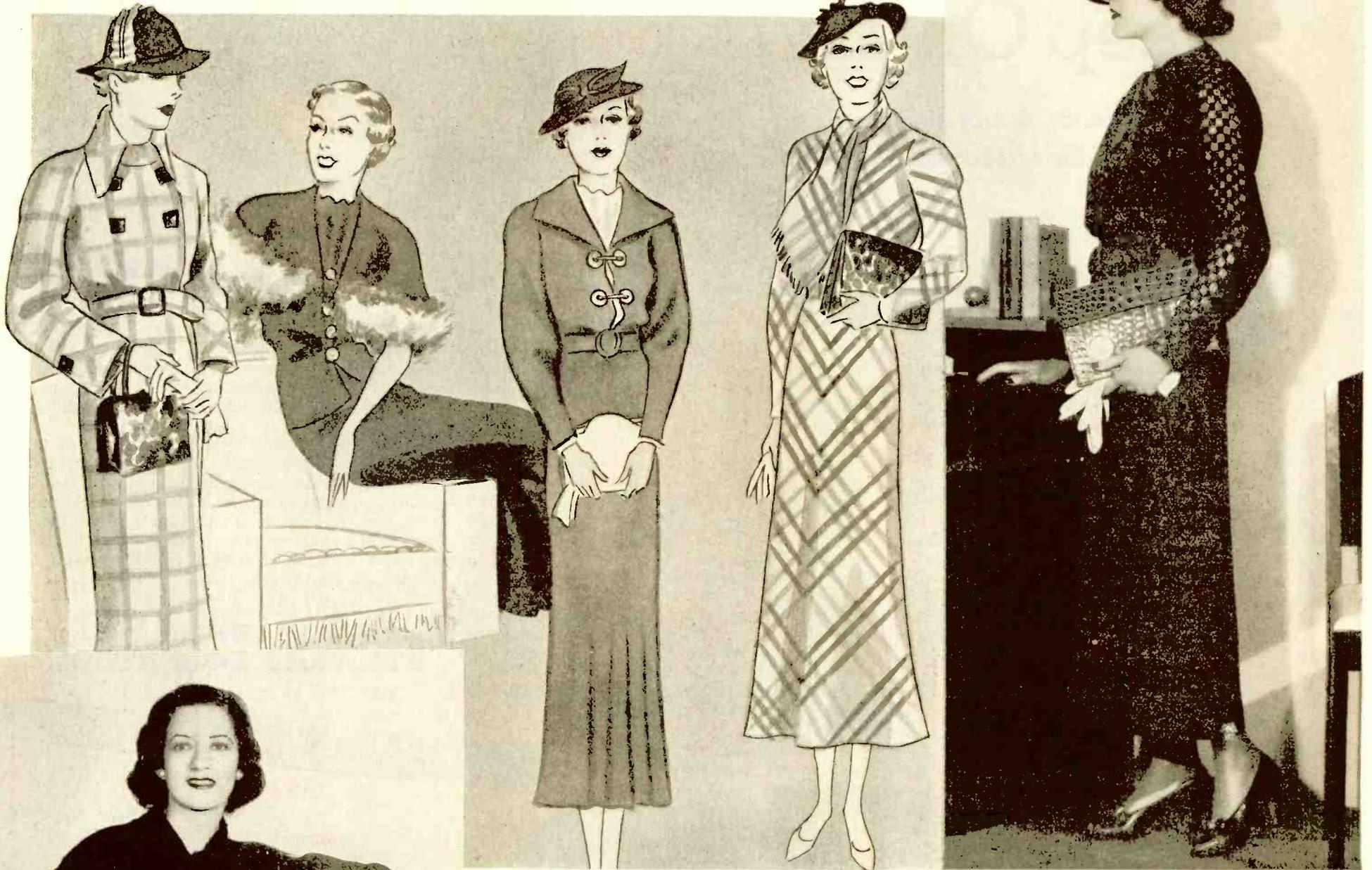
Mrs. Verrill had other plans for her. She wanted her to play the violin beautifully, to go to college, and there find out what she was suited for. Virginia, in her usual accommodating way, did learn to play the violin, but she kept on singing to please herself. By the time she was graduated from high school in the Spring of 1934, Mrs. Verrill decided that it was best to let Virginia do what she wanted to do most.

At the age of fifteen Virginia Verrill got her first job. Barbara Stanwyck was making a picture for Columbia called "Ten Cents a Dance" in which she was supposed to sing. At the time when the producers and director were wondering what to do about the fact that the star had no voice, a member of the studio happened to attend a high school concert. The representative then and there got a bright idea. That Verrill girl with the deep voice could help them out of their difficulty. They could use her voice in place of Miss Stanwyck's, and the public would be none the wiser.

Virginia received \$50 for singing something that Barbara Stanwyck later appeared to sing in the picture—and a precedent was established. It had never been done before. Now "dubbing voices," as it is called in movie parlance, (Please turn to page 50)

Virginia Verrill first sang at the age of three and now she is a radio star

By **EVE BERNSTEIN**



New clothes—bright and shining with metal highlights

Photograph, left.—Vet Boswell, vivacious member of the famous trio, picks, for afternoon, this tailored Cellophane-stripped crepe with lavish monkey-fur trim. *Above, left to right, sketched:* A form-fitting sports coat for the crisp fall days. Shadow-plaid Kragshire woolen with a tab beneath the chin for football weather.

Next: A Cross Fox trimmed afternoon ensemble with cape-sleeved jacket. The dress has a full, shirred bodice and a slim gored skirt. And another afternoon dress, gay with lamé ascot, vestee and cuffs with a bright note of color in the eyelets of the Persian-cut bodice. *Last:* The first wool dress of the on-coming Fall, a soft, brushed wool plaid. The neckline is high and is fastened with a button link. The sleeve-and-front and sleeve-and-back are set in one to route bulkiness.

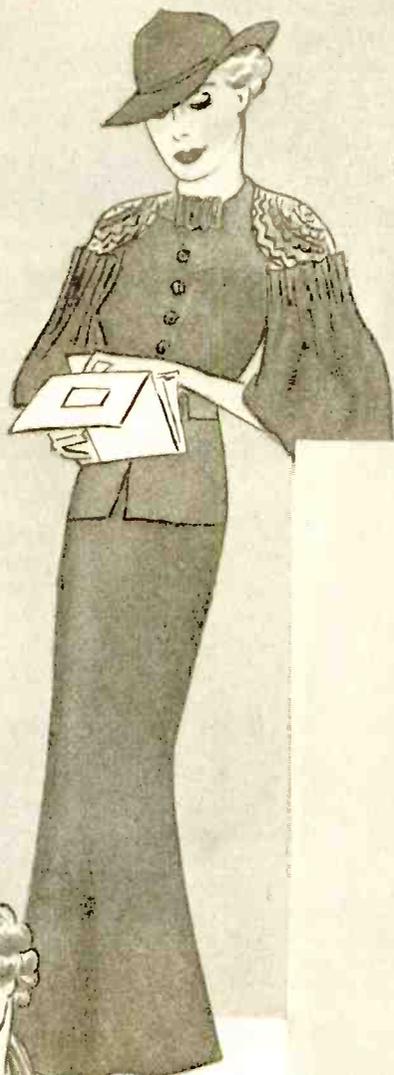
Photograph, above.—Miss Boswell again, in a Contour Crepe afternoon dress of

peasant origin. Cartridge pleats hold the full bodice to the raglan yoke. Rich metal lattice embroidery on the bodice and sleeves indicates the more elaborate trend of Fall clothes. *Upper right, sketched:* Metal again, in the embroidered epaulet medallions of this afternoon dress. The bishop sleeves are held in place by cartridge pleats and the blouse is full, with a straight peplum. The fabric is satin-backed Roughtone Crepe.

Sketched right, below: A stunning evening gown with a gold striped chiffon blouse and chiffon skirt over satin. The collar is a stand-up Chinese affair fastened with chiffon frogs duplicated on the belt. The blouse and the skirt end in fish tails in the back. *Photograph, right:* Vet Boswell's afternoon frock of Cera Crepe, very wearable, quite Egyptian, a rag of a dress in the hand, but quite something when you put it on. Tucked metal bands make the wide sleeves and the girdle. The skirt is draped, harem fashion, and wraps around.

TOWER STAR

Fashions



By
KATHERINE
KAREY



At the left is the Blanche Sweet of today. At the right Miss Sweet as she was in an old film. "I'm happier today than I've ever been," she says — and her reasons give an interesting slant on a picturesque career started at the age of sixteen months.

Culter Sericee



At 38 Blanche Sweet, after all sorts of heart-breaks, comes up smiling, starting anew in radio

by

MARY JACOBS

TWENTY-FIVE years ago, Biograph Films offered fourteen-year-old Blanche Sweet \$100 a week to accompany them to Los Angeles, where they wanted to open a motion picture studio. There you could actually take outdoor summer scenes in the Winter!

Now \$100 a week was a fabulous salary for a girl who was getting \$20 a week as an extra. You or I would have jumped at such a chance.

But simultaneously Gertrude Hoffman, the dancer, offered Blanche \$18 a week to dance with her troupe. And Blanche, without a moment's hesitation, accepted the \$18 a week offer.

"I like dancing better than acting," Blanche Sweet told me. "And money has never meant very much to me. Just as long as I made enough to get along on, that was all that mattered."

She hasn't changed very much in this respect, throughout the crowded quarter of a century that has followed. A year later she was to accept the Biograph offer, go West and make history as one of the finest screen stars of the early days. She was to become phenomenally wealthy, with the world at her feet. Then she was to meet reverses: in her health, in business, in her home life, and to sink into dire poverty.

TODAY, at thirty-eight, she has come up smiling and is beginning all over again. Building stardom in a new medium, radio. You hear her three times a week, on the Outdoor Girl program, relating her experiences with famous motion picture stars, letting you and me in on the secrets of how they become beautiful and keep themselves young and attractive.

She told me, "Money never brings happiness. Too much of it destroyed mine. It's silly to pray for great wealth. That's been my experience, anyway."

One of her many experiences, since she began her stage career at the ripe age of sixteen months when her mother, Pearl Alexander Sweet, dancer and actress, died, leaving the infant Blanche for Grandmother Alexander to care for.

Mrs. Alexander didn't know what to do. She hadn't worked a day in her life. But she had traveled around with her troupe- (Please turn to page 46)

Columbia

Beginning All Over Again

THE BOY THE WORLD FORGOT

I HAVE just heard one of the most poignantly pitiful stories that has ever come to these ears of mine.

And there is no reason for the victim's plight—unless you consider the ruthless lack of appreciation that follows in the wake of true accomplishment, and the amazing stupidity on the part of people who don't but could right such wrongs.

But—no—the crown prince of the American theater is dead—the stage's and the silent screen's greatest juvenile star is denied a hearing. At least, so say those in authority.

All of which may sound ambiguous to the reader. So I will tell you a story of a boy from Highland Mills, N. Y., a raw untrained lad who, wonderfully gifted, came to New York City, unheralded, and unsung, and in a short time rose from Zero to Zenith.

Glenn Hunter, the ace of American juveniles, took such a flight. Public adulation and the applause of friends followed him for many years in season after season as success followed success in such plays as "Clarence," with Helen Hayes, "The Intimate Stranger," "Merton of the Movies," "Behold This Dreamer," "She Stoops to Conquer," with Mrs. Leslie Carter, "Pollyanna," with Patricia Collinge, "Young Woodley," "Trial of Penrod," "Waterloo Bridge," "Peter Ibbetson," etc., etc.

And during the same period he made twenty-two silent pictures, including "West of the Water Tower," "The Silent Watcher" and "Merton of the Movies," all of which brought him further laurels.

But Glenn can now tell you the story of more than a rise from Zero to Zenith, he can tell you the almost hopeless task it is to rise again after the fall from Zenith. It is even more human and appealing than the many songs which have been sung about his rise to the heights.

As he says: "It is one thing to work your way up and *arrive*, but it is quite another thing having *arrived* to toboggan down and have to start the long trek upward all over again."

TODAY Glenn is facing the long trek upward. He must start all over again. For through some weird streak of fancy those who control the talkies and the stage cannot see Glenn nor a place for him. There is no spot apparently for the popular juvenile, who was the crown prince of players, and who on the stage and in the silent films made dramatic history and never gave a bad performance.

We asked Glenn to give us his reason for his unwarranted dip into oblivion.

"I guess," he opined ruefully, "I am a good deal like the boy soprano who had the world at his feet until his voice cracked and changed. Later he tried to climb back into his former place as a tenor but nobody could see him. I was stamped as a juvenile and now that I am no longer a youngster (he is only thirty-six), I can no longer play juveniles and they will not give me a chance at anything else.

"I went out to Hollywood where I enlisted some old friends in my behalf. I am an actor of wide experience and capable of winning some sort of a spot in character roles if I am given half a chance. But in the past three years of oblivion everyone seems to have forgotten me. Hardly anyone knew me. I waited outside offices for hours and in many cases never even got a hearing. It is curious to think," he added, "that it is only a few years ago when the mention of my name would open all doors



Glenn Hunter's luck carried him to the top and to the bottom. Now radio is giving him another chance. Above, Hunter as Merton.

By
HAL
HOWE

A famous Broadway and Hollywood star not so long ago, Glenn Hunter is making a comeback

and I would have been passed quickly enough to the various 'throne rooms' of the same outfits.

"I do not want you to think I am a sorehead. But there have been times this year or two when it seemed as if the end of the world had come and the whole industry was against me. There were even times when I sat in front of my little beach house at Santa Monica and wondered if it would not be a good thing for me to learn what it was the sad sea waves were saying. But I revolted at the idea. If I meant nothing any longer on the stage and screen, if I had been dropped off many social lists, if those who had borrowed hundreds from me no longer were 'at home' surely back in New York I must have some friends left.

"But in the big town and along the Great White Way, where my name had been up in lights for many years, I met the same fate. So-called friends whom I had helped in my heyday hurriedly crossed the street when they saw me coming. Others avoided me expecting a touch.

"So I came down to earth as far as friendships

were concerned. An unlimited circle simmered down to eight persons who were loyal and helped. And one of these was a fan who had followed my career for years and became a friend. One day when I was at my lowest he wrote me out of a clear sky that not hearing from me lately and not seeing me cast for a play or picture he figured something must be wrong. He enclosed a check for two hundred dollars and asked me to call it a loan or anything but please not to send it back. He said there were hundreds like himself who waited for my return to grace and please not to run out on him. If I wanted more funds to write him.

"HIS note galvanized me. I made up my mind to call it a day as far as being through was concerned and start all over again. Several times I had been a guest star on the radio during my flare and liked it. Why not follow that line for a change? But no one was interested. Apparently I was as dead in that field as in the others. But I really laughed that off and a few days later I (*Please turn to page 53*)

Photograph for
TOWER RADIO
by Wide World



The Romance of the LOMBARDOS

"HE'S a great Guy!" That's the way a story about Guy Lombardo usually starts out. I wanted to make this lead different. But I'm afraid I failed. For having known him intimately for almost seven years, I still can't think of anything in a few words that is so typical and expressive of this purveyor of smooth melodies than to repeat—"He's a great Guy."

Let me first tell you a little yarn about Guy Lombardo that never found its way into print before. Back in the days when Benny Friedman was an All-American quarterback at the University of Michigan, Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians provided the music at one of the school's major proms. It was the kind of evening that every undergraduate loves to idealize—pretty girls in lovely frocks,

handsome escorts, decorations *de luxe*, a helpful moon, stars and all that sort of thing—and, of course, superb dance music. Friedman, the football idol, and Lombardo, the band idol, struck up a fast friendship. After the strains of "Auld Lang Syne" had closed the night's festivities, Guy and Benny cemented their new-found friendship with a few drinks. An observer might have thought these two hail fellows, just met, were a modern Damon and Pythias. As they made their way across the college campus they unloosened their sentiments on life and matters in general.

"You know, Guy, old fellow," spoke Friedman, "I'd like to get married some day soon. Don't you think it'd be a good idea for me?"

"Say, Benny," replied Comrade Lombardo,

"you're a swell fellow, but you're too good an athlete to do that. Athletics take up too much of your time and interest. You'll never get married."

"Gosh, do you really think so, Guy?" asked the football man.

"I just don't think you're the marrying kind, my friend," opined Lombardo, "and to show you that I think so, I'll tell you what I'll do. The day you ever get married—I don't care where we are—the band'll play at your wedding. And there won't be any cover charge."

Three years ago Benny Friedman got married in Westchester, New York. The marriage took place in beautiful garden surroundings. Benny furnished the ring, and Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians furnished the music. Guy and his boys trav-

Here is a story of brotherly love that brought its reward in riches and fame

By BOB TAPLINGER

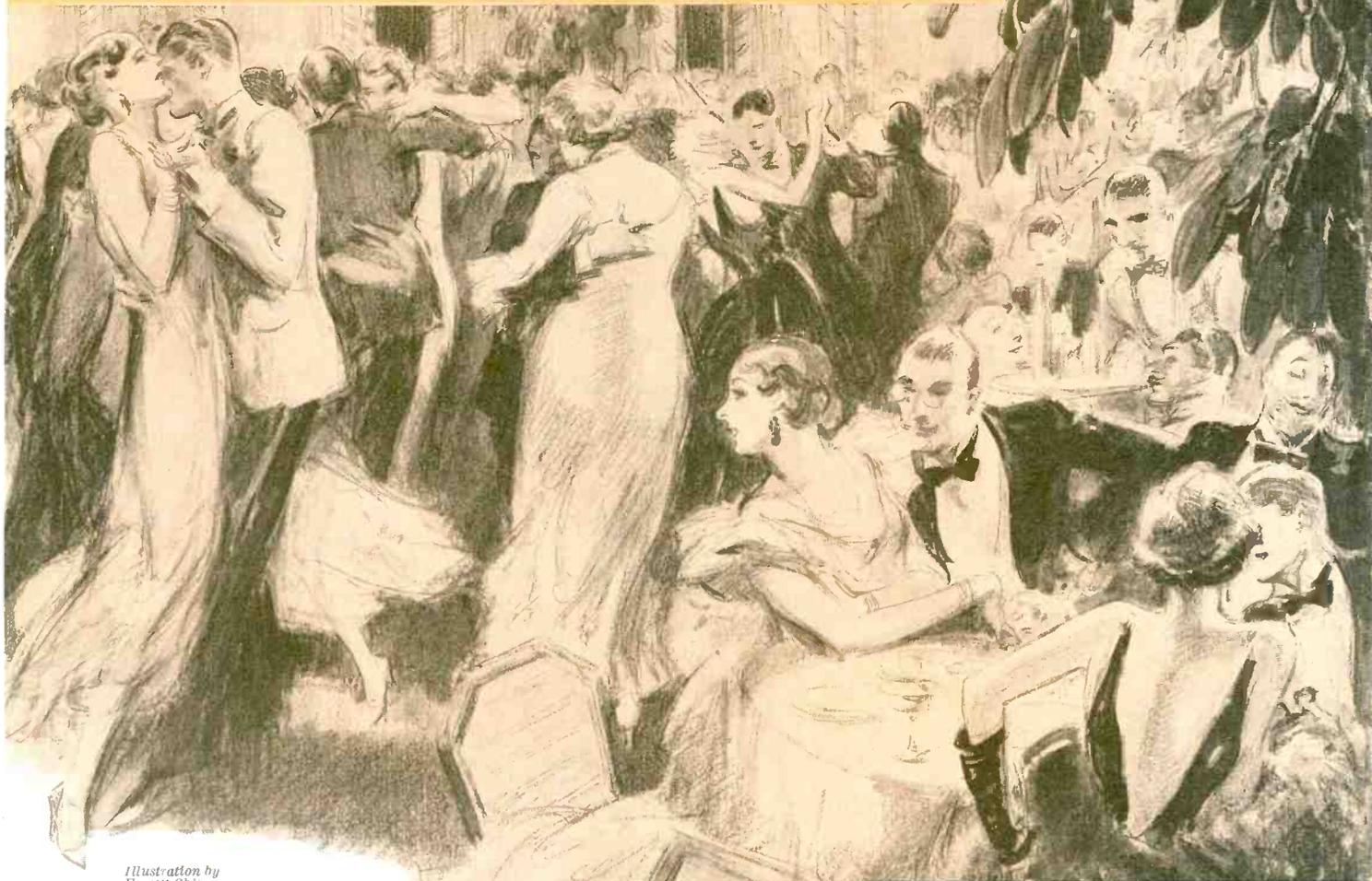


Illustration by Everett Shinn

Left, the Lombardos on the roof of New York's famous hotel, the Waldorf-Astoria. Below, the Lombardo brothers: Victor, Leibert, Carmen and Guy.



Photograph by Bert Lawson, Columbia

eled two hundred miles after a late night engagement to be on hand for the noonday merger. He had kept a passing promise.

Not an important happening, to be true, but one that tends to show "he's a great Guy." There are others, too.

While Guy will readily admit that he occupies a lofty pinnacle in the realm of dance rhythms—as who won't—he's also the first person to kid his own renown. His sense of humor encompasses himself. He told me what had happened just a few days before.

He took his boat, "Tempo," up the Hudson River for an outing. Docking at a yacht club pier he left the craft in charge of his captain. An employee of the club, an old-timer, asked Guy's captain the identity of the boat's owner.

"Guy Lombardo," replied the captain.

"Oh yes," was the answer. "The big banker."

"Can you imagine that," was Guy's epilogue. "Ten years on nationwide hookups and someone thinks Guy Lombardo's a banker."

As a matter of fact, though, when it comes to financial intake, Lombardo's income bears much semblance to that of a banker's. Since he came into national popularity in 1928, when his soft, smooth syncopation first was wafted over the Columbia System, Guy has been the premier money-maker among all the orchestras. He's made musical notes pay even greater interest than banknotes.

After a year's absence from his Alma Mater—Columbia Broadcasting—during which time he fulfilled commercial duties on the NBC chain, Guy has brought his brothers and his other musicians back to their old stamping grounds. He's heard every Monday evening now, broadcasting for the goodwill of Esso products, sponsored by the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey. His pay for this half-hour tops any sum he has made before. While other orchestras have their trials and tribulations—hiring and firing musicians and soloists, encountering union difficulties, and trying to weather the vicissitudes of the business, the Royal Canadians continue blithely on their way, winning added triumphs with the style of music first set by themselves.

It's one type of band that doesn't play any and every type of popular music that happens to become a vogue. There's a distinctive "Lombardo Style," and unless a composition is suited for their brand of music it isn't even considered.

"WHEN we formed the Lombardo orchestra, our endeavor then, as today, was to get a distinctive tone quality. You see, every composition has a melody. We try to take that melody in its simplest form and give it a frame. Instead of obliterating the melody, with unnecessary sounds and rhythm, we try to keep it simple, and to stress it, so that it stays in the listener's mental ear long after he's heard it with his physical ear."

"Suppose," I asked him, "there should be a radical change in the type of music popular with the American public. Would you change your orchestra and your style to conform to (*Please turn to page 48*)

DICTION MEDAL



THE twenty-two piece orchestra built the theme song up to a stirring finale, the blonde contralto blended her voice with the tenor of the Purid Dream Man in one triumphant note—and then a sudden silence fell upon the studio. A young man in dinner clothes stepped up to the microphone and talked into it ingratiatingly. His voice was resonant and the syllables fell from his lips smoothly, with perfect articulation.

“And so concludes the first of a series of programs sent to you by the makers of Purid Products, the world’s finest pharmaceutical goods. Remember, the name ‘Purid’ on every package is your protection! Be sure to listen to our program next Friday night at this same time. This . . . (and he hesitated an imperceptible fraction of a second) . . . is a Purid program!! . . . Okay . . . off the air!”

Immediately the studio was a babel of voices. Friends pressed forward to congratulate the Purid Dream Man and the blonde singer. The engineer appeared from the control room and began putting his microphones away from the center of the studio. The musicians stood up and noisily passed ribald remarks to one another as they packed the instruments into their respective cases.

John Byron, the young man in the dinner jacket, and recent winner of the Radio Diction Medal, carelessly stuck his script in his pocket and airily made his way out into the foyer. At the hostess’ desk sat a smart young lady toying with a pencil.

“Hello, Gorgeous!” Byron greeted her with an eye of appreciation.

“Hello, Don Juan,” replied Anne Miller. “How’d it go?”

“Perfect—couldn’t have been better.”

“Not worried about saying it any more?”

“Saying what?”

“This is a *Putrid* Program.”

“Listen, baby, I was never afraid of saying that. Some of the boys around here are trying to rib me, that’s all.”

“But, John—it would be so easy to say ‘Putrid’ instead of ‘Purid.’ You must be careful. . . . The boys are telling you for your own good.”

“They’re still sore because I got that Diction Medal the first year I was here and they’re riding me, that’s all.”

“Just remember that Frank Travis lost the Pyorene account because he said—‘This program comes to you through the courtesy of Pyorrhoea.’”

“That was Frank Travis. . . . I’m John Byron!”

“The great Lord Byron! Oh, John, why don’t you cut it out and be yourself.”

“I AM myself, Beautiful. Can I help it if I’m good? Give me plenty of tongue-twisters. I eat ’em up. You’ll never catch me saying ‘Putrid.’”

“Oh, you’re impossible!”

“Nope . . . just improbable. How about a bite to eat when you get off at eleven?”

“Listen here, John Byron.” Anne looked the confident young man up and down slowly. “When you get deflated, then come around and I may talk business. Right now—you’re—you’re—insufferable.”

And with that she picked up her purse and fled to the modernistic solitude of the ladies’ lounge. Byron looked after her, faintly troubled, but then his brow cleared and with an amused laugh he strolled over to the elevators and in a moment disappeared through a chromium-plated door.

A few minutes afterward the announcers’ room was the scene of a heated discussion. It seems that Byron’s remarks had been overheard by a colleague, who had relayed the conversation to his fellow announcers.

“Somebody ought to take that bird down a few pegs.”

“Ever since he got that damn medal, it’s gone to his head.”

“He told me last night he never made a mistake.”

“He’s too blasted cocky.”

“The worst of it is—he *is* good!”

“Yeah—good and lousy!”

“Somebody ought to teach that guy a lesson.”

“How about it, Frank?”

All eyes turned to Frank Stanton, dean of announcers, stoutish, erudite, affable and an old hand in the business. The oracle spoke.

“For his own good, we’ve got to teach Lord Byron a lesson. By the time we get through with him, he’ll say ‘Putrid!’”

And for several minutes thereafter their heads were together in earnest conversation.

It was only the next evening after a session with

the microphone, that the Purid Announcer, white ascot muffer about his throat and ebony cane under his arm, paused at the hostess’ desk to speak to Anne.

“Hello, Gorgeous. Still mad?”

“Good evening, Mr. Byron,” Anne replied coolly.

“Here’s a telegram just came for you.”

“Brr. It’s cold in here.”

“This will warm you up. It’s undoubtedly a wire

The famous radio humorist writes his first short story—and it will give you a grand laugh. It's a yarn of a dashing, cocky air announcer called Lord Byron

By
**RAYMOND
KNIGHT**



"Hello, Gorgeous, still mad?" asked the Purid Announcer, as he paused at the hostess' desk.
"Good-evening," Anne replied coldly. "Here's a telegram for you."

telling you how good you were . . ."
"You're telling me."

Amused, Byron opened the wire and read it. Then he threw it on the desk and laughed. "There's a bunch of cats back in the announcer's room—get this."

Anne was about to toss it back to him when she caught sight of one word. She opened it out on the desk and stared at the message.

"SOME DAY YOU WILL SAY PUTRID."

"Oh, John . . . that's horrid of them."

"Don't worry, Baby. I can take it. They're just wasting their money on wires."

"But, don't you see—if they keep this up—you'll get it in your head—and—then—you will say it."

John Byron laughed loud and long. "The boy announcer never makes a mistake, Beautiful. How about a Planter's Punch over at the Weylin?"

Anne threw the wire back at him. "That's a swell idea, Don Juan. You go right over to the Weylin

and sit up at the bar and look straight ahead."

"What do you mean?"

"There's a nice big mirror there and you can get a splendid view of yourself."

"But listen, Anne . . ."

"No, I won't listen. That's all I do—and that's all anyone does—listen to you talking about yourself. You—you—oh—you make me sick!"

"But you said you liked going out with me."

"Well, I don't, and that's final."

"Anne, please . . ."

"No! When you get over your cockiness, come around and let me know. Until then please . . . leave me alone!"

And once again, she was gone.

THE following week the Purid Program went on the air and signed off successfully. The blonde contralto sang hoarsely bluer than ever and the tenor crooned softer than usual. With an air of careless nonchalance, the Purid Announcer signed off with—"This is a Purid Program!"—and thumbed his nose at the two announcers he saw watching him through the control room window.

As he left the studio, Anne called impersonally—"Telephone Mr. Byron." Another fan. . . . Oh, well.

"Hello?"

"Hello, Lord Byron?" (A strange man's voice . . . strange, yet somehow familiar.)

"Yes, this is Byron."

"SOME—DAY—YOU—WILL—SAY—PUTRID!"

"Hello . . . hello . . . who is this? Say, you big stiff, if you think . . ."

But the caller had hung up. Byron was about to burst out in indignation to Anne, then suddenly he caught himself. Maybe, if he started talking about it—it might—He threw off this idea and turned to the hostess' desk. But Anne, her back ostentatiously turned to him, was talking to a page boy. Byron shrugged his shoulders and moved off into the night.

The third week there was another telegram . . . the fourth week a second telephone call. Each one saying—"Some day you will say 'Putrid'!" Then the letters began coming in his fan mail. In different kinds of envelopes, with typed addresses and with handwritten ones. It seemed to Byron that there was a steady stream of letters, each containing only six words—"SOME DAY YOU WILL SAY PUTRID!"

At first he treated them contemptuously. He had someone else read his fan mail first. Then the warnings assumed other shapes. One morning he opened a large parcel post package to find in it nothing but a typewritten slip of paper saying—"SOME DAY YOU WILL SAY PUTRID!" He found one in the top of a box of candy and one in a cake sent by messenger.

Week after week they came, and still his cockiness did not desert him. One night he had a dream in which an electric sign flashed and typewriters rattled and ticker tapes clicked—all bearing the words—"SOME DAY YOU WILL SAY PUTRID!" Finally he began to imagine that people were saying it to him on the streets, and once he could have sworn that a girl leaned over the top of a passing Fifth Avenue bus and shouted—"SOME DAY YOU WILL SAY PUTRID!"

The weeks rolled on. Anne was still icily polite.

The announcers were still watchfully waiting. And Lord Byron was still. . . . Yes, he was still confident.

AND then came the big news! The end of the thirteen weeks contract was approaching and the rumour was that the program had been so successful that Purid Products was re-signing for fifty-two more weeks! Byron figured hastily. Fifty-two weeks at fifty dollars was . . . \$2600. Twenty-six hundred to be added to his modest announcer's salary. He could get that car—pay some debts—and have plenty left over. He was walking on air . . . at last he was cashing in on that medal . . . and then suddenly, he remembered the weekly messages. Damn them . . . Damn them all! He'd show them! He'd show Anne!

Three weeks passed. Still the hidden hand worked, and to Lord Byron's amazement one Friday evening he almost slipped. The following week he hesitated a bit longer before he said . . . "This is a . . . Purid Program." That night he broke into a cold sweat as the end of the program approached.

Finally it was there . . . the last program of the first series. The new contracts were to be signed at the conclusion of the (Please turn to page 52)



Short Wave Department

FALL is almost here again! The short wave listener hardly noticed the passing of the Summer season that a few years ago would have meant almost a "closing down" of your short wave equipment! The warm weather did not disastrously affect any particular country's transmissions. Even the South American stations, whose programs formerly passed by because the average listener is not overly partial to hearing bursts of static, were tuned in during our warmest evenings. Their programs always radiate the spirit of music, flowers and love. One can almost be inclined to try to live their carefree life and many a short wave listener would willingly exchange places with the sweet voiced tenor who so longingly sings of his unrequited love to an imaginary señorita.

The countries bordering on the equator fairly bristle with transmitters. Heretofore when some unknown South American city wanted to be "put on the map" an ingenious and enterprising gentleman



Fall is coming and with it better short wave reception for the army of DX fans

By Captain HORACE L. HALL

Foremost authority on short wave in America

would throw a few cheap parts together and, lo and behold another below the Equator station was on the air! Times have changed and so have ideas of the Spanish speaking countries. Now, when a city or a province wants to radiate the feeling of friendship, so prevalent in South America, they buy the best American made equipment, erect towering aerials and their voice is heard round the world! They are not satisfied with "flea power" but nothing

voice of Mr. Van den Enden, whose monologue over HJ4AB1 fairly radiates with fun. This Dutch, Spanish and English announcer caused this Manizales, Colombia, station to be christened, "The Voice of Friendship." Mr. Van den Enden invariably would say "This is station HJ4AB1, and now you will hear a nice piece of Colombian music while I drink a cup of Colombian coffee, the best coffee in the world!" Then this clever announcer audibly would pour a cup of what we were supposed to believe was a cup of coffee!

Now we will leave the Colombians to their coffee and their music and travel to Lima, Peru. There we will find several stations but the one that is heard here the best is OAX4B. This station changed their schedule but continued to operate on 4,230 KC. on Wednesday from 6 to 11:30 P.M., EST. They also increased their power and to quote from a letter received from the owner, "We are heard all over the world when the heaven's conditions are fairly good. Our programs consist of talking, music and up to date noises of all kinds!"

ONE does not really know whether the South American stations were the first to realize the importance of increasing their power, or the Europeans. In either case the entire world seems to be going in for more power behind the transmissions.

When the Daventry stations first came on the air we all agreed that the British certainly had short wave equipment that they could be proud

of. Now we are informed through the British Broadcasting Corporation that they have decided to increase the power of the "G" stations. When these transmitters were designed the power was ten kilowatts but by the addition of two new transmitters, the "G" station's power will be increased one hundred percent. The transmitters now in use will be combined and form one transmitter. Old timers in this game of short wave reception, will recall the time when the only short wave outlet for the British programs was the now deceased G5SW. This station is again being brought to life and used for experimental purposes.

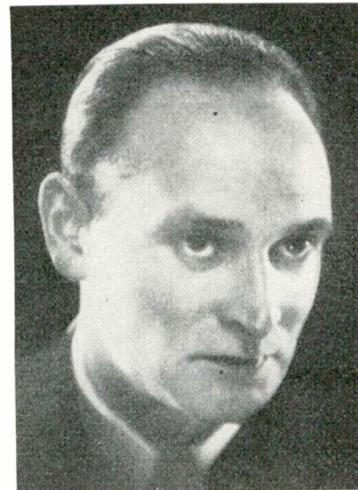
England has not been the only country realizing the importance of being heard by its colonists throughout the world.

Following in the wake of the Daventry engineers are the Frenchmen, who are making radical improvements in the Pontoise transmitters. A veritable flock of frequencies has been assigned to the new French station but up to the present date only one or two are active. What little we have heard radiating from the newborn French station has been of excellent quality and fine signal strength.

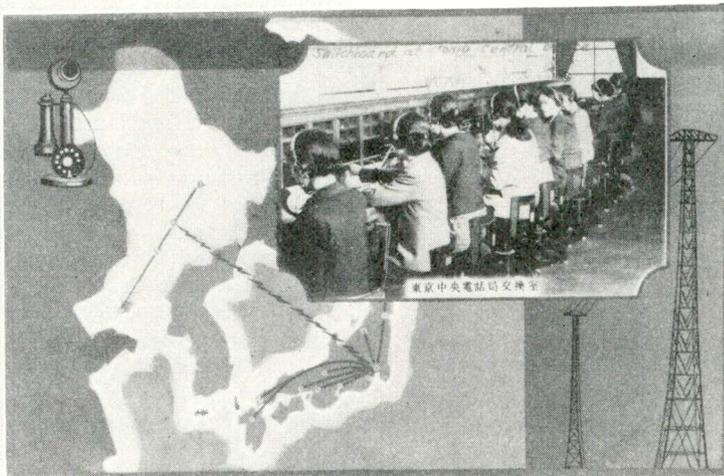
Rome experimented with various frequencies after completing an excellent transmitter and programs radiating over 9.64 ME are a joy to hear.

These countries' transmissions are known in every corner of the world as the "foreign locals." Short wave listeners in the Amer- (Please turn to page 36)

Right: Edward Startz, announcer of PCJ and PHI, Haizen, Holland, who broadcasts in seven languages. He is a favorite with DXers.



Center: the interesting veri of JVN, Japan. This Oriental station can be snared easily. Left: the towering towers of YV6RV, Valencia, Venezuela.



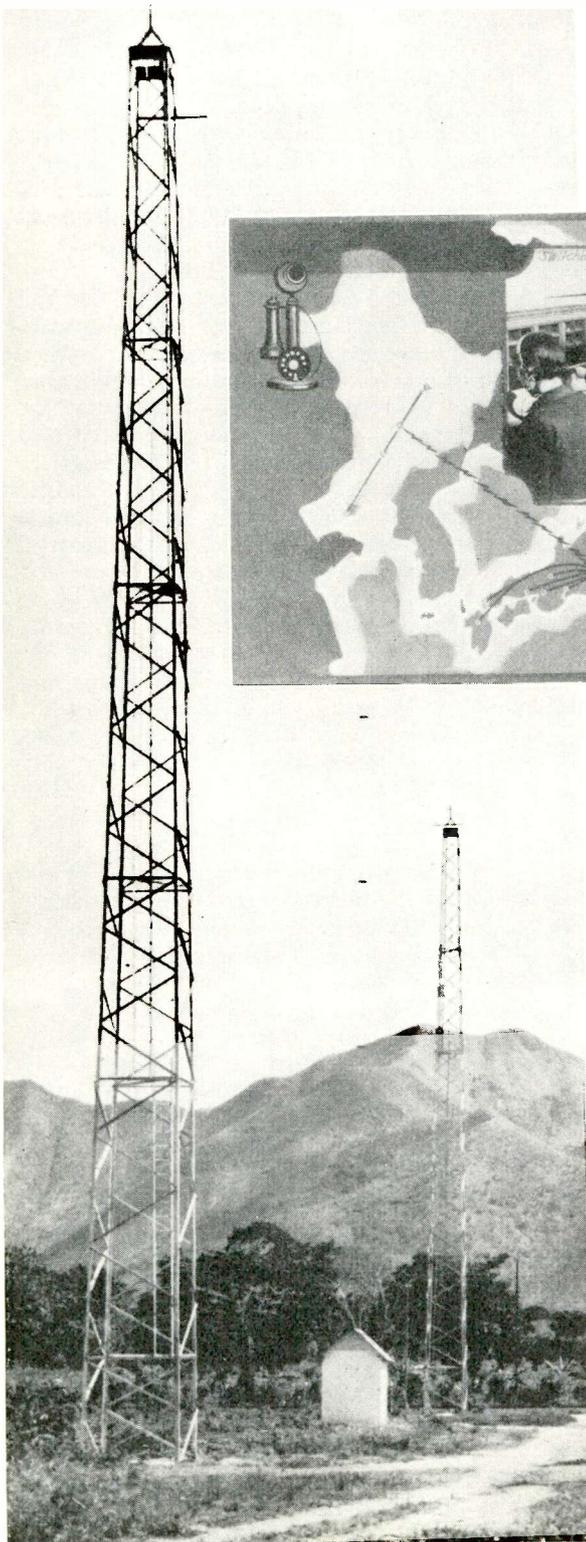
less than one hundred watts pleases these experimentors.

"La Voz de los Andes" or Radiodifusora HCJB, Quito, Ecuador, cleverly abandoned the difficult-to-hear wavelength of seventy-three meters and chose 36.5 meters. This station is on the air each evening of the week except Monday, from 7 to 11 P.M., EST., and Sundays, from 4 to 10:30 P.M. Clarence Jones, the station director, says that HCJB gladly sends its verification card to all radio fans who prove reception of its program with short report and who enclose an International Reply Coupon.

"La Voz de la Victor" or HJ3ABH, located in Bogota, Colombia, was heard with indifferent signal strength and poor quality when it operated on 6012 kilocycles, utilizing two hundred and fifty watts power, but after a hasty move to 5970 KC. and an increase in power to twelve hundred watts, this station is heard during their evening operating hours, with fine quality almost every day during the Summer season.

Moving from one frequency to another is just so much fun for the South American stations and "La Voz de los Laboratorios Fuentes," after much jumping around, settled down on 6115 KC. and therefore this Cartagena, Colombia, station reaches out and is heard by listeners in every part of the globe. Their programs are always good and their English announcements are a delight to hear.

What tuner on the short waves has not heard the





tatoes, a green vegetable, a small salad and dessert. He says he's "feeding up" for his appearance in the Rodeo again this Fall.

Feeding a boy or a girl of fourteen is not so difficult as his meals are, basically, the same as those of the adults of the family. But as most adults pay more attention to what they want, than what they should have, it is well to see that your adolescent gets, as Bobby does, first, a full quart or more of milk every day. That he gets green vegetables, raw and cooked, and at least one egg a day. Meat is necessary, too, for growth and for strong teeth and to build resistance. The cheaper cuts are just as nourishing as the more expensive ones, and, as they are not quite so tender, probably do young jaws more good. Fruit is important, too, and if plenty of it is available, with other natural sweets such as honey, there will be less insistent pleas for candy and too rich desserts. At this time there is a great drain on the child's energy and if his diet is inadequate in some way, he will, somehow, stoke



A COWBOY NEEDS A LOT TO EAT

*A young lad with his own daily radio program
must pay careful attention to his nourishment*

By CORNELIA BROOKS

BOBBY HALLOP is only fourteen years old, but he's been a radio artist for eight years, and for the last two, star of his own "Bobby Benson" program.

Bobby, in spite of the necessity for going to school (he's in first year High), seems to live a real story book existence. His program dramatizes the wonderful H-O Ranch, and Bobby knows what he's talking about. He wears a real cowboy outfit complete with a ten-gallon hat Colonel Johnson, of Sar Antonio, gave him last Fall when Bobby was in the rodeo at Madison Square Garden. He has his own horse, "Silver Spot," also a gift from Colonel Johnson, and "Silver Spot" has a cowboy outfit, too—a hand-carved saddle.

Bobby says he likes to eat. No kid's food for him. But he manages to get a well balanced diet, anyhow, and has considerably more than the required quart of milk a day for a boy his age. His breakfast is the same every day—Force and sliced bananas, two eggs and broiled bacon, orange juice and a glass of milk. For lunch he has an appetizer or fruit, and an enormous combination salad, the ingredients of which he promises must always be: onions, radishes, tomatoes, cucumbers, beets, carrots and lettuce. After that orgy of vitamins, he feels that a generous piece of cake is quite in order, and his favorite is Devil's Food, with, I regret to say, both marshmallow and whipped cream. Dinner, that is, his very favorite one, consists of both appetizer and soup, steak, po-

himself with sweets, with, usually, a very ill effect on his complexion.

Here are some suggestions for fourteen-year-olds that the rest of the family will enjoy:

Orange and Meat Salad

This decorative salad, illustrated, in its individual wooden bowls, is novel as well as a sure-to-be-popular method of adding vitamin C to the diet, with oranges and lettuce. It makes a main luncheon dish, too, because of its left-over meat content (a little economical hocus-pocus).

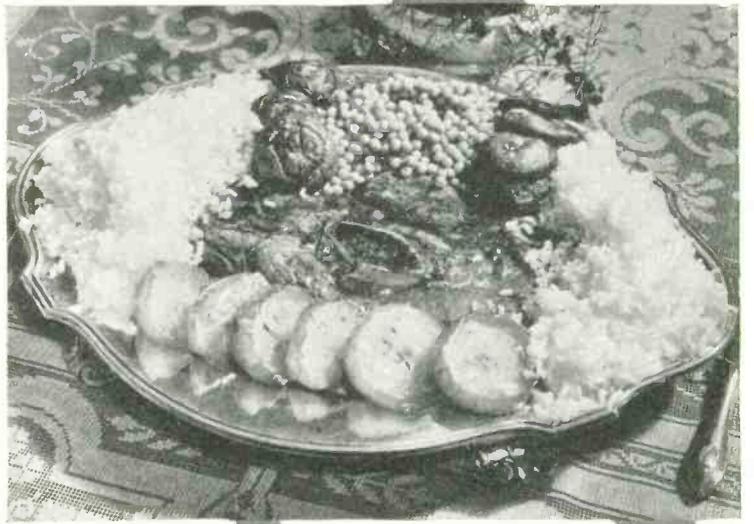
Cut 2 cups of cold roast meat (lamb, veal, chicken or duck) into small pieces and marinate in Salad Marinade, made by mixing thoroughly 6 tablespoons lemon juice, 3 tablespoons oil, 1 teaspoon salt and ¼ teaspoon pepper, with the addition of ½ teaspoon onion juice, if desired, or rub the bowl in which Marinade is made with a cut clove of garlic. Let stand until well seasoned. Then combine 2 cups oranges with meat and serve chilled, on crisp lettuce leaves with French Dressing.

Send 10c to Home Service Dept., Tower Radio,
55 Fifth Ave., N. Y., for our circular, "Food
Children Like to Eat."

MEATS FOR HUNGRY MEN

Fred Waring, radio's new jazz dynamo, needs meat to carry him through a heavy working schedule

By AMY VANDERBILT



Above, Thick broiled steak, a healthy man's delight, surrounded by tender broiled mushrooms, glazed apples, new peas and flaky rice. Below, Rice, combined with meat left-overs makes a man's luncheon. Flaked fish, with cheese sauce, is good, too.

FRED WARING who, for the staggering sum of \$12,000 per broadcast has agreed to continue on the Ford Dealer's hour over CBS, is, domestically speaking, a gentleman of very simple tastes. True, he has just moved to a penthouse on upper New York's fashionable East Side, but it might just as well be a house in the country. It even has a games room and a flowered terrace where eight month Dixie Waring can play, safely. He has a real Southern colored cook who prepares his favorite American dishes that he prefers vastly to any foreign flourishes. On the cook's night out he has a habit of sneaking off to a chain cafeteria where he can drop coins in slots and get what he considers good, plain food that's clean and wholesome.

Fred likes huge T-bone steaks with grilled apples, mushrooms and rice, mixed grills and roast beef with Yorkshire pudding, dislikes fish. He drinks gallons of orange juice with and between meals. But he doesn't smoke or drink, although guests at the Waring's are never bound by any blue laws. He nibbles crackers at odd moments with evident enjoyment. He even orders packages of graham crackers by the case, just in case.

But here are some recipes five-foot-eleven, successful young Mr. Waring can really okay—and graceful Mrs. Waring says she thinks most American men would like them too:

Smothered Chicken

Cut up a roasting chicken. Season with salt and pepper. Dredge thoroughly with flour. Place in a roasting pan, add hot water to about half the depth. Cover tightly and roast in a medium oven until tender. About 30 minutes before serving, turn and brown on other side. Remove to platter—add a small amount of flour and make a gravy.

Veal and Macaroni

Put 2 tablespoons butter in large kettle or Dutch oven. Add 1 onion, chopped fine, ½ cup celery and one carrot, both diced small. Put in a four pound brisket of veal, brown on both sides for 5 minutes. Add 2 quarts of boiling water, 1 heaping teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, and one clove. Cover tight and cook slowly for 4 hours. Break macaroni in 1-inch pieces and cook until tender in salt water. Drain, dash with cold water and cook in broth for 15

minutes. Place meat on platter—macaroni around sides. Thicken broth and pour over all. Serve with tomato sauce or catsup.

Stuffed Pork Tenderloin

Have a tenderloin of pork split lengthwise, almost through. Stuff with a dressing made like roast chicken dressing. Fasten with toothpicks and roast in oven slowly until thoroughly done.

Baked Sliced Ham

Put a slice from the center cut of smoked ham, an inch or inch and a half thick, in a small roasting pan partly covered with sweet milk. Spread meat with prepared mustard. Sprinkle with brown sugar, and ground cloves. Cover tightly and bake in oven until tender.

Roast Beef with Yorkshire Pudding

Schedule the roasting of the beef so that it will be done about 35 minutes before you plan to serve it. When it is ready, place it in the warming oven on its platter. In the meantime the following pudding has been prepared:

2 cups milk	2 cups flour
2 teaspoons baking powder	3 eggs separated and beaten
	1 teaspoon salt

Sift dry ingredients, add milk, then yolks and whites. Mix to a creamy consistency. Pour into two round biscuit pans some of the drippings from the roasting pan and fill each pan with the pudding and place them in a hot oven until dinner is ready to serve, in about 35 minutes.

Radio from the Inside

BY THE MAN AT THE CONTROLS

AS a followup on the Gracie Allen's missing brother stunt which encircled the globe about a year and a half back, George Burns thought it would be a good idea to reverse the gag and have the "brother" hunt for Gracie. The funny situations and the publicity campaign was mapped out. But in the meantime, Gracie's real frere—a nice, quiet chap named George Allen, in the oil business in San Francisco, got wind of the idea. He hurried to Hollywood to plead his case. He told George and Gracie that he took enough kidding punishment from his friends and the newspapers when her "brother" was missing—and he couldn't stand the gaff of another ordeal. So it was cancelled.

JOHN BARRYMORE has announced that he's planning to turn his still handsome profile to the microphone in the future. Although, at the time of this writing, none of the big radio outfits have any information about his broadcasting activities, Barrymore says that he's all set for a regular series. His protege, nineteen-year-old Elaine Barrie, will be his leading lady if the actor gets his commercial. But I'm wondering how the great Barrymore will relish the idea of doing one audition after another and huddling with the advertising agencies and sponsors. I don't think such doings will suit his temperament.

MARK WAR-
NOW, CBS
orchestra leader,
was a tired musician when he left on his vacation in June. He wanted complete rest—and the thing he wanted to be most remote from was radio. So Mark didn't tell a soul his destination. He didn't even want his mail forwarded—"just chuck it all in the drawer," he told his secretary, "and don't bother opening it. It can wait until I get back."

That's what Mark thought. Upon his return he looked through his mail. One particular letter was from a prospective sponsor who wanted him for an important air show if he were prepared for a June 14th premiere. But on that date Mark was fishing for trout in some distant stream when a sponsor would have been a much more preferable catch.

WITH the focus of attention centered on the "G-Men," the radio networks endeavored to present broadcasts of its organization and work direct from headquarters at Washington. It would have made an absorbing air feature, but the officials vetoed the idea. They said they didn't want to publicize their activities. Yet, they maintain a public relations counsel staff.

THE Baer-Braddock fight is past history now, but its memory lingers on. Especially lingering in the ears of the listeners to its broadcast is the passing remarks made by the ex-champ Maxie from his dressing room after the dethroning. Some newspaper columnists and a handful of dial-twisters claimed to have been horribly offended by what I thought was an innocuous jest. It was natural, human and typical of the man who made it. If folks are going to feel that their propriety is besmirched every time such a kidding emanates from their loud speaker, they'd better keep cotton stuffed in their ears—or else, retire to a desert island, providing the chatter of the monkeys doesn't convey a smutty meaning to them.

WONDER who'll steal the comedy honors this Fall. Personally, I don't think it'll be a newcomer, but one of the old standbys—a Fred Allen, a Jack Benny or an Ed Wynn. But they'll be given a close race by the two women comics—Gracie Allen and Beatrice Lillie. In the meantime, their gag writers are industriously at work, preparing to give the country something to laugh about.

ONCE, a number of years ago, when Jack Benny played a vaudeville date

in Kansas City, Goodman Ace was the dramatic critic on a local newspaper. In reviewing the suave comedian's act, Ace commented that "his formal manner is a great asset, but the nasal quality in his voice is a liability."

Now both Benny and Ace are doing nicely for themselves on the radio today, but for a long time listeners got them confused. Their voices sound so much alike.

IN June the first remote pickup was made of entertainment from inside a prison's walls on the Kate Smith Hour. The prisoners of the Wallkill Penitentiary in New York State displayed their glee club and band in several

popular numbers. Since then, Kate has been deluged with mail from prisons throughout the country which would like to show the home-bodies that their institutions harbor good radio material. One letter stated that "The boys would like to sing on the air their favorite number, 'Time on My Hands.'"

ACCORDING to the newest Crosley reports—supposedly the barometer of a program's popularity—some of the top air features suffered a decline in popularity. This bi-weekly nation-wide survey is obtained by telephone interviews with listeners, and the tabulations are compiled to prove what percentage of

the potential audience the program drew. Anyway, the program producers blame the lesser ratings on the fact that the competition at similar schedule times this past season has been tougher than ever before. But I think the rivalry will be even more acute this Fall—and then what?

NOW that he's off the air for a spell, Bing Crosby is crooning words of encouragement to his string of race horses just before each event. He now has nine thoroughbreds stabled at Rancho Santa Fe, his ranch near Caliente. "Zombi" is his favorite two-year-old; and "Saron" is his favorite three-year-old. "But," says Bing, "if those nags don't hurry up and win some races I'll be needing another commercial soon to pay for their oats."

ALBERT WILSON was a radio hopeful. For several years this aspiring singer tried to find a niche in the broadcasting world, but didn't even secure an audition. Finally, he found his way to one of those amateur hours. Throughout the program he patiently sat, waiting to be called upon for his big chance. The minutes ticked away. Finally, his name was announced. He stepped before the microphone and began his song. Suddenly the gong sounded and he was whisked away. He missed his opportunity—not that he wasn't a good singer—but because it was his misfortune to be called upon too late. The program had only thirty seconds left and the master-of-ceremonies figured the gong was the only way to interrupt his song.

FOR years Ben Bernie has had an ailment back, but only recently did he find a reason for it. Bernie, who only went to colleges to play dance dates, told the Hollywood natives that "I hurt my back for the dear old Alma Mater while playing football." It made a good story.

WHEN the sailors and officers of an Argentine training ship arrived for a special short-wave broadcast to Buenos Aires from the CBS studio, a spokesman approached page boy Tommy Dunne and asked directions in Spanish. Tommy listened attentively, but bewilderedly. Then, thinking he grasped the situation, he beckoned the men to follow him. The uniformed lad showed them to a nearby door. As they stood bowing politely and saying "Muchas Gracias, Senor," dozens of others arrived in later elevators and followed the crowd toward the door. Promptly, after entering, the first few burst excitedly out while the rest jammed forward unknowingly. Suddenly the page discovered where they really wanted to go. Hastily and blushing he led them away from the door on which was sol-

emly lettered "GENTLEMEN" to the door of Studio No. 1.

BOAKE CARTER has done very nicely for himself these past few years. Not long ago a \$40 a week newspaperman, he now is a radio headliner with a long-run commercial that has netted him many shekels. This should be enough to satisfy any man—but not Boake Carter. He still wasn't content. His ambition wasn't realized. Then, a few weeks ago he rode from Philadelphia to New York in the engineer's cab of the train. And now he's happy.

LAST month a rehearsal of "Hollywood Hotel" was thrown into a high state of excitement. Marie Jeritza, opera star and guest on the program, and Raymond Paige, musical director, got their chewing gum mixed, plucking the wrong wads from the director's

stand. They both learned their mistake at the same time.

IT'S always a great day for the negro porters at the broadcasting studios whenever a dramatic script calls for a murderous stabbing. The sound effect is created by plunging a knife in a nice, ripe watermelon, and you can't tell the difference from the real thing—even if you're an authority on stabbings. After the program, the watermelon, having served its bodily purpose, is bequeathed to the porters who lose no time in providing the sound effects of colored boys eating watermelon.

JOHN ROYAL, NBC vice-president in charge of programs, now is touring Europe in search of new radio talent. But he's just as liable to sign up some American air acts on the Continent instead of natives over there. For it was in London that Burns and Allen, Morton Downey and Fred Waring first made an impression on the kilocycles.

THERE'S one gentleman who knows what he's going to do every Christmas Day at 5 o'clock for the next five years. He's Lionel Barrymore who's been signed by the sponsors of "Hollywood Hotel" to portray Scrooge in Dickens' "A Christmas Carol" over CBS each Christmas for five years. It sets a precedent in long time radio contracts. Barrymore isn't new to this air role as he played it before the microphone last Yuletide in a special one-time program. Although he will be Scrooge for that duration of time, it won't be possible to maintain the same Tiny Tim. Youngsters' voices have a habit of changing. There was a kid actor who was Tiny Tim on the air each Christmas for three straight years.

Radio Personalities

Theodore Webb owns a large farm at Sharon, Conn. . . . Joe Cook's oldest boy has been making his first theatrical appearances in vaudeville with a partner, Fred Sweeney. . . . Boake Carter was educated at Tunbridge and Christ College, Cambridge. . . . His work for the college publication, *The Cantabrian*, got him a job with *The London Daily Mail*. . . . He is now in his sixth year of broadcasting. . . . Julia Sanderson and Frank Crumit have been Columbia stars since 1929. . . . Jacques Fray is a Parisian the son of a French banker and a former student at the University of Paris, while Mario Braggiotti is the son of an American mother and a Florentine father, his dad being a teacher of singing. . . . Fray and Braggiotti first met at a music publishing house in Paris. . . . Blanche Sweet made her stage debut as a child in arms. . . . The play was "Blue Jeans," the scene was Cincinnati. . . . Christopher Morley, the story teller and author, was born in Haverford, Pa. . . . Once Nelson Eddy was a boy soprano in a Providence, R. I., church choir. . . . Ramona made her debut as a pianist at the age of seven, playing with a hotel orchestra.

Facts About Radio Folk

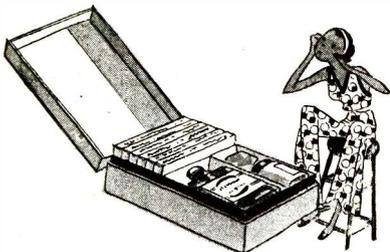
James Meighan, the husband of "Marie, the Little French Princess," has a broad educational background. . . . He attended Staunton Military Academy, St. Ignatius Loyola and finally the Carnegie Institute of Technology, after which he studied art in Paris. . . . Floyd Gibbons has bought a house at Miami, Florida. . . . Al Jolson wears pleated trousers, English style, but no belt or suspenders. . . . Joe Granby returned in the role of Black Barney to the Buck Rogers series and his fan mail started again. . . . Anne Jamison, heroine of the "Hollywood Hotel," was born in Belfast, Ireland, her father being a British army officer. . . . Peter Van Steeden, the musical director, was born in Amsterdam, Holland, and brought to this country when he was but three. . . . Years ago Nick Dawson was a circus billposter. . . . He still is a member in good standing of the Montreal local of the Billposters' Union. . . . Al Pearce was born in San Jose, California. . . . At fifteen he played in an orchestra at the Inside Inn, at the San Francisco World's Fair. . . . He has been in radio for six years.

THE Make-up Box

HOLD THAT LINE! Sagging contours and a double chin are definite danger signals to women of any age. If you detect one or the other, or both, marring your pretty faces, how about a contour-molding bandage (chin strap to me) for banishing said sagginess and double chin? The newest one to come to my desk does a neat job of face-lifting at home. It's neither uncomfortable nor unattractive and you could answer the doorbell while wearing it without frightening the laundryman into spasms at the very sight of you. We noticed that it was quite reasonable in price, too.



ACNE ADVICE: Acne, that nightmare of adolescence, has caused many young girls to write to THE MAKE-UP BOX for advice. My answer to these poor distressed souls is, first of all, consult a doctor. The condition may be caused by improper diet, glandular disturbances, or a skin infection. Often internal treatment is necessary but external treatment is advisable, too. The little kit pictured below contains a medicated acne lotion, six herbal cleansing packs, a roll of cotton, and a jar of circulation cream. The directions for use are simple, and the results are heartening.



OF ALL THINGS: A perfectly grand mask cream to fight five o'clock fatigue. Try it when there's no time for a salon facial and it's imperative to present a radiantly smooth face to your best beau . . . Be beautiful and hairfree with one of my favorite depilatories. It's mild and perfumed and removes hair like nobody's business, but your own . . . My latest rave is a creamy liquid containing the very oils which sensitive dry skins need. Just the thing for those who sunned themselves well but not wisely this summer . . . then there's a gay decorative box that holds three flacons of delightful summer fragrances. Use them during the warm weather; they're as airy and cool as a plunge in the salty sea . . . More anon—

Marilyn

If you would like further information about the articles described, and other beauty news, write enclosing stamped envelope to the Beauty Editor, Make-Up Box, TOWER RADIO MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Harriet Hilliard

TALKS ON BEAUTY

ISN'T it discouraging to slip into last summer's evening gown only to find it just a bit too snug? You say carelessly, "Darn those cleaners, they've shrunk my dress!" but down inside you know that the dress is the same, it's you who has changed. Too many ice cream sodas, beach picnics, and that comfortable habit of going without a girdle is another summer sin which has resulted in extra pounds in definitely the wrong places.

Here's a simple and effective way to get rid of those unwelcome pounds. What's more, it's a healthy and good-for-you method.

Your weight-losing regime starts with a one-day liquid diet. In the morning before dressing, drink a large glass of water to which the juice of half a lemon and a pinch of bicarbonate of soda has been added. For the remainder of the day, take only liquids. Allow yourself five glasses of skimmed milk, one every three hours. The first glass at eight o'clock, then at eleven, two, five, and eight o'clock at night. If you don't like milk, substitute fruit juices and drink at least eight glasses of water in between times. The one-day liquid diet is an excellent way to shrink the stomach and you may repeat it one day a week without any harm and with much benefit.

Then, after your day of liquids, you are ready to resume three meals a day.

But *do* drink your water-lemon-and-bicarbonate every morning and *don't* slide back into bad dietary habits. Drink lots of water and fruit juices. Avoid alcohol, starches and fried foods. Eat liberally of crisp salads and green vegetables, without sauces or mayonnaise. Choose fresh or stewed fruits and berries for desserts. On a warm afternoon when you yearn for a frosted chocolate, take a tall orangeade for vitamins instead of curves.

Now, in addition to counting your calories, how about popping out of bed a few minutes earlier each morning and doing a few setting-up exercises to the radio? If that doesn't appeal to you particularly, why not join a gymnasium or tap-dancing class. There's real satisfaction in learning trick acrobatics or mastering an intricate dance step quicker and better than some of the others in your class.

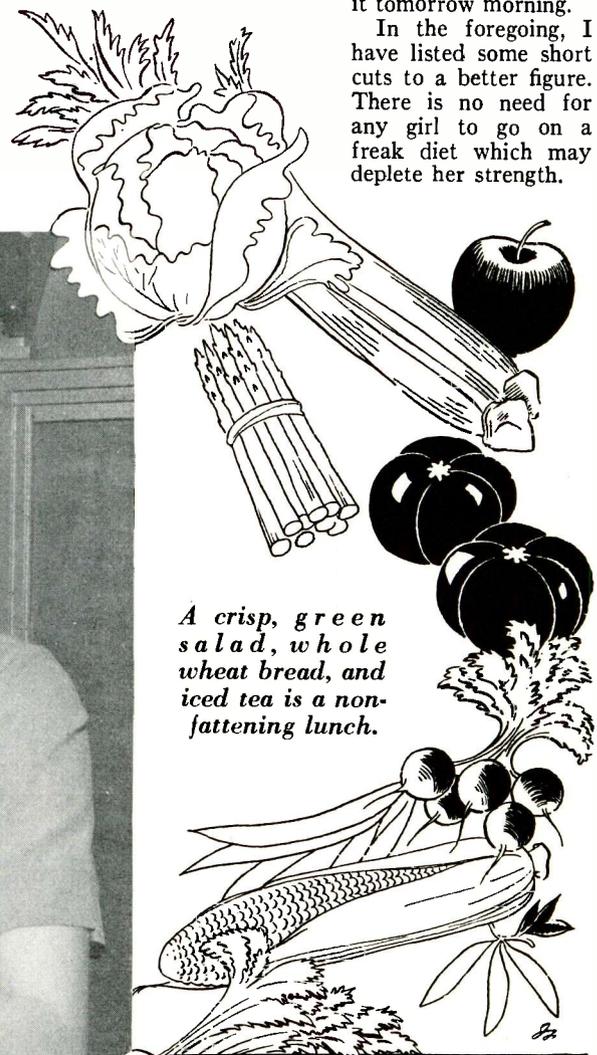
But for sheer enjoyment, there's nothing quite like a Swedish massage. Under the strong capable hands of the *masseuse*, and to the accompaniment of the regular slap - slap - slap, you gratefully relax and reduce, while she copes with flabby tissues and unwelcome pounds. Sometimes, when the services of a *masseuse*

are not available, a friction-rub may be substituted. One of my friends who has an exceptionally lovely figure quite frankly admits that she loathes exercising and refuses to walk a step when she can ride in a taxi. But every morning, without fail, she devotes a half-hour to her "mock massage" and this is the way she does it:

After your bath, slap on handfuls of eau de cologne. Your favorite scent can be had in toilet water, you know, and a large bottle of it costs very little. With a rough Turkish towel (it must be very large and very rough) give yourself a vigorous friction massage. Grasping the towel firmly at the corners, hold it at arms' length. Then with machine-like precision, rub the towel over the body, concentrating on the fat or flabby spots. You can work up a nice glow if you go about it with energy and enthusiasm. The eau de cologne acts as a stimulant and closes the pores and the friction-massage with the towel whips up sluggish circulation and sends the blood racing through the body. Try it tomorrow morning.

In the foregoing, I have listed some short cuts to a better figure. There is no need for any girl to go on a freak diet which may deplete her strength.

Photographed at the Blue Heron



A crisp, green salad, whole wheat bread, and iced tea is a non-fattening lunch.

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

Sniffles!



"I'm sorry, but Anne is in bed. She has the sniffles and I can't let her go to school or play with anybody until she is well again."

WISE mother. She knows that sniffles may be the forerunner of any one of several infectious diseases and she helps to protect other people's children while she protects her own.

A mild case of sniffles may seem so unimportant at first that little or no attention is paid to it, but it may be the warning symptom of a threatened attack of measles, whooping cough, scarlet fever, diphtheria or influenza. These diseases, combined, cause about one in every five deaths of children between the ages of one and nine.

The child who is "coming down" with one of these diseases is likely to spread the germs in class at school or to give them to other children at play.

An attack of measles may be a simple affair, soon over; but sometimes it causes serious complications



—injured eyesight, deafness. Whooping cough may so reduce resistance that the child is more susceptible to pneumonia or tuberculosis. Scarlet fever frequently affects the kidneys and ears. All of these diseases—including diphtheria—may affect the heart and leave it permanently weakened.

If your boy or girl seems well one day and develops a case of sniffles the next, the child should be kept at home under close observation and should not be permitted to play out-of-doors or with other children. If there is no improvement within twenty-four hours and the child is feverish, send for the doctor.

Any or all of the following booklets will be mailed free on request: "Measles," "Whooping Cough," "Scarlet Fever," "Diphtheria," "Colds, Influenza, Pneumonia." Address Booklet Department 935-B.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT

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

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Short Wave Department

(Continued from page 30)

icas, Japan, New Zealand, India and Africa, all agree that the Four Musketeers, i.e., England, France, Germany and Italy (with Spain a close fifth), are stand-by stations and are heard daily, providing fair atmospheric conditions exist.

THE South American and European countries are not the only ones who have a monopoly on increasing their power! Among the first to really accomplish anything very definite were the "J" stations. Less than three years ago there was a short wave station in Tokyo but few short wave listeners heard it.

Without rhyme or reason, all of a sudden a "flock" of Japanese stations made their appearance on the high frequencies. What had happened was this. The old "J" station had been scrapped and a new and powerful transmitter, capable of utilizing twenty kilowatts power, had been built without any fanfare or fuss. There are very few short wave listeners in any part of the United States that have not tuned in to one of the "J" stations. The listeners' response to this Oriental country's rapid advancement was so great that the Japanese Broadcasting Corporation has instituted a series of broadcasts intended for over-seas listeners. The programs are varied and consist of music, the news spoken in English and Japanese, playlets in the native tongue and various other items of interest to all of us. Personally we are

very partial to the musical programs and derive sincere pleasure from them.

When it was announced that a new station was to be put in operation in the Fiji Islands, many fans were inclined to believe that listeners living in the Eastern part of the United States, would never receive this distant catch. Contrary to this belief, the Suva station has been heard, reported and verifications received by nearly every listener who tuned to 13,075 KC. between 12.30 and 1.30 A.M. EST.

The programs radiating from this station have consisted of recorded music with "Aloha" and "Good-Night, Sweetheart," taking first place. Station announcements are given either as "VPD, calling," or "Radio Suva, Fiji Islands." For several months this station always signed off with the playing of the British National Anthem but then they changed this and have inaugurated a style all their own. Sometimes they sign off with "Aloha," other nights the station engineers contact Sydney, Australia, and carry on extensive tests. A plan in which these engineers hope to span the world is well under way. A "link hook-up" between Sydney, London and Suva is their aim and we know from past experiences such as the Canada, Australia and Java "chain" that anything in radio the English engineers attempt is always a success. We are awaiting the outcome of these tests with interest and suggest that our readers tune for VPD, 13,075 KC,

Suva about 12.30 P.M. and listen to the "contact talk."

There are little almost unknown stories that can be told about some of the stations that the short wave listeners hear daily.

PCJ, 17.77 meg. and PHI, 11.73 meg. Huizen, Holland, are known as the "Holland Twins." Edward Startz, the station announcer, speaks Dutch, Malay, German, French, English, Spanish and Portuguese and identifies the station in each of these languages. PCJ was one of the first short wave stations of the world but after operating for several years was closed down only to resume operation about a year ago. And to quote from a card received from Mr. Startz. "There is still life in the ol' gal yet!"

THE voice of the German announcer that is heard nightly over the "D" station has become well known to all active short wave fans. One evening we noticed a change in the announcer and the gentleman who was "pinch hitting" for our favorite informed the listeners that, "The usual announcer is gone on a little three day vacation because he is to be married. I am announcing for him and I want to take this opportunity to send greeting to all my fellow countrymen in California." Just these few personal words made us realize that the German short wave station knows that we are listening to their transmissions and that they have thousands of friends in this country.

A radio fan in Lancaster, England, heard a discussion about the chain letter epidemic, over W2XAF, 9.53 meg. Schenectady, New York, and when he received a ten cent "faith, hope and charity letter" from Topeka, Kansas, he wrote to Schenectady saying, "You will see how valuable such talks as that given from your station really are to those people who might unwittingly become dupes of these tricksters."

RV15, 4.27 meg., Khabarovsk, USSR., was never known to verify reception reports sent to them but now Inna Marr, the Moscow station "directress," is answering all correspondence intended for the Siberian station.

The Japanese short wave station has a young lady in charge of their "International Broadcasting." Her name is Dorothy Mizoguchi and at times she makes the station announcements. If you hear a sweet voiced female talking over the "J" station, you are listening to Miss Dorothy at the microphone in far away Tokyo.

COH, 9.42 meg., Havana, Cuba, invites you to join in a half a million (or is it a million?) dollar lottery. The winning numbers are broadcast during their regular time on the air. If lotteries intrigue you, listen to the Santo Domingo stations! From what we hear, one might almost think the wealth of the world was sent daily to lucky short wave fans who were foolish enough to send their American dollars to these stations.

Broadway Star

(Continued from page 17)

would listen to unknowns, perhaps. . . . Perhaps was right. Lee Shubert listened to Vivienne sing and read her press notices. And then he offered her a job in the chorus!

"I was just a shrimp with red hair," Vivienne says today, with a roguish look in her great brown eyes, "but I stuck up my chin and said no. I had just played the lead in 'Carmen'—and I wasn't interested in getting any more experience. The lead was the only thing I was after; if I couldn't have that, I'd go back home to Philadelphia where at least I'd be a big frog in a smaller puddle. . . . Well, we went back—back to bridges and teas. I should have been discouraged—but I wasn't."

SOMEHOW neither Vivienne nor her mother felt that they had seen the last of the Shuberts. And they were right. The shrimp with red hair had impressed Mr. Lee more than she realized, and a few weeks later she received a wire which threw both of them into a fever of excitement. It asked Miss Segal to come to Long Branch, New Jersey, where "Blue Paradise" was being tried out. That was all it said.

They still didn't dare tell Dr. Segal anything, so they casually announced a return trip to New York, for fittings on gowns they had bought. But inside, they felt anything but casual. This might mean anything—or nothing.

When they arrived in Long Branch, Lee Shubert told them that the operetta was scheduled to open in New York in

four days. The leading lady had been taken ill, but the show must go on.

"Can you learn the part on such short notice, Miss Segal?" he asked doubtfully.

Four nights later there was no doubt in his voice as he congratulated his new find in the wings of the Casino Theatre after the performance. A new star had been born on Broadway, a girl with a milk-white skin and auburn hair—a girl with a slow, sweet smile who sang her way straight into the cold hearts of critics and first nighters in that bitter-sweet ballad, "Auf Wiedersehen."

It was too late now for objections from her father, but, from that time on, the Segals were a family divided. Vivienne's dad never saw "Blue Paradise," never became reconciled to his little girl's being an actress. He blamed his wife, and eventually Vivienne saw her parents divorced. Since then her mother has always been with her, an important part of her career, sharing her triumphs and sorrows alike. Because it was not always to be so easy for her to smile. . . . but the tears came later.

"Blue Paradise" ran for a year and a half, and, following it, Vivienne Segal continued to be the musical darling of Broadway, leading lady in "Yankee Princess," "Desert Song," "Three Musketeers" with Dennis King, "Oh, Lady, Lady," "Chocolate Soldier," "Rio Rita," several editions of the Ziegfeld Follies and other successful productions. Whenever a show closed, vaudeville beckoned to her with gilded fingers.

DURING one of these short vaudeville engagements in Baltimore, she met a young man who had also been touched by fame. She fell in love with Robert Ames, who was in Baltimore for the try-out of "Ice-bound." He had planned to leave that night for New York, but he and Vivienne could not bring themselves to say "Auf Wiedersehen"; instead, he went on to Cleveland with her act. This was the first of many long journeys he was to take in order to be in her company for a brief hour or so. Several months later they were married, and Vivienne left the theater.

But somehow she was never happy away from footlights; a packed house was more of a home to her than her own apartment, and her name in electric bulbs meant more than a candle-lit table for two. Both her mother and her husband thought that the arrival of her baby would make her content—and perhaps it might have worked that way, had the child lived. Both Vivienne's baby and her estranged father died within a short time, and she became ill with grief.

Young Ames opened a stock company in Washington so that she might once more be a leading lady, but she had no heart for it now. Listlessly she accepted a part in the new Ziegfeld Follies, at an extravagant salary, while her husband went on to the nation's capital with his company. The separation was a mistake, though neither of them realized it at the time. They grew farther and farther apart, and on his return Vivienne

knew that romance, if not love, was dead.

They were to meet again, in Hollywood, however. Mervyn LeRoy, the motion picture director, was presented to Vivienne one night after the show. He took one look at her very white skin and brilliant hair and asked her to play the lead in the first Technicolor picture, "Viennese Nights." (Incidentally, this was Sigmund Romberg's first movie venture—Vivienne Segal seems destined to sing his haunting waltz melodies.)

It took Technicolor a long time to become very successful, but it took Vivienne only one picture. "Viennese Nights" was followed by "The Golden Dawn," "The Cat and the Fiddle," "Bride of the Regiment," and other screen musicals. Robert Ames came to Hollywood, to be starred with Ina Claire and others. Vivienne remained the leading lady of his heart, however. But they met only casually. The old magic could not be recaptured.

Moving pictures go in cycles, and colored musicals soon became passé. When this happened, there was nothing left for Vivienne except her palatial home at Malibu—and without the panacea of work, that too seemed empty. She returned to New York, and there she ran into Ames again. Things had gone badly with the young actor too; he looked ill, discouraged. They went to his hotel and talked for hours, even discussing the possibility of going back together.

But he was too tired, too broken to
(Please turn to page 38)

"Are Blackheads due to Faulty Cleansing?"

YOUNG WOMEN ARE ENDLESSLY TROUBLED BY BLACKHEADS. THEY FREQUENTLY WRITE: "ARE BLACKHEADS JUST DIRT? IF SO, WHY ARE THEY SO STUBBORN? WHAT CAN I DO TO GET RID OF THEM?"



Here is an answer that sets these questions at rest. It provides an intelligent understanding of the real nature of this common difficulty, and the approved method of combating it.

BLACKHEADS are not "just dirt"—that is, dirt from the outside.

Did you ever press a blackhead out? Behind that black speck on the surface came a little plug of cheesy matter. That cheesy matter consisted of thickened secretions from the oil glands *inside* your skin. It choked and clogged the pore opening just like a tiny cork. Till finally outside dirt lodged in it—You had a blackhead!

Proper cleansing will remove that blackhead. Cleansing and stimulating will prevent new blackheads.

Have you ever tried the Pond's way of dealing with blackheads?

With clean finger tips, spread Pond's Cold Cream liberally over your face—pat it in briskly till it has made your skin warm and supple. Pond's sinks deep into the pores and softens the thickened accumulations in them. Wipe the cream and loosened dirt off. Then, with a clean cloth, gently press the blackhead out.

That is all! Do not force it. Do not break the skin.

Do not use your bare fingers. A stubborn blackhead is better left alone. Or it may yield after hot cloths have been applied to the face, to relax the pores further. You can close the pores, after this, by bathing the face with cold water, or rubbing it with ice.

Now this rousing Pond's treatment does more than clear the pores. It invigorates the *underskin!* Stirs the circulation. Wakes up the faulty oil glands. Brings back snap to weakening fibres. As the underskin functions actively again, further clogging of the pores is avoided. Your skin keeps clear, fresh, transparent.

These Common Skin Faults all begin in your Under Skin

Not only blackheads, but practically all the common skin faults have their start in the underskin.

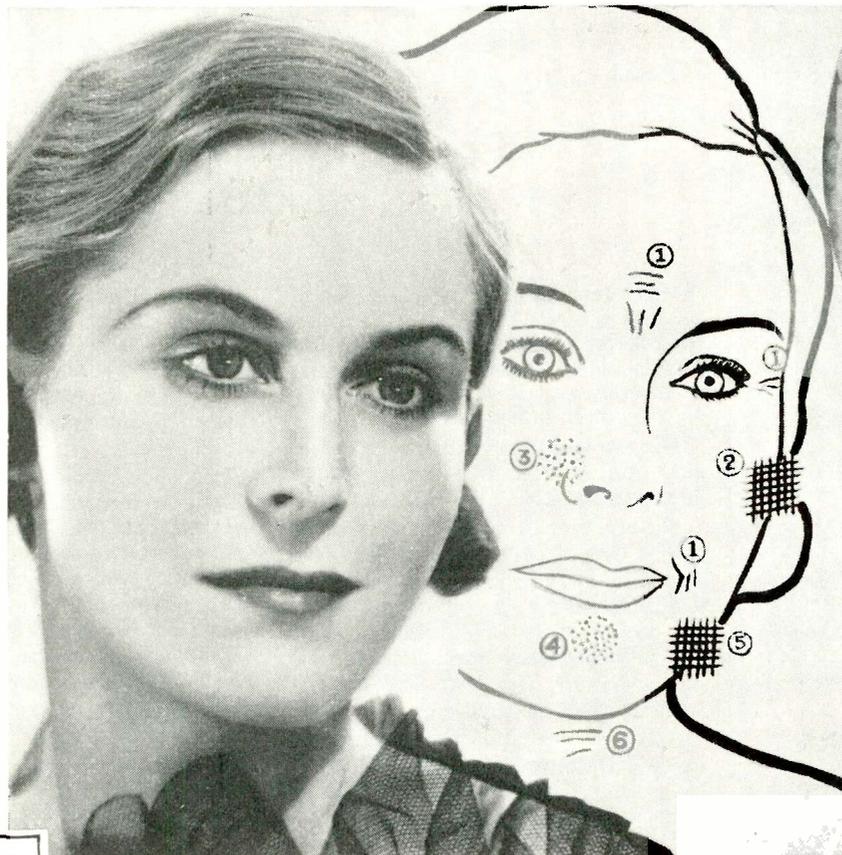
Blemishes, enlarged pores, even lines and sagging tissues—you can ward them all off with the steady use of Pond's Cold Cream.

EVERY NIGHT, give your skin this pore-deep cleansing and underskin stimulation. It flushes out of the pores every speck of dirt and make-up, as well as waste matter from within given off through the skin.

IN THE MORNING and the daytime before making up, freshen and invigorate your skin again with a deep-skin Pond's treatment. It leaves your skin satiny so it takes your make-up evenly, holds your powder smooth and long.

Just send for the special tube offered below, containing enough Pond's Cold Cream for nine treatments. See your skin grow clearer, fresher, smoother—free from lines and blemishes.

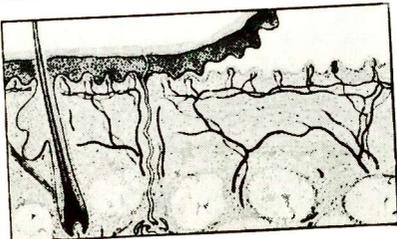
Pond's is absolutely pure. Germs cannot live in it.



Marjorie Gould Drexel
now Mrs. John Murton Gundry, Jr., daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel and granddaughter of the late George Jay Gould, says: "Pond's Cold Cream is all I need to keep my skin in perfect condition. It cleanses every pore and smooths away tired lines. I am never without it—even for a day."

The Underskin—where skin faults begin

If you could see through the epidermis into your underskin, you would discover a network of tiny blood vessels, nerves, fibres, fat and muscle tissues, oil and sweat glands. When these grow sluggish, look out for skin faults.



1. **LINES** form here when oil glands underneath fail to nourish, and the underskin grows thin and wasted.
2. **PORES** stretch and grow larger when clogged by impurities from inside the skin.
3. **BLACKHEADS** form when the pores remain clogged with thickened secretions from within the skin.
4. **BLEMISHES** follow when the clogging accumulations are not removed from the pores.
5. **DRY SKIN** occurs when oil glands slow up, cease to supply the oils that make skin soft and supple.
6. **TISSUES SAG** when circulation slows, under-tissues grow thin, nerve and muscle fibres lose their snap.

Mail this Coupon—for Generous Package!

POND'S, Dept. 148, Clinton, Conn.

I enclose 10¢ (to cover postage and packing) for special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder.

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Beautiful Eyes

ARE YOURS FOR THE ASKING
WHEN YOU ASK FOR

Maybelline

says DOROTHY HAMILTON
Noted Beauty Authority of Hollywood



Dorothy Hamilton, heard every Sunday afternoon in the "Maybelline Penthouse Serenade" over N. C. network

NOTICE your favorite screen actress, and see how she depends on well-groomed brows, softly shaded eyelids, and long, dark, lustrous lashes to give her eyes that necessary beauty and expression. More than any other feature, her eyes express her. More than any other feature, your eyes express you. You cannot be really charming unless your eyes are really attractive . . . and it so easy to make them so, instantly, with the pure and harmless Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids.

After powdering, blend a soft, colorful shadow on your eyelids with Maybelline Eye Shadow, and see how the color and sparkle of your eyes are instantly intensified. Now form graceful, expressive eyebrows with the smooth-marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. Then apply a few simple brush strokes of Maybelline mascara to your lashes, to make them appear naturally long, dark, and luxuriant, and behold how your eyes express a new, more beautiful YOU!

Keep your lashes soft and silky by applying the pure Maybelline Eyelash Tonic Cream nightly, and be sure to brush and train your brows with the dainty, specially designed Maybelline Eyebrow Bru-h. All Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids may be had in introductory sizes at any leading 10c store. To be assured of highest quality and absolute harmlessness, accept only genuine Maybelline preparations.



All Maybelline Preparations have this approval

BLACK OR WHITE BRISTLES

Broadway Star

(Continued from page 36)

make definite plans. And two days later he was dead. With him romance might have been dead for Vivienne—but she is not the sort of person to look back. Nor will she accept something "just as good." This is probably why she has never remarried.

Certainly it is the reason she turned down the parts which Broadway managers now offered her. They were not leading rôles; they did not suit her. If money ran low, as it did—what of it? Both she and her mother knew something would come along. Just when things looked blackest, Vivienne went far into debt to buy herself a complete wardrobe, because she believes you can't get a job unless you look well—"and besides, new clothes make you feel even better than you look!"

MRS. SEGAL got herself a job managing an apartment house. That really hurt, for Vivienne knew her mother would never have had to work had she not given up all she had for her daughter's career. And now that career seemed so remote—and fame had gone aglimmering. . . . Still she kept her pretty chin up.

And sure enough, something did come along, right out of the blue—a phone call from her old friend Abe Lyman, the bandsman, asking her to drop everything and come to Columbia for an audition. He needed a voice like hers. Did she think she could sing into a microphone?

After the audition, there was no more doubt in his mind, or in that of his sponsors, than there had been in the Shuberts' when a red-headed shrimp lifted audiences from their seats with her singing in "Blue Paradise." They had asked

for a sweet and lovely voice—and here it was, in person. She rapidly became one of radio's favorite prima donnas.

"But," she says, regretfully, "I wouldn't have needed to go in so deep for clothes, just to sing in front of a microphone to an audience who can't see whether I'm in an apron or a Chanel gown!"

Outside of her professional popularity, which is a-plenty, Vivienne is a swell girl. Her friends call her "Sonny" because her middle name is Sonya—and occasionally, for some unaccountable reason, they address her as "Fagin." She has a grand sense of humor, and admits to being a bit superstitious. For instance, she believes the number thirteen is luckiest of all, partly because her name has thirteen letters, partly because there are thirteen letters in "Auf Wiedersehen." And she dotes on fortune tellers.

She likes living in a big place and requires lots of space. In her huge New York apartment in the fashionable East Side section she has a very swank red lacquer bar, complete with red leather seats and much shiny chromium. She loathes housekeeping, but is very much interested in a home if some one else will attend to the details. She and her mother love entertaining their great circle of friends, many of whom are celebrities of the stage and screen and of the literary world. Her very favorite person is Fannie Brice, whom she claims is the most thoughtful, unselfish person in the world.

Her clothes are exquisitely simple. For daytime wear she prefers severe suits or tailored dresses, topped with fine furs. Even her evening gowns have almost a Grecian simplicity, and every-

thing she wears is designed by a famous artist, who chooses unerringly the subtle greens and blues which are such a perfect foil for her auburn loveliness. She goes without a hat whenever possible. We can't imagine anyone objecting.

NOTHING ruffles her much, any more; she sometimes wishes it would. Opening nights she used to die of stage fright; the microphone scared her a little at first, but now she's all right. She never worries.

"According to my horoscope, I'll always have money," she says. "I'll never starve. And it's always worked so far. I never get very excited about any success which comes my way, because I know it goes as quickly as it comes. Nothing is very permanent. . . . I've had jewels so beautiful I never thought I could bear to part with them. But I always could, when it seemed necessary. . . . People think I'm sitting on top of the world now, because I've a good radio contract. They don't realize it costs money to be famous—and more when you stop being famous for a while! I'm still in the red—but," she smiled hopefully, "I won't be long."

She is amazingly practical and sensible for a girl who has been immersed to the ears in romantic music practically all her life. When you hear her sing, you think of magnolias and moonlight. Of course, she may actually be thinking that her life insurance has to be paid tomorrow—but her honey-sweet voice probably makes you see shadows on the wall of ghosts you thought you had forgotten long ago. And that, my friends, may not be strictly cricket—but, in a leading lady, it's art!

Last Minute Kid

(Continued from page 20)

chorus. In spite of the well laid plan of her father, a plan which would keep her from before the footlights, Anna Laughlin's daughter cast her lot with the world of the theater. It was Fate. It could not have been otherwise.

For two years Lucy remained a chorus girl. And then she was literally thrown into a leading role.

She was in the chorus of a show called "Crisis Cross." The ingenue lead was played by Dorothy Francis. Dillingham had produced it. The out of town opening was scheduled and, although there was talk that Lucy might have the job of understudy, the place had not yet been assigned to anyone.

And then, just fifteen minutes before curtain, Dorothy Francis became too ill to go on. There was the usual back stage pandemonium. But someone remembered that the chorus girl, Lucy Monroe, had stood in the wings all during rehearsal watching the leading lady, that she had a very pleasant voice indeed and that there was a chance that she might be able to pinch hit.

They called her from her dressing room, rushed her on the stage and—for half an hour (they held the curtain fifteen extra minutes)—rehearsed her in the dialogue and action. The songs she already knew.

Lucy remembers few of her emotions then. She knows that she was not frightened since she was too young to be amazed at her own courage. The enormity of the situation left her unimpressed. She was excited—but not afraid.

One thing stands out in her mind. During those hectic thirty minutes everyone was telling her where to stand and how to move and which entrance and exit to take when suddenly the stage manager shouted, "My God! Don't be telling her all those things. The child will be lucky if she can open her mouth. Don't be confusing her with gestures. She'll probably be paralyzed when she gets out there anyhow."

But she wasn't paralyzed. She gave a very excellent and very spritely performance and afterwards she reaped the reward when the director and principals almost wept with delight because she had saved the show for them.

Her mother—not knowing what tremendous things were going on—had not been there for the performance. She arrived when it was over to see her daughter surrounded by a respectful and admiring group. "Lucy's a real trouper," they said to Anna Laughlin.

For a week she played the role she had so suddenly created, and after that

there was no going back to the chorus. Broadway roles were in store for her. She was definitely launched upon a stage career.

But her second greatest opportunity was to come at the last minute, too.

The famous "First Little Show" had been running for a few weeks when Bettina Hall, the ingenue, became ill. And—more amazing still—the understudy was suffering from—of all things—trench mouth.

Someone of this desperate crew of managers who knew that tickets had been sold for weeks in advance remembered that once a girl named Lucy Monroe had saved a show called "Crisis Cross" by stepping in at the last moment. At eleven o'clock in the morning Lucy's manager told her to report to the theater and at eight-forty that evening she sang and acted Bettina Hall's role.

It was very exciting, because the audience was let in on the secret and they were all pulling for Lucy. And that night Anna Laughlin witnessed her child's success. It must have been a proud moment.

BUT there were other proud moments yet to come. For Lucy attained a great ambition, to sing in opera. As (Please turn to page 46)

how to keep ROMANCE aflame

Mary Jean (*below*) knows that Lux helps any girl's game. Ted and Tim are beaten before they start by a swanky pink shantung. Lux keeps Mary Jean's cottons and summer silks fresh and gay, her sweaters soft as down.

At parties, Sally (*below*) is always the center of things. Her lovely yellow organdie, fresh from its Lux bath, panics the boys. "The swellest femme on the floor," they agree. Never would Sally trust dainty washables to ordinary harsh soaps or cake-soap rubbing. "Mercy no! Lux is a girl's best friend!"



"That dress is a knockout!" compliments Ralph (*below*), married five years. Stepping out with his wife always gives him a kick. "You darling," purrs Fran, delightedly. "I do adore this blue printed silk even if it is made over. It's silly to let things get faded and dowdy when you can keep colors looking gorgeously new with Lux."

Of course, you want romance—dates by the dozen—an adoring husband through the years. Lux helps to make all this come true! Lux is made to keep you attractively dressed at little cost—to keep colors like new. Avoid ordinary soaps with harmful alkali and cake-soap rubbing. They're apt to fade colors, shrink woollens, mar the adorable freshness of cottons and linens, wear out things far too soon. But Lux, you remember, is safe for everything safe in water alone!

Connie (*above*) is pleased with her green peasant linen—color-fresh, like new, thanks to last night's Luxing. "Looks like a million," thinks Jerry, the new man at the office. Connie knows how to keep her pet frocks gloriously colorful—always ready for a big moment. That out-of-the-bandbox look brings down the strongest men! Moral: Stick to Lux!

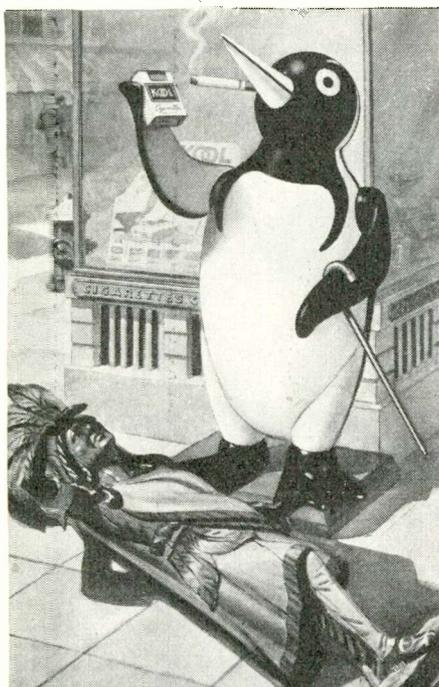


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15¢ for TWENTY 25¢ in CANADA
RALEIGH CIGARETTES... NOW AT POPULAR PRICES... ALSO CARRY B & W COUPONS

Keep On Trying

(Continued from page 21)

hold auditions, I jumped at the chance to put the village behind me. It turned out that I was the lucky one."

YOU like Bob for that last remark.

His steady gray eyes are serious as he makes it, and there is no pose in his honest acceptance of the fact that a certain amount of luck will come to those who keep on trying. He was whisked away to Hartford, and for six months was the vocal spark on radio in the Connecticut capital. No rest for the ambitious, however. Trained by his mother, who is his principal coach, Bob kept smoothing and burnishing those rich tones until they got him Break Number Three.

That came about because a certain hefty gentleman known as the dean of modern American music was having a busman's holiday. Everyone knows the letter carrier who goes for a walk on his day off, and it seems the great have the same peculiarities, otherwise why should Paul Whiteman, between spells of baton gymnastics on the leader's dais, have his ear glued to a loudspeaker down in Philadelphia.

"He wired me to join him as fast as I could," said Bob happily, "and I've been with him ever since. There's nobody like Paul. Some people call him a driver, and make it sound like a knock. Sure, he's a driver, the same as any man with vision, but what an encourager and teacher as well! You don't mind the long rehearsal periods because Paul has you believing he has your interests at heart, and he shows it in a score of ways. If I'm slated to sing an operatic number, for instance, he will send me to the finest teacher available for that particular piece of music, pays the extra cost with a smile, and only asks that you do your best to make good. And no matter how good you think you are, Paul will make you better.

"Another way he helped was when the producers of 'Thumbs Up' wanted me

for the Broadway company." (Break Number Four, you'll notice.) "I'd have signed up right away, but Paul held me back. 'He's not quite up to it yet,' he told the producers. 'Just wait until we get back from another tour with the band, and then you can have him.' He was right, as usual, worked extra hard with me for several weeks, and then sent me into the show in better voice than I'd ever been."

Gratitude along Broadway is likely to be found only in the dictionary—if you can find the dictionary. Many a young singer has been taken under the wing of a famous bandmaster, has fatuously assumed there was nothing left to learn, and after a short while has gone skittering off into the dark corridor of obscurity. Nothing like that is going to happen to Bob Lawrence.

Easily the best looking of the younger group of singers, you are certain to see him in the films when he is fully equipped for them. Break Number Five has put him in the Paramount Training School, and somewhere ahead in the misty future another break is waiting that will usher him into the concert field, according to Paul Whiteman, because here is one newcomer who has both breeding and brains to blend with his growing ability.

"Singing is like medicine to me," admitted Bob. "When I'm in front of the microphone I want to pour my vitality into whatever I'm singing, and I never feel exhausted when I'm through. More as if I'd been riding with the wind in my face. It's still an adventure to me, entertaining people I'll probably never see, and for that reason I dislike studio audiences because they have a tendency to swerve one from the people who really matter. Just figure what a singer owes the followers who are loyal enough to listen to him, when, no matter where they are, plenty of other programs are right on tap. I prefer to concentrate on them, and studio thrill hunters are a hindrance.

"For some reason I enjoy singing songs with a saddish tinge to them, although they have no such effect on my spirits, but sometimes an especially sentimental one may bring up complications. I had one such experience when a lady wrote, after hearing a weepy ballad, that she had recognized me as her long lost Mike, and went into pages of snappy reminiscences. It appeared that Mike had trifled with her and then departed for parts unknown some forty years ago, but now, if I would return, all would be forgiven. Well, we finally got it straightened out that I couldn't be Mike, but if he ever reads this I advise him not to pass up such devotion."

In spite of a mounting mail that comes from men as well as women, Bob is a bit foggy as to what people like about him. A good guess would be the sincerity that gleams through his manner of working. He's a likeable chap, is Bob, and in another calling you would find him sitting beside you on the 5:15 to the suburbs, happily married and therefore unafraid, talking of the tennis and fencing which are his hobbies, and of the baby that will have arrived by the time this is in print.

Yet because of the subtle alchemy of song and that Greek medallion profile, he is the epitome of bright, romantic youth. Add courage to that, and the answer is that Bob is bound for glory. His present ideal is John Charles Thomas, and he speaks feelingly of the help he has drawn from singing with Helen Jepson and Jane Froman.

The strains of melody are always the sweetest when the singer is lost in the song, and that is a trait of Bob's which is intensified for the listener by radio. As Bob Lawrence forges ahead, prepared, resourceful, eager to see what lies around the bend in the River of Song, remember the bit of wisdom some quiet, philosophical old fisherman, long vanished, has left behind.

"Only the gamefish swims upstream."

Behind the Dial

(Continued from page 6)

Hall, a real radio pioneer, lives in Wilmette, the North Shore suburb of Chicago, with his wife and two children. Mrs. Hall is the former Marion Martin, of Chicago, whom Hall married in 1924, in the studio of Station WEAF while listeners, tuned in on three other stations, "ear-witnessed" the ceremony. . . . Ozzie Jacoby, member of the Four Aces of Bridge, is the husband of Mary Zita McHale, the former Texas tennis star.

EVERY morning for weeks a lady posing as a fervid fan phoned Edna Odell, the Hoosier songbird heard from the Chicago NBC studios, to inquire what numbers she was broadcasting that day. Then one day Edna received a big bill from a local hotel with a notation to please remit. It developed her persistent admirer had been posing as Edna Odell at the hotel whence came the big bill. To add verisimilitude to the deception the pseudo-Odell gave the hotel clerk a daily listing of her musical numbers, the same being authentic since obtained from the real Odell. But don't you try that trick

on Edna. She wouldn't give her song schedule to her own mother, now.

A MOVEMENT is under way to organize the radio stooges. They claim to have a lot of grievances which they hope to straighten out with an association to back them up and go to the front for them. Meanwhile Benny Baker, once one of the best of the stooges having served with Phil Baker, Jack Benny and Lou Holtz and now a Hollywood celebrity himself, expresses a very poor opinion of his former calling. "It requires no brain work to be a stooge," says Baker, meaning Benny and not Phil Baker, of course. "When you have enough brains to think the comedian isn't funny you lose your job. I held on to mine so long because I did nothing but what I was hired to do. This made me very lazy, for which I am thankful. Lazy people enjoy life at its fullest."

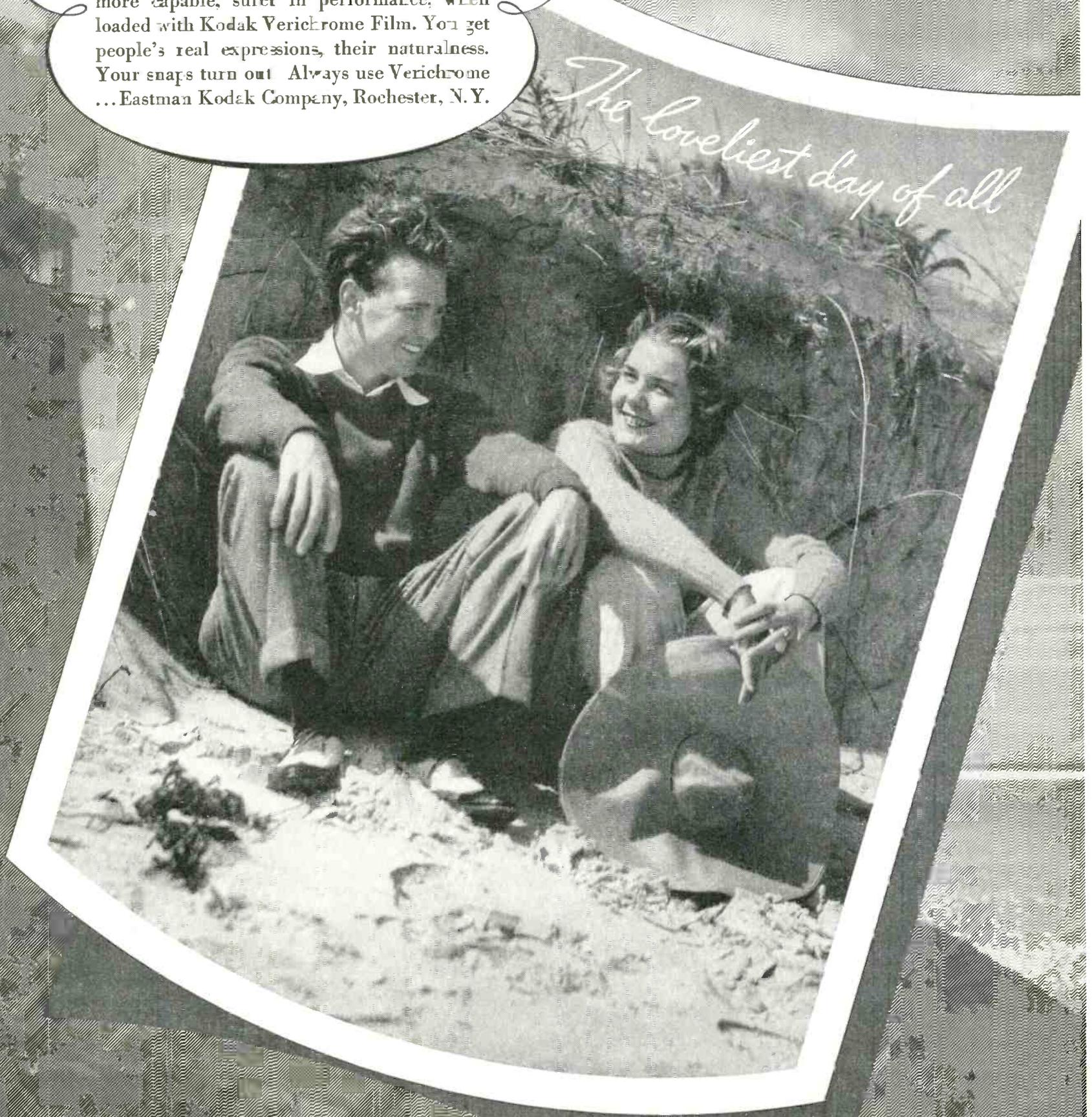
Amos 'n' Andy certainly try to keep true to character. They turned down a small fortune the other day because they couldn't consistently endorse a certain

popular cigarette. Andy, you know, likes cigars and Amos for years has been telling listeners he doesn't smoke. So when the ciggie concern approached them with a certified check and plans for a huge advertising campaign they rejected the offer. "Our audience knows we don't smoke cigarettes," said Amos 'n' Andy, in effect, "and our endorsement of any brand would be too contradictory to our characters for the public to accept." And that was that.

GRAHAM McNAMEE has been so busy this Summer with broadcasts and his job as Universal's News Reel Reporter that he has been obliged to do most of his traveling by airplane. It has got so that every time the ace announcer sees an airliner he just naturally backs up to it. The other day a Goodyear dirigible was flying over their New York penthouse and Mrs. McNamee hastened to close the window, notwithstanding that the cool breeze was very welcome. "Why did you do that, dear?" Graham asked. "So my darling husband won't try to crawl out on the window sill and (Please turn to page 60)

The snapshots you'll want
Tomorrow you must take Today

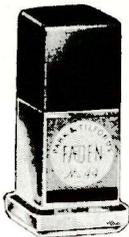
• What can bring back the mood and meaning of a precious hour—like snapshots? First aid to romance—how well they tell “the old, old story.” Don’t take chances with these pictures that mean so much—your camera is more capable, surer in performance, when loaded with Kodak Verichrome Film. You get people’s real expressions, their naturalness. Your snaps turn out. Always use Verichrome ... Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.



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ASK THE VOICE OF EXPERIENCE

Here the famous counselor considers the problems of our restless age

By VOICE OF EXPERIENCE

IT has been aptly said that one of the most typical characteristics of the present age is the universality of restlessness.

If this state of unrest were a reaching toward more idealistic conditions of living, more practical avenues through which to express emotional and mental development, the restlessness would be amply justified. But, sitting as I do in a position to get the reactions from tens of thousands every month, I have come to the conclusion that one of the grave dangers of this present restless age is the throwing overboard of ideals and standards and social customs of yesterday in a mad rush toward individualistic expression with the idea that, since man is greater than the law and the law was made for man, therefore, man can use or abuse the law as he sees fit; and by "law" I mean the edicts of organized society.

DEAR VOICE OF EXPERIENCE:

I am 34, my girl friend is 37. She cannot make up her mind to accept me because I do not belong to any church. She says, therefore, I am no Christian. Now, I believe in the Golden Rule, and everyone who knows me can vouch for the fact that I live up to and practice what I preach. Will you kindly give me your advice, as I want to marry this girl?

THEODORE.

ANSWER: Well, Theodore, maybe your girl friend doesn't realize that just putting one's name on a church book doesn't mean that he is really an adherent to the faith that he claims to endorse. I know many people whose names are on church books that are not Christians. I am not judging them, but their lives are an open book and you can see by their lives, because it is not what we say that makes us what we are. It is what we do. Our actions speak louder than our words in exemplifying what our beliefs, our ideals, our principles, really are.

Now, if you are living a Christian life, certainly the thing for you to do would be to affiliate with some church. I believe in that. No matter what your race, no matter what your creed, I believe that one should affiliate himself with an organized faith. And I do not believe that you would be knuckling to her in any sense of the word if in order to make things more compatible between you, that you were to affiliate yourself with perhaps the church to which she belongs, if you can accept that faith.

But, on the other hand, just to say that a person is not living the kind of life he should has no opportunity for attaining the ultimate goal after death, simply because he does not have his name on a church book, I do not believe will hold water. That argument to me is not sane, it is not sound, it is not logical.

DEAR VOICE OF EXPERIENCE:

I am at present courting a young lady of this city who recently wrote to you for some of your pamphlets among

which was one about kissing. Now she thinks that you condemn all kissing while I say that it is only petting parties and excessive kissing that you are opposed to. I ask this because she will hardly kiss me good-night any more since she wrote you and received this particular pamphlet.

WILLIAM L. E.

ANSWER: Well, William, I'm sorry to have tread on your toes and to have cut out some of your fun. Evidently your sweetheart has misunderstood, yes. I am not condemning osculation or kissing. I am condemning the thing that happens when that is resorted to over long periods of time or promiscuously with a number of individuals. Suppose that you, William, sit down with your sweetheart and take that pamphlet paragraph by paragraph, the one on "Promiscuous Kissing," and analyze it carefully. I think if you are a logician at all you will be able to convince her.

Most of you fellows are pretty good salesmen, you know, and no matter how much we who are supposed to be old foggies advise, you fellows have a pretty good line and usually you get by. Now then it is not that I am encouraging that line of yours. I don't know what that line is. There are so many different ones and they have all a different kind of bait on them, very much the same bait but with a difference, a little different color, that's all—but I am depending on you to analyze that yourself instead of my stepping in and saying "No."

I haven't seen your lips. I don't know how clean they are or how clean your mind is. I don't know very much about you. I am not encouraging anything. I am leaving that to you and your sweetheart to work out together.

DEAR VOICE OF EXPERIENCE:

I have been married five years and have a lovely girl of three. We were very happy until a year ago when I was taken ill and was sent to the hospital. While I was there my husband established his mother in my home and gave her complete charge. When I returned, I expected her to leave, because we never could get along. But my husband insisted that she stay.

My mother-in-law hasn't any use for me and speaks against me to my husband. He never defends me, whether I am right or whether I am wrong. Life is miserable under the same roof with her, especially when she turns even my husband against me. I have tried to talk it out sensibly, but it is of no use. He admits that I have been a good wife and mother. Yet he maintains that his place is with his mother rather than with me.

Am I justified in leaving and finding my own happiness and that of my child with my own mother?

MRS. T. E. F.

ANSWER: Mrs. F., if you are going to correct that situation that you find yourself in now, certainly you are not going to correct it by remaining there

and anchoring in your heart and harboring there the ill-feeling you have toward your mother-in-law, and having that ill-feeling reciprocated by her. Open arguments are going to follow that smothered material that is now welling up within both of you and there is going to be a lot of trouble ahead.

Certainly you would be justified at least in going temporarily on a visit to your mother until you and your husband can sit down and talk it out. I care not how fine a woman is, I care not how fine a younger woman is, when one is the mother-in-law of the other, the daughter-in-law, and they try to live, as they must, day in and day out, most of the hours of the day together, each one feeling that the house is hers, the management is hers, there is bound to be insurrection somewhere. There is bound to be trouble, too. That is, if both are positive in their nature. Two negative women, or one positive and one negative, can get along very nicely together occasionally; but they are the exceptions that establish the rule, not the rule and the other side the exception.

I'd go away on a visit for a little while and then meet your husband and see if you can't work this out so as to establish your home, not the kind of a place in which you are residing now.

DEAR VOICE OF EXPERIENCE:

I was a member of a college cross-country team in High School. I was on the distance team also, and I have never been able to overcome the impulse to quit when I am very tired—not exhausted, sir. I seldom reach that stage, but I quit before I get that way. This exasperates me. I am a good runner, being fifth on the squad, but with my speed, my wind and my endurance I could be first if I weren't so doggone yellow. My teammates come in after giving all in their power. They can exert themselves to the utmost. Poorer runners than I, with more nerve, can always beat me. In football, though no one has ever found it out, I am dreadfully afraid, and am much the poorer player for it. At the start of the race I feel determined to start out and win. After the first mile, I say: "What am I running for? There's no sense to it." I invariably stop and walk up a certain big hill. Later on in the race I pick up a bit and I always have a strong finishing sprint. I shouldn't have that sprint left. I should expend my energy during the race.

Can you give me some advice on this problem?

EDWARD S.

ANSWER: Edward, I had as a dear friend, until he was taken untimely in an accident, a wonderful man—Knut Rockne. In fact, he and I were colleagues in a western college for a while during a summer course, and early in the morning—we had early classes there—Knut Rockne and I used to get out on the old gridiron and walk around the track, and we talked many things over. And here's one thing he said: "Athletes

(Please turn to page 44)

A Woman's Reputation Is Made . . .

with just such delicious recipes as these!

A DASH of imagination, a good measure of variety—and your gastronomic reputation is made! Something new, something different is the keynote to successful meal-planning. Each of the food circulars listed here contains scores of delicious recipes to add interest to your meals. Tell us, using the coupon below, which ones you want. Each set is 10c complete.



- A -

44 EASY ECONOMICAL DINNERS 10c
The kind you'd always be proud to serve . . . yet they aren't expensive. The trick? It's the little surprise touches! Like Pear Salad with Ginger.

- B -

REDUCING THE RIGHT WAY 10c
Height and weight charts . . . calory chart . . . satisfying menus with low calory content . . . general exercise hints for reducing.

- 2 -

FOODS THAT MEN PREFER 10c
Breakfast breads . . . pies and pastries . . . puddings and simple desserts . . . cakes . . . meat and meat substitutes . . . vegetables . . . confections . . . menus.

- 3 -

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

- 9 -

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

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

- 14 -

BETTER MEALS WITH FISH 10c
A resume of fish buying . . . recipes for cocktails and appetizers . . . fish soups . . . for the main course . . . salads . . . for breakfast . . . entrees and luncheon dishes . . . sauces and garnishes.

- 17 -

VEGETABLE COOKERY 10c
Spinach and other greens . . . ways with tomatoes . . . corn, peas and beans at their best . . . vegetable salads . . . economy with root vegetables . . . left-over vegetable dishes.

- 20 -

HIGHLIGHTS OF AMERICAN COOKERY 10c
America's best cakes and pies . . . appetizers and salads . . . New England dishes . . . Southern food . . . popular sandwiches . . . meat dishes . . . fish dishes.

- 21 -

FOOD FOR CHILDREN OF ALL AGES 10c
Nursery and kindergarten menus . . . diets for grammar school age . . . food for high school children . . . school box lunches . . . breakfast menus . . . dinner menus . . . lunch and supper menus . . . favorite dishes of Hollywood school children.

- 22 -

MORE FLAVOR WITH CHEESE 10c
Cheese appetizers and soups . . . cheese you should know . . . main dishes . . . for lunch and supper . . . sandwiches . . . salads . . . cheese desserts and foreign cheese dishes.

- 25 -

ENTERTAINING—FORMAL AND INFORMAL . . . 10c
Chart for formal table setting . . . chart for informal table setting . . . company luncheons and dinners . . . afternoon refreshments . . . late evening refreshments . . . Sunday breakfasts . . . family luncheons and dinners.

- 26 -

FOOD FOR SMALL TOTS 10c
Milk in the diet of babies and young children . . . vegetables and how to serve them . . . fruit in baby's diet . . . fruit juices and cereals . . . meat and eggs.

- 27 -

INTERESTING BREADS 10c
Yeast breads . . . rolls and buns with yeast . . .

breakfast breads . . . baking powder loaves . . . biscuits . . . griddle cakes and waffles . . . toast in many forms.

- 28 -

SOUPS FOR APPETITES 10c
Luncheon and dinner menus with soups . . . soup variations . . . cold soups and aspics . . . luncheon dishes made with soup . . . soup accompaniments . . . salads made with soup.

- 30 -

GETTING THE MOST OUT OF FRUIT 10c
Orange recipes . . . special uses for pineapple . . . bananas . . . apples and other core fruit . . . peaches and plums in interesting ways . . . best berry recipes . . . melons and grapes.

- 31 -

SPECIAL ICE BOX RECIPES 10c
Modern mousses and parfaits . . . ice creams and ices . . . chilled desserts . . . ice box cakes . . . frozen and chilled salads . . . chilled meats and vegetable dishes . . . beverages . . . refrigerator pastry and rolls.

- 32 -

SALADS—OVER AND OVER AGAIN 10c
Salad greens and dressings . . . simple salads . . . vegetable salads . . . meat and fish salads . . . cheese and egg salads . . . fruit salads . . . dessert salads.

- 34 -

BETTER BREAKFASTS 10c
Breakfast menus . . . how to prepare fruits for breakfast . . . fruit juices for breakfast . . . ways with cereals . . . muffins and small breakfast breads . . . eggs . . . more hearty breakfast dishes.

JANE OSBORNE,
Tower Magazines, Inc.,
55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

I am enclosing \$ for which please send me right away the circulars I have checked here according to the numbers above.

A B 2 3 9 13 14 17 20 21 22 25 26 27 28 30 31 32 34

Name

Street

City State

DIAL A DOLLAR

Honoring Lux Theater

May I nominate as the winner, the Lux Radio Theatre? Let's give praise for the greatest of plays enhanced by brilliant adaption and superb presentation. Comedy, romance, adventure, and drama are ours on Sundays! We enjoy the brightest stars of stage and screen in endless succession. What a gift to the country dwellers who see a movie rarely and a stage show never! How it must brighten the lives of shut-ins.

*Murray D. Bryce,
Route 1, Royal Oak,
B. C., Canada.*

Don't Spurn Santa Claus

"Ingratitude, thy name is Radio Audience." When will people learn that if it were not for "plugging" there would be no radio? Radio is really advertisement on a lavish and distinctly entertaining scale. What if the announcer does take three minutes of the time before and after the broadcast? Because of those few minutes that radio brings you thrilling drama, glorious music, delightful comedy—anything and everything while you sit at ease before your loudspeaker. Radio Audience, it is up to you to repay radio sponsors for the fine entertainment given to you, absolutely free, at a high cost of time, labor and dollars. Why not show a little appreciation by refraining from grumbling!

*Jeanette Brown,
273 Court Street,
Plymouth, Mass.*

Paging Nelson Eddy

Why is it, with all the great artists today, that the music lovers cannot hear the beautiful music they would love to hear? Nelson Eddy has such a wonderful, powerful, rich voice, it is a deep mystery to me that he has not been on

Everyone has a thought or two about broadcasting. TOWER RADIO will pay one dollar for interesting ideas about radio. This prize will go to all writers of letters selected for publication. Send your communications (in 200 words or less) to the Dial a Dollar Editor, TOWER RADIO, 55 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

the radio lately. I am sure that there would be at least a million steady listeners. Why doesn't some large corporation select a beautiful musical program starring Nelson Eddy as soloist? I am positive that this would please thousands more than some of the irritating, vulgar programs that are on the radio daily.

*Catherine Yeager,
628 Mt. Vernon Street,
Camden, New Jersey*

Congratulations, Radio

I think everyone has been gratified with the improvement in summer radio programs. Sponsors have at last come to the realization that if they continue good features through the summer months, they can hold their fickle unseen audience. True, there are strong outdoor attractions that have always relegated radio to the background during the warm season, but that was partly due to the fact that sponsors anticipated the slump and substituted mediocre programs. Now they seem to have changed their tactics. Brilliant new features are being introduced or the old popular ones retained, and the radio audience wholeheartedly approves the clever strategy. Laurels to the newly-enlightened sponsors!

*Miss Mildred Meeker,
816 East 20th Street,
Anderson, Indiana*

Sponsors, Take Note

I think the objection to radio adver-

tising lies in nauseating dialogue such as this:

Bob—"Gee, dear, what perfectly delicious cake; just like Mother used to make."

Ann—"Thanks, darling, I simply couldn't fail as I used So and So's Special Cake Flour."

How do intelligent people react to such piffle? It is enough to turn us against a worthwhile product. Advertising can be both effective and amusing. Consider the riotous way in which Jack Benny plugs his references to Jello, making advertising an asset instead of an irritating interlude.

*Corinne Childers,
506 Clement Avenue,
Charlotte, N. C.*

Give a Boost

A deplorable trait in most radio fans, and one of which I am guilty, is their failure to write in commending worthwhile programs. When one of my pet programs leaves the airways I always wish I had sent that penny postal card voicing my approval. Radio listeners control the sponsor's choice of material, and we should exercise our privilege of keeping good programs on the air.

*Mrs. D. W. McCrary,
554 Poplar Street,
Spartanburg, S. C.*

Against Baseball Broadcasts

I wonder if we are going to have the baseball "World's Series" broadcast over the radio! I hope not. We all have our favorite programs and miss them very much when they must be discontinued to make way for baseball game broadcasts. My feelings are aroused in the same way by football broadcasts. I like these games and attend as many as possible, but please keep them off the radio.

*Schuyler C. Hill,
P. O. Box 756,
Centralia, Washington*

Ask the Voice of Experience

(Continued from page 42)

with hearts are born; they are not made. In other words, I don't care what a man's speed may be, I don't care how much strength he may have, I don't care how much endurance."

I disagreed with Mr. Rockne on that point. It is the fellow that the minute that the temptation comes to him to quit, just puts a little extra ounce into his speed, that is the fellow who can conquer that in himself. But, lad, it means there is only one that can do that, and that is yourself. You are sprinting now not just against a few men in a race. You are sprinting against something that you are carrying right inside of you. And when it begins to lurk there and slow your footsteps down to a dog trot, that is the time that you have got to put on your spurt to outdo the one that is right with you—your shadow inside yourself.

And even though you lose that race, you may win the race that is far more important, and this is conquering yourself. Don't you realize that no one in any walk of life can ever amount to anything until he is master of every situation that arises—not outside, but inside himself? His emotions, his de-

sires, his passions—those things must be under control. And you have a passion just to lie down on the job. Don't call it yellow. I wouldn't call it that. You wouldn't have written me this letter if you were yellow, Edward. Now the thing to do is to put yourself to the test and try it out. You will find it will work just as I say it will.

DEAR VOICE OF EXPERIENCE:

I am a young man of 22, married two years and separated from my wife. I was dancing in vaudeville and things got slow so I gave it up and went to work as a taxi driver. In turn I gave this up and am now leader of an orchestra, working steadily for two years.

I gave my wife every cent I earned, never receiving anything in return. All the money I gave to her was spent buying clothes for her own back. She never suggested that I purchase anything for myself. For this reason I left her and am now at home with my parents who tell me to forget her, that she will never be good as she can't cook or do anything else.

Now I am wondering what to do and

I have decided you are the one to answer me.

J. B.

ANSWER: You started out wrong. For a man to hoard all his money and dole it out to his wife, to his bride, a little at a time makes her a dependent upon him, robs her of her individuality and her personality. For the man to turn over his entire pay check to the wife and to be dependent upon her for even his money for tobacco and things of that kind is just as ill-advised.

Now, I would not say with your family that the thing to do is to forget her. Maybe as you have trained her wrong you could train her right even yet. I certainly would sit down and have a thorough understanding with her before I took her back. And I would in the future—you say you are working now—I would only turn over 50 per cent of the check to her or work out a budget for the family expenses at home and see that she meets those expenses, but keep some of the money for yourself. That isn't selfish. This is just being fair and just and square and economic in the administration of household affairs.

like new!
after months
of wear



**GRIFFIN
ALLWHITE
FOR ALL
WHITE SHOES**
BOTTLE OR TUBE



10c
and
25c
SIZES

The Unknown Specialists

(Continued from page 15)

like to do it. Makes him too thirsty.

Jean Southern, who does everything in radio from being leading lady on the Red Davis program to character women, has a talent for playing the parts of animals who talk like people. She isn't altogether happy about it. She is always apprehensive lest people think of her as an animal imitator instead of an actress, which she much prefers to be.

Her first talking animal was a Krazy Kat in the "Modern Classics" program. Radio had been combed for a Krazy Kat. Then she tried it, and hit it "on the nose." She has been in demand for talking animals ever since. One animal part she did like, was the Cheshire Cat in "Alice in Wonderland." She will never forget the time she had to play "Mrs. Mouse" on a Christmas Eve program when she had laryngitis, and her squeak was most authentic.

In order to talk the way animals would talk (if they talked) she has to make movements like the animal she is imitating, arching her shoulders when she is playing a cat role, stretching her neck when she is doing a duck. She can usually do it without self-consciousness, but when she stops to think about it, it makes her quite shy.

THERE is a real parrot in radio. His name is John Teal. He has appeared on the Vallee program as a novelty and draws quite a fancy salary. John Teal's morals are as carefully guarded as any schoolgirl's and he is only allowed to listen to things that it would be polite for him to repeat.

Parrots are frequently called for in scripts. But they are usually impersonated by Elsie Mae Gordon, who can sound more like a parrot than a parrot can.

Elsie Mae is a little reticent about her parrot work. She is rather fearful of getting "typed" as a parrot imitator.

She is a young woman who, priding herself on her versatility, has created, during her radio experience, more than 900 characterizations.

She specialized for a time as an emotional actress, but decided she would do better in the long run by playing many different types. This is possible for her because of her unusual voice range, which she deliberately trained and developed herself.

She did a parrot once, in an emergency, and now is usually summoned when a parrot part comes up. She can play a very adequate parrot all by herself. But there is a certain enraged squawk which feminine vocal chords can't quite manage. When she wants to do a parrot complete with squawk, she works with Bradley Barker. She does the talking and Bradley does the squawking.

ELSIE MAE does other animals too.

But she would rather do odd character parts, of which she has an enormous repertoire. One animal role that she did enjoy immensely was being the Piglet in "Winnie the Pooh." That had whimsy.

She is pretty resigned now to being called for any cock-eyed assignment imaginable and accepts them all like a good trouper. Only once did she draw the line. That was when some one called her and asked her to take the part of a red blood corpuscle. Somehow she just couldn't get the feel of a red blood corpuscle.

Elsie Mae, besides her other accomplishments, was one of the pioneer baby criers on the air. But she preferred not

to specialize, and so she had to give way in these assignments to others who did.

Among these are Sally Belle Cox and Madeline Pierce. Both of them have cried all over both networks. They use showmanship. They carry a little pillow with them and cry into the pillow. Sally Belle features baby parts above all else. Right now she is a baby on Ray Knight's Cuckoo Hour.

The baby criers get a lot of fan mail from mothers who tell them they are so realistic that they have had to go look in the crib to make sure that their own babies weren't crying.

The two babies on the "Betty and Bob" program are played by nineteen-year-old Loretta Poynton, a Chicago girl. She also finds plenty of baby roles as well as other parts to keep her busy.

Madeline Pierce can play a cooing, prattling baby and go from that right into being the toughest ten-year-old you ever heard. She gets called to play boys of all ages.

While some have cried their way to prominence, one man at least has laughed his way to the top. Frank Readick is an accomplished actor. But he is also known for possessing the most horrible, the most blood-chilling laugh in radio, and he has made quite a good thing of it. You have heard him as "The Shadow," and you have heard him on the "Eno Crime Clues."

On "The Shadow" program his laugh, more effective than creepy orchestration or verbal effusions of script writers strikes the sinister keynote.

One of the oddest specialties in radio is Jack Barraket's. He does the Mohammedan calls to prayer and practically has a monopoly on this curious commodity.

It is almost impossible for an Occidental to execute them just right. They must be sung, not spoken, and sung in native Arabic, at that.

Now Arabic has three syllables, all guttural, that no western tongue possesses. In order to pronounce them correctly, one must be born with the palate for it. Jack Barraket was. He is one of those rarities, a native of Mount Lebanon, and he can wrap his palate around those syllables without any trouble at all.

Naturally, it is sometimes a long time between Mohammedan prayers in radio, but Barraket has a number of equally unique accomplishments, such as rattling off the Maori tongue of native New Zealanders or speaking any number of remoter Russian dialects. He has been at various times, an Indian Rajah, a King of Abyssinia, a Chinese War Lord, and an Innkeeper in "Roadways of Romance."

The son of wealthy parents, he traveled extensively in his youth, picking up dialects as a hobby, never dreaming that they would serve him later in adversity.

Up until 1929, he was a successful merchant and trader. Then came the crash and he turned to radio with a backgammon program. The backgammon craze passed and he had to think up something else.

AT one time in a varied career he had been an auctioneer in New South Wales. Remembering his flair for the dramatic, he turned to radio acting and has remained at it ever since.

Stephen Fox, popular leading man, is radio's favorite lunatic. His record was a period of sixteen weeks on

(Please turn to page 60)

MARGIE MAKES FUN OF MY DRESSES, MOMMY—SHE SAYS THEY'RE TATTLE-TALES!



"TATTLE-TALE! TATTLE-TALE!"



"Pooh! Clothes can't tattle," says Mother. "Where did Margie get that silly idea?"

"She heard the club ladies, Mommy—they said your clothes were full of tattle-tale gray."

* * *

Maybe it's never occurred to you that clothes can tattle. Yet if things look dingy and dull, they do show that they aren't perfectly clean. And the neighbors are sure to notice.

Why risk the criticism? Why use a "trick" soap that leaves dirt behind?

CHANGE TO THE SOAP THAT ENDS "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

Fels-Naptha is *one* soap that does get *all* the dirt. Every last deep-down speck of it.

For Fels-Naptha brings you something no "trick" soap does—two

cleansers instead of one! Richer *golden* soap combined with *plenty* of naphtha. A lively combination that washes clothes beautifully, snowily clean.

Fels-Naptha is so gentle in every way that you can use it for your finest linens, your daintiest undies and silk stockings.



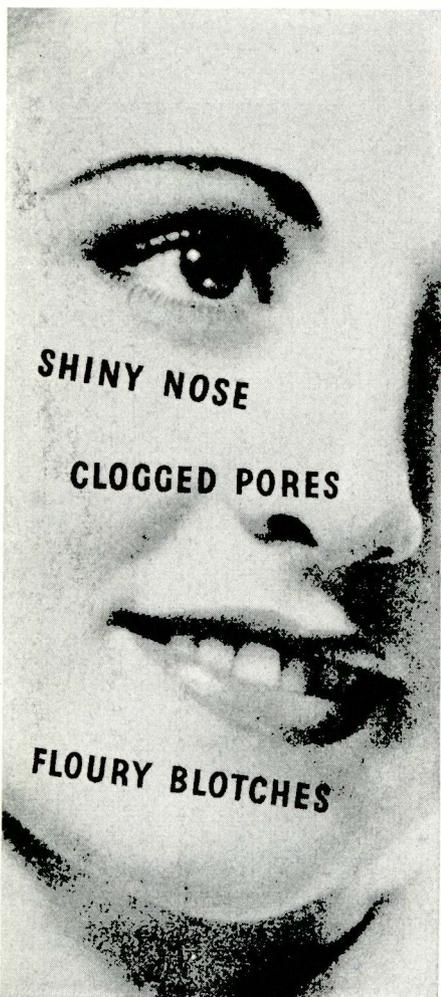
It's a real friend to hands, too—for there's soothing glycerine in every golden bar. Ask your grocer for a supply of Fels-Naptha Soap today!... Fels & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

© 1935, FELS & CO.



Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray" with **FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!**

What happens when face powder forms a paste on skin



Combat all three with a moisture-proof face powder!

BE sure your face powder is moisture-proof if you want to make your skin clear, transparent, lovely... and have it last that way for hours. Paste on skin is the ugly reason for many bad complexions. The result of face-powder moisture mixing with the natural moisture of your skin.

Luxor is the moisture-proof face powder. It won't form a paste on your skin. Don't take our word. Put a spoonful of Luxor in a glass and pour water on it! Notice what happens. It does not mix with the water. It rises to the top soft, dry, smooth as velvet.

There's moisture on even the driest skin. But Luxor won't mix with it, any more than with water in the glass.

That's why it defies the ravages of oils, pore secretions and other enemies of long-lasting make-up.

... FREE ...

Make a 10 days' test for yourself at our expense. Get a big generous 10 days' box of Luxor, the moisture-proof face powder, just by mailing the coupon. Send for it now. No money required.



Mail Coupon Now for 10 Days' Supply

LUXOR, LTD., 1335 W. 31st., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me your generous 10 days' box of Luxor Moisture-Proof Powder, FREE and post-paid. (Offer not good in Canada)

Check Powder Shade: Rose Rachel Flesh
TM-9 Rachel Rachel No. 2

Name.....

Address.....

Last Minute Kid

(Continued from page 38)

Micaela in "Carmen," in "Faust" (which she sang without ever having seen another opera company do it), and in other operatic roles she received laudatory press notices and was chosen for the summer season by the St. Louis Opera Company which boasts many Metropolitan names.

Radio was the next—and the natural step. An audition brought her a sustaining program. That led to a commercial. She is now replacing Bernice Claire while Bernice is in Europe. It seems almost inevitable that she step into other performer's shoes.

Lucy has never been married, so she and her mother live together, but Lucy wants it distinctly understood that Anna is not the typical obnoxious "stage mamma." Of course, she, knowing so much about theatrical life, could not be one of those pests. Lucy manages her own affairs, handles all her own business and her mother is the greatest help to her.

"No one criticizes a performer really honestly," Lucy told me one day. "The people at the station invariably say that the program was fine. The boys I go around with always tell me that I sang beautifully. My mother is the one who is absolutely honest."

At rehearsals Anna comes along and takes notes. Later she tells Lucy

wherein she thought she was wrong. And between numbers on a really big program the two talk over the telephone. It is the most valuable help that Lucy could possibly have, because her mother is no easy critic. And that Lucy likes.

ONE night, for instance, over a Columbia program she was broadcasting from one of Columbia's theatres. A real live audience was present and this sort of went to Lucy's head, because she loves the feel of an audience.

When she talked to her mother later in the evening Anna said, "You faded on some of your notes. Be careful of that during the next number."

And then Lucy realized that she had forgotten the microphone, and in her enthusiasm for the real audience, had leaned away from the instrument as she accented a certain part of the song.

You can imagine how invaluable this type of criticism is. And yet it is all done so sweetly because Anna frankly admits that the theatrical world demands much more from its performers today than it did when she was appearing. She told Lucy once, "I couldn't have got by today. I actually did not know enough. The merest chorus girl now is a better dancer than I was then."

But she does know show business and passes on her invaluable knowledge to

Lucy, who certainly welcomes it.

Although she loves radio and all the good things it has brought her, Lucy's greatest desire is for a real and worthwhile operatic career. At the time when she first wanted to study voice there was not enough money, so she got along as best she could. But now she is a pupil of Estelle Leibling, and she works very hard indeed. So hard, in fact, that outside of seeing the shows—which is her passion—and an occasional horse back ride amusements are out.

Her father did not want Lucy Monroe to go on the stage, but Lucy was destined for it—as we've seen. Certainly all those chances of playing roles meant for other people could not be a series of coincidents. It is destiny. Of that I'm sure.

And if the Metropolitan Opera is now her goal I believe she will reach it. For Lucy is possessed of a brisk vitality and a tremendous force which denies the existence of the word failure.

That night when she stepped before an audience with only a half hour's rehearsal she did not know she could fail. This carried her through. Greater triumphs are ahead for Lucy. And, of all the people who will be pleased, none will have such great delight as that cute little trick, Anna Laughlin.

Beginning All Over Again

(Continued from page 24)

ing daughter. The baby and she had to eat. The child was beautiful, blonde, blue-eyed, curly-headed. Perhaps they could both get jobs on the stage. So overnight the grandmother turned actress.

Together they toured cheap vaudeville, a middle-aged, gray-haired woman carrying a tiny, blonde baby. The theatrical agents grew to know the pair quite well. And Blanche Sweet became a confirmed trouper when she could hardly toddle around.

Little Blanche didn't like stage life, nor did she hanker for a career. All she remembers is that she was a cranky child, dreadfully lonely, always protesting. And always longing for a home and mother and daddy, for sisters and brothers and children her own age with whom to play. She actually begged to be permitted to go to school, like other children!

In fact, there is only one pleasurable memory she retains from that period. This was acting in a vaudeville sketch where she had to eat huge slices of toast and jam. To this day toast and jam are favorites with her.

UNTIL she was nine, she tramped in vaudeville, appeared with stock companies. Maurice Barrymore, the father of John and Lionel; Holbrook Blynn; and Chauncey Olcott headed casts with which she toured. It was while she was playing with Chauncey Olcott in the play, "Terence," in Denver, that she got the opportunity for which she had yearned,—to lead a normal, private life.

Her father, Gilbert Joel Sweet, attended a performance and recognized her. When he and his wife had separated, shortly after Blanche's birth, he

had lost track of them. This was the first real meeting between father and daughter.

Immediately, Sweet, a San Francisco oil man, insisted upon taking his daughter home with him. She could go to school, have pretty clothes, toys, playmates, forget the stage entirely. Little Blanche danced around in her joy. But her grandmother refused to part with the child.

After a good deal of argument, Mr. Sweet took both of them back home with him. For the first time in her life, little Blanche had a real home, stayed in one city.

"I was blissfully happy then," she told me, smiling tenderly at the memory of that other little Blanche of thirty years ago. "I thought I was in heaven. We didn't have to stand and shiver in depots waiting for trains. I had a real bed and room, instead of a hall bedroom, or a seat on a train to sleep on. Daddy got me lovely green and white furniture, just what I wanted."

"It seemed to me that everything in San Francisco had been built specially for my benefit; the amusement parks, the Presidio, the beach."

When the San Francisco earthquake and fire occurred in 1906, Blanche felt it had been arranged specially for her pleasure, too. To her childish, excitable mind it seemed a grand carnival. When she closes her eyes, she can almost feel the building swaying like a tree bough, as on that fateful day. She remembers

being hurriedly roused by her grandmother, who nervously buttoned her into her clothes. She remembers the bay, with ships ablaze, and the gorgeous effect of the sparkling, orange flames against the angry gray sky. Even when the family had to camp at the Presidio with other refugees who had lost everything in the conflagration, she thought it all a lark.

For three years she attended Miss Head's Boarding School, where the wealthiest families sent their youngsters. Of course, she was forbidden to mention the fact she had been on the stage. What if the other children's parents should object to their children's being contaminated, and withdraw them from the school?

"Did you tell the other boys and girls?" I asked her.

"Of course not," she told me. "I hated stage life, and was only too glad to forget it. The first thing I begged my teacher to do was to braid my hair in long pigtails, pulled tightly back. That's how non-theatrical children wore 'em. I was sick of long, golden curls hanging in my eyes."

When Blanche was twelve, her visit to Paradise ended. For her grandmother quarreled with Mr. Sweet and took the protesting child back to New York and stage life. Movies were coming in, and the ambitious, shrewd grandmother wanted to get the youngster in on the ground floor.

"I didn't care about the idea of going into pictures," Blanche told me. "But I readily agreed when Grandma put down the tucks of my skirt, put my hair up in a bun, like a grown lady, and let me wear high-heeled pumps. I felt grand the morning we marched down to Biograph, the leading film company then."

For hours they filled out application

Are You Reading
Behind the Dial?

cards, giving their pedigree. The application manager promised they'd hear from him within a day or two. They waited and waited and never a word did they hear.

Since the leading company would have none of Blanche, her grandmother took her to its rival, the Edison Company, where the youngster was given a job as an extra, at \$5 a day.

AS the work was very irregular, they found it impossible to make both ends meet. So to the legitimate stage went Mrs. Alexander, trying to place her talented grandchild. When she heard William Brady needed an ingenue for a play in which Douglas Fairbanks was to star, she pleaded with Brady till he agreed to give Blanche a tryout. She could read the lines to him, at rehearsal.

In the middle of the test, Brady stopped her. "You read very well, child," he said, "but I notice you haven't got your full second set of teeth." And turning to her grandmother, "Heavens, woman, how can I have a love interest who isn't old enough to have all her teeth? You'd better bring her back when she's grown up."

"It was an awful let-down to me," Blanche Sweet said. "I went home and cried and cried. But Grandma didn't let me waste much time wallowing in self-pity. 'A minute spent in regret is worse than a minute spent in dissipation,' she used to say. 'Never cry over spilt milk. Learn all you can from a disastrous experience, and then forget it entirely. Always look forward to the next experience.'

"She developed a good bit of rebound ability in me, which has come in mighty handy," she added, smiling wryly.

Back to Biograph Mrs. Alexander went with Blanche. Till D. W. Griffith actually gave the child a chance as an extra. So pleased was he with her work that he requested her to act exclusively for his company, guaranteeing her at least four days' work a week, at \$5 a day.

"In those pioneer film days," Miss Sweet told me, smiling amusedly, "there wasn't any recognition of caste. You didn't go into a tantrum if someone was billed in type a quarter of an inch larger than yours. In fact, one day you'd be leading lady, and the next, you'd play a bit part, just to supply background."

It was then Biograph decided to go West, and made Miss Sweet a stupendous offer, which she turned down to gallop around the stage in Gertrude Hoffman's group.

If she hadn't been fired from her next job, as leading lady in the stage melodrama, "Charlotte Temple," I doubt if she would ever have gone back into films.

Again she slunk home, ashamed, whipped. It seemed to her that everyone on the street was looking at her, laughing at her. For a few days she moped around the house disconsolate. Then she tried to get another job, without success.

ONE morning, triumphantly, her grandmother waved a telegram before her nose. It was from D. W. Griffith, telling Blanche to come out immediately. Mrs. Alexander had wired him, asking if his original offer still held. He wired a favorable reply, of course accepting the elfin blonde he had known in New York.

But during the year Blanche had changed considerably. She had gained weight, as do many girls in that awkward growing stage. Barely five feet tall then, she weighed 135 pounds, a good deal more than she has ever weighed since. Today, she's five feet three

inches, and weighs 107 pounds.

When Griffith saw her, he just threw up his hands in horror. "You my new star?" he exclaimed. "Gracious, what have you been doing to yourself?"

Followed a few months in which all her grandmother's encouragement and sympathy were needed, while Blanche went in for a strenuous diet regime. When she had brought her weight down, Griffith starred her.

You all know how phenomenally successful she was in the pre-talkie days. How at the age of twenty she was making thousands of dollars every week. . . . How she became the pet of the fans, one of the most famous—and wealthiest stars.

Perhaps you remember her in "Anna Christie," in "The Unpardonable Sin," how she brought the tears to your eyes in "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," in "The Sporting Venus" and "The Supreme Moment."

What did she think of her fame? Was she happy, now she was sitting on top of the world, loved, respected, admired?

No, she wasn't. "All day long I worked at the studios," she told me. "I had to get plenty of rest to keep fit for my acting. It is a pretty exhausting calling, you know."

In 1922 she married Marshall Neilan, a fellow actor, who later became a director. "A very fine moving picture director he was," she tells you frankly. But though she and Mr. Neilan had known each other for years before they married, they didn't hit it off together. Maybe it was the effect of Hollywood; maybe it was too much to have two flourishing motion picture careers in one home. She refuses to commit herself. All she says is "I prefer not to discuss my marriage. It was no one's fault it failed."

Seven years later she got a divorce. Then things began to happen thick and fast. All her life-savings she had invested in one company. It fell with a sickening crash early in 1929.

So, in her thirties, she had to start from scratch, penniless, alone. First she tried to make a film comeback and made two talkies, "The Woman Racket" and "Showgirl from Hollywood."

Then she had to do something else to keep going. Though she hated vaudeville, and loved the legitimate stage, when a vaudeville contract was offered her, she accepted it. "I had to have money," she told me simply, "and there's no use looking for one thing when another is offered you. You take what you can get."

For two years she toured vaudeville, first with RKO, then doing a singing and dancing act for Fanchon and Marco. By November, 1933, she decided she had saved enough money to quit vaudeville and come to New York. For a while she toured with the play, "The Party's Over"; then she appeared last season with Leslie Howard in "Petrified Forest."

Quite out of the blue, the Outdoor Girl officials sent for her, and offered her an opportunity to star in their radio series. She grabbed it. She's been very fond of broadcasting, since she did guest programs in connection with her vaudeville work.

Now she feels she is doing something worthwhile, helping others to improve their appearance and personality. She is happy at last.

She lives in a comfortable, roomy studio apartment off Central Park. There is time for walking and swimming, for her friends, leisure to enjoy life. "Remember," she told me in parting, "you don't need oodles of money to make you happy. All you need is health, love, friends, and enough to get by on. Why, I'm happier today than I've ever been."



Why Ex-Lax is the Ideal Hot Weather Laxative!

VACATIONS are made for fun. Every moment is precious. But often a change of water or diet will throw your system "off schedule"...and you need a laxative.

loss of body fluids due to normal perspiration. Avoid the type of laxatives that have a "watery" action. Don't "dehydrate" your body. Take Ex-Lax.

And Ex-Lax is such a pleasure to take—it tastes just like delicious chocolate.

So be sure to take along a plentiful supply of Ex-Lax. Ex-Lax comes in 10c and 25c boxes at any drug store.

When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX
THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

Ex-Lax is the ideal summer laxative for the following reasons given by a well-known New York physician:

1. In summer you should avoid additional strain on the vital organs of the body, even the strain due to the action of harsh cathartics. Ex-Lax is thorough but gentle. No pain, strain, or griping.
2. In summer there is a greater

The TRUTH About My NAIL POLISH



LADY LILLIAN CREME POLISH
GIVES MORE FOR YOUR MONEY!

See Free Offer Below

"I'll tell you the truth about my Nail Polish. I do not claim for it any extraordinary qualities which others do not have, although my polish is every bit as good as the most expensive. Years of experience and scientific tests have convinced me that ALL nail polishes are much the same in their effect—except for color. But I offer you more polish for your money than you can get in any other advertised brand. You can buy my new CREME Polish at Department and Drug Stores—in a color that will harmonize perfectly with your complexion."

Lady Lillian

Tested and Approved by
Good Housekeeping Bureau



HOW TO GET LADY LILLIAN POLISH REMOVER—FREE!

To get a FREE full-size bottle of my new oily Remover (25c value)—buy LADY LILLIAN Polish—25c size—at your Department or Drug Store, fold up the white box in an envelope and send with your address to Lady Lillian, Dept. T-3, 1140 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

Lady LILLIAN
CREME
NAIL POLISH

LARGE BOTTLE 25c
—WITH FREE WHITE PENCIL



ALSO IN HANDY SIZES AT 10c STORES

The Romance of the Lombardos

(Continued from page 27)

the new type, whatever it might be?"

"Not on your life," he told me. "If we did we'd no longer be ourselves. We plug all the time to improve on our original formula, but we never change it. We never go in for trick and novelty stuff. Once, about nine years ago, we tried, and it just didn't take."

He cited the rumba as a concrete illustration.

"We can't make a rumba fit with our idea at all, we're unable to change it from the way every other orchestra makes it sound. So we don't play the rumba. It doesn't fit to our style—so it's out. And that's not casting any reflections on the rumba. It's like spinach. It's good if you like it."

Guy is generally regarded by those in the music and radio lines as being an astute picker of hit tunes. He has introduced a surprisingly high number of brand-new pieces that later proved best-sellers. If he likes a number, he'll play it frequently. But no persuasion on the part of a music publisher or tunesmith will cause him to make use of a song that doesn't meet his fancy. He knows what he wants, and he gets it. Carmen Lombardo, an expert songwriter, has created such melodies as "Coquette," "Sweethearts on Parade" and "Snuggled on Your Shoulder," but won't ask Guy to schedule his new songs unless his brother actually believes they conform to the band's style. In the case of these three particular tunes, Guy thought they'd be good bets—he played them often—and what happened? They developed into the outstanding hits of their times. He took "You're Driving Me Crazy" before it was even finished; put it on the air the same evening he first heard it. Overnight the song was a tremendous hit.

BESIDES Carmen, there are two other brothers in the outfit—Leibert, a trumpet-player; and Victor, the youngest of the four who was brought into the fold years ago to play the baritone sax. A fifth frere, Joe, is the only one who didn't go musical. He's an interior decorator, and the assignments from his four older brothers are enough to keep him rather well occupied.

Theirs is a devotion that would make any parents proud of their sons—and Papa and Mama Lombardo are plenty happy that the boys work so closely together. Guy, by the way, told me he is looking for a nice little farm for his parents and two sisters someplace in Westchester along the Hudson River. When he finds the right sort of home and acreage the Lombardos will migrate here from London, Ontario.

But, about the brothers.

"Carmen is a fine musician," he said. "When it comes to out and out musical knowledge, he's got me beat a mile. But what is even more important to the band than his musicianship—and he plays five instruments, beside singing—is his enthusiasm and cooperation. He's as eager as a kid, and his enthusiasm is contagious. He's got good ideas, and is always improving himself. He's got a good business head. One of these days you'll be hearing about Carmen Lombardo holding a seat on the stock exchange. He did all right for himself trading in cotton last year."

Leibert, who once strenuously objected to every instrument but the drums, now is a vocalist as well as an ace trumpeter. Twelve years ago, when the Royal Canadians, then but six in number, needed a trumpet player in the

band more than a trap drummer, Guy persuaded him to take lessons. In a short time he had won the place for himself. "And now," said Guy, "for dance music Leib is probably the best trumpet player in the country."

And this isn't exaggeration, either. Once a well known orchestra leader went to Guy and asked him if he could hire Leibert for his band. Guy laughed and said it was an impossibility. Then, the other music-maker offered \$200 a week, two other trumpet men, and a saxophonist in exchange—just the way baseball players are traded—Guy again laughed and repeated it was still an impossibility. He knew Leibert would never quit to join another band.

Guy thinks Victor, who's the only daddy among the four, is doing nicely. At first he was a bit hard to discipline, but the other three united in bringing him under their respective thumbs. He used to have his own band, before he became a Royal Canadian, and toured the Dominion using the name of the Guy Lombardo, Jr., Orchestra. Guy figured it would be a good idea to send for him so the public wouldn't get the two bands confused. It worked out better for both of them—and, besides, the move made Mama Lombardo happier to know Victor was in good brotherly hands.

THE recipe for the success of the Guy Lombardo music is very simple—according to Guy. "It's just team work that did the trick," he explains. "Eleven men, each using his head and knowing that his judgment is good, working together like one man. We're not just four brothers, you see—we're all friends—the eleven of us. And we've been friends and co-workers for a long time—ever since we first began."

That was twenty years ago when he was a kid violinist of twelve. Papa Lombardo was very strict about music lessons in his family. Music, he always said, should have an important place in every home. So Papa Lombardo, born in Italy and raised with concert ambitions only to become a fairly prosperous clothing designer, passed out nickels to Guy and Carmen for them to be nice boys and study their music. Not only did they oblige—for nickels—but they went around the block and enlisted Mrs. Kreitzer's little boy, Freddy, who was just eleven and a wizard on the keyboard. He got nickels, too.

He wasn't a great Guy in those days, but he did grate upon the neighbor's nerves. "The families in the neighborhood almost went nuts with our rehearsals," Guy admitted smilingly—he can afford to now—"but after a while we weren't doing so badly.

"Mother was a very clubby person. She was what you call a 'joiner,' belonging to about every woman's club in town. One day she made arrangements for us to make our debut at a Mothers' Club meeting, and we did our stuff. We got a lot of bookings after that—you know, at teas, garden parties, church meetings and other affairs. Our first big piece was 'When You Wore a Tulip, A Big Yellow Tulip—'"

Finally, Leibert, whom his father had tried to convert into a violinist and then a pianist, joined with his first love—the trap drums. Freddy Higman and Bern Davies, to whom Carmen had given sax lessons, augmented the thriving Lombardo band in 1919. Then the best ukulele player of London, Ontario, Francis Henry, was transformed into an ex-

pert guitarist. When Leibert started tooting his own horn, George Gowans was drafted to beat the drum rhythms. And, for the records, the other two veteran members are Jim Dillon, who can slide a mean trombone, and Larry Owens, second saxophone player of Cleveland—the only fellow in the band who doesn't hail from London. All the others grew up within a mile of each other. I almost forgot. There's a new addition to the ranks—the first since Victor was taken in. He's Jack Miles who, like Victor, once had his own musicians.

I'm glad I didn't fail to include Jack Miles. There's an amusing little story of how he became one of the Royal Canadians. When Guy first went on the air over Columbia this past July, he decided to add another trombonist. He was dickering for one in Jack Miles' band. The latter heard about it and went to Guy. "Say, if you're looking for a good trombonist—what's the matter with me? I'd like the job." Guy couldn't find anything the matter with his playing—it was expert. So Miles gave up his organization for the place with Guy. It means that much for a chance to play with the Lombardo family.

But it didn't always carry so much prestige.

That was before their rise to prominence. At first, it was difficult to get bookers interested in their style of music. The theater and club didn't believe the public would find favor with their smooth, dreamy melodies that were a startling contrast to the blatant, "hot" rhythms of the era. One vaudeville man, recognizing the box-office ability of nine handsome musicians, suggested to Lombardo that he adapt his music to the current mode instead of trying to win people over to his manner of playing. But Guy preferred to stick to his guns and muffled saxophones.

THE fate of our band was decided in Cleveland one night," Guy reminisced. "Things were tough with us and the boys were getting homesick. Remember, it was the first time any of us strayed from our own neighborhood. Finally, it was decided that we hold a meeting to see if we should go back home to Canada and find other things to do, or else try to stick it out in the States. The vote was deadlocked, when the last fellow arrived late. He had just met a swell girl—love at first sight, you know—so he voted to stay. Stay we did—and I guess we have that girl to thank."

After a while, Cleveland took to the Lombardo music. This was just about ten years ago and it was then that the band first started broadcasting locally. A Chicago night club owner dropped into their place one evening and found their music much to his liking. He brought them to his cafe in Chicago, hoping to rejuvenate trade there. But nobody had heard of Guy Lombardo, so nobody came in.

"I felt rather responsible that there were no customers," Guy went on. "I told the boss that we wouldn't hold him to the contract. But he seemed satisfied. He just sat there almost every night, practically alone, and listened to us play. Of course, that couldn't keep up, so finally I convinced him that our only chance to click was in having a radio wire in the spot. He agreed to give it a try."

About Radio Stars

Readers have been asking about Harriette Widmer, who played briefly with Amos 'n' Andy as Julia Porterfield. . . . She is the wife of a Chicago steel salesman and discovered her ability as a negro dialectician when she read Uncle Remus stories to her two children, Jack and Don. . . . Has been on the air, recently in "The Widow and Angel" and as Tina in "Masquerade". . . . Don Bestor once managed a theater at Kankakee, Wisconsin. . . . Mrs. Gertrude Berg, author of "The House of Glass," always writes her radio scripts in long hand. . . . Abe Lyman once was a taxicab driver in Chicago. . . . Everett Marshall is one-sixteenth Indian. . . . His grandfather was a circuit rider. . . . Everett's early jobs: grocery boy, pin setter in a bowling alley, singer with Billy Sunday. . . . Lewis James, Elliot Shaw and Wilfred Glen were original members of the Revelers and have been together for fifteen years. . . . Robert Simmons is now first tenor, successor to Charles Hart, Frank Parker and James Melton. . . . The Pawnee Indians of Tulsa, Oklahoma, recently conferred the title of Chief Bugle on Dr. Edwin Franko Goldman, the bandmaster. . . . The Mills Brothers have been making another European tour, the second in a year. . . . Glen Gray is now a Kentucky Colonel.

I knew the rest of the story. The station manager, listening at home to the Lombardo band's first broadcast, telephoned to keep the program going for another hour. Nightly allotments were made for their broadcasts. Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians became a Windy City sensation. Their night club prospered to the tune of thousands of dollars—thanks to their tunes. Their phonograph records sold like hot-cakes which also are round.

Seven years ago, as I mentioned before, they made their debut on the Columbia network. Then, having conquered Chicago, they packed their instruments and came to Manhattan. And the group of musicians that had its inauspicious start at a Mothers' Club meeting in a small Canadian town, has been doing famously ever since.

But success has only stressed Guy's loyalty to friends—which is another reason why he's a great Guy.

Recently, he heard that the man who gave them their chance in Chicago hadn't prospered lately. In fact, he was broke. The depression had left his business low and dry. Guy took a two weeks' vacation with his band and played at the old stand—without any charge whatsoever. He could have made \$14,000 filling a regular engagement for the same period.

THIS dark-haired bandleader, with the wide brown eyes, and cordial smile, is a sentimental fellow, indeed. The Lombardo family ties are strong ones. Some time ago, a telephone call came to them in Cleveland from their home. They had a new baby sister. The boys were asked advice on a name for the little newcomer. But excited as they were at the news, they couldn't make up their minds

on the long-distance telephone. Guy then said for the folks at home to listen to the first number on their broadcast that night, and that would name the baby. They opened their program with the then-popular "Rose-Marie." Rose-Marie is just nine now, and the pet of the Lombardo tribe.

I remember one time—it was a couple of years ago—that I was interviewing the four brothers and the others in the band on a "Meet the Artist" program. Rose-Marie was in the studio, and Guy thought it'd be fun to bring her to the microphone.

"**W**HOS your favorite bandleader, dear?" he jokingly asked her, anticipating a vote for the family.

"Ben Bernie," she replied without a moment's hesitation.

"Ben Bernie?" Guy asked in surprise.

"Yes, Guy," she calmly told her brother. "I think he's much funnier than you."

Guy still thinks it's the cutest thing any sister ever told a brother.

The No. 1 man of the Lombardos—and I can say this with the full approval of the others, as you won't find an inkling of jealousy among them—is a boating fan and a rabid short-wave enthusiast.

Even before short-wave receiving sets came into their own, Guy would stay up almost to daylight fussing with the dials. The first time he got the set he spent hours trying to tune in a distant station. Finally, he was rewarded with the call letters of a Berlin station. Anxiously, he waited to learn what sort of radio programs the Germans staged. Music came through the loudspeaker. It was his own recording of "Good-Night Sweetheart."

Now, as the Walrus said, is the time to talk of ships and things, for Guy is a super-enthusiast when it comes to boating. He'd rather discuss the aquatic vehicles than music or anything else, for that matter. It pleases him when a friend hails him as "Admiral Lombardo" because he really likes to regard himself as an expert mariner and fisherman.

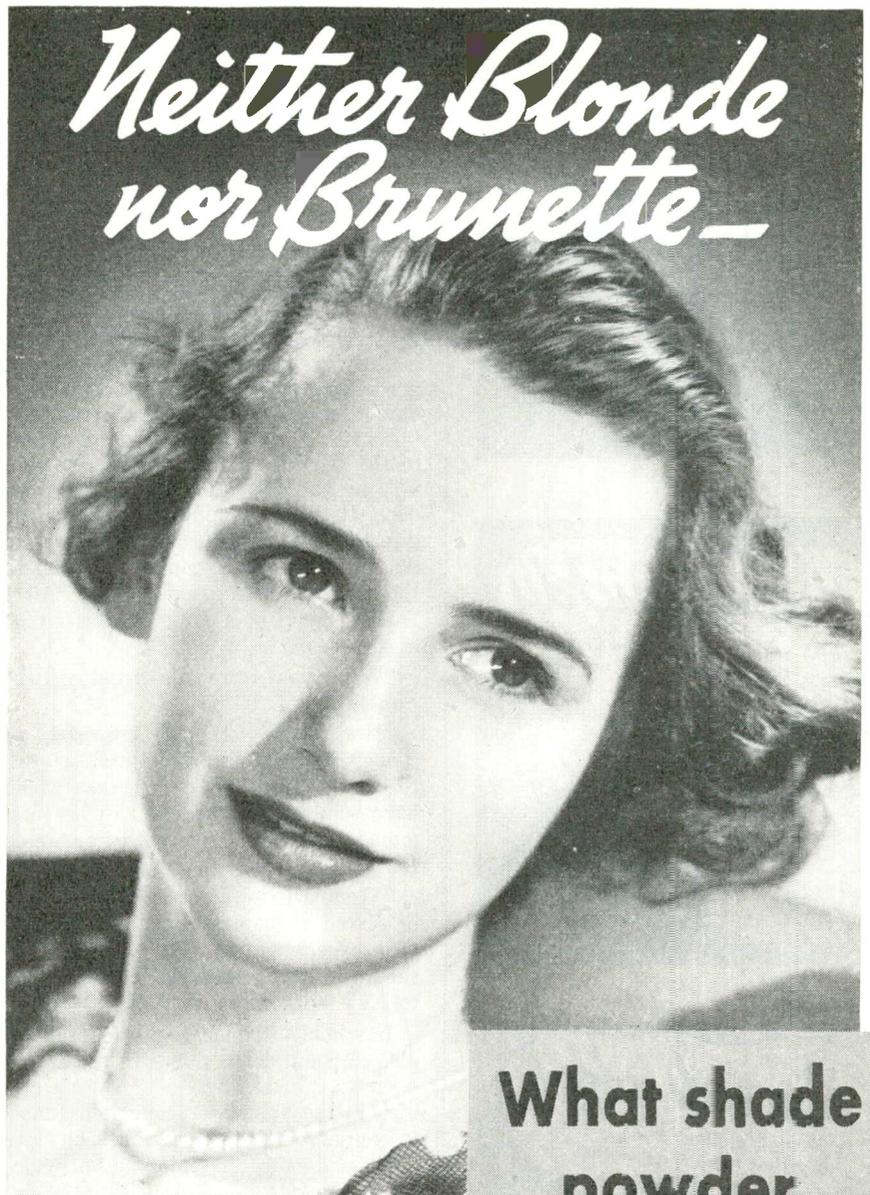
Six years ago, he started out in a small way with an outboard motor boat. Then, he acquired a small speedboat, and later turned it in for a 30-foot high-powered launch. At present, he owns a little speedster and his 65-foot cruiser, "Tempo," which is one of the trimmest and fastest vessels of its size.

"I'm going in for regular speedboat racing this season," he confided. "I'm getting a special job from Detroit, just built for racing, that'll do about fifty or fifty-five miles an hour. I'm entering it in a lot of these events around New York, and I'll try to bring home a few loving cups to decorate my bar."

However, the other Lombardo brothers think there are safer and saner ways of obtaining home decorations than by skimming over the water at breakneck speed. It's the only item of dissension among them. They've tried to talk him out of it. But he's determined to win new laurels at the wheel of the bouncing, breath-taking hull.

He's a great Guy.

THE MAN AT THE CONTROLS
tells you all the gossip of radio in
RADIO FROM THE INSIDE
TOWER RADIO Each Month



**What shade
powder
shall I use?**

(above) Miss Faith Corrigan, brown-eyed but fair-skinned, uses Pond's Rose Cream Powder. (below) Mrs. M. Bon de Sousa, medium blonde hair but creamy skin, uses Brunette.

Consult your Skin, not your Hair, Optical Machine Answers

BBROWN EYES—brown hair—and a skin as white and transparent as a baby's. Medium blonde hair—dark brown eyes—and a skin with that creamy undertone that belies the glints of gold in the hair.

Two of the many contradictory types you see all over this America of ours.

Most girls would class the first as a brunette, and the second as a blonde. But a *brunette* powder would dim the sparkle in the first girl's skin. And a *blonde* powder would make the second girl's look chalky and sick.

THE FIRST THING to do in choosing a powder is to *study your own skin*. Is it fair? Or dark? Is it dull? Sallow? Does it need brightening up? Or toning down?

Whatever it is, there is a Pond's powder shade that will bring to it just what your skin lacks.

With an optical machine, Pond's analyzed the coloring of over 200 girls—every type. They found the secret of the sparkle in dazzlingly blonde skin is the hint of *bright blue* in it. The creamy allure in brunette skin is due to a touch of *brilliant green* hidden in it.

They found what each girl's skin needed



Over 200 girls' skin color-analyzed—to find the hidden beauty tints in skin, now blended invisibly in Pond's new powder shades.

to give it life! And they blended these colors *invisibly* in their new powder shades.

Send for these shades *free* and try them before your own mirror:—

Natural—makes blonde skin transparent.

Rose Cream—gives radiance to fair skin.

Brunette—clears creamy skins.

Rose Brunette—warms dull skin—adds sparkle—tones down ruddiness.

Sun-Tan (Dark Brunette)—gives a lovely, sunny glow.

Send in the coupon and we will send you enough of each shade for a thorough five-day test. Notice how smoothly this powder goes on—never cakes or shows up. How natural it looks on. And it stays that way *for hours!* Fresh—*flattering!*

MAIL COUPON TODAY (This offer expires November 1, 1935)

POND'S, Dept. J92, Clinton, Conn. Please send me free 5 different shades of Pond's new Powder, enough of each for a thorough 5-day test.

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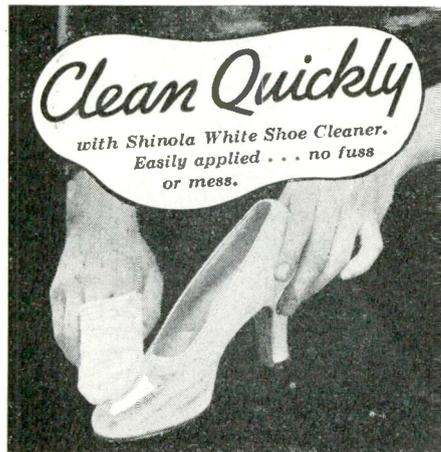
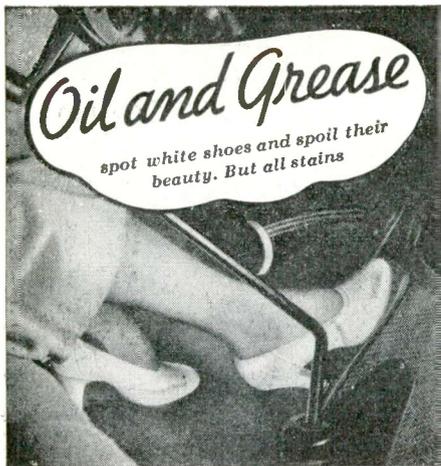
CITY _____ STATE _____

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*5 different
shades
FREE!*

Out of the West

(Continued from page 21)



★ **Shinola White Cleaner** dries quickly. After drying, the shoe should be rubbed or brushed. Shinola cleans and whitens; removes all stains and will not discolor shoes.

is a recognized necessity. Since then Miss Verrill has dubbed for many famous stars. When you hear Jean Harlow sing in "Reckless," you are really listening to Virginia Verrill.

LAST year came her real movie experience. Director Van Dyke of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer heard Miss Verrill singing on "California Melodies" and sent her a wire to report to the studio next day. She was all set for a screen test, but instead, she was put in the hands of the famous Adrian. In twenty minutes he had fitted a beautiful gown on her. It took ten minutes more for the director to explain just what she was to do and how, and Virginia was lifted to the top of a toy piano to sing "All I Do Is Dream of You." That was part of an episode in "Hideout."

"Were you scared in front of the camera?"

Miss Verrill seemed surprised, as though it were quite unnatural for one to believe that a girl of eighteen would have some sort of reaction to her first movie experience. Her mother answered for her.

"Virginia is never excited, or thrilled, or scared about anything. I'm the one who experiences all the emotions she should be going through. Even coming to New York didn't thrill her."

In school Virginia was president of the glee club and prima donna of the annual operetta. Incidentally, she was a freshman in the John Marshall High School in Hollywood when Kate Smith's "Three Ambassadors" were seniors, all of which has nothing to do with Virginia. Long before her graduation she was singing for various commercial stations, and was for a time soloist for Orville Knapp's band. And in spite of all her activities, she passed her exams with flying colors and completed her high school course with all college entrance requirements.

If Mrs. Verrill had pressed the matter, Virginia would have been willing to go on to college. But by that time Mrs. Verrill had changed her mind about a great many things. She herself expressed her very practical point of view on the subject.

"Virginia wants to sing, and today there is a place for her in radio because her voice is in vogue. Her voice is not trained. I believe training would detract from its individuality. It is a good natural voice particularly suited to "blues" singing. But that type of singing may not always be popular, and for that reason we should take advantage of the opportunities to use it in a remunerative way now."

MISS VERRILL was on the General Petroleum hour in California as well as the "California Melodies" program when the director of the former decided to send thirty records of the program to all the Standard Oil subsidiaries, hoping to make a nation wide hook-up of the hour. Eighteen dealers sent in their approval of Miss Verrill 100%, but wrote that the continuity did not exactly suit them. At the same time a New York call from Standard Oil Company's advertising agency informed the Verrills that Virginia would be sent for when a program had been arranged. Mrs. Verrill decided not to wait, and she and Virginia went on to New York to settle matters. Then the program got under way.

But Virginia had not been idle in the meantime. She had been singing nightly during the supper hour at the Biltmore. The manager first considered her when he was told that she was a girl who neither smoked nor drank and liked to go to bed early. Then he heard her voice, and was convinced he wanted her, even if it should turn out that she took a cigarette or a cocktail now and then.

The Verrills demurred. It wasn't what Virginia wanted to do. They were waiting for something better. Meanwhile, his offer, originally generous, continued to go up until the Verrills could resist no longer. They signed a graduating contract, giving her an increase every other week, with every privilege as to other engagements. If radio programs should come at the same time, she is at liberty to arrange her hours at the Biltmore to suit the rest of her program.

Since Miss Verrill has been here, she has also made a short for Paramount with Isham Jones, and that is no small credit to her since she is his first soloist in nine years.

ON April 26th of this year she was one of twenty-two acts that were sent to Washington for the yearly dinner and entertainment given for 300 newspaper men and President Roosevelt as honorary president. Among the acts were Mary Eastman, Virginia Rea, Gertrude Niesen, Benay Venuta, Stoopnagle and Budd, James Melton, and Everett Marshall. After her two numbers, the audience clamored for an encore, but Virginia explained quite frankly that she had prepared only two songs because she had not dreamed they would like her so much. At the end of the evening, the entertainers lined up and the president passed before them to thank each one individually. When he got to Miss Verrill, he stopped a few seconds longer and said: "But you're just grand."

MISS VERRILL admits that she owes a great deal of her success on the radio to Dave Broekman, Columbia maestro at KHG, Hollywood.

"It was he who said: 'Never let the orchestra carry your tune. Let the strings give you the chords. Don't try anything fancy with your melody. Sing it straight,'" Miss Verrill explains. "And that's what I've always done. You asked me before if I was scared. I am scared of one thing. When I sing, I always have the fear that the music stand will fall, and that's the reason I always hold on to it."

"I always choose my own numbers. The ones I like best are songs with attractive melodies. Sometimes there's just one line that isn't quite what I like it to be, so I write in my own."

"Then I always whisper part of the song. For encores I sing the chorus in Spanish, French, or Italian."

"Oh, I didn't know you could speak so many languages," this interviewer asked quite innocently.

"I can't," Miss Verrill replied. "I understand them enough to get the sense of what I'm singing. Then if it's an Italian song I am learning, I ask some Italian, anyone who looks intelligent, to listen to my pronunciation. I work on it until I get it right, and usually the effect is so good that after my song, people come up to me and speak to me in the language I've just sung. And I don't know a word they're saying."

The Verrills, on the mother's side, are Californians way back. Virginia's grandfather was one of the original landowners in Hollywood. His house was located in the picturesque canyon which is now the Hollywood Bowl. It is there where Virginia's mother was brought up. She used to stand at one end of the canyon and whisper and wonder why her friends far off at the other end could hear her so distinctly. Virginia was born in Santa Monica Canyon. Her father, an Eastern man, a Yale graduate, is an owner of a large Hollywood rubber concern.

Virginia is a collector of birds and goofus animals. In her home in Hollywood she has nine aviaries. She misses her two parrots dreadfully, and simply can't wait until she sees 11 new pheasants which have become part of her aviary since her arrival here. Her goofus animals, hundreds of them, of every description, can be found in her modernistic blue bedroom filling rows and rows of shelves.

Miss Verrill is often compared to Myrna Loy in appearance. She has green eyes and dark brown hair, and so unaware is she of the strangeness of that color combination, that she does nothing to emphasize it either by make-up or clothes. In fact, she has no favorite colors or styles. She leaves it all to her mother who buys her simple youthful clothes that become her.

She is still an unspoiled country girl who turned down a date to see Harlem in order to get her eight hours of sleep. She likes to swim and drive a car.

Stay that way, Virginia.

TOO MANY GOOD THINGS TO MISS

Scores of stories and features . . . lively, newsy, fascinating . . . are planned for the coming issues of TOWER RADIO. A year's subscription will bring them all to you: \$1.00 per year in the United States; \$1.60 in Canada (including duty); \$2.00 Foreign (including postage). The coupon below is for your convenience.

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ADDRESS

CITY STATE

How I Bring Hollywood to the Mike

(Continued from page 10)

the two characters. Jean Valjean and the old man, Champmathieu, was brilliant and made all listeners eager to see the picture.

Which reminds me—when reading the role of Champmathieu, Freddie put two marbles in his mouth to achieve the curious enunciation of the chattering, foolish old man. He carried them in his pocket and his greatest worry on the afternoon of the broadcast was that he might lose his marbles.

If you are familiar with the "Hollywood Hotel" program you know that we always preview scenes from our guest star's latest picture, usually a picture which is shortly to be released. In doing this I feel that I compensate my friends to some degree for the time and talent they give me. It is interesting that practically every picture we have put on the air has later become a box office hit. We have broadcast advance glimpses of some of the most successful pictures of the year. And I like to feel that these previews have played a part in their success, as they have in ours.

I DOUBT if even our long-standing friendship would have persuaded the shy Ronnie Colman to face the microphone if he had not been so interested in "Clive of India." It was only after we discussed with him the manner in which we proposed broadcasting the picture, that he consented to appear. Once he had acquiesced he became the most earnest and enthusiastic of us all.

Also with us on the program was lovely Loretta Young, Ronnie's leading lady in "Clive of India." It was Loretta's first appearance on the air and she amazed us all. She turned out to be that rare phenomenon, a radio "natural" with an instinctively perfect microphone technique. Our sound man who is accustomed to expect mike-shyness and awkwardness from beginners raved about Loretta for weeks.

Originally we put on "Hollywood Hotel" at the broadcasting station behind closed doors. I felt that the stars, especially those unaccustomed to radio, would dislike having a large audience. When our sponsors, the makers of Campbell's Soup, insisted that we take a theater, I consented reluctantly. But the theater has been an enormous success. We play every week to an audience of 1,200. And there is a waiting list of hundreds trying to get in to see their favorites actually play a scene.

Curiously enough most of my guests like the theater idea and feel more at ease when they can see at least a part of their millions of listeners-in. It helps them actually to see and hear a friendly response instead of having to imagine it.

Many of them, of course, have had stage experience, and to those an audience contact is not only helpful but almost necessary.

Maurice Chevalier, naturally, was thoroughly, delightfully at home on our stage. An experienced entertainer, he took the visible audience right into his confidence and won their hearts instantly—yet never for an instant did he forget the mike and his vast invisible audience.

Speaking of Maurice I have to tell a story on myself. It was part of the by-play on our program that I was to attempt to talk French to Maurice. It was pretty certain to get a laugh since

my vocabulary is limited to "petit dejeuner" (pronunciation a la Parsons being petty dayjunney). But Maurice, not knowing this and fearing I might spoil the gag warned me, "Now be sure to speak very bad French." When I gave him a sample he threw up his hands in amused horror and said, "You do."

I HAVE discovered to my delighted surprise that the bigger a star is, the harder he is willing to work. Though my guests receive no financial compensation, professional pride and artistic integrity make them all unwilling to give an indifferent performance. They will spend night after night rehearsing to become letter perfect and to let our expert voice man test them. All are anxious to make the best showing possible in this medium which is new to so many of them.

I know of no one who works harder for a broadcast than Norma Shearer. She has not been with me on the "Hollywood Hotel" program, but she has been with me twice before: once when I was on the "Sunkist" hour and once on the "Charis" program at which time the script was carefully prepared with husband Irving Thalberg sitting in as chief adviser.

Irving was tremendously interested in Norma's microphone experiences and enthusiastic about the results. Norma has a fine style before the mike. She claims she is scared to death, but there is no trace of it once she begins to deliver her lines.

Most of the stars admit to terrific mike-freight at first, but they all come through like troopers. Claudette Colbert told me she was never so terrified in her life, but that I was so much worse off that she forgot her own nervousness in worrying about me. Incidentally Claudette has been on the air with me twice and both times has won the admiration of all those who worked with her by her tact, her sweetness and her workmanship.

Constance Bennett is very nervous always. I am usually so busy trying to assure Connie that everything will be all right that I forget to worry about my own lines. As a result I am less self-conscious on such occasions than usual and put my best foot—or rather voice—forward.

Carole Lombard, unlike Claudette and Connie, is an old hand at the mike and loves it. She and George Raft and Lynn Overman clowned so much when they were rehearsing that I was worried. They had a grand time teasing me, but when they went before the mike I discovered I could have spared myself gray hairs. Three more earnest and workmanlike people you've seldom seen.

BILL POWELL, the rascal, kept me in a state of acute jitters all through his actual broadcast. All during those tense moments on the air he kept whispering to me anything that came into his head. "Say, Luella, your makeup's on crooked." "Did you by any chance have a drink?—I thought I smelled it on your breath." I was terrified for fear the mike would pick up his kidding comments and could have killed Bill on that occasion.

Perhaps the most sensational of our "Hollywood Hotel" broadcasts was the one in which Mae West made her radio

(Please turn to page 52)



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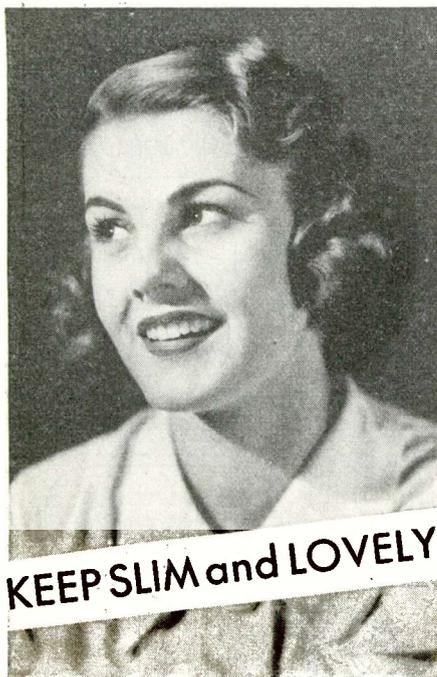


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How I Bring Hollywood to the Mike

(Continued from page 51)

debut. From the moment Mae and Paul Cavanaugh stepped before the mike there were shouts of delighted laughter from our audience. Mae did her stuff, shook her hips and drawled in her famous manner.

During a hot love scene with Cavanaugh, the unaccustomed microphone technique struck her so funny that she not only convulsed the audience but almost broke herself up. The script called for a long passionate kiss but instead of actually kissing, as on the screen, Paul and Mae of course merely marked time on opposite sides of the mike. The audience began to howl at the incongruity of the situation and when Mae, to top it off, turned and winked broadly at them, they almost brought down the roof.

Maria Jeritza, the famous diva, also made a great hit not only with her audience, but with the orchestra. Conductor Raymond Paige feared that she would be very temperamental and that she might criticize his technique. Instead she sat on the floor all through rehearsal, went through each song only once and after each one said to the orchestra, "You are all right. If you think I am all right we won't rehearse any more." The men got to their feet and cheered her. During the actual broadcast she threw a kiss to Ray, making him her devoted slave and utterly captivating the audience.

Those two funny men, Bert Wheeler and Bob Woolsey, had the rest of the cast in such stitches that producer William Bacher had to beg them not to laugh too loudly and drown out the boys' jokes.

Incidentally, Mr. Bacher has accomplished marvelous things with "Hollywood Hotel." He is an indefatigable

worker and while sometimes the stars resent his dictatorial methods they end by liking and respecting him because he produces results. Miriam Hopkins, who had to have all her rehearsals at the studio where she was making "Becky Sharp," is an example of this. She was furious at Mr. Bacher's attitude, but when the broadcast turned out so brilliantly she was the first to shake hands with him and compliment him. Incidentally, Miriam gave a performance that has seldom been equalled on any program.

PERHAPS the greatest trouper I have had with me on the air is May Robson. If you tell May to be at a 12:30 rehearsal she's there at 9:30, rarin' to go. Dick Powell, usually at his ease in any situation, says May floors him completely—she always steals the show. More than once she has terrified me by suddenly ad-libbing, but she has never failed to give me my cue word for word at the end of the speech.

By the way the only time I ever sang over the mike was when I led a chorus of "Happy Birthday" at May's "Hollywood Hotel" birthday broadcast. Bill Bacher who had been constantly saying, "Why don't you sing sometime, Louella?" was finally forced to admit it would be all for the best if I never went musical again.

We've had a million laughs and although my heart is still with my newspaper work and my column comes first, I've become an enthusiastic and ardent member of the radio fraternity.

But don't think I haven't had my bad moments. Aside from having to overcome mike-fright, there have been some other scares that have stood my hair on end.

I was on needles and pins for a week before the Grace Moore broadcast. Grace had not been feeling well and it was not until twenty-four hours before the actual broadcast that she decided she was physically able to appear on the program. By that time I was a nervous wreck, but Grace appeared to be in even worse shape. During the last-minute rehearsal just before the performance she was so nervous she couldn't bear to have anyone on the stage or anywhere near her. Then the curtain went up. She sang "One Fine Day" from Madame Butterfly and the aria from the fourth act of "Romeo and Juliet" with Michael Bartlett, who steadied her with his arm. She was magnificent. Immediately after the broadcast her manager called from New York and said she had never sung as well. Whereupon Grace and I both collapsed.

The week that Irene Dunne and Fred Astaire were to appear for me both were taken ill with heavy colds. It was doubtful whether they'd be able to go on at all and extremely improbable that either could sing. Yet they both, bless them, got out of sick beds to come to the theater and they both sang.

And while I'm handing out the credits I mustn't forget that darling, Herbert Marshall, who drove 135 miles from the desert and back the same day just to be on my program.

I wish time would permit me to mention everyone. There are so many others who have been splendid—Dolores Del Rio, Kay Francis, Gary Cooper, Bette Davis, Gloria Swanson, Ruth Chatterton, Edmund Lowe, Victor McLaglen and still others. At least I can tell them here in print, as I have told them in person, that I thank them—from the bottom of my heart.

Diction Medal

(Continued from page 29)

broadcast. One more river to cross. If he could hold on. . . .

As Lord Byron left the restaurant the evening of that thirteenth, Friday, the wind howled and a fierce storm swirled about the city streets. He plunged into it and headed for the studio. A newsboy huddling in the corner in the driving rain and sleet shouted—"Big Gale on th' Atlantic Coast . . . Ships in danger!" But Byron didn't hear him. His thoughts were on the job ahead. If he could get by tonight, he'd have the new contract and he'd show them he couldn't be rattled. "Some—Day—You will—Say . . ." No, he'd never say it . . . never . . . nev . . .

A boy stopped him at the entrance to the broadcasting building. A small boy—with an adoring gaze. He'd seen it many a time before.

"Are you John Byron?"

"Yes."

"The announcer what won the Diction Medal?"

"Yes—yes."

"Will you give me your autograph?"

"Why—sure." He knew the symptoms.

The boy stuck out a piece of paper and Travis mechanically reached for a pencil. As he did so, the boy suddenly turned and darted away, leaving Byron holding the paper. In surprise, he looked at it and suddenly a string of letters jumped at him—"SOME DAY YOU WILL SAY PUTRID!"

And at the sight of that, the great Lord Byron cracked! With an oath he threw the slip onto the muddy sidewalk and rushed for the elevators. Up—up! He saw no one in the elevators. He couldn't see Anne's suddenly worried face as he dashed past her. He saw no one in the studio, even though it was jammed with people. He didn't see the singers, or the orchestra. He didn't hear the program. During the entire half hour he knew nothing that went on, except that he realized he must say "Putrid" at the close of the program. "Putrid . . . Putrid . . . P-U-R-I-D . . . Putrid . . . Putrid . . ."

SUDDENLY, as if in a dream, he heard the familiar ending of the signature. The twenty-two piece orchestra built the theme to a stirring finale, the blonde contralto blended her voice with the tenor of the Putrid Dream Man in one triumphant note—and then an awful hush fell over the entire studio. He could feel thousands of eyes fixed on him. Slowly he turned to the microphone. The blood pounded in his temples, he seemed to struggle for breath.

Somehow he staggered through the closing announcement—"Program—Products—Guarantee"—and then—the final, closing sentence rushed up on him. He looked at the clock. Five seconds to go! He drew a deep breath, fastened burning eyes upon the script he held in his shaking hand and said—"This—

this—is—a—PUTRID PROGRAM!"

Good God! He'd said it! He'd SAID IT! They were right. . . . He had said it! A sea of white faces swam before him . . . hundreds of faces which seemed to laugh at him triumphantly, but noiselessly. It was over. He'd said it and the world had heard him—and he'd lost his job and the fifty dollars a week, and—he was through in radio—through—washed up!

Then he looked through the glass of the control room and saw the engineer was not in his usual place. There were people in there talking. They'd heard him—it was all over. He saw the engineer approaching from the control room and then the main door opened and the men from the Putrid Products Company appeared.

The great Lord Byron leaned against the studio wall, suddenly deflated. It was all over. It was the end. And then, through a haze, he saw Anne coming toward him. She was—she was smiling—yes—she was actually laughing!

His dry lips opened and he finally spoke.

"Well . . . I said it!"

"Said what?"

"I said . . . I said . . . I . . ."

"Well, whatever you said, it doesn't matter."

"Doesn't . . . matter?"

"No . . . there's an S. O. S. out and we haven't been on the air for the last four minutes!"

The Boy the World Forgot

(Continued from page 25)

heard of a blind audition and I took it.

"After finishing I was sent for and asked to read some cooking recipes. So now I am a radio player in 'The Way to a Woman's Heart,' under the *nom de plume* of Sidney Snow. How you found me out I do not know—but I am glad. Perhaps I may make good and get a real chance before the mike. It's a small beginning but—" he shrugged his shoulders "one must eat and keep a roof over his head."

The film and stage star who had owned his town house and Summer homes, his foreign model cars and his yacht seemed happy at the outlook. And it struck me that a good loser could not help but come back again.

"You know," he continued, "it is always the unexpected. When I first came to New York City from Highland Hills some years ago I knew what it was to be hungry and homeless. So the last year or so did not faze me. That is, any more than it did then. I got my start in just such an unexpected way as the 'blind audition' before things became unbearably irksome.

I WAS sitting in Madison Square Garden with an awfully dull and empty feeling in my belly when my attention was arrested by an article called 'The Man in White' by Zoe Beckley. He was a familiar figure to all New Yorkers. Regardless of season he was always seen in a soft white shirt open at the collar and white trousers. Miss Beckley, the widely known feature writer, had discovered that he was a baritone on his tag ends in New York but well known as a singer in Sweden. The article was a boost for the downtrodden talent of the man.

"With the audacity of youth I thought 'Why cannot she do the same for me?' I slept all the better that night even despite the hardness of the bench and the next morning hiked clear down to the newspaper offices in Park Row. The office boy was not interested in getting me to Miss Beckley. Just when I was desperate enough to take a sock at him or something, a man stuck his face thru the inner doorway. He saw me and asked what I wanted. I told him I thought Miss Beckley might like to write an article about me so I was here to see her. He smiled and taking me by the arm led me to Miss Beckley's cubby hole of an office.

"She listened to my whole story—my ambition to act—and I did one or two of my best selections for her—she seemed interested and told me she would do a story for me and finally gave me fifty cents to go across the street to a photographer. I was to have one print for myself and give the other to her. I bought one print and gave it to her. I spent the other quarter for eats. She also gave me a note to the Washington Square Players. Through that fine woman, who has helped more wayfarers than any other person I know, I made my stage debut in 'The Clod' followed by many other productions until the real break came in 'Clarence.'"

"Tell me," I asked, "during these last two lean years what was the most discouraging thing that happened to you?"

"The attitude of close friends and

relatives. They have seemed to think that my failure to get work must somehow be my fault. For months past all that I have heard from them was to that effect. They have said 'So and so was cast for such and such a role, why didn't you get it?' The onus was always on me. They inferred I was not trying hard enough. It is curious how when one is down, those closest to him would prod him further into the dumps. Yes, these friends and relatives have certainly done as much to discourage me as anything else. To be accused of not trying is almost too much." The only trace of bitterness I had yet seen entered his face.

I have heard that Glenn, while in the money, had settled his financial matters so that those dependent on him need not worry and I have been told that not once during this past lean period has he touched these resources. He has looked out for others but not himself.

Since he must once again starve for a career he has done so. Rather a curious windup for the star who has traveled all over the world in luxury and been the honored guest of the world's great.

THERE is no reason for it all. The table Glenn Hunter is a fine romantic and character actor. It is simply the old story of the unthinking refusing to give a new chance to one whom they once greatly honored. Glenn will not fail them now—he did not before. Let me give you an idea of this angle of condemnation.

When Glenn was cast for "Clarence" it was his first real break. All was set. But Booth Tarkington, the author, was against him. "He is too old," he decided, so Glenn was released. Heart-broken he went back to his little two by four room and actually wept for hours. But a light was in the offing. The company could find none better than Glenn, so he was recalled.

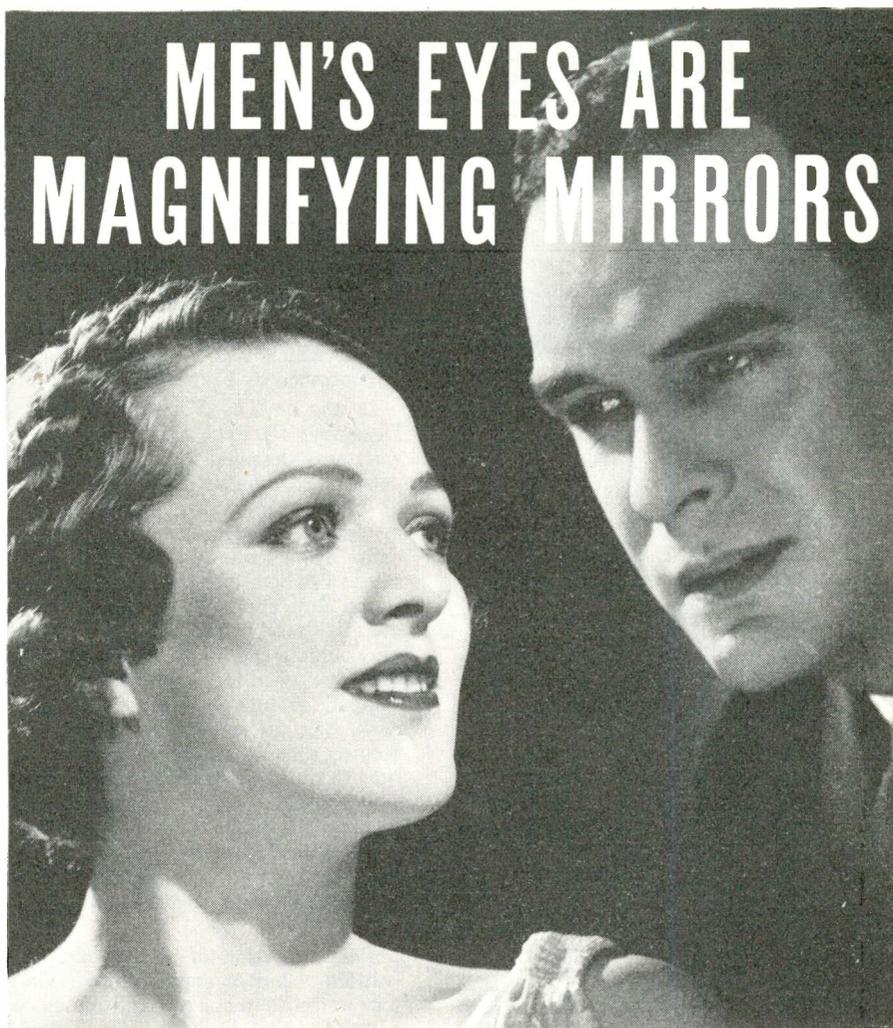
After the opening Glenn was made. Both public and press went wild. Tarkington rushed into his dressing room, grasped both his hands and said: "I can only say to you I will never try again to pick another member of my cast." From that day to this Tarkington has remained one of his best friends.

And so today the high and mighty of the stage and of the talkies are as wrong as Tarkington once was in their measure of Glenn Hunter. They have placed, even as did the author, a limit on his artistic ability. Possibly the doubting Thomases will give him a chance after he has achieved over the radio the distinction and recognition he once enjoyed in the other mediums.

Personally, we can see him as a three way star. He has spent his life on the stage and before the camera. The mike is only just another instrument to bring him a wider audience and a greater fulfillment than ever before.

"When you hear me over the radio don't think of me as Glenn Hunter," he eyed me with a twisted smile, "but just Sidney Snow trying to sell recipes to housewives. I try to make them appetizing. God willing, it is the road to a new and better opportunity."

Read BEHIND THE DIAL
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By *Lady Esther*

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Every man's glance is a *searching* glance. It brings out faults in your skin that you never think would be noticed. Even those faint lines and those tiny bumps that you think might escape attention are taken in by a man's eyes and, many times, magnified.

How does *your* skin meet the test? If it is at all dry or scaly, if there is a single conspicuous pore in your nose or even a suggestion of a blackhead anywhere on your face, you may be sure that you are gaining more criticism than admiration.

Many common complexion blemishes are due to nothing less than improper methods of skin care. You want to be sure to *really* clean your skin. You don't want to be satisfied merely to remove the surface dirt. You want a method that will reach the imbedded dirt. At the same time, one that will *lubricate* your skin and counteract the drying effects of exposure to the weather.

The Care the Skin Needs

The care your skin needs is supplied in simple form in Lady Esther Face Cream. This cream does more than merely "grease" the skin. It actually cleanses. It reaches the hidden, stubborn dirt because it is a penetrating cream. There is nothing stiff or heavy about Lady Esther Face Cream. It melts the instant it touches the skin and gently and soothingly penetrates the pores.

"Going to work" on the accumulated waxy dirt, it breaks it up and makes it—all of it—easily removable. At the same time, as Lady Esther Face Cream gently cleanses the skin, it *also* lubricates it. It resupplies it with a fine oil that overcomes dryness and scaliness and keeps the skin soft, smooth and supple.

When you give the skin this common sense care it's remarkable how it responds. Blackheads and enlarged pores begin to disappear. Those faint lines vanish. The skin takes on tone—becomes

clear and radiant. It also lends itself to make-up 100% better.

Make This Test!

If you want to demonstrate the unusual cleansing powers of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream, just do this: Cleanse your skin as you are now doing it. Give it an extra good cleansing. Then, when you think it absolutely clean, apply Lady Esther Face Cream. Leave the cream on a few minutes, then wipe off with clean cloth. You'll be amazed at the dirt the cloth shows. This test has proved a source of astonishment to thousands of women.

At My Expense!

Let me prove to you, at *my* expense, the exceptional qualities of Lady Esther Face Cream. Let me send you a week's supply free of charge. Then, make the test I have just described—the clean cloth test. Prove the cream too, in *actual* daily use. In one week's time you'll see such a difference in your skin as to amaze you.

With the 7-day tube of cream, I will also send you all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. As you test the cream, test also the shades of face powder. Find out which is your most becoming, your most flattering. Learn, too, how excellently the cream and powder go together and what the two do for the beauty of your complexion.

To get *both* the 7-day tube of Lady Esther Face Cream and the five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder, all you have to do is mail me your name and address on a penny postcard or on the coupon below. If you knew what was in store for you, you would not delay a minute in clipping the coupon.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (16) **FREE**

Lady Esther, 2020 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois

Please send me without cost or obligation a 7-day supply of your Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream; also all five shades of your face powder.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

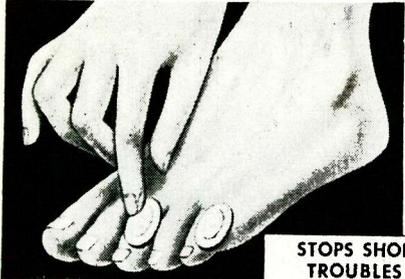
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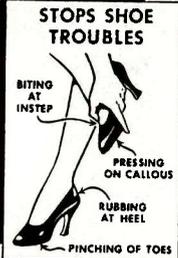
CORNS

CALLOUSES, BUNIONS, SORE TOES



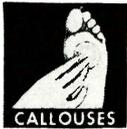
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Pain stops *one minute* after applying Dr. Scholl's Zino pads on corns, callouses, bunions or tender spots on your feet or toes! That's how quick their soothing, healing action takes place. Shoe pressure or friction on the sore or aching spot will end just as speedily. You'll be able to walk, work, golf or dance without annoyance. It is this double-acting feature of Dr. Scholl's that makes relief always so sure, so lasting.



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This dangerous practice can easily cause blood-poisoning. To quickly, safely loosen and remove corns or callouses, use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads with the separate easy-to-use medication included in every box. No other method does all these things for you. Always insist on Dr. Scholl's. Sold everywhere. Cost but a trifle. Made by the makers of Dr. Scholl's Arch Supports and Foot Comfort Remedies for all foot troubles.



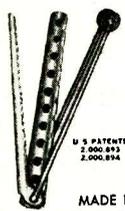
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D.D.D. Prescription

The Believe It Or Not Story of Believe-It-Or-Not Ripley

(Continued from page 19)

World, and Ripley's first job was on that paper. Later he worked for the Associated Newspapers, where Ding (J. N. Darling) gave him valuable assistance, and then he went to the old *New York Globe*, which was later bought up and discontinued by Frank Munsey.

It was on *The New York Globe*, on December 19, 1918, that there was born what was destined to become the most popular cartoon feature in the history of modern journalism—and, believe it or not, the whole thing was pure accident. Ripley was supposed to do a daily sports cartoon, and the end of one week found him completely run out of new material and a little panicky for fear he wouldn't get his cartoon finished before the deadline. In desperation he scraped around in the drawer of his desk, dug up some odd bits of sports records that he had stuck in there from time to time—such as the man who made a high-jump record backwards and the two runners who ran a three-legged race and did the 100 yards in 11 seconds with one left leg tied to one right leg—and lumped them all together in one cartoon.

This collection of sports oddities he entitled "Champs and Chumps!" On the way up to the managing editor's office to have the cartoon okayed, he thought of another idea. He stopped in the corridor long enough to scratch out the "Champs and Chumps" and write down a title that was later to make journalistic history the world over—"Believe It Or Not."

THAT cartoon and the title attracted so much attention that a week or so later Ripley threw in another one, and soon got in the habit of dropping in a "Believe It Or Not" among his sports cartoons from time to time. One day the managing editor of *The Globe*, Bruce Bliven, who is now editor of *The New Republic*, called Ripley in and suggested that he devote his entire time to "Believe It Or Not," and arranged to have it syndicated through the Associated Newspapers, of which *The Globe* was a member.

The Globe was bought by Munsey and extinguished in 1923, but Ripley's fame and popularity increased steadily. Today he is under the management of the King Features Syndicate and his cartoons appear in 325 American and foreign newspapers. His cartoons are translated into thirteen foreign languages and appear in thirty-eight different countries. The combined circulation of the newspapers carrying his "Believe It Or Not" cartoons is nearly 18,000,000, and it is officially estimated that he has a reading audience of more than 71,000,000.

How does he keep it going? That question naturally arises, and Ripley is ready with the answer. "It takes a staff of sixteen people, working full time, to keep the cartoon going," he says. "Remember that the daily mail alone averages more than 2,500 letters per day for every day in the year. All of those have to be acknowledged, answered and filed. They are a great burden at times, but also they are a gold mine of information.

"People write to me from the ends of the earth, and no matter how distant the country, when some odd or unusual phenomenon comes to light, usually the first impulse is 'Send it to Ripley.' Incidentally, I think I have received more

letters with freak addresses—such as a mere line of ship's signal flags, spelling out my name in semaphore—than any other living person. The thing got to be such a problem that the United States Postoffice Department finally issued an official order that no letters would be delivered to me unless they carried ordinary legible addresses that didn't have to be decoded to be read.

"Once the news of an oddity has reached me, the check-up begins immediately. If it is some phenomenon of nature, such as a hen laying an egg with the letters 'WAR' on it, I write to the chief official in that locality, usually the mayor of the town, for verification. If it is some odd fact of history that some scholar has dug up and sent in, our research staff goes to the best available authorities and checks up on it. We positively use nothing that isn't verified in advance, and that is why we can offer to send proof of any fact used. A great deal of my material I pick up at first hand. I have made at least one trip abroad every year for the past 22 years, and in that time I have visited 178 different countries. People in the most distant places recognize me, or recognize my voice from having heard it on the radio, and are eager to show me whatever local wonders there may be in the region."

STRANGE indeed are some of these travels of Ripley. He has visited the little village of Hell, Norway, and

a small island off the coast of England which some centuries ago was deeded to a family by the name of Heaven and is now called the Kingdom of Heaven. He has seen trees in Africa that bear a sponge-like fruit in long casings that look exactly like sausages. He has shown that most of the larger snakes have rudimentary legs, and the points where the legs join the pelvic girdle under the snake's skin are very definitely the snake's hips. He has pointed out that although Washington was the first president selected under the new Constitution, before that time—in 1781 to be exact—it was the state of Maryland that by being the thirteenth and final state to sign the Articles of Confederation thus completed the first effective union of the states, and John Hanson of Maryland was elected President of the United States in Congress Assembled.

When asked to select the six best Believe-It-Or-Nots that he ever collected, Ripley started off with the one that aroused more comment than any other single statement he ever made—namely, that Lindbergh was the 67th man to make a non-stop flight across the Atlantic. This was proved by counting Alcock and Brown, who flew from Newfoundland to Ireland in 1919, and the 31 men on the dirigible R-34 later the same year and the 33 men on the German Zeppelin ZR-3 in 1924. His second most popular stunner is the statement that if all the Chinese in the world were put in military formation, four abreast, they would march on forever, the end of the line never succeeding in passing any given point. The explanation here was the high birth rate of the Chinese, so that theoretically their ranks would be renewed faster than the rate of march past a given point. For his other four outstanding Believe-It-Or-Nots, Ripley was able to cite an authenticated instance of a modern Jonah, a French sailor who was swallowed by a whale in 1891 and twenty-four hours later was rescued alive by fishermen who captured and cut open the whale; a blind man in Kansas who also lost both arms and now reads with his tongue; a sailor who lost a scrubbrush off the coast of France when his troopship was torpedoed in 1918, only to have the very same brush, with his initials on it, float all the way across the ocean and land at his own feet on Manhattan Beach, Brooklyn, fourteen months later; and to point out that America's national anthem, "The Star Spangled Banner," is based on the tune of an old English tavern song.

Such are the things that Ripley collects, and millions of people the world over listen to his radio programs, read his books, see his movies and follow his daily cartoons for the latest bits he may turn up. As for his ambitions for the future, Ripley says, "I enjoy my work so much that I can't even think of ever giving it up. I'm building a home now, out on Long Island, and I hope to put in it a beautiful collection of things I have gathered from all over the world. As for marriage, I don't know. I have to do such a vast amount of traveling in my work that I wouldn't have a chance to be much of a homebody, and besides, I'm such a confirmed old bachelor by this time that I'm afraid no girl would have me."

BIRTHDAY GREETINGS



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- William M. Daly Sept. 1. —
- Dave Rubinoff Sept. 3. —
- Harold Sanford Sept. 5. —
- John Charles Thomas Sept. 6. —
- Emery Deutsch Sept. 10, 1904
- Ruth Yorke Sept. 10, 1909
- Helen Gleason Sept. 13, 1906
- Gretchen Davidson Sept. 13, 1912
- James Wallington Sept. 15. —
- Willard Robison Sept. 19. —
- Cobina Wright Sept. 20. —
- Guy Bates Post Sept. 22. —
- Vaughn de Leath Sept. 26. —
- Frank Crumit Sept. 26. —
- Phil Cook Sept. 27. —
- Pedro de Cordoba Sept. 29, 1881
- Boake Carter Sept. 28, 1899
- Virginia Baker (Ginger) Sept. 28, 1911

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Know Your Music

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Achille Claude Debussy

By
Pitts
Sanborn

ACHILLE CLAUDE DEBUSSY has been called the most original talent in music since Mozart, though he liked best the simple title of "musicien français," which he conferred upon himself. In any event, he was the dominating musical influence not only in France, but throughout Europe and in America, from the beginning of the present century until the World War.

There is some mystification about Debussy's early years, due in part to his scarcely ever mentioning his childhood. Nevertheless, certain facts are established. Like Louis XIV, he was born at Saint-Germain-en-Laye, near Paris, the date being August 22, 1862. At the time of his birth, his parents, who were quite without musical instruction, kept a small china shop. They soon removed to Clichy and then to Paris, where Debussy was to spend most of his life. He was the oldest of five children.

Debussy's early education was rudimentary, and at least up to his twentieth year traces of illiteracy lingered in his letters. His later intellectual development may be attributed in part to his association with the poet Pierre Louys, some of whose poems he set to music. He began to take piano lessons at the age of nine, though without disclosing any particular talent. However, he engaged the attention of a pianist who had been a pupil of Chopin and who had the keenest of perception to discover a gift where no one else had done so. It is an interesting coincidence that this lady, Mme. Mauté de Fleurville, was the mother-in-law of Paul Verlaine, between whose poetry and Debussy's music there is an unmistakable affinity.

Teaching him for nothing, she prepared him for the Paris Conservatory, which he entered in October, 1873. His father, who wished him to become a sailor, now was converted to the idea of a musical career, even in his enthusiasm forcing the boy to work as many as eight hours a day or stand punishment. At the Conservatory Debussy's life was not altogether serene, some of his professors sympathizing little with his unconventional tendencies. A visit to Russia as one of the retinue of Mme. von Meck (Tchaikowsky's patroness) first brought him into touch with Slavic influences, which were eventually to affect his style. As a pianist he won several prizes at the Conservatory, and his cantata, "L'Enfant Prodigue" (The Prodigal Son), purposefully composed in the manner of Massenet, achieved its goal of obtaining for him the coveted Prix de Rome.

He now began to reshape his musical idiom, exhibiting more originality in his orchestral suite, "Printemps," however, than in his setting of Rossetti's "Blessed

Damozel" (La Damaisselle Elue). He also set out deliberately to increase his literary culture, frequenting to that end the society not only of Pierre Louys, but of Stéphane Mal-

larmé, Henri de Regnier, and others of the Symbolist and Impressionist poets. Songs and piano pieces demonstrating his musical progress followed, and at length, in 1894, his orchestral "Afternoon of a Faune" (L'Après-midi d'un Faune), inspired by Mallarmé's cryptic eclogue, revealed the matured Debussy.

The individuality of his rhythm, his subtle and exquisitely elaborated orchestration, his novel harmonic scheme with its use of old ecclesiastical modes and the whole-tone scale, the finesse and sensitiveness of his writing, its Gallic instinct for measure and avoidance of all excess, and at times its kinship in mood with the French composers—especially the harpischordist's of the late seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries combined to give this music a character special and apart.

While at work on "The Afternoon of a Faun" Debussy brought out his admired string quartet (1893). In 1898 he gave the world the orchestral nocturns "Clouds," "Festivals," and "Sirens" (this last with wordless chorus). There were also fine songs, and in 1902 his only opera, "Pelléas et Mélisande," the text taken from Maeterlinck's play of the same name, was produced at the Paris Opéra Comique. This unique work, though received at first with consternation and even jeers, was soon recognized as the one true music drama, the only perfect union of the note and the word. Although within the next ten or eleven years Debussy was to give the world such notable compositions as his tone poems of the ocean entitled "La Mer," his orchestral tribute to Spain, called collectively "Iberia," his incidental music to d'Annunzio's drama, "The Martyrdom of St. Sebastian," and the two books of piano preludes, "Pelléas et Mélisande" remains the summit of his achievement.

With the access of fortune Debussy gave rein to his innate love of luxury and he also put away the wife of his youth to contract a second marriage more advantageous from the worldly point of view. He died in Paris on March 26, 1918, after suffering for years from a wasting illness.

The World War had affected him deeply and it was then that he insisted on the appellation "musicien français." During those dark years he composed the "Berceuse Heroïque," a tribute to King Albert of the Belgians and his soldiers, and the "Noël des enfants qui n'ont plus de maison." At the time of his death Paris was under bombardment.



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Daughter of the Theatre

(Continued from page 12)

couraged me. He did nothing to influence my decision one way or the other, but I must say that when I finally decided to go into the theater, Father, loyal old trouper that he is, was immensely pleased."

Miss Skinner glances toward a portrait on the wall. It is a painting of Otis Skinner in one of his greatest rôles, that of Colonel Bridgman, the beloved old rogue in "The Honor of the Family." Otis Skinner is certainly one of the greatest actors that America ever produced, and he is a charming, warm-hearted gentleman in private life. The theater is the loser because of his present retirement, and his infrequent public appearances, such as when he acts as official host at a Players Club revival, always draw forth a spontaneous demonstration of affection from the audience.

Miss Skinner tells us about her school days. "After boarding school I went to college for only two years," she says. "I went to Bryn Mawr, and a friend and classmate there was Ann Harding. We tried to show that Bryn Mawr could contribute something to the theater, in spite of its deservedly high standing in strictly scholastic matters. As a matter of fact, there is quite a colony of Bryn Mawr girls who went on the stage. Katharine Hepburn is one, although she is younger than Ann and me and wasn't there when we were in college. Margaret Barker, of the Group Theater, is a Bryn Mawr girl, and Theresa Helburn of the Theater Guild also went there, and all in all, I think Bryn Mawr has done pretty well in turning out talent for the theater."

We certainly can agree with that statement, and we wonder where Miss Skinner went after she left Bryn Mawr. "I went to Paris and studied for two years at the Comedie Francaise," she tells us. "I loved it over there, and I liked especially the study of languages, which came to me rather easily, anyway, and I got to a point where I could speak French just about as readily and fluently as English.

"One thing I learned while I was going to school in France, and also during the trips to Europe on which my father used to take me while I was a little girl, was that a good way to know your own country is to get some little distance away from it. That gives you perspective, and you see how fine and good are some of the things you ordinarily take for granted merely because they are everyday things that you see all the time. Also, you begin to see the funny side of some of our traits, and it was watching the antics of American tourists in Europe that gave me some of the best material for my sketches."

MISS SKINNER is modest in referring to her character studies as sketches. She writes all of these herself, and some of them are so richly written and finely played that they become in reality full length dramas enacted by a single person. The special word, "monodramas" has been coined to fit her presentations, and she has won great acclaim from discerning critics. Each year she gives a series of New York appearances, and always they form one of the highlights of the dramatic season. Two of her best known monodramas are "The Wives of Henry the Eighth" and "Mansion on the Hudson."

Now comes the question of how she got started in this work, and Miss Skinner gives us the answer. "I first did these things at school entertainments

and to amuse my classmates at college. Later, at a party in New York I was called upon to contribute to the evening's entertainment, and Charles Hanson Towne, the distinguished editor and author, who was present, urged me to do my sketches professionally. Through some friends, he helped me to get a job in the theater, and father's friends also aided me, and in that way I got started. I found one odd thing—father's name often was a drawback because managers would think, 'If she is Otis Skinner's daughter she will want a big, important part in the play, and all I have is just a small part in one scene.' For that reason they would send me away, when all the time I would have been grateful for even the tiniest kind of part. I knew enough about the theater to know that the one thing needed above all is the actual experience of being out on the stage in front of an audience, regardless of how small the part. Eventually I got a real start, however, and after appearing in various rôles in various plays, I finally branched out on my own with my character sketches and monodramas."

Nor was this all of Miss Skinner's activities. The same literary endowment that enabled her to write all of her own material also expressed itself quite naturally in magazine articles. These appeared in *Vanity Fair*, *Harper's Bazaar* and other periodicals, and one of her pieces was so good and so much applauded that Farrar and Rinehart published it as a book under the title of "Tiny Garments." "I wrote that one while my child was on the way," she says, "because it seemed to me that too many women were taking the whole experience too seriously. Motherhood indeed is a great and beautiful thing, but there is no reason why one should make a long sour-faced tragedy out of the experience."

Miss Skinner believes it is possible to combine marriage and motherhood with a career. "It takes planning," she says, "and one must be careful not to neglect one's husband and child and home, but if one is willing to give up some outside activities such as bridge and golf—

neither of which I play, so this part is comparatively easy for me—it is possible to have a successful home and a successful career at the same time."

Miss Skinner's career now has led to radio, and she has had some interesting experiences in this field. "I suppose I am one of the very few persons in radio who work without a script," she says. "It seems to me, though, that I would lose the feeling of the character I am playing if I had a script in my hand. Some of the characters I play seem very real to me, and they must sound so on the radio, judging from the reactions of listeners. I know one time I was doing a sketch called 'Night Club,' in which I was imitating the light-headed babbling of a chorus girl who had had a little too much to drink. While I was in the middle of this sketch, someone called up the radio station on the telephone and announced very seriously, 'Say, you people may not know it, but that girl you've got on the air right now is drunk!'"

"The thing about radio that impresses me most is the extreme accuracy of the split-second timing. In the theater, if you vary a few minutes in the length of one performance as compared with another, it makes no difference. In radio, however, you set your timing at rehearsal, and if you vary as much as twenty-five seconds in performance that may mean disaster. I always tend to think of radio work in terms of someone wildly gesticulating and shoving a stopwatch at me, but even so, I think radio is grand and I like working on the air as much as anything I have ever done."

The door of the apartment bursts open and Dick, the red-haired young son, and Ted, the tousel-haired white Sealyham, dash in wanting to know—the one in words, the other in barks—if it is time for lunch. The telephone rings, and it is the husband and father calling from the office to find out about final arrangements for getting to the country. We withdraw now, receiving a cordial farewell from a beautiful and gracious radio star who must get back to her household.

Amateur

(Continued from page 13)

spoke wearily. "I do not possess a farm," he explained. "The land upon which I work does not belong to me. I am employed by its owner. You understand—I am hired help. Where is the farm, you ask? A matter of two days from here, and one night in the day coach. I have come to New York merely that I may sing in this hour, on the off chance that—" he hesitated.

So many amateurs came on the off chance. The master of ceremonies glanced at the secretary who sat beside him. She shrugged ever so slightly, and the very movement of her shoulders expressed pity. The master of ceremonies tried to relax in his chair.

"All right," he said, "sing. And luck be with you. I suppose it's a song of your country, a folk song of Russia, that you'll give us?"

The young man moved closer to the microphone. He clasped his hands before him. Those who sat in the front rows could glimpse (if they took the trouble!) a ring that glimmered dully

upon one of the slender, work-reddened fingers. It was a signet ring, formed of worn reddish gold. The crest upon it was fashioned, cunningly, of enamel. . . . An odd ring, fraught with meaning, for a farmer to wear. . . .

"But, no," answered the young man, "I will not sing a folk song of Russia. I will sing, if you please, a popular melody—one which appeals to me. It is called—" he hesitated—"it is called 'When I Grow Too Old to Dream—'"

He sang softly into the microphone. The master of ceremonies rested his head upon his hand, and listened. Yes, this was a nice voice—not exactly remarkable, but nice. Was it the sort of a voice that would have radio appeal? One never knew. Or was it only the reflection of another dream—a dream (shades of Old Russia, of Oxford) born to be broken? The master of ceremonies shaded his eyes with his hand as somebody in the back of the room coughed sharply, and somebody else began to struggle into a topcoat.

Out of the East Side

(Continued from page 16)

finally there was enough money to send him to Italy, to study at the famous Conservatory of Milan.

Even there, inevitably, there were those who thought he was following a will-o'-the-wisp. But Frank insisted that he would be an opera star some day. When a friend laughed aloud, he retorted, "The next time you hear me sing, it will be at La Scala!"

He knew what a gag was, even then. The very next time he and his friend went to the famous opera house in Milan, Frank pushed his way up through the crowd, jumped on the stage and let loose a flood of bellows. Instead of seeing the performance that evening he spent several hours in jail—but it was worth it to see the horrified expression on his friend's face.

When he returned to America, he soon realized that it was going to take much longer than he had anticipated to get to be an opera singer. He tried out for his first job as a chorus boy in the "Greenwich Village Follies," but he had neglected to study dancing in Milan. He wanted to make good because he thought it would be pretty grand to be making fifty dollars a week while his old pals were still in high school.

He got in the show because one of the trim girls in the chorus helped him learn the steps. But it wasn't long before it was discovered that Frank was much better at singing than he was at dancing. He stepped in and sang the leading man's role one night, and from then on hoofing was out.

He kept right on studying voice, mostly because the girl who had coached him in dancing encouraged his doing so, and he was in love with her. One day she told him she was engaged to another man, and it was only then that Frank realized he had neglected something very important. He had meant to ask her to marry him, but it was too late now. He knows he'll never come closer to having a broken heart than he did then, because he never intends to fall that hard again.

In 1926 he tried the air for the first time, substituting for the tenor star of the Ever-ready Hour, opposite Hope Hampton. Almost immediately The Revellers snapped him up as top tenor, and ever since then he has been star of several important radio programs each week, on both networks.

FRANK still studies under an operatic coach and practices for long periods every morning of his life, in addition to regular program rehearsals. He believes that it takes a great deal more than vocal ability and dramatic technique to be an opera singer—that far more actual physical endurance is needed to sing long operatic roles.

But he'd hate to give up radio entirely, even for La Scala. "Knowing I please people—that's everything to me," he says, and he means it. "That's why I get such a big kick out of my fan mail. Since I've made personal appearances and played in a movie, I can't keep up with it. I guess before that people thought I was some old gray-beard with handlebar moustaches!

"No, I'd rather not talk about my romantic fan mail. Some of it is pretty pathetic, but it's all sincere, and I appreciate it. I'm just not the heavy lover type."

Much of his mail is from people who want to get on the air and think Frank can tell them just how it's done. He

sometimes feels like a walking encyclopedia after trying to answer their questions.

"They ask about rules and regulations," he says, "but the only rule I can give them—and incidentally, it's my own motto—is 'Be ready.' Nobody can help you to success. The important thing is to be prepared to do the thing you aspire to when your time comes.

"One chap wrote me several times, requesting and finally demanding that I get him a chance on the air. Well, I called his bluff and told him to report at the studio at a certain time for an audition. When that fellow came in, he was scared to death and said he guessed he'd better wait awhile. He just wasn't ready.

"I know that everything that has happened to me came as a direct result of preparing myself, rather than of chasing opportunities. I was a bad dancer—but when I got a chance to sing I knew a little about it, so I got away with singing. Then I realized I couldn't get very far on my voice as it was, so I got busy—and before my luck gave out, I had technique to fall back on."

As the young tenor mounted to the top rungs of radio's hall of fame, he has never forgotten those who were left at the bottom. He might be better off today if he had—in fact he knows he would have been. Because his family, on account of his generosity, have had to establish a trust fund for Frank. So he actually never sees his salary, but lives on an allowance. Oh, it's a pretty fair allowance, which permits him to own a Rolls-Royce and a string of polo ponies; but just the same, a man would like to have the pleasure of opening his own pay envelope. But if there were anyone about when Frank opened his, it would be just too sad. Some day, he vows he's going to accept one of those long distance proposals and get married—just to stop being "on the dole."

He is captain of N B C's amateur polo team, other members of which are Phil Harris, Robert Simmons, Henry Shope, D. O. Evans and Julian Evans. He doesn't just play at polo, either—he really smashes into it, and plays a capital game. His prize possession and the pride of his polo string is an Argentine pony, sent him by an admirer.

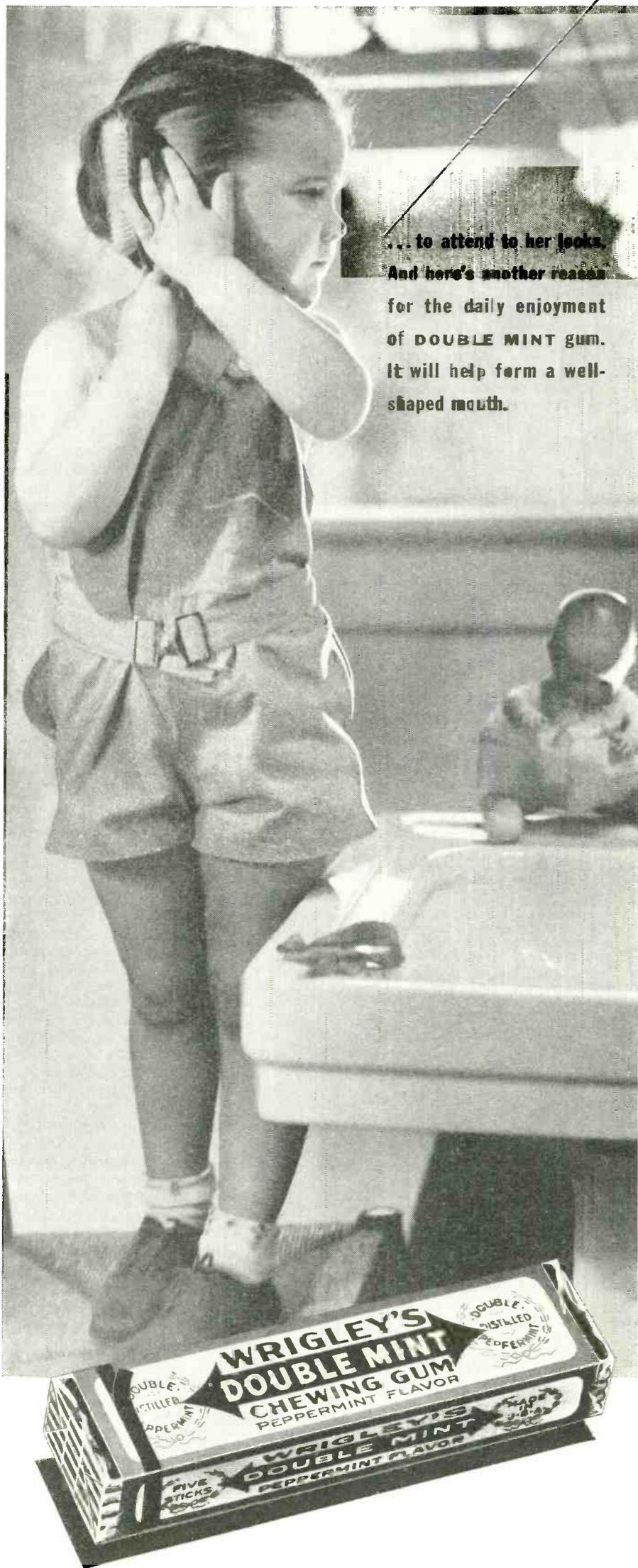
He has received enough pocket charms from listeners to fill a trunk. Not long ago an artist fan sent him a gun which once belonged to Buffalo Bill. "And he didn't suggest that I shoot myself with it," he says naively.

Frank has a request to make, and he really isn't kidding but very much in earnest about it.

"I'd like to have my listeners send me their photographs, instead of asking for mine," he says. "They know what I look like, and if they don't there's probably a picture right on this page. But I don't know what they look like, and I'd like to. You see, I always sing with some particular person in mind. Sometimes it's my mother, sometimes a friend, sometimes some one who has written a letter that appealed to me. But it would be much easier if I knew just what that person looked like."

Though Frank is one of radio's busiest bachelors, he sometimes finds time to cook in his apartment. Like every good Italian, he relishes a plate of good spaghetti above everything else, and can eat it around the clock. "A steak and spaghetti on the side"—that's his idea of a dainty midnight snack.

... a woman can't begin too early



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What About Next Year?

(Continued from page 9)

occupy a great place in the radio structure next season," he asserted. "The American people have become accustomed to turn to the radio to get light on the questions of the day—to hear the speakers pro and con. In a world of change the listener insists on hearing first hand from the leaders of the various schools of thought. The listener knows that in radio there is no editorial position except absolute freedom of discussion. There is no censorship impressed on the broadcasters by anyone."

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"2. Columbia's commercial sponsors are similarly devoting more effort, money and creative talent to 1935 program building than ever before.

"3. For the first time in the history of broadcasting in this country, commercial announcements after July 30 will be definitely restricted—on Columbia network programs—to 10 per cent of the broadcast period in the evening, and 15 per cent in the hours before 6 p. m. The only exception will be on quarter-hour programs, where an extra 40 seconds above these established ratios will be allowed, in view of the fact that the short program necessarily requires as much time as the longer one for routine identification announcements.

"4. Columbia will inaugurate a series of exceptional programs for children, designed to merit the approval of parents, instructors, and youthful listeners alike. Columbia is engaging the services of an eminent child psychologist, and organizing an advisory staff to assist him in the task of pointing the way toward a better standard in children's radio programs than has ever been achieved before. It is our goal to offer children's entertainment of such a nature that every parent may feel at ease so long as his child is listening to a CBS broadcast.

"5. Discussions in commercial announcements which present questions of good taste in radio listening are being discontinued; and a new office, that of Commercial Editor, has been created in the Columbia Broadcasting System to make this policy effective.

"These five undertakings are a part of Columbia's definite undertaking to furnish such a constant stream of outstanding programs, for 16 hours each day, that the CBS listener may leave his dial unturned, after tuning in, until the end of the evening.

"In general, broadcasting is in one of its most significant years. Most recent Columbia surveys show that more than 70 million people in 21 million American homes comprise the radio audience—the greatest audience in history. Public response also indicates this audience is keenly alert and vastly interested in these formative times. No other medium than radio can be so closely and swiftly tuned to the public pulse.

"Radio will play a vital part in the coming months as a great public forum for the exchange of political thought. This exchange, as usual, will be open and equally available to all representative groups. The microphone likewise will continue to reflect momentous world events, presenting and interpreting them on the basis of factual record."

ARTHUR PRYOR, JR., radio head of Batten, Barton, Durstine and Osborn, whose "March of Time" production has won international acclaim, expressed himself in the following words:

"The development or experimental stage of radio is passing, and, as an entertainment and as an advertising medium I think it is now approaching what I would term the perfection stage. One healthy indication of this is the searching self-analysis that is going on in radio to find out and correct its own shortcomings. Within recent months a number of rigid self-restricting measures have been imposed that will strengthen radio advertising. In this field, I believe, a big improvement will come about. The commercials are still the weak part of radio, despite the big advances that already have been made. We do not need shorter commercials so much as better, more intelligent commercials.

"Radio is rapidly becoming more professional in my opinion. Not only has it developed its own artists, writers, directors and producers but it is attracting eminent people from other fields of art. I think this will become more pronounced but I also feel that radio will put more effort into the development of its own talent. When you have the money available, artists with big names are the shortest cut to a large audience. But there is a limit to the number of headliners available and a limit to advertising appropriations.

"Practically every conceivable form of radio program has now been tried so that we can expect nothing startlingly new but there is much to be done in perfecting the various kinds of entertainment which lend themselves to radio. We are now entering into a perfecting period. I believe radio in the immediate future will be smarter, sounder, more professional in every respect, both as entertainment and advertising."

EDWARD A. BYRON, young but veteran radio producer, who as head of the radio department of William Esty and Company, is the guiding spirit back of the Camel Caravan and other programs, predicts that more attention will be paid to the potentialities of the radio drama next season. He thought that gag comedy was about through to be succeeded in public favor by comedy built on situations. He observed that, on the stage, situation comedy had been more successful in evoking laughter than the comedy line.

"The popular variety program has reached a high level and will continue to attract listeners; it is the dialogue or script act that needs refining and further development," he said. "While some fine radio drama was produced last season, I look for greater advance next year. Radio drama has been held back by several factors. First there has been the question of adequate payment of writers. In so many instances, the lion's share of program appropriations has gone to the talent; so little to the man who conceived the show or wrote the script. Another factor has been the scarcity of capable directors. There are all

too few but I believe the demand for good directors will bring to the field men of vision who will learn their trade."

Mr. Byron also predicts that the ensuing season will see more of the selling done by the stars and he asked what better person to give the commercial than the personality who has entertained. He finally predicted that a number of new radio stars of prominence would emerge during the Fall and Winter.

Dave Elman, of Marshall and Pratt, regarded along radio row as one of the promising young producers, staked his prognostication on the increasing popularity of the variety show.

"As far as I can see the variety type of entertainment will be 'tops,'" he declared. "The only other thought I have is that next season more than ever more attention will be given to the commercials. There is a strong trend toward the commercial that entertains."

Montague Hackett, of Lord and Thomas, pausing to answer a question during a rehearsal of "The Lucky Strike Hit Parade," said:

"To be perfectly honest, I cannot discern any new trends in the fields of comedy, drama or music. The popular variety has established a standard precedent for good radio entertainment. I believe, of course, that producers will strive to make their shows more and more entertaining. That they will have to do to meet the competition for attention."

IN his prognostication, Louis A. Witten, Hanff-Metzger's impresario, who produces The Fire Chief program starring Ed Wynn, had a hunch the winter months would see spirituals playing a leading role in the musical offerings. Then he added:

"A study of the first twenty successes of the past season proves that there is no royal road to success—that there was no one formula that one could follow. The only thing of which we producers may be sure is that good showmanship will win the dialers to the program.

Arthur Berg, of the Dorland Agency, believed that there would be a decided change in children's shows.

"It has been a conviction of mine for the past year that radio programs have got to be more intelligent whether designed for a juvenile or an adult audience," he said. "When various women's organizations protested recently over the general character of adolescent programs, they spoke not only for the children but adults as well. Programs need not necessarily be high-brow. But the general run of programs do demand an artistry that they have not had in the past. I predict, that through listener demand, that will happen. The reason for the continued success of Rudy Vallee's Hour is that he combines showmanship with artistry in light entertainment."

Mr. Berg believed that radio drama would find its true place in the coming months. The formula for good entertainment of this type is simple, he points out.

"The success of 'One Man's Family' shows that all that is required is genuine, honest human values," he explains. "These requisites so frequently are overlooked by the script writers. Instead of supplying human qualities they substitute melodramatic nonsense. I have especially observed this in the children's dramatic periods. I look for a decided change, therefore."

Children's program, also received attention from Carlo De Angelo, of the Blackman Company, who produces "The Gibson Family" and "Captain Healy's Stamp Program." He foresees a trend toward the fantastic type of show with an appeal for children as well as grown-ups. He believed children's shows would be more elaborate, perhaps having a musical background. Other observations of this program builder were:

"I sense that the day-time programs will veer toward the evening type. This will mean better programs aimed at that large mass of prospective buyers of the product advertised—the woman in the home. I believe that programs in general will show marked improvement; I firmly believe the broadcasting chains should lead the way. With their great facilities and reservoirs of talent from which to draw they should make the commercial producers ashamed of their efforts and thereby seek to keep up with them.

"I have a feeling also that the coming season will see some sponsors varying their programs from week to week. I look for more hobby broadcasts. I predict that something will have to be done about the commercial announcements which have been getting worse and worse. In so many instances the announcer this past season has been treated like the piece of paper he has been handed to read. The announcer can be so valuable if given words that fit his mouth and style of presentation."

LAWRENCE HOLCOMB, radio head of Fletcher and Ellis coincided with the view of Mr. De Angelo that there was a trend toward better daytime programs. Good musical programs during the morning hours rather than variety shows would be in order, he believed, explaining the housewife could follow the music as she went from room to room. The evening variety show would be the continuing vogue with a tendency toward skeleton dialogue throughout the program. He thought there would be a general re-arranging of children's programs, affirming:

"There are so many producers of children's shows who have failed to realize that when it comes to feeding melodrama to youngsters, that the boys and girl prefer melodrama of character rather than continued action."

Wilfred King, of the J. M. Mathes Agency, who produces the Luden Hour, looked for some "fundamentally" good, entertaining serials. He believed the well known radio comedians would continue to be featured and he told how difficult it has become to find new funsters. He saw the amateur hours waning during next season and he checked with several of his fellow producers that a new order of commercials would obtain. A few new stars would shine in the radio heavens, if they had something different to offer, he said.

So now the radio heads have made their guesses as to what you listeners will like next Fall and Winter. Let's all be generous and hope they are right.

Why I Married a Bandman

(Continued from page 11)

others because it was through an audition with Leo Reisman's orchestra that he got his first chance.

On Monday night he selected the semi-finalists, the man and woman who appeared to be the best talent Washington had to offer, and on Tuesday night Mr. Duchin put on his first Fire Chief broadcast with the Washingtonians as guest artists. Thus it was Wednesday before we really got our first breathing spell and then it was almost time to go on to the next city where the same performance would have to be repeated insofar as breaking into a new vaudeville engagement and the Fire Chief local auditions were concerned.

Yet our honeymoon period in Washington was a very happy time. To begin with, we both love the city. As a girl I used to visit Miss Helen Marye, whose father, George T. Marye was United States Ambassador to Russia, having been appointed by President Woodrow Wilson. Mr. Marye died in Washington, September 2, 1933. Miss Helen Marye married Lt. Commander W. D. Thomas, U.S.N. The Marye home was at Connecticut Avenue and N Street, N. W., just across from the site of the old British Embassy.

It was pleasing to me to go to Washington during the presidency of Franklin D. Roosevelt because my father, Mr. Charles de Looney Oelrichs, was a classmate of Mr. Roosevelt at Harvard, and attended their reunion at the White House last year.

Also, Washington had an attraction for Mr. Duchin because he played there at the Inaugural Ball and later for the President's birthday. Mr. Farley had heard him at the Central Park Casino and it was through the kindly interests of the Postmaster-General that Mr. Duchin was invited to play at the Inaugural Ball. This performance was

widely broadcast on the radio that night and this proved his first big lucky break.

CONCLUSION: *Thus Mrs. Marjorie Oelrichs Duchin concluded. It will be noticed that she confined herself largely to talking about her famous husband. For instance, there was no reference to the fact that she was a painter and interior decorator or that she had done the murals and artistic decorations in many New York apartments, or that she was a wage-earner in her own right.*

Nor was anything said about the fact that she could qualify as a linguist. When pressed on this point Mrs. Duchin said, "Having spent considerable of my life abroad, I naturally speak several languages." "What are these?" she was asked. "French, German and Italian."

"Don't forget that you speak Spanish," broke in Mr. Duchin, who was pretending to convey the impression of an old married man reading his newspaper, but who, just between us, hadn't missed a word his wife said.

Duchin, by the way, though much younger, reminds one very much of Hugh S. Gibson, Ambassador to Brazil. However, if Ambassador Gibson had Eddy Duchin's expanse of snowy white teeth and perpetual smile, he might be even more effective as our trouble-shooter in Europe, inasmuch as "four alarms" are usually sent in for Gibson whenever anything seems to be about to blow up at Geneva.

While comparisons are being made, the voice of Duchin in real life sounds not unlike that of Rudy Vallee inasmuch as Duchin, though of Russian descent, was born in Cambridge and has a very pronounced Yankee accent.

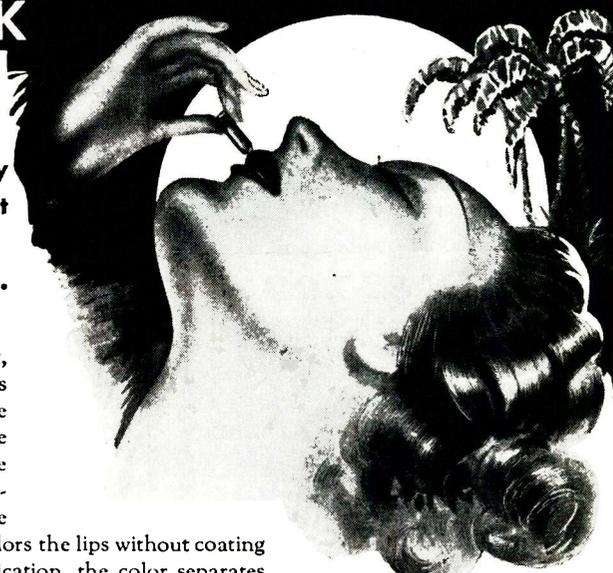
The age of Mrs. Duchin as given at the license bureau at City Hall in New York was twenty-six years. Mr. Duchin told the clerk that he was also twenty-six.

SAVAGE

LIPSTICK

A transparent, entirely pasteless lipstick that savagely clings to lovely lips . . .

Excitingly, savagely, compellingly lovely . . . this freshly different lipstick whose alluring shades and seductive smoothness bring to lips the sublime madness of a moon-kissed jungle night! Yes, Savage does exactly that . . . for it colors the lips without coating them. A moment after application, the color separates from the cosmetic and melts right into the skin. Wipe the cosmetic away and there are your lips pastelessly colored to a stunning hue that stays thrillingly bright for many hours. And on the bright, silvery case, tiny savages whirl in a maddening dance . . . provocative as the lipstick itself!



Four Really Appealing Shades

- TANGERINE . . . has a light orange flare that does wonders in combination with blonde hair and a fair skin.
- FLAME . . . is a truly exciting, brilliant red that's decidedly bizarre in its smartness.
- NATURAL . . . a true, blood color that augments the charm of brunette beauty.
- BLUSH . . . the kind of transparent lipstick that changes color on the lips to brighten the lips' own natural color

20c

at all 10 cent stores

Keeping Abreast of new ways and ideas

Tricks With Oilcloth.

You'll like these diagram patterns which show you how to make oilcloth covers for cook books . . . a smart bridge table cover . . . a child's scrapbook . . . a desk pad . . . a hot pan holder . . . and a unique wood carrier. Complete set of diagram patterns, 15c. Address Frances R. Cowles, Tower Magazines, Inc., 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

NEW CURTAINS GIVE LIFE TO A WHOLE ROOM!

Here's a set of diagram patterns which will help you go modernistic with your draperies . . . give you ruffled curtains . . . bright kitchen curtains . . . casement and draw curtains . . . handsome formal draperies. Complete set with measurement instructions and fabric hints, 15c. Address Frances R. Cowles, Tower Magazines, Inc., 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Make a New Bedspread!

Lovely new bedspreads can be made from these diagram patterns: the Garden Path crochet pattern . . . initialed spreads . . . pretty chintz spreads . . . a taffeta bedspread . . . butterfly appliqués . . . an easy candlewick design. Complete set of diagram patterns, 15c. Address Frances R. Cowles,

Tower Magazines, Inc.

55 FIFTH AVENUE . . . NEW YORK, N. Y.

**PROTECT CUTS, SCRAPES
AND LITTLE HURTS WITH**

NEW-SKIN



NEW-SKIN forms a flexible, protective covering which is transparent and waterproof.

WIN \$25.00

Another \$25.00 cash award will be given this month for the best letter, in the opinion of the judges, telling "Why I like NEW-SKIN." Send your letter with an empty NEW-SKIN carton or facsimile before September 5th, 1935 to Dept. A., Newskin Company, 882 Third Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y. A case for carrying NEW-SKIN in hand-bag or vest pocket will be sent each contestant.



NEW-SKIN is sold at Druggists and Chain Stores—15c.

"HUSH"
FOR
BODY ODORS
AT 10¢ STORES

PAST 30?
This should be—CAN be—the age of your most alluring charm. Few women have been really fascinating before 30. Let us show you—FREE of

cost—how over a MILLION WOMEN keep their youthful charm. To show you how they keep the skin and tissues of the face and neck firm and smooth. To show you how they keep that rich flush of youthful color and refreshed clearness of skin. To show you how they remove and keep out age and worry lines and blemishes. A week's sincere use of BONCILLA BEAUTIFIER that does more, much more than you expect any cosmetic to do, will show a happy surprise to you and your friends. BONCILLA BEAUTIFIER is used in 52 countries. Used daily in the famous Bond Street Beauty Shops of LONDON that serve Royalty and the Nobility, and by Andrelys' Famous Salon in PARIS, and many others. Sold in tubes at toilet counters. Send name and full address with this offer to BONCILLA, INC., INDIANAPOLIS, IND., for one tube FREE to prove this to yourself.

Betty Lou
TROPIC TAN
FACE POWDER
Loveliness for your Summertime Complexion

Purse Size at all F. W. WOOLWORTH STORES
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Betty Lou Allan, 500 5th Ave. N.Y.C.

Your Curtains can now be made Spot and Rain Proof as well as Dust Resisting with
KERTEN - PROOF
Make them beautiful and more lasting. Send 25 cents for a trial package—enough for six pairs
EASY TO USE
HOLYOKE
SALES PRODUCTS CO
380 High St. Holyoke, Mass.

The Unknown Specialists

(Continued from page 45)

the air during which he played fifteen assorted maniacs. At the other end of the scale, he has also impersonated all sorts of public figures from President Wilson to Al Capone.

He can do everything except a southern dialect, although he was born in New Orleans. But his favorite characterization is a crying Irishman.

Stephen has been mimicking people ever since he can remember. He first discovered the practical value of his specialty as a boy when he used to impersonate his father and call up the school with excuses for himself.

The radio squaws are usually played by slim, smart Georgia Backus. She says the trick is to get the feeling of stoicism and flat-footedness into your voice. She manages to work up into the necessary mood by reading "Hiawatha" before going on the air.

She plays every conceivable type of role as well, from Japanese women spies to speaking Carmens complete with Spanish accent.

Adelaide Klein specializes in "earthy women," peasants, miners' wives, slow-thinking, shy and inarticulate.

She does it by working close to the mike, speaking slowly, thoughtfully and sincerely, always conscious of the emotion underlying her words.

She had one long series in which she played the mothers of famous men. She makes a point of voice placement and can do almost anything with her vocal chords from reproducing the huskiness of a woman sea captain to singing spirituals in the high melodic quaver of an old southern mammy.

John Battle does all sorts of American dialects, but specializes in various negro tongues. There is a difference in them

that the casual listener would scarcely suspect.

"Louisiana negro dialect has a strong French and strangely strong Cherokee influence," he said. "From Florida up the eastern seaboard as far as Carolina, you will find Gullah spoken. In the West Indies negroes speak with a strong cockney influence. Along the Mississippi Valley and through Arkansas the negro dialect is similar to the mountain drawl."

He is also an expert on native African dialects and through his studies has been able to include some real African Swahili talk on the Bobby Benson show.

Once, when Phillips Lord wanted a negro preacher, he auditioned along with two hundred authentic negroes, and got the part. And his first job in radio was doing an exaggerated blackface in a minstrel show.

One of the strangest specialists ever to enter a radio audition room is a character known only as Dr. Sunshine.

DR. SUNSHINE is a human machine shop. He can make noises, at will, like an air liner zooming to a landing field, Sir Malcolm Campbell establishing a new speed record at Daytona Beach, or an egg beater.

Unfortunately for Dr. Sunshine's rare talent the networks can procure the same effects more conveniently from phonograph records, or sound effects machines.

No machine, however, can simulate a bark, whinney or Swahili dialect as well as the human vocal chords.

So in the casting offices of Knowles Entreekin at Columbia and Tom Powers at NBC, clerks are kept busy combing through the files for telephone numbers. And the handy men and women of radio continue to work and eat with pleasing regularity.

Behind the Dial

(Continued from page 40)

climb into the airship," playfully answered Mrs. Mac.

CONCERNING three songbirds: She is no longer Countess Olga Albani but Mrs. H. Wallace Caldwell, wife of the Chicagoan active in Illinois state politics. The Silken Strings songstress got a Reno divorce from Count Arturo Albani 'way back last February and at the same time was awarded custody of her nine-year old son, Guardo. The news didn't become public until the former Countess married Mr. Caldwell this Summer. . . . The wife of Donald Novis, whose domestic troubles are in the courts, is now a member of Al Pearce's Gang. She is appearing under her maiden name, Julietta Burnette. . . . Annette Hanshaw will not return in the Fall to the Walter O'Keefe cigarette entertainment. She will be succeeded by Deans Janis, formerly with Hal Kemp's orchestra. Miss Hanshaw expects to be featured on an entirely new program when

she will speak lines as well as sing songs.

Maestro Leon Belasco reports the most alarming news yet to come out of Russia. A relative has advised him the Soviets are building a factory to make saxophones! Which recalls that a sax is called a "button hook" by radio musicians. They have a lot of colorful terms for instruments. For example: A harp is an "Irish zither"; an accordion is a "stomach pump"; a clarinet, a "gobble stick"; a bass viol, a "dark house" and all brass instruments, "tooters." They refer to their leaders as "Massa," "Professor" and "Magician."

IS somebody trying to spoof Baby Rose Marie—or what? The child prodigy opened up a letter bearing a Hollywood postmark. "There is no use disguising yourself on the air as a child singer," she read. "I know you are my wife—so come home and all will be forgiven." And the letter was signed, Baby Leroy!

THIS LITTLE GIRL HAD A DOLLAR!

THIS LITTLE BOY HAD A DIME!

And the thing both children wanted most of all was Tiny Tower, the magazine that is their very own. The little girl got a year's subscription—twelve issues for her dollar. And the little boy went right out and bought his copy, "Just like I do every month," he says.

● Tiny Tower is the greatest play magazine that children have ever had. Every page is written for the child—stories they love to hear again and again, Jack and Jill in thrilling new picture-adventures, amusing cut-outs, comics, games, puzzles, jokes, things to do and make.

● Perhaps you are like the little girl who wanted a year's subscription so she would be sure to get every single issue. Then use the coupon below. But whatever you do, mother, don't let the children miss the fun in Tiny Tower. Ten cents will get the current copy, in its new big size, at the nearest newsstand or F. W. Woolworth Co store.

TINY TOWER MAGAZINE,
55 Fifth Avenue,
New York, N. Y.

I am enclosing \$1.00 (check or money order) for a year's subscription to Tiny Tower. Please mail the subscription to:

Child's Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....
Begin with the.....issue
Your name and address.....

In TOWER RADIO next month
MARGARET E. SANGSTER
presents a colorful story of radio's newest romantic singer. Who is he?
Miss Sangster tells you his exciting career in a characteristic
TOWER RADIO feature

Learn to Listen

(Continued from page 20)

CBS went on the air while the engineer adjusted the volume from where he was enthroned in silent state—in the gentlemen's washroom!

WELL, eighteen months in the shadow of the Rockies found Howard sufficiently husky to go on to school in Portland, where he browsed happily in Latin and mathematics, and won an occasional prize for essays. Pretty deadly, you'll agree. He was well on his way to becoming a greasy grind when Fate, as so often happens, stepped in to take charge of things. With school behind him it was time for college, and Howard chose the University of Colorado, intending to major in English literature.

Our state universities, however, have a happy way of catering to all the arts, and when young Barlow discovered there were glee clubs and orchestras, his musical talents came brimming to the surface, and it wasn't long before he was head of the students' musical department. While there are no records on the subject, it is a safe bet that the players under his direction were a cut above the usual collegiate group, for Howard makes no secret of his view that while music is a language, jazz is the slang end of it.

To Barlow, Senior, none of it made sense. He announced there would be no long haired musician in his family, and although Howard kept his locks well trimmed, he was removed from college, at the close of his sophomore year and put to juggling railroad ties in a lumber camp. Right there the Barlow family sprouted a rebel, and when the uproar was over he was enrolled at Reed College in Portland, where he matriculated, still specializing in English.

But deep and compelling as the undertones in a Wagnerian chorus was his growing passion for music, and unknown to his parents, he worked for and won a scholarship in music at Columbia University. Shortly after that Portland lay far behind and he was in New York, armed with a return ticket and twenty-five dollars. He sold the ticket to a student going west, and spent the next two years learning and listening until once more music changed his life.

This time it was a military band thundering down the street, and seeing that it was 1917. Howard fell in behind it and did his hitch in France. "And although I detest war and all it means," he admits, "I know that under the same circumstances I'd do it all over again. I couldn't resist the music!"

ONCE he was demobilized the most subtle and ethereal of all the arts claimed him for good, a wide variety of interests keeping his mind alert and eager. Highlights of the years before radio were directing the Charlotte, North Carolina, May festival, Chautauqua assemblies at Bay View, Michigan, the biennial conference at the MacDowell Memorial Colony, training small choral groups of society people in New York's most aristocratic suburbs, where he indulged in an occasional bawling out of some off-key millionaire. He organized the American Orchestra, in which every member had to be American born and every program contained at least one number written by a native son. Finally there was the arrangement of musical backgrounds for the theatrical productions at the Neighborhood Playhouse.

Any parade of names and places seems rather flat in cold print, but what do all these activities really mean? Simply

that Howard Barlow, aglow with the inner fire, like every such crusader before him, was not content merely to entertain—he must help others to share his experiences in the land of melody. That always had been close to his heart, and when radio came soaring out of the mists, he saw his ideal mounting to completion. Today, reaching out to his audience of millions, he is solicitous about the newcomers.

"Draw up a chair and let us talk to you," he invites, "and keep remembering that fine music is the language of love, with an intensity of expression and power of communicating emotion beyond any spoken word. What's the difference if you don't understand all of it at first; just trust to us and you will find that listening to a symphony is like being carried on the bosom of a stream. All we ask is that you give us a tenth of the concentration you used at school or college; if you could master fractions, decimals, and the boundaries of China, there isn't any reason why you shouldn't be at home with rondos, concertos and rhapsodies."

A bit of challenge there, don't you think? All sorts of people have accepted it gladly, from the priest up north in the Temagami wilds who thanked Howard for the spiritual peace his music brought to the isolated parishioners, to the somewhat illiterate admirer who wrote, after hearing the Fifth Symphony, that, "dat guy Beethoven sure has wot it takes."

"Get into a choral group, if possible," Howard pursues his subject, looking in a certain light like a younger and more tranquil edition of Stokowski. "Learn how good music is put together—find out what is behind the great compositions and men who wrote them. A symphony of Brahms or Mendelssohn is a tonal structure, erected as surely and skillfully as the Empire State or Woolworth buildings. And if that seems overpowering, think of it this way—the love of music is almost the only sensual gratification that goes unpunished."

Howard Barlow, you see, means business, and he is out to number you among his patients, for he has the logic of a true physician. Music ranks high among the arts that give delight, but it is more than that. If you want to turn from the roughness of life that chafes us all, turn to it with confidence, for when it has possession of your mind nothing from the outside world can intrude upon you.

They have a destiny all their own, these conductors who stand, like middlemen, between us and the great composers, yet the modest Howard shows no sign of excess temperament despite his increasing prominence in the world of music. A recent survey showed that he and Dr. Walter Damrosch led the symphonic groups best known to Boake Carter's pals, Mr. and Mrs. Johnny Q. Public. Howard relaxes by arranging the scores for The March of Time and chopping wood at a little place in the country as a good humored gesture to the lumber business. Sometimes his wife, formerly Ann Winston, the Broadway legitimate star, helps out.

Lastly, because he's a humane chap, Howard does not believe in dragging Junior and his little sister, willy nilly, to concerts under threats of punishment. Repetition of good records, he thinks, may help a lot to put youngsters in a receptive frame of mind.

But you will enjoy Howard Barlow's music. Make it a date tonight!



EAGLE BRAND COCONUT MACAROONS
 ½ cup Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
 2 cups shredded coconut

Mix Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk and shredded coconut together. Drop by spoonfuls on buttered baking sheet, about one inch apart. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) until a delicate brown. Remove from pan at once. Makes two dozen.

• Only 2 ingredients! A child could mix them! Yet these cookies are crispy, crunchy, coconutty marvels. Men love them! • But remember—Evaporated Milk won't—can't—succeed in this recipe. You must use Sweetened Condensed Milk. Just remember the name Eagle Brand.



FREE! New Cook Book of Wonders!

New! New! NEW! Just off the press! "Magic Recipes" is a thrilling new successor to "Amazing Short-cuts." Gives you brand-new recipes—unbelievably quick and easy—for pies, cookies, candies, frostings! Sure-fire custards! Easy-to-make refrigerator cakes! Quicker ways to delicious salad dressings, sauces, beverages, ice creams (freezer and automatic). Address: The Borden Sales Co., Inc., Dept. TM-95, 350 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Name _____
 Street _____
 City _____ State _____
 (Print name and address plainly)
 This coupon may be pasted on a penny postcard.

Borden Quality

PATCHWORK UP TO DATE—a set of diagram patterns for making exquisite quilts: the poke bonnet quilt, star and circle quilt, Tree of Life pattern, star pattern quilt, famous old applique designs. Complete for 15c. Write for "Patchwork" No. Au, to Frances R. Cowles, Tower Magazines, Inc., 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Keeps right on satisfying . . .



Enjoy **Beeman's Gum**
 . . . AIDS DIGESTION

Free for Asthma and Hay Fever

If you suffer with attacks of Asthma so terrible you choke and gasp for breath, if Hay Fever keeps you sneezing and snuffing while your eyes water and nose discharges continuously, don't fail to send at once to the Frontier Asthma Co. for a free trial of a remarkable method. No matter where you live or whether you have any faith in any remedy under the Sun, send for this free trial. If you have suffered for a life-time and tried everything you could learn of without relief; even if you are utterly discouraged, do not abandon hope but send today for this free trial. It will cost you nothing. Address
Frontier Asthma Co., 326-W Frontier Bldg., 462 Niagara St., Buffalo, N. Y.



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... each 15c Complete

One of the joys of a baby is sewing for him . . . or her. Diagram patterns are an easy new way to sew from patterns you make yourself.

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Includes: Crib spread and pillow case with animal applique design • Floor cushion of glazed chintz • Bathing apron made from a bath towel • Crocheted beret for the two-year old • Reversible crocheted afghan • Crocheted thumbless mittens for infants • Eiderdown carriage bootie.

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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 Eastern Daylight Saving Time. CBS stands for the Columbia Broadcasting System. NBC stands for the National Broadcasting Company. Stations connected with NBC-WEAF belong to the so-called red network; stations connected with NBC-WJZ belong to the blue network.

Popular Variety Programs

A. & P. Gypsies—Harry Horlick's orchestra; guest stars. (Great Atlantic & Pacific Tea Co.) 9:00 P.M., Monday, NBC-WEAF.

Adventures of Gracie—George Burns and Gracie Allen; Ferde Grofe's orchestra. (General Cigar Co.) 10:00 P.M., Wednesday, CBS.

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

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

Bunkhouse Serenade—Carson Robison and his Buckaroos. (Hecker H-O Co.) 6:15 P.M., Tuesday and Thursday, CBS.

Circus Night in Silvertown—Joe Cook; B. A. Rolfe and his Silvertown orchestra; Phil Duey; Peg La Centra; Goodrich Modern Choir. (B. F. Goodrich Co.) 10:30 P.M., Friday, NBC-WEAF.

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

Evening in Paris—Odette Myrtil; Betty Barthell; Howard Marsh and his orchestra. (Bourjois Sales Corp.) 8:30 P.M., Monday, NBC-WJZ.

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

General Foods Program—Lanny Ross and his State Fair Contest. (General Foods Corp.) 7:00 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WJZ. Rebroadcast at 11:30 P.M.

Uncle Charlie's Ivory Tent Show—Charles Winninger, Lois Bennett, Conrad Thibault; Jack and Loretta Clemens; chorus; Don Voorhees orchestra. (Procter & Gamble.) 10:00 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

Gulf Headliners—James Melton; Revelers Quartet; Hallie Stiles; Pickens Sisters; Frank Tours orchestra. (Gulf Refining Co.) 8:30 P.M., Sunday, CBS.

Hit Parade—Lennie Hayton and his orchestra; Gogo DeLys; Kay Thompson and Johnny Hauser. (American Tobacco Co.) 8:00 P.M., Saturday, NBC-WEAF.

Horace Heidt and his Brigadiers—(Stewart Warner Corp.) 10:00 P.M., Thursday, CBS.

Hollywood Hotel—Dick Powell; Frances Langford; Raymond Paige orchestra; Louella O. Parsons; Anne Jamison. (Campbell Soup Co.) 9:00 P.M., Friday, CBS.

Jergens Program—Cornelia Otis Skinner; music. (Andrew Jergens Co.) 9:30 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

Johnny and his Foursome—Dell Porter; Ray Johnson; Dwight Snyder and Marshall Smith. (Phillip Morris and Co.) 8:00 P.M., Wednesday, CBS.

Just Entertainment—Variety acts; featured singers and orchestras. (William Wrigley, Jr., Co.) 7:00 P.M., Monday to Friday, inclusive, CBS.

Kellogg College Prom—Ruth Etting; guest artists; Red Nichol's orchestra. (Kellogg Co.) 8:30 P.M., Friday, NBC-WJZ.

Lavender and Old Lace—Lucy Monroe; Frank Munn; Gus Haenschen's orchestra. (Sterling Products.) 8:00 P.M., Tuesday, CBS.

Major Bowes' Amateur Hour—(Standard Brands, Inc.) 8:00 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

Manhattan Merry-go-Round—Rachel Carlay; Pierre Le Kreeun; Jerome Mann; Men About Town; guest artists; Andy Sanella's orchestra. (R. L. Watkins Co.) 9:00 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

Maxwell House Showboat—Frank McIntyre; Lanny Ross; Conrad Thibault; Molasses 'n' January; Haenschen orchestra. (Maxwell House Coffee.) 9:00 P.M., Thursday, NBC-WEAF.

Melodiana—Vivienne Segal; Oliver Smith; Abe Lyman's orchestra. (Sterling Products.) 5:00 P.M., Sunday, CBS.

Molle Minstrel Show—Al Bernard and Emil Casper; Mario Cozzi; Molle Melodeers; Milt Rettenberg's orchestra. (Molle Co.) 7:30 P.M., Thursday, NBC-WEAF.

National Amateur Hour—Ray Perkins; Arnold Johnson's orchestra; amateur talent. (Feen-a-mint Co.) 6:00 P.M., Sunday, CBS.

One Night Stands with Pick and Pat—(Dill's Best and Model Smoking Tobaccos.) 8:30 P.M., Monday, CBS. Rebroadcast at 11:30 P.M.

Penthouse Serenade—Don Mario; Dorothy Hamilton; Charles Gaylord's Sophisticated Music. (Maybelline Co.) 3:30 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

Roadways of Romance—Jerry Cooper and Roger Kinne, baritone; Freddie Rich orchestra. 9:00 P.M., Thursday, CBS.

Rhythm at Eight—Ethel Merman; Ted Husing; Al Goodman's orchestra. (Lehn & Fink.) 8:00 P.M., Sunday, CBS.

Silken Strings—Charles Preven's orchestra. (Real Silk Hosiery Mills.) 9:00 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

Sinclair Greater Minstrels—Gene Arnold; Joe Parsons; Mac McCloud and Cliff Soubier, end men; Harry Kogen's orchestra. (Sinclair Refining Co.) 9:00 P.M., Monday, NBC-WJZ.

Socony Sketchbook—Virginia Verrill; Johnny Green and his orchestra; Christopher Morley; Jimmy Farrell; Marjorie Logan and Eton Boys. (Socony-Vacuum Oil Co.) 8:00 P.M., Friday, CBS.

Studebaker Program—Richard Himber and his Studebaker Champions; Stuart Allen. (Studebaker Sales Corp.) 10:00 P.M., Friday, CBS. Rebroadcast at 12:30 A.M.

Texaco Program—Eddie Duchin and his orchestra; Louis A. Witten; amateur talent. (Texas Co.) 9:30 P.M., Tuesday, NBC-WEAF.

Shell Chateau—Al Jolson with guest artists. (Shell Eastern Petroleum Products Co.) 9:30 P.M., Saturday, NBC-WEAF.

Town Hall Tonight—Songsmith Quartet; Peter Van Steeden's orchestra. (Bristol-Myers Co.) 9:00 P.M., Wednesday, NBC-WEAF.

Uncle Ezra's Radio Station—Paul Barrett; Cliff Soubier; Carleton Guy; Nora Cunneen's orchestra. (Dr. Miles Laboratories.) 7:15 P.M., Monday, Wednesday and Friday, NBC-WEAF.

Waring's Pennsylvanians—Fred Waring's orchestra; ensembles; Stoopnagle and Budd. (Ford Motor Co., dealers.) 9:30 P.M., Tuesday, CBS.

Welcome Valley—Charles Sears; Edgar A. Guest; vocal trio; Josef Koestner's orchestra. (Household Finance Co.) 8:30 P.M., Tuesday, NBC-WJZ.

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

Dance Bands

Abe Lyman—11:00 P.M., Monday and Saturday, CBS.

Ben Bernie—(Pabst Premier Sales Co.) 9:00 P.M., Tuesday, NBC-WEAF.

Charles Dornberger—11:00 P.M., Friday, CBS.

Eso Marketeers—Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians. (Standard Oil of N. J.) 8:00 P.M., Monday, CBS.

Jan Garber—12:30 A.M., Wednesday, and 10:30 P.M., Saturday, CBS.

Leo Reisman and his Orchestra—Phil Duey and Johnny. (Phillip Morris & Co.) 8:00 P.M., Tuesday, NBC-WEAF. Rebroadcast at 11:15 P.M.

Ray Noble's Orchestra—(Coty, Inc.) 10:00 P.M., Wednesday, NBC-WEAF.

Waltz Time—Abe Lyman's orchestra; musical interludes by Bernice Claire and Frank Munn. (Sterling Products, Inc.) 9:00 P.M., Friday, NBC-WEAF.

Wayne King's Orchestra—(Lady Esther Co.) 10:00 P.M., Sunday and Monday, CBS, and 8:30 P.M., Tuesday and Wednesday, NBC-WEAF.

Concerts and Classical Music

Alex Semmler, Pianist—1:15 P.M., Monday, CBS.

America's First Rhythm Symphony—DeWolf Hopper, narrator. (United Drug Co.) 5:00 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

Cities Service Concert—Jessica Dragonette; Frank Banta and Milt Rettenberg; Rosario Bourdon's orchestra. (Cities Service Co.) 8:00 P.M., Friday, NBC-WEAF.

Fireside Recitals—Sigurd Nilsen; Hardesty Johnson; Graham McNamee. (American Radiator Co.) 7:30 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

LaForge Berumen Musicale—4:00 P.M., Wednesday, CBS.

Palmolive Beauty Box Theatre—presenting operettas and musical comedies with John Barclay, and Francia White; chorus; Nathaniel Shilkret's orchestra. (Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co.) 10:00 P.M., Tuesday, NBC-WEAF.

Symphony Hour—Howard Barlow, conductor. 3:00 P.M., Sunday, CBS.

Voice of Firestone—Gladys Swarthout, Nelson Eddy and Margaret Speaks alternating; William Wirges' Symphonic String orchestra. (Firestone Tire and Rubber Co.) 8:30 P.M., Monday, NBC-WEAF. Rebroadcast at 11:30 P.M.

Children's Programs

Bobby Benson and Sunny Jim—(Hecker H-O Co.) 6:15 P.M., Monday, Wednesday and Friday, CBS.

Buck Rogers in the 25th Century—(Cocomalt Co.) 6:00 P.M., Monday to Thursday, inclusive. CBS Rebroadcast at 7:30 P.M.

Ivory Stamp Club—Captain Tim Healy. (Procter & Gamble Co.) 6:15 P.M., Monday, Wednesday and Friday, NBC-WJZ.

Jack Armstrong—All American Boy. (General Mills.) 5:30 P.M., daily except Saturday and Sunday, CBS. Rebroadcast at 6:30 P.M.

Singing Lady—Nursery jingles. (Kellogg Co.) 5:30 P.M., daily except Saturday and Sunday. Rebroadcast at 6:30 P.M.

Dramatic Sketches

Dangerous Paradise—Elsie Hitz and Nick Dawson. (John H. Woodbury Co.) 7:45 P.M., Monday, Wednesday and Friday, NBC-WJZ.

Death Valley Days—(Pacific Coast Borax Co.) 9:00 P.M., Thursday, NBC-WJZ.

First Nighter—June Meredith; Don Ameche; Eric Sagerquist's orchestra. (Campana Corp.) 10:00 P.M., Friday, NBC-WEAF.

Grand Hotel—Anne Seymour and Don Ameche. (Campana Corp.) 6:30 P.M., NBC-WJZ.

Five Star Jones—(Mohawk Carpet Co.) 12:45 P.M., daily except Saturday and Sunday, CBS.

The House of Glass—Gertrude Berg and Joe Greenwald; Bill Artzt's orchestra. (Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co.) 8:30 P.M., Wednesday, NBC-WJZ.

Irene Rich—(Welch Grape Juice Co.) 8:00 P.M., Friday, NBC-WJZ.

Just Plain Bill—Arthur Hughes. (Kolynos Sales Co.) 11:45 A.M., daily except Saturday and Sunday, CBS.

Marie, the Little French Princess—(Louis Phillipe Co.) 2:00 P.M., daily except Saturday and Sunday, CBS.

Mary Martin—(Kleenex Co.) 12:30 P.M., daily except Saturday and Sunday, CBS.

Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch—Betty Garde, Joe Latham and Andy Donnelly. (Wyeth Chemical Co.) 10:45 A.M., Monday to Friday, inclusive, CBS.

One Man's Family—Anthony Smythe. (Standard Brands, Inc.) 8:00 P.M., Wednesday, NBC-WEAF.

Our Home on the Range—John Charles Thomas, baritone; William Daly's orchestra. (William R. Warner Co.) 9:00 P.M., Wednesday, NBC-WJZ.

Romance of Helen Trent—(Affiliated Products, Inc.) 2:15 P.M., daily except Saturday and Sunday, CBS.

The Gumps—(Corn Products Refining Co.) 12:15 P.M., daily except Saturday and Sunday, CBS.

Comedy Sketches

Amos 'n' Andy—(Pepsodent Co.) 7:00 P.M., Monday to Friday, inclusive, NBC-WEAF.

Easy Aces—Jane and Goodman Ace. (American Home Products Co.) 4:15 P.M., Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, NBC-WEAF.

Fibber McGee and Molly—Comedy sketch with music. (S. C. Johnson and Son, Inc.) 8:00 P.M., Monday, NBC-WJZ.

The Honeymooners—Grace and Eddie Albert. 11:00 A.M., Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Saturday, NBC-WJZ.

Tony and Gus—Mario Chamlee and George Frame Brown. (General Food Corp.) 7:15 P.M., Monday to Friday, inclusive, NBC-WJZ.

Vic and Sade—(Procter and Gamble Co.) 3:15 P.M., Monday to Friday, inclusive, NBC-WEAF.

Mystery Sketches

Crime Clues—(Harold S. Ritchie Co.) 8:00 P.M., Tuesday, NBC-WJZ.

K-7 Secret Service boy stories—7:00 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

Feature Singers

Benay Venuta—10:30 P.M., Sunday, CBS.

Frank Crumit and Julia Sanderson—(General Baking Co.) 5:30 P.M., Sunday, CBS.

Jack Fulton and his orchestra—(J. L. Prescott Co.) 10:30 A.M., Monday to Friday, inclusive, CBS.

Kate Smith—8:00 P.M., Thursday, CBS.

Lazy Dan—the Minstrel Man—(A. S. Boyle Co.) 2:30 P.M., Thursday, CBS.

Patti Chapin—5:00 P.M., Monday and Friday, CBS.

Singing Sam—(Wasey Products, Inc.) 7:30 P.M., Tuesday, CBS.

Smiling Ed McConnell—(Acme White Lead and Color Works.) 6:30 P.M., Sunday, CBS.

The Night Singer—Baron Sven von Hallberg's orchestra. (Pinaud, Inc.) 10:30 P.M., Monday, CBS.

Household Hints

Betty Crocker—(General Mills Co.) 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.) 2:30 P.M., Friday, NBC-WEAF.

Mary Lee Taylor—Domestic science authority. (Pet Milk Sales Corp.) 11:30 A.M., Tuesday and Thursday, CBS.

Inspirational Programs

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

Tony Wons—11:15 A.M., Sunday, Monday and Saturday, NBC-WJZ.

Voice of Experience—(Wasey Products.) 12:00, noon, Monday to Friday, inclusive, 6:45 P.M., Sunday, CBS.

News Commentators

Boake Carter—(Philco Radio and Television Corp.) 7:45 P.M., Monday to Friday, inclusive, CBS.

Edwin C. Hill—The Human Side of the News. 8:15 P.M., Monday and Wednesday and 10:30 P.M., Tuesday, CBS.

Frederick William Wile—Political Situation in Washington Today, 6 P.M., Saturday, CBS.

H. V. Kaltenborn—6:30 P.M., Friday, CBS.

John V. Kennedy—11:00 P.M., Monday, NBC-WEAF.

Lowell Thomas—(Sun Oil Co.) 6:45 P.M., daily except Saturday and Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

Miscellaneous

Blanche Sweet—Beauty Talk. (Outdoor Girl Co.) 11:15 A.M., Monday, Wednesday and Friday, CBS.

Briggs Sports Review—Thornton Fisher. (P. Lorrillard Co.) 7:45 P.M., Saturday, NBC-WEAF.

Famous Babies—Celebrated babies and celebrated parents discussed by Dr. Louis I. Harris. (The Centaur Co.) 11:00 A.M., Monday, CBS.

National Barn Dance—(Alka Seltzer Co.) 9:30 P.M., Saturday, NBC-WJZ.

Science Service—4:30 P.M., Tuesday, CBS.

Woman's Radio Review—Conducted by Claudine Macdonald; guest speakers; Joseph Littau's orchestra; 4:00 P.M., Monday to Thursday, inclusive, NBC-WEAF.

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TOWER STAR FASHIONS

See them pictured on page 22. See them in reality the next time you go Fall shopping

ALABAMA

Dothan—Blumberg & Sons
Huntsville—Fowler Bros.
Montgomery—The Fashion Shop
Troy—Rosenberg Bros.

ARIZONA

Bisbee—The Smart Shop
Phoenix—Korrick's Dry Goods Co.

ARKANSAS

Fort Smith—The Boston Dry Goods Co.
Little Rock—Pfeifer Bros.
Texarkana—Capin's, Inc.

CALIFORNIA

Berkeley—J. F. Hink & Son
Oakland—Capwell, Sullivan & Furth
Sacramento—Weinstock, Lubin Co.
San Jose—Prussia & Co.
Ventura—Jack Rose

COLORADO

Colorado Springs—Hat & Dress Studio
Grand Junction—A. M. Harris Stores Co.

CONNECTICUT

New Britain—Leonard and Herman
Torrington—Dankin's

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Washington—S. Kann Sons Co.

FLORIDA

Ocala—Frank's, Inc.
Orlando—Yowell-Drew Co.
Quincy—The J. S. Shaw Co.
St. Petersburg—Miller's
Tallahassee—Steyerman's Style Shop
Tampa—Ernest Maas, Inc.
Thomasville—Steyerman's Style Shop

GEORGIA

Athens—Michael Bros., Inc.
Atlanta—Regenstein's Peachtree Street Store
Augusta—Goldberg's
Bainbridge—Turners' Shoppe
Cordele—Everstyle Shop
Macon—Union Dry Goods Co.
Sandersville—The Vogue
Savannah—B. H. Levy Bros. & Co., Inc.

IDAHO

Boise—C. C. Anderson Co.
Pocatello—Fargo, Wilson, Wells

ILLINOIS

Champaign—G. C. Willis Co.
Charleston—Dress Well Shops
Chicago—Marshall Field & Co.
Danville—Parisian
Herrin—M. P. Zwick & Sons
Joliet—Anderson's, Inc.
Peoria—P. A. Bergner & Co.
Rockford—Owen's, Inc.
Streator—Opdycke's

INDIANA

Crawfordsville—The Golden Rule
Gary—H. Gordon & Sons
Indianapolis—Traugott Brothers
Peru—Senger D. G. Co.
Shelbyville—Mary Lou Shop
South Bend—The Ellsworth Store

IOWA

Des Moines—Taylor's
Marshalltown—Herman's
Sioux City—Davidson Bros. Co.
Waterloo—N. Y. Fashion Shop, Inc.

KANSAS

Atchison—Ramsay Bros. D. G. Co.
Coffeyville—Hooper's Petticoat Plaza
Hutchinson—Wiley D. G. Co.
Pittsburg—Newman's
Salina—The Stiefel Stores Co.
Topeka—Pelletier Stores
Wichita—Allen W. Hinkel D. G. Co.

KENTUCKY

Hazard—The Major Store
Lexington—B. B. Smith & Co.
Owensboro—Levy's, Inc.

LOUISIANA

Lake Charles—Maurice
Marksville—J. M. Barhan
New Iberia—The Hub
New Orleans—Mayer, Israel Co.

MAINE

Calais—Unobsky's
Caribou—The Pattee Co.
Houlton—B. S. Green Bros.
Lewiston—Ward's
Presque Isle—Green Bros.

MARYLAND

Hagerstown—Eyerly's Dept. Store

MASSACHUSETTS

Brockton—Alexander's Fashion Shop, Inc.
Lowell—Katherine C. Mack
New Bedford—New Bedford D. G. Co.
Pittsfield—England Bros., Inc.

MICHIGAN

Ann Arbor—E. A. Dillon
Jackson—Jacobson's
Kalamazoo—Sander's

MINNESOTA

Duluth—Duluth Glass Block Co.
Long Prairie—James Hart & Sons
Minneapolis—Power's Mercantile Co.

MISSISSIPPI

Clarksdale—Powers & Co.
Greenville—The Nelms and Blum Co.
Jackson—A. D. and L. Oppenheim, Inc.
Meridian—Marks Rothenberg Co.
Vicksburg—Valley Dry Goods Co.

MISSOURI

Cape Girardeau—Lewis Hecht
Hannibal—Reib's
Joplin—Richard's
Kansas City—John Taylor & Co.
Kirksville—Herman's
La Plata—Tansil-Grantges
Moberly—Mrs. R. M. Johnston
Poplar Bluff—Chas. Miller
Sedalia—C. W. Flower D. G. Co.
St. Joseph—A. J. Einbender Dept. Store

St. Louis—Sonnenfeld's
Warrensburg—Foster's

MONTANA

Billings—Hart-Albin Co.
Great Falls—Sullivan's
Helena—Fligelman's

NEBRASKA

Fall City—Schork's
Grand Island—Reuler's
Omaha—J. L. Brandeis & Sons
Scottsbluff—Reuler's

NEW JERSEY

Jersey City—State Gown Shop
Paterson—Meyer Bros.
Trenton—Lilian Charm
Union City—Holthausen

NEW MEXICO

Albuquerque—Mosier's Smart Shop

NEW YORK

Albany—John G. Meyers Co.
Middletown—Carson & Towner Co.
New York City—Jas. McCreery & Co. Fourth Floor
Ogdensburg—John B. Tyo & Sons
Rochester—J. E. Thompson Co.
Schenectady—The Carl Co.

NORTH CAROLINA

Burlington—B. A. Sellar's & Son, Inc.

Charlotte—Purcell's
Durham—R. L. Baldwin
Elizabeth City—Hurdle's
Goldsboro—Neil Joseph Co.
Greensboro—Ellis Stone & Co.
Henderson—E. G. Davis & Son
High Point—Beavan's Quality Shop
Raleigh—Brook's, Inc.
Rocky Mount—Teachey Womble
Salisbury—Purcell's
Washington—J. K. Hoytt
Wilmington—The Julia

NORTH DAKOTA

Grand Forks—Herberger's, Inc.
Jamestown—Robertson, Inc.
Minot—Sgutt's Store for Women

OHIO

Akron—Byron's
Athens—The D. Zenner Co.
Columbus—Bradford Husch Co.
Mansfield—R. B. Maxwell Co.
Marion—The Uhler Phillips Co.
Massillon—Van Horn's
Painesville—Gail G. Grant, Inc.
Portsmouth—Atlas Fashion Co.
Springfield—Springfield Fashion Co.
Steubenville—Cooper-Kline Co.
Toledo—The Lion D. G. Co.
Wilmington—Litt Bros.

OKLAHOMA

Ada—Katz Dept. Store
Ardmore—G. M. Henley
Enid—Herzberg's
McAlester—Krone Bros.
Ponca City—Frolich Style Shop
Sapulpa—Katz Dept. Store
Shawnee—The Mammoth Dept. Store
Tulsa—Brown-Dunkin
Wewoka—Myles

OREGON

Medford—Adrienne's

PENNSYLVANIA

Altoona—Simmond's
Beaver Falls—B. Berkman's
Bradford—Rose E. Kreinson
Charleroi—Zelinski's The Woman's Store
Easton—Grollman Bros.
Ellwood City—Wilko's Fashion Shoppe
Greensburg—Pross Co.
Harrisburg—Feller & Co.
Lansford—J. C. Bright Co.

New Castle—New Castle D. G. Co.
Philadelphia—Gimbel Bros.
Pittsburgh—Boggs & Buhl
Sharon—The Routman Co.
Upper Darby—Mayer's Fashion Shop

Wilkes-Barre—Fowler, Dick & Walker

RHODE ISLAND

Providence—Jean's, Inc.
Woonsocket—McCarthy Dry Goods Co.

SOUTH CAROLINA

Camden—The Fashion Shop, Inc.
Columbia—Haltiwanger's

SOUTH DAKOTA

Aberdeen—Olwin-Angell Co.
Huron—Erickson's Apparel Shop
Mitchell—H. D. Butterfield Co.

TENNESSEE

Chattanooga—Chas. Rosenthal Co.
Columbia—Dave Gordon
Jackson—Louis Nathan
Knoxville—Anderson, Dulin, Varnell
Memphis—J. Goldsmith & Sons Co.
Nashville—Rich, Schwartz & Joseph
Union City—Morgan-Verhine & Co., Inc.

TEXAS

Abilene—Campbell's
Amarillo—Hollywood Dress Shop
Beaumont—Worth's, Inc.
Brady—S. A. Benham
Brownwood—Garner-Alvis Co.
Bryan—The Smart Shop
Dallas—Wendell's, Inc.
El Paso—The White House
Fort Worth—W. C. Stripling Co.
Houston—Sakowitz Bros. (Hahlo's)
Kingsville—Ragland's
Laredo—Aug. C. Richter, Inc.
McAllen—Valley Merc. Co.
Nacogdoches—Lovell's
San Antonio—The Vogue
Victoria—A. & S. Levy, Inc.
Wichita Falls—The Orchid Shop

UTAH

Salt Lake City—Paris Dry Goods Co.

VERMONT

Burlington—Goodnow, Pearson, Hunt, Inc.
Rutland—The Vogue Shop

VIRGINIA

Charlottesville—Helen G. Eastham Shop, Inc.
Danville—Herman's
Harrisonburg—Joseph Ney & Sons Co.

Richmond—Binder's
Roanoke—S. H. Heironimus Co.
Suffolk—Ballard & Smith

WASHINGTON

Bellingham—Mallahan's
Yakima—Barnes-Woodin Co.

WEST VIRGINIA

Alderson—J. M. Alderson
Bluefield—The Vogue
Clarksburg—The Marks Co., Inc.
Huntington—Paul Kirsh
Williamson—Schwacher's Ladies & Junior Shop

WISCONSIN

Appleton—Geenen Dry Goods Co.
Janesville—Golden Rule Levy
Madison—Cinderella Frocks
Sheboygan—Hill Bros.

WYOMING

Laramie—Baertsch

MEXICO

Mexico City—Maison Dorée

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NO WATER - NO PREPARATION NEEDED

HERE is a mascara that gives an effect vastly more fascinating than that obtained with the ordinary, old-fashioned cake or liquid darkeners . . . for, it doesn't impart a rough, "grainy" look to the lashes.

Tattoo applies so smoothly; it colors the lashes so evenly from lid to tips, that the lashes, instead of shouting "mascara," are merely a part of a lovely illusion; a *stunning* illusion in which your eyes appear as shimmering stars, surrounded with mysterious darkness . . . your lashes seeming to be twice their real length . . . each lash like a shaft of star-light

reaching out to show the way to "heaven"! Tattoo comes in a tube, ready for use. No water — no preparation needed. Simply whisk it onto your lashes with a brush . . . So truly easy to apply that your very first try yields a perfect result . . . Really water-proof . . . smart-proof . . . harmless. *Tattoo your eyelashes!*

BLACK
BROWN
BLUE

NOW AT ALL
TOILET GOODS
COUNTERS



TATTOO *for Eyelashes and Brows*



The more flowers the smarter, so Miss Elphinstone's Jay-Thorpe print, spattered with carnations, tucks more in the belt for gaiety

*Among the many
distinguished women who prefer
Camel's costlier tobaccos:*

MRS. NICHOLAS BIDDLE
Philadelphia

MISS MARY BYRD
Richmond

MRS. POWELL CABOT
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MRS. THOMAS M. CARNEGIE, JR.
New York

MRS. J. GARDNER COOLIDGE, II
Boston

MRS. BYRD WARWICK DAVENPORT
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MRS. ERNEST DU PONT, JR.
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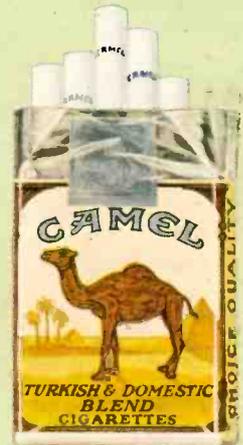
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"NATURALLY I LIKE CAMELS BEST...."

MISS BEATRICE BARCLAY ELPHINSTONE

"They're so much milder and have so much more flavor to them," says this charming representative of New York's discriminating younger set. "They are tremendously popular with us all because they never make your nerves jumpy or upset. And smoking a Camel really does

something for you if you're tired—in the midst of all the luncheons and parties of a season, it's grand to know that when you are tired all you have to do is smoke a Camel and you'll feel like new—it gives you just enough 'lift.'"

That is because smoking a Camel re-

leases your own latent energy in a safe way—fatigue vanishes. And you can enjoy a Camel just as often as you wish, because Camels never upset the nerves. Smoke a mild, fragrant Camel the next time you are tired, and see what a difference it makes in the way you feel.

CAMELS ARE Milder! MADE FROM FINER, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS...TURKISH AND DOMESTIC...THAN ANY OTHER POPULAR BRAND