

Tower RADIO

NRA
CODE

A TOWER
MAGAZINE



FRANCES
LANGFORD

“I KNOW KATE SMITH”

by her discoverer and manager, TED COLLINS

MAX BAER OWES IT ALL TO RADIO

WHEN KINGS AND QUEENS GO ON THE AIR

FICTION • CHILDREN'S PAGE • SHORT WAVE DEPARTMENT



Norma Shearer won this award for "Smilin' Through", Fredric March for "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde"... Chas. Laughton for "Henry the Eighth".

THREE "BEST" STARS IN A STAR PIC!



NORMA SHEARER
FREDRIC MARCH
CHARLES LAUGHTON

Romance...tuned to the beat of your heart...as three winners of Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences "Best Performance" awards... are teamed in a romance greater than "Smilin' Through." As a stage play, "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" scored a three year triumph. As a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presentation it brilliantly dominates the 1934 cinema scene!

in *The* **BARRETTS of WIMPOLE STREET**

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

with
MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN
KATHARINE ALEXANDER
 From the play by Rudolph Besier
 Directed by Sidney Franklin

Isn't It A Shame!



SHE'S TERRIBLY IMPORTANT AT THE BANK!—BUT OH, HER TERRIBLE TEETH!



Helen's eyes are brilliant—and her hair lies in soft, natural waves. She's charming to look at, and invaluable at the bank. But—there's a "but" about Helen.



And Helen's contract is so marvelous that she could go into tournaments if she didn't work in a bank! But—the "but" about Helen gives her many a bad moment.



Men like Helen—they like to play bridge with her. But they don't like to dance with her—and they never propose. For the "but" about Helen is her teeth!



When Helen touches up her pretty lips with lipstick—can't she see that her teeth look dreadful? They're dingy. "Pink tooth brush" could easily be the cause of that!



Helen's dentist would soon explain that tender, bleeding gums need massage with Ipana. With Ipana and daily massage—her gums would soon improve.



Once Helen's teeth were bright and attractive again—there'd be plenty of young men asking her out to dinner and to dance! Romance would come running her way!

Avoid "Pink Tooth Brush" with Ipana and Massage!

IF YOU—like Helen—I have allowed your teeth to become dingy and ugly because you have allowed "pink tooth brush" to go on and on—get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste. Clean your teeth twice a day with Ipana. It is a splendid modern tooth paste which cleans not only the surfaces of the teeth—but deep into every tiny crevice. It really *cleans* your teeth. Then—because Ipana

contains *ziratol*, which aids in stimulating and toning tender gums—massage a little *extra Ipana* directly into your gums.

Today's foods are neither crunchy nor coarse enough to exercise your gums properly. That is why gums today tend to become flabby and

tender—and to leave a trace of "pink" upon your tooth brush. "Pink tooth brush" may be the first step toward gum troubles as serious as gingivitis and Vincent's disease. It not only may *dull* your teeth—but may *endanger* your teeth.

But with Ipana and massage, the dangers from "pink tooth brush" are minimized—and your teeth shine out when you talk and smile!

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

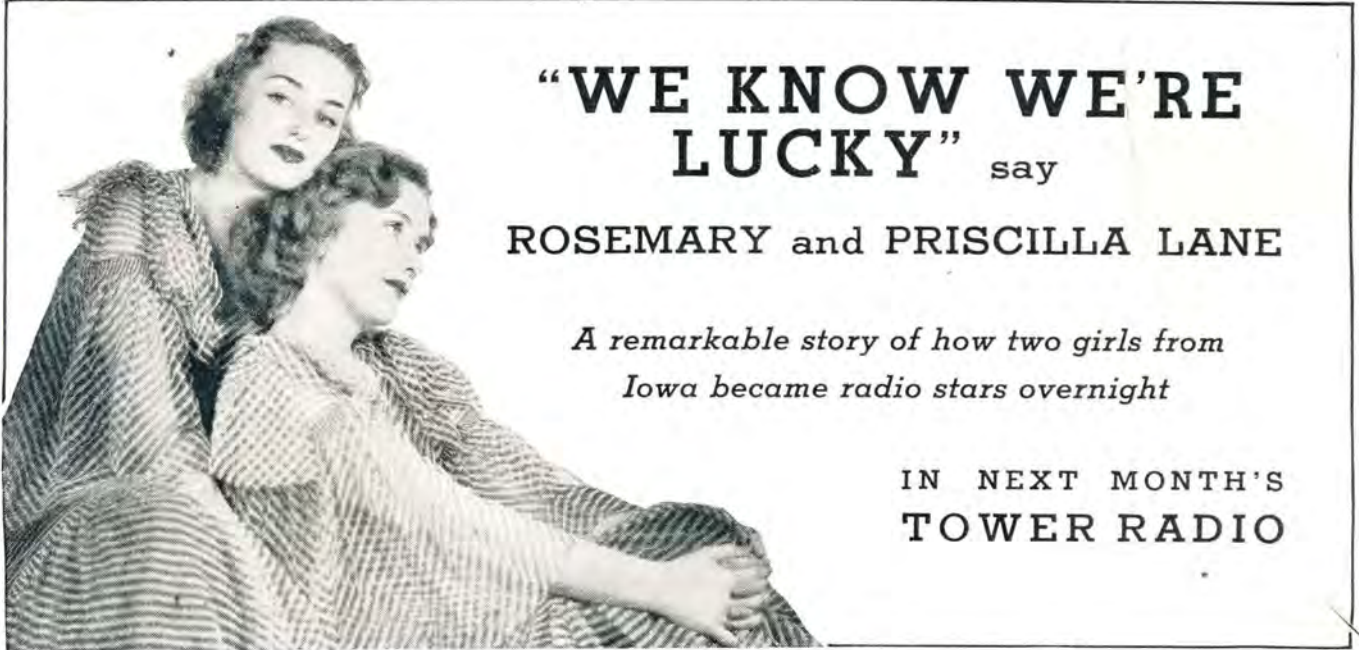
IPANA
TOOTH PASTE



VISIT

"A CENTURY OF PROGRESS"

SEE IPANA MADE FROM START TO FINISH
See the Ipana Electrical Man. General Exhibits Group Building No. 4—Chicago, June—October, 1934.



"WE KNOW WE'RE LUCKY" say

ROSEMARY and PRISCILLA LANE

A remarkable story of how two girls from Iowa became radio stars overnight

IN NEXT MONTH'S TOWER RADIO

Tower Radio

CATHERINE McNELIS, *Publisher*

VOL. 2, NO. 1

A TOWER MAGAZINE

OCTOBER, 1934

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



Sally's pretty and Sally's smart!

She uses cosmetics as she always has but removes them thoroughly the Hollywood way—guards against unattractive Cosmetic Skin!



Yes, indeed I use cosmetics! But by removing them regularly with **Lux Toilet Soap** I guard against Cosmetic Skin

SCREEN STARS are wise in the ways of loveliness! And thousands of clever girls all over the country are adopting Hollywood's beauty care to guard against unattractive Cosmetic Skin—keep their complexions exquisite.

Have you seen warning signals of this distressing modern com-

plexion trouble—enlarged pores, tiny blemishes, dullness—black-heads, perhaps?

Cosmetics need not harm even delicate skin unless they are allowed to *choke the pores*. Many a girl who *thinks* she removes cosmetics thoroughly actually leaves bits of stale rouge and powder in the pores day after day. Then the pores become clogged, distended—Cosmetic Skin develops.

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

Lux Toilet Soap removes cosmetics *thoroughly*. Its ACTIVE lather sinks deeply into the pores, carries away every *vestige* of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics. Before you apply fresh make-up—ALWAYS before you go to bed at night, use this gentle white soap!



MIRIAM HOPKINS STAR OF PARAMOUNT'S "SHE LOVES ME NOT"

All the news about your favorites during
their leisure and working hours

By NELLIE REVELL

Miss Revell knows every-
one connected with radio
and gives you the latest
gossip each month



Above, her real name is
Muriel Dean, but Honey is
her nickname. And it de-
scribes her voice if you listen.

Ray Lee Jackson

Mary Howard belongs to that legion of radio actresses who is never seen, which is a pity,
judging from this picture. She is a member of the Radio Guild as a character actress.

Behind the Dial

HERE'S good news, indeed. Alexander Woolcott, the rotund raconteur (less rotund now having been in the interim to an institution where embonpoint in scientifically reduced), returns to the kilocycles shortly. Columbia's Town Crier this time will air his wit and wisdom in the interests of a cereal concern. Last Winter, when he surprised the low-brows by building up a fine following from coast-to-coast with his sophisticated observations and anecdotes, he was merely a sustaining artist. Woolcott's landing of a commercial contract is significant of something or other in radio; my thought is that it proves that both sponsors and audiences are improving in their appreciation of talent.

• • •

Shortly after this number of TOWER RADIO reaches the customers Miss Radio of 1934 will be picked at New York's annual radio show. Either Leah Ray or

the Countess Olga Albani will be awarded that honor, according to the wiseacres of Radio Row.

• • •

JACK ARTHUR, abroad to fill engagements and to prepare himself for grand opera, dined the other night with the Prince of Monaco. The baritone was singing at the Hotel de Paris, Monte Carlo, at the time but just the same it is a rare honor for an American artist to break bread with the ruler of the tiny principality.

• • •

GEORGE GIVOT, suffering from an attack of ptomaine poisoning, was asked if it came from eating in the "Acropolis No. 7," the restaurant he has made so famous on the air. "Maybe," answered the Grik Hambassadeur, "but I'm more inclined to think I swallowed some of the script!" (Please turn to page 8)

• Coming events cast their shadows before



You will soon be seeing MAE WEST in her new picture, "BELLE OF THE NINETIES," with ROGER PRYOR, John Mack Brown, John Miljan, Katherine DeMille and Duke Ellington's Orchestra. Directed by Leo McCarey. A Paramount Picture

Uncle Bob Sherwood was favorite camping trip companion of Thomas Edison

Two of the "Three Marshalls" who have been on "The Big Show" during the Summer.



Culcer

Ozzie Nelson, above, is back on the air after a summer tour.



Al Jolson and his wife, Ruby Keeler, thoroughly enjoy their leisure in the privacy of their home in the suburbs of New York. Here they are walking through the cornfield, taking life easy.

(Continued from page 6)

Behind THE DIAL

TWO newcomers to the networks whose future will be watched are Barry McKinley, young baritone, and Ray Sinatara, youthful maestro. Both appear on the "Dreams Come True" program on NBC. McKinley is an Ohio boy who attracted attention at Station WLW, Cincinnati, and Sinatara was formerly arranger for Jacques Renard, and other bandmen.

• • •

Edna Ferber, author of the book, "Show Boat," which was adapted to the stage for a Ziegfeld musical, receives \$200 every time "Show Boat" is broadcast. Miss Ferber has nothing to do with the writing of the continuity of the ethereal "Show Boat"—the money is paid her simply for the right to use the title.

• • •

HERE'S a farmer's daughter story with a new twist. Furthermore it's clean. Phil Duey, whose glorious voice has won the hearts of many maidens, was raised on a farm near Macy, Indiana. On an adjoining farm was a lovely girl whom Phil never met because he was extremely girl shy. Years later both went to the University of Indiana and discovered for the first time they were neighbors back home. Also that they were in love for they subsequently married.

• • •

UNCLE BOB SHERWOOD, the veteran circus performer, was the favorite story-teller of the late Thomas A. Edison. The inventor thought him as indispensable on a camping trip as a cook's kit. Result was that Uncle Bob was a frequent companion of Edison, Henry Ford and Harvey Firestone on their excursions to the great outdoors.

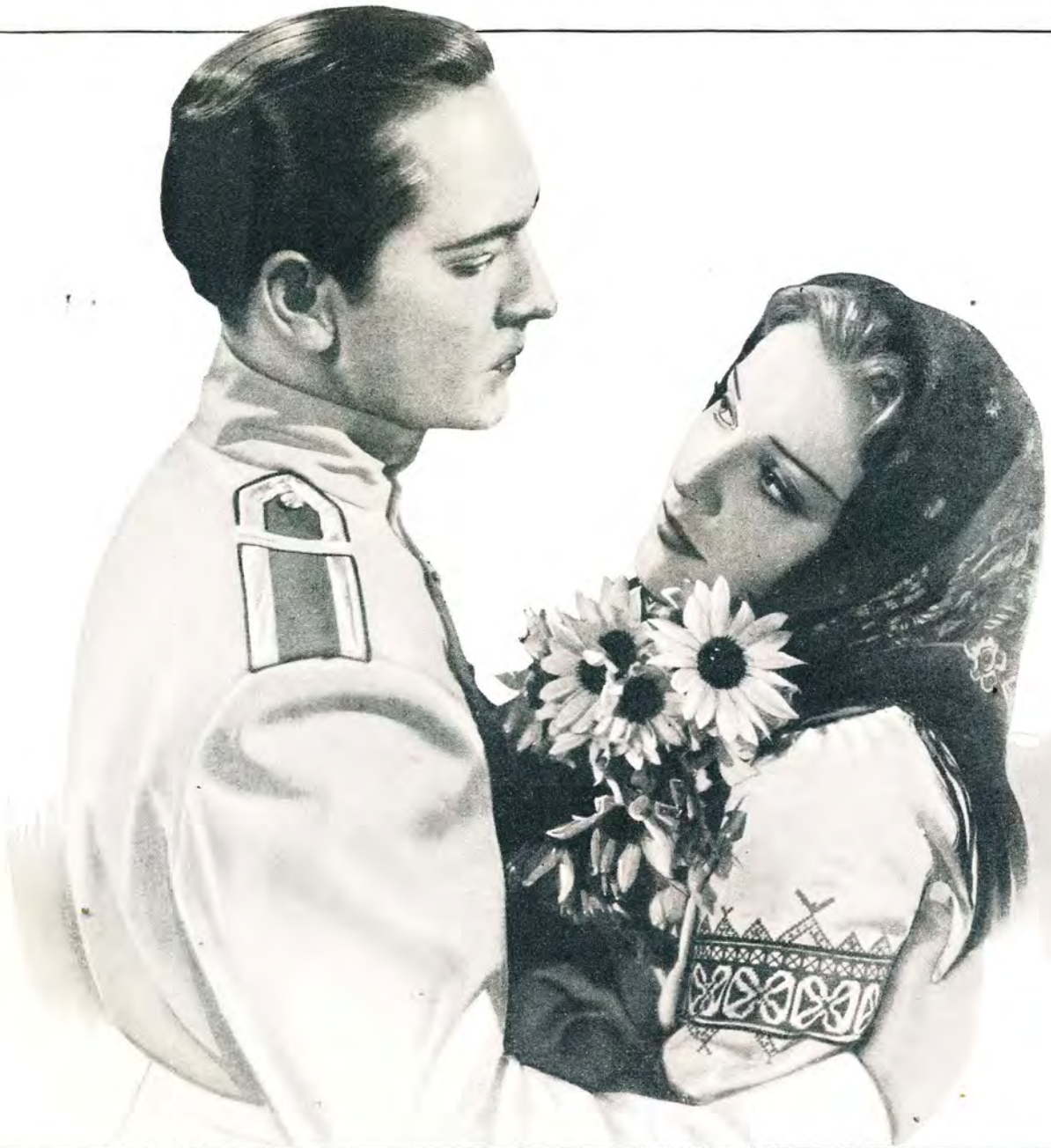
• • •

MRS. EDDIE PEABODY, with Rudy Vallee, manages the banjoist's business affairs. She has been serving in that capacity for ten years and has done a mighty good job, too, for Eddie Peabody today is one of the wealthiest of entertainers. A big orange grove in California is not the least of his possessions.

• • •

Here's another radio romance: Mrs. Ora Nichols, the lady who presides so (Please turn to page 10)

*The warmth of Sten! The brilliance of March! The genius of Tolstoy!
The vision of Mamoulian! The wizardry of Samuel Goldwyn!
... here truly is a romance of unforgettable beauty!*



ANNA STEN and FREDRIC MARCH

in
SAMUEL GOLDWYN'S
PRESENTATION OF

We Live Again

a ROUBEN MAMOULIAN
PRODUCTION

From the novel, "Resurrection" by Leo Tolstoy

Released thru UNITED ARTISTS

Babe Ruth so successful on the air that sponsors didn't renew his radio contract

(Continued from page 8)
ably over the sound-effects department of CBS, recently married Lon Dorough, a studio drummer. Lon, it would appear, is pretty good at sound-effects, too.

GRACIE ALLEN isn't always so dumb. She can get mighty serious at times and she hit a popular note the other day when she fired a broadside against trick music arrangements. "I think song arrangers are sillier than I am supposed to be," said Gracie. "It is

Billy Starr recently made her CBS network debut after but three months on a single station.



Roy Lee Jackson

Gladys Swarthout, star of the Palmolive Beauty Box Theater, is married to Frank Chapman, who also is known in musical circles.



United Artists

my conviction that when Irving Berlin, Vincent Youmans or George Gershwin write a song they know exactly what they are doing. If they wanted any freak notes, they would put them in themselves. Why, the things arrangers do to songs is just as ridiculous as the suggestion that Lincoln's Gettysburg address needs arranging to make it good."

Jean Sargent left radio for the movies, but only for a short time.

ORCHESTRA leaders, despite the highly competitive character of their calling, form lasting friendships undisturbed by professional jealousies. For instance, Rudy Vallee and Richard Himber are great pals; Paul Whiteman and George Olsen are good buddies; Jack Denny and Vincent Lopez are unusually congenial companions; and Abe Lyman and Leon Belasco, are ditto.

named Willie. When the songs were handed down orally among the mountain folks they changed Willie to Bill or Billy. From this sprang hillbilly to designate the mountaineers. The expression was introduced to literature by John Fox, Jr. (once the husband of Fritzi Scheff) in his "Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come."

Behind
THE
DIAL

Where did the term "hillbilly," originate? Ethel Park Richardson, author of *Hillbilly Heart Throbs*, and herself a native of the Tennessee mountains, explains it thusly: "It is an Americanism based on the fact that in the old English ballads—the first songs heard in the hills of this country—the hero was usually

WITH the connivance of Mary Livingstone, his wife, Jack Benny has carefully created for himself the reputation as a skilled pianist—and all he can play on that instrument are three notes! Here is how he does it: When guests are assembled, Jack speaks profoundly about music. To illustrate some point he sits himself at the piano. With a great flourish he strikes the three bass notes beginning the famous Rachmaninoff Prelude in C Sharp Minor. At that precise second, Mrs. Benny summons him to the telephone (Please turn to page 89)



A Blonde Writes

“The Summer left My Hair Streaky and Dull
—but I’ve Made it **EVEN** and **LUSTROUS**
again with Marchand’s Golden Hair Wash . .

Maybe too much summer sun has streaked or dulled your pretty blonde hair. Now you, too, can **EVEN-UP** the shade, make it look **NATURALLY EVEN**, without dark and light spots, with Marchand’s Golden Hair Wash. By diluting Marchand’s and rinsing the entire head, you can bring out a thousand tiny highlights in your hair—giving a soft golden gleam.

Refined girls like the skillful, **NATURAL** way that Marchand’s restores normal brightness to blonde hair. The blonde who is proud of

her hair—the girl who is sensitive about what people think she is doing to her hair—they always prefer Marchand’s Golden Hair Wash.

REMEMBER—when diluted with warm water, Marchand’s gives blonde hair a lovely **NATURAL** brightness. Do it at home yourself. Simple directions on the label. To be sure of beautiful results be sure you get the genuine.

The same reliable Marchand’s makes dark excess hair **INVISIBLE**—like

the light unnoticeable down on the blonde’s skin. This avoids shaving and coarse re-growths. Makes limbs dainty and attractive.

Ask your Druggist or Get By
Mail—Use Coupon

C. Marchand Co., 251 W. 19th St., N. Y. C.
45c enclosed (send coins or stamps). Please
send me a regular bottle of Marchand’s Golden
Hair Wash. T.M.-1034

Name.....

Address.....City.....State....

MARCHAND’S GOLDEN HAIR WASH

*Makes Streaky Blonde Hair **EVEN** and **LUSTROUS***

FREE TRIPS

AWARDS FOR SALESPeOPLE

for the best letters about
friendly, helpful service

Receipt in our office of 5 ballots (see opposite page), bearing your name, admits you to membership in the 1934 TOWER Retail Sales Honor Roll. You will be presented with an attractive bronze HONOR badge of identification. 10 ballots, similarly received, entitle you to membership and a silver HONOR badge. 25 ballots, similarly received, give you membership and a gold HONOR badge—highest recognition of all.

10 FREE TRIPS to New York

Each 1934 TOWER Retail Sales Honor Roll winner will be provided an opportunity to obtain still greater reward. A FREE trip to New York—FAME—as one of the nation's best salespersons. This is the final goal for each of these best retail Salesmen or Saleswomen . . . 10 in Grocery Stores, 10 in Department Stores . . . who write the best short statements about what constitutes *Friendly, Helpful Service*. Be the store salesperson from *your* city to earn this glorious visit to the center of retail activities. Civic and merchandising leaders will be here to acclaim you for your achievement!

Grocery salespeople: closing date for your entry—September 15

Department store salespeople: closing date for your entry—Oct. 15

Beautiful Display Seals for Stores

Dealers—Beautiful *Friendly, Helpful Service* Window Seals are yours for the asking. They identify you as co-operating in this tremendous, nation-wide movement to improve retail store SALES and SERVICE. Write Ben Irvin Butler, TOWER MAGAZINES, 55 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. C.

HOME • MYSTERY • SERENADE
TOWER RADIO • NEW MOVIE

TOWER

Tower Radio, October, 1934

\$2,000 IN CASH

AWARDS FOR TOWER READERS

for the best letters about en-
joyable shopping experiences

Think of that joyous vacation trip of which you've often dreamed . . . Of those smart new housefurnishings you want to buy . . . Or the extras in clothing and incidentals a little additional money would provide for your family . . .

All these—many more—of your personal desires can be *easily* and *quickly* realized. Yes, indeed! All you need do is write us an interesting, short letter telling of an *enjoyable shopping* experience. Mention some item you bought in a Grocery or Department Store. Put the name of the store salesperson on the ballot below and attach it to your letter. That's all. It takes but a few minutes—so jot down your thoughts *now* and enter this program in plenty of time to WIN!

You need not buy anything to compete. Letters will be judged on their merits: value of salesperson's service to *you*—manner in which Department Store experience is told—its *simplicity*, its *clarity*. (Entries may be used by publisher in any manner desired and will not be returned.) Duplicate awards in case of tie. Decision of judges final. TOWER employees and their families are excluded. Only *one* statement per person for each of the monthly cash offers in this series.

FRIENDLY, HELPFUL SERVICE PROGRAM
for Grocery Stores . . . closes Sept. 15, 1934
for Department Stores . . . closes Oct. 15, 1934
Get your letters in before midnight, these dates!

MAGAZINES

Tower Radio, October, 1934

If you wish to write a separate letter about both a grocery store and department store shopping experience, you can use this ballot for one vote and make a facsimile of it for the other vote.



82 CASH AWARDS:

- (1) First Prize for the best letter . . . \$250.00
- (1) Second Prize for the 2nd best letter . . . 100.00
- (1) Third Prize for the 3rd best letter . . . 50.00
- (4) Fourth Prizes for the 4 next best letters, ea. 25.00
- (25) Fifth Prizes for the 25 next best letters, ea. 10.00
- (50) Sixth Prizes for the 50 next best letters, ea. 5.00

(Awards given ONLY in accordance with rules stated in left-hand page of this announcement)

MAIL THIS OFFICIAL BALLOT TO
SHOPPING EDITOR, TOWER MAGAZINES,
55 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

Write, clearly, in this space, name of your most *helpful* Retail Store Salesman or Saleswoman, together with name of store in which *he* or *she* is employed. Mail this official ballot (or facsimile) completely filled, to Shopping Editor, TOWER MAGAZINES, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

.....CHECK
(Store Salesperson's Name) (Man?) (Woman?) WHICH

.....
(Name of Store in which employed) (Department of Store)

.....
(Address of Store)

.....
(Check which Contest) (Grocery Store?) (Dept. Store?)

.....CHECK
(Your Name) (Married?) (Single?) WHICH

.....
(Your Address—Street, City, State)

.....
(No. of children in your family) (Occupation of head of family)

.....
Do you OWN? . . . or RENT? . . . (apartment?) . . . (house?) . . .
CHECK WHICH

Amazing Colors discovered in Human Skin suggest Flattering New Powder Shades



Natural brightens fair skin. Excellent shade with graying hair.



Rose Cream gives a "bloom" to blonde and fair brunette skin.



Light Cream makes lily-pale blonde or brunette skin look clear and velvet-smooth.



Brunette (Rachel) gives glow and radiance to brunette skin. Does away with paleness.



Rose Brunette . . . a warmer shade . . . makes sallow skin sparkle. And it modifies ruddiness.



Dark Brunette . . . exactly right for very dark brunettes and alluring with sun-browned skin!



Mrs. Manuel J. Bon de Sousa, ivory-skinned and light-haired, says, "Pond's is the smoothest powder. The Brunette shade brightens my skin."



FINEST POSSIBLE INGREDIENTS ONLY 55¢



10¢ $\frac{1}{4}$ the actual size

HIDDEN TINTS in these New Powder Shades make blonde skin radiant, brunette skin clear . . .

SCIENCE has discovered that the clear, creamy skin of the perfect blonde owes its loveliness to a faint hint of brilliant blue that lingers in it.

That the clear, olive tone of the perfect brunette skin is due to a note of bright green that echoes through it.

This amazing discovery was made by an optical machine which can read the skin. With the aid of this machine, you can actually see tints in the skin which the eye cannot detect—tints which make the complexion "perfect," or too pale, too sallow too florid.

These are the hidden tints in Pond's new Powder.

Many girls' skin analyzed

When this sensational discovery was made, Pond's examined the skin of hundreds of girls. Girls with radiant "movie-star" complexions—girls with skin that

was dull, tarnished, flushed, dark.

That's how Pond's learned the exact colors needed to make blonde and brunette skin beautiful.

They mixed into each of their new face powders just a tinge of blue and green. You cannot detect these tints in the powder, but you recognize their glamorous effect.

New powder shades flatter all complexions

Pond's powder shades are different from any others. The moment you smooth them on, blonde skin becomes transparent, pearly . . . brunette skin becomes clear, magnolia-like.

Best of all . . . Pond's Powder clings and clings. Yet never cakes—never streaks—never

clogs the pores. Its texture is superfine. And its perfume lasts to the very depths of the jar.

Yet Pond's Face Powder jar for 55¢ contains as much as many \$1.00 boxes. The extra-big jar is \$1.10. Five-and-tens and variety stores carry 10¢ and 25¢ sizes

Send the coupon below for your samples at once. You'll be amazed to see how these new face powder shades will make your complexion clear—radiant—breath-taking.

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. K
92 Hudson St., New York City

I enclose 5¢ (to cover cost of postage and packing) for Two Special Boxes of Pond's new Powder and an extra sample—three different shades in all.

I prefer 3 different Light shades
I prefer 3 different Dark shades

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Copyright, 1934, Pond's Extract Company

THE NAVY'S AIR PATROL

With its aid President Roosevelt on the high seas ran the government

By ROBERT D. HEINL



Every battleship is a radio station.

SO carefully do officials guard details of the development of the Navy's vast system of radio communication that were it not for something like the trip of President Roosevelt to Hawaii, we probably would never hear of it. Yet the marvelous range of the Naval Communications Service, as the invisible network is called, was largely responsible for making it possible for the President while at sea, thousands of miles away, to run the government with as much ease as if he had been sitting at his desk at the White House.

His ship could have gone on around the world as far as the Navy radio was concerned. It was prepared to handle his correspondence at any distance. In the old days a President could not have left the United States for such a long period, if at all, because he would have had no way of knowing what might have broken loose in his absence.

Thanks to the development of the radio and airplanes, which supplemented the radio by air mail deliveries, President Roosevelt ran things just as well on his trip through the Panama Canal to the

Pacific as he could have done in Washington. Better, perhaps, at least with more comfort, for being at sea he was far from the Capital's disturbing noises and didn't have to see numerous visitors, job hunters and others who take up a President's time.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S trip, however, was all in the day's work as far as the Navy was concerned. When the "Graf Zeppelin" reached Washington, Dr. Hugo Eckener called on the President and the Secretary of the Navy. This was according to official etiquette but from there, of his own accord, Dr. Eckener went to the office of Capt. S. C. Hooper, Chief of Naval Communications. The visit surprised Captain Hooper who said, "I didn't expect to see you here, Sir."

"I came to thank you for your weather reports which we have been receiving on our trip around the world, and especially for a storm warning which came to us from Washington as we were leaving Japan. It was a terrific storm and I am certain the 'Graf Zeppelin' would never have survived that gale. Your warning saved us and I am here to express my personal gratitude."

The development of commercial aviation has since required very complete (Please turn to page 48)



Copyright Harris and Ewing
Capt. S. C. Hooper, Chief of Naval Communications, is head of the naval radio.

Bureau of Naval Communications



The U. S. Naval Radio Station at Annapolis, Md., one of the key stations of the network, viewed from the air.

ROYALTY ON THE AIR

(Alan Hunter, the author, is assistant editor of *AMATEUR WIRELESS*, the prominent English publication. He is a leading British authority on radio.)

SH! The King!" We pressed our earpieces still closer, held our breath and sat immobile for fear of once again upsetting that precariously poised catwhisker.

Then King George of England spoke. For the first time millions of people heard the actual living voice of their Sovereign. For the first time in the history of the world a King was making an infinitely human contact with subject millions.

It was an unforgettable moment to those of us who were listening. Way back in 1924 it was—early days of broadcasting in England, when the crystal set was still the receiver of the ordinary man.

King George was performing the opening ceremony of the British Empire Exhibition at Wembley. With him spoke the Prince of Wales—another thrill that will not easily be forgotten.

And so that day of April 23, 1924, goes down in the annals of radio as the day upon which royalty came into the home—and thereby forged a human bond of sympathy that future historians may easily assess as mightily significant.

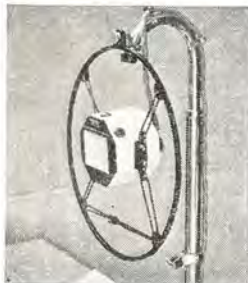
ENGLAND of all countries of the Western world ad-heres most to its ancient love of Kings. To the people of Great Britain and in the Colonies and Dominions overseas the King stands as the one great unifying symbol—and radio, by enabling the King's voice to be flashed round the world, has emphasized that sense of oneness without which the British Empire would surely disintegrate.

No one abroad can realize just what that first Royal broadcast meant to the people of the British Isles. Few can appreciate the unexampled esteem in which the royal family are held. To hear the voices of the King and the Princes is to experience the greatest thrill in radio.

When word went round that the King would actually be heard "over the wireless" from Wembley a tremendous wave of excitement swept the country. On the great day every set that could work was eagerly adjusted to the London station's wavelength and special listening parties were hastily arranged so that no one might miss the epochal event.

People took sets up to their offices and slung temporary aerials. In the Government buildings every conceivable way of distributing the signals was devised. Head-phones from the wireless sets were jammed up against the

At the right is a picture of the type of microphone utilized at Broadcasting House in London and used by the Prince of Wales when he talks to the Empire.



Copyright, B. B. C., London.



Copyright, Spect and General, London

King George V broadcasting from Sandringham his Christmas message to the British Empire. These holiday messages reach a vast audience.

mouthpieces of the line telephones, so that people at the other end might also hear.

. . . And then came the royal voice. The voice, we instantly realized, of a King. An English gentleman's voice, devoid utterly of rhetorical tricks and mannerisms. A voice that carried great conviction because of its obvious sincerity.

Since that memorable day the King has, of course, broadcast many times, and with each succeeding broadcast one realizes more and more that he has that priceless asset of broadcasting—a microphone voice. Deep and manly, it is a voice that never loses anything through transmission; one feels instinctively when listening at the loud speaker end that one is hearing the King as one would in his actual presence.

Living in the most troublous times of any King in history, it is perhaps a dispensation of Providence that King George, beset on all sides with difficult problems, should have at his disposal the miracle of radio.

His list of broadcasts is too long to enumerate in full but perhaps a few examples will have an historical interest. Not long after his first broadcast, the King was heard at St. George's Hall for the consecration ceremony of Liverpool Cathedral. He was heard, of course, at the opening of India House, London, on July 8, 1930.

He opened the Naval Conference of London at the



Brown Brothers

Windsor Castle, the home of the British royal family and celebrated in English history. Below, the Prince of Wales at the mikes. The Prince broadcasts frequently and is an experienced air talker.

The Topical Press Agency, Ltd., London

The radio has made a new demand upon kings, queens and princes. They have had to develop microphone personalities

By ALAN HUNTER



Wide World



Feetone

At the left, the Queen and the Prince of Wales. The Queen Mother will be heard by America in September when she broadcasts from Glasgow at the launching of a new Cunard liner. This will be the Queen's second radio appearance.

House of Lords on January 21, 1930—a broadcast of real historical significance. As was the later broadcast on November 12 in the same year when His Majesty opened the Round Table Conference in the Royal Gallery of the House of Lords.

IN more homely events our King is also heard whenever it is considered advisable. For example, he broadcast the opening of the Shieldhall dock at Glasgow on July 10, 1931. His opening of the King George Hospital at Ilford was also broadcast on July 18, 1931.

How great a place the King holds in the hearts of the people was vividly demonstrated when, after his long and anxious illness, he was heard at the opening of the World Economic Conference at the Geological Museum, London, last June.

In his voice there was no trace of weakness. It was still the same strong, vibrant, suave voice of old. How relieved everybody was at this tangible evidence of the King's complete recovery. Soon after the King was heard again when he opened the world's largest graving dock at Southampton on July 26, 1933.

Without doubt, though, the greatest of all royal broadcasts is at Christmas time, when the King speaks not only to his subjects in the British Isles but to the

whole Empire. His first message went out at Christmas, 1932, and this was repeated in another form last Christmas, when practically the whole world was enabled to hear the royal voice.

From his study at Sandringham, in Norfolk, the King spoke to the largest aggregate of human beings in the history of the world. For a few brief moments one voice held the ear of the world—and the world listened with a sympathy and understanding all too rare in the world of today.

Very few of these listeners can imagine the intimate details of the surroundings in which this royal message was given. Perhaps those most privileged were the outside broadcast engineers of the B.B.C., who had all the responsibility of the technical arrangements on their shoulders.

They would have seen the King's study at Sandringham in all its simple dignity. They had to install the microphones, of course. Not the mythical golden microphone but perfectly standard carbon type microphones as used for nearly all outside broadcasting work by the B.B.C.

Two of these microphones were used, one as a spare in case of accident. They were housed in Australian walnut cases standing about a (Please turn to page 79)

MAX vs. MIKE



SO you're asking me what I think of radio? Huh, that's easy. Radio is one of the greatest benefits of modern life. Radio helps international understanding, brings comfort to shut-ins, entertains the whole family—why, radio is the swellest way to train for a prizefight that I know of!

Max Baer flashed his famous smile. It is fresh, frank and friendly. A "winning" smile, the story book writers call it. And, boy, does it win! There is almost as much earning power in that smile as in Max's good right arm.

"Sure I'm serious," Max went on. "Three times a week I was on the radio, right up to the night before the Carnera fight. People said I was crazy. Huh—they should have seen the salary check.

"No kidding, though. Those radio programs took my mind off the fight. I thought I could stretch that Venetian man-mountain out on the floor, all right, but it doesn't do any good to lie awake nights thinking about it. Radio gave me something else to think about — and plenty.

"THE trouble with radio is that it doesn't stay licked. In a fight, all you have to do is to walk into the ring and knock a man out. Yeah, that's all. Come up and box me some time, handsome.

"Once you've got a man out, however, he stays out. That is, unless they pull a rubber watch on you, like the one they pulled on Dempsey. But radio is never licked. As soon as you get one program polished off, you have to come back a couple of nights later and do the trick all over again. Radio is just a perpetual no-decision bout.

"I like it, though. The Carnera bout was hardly over before I started scratching around to see if I could arrange another fight and some more radio programs to go with it. Just a punishment-hunter, I am, and I always try to go by the old principle, it is more blessed to give than to receive."

Max stared at his chief punishment-giver—his right hand. It is huge, hard and brown; about as dangerous a piece of gristle as can be found hanging on a human frame anywhere in the world.

"It's a funny thing, the way some people are scared when they first go on the radio. Why be afraid of a microphone? They've been using them for about fifteen years, now, and one was never known to fight back, or to leap out and bite you. Boy, oh boy, after you have spent several years climbing into the ring against a line of scowling pugs, a mere microphone seems like a boudoir doll in lace panties!"

Max paused for a little rub-down. He was in his dressing room at the Paramount Theater in New York, where he was making a week of highly successful personal appearances. The day was stifling hot outside. Max turned to one of his trainers, who stayed beside him, even for a theater engagement.

"Hand me that rubbing alcohol," said the champion. "I'll anoint myself with a little of this to keep down perspiration." Max was in his traditional resting costume of dressing gown, slippers and shorts. He never wears an undershirt, even when dressed for the street.

Max threw open his dressing gown. His glistening chest, a 48-inch circumference of arching, he-man chest that looked as solid as a steel drum, came into view. No fist-filled bunches of leather from a glowering opponent were being thrown at that chest now. No, the wars were over at least temporarily and Max was

"The trouble with radio is it never stays licked," says Baer.

"It's tougher than fighting."

By TOM REYNOLDS



Photographs by Metro and Keystone

The new heavyweight champion, Max Baer, isn't afraid of the mike. He says "radio is pretty simple" although "it takes some pretty fancy voice-work."

treating that chest to the cool tingle of rubbing alcohol. Sweet are the uses of victory!

"ONE thing they ought to have in radio," Max volunteered, "is a starting bell. Instead of ringing a gong in the studio to let you know that the program is starting and the fight is on, they quiet down to a point where even a normal breath sounds like a windstorm on the Sahara. Then the announcer makes big contortions in sign language, and you are supposed to know that the program is on the air.

"Well, you can't always believe in signs. Once when we were broadcasting from training quarters down at Asbury Park, the control man waved at me, and I thought he was saying (Please turn to page 81)



The HOUR that made Radio History

By TOM CARSKADON

How Rudy Vallee's variety program—outstanding air hit for five years—was created and how it is produced each week

LISTEN, buddy, there's only one real way to break into radio—and that's the Rudy Vallee program. No matter how big a star you are, nor how little a star you are, if you are new to radio, an appearance on the Vallee hour will give you the greatest send-off you can possibly get. Don't let anyone kid you, or talk you out of it. Vallee is tops for the whole list."

That's the voice of Broadway speaking. Hard-boiled managers of theatrical and radio talent have no illusions about the business. They handle the money, they pay out the cash. They've got to know. And they say Vallee!

Meanwhile, millions of fans throughout America are saying the same thing. The Thursday night Rudy Vallee variety hour is one of the phenomena of radio. One of the largest and costliest programs on the air, it has maintained its position at peak popularity for five straight years.

How do they do it? How is this program assembled and managed; on what principles is it run? Where do they find the artists, and how do they select them? What keeps this program at the top for five years, while a thousand other ambitious programs have risen and died in the same period?

The answer to these and other questions forms



Above, Gordon Thompson, master mind of the Vallee hour, and his aid, George Faulkner. Below, Lester O'Keefe, the production director.



Tower Radio, October, 1934

Vallee is convinced his hour will continue at the top.

one of the most fascinating stories in radio. Would you like to open some studio and conference room doors, sit in at auditions, watch a planning board at work and see some of the real inner workings of radio? Come along, then, and we'll go over the whole route.

Let's begin at the beginning, and see how the whole thing got started. Five years ago a curly haired young man with a soft voice and a pleasant smile was singing and leading his band in New York night clubs. He was popular, all right, but even his New York popularity was a mere drop in the bucket compared with the astounding vogue he was later to create on the radio.

A shrewd advertising agency, the J. Walter Thompson Company, signed him up for one of their boldest and most original advertisers, Fleischmann's Yeast. They allotted him a full hour of expensive radio time, and set out to build a program around him. Rudy Vallee would be represented as leading his band in a night club. There would be other artists on the program, and they would be represented as patrons who happened to drop into the night club and Rudy would call on them. Thus the program would have variety and color.

That was a sound, well thought-out arrangement, but Rudy simply ran away with the show. He was an overnight sensation, one of the greatest things that ever happened in radio. He added the word "crooning" to the American language, he created a whole new vogue in radio singing, he was the cause of "fan clubs" being formed throughout the country. After exactly three programs, all thought of assisting or supporting artists was abandoned. The entire hour was given over to Rudy and his band to do with as he wished.

And he did! For the first two seasons, the curve of Rudy's popularity mounted steadily until it became obvious that he was reaching one of the largest audiences ever reached in radio.



Then the dread "leveling off" process began. For all too many radio entertainers, when the curve of popularity stops rising and begins to flatten out, it means the beginning of the end. Usually, after it flattens it begins to bend, and then straight downhill it goes.

For Rudy Vallee, the flattening out meant simply that he was reaching the top, he was getting just about the maximum possible listening audience. Right then and there Rudy Vallee decided that he liked the top, and, instead of going on over and downhill, he resolved to stay on top.

GREAT is the value of contrast. Ice cream is one of the finest of all desserts, but a full meal of ice cream would soon be too much for almost anyone. Ice cream derives its "difference," its tang and value from the meat and vegetables that have gone before. Rudy Vallee decided to bring in a single guest star on his program each week to add contrast, to quicken interest and to highlight his own performance.

The plan worked. The Vallee hour popularity remained at the crest. Then it was thought wise to take some of the guest stars who had been particularly good and bring them back week after week as semi-permanent features of the program. Do you remember the long runs that Olsen and

Johnson and Irene Bordoni had on the Vallee program?

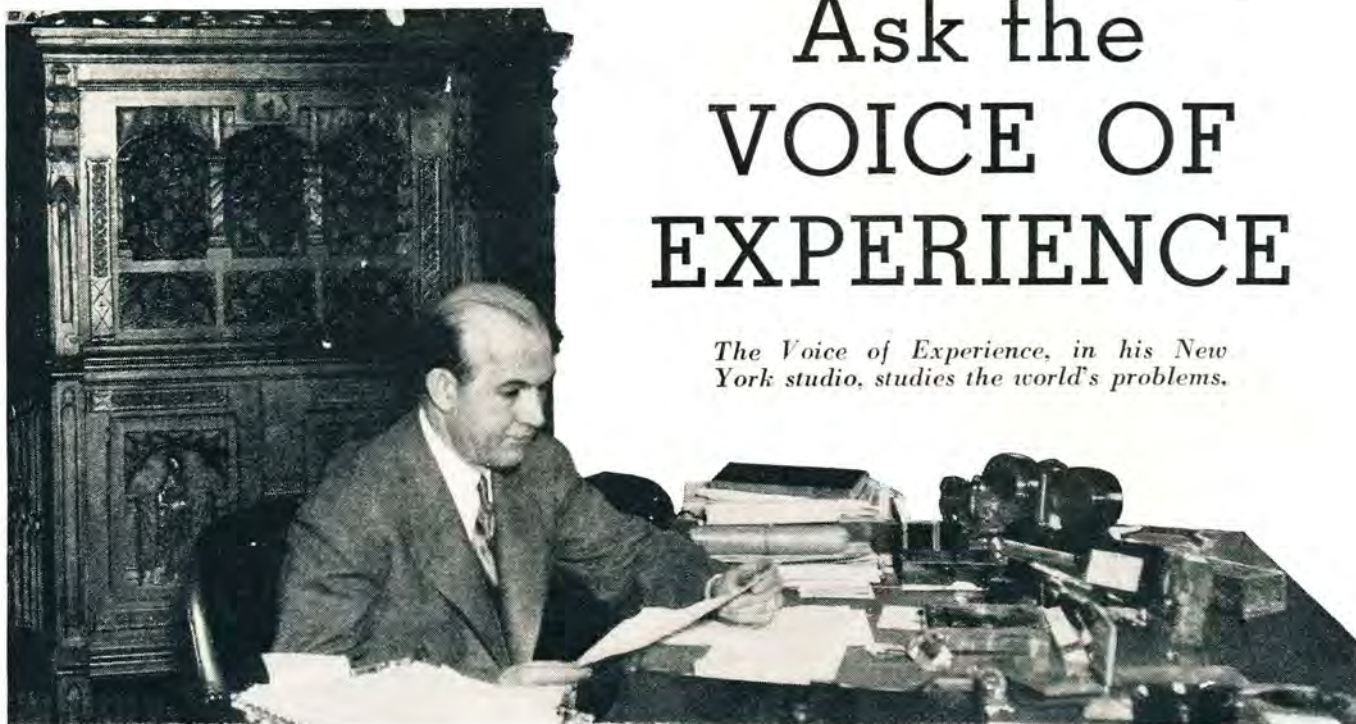
These guest stars displayed a new side of Rudy Vallee's unfolding personality. His introductions were gracious and cordial, his descriptions were particularly apt. His selections of new songs were alert and lively, and he had a most interesting way of presenting them. Listeners began to realize that this young man was much more than a popular singer. He was a discerning selector and presenter of novelties, a graceful and friendly host who could unify a whole program and infuse it (Please turn to page 90)



A Vallee rehearsal, with the Giersdorf Sisters harmonizing to Rudy's singing. Rehearsals occupy two days each week.

Ask the VOICE OF EXPERIENCE

The Voice of Experience, in his New York studio, studies the world's problems.



Wide World

*Jealousy the greatest evil,
says the adviser of millions*

By
VOICE OF EXPERIENCE

IF I were asked to name the five human characteristics, in their order of prevalence, which cause the greatest amount of human misery, I believe I would be safe in giving first place to jealousy. Not far behind jealousy you will find in their order, intolerance, gossip, nagging and envy.

I should say that the majority of my mail, when subjected to analysis of the problems reduced to their lowest terms, revolve around one or more of these five human frailties. Here, for example, is a letter from a girl that works in one of the federal departments in the city. She says:

DEAR VOICE OF EXPERIENCE:

I have been engaged to be married for a little more than a year, but because of the depression and the fact that my fiance has no job, we have postponed this event, awaiting better times. Fortunately, I have been able to hold my job in one of the federal buildings as a stenographer. I take dictation from several men. Each night when my sweetheart calls, much precious time is wasted, which could otherwise be happily spent, because I must answer dozens of questions as to practically everything that I did and said, as well as what they said to me during the day.

I have no interest in any man save my sweetheart. I am sure that he knows this. Many of the things that occur in the office are of a very confidential character.

HOW TO WRITE TO THE VOICE OF EXPERIENCE: You can write the Voice of Experience by sending your letter in care of TOWER RADIO, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. It will be forwarded to the counselor unopened.

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

I have explained to him that some of these things I cannot discuss even with him. This he cannot understand and says that it shows I don't love and trust him as I should.

In your opinion, Voice of Experience, does love require that business secrets be imparted to a lover, when these secrets have nothing whatsoever to do with me personally or with my lover? What would be your attitude if you were in my place?

GOVERNMENT EMPLOYEE.

And here we have one of the thousand-and-one ways in which jealousy manifests itself. What would I do if I were in this girl's place? I would refuse absolutely to divulge the business secrets confided in me. I would try and show the boy-friend that it was merely unwarranted jealousy on his part that caused him to quizz me about matters of this kind; and, having seen the devastating effect of chronic jealousy, were I unable to convert him to the point that he trusted me implicitly and allowed me to keep my business at the office, the first thing that I would do would be to go on a still hunt for a new boy-friend.

There is no more dangerous enemy of love, harmony or marital happiness than this green-eyed monster—jealousy. The time to detect it, and either cure it or kill it, is before, not after, the marriage ceremony. I say emphatically that a girl will find far more happiness if she is compelled to remain a spinster, than if she marries a jealous mate. By the same token, a boy is courting all kinds of trouble if he marries a jealous girl.

If this government employe will give me her name and address, I will be glad to send her a complete analysis of jealousy, together with the only means that I know of to overcome it.

Ofttimes, jealousy is coupled with intolerance. In fact, they go hand-in-hand. Here, for instance, is a letter from a boy who (Please turn to page 58)

The Pickens Sisters, one of the best known of the radio trios. Jane, Patti and Helen sing each Wednesday and Saturday evening over the NBC-WJZ network.



The BLUES BATTALION



Bert Lawson

Edith Murray, one of the highly promising blues newcomers, is heard Friday evenings over the Columbia network.

Right, Vera Van is the golden-haired singer who has her own sustaining evening program. By tuning in on CBS you can hear her "blue velvet voice."



Kathleen Wells, right, is the featured singer on Jack Pearl's program each Wednesday evening.



Ray Lee Jackson



Loretta Lee, above, is one of those pretty blues singers who has a radio program of her very own. She also warbles her heart throbs with Freddie Rich and his orchestra on a sustaining program over CBS.



For Films

Alice Faye, above, keeps us busy tracing her. Now she is in the Maine mountains. Then she is broadcasting from New York. Or in Hollywood, making pictures.



Gertrude Niessen, right, took a short vacation from radio last Summer to go on a most successful tour. But now she is back on "The Big Show" program over CBS as the featured singer again.

The torch songsters who thrill the hearts of radio audiences



Left, Violet Hamilton, of that oddly named singing trio, the Three X Sisters. Above, Louise King, blues singer of CBS-Chicago.



Ray Lee Jackson



No one knows Kate as does her discoverer and manager. And he calls her a human paradox

By
**TED
COLLINS**

Left, Kate Smith and her manager, Ted Collins, in his office. Ted has guided her activities for four years.

(Ever since Kate Smith began her sensational radio career she has been managed and guided in all her activities by Ted Collins. It was he who had faith in her ability when others said "her weight was against her." Collins arranged for her first microphone appearances three-and-a-half years ago, and since then he has been by her side for every broadcast, stage show and all public performances. Privately, he and Mrs. Collins are Kate's closest friends. It is said he knows more about the real Kate Smith—her moods, her fancies, her ambitions and her shortcomings—than she knows about herself. Now that the popular singer has returned to radio after a long absence, spent in vaudeville treks, we have asked him to tell us the story of Kate Smith.)

AS well as I know Kate Smith it's difficult to begin to write about her. Perhaps it is because I do know her so thoroughly that choosing a few of the multitude of things to say is such a hard task.

Kathryn—as she is called by her family and intimate friends—is many-sided. First, let me cite several interesting incidents that illustrate just what sort of person she is. Then I'll tell you more about her.

During our recent vaudeville tour which took us all over the country, Kathryn fell ill with a severe attack of the grippe, made worse by a touch of the dread of all singers—laryngitis. Her temperature hovered around the 103 mark. Despite the insistence of several physicians and myself, she stubbornly refused to allow me to cancel the rest of the week's booking.

Her dressing-room resembled more the private room in a hospital than what it really was. I pleaded with her to call it quits and remain in bed under expert care for a few days. But she wouldn't listen to my entreaties.

"I KNOW KATE SMITH"

The final day of the engagement she stepped on the stage to sing. Great applause greeted her, but something went wrong with the loudspeaker. It didn't open up. I was out front in the audience, and immediately started for the backstage. In the meantime, straining her voice to the utmost, she had almost finished the number when, suddenly, the speaker system was turned on. This caused a jarring blast, as she had resigned herself to singing without the microphone's aid in full voice. It was anything but flattering to her.

I watched her reaction as she walked into the wings. She approached the electrician whose only duty was to manipulate the controls of the speaker system.

"What happened to the mike, Milton?" she asked him.

He hung his head: "To tell you the truth, Miss Smith, I just forgot to turn it on until the end of your song."

She had every right to blow up in a rage—I myself was at the boiling point—but instead: "Well, that's all right, Milt. We all make slip-ups," she quietly admonished, "but don't let it happen again. It's not being kind to my throat, you know."

That's one side of Kathryn. Now, I'll tell you of another.

Several months after she began her radio schedule over the Columbia network and she was gaining more and more popularity with each broadcast, Kathryn was stopped on her way out of a studio by a music publisher.

"Hello, Kate," he said, "you were great tonight. How are you feeling?"

Now, as a rule, Kathryn and I have a high regard for those who create songs and bring them to radio. After all, a song is material for a singer—just as a comedy script is material to a comedian. Only the vocalists are in a more fortunate spot—they don't have to pay for theirs. It's brought to them on a silver platter, but it is up to them to utilize good taste in selecting the good tunes for their programs.

However, Kathryn and I had harbored no love for this certain music publisher. Before she started on the air and was looking for songs—this was prior to our meeting—this man was actually rude to her. At his offices he told her not to bother him for songs until she got on the radio. He said his time was too valuable to waste with someone who, he thought, didn't have many prospects for a broadcasting career. Then, he turned from her to give a pretty showgirl his attention. Nevertheless, we both had acted as civilly as possible toward him. Now that Kathryn's star was ascending, he attempted to simulate friendship. On this particular occasion when he asked Kathryn how she was feeling, she replied in an impersonal way: "I'm very well, thank you."

"And tell me, Miss Smith, how's your mother?"

This insincere overture was more than Kathryn could stand.

"What do you care?" she shot back. "She never asked about you—and please don't bother yourself to ask about me again."

That gives you other aspects of Kathryn's make-up—her remembrance of a hurt, her hate of insincerity, her reverence for her mother, perhaps a lack of diplomacy, and the ability to express herself—which, in this case, she did with few, crushing words.

YES—Kathryn is a human paradox. Yet, I don't think I exaggerate a bit when I say that I'm the only person who really understands her—even better than her immediate family, including her mother. This may sound like a broad statement. But it isn't. Not



Special Photograph for TOWER RADIO by Barnaba Studio

when you consider the fact that in the last three-and-a-half years, I have been with her constantly. Each time she faced the microphone—and this is over the 600 mark—I've stood within a few yards of her. At practically every one of her stage appearances, I've been at the theater—either backstage or merged in the audience. And whenever she sang at private affairs or for numerous benefits, I was on hand. Socially, Kathryn often spends evenings and week-ends with Mrs. Collins and me at our cottage out on Long Island. I came to know her even more thoroughly as a result of seven months spent in a successful vaudeville trek that zig-zagged across the country. (Please turn to page 68)

An actual scene in one of NBC's broadcasting studios during a rehearsal, drawn for TOWER RADIO by Harold Wooldridge.



Charles F. Gannon, of Erwin Wasey, guides Ed Hill and the Voice of Experience.

"Tiny" Ruffner is director of Showboat and Palmolive Beauty Box hours.



Mitchell, N. Y.

BELASCOS

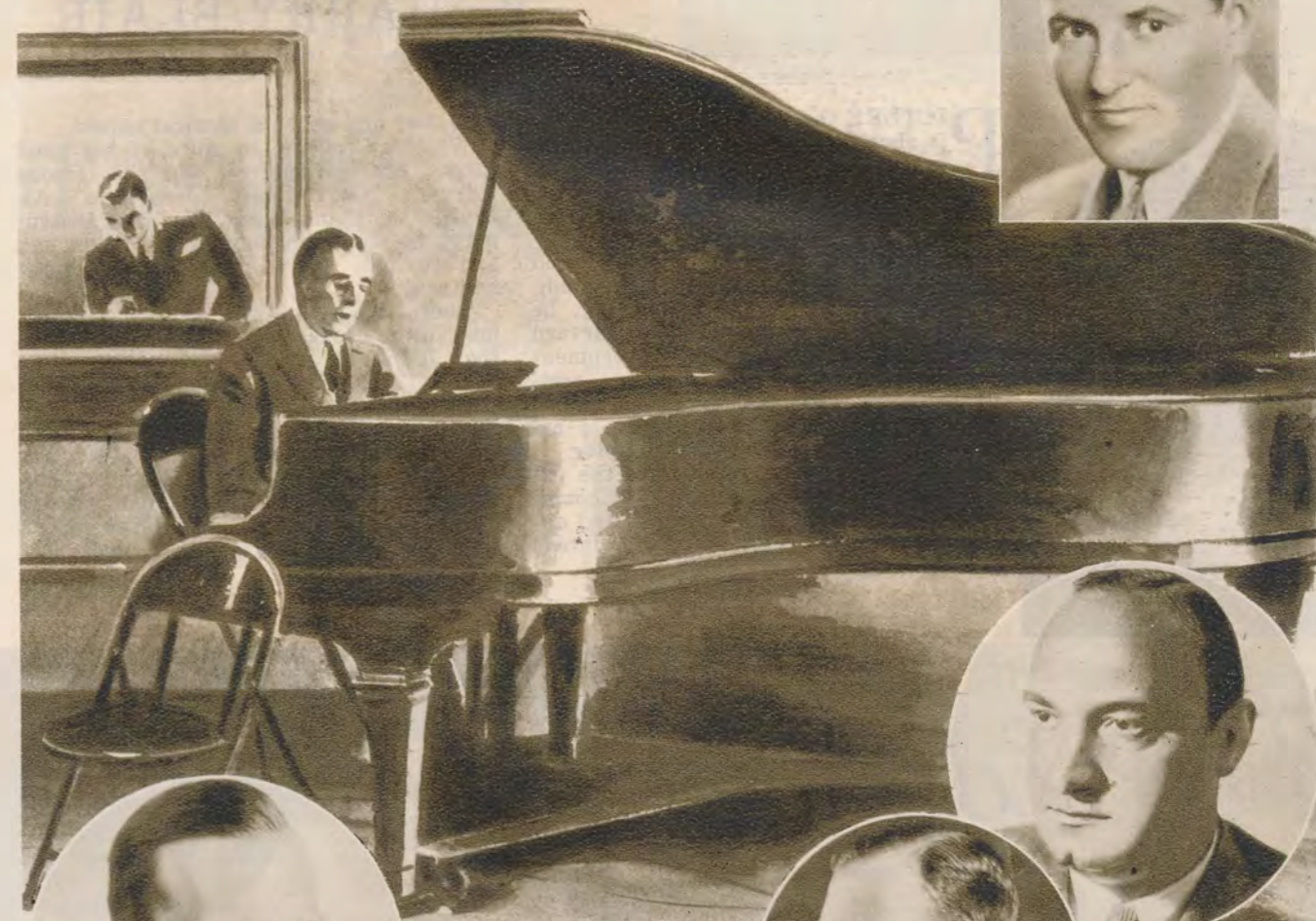
Radio, with its tremendous audience seeking entertainment, has its impresarios as great as those of Hollywood and Broadway

By JESSE BUTCHER

RADIO has developed its own Belascos, Ziegfelds and Cecil DeMilles. There are as great directors and producers in this field of entertainment as one may find on Broadway or in Hollywood. Keen minded and show wise, they know what is "box office" for anything from a quarter of an hour to a full hour of anybody's valuable sponsored time. And the vast audience within their reach was beyond even the imagination of a David Belasco.

The radio producers have been unduly modest about themselves, generally electing to let the stars and the shows they build occupy the spotlight. Thus it is that the public is more familiar with the identities of the stage and screen impresarios than it is with their

Frank McMahon, a leading producer, is the man who presents the Marx Brothers.



Three air impresarios: left, Lewis Witten; right, Arthur Pryor, Jr.; and above, Carlo de Angelo.

Harold Stein



OF THE AIR

broadcast brethren. Who are some of the outstanding program builders of the air waves? How do they function?

When Flo Ziegfeld, that great musical comedy producer, was creating and directing the Chrysler show shortly before his death, he remarked to the writer that he was shocked at the amount of money that sponsors frequently spent on a show that played only one performance. And he was no piker when it came to investing his money in his annual "Follies" or such a production as "Show Boat."

There are radio producers either associated with the two chains or with advertising agencies that handle the expenditure of as high as \$3,000,000 a year on a

single commercial account for time and show. Radio producers may be found in New York, Chicago or Los Angeles who write checks totalling as much as \$25,000 for one evening's radio program lasting maybe a half hour or an hour. Just think of it! What theatrical magnate of this or other days ever contemplated such an outgo of money for a show that was through once it was put on?

Before presenting a few of the leading luminaries in this field, let us draw a composite picture of the average and set down some interesting facts regarding his work. To begin, he is apt to be young, in the late twenties or early thirties, which is not surprising. The pace that radio sets is the pace of youth. (Please turn to page 63)

BODY and Soul



PICTURE the Wall Street of 1912. It is shortly before the Big Crash and everything is action and excitement. Fortunes are in the making—fortunes later to be swept away in the great debacle which is to come.

In the brokerage house of Asiel and Company a handsome young clerk is employed. Although he is but twenty, he has already been graduated from Harvard with a B.A. degree in history, government and economics. He has become a comparison clerk with the munificent salary of \$15 per week, at the insistence of his father, a prominent New York builder.

The young man is oblivious to the excitement of his surroundings. Although faced on every side with examples and opportunities for sudden wealth, he is intent

How Johnny Green overrode parental objections to become a radio star and composer

By HARRY BLAIR

upon but one goal—a musical career.

While at college, in spite of his good marks, his real interest was the famous Harvard "Gold Coast" orchestra. Although the piano is now his basic instrument, he was then playing the reeds, sax and clarinet. He was all for music, body and soul.

There is a tip-off for you. The young man in the brokerage office was none other than Johnny Green.

When Johnny announced to his irate parent that he had decided to let Wall Street struggle along without him, there was plenty of fireworks in the Green mansion on Park Avenue. However, his mother, a fine, intelligent woman, backed him up to the limit. She believed in her son. She alone (Please turn to page 92)

Donald Novis sang his first song from his father's old cobbler bench when a child

By ADELE FLETCHER

THERE stood the little fellow, waiting. They had lifted him up on the cobbler's bench. His small, gritty hands pressed against his slim blue-denimed hips. Not once did his excited blue eyes leave his father's face.

His father, the cobbler, sounded a treble note on his pitch pipe. And the little lad began his song. A song of old and merry England. A song with fine swing and fervor.

At first only his tow head moved to his tune. Next his stout boot tapped the beats. But before the song was ended his whole slender body was moving with the rhythm.

The rough, grizzled men, crowding into that little cobbler's shop to pass another long winter evening with a community sing, sat respectfully silent. But soon their silence was more than respectful. Soon they forgot

the cold white miles they must travel home. Instead of the fire snapping on the hearth, the little lad and his brave song made them hear the ring of knightly armor.

They began to beat the time, too. And soon their heavy boots on the rough floor filled that smoky little room with pandemonium. Above it, however, rose the child's song, sweet and clear.

Donald Novis' first performance was a huge success. No doubt about that.

It was then, I think, the elder Novis knowing his son for a singer, seeing a dear dream come true, forgot all his struggling years when he had migrated from Hastings, England, to Chapleau, a hamlet lying in the wilds of Ontario, and, (Please turn to page 76)

OUT OF THE Canadian Wilds



Culver

Florida ORIOLE

By HOPE STARK



Ray Lee Jackson

Discovered by Mr. Columbus Vallee, Frances Langford came from Tampa to win fame

asked to sing. Astonishingly, instead of her familiar lyric soprano, came notes deep, velvety, but unfamiliar. Actually Frances had, through her tonsillectomy, become the deep contralto which thousands of NBC listeners have come to recognize, and considering the thousands of fan letters, to admire.

Soft, fluffy, and feminine, Frances has the grit, courage and tenacity of a man bent upon a career and brooking no interference. I wouldn't like to be the one to "stop Frances." I imagine it might be a sorry experience!

Characteristically, when she (Please turn to page 60)



Culver

Ramona, whose career started at three, changed her personality but kept the name

ONLY twenty-four—she has lived *two* lifetimes! Her name is Ramona Davies—known simply as "Ramona"—known, she felt, almost too well for a name that conjures up flashing dark eyes, mystery and the wisdom that makes men suspicious. She changed her personality, while she kept the name! She clipped her wavy chestnut hair and went in for curls and sweetness and light, and, with the aid of an exceedingly attractive pair of cobalt-blue eyes, she's done a mighty fine job! Ramona, for all her Castilian name, is just about as Spanish as the Washington Monument and practically as mysterious as Amos 'n'

Two Lifetimes AT 24

By HELEN HARRISON

Andy—but she is smart, for she knows the value of concealing knowledge. Experience has taught her that!

When one's career begins at the age of three it is apt to get precisely a fifteen-year start on the average performer—and while Ramona (who was born in Cincinnati on March 11th, 1910) disavows any murmurings of "child prodigy," she most decidedly answers the description.

Her parents lived in a two-story apartment house in Cincinnati, and a little girl upstairs, ten years older than Ramona, was going through the vicissitudes of "taking p'ana lessons." Do, re, mi, fa, so, do, re, mi, do. You know the torturous finger gymnastics? It was pretty hard going. But to the little girl downstairs it meant that one should run into the "parlor," make for the piano stool, which, in spite of her height, was something in the manner of a Matterhorn expedition, and, gaining the keyboard, follow, as closely as possible, the sounds coming from above. (Please turn to page 71)

QUIET as a mouse, with a most demure manner, the very youthful Frances Langford, discovered by that Columbus of the air—Rudy Vallee—is a most exciting person!

She has traveled, in experience, during the past four years, farther, even, than her thrilling contralto voice, which has been heard on countless programs broadcast to far places. She has been featured on radio programs, in vaudeville, on the Broadway stage, and, after her night club contract has been complied with, a picture career looms just ahead; yet she is accused of having an inferiority complex!

Born in Tampa, Florida, her family settled in Lakeland, where she attended grammar school, Lakeland High, and, for a year, matriculated at Southern College. She had a charming, fresh, coloratura soprano voice and she loved to sing. While she was still in school she became very ill, and, subsequently, her tonsils were removed. Three weeks later attending a party, she was

Life is DOGGONE WONDERFUL

THEY'RE taking it big—Block and Sully are. They have to pinch themselves every now and then to make sure they're not dreaming—to realize that they're actually radio stars and movie actors. They've waited a long time for success. And now that it's here they're the two most grateful people in the world. Nor do they hide their enthusiasm. Like a couple of kids, they want you to know just how happy they are.

I said that they waited a long time for real success. They waited a long time for romance, too. And once Eve Sully despaired of ever making Jesse Block even slightly interested in her. He was desperately in love with another woman when she met him.

But I'm getting ahead of my story.

Jesse has been in show business since he was thirteen years old. Eve was just thirteen, too, when she first stepped before an audience. They both knew the vicissitudes and trials of the wandering trouper's life. About nine years ago Eve thought she saw her way clear to getting out of it forever.

SHE and her mother had managed to save quite a little money and the two of them went to Florida. They invested what they had in real estate there, and figured that they could live off their profits for the rest of their lives. When they were offered large amounts for their land, they held out for more. And then the bottom dropped out of the Florida boom—they lost every penny they had and Eve realized that she had to return to the only job she knew.

Before they went to Florida Eve had been playing in—her own words — “a broken-down dancing act.” When she got back to New York she went the rounds of the agencies only to discover that unless she could do something besides dance she didn't have a chance. So she said she could do anything.

Special by Wide World

“Can you sing?” they asked.

“Yes,” said Eve.

“Do comedy?”

“Yes.”

“Dance?”

“Yes, indeed!”

“Well . . .”

“And,” she had a happy inspiration. “I can even ride a bicycle.”

But nobody wanted a girl with all these accomplishments until one day Al Birnes, the actor, in-



By
NAN CAMPBELL



Tower Radio, October, 1934



Tower Radio, October, 1934

Block and Sully got a single radio break. Now they have to pinch themselves to realize they are not dreaming about their luck



Special by Wide World

Center, Jesse Block and Eve Sully as they appeared in vaudeville. Eve's "Look at him!" bids fair to equal Gracie Allen's "There you go again!" Eddie Cantor gave Block and Sully their first radio chance. Now they're a hit—and their long struggle is getting its golden reward.

roduced her to Jesse Block who was, at the time, looking for a partner for his patter act.

When Jesse Block lost his partner he lost much more than just the girl who fed him lines. He lost his heart as well, for all

the time he had been playing with his partner he had been madly in love with her, had asked her to marry him a dozen times. Each time she refused and, at last, left him forever. He was on the verge of leaving show business and all the memories of his partner that it held—and nursing his

broken heart. But when Al Birnes asked him to give Eve Sully a try-out he said he'd look her over.

HE looked her over and thought she was terrible. They rehearsed together and he thought she was worse. He questioned Birnes, "But I thought this girl could do everything," Jesse said.

"She told me she could," Birnes answered.

If Jesse Block had not been so blue and disgusted there would have been no Block and Sully team. He didn't like Eve's work—but then, since his heart had been broken he had not liked anyone or anything. She would "do" and it was easier to take her than to look for someone else.

They opened the act in Wilkes-Barre, Pa., and an amazing thing happened. Jesse discovered that the girl he had thought so unpromising was swell when she got on the stage before an audience. It has always been that way with Eve. It still is. She can never give her best when she rehearses. It takes an audience or a microphone to put life into her, make her work as she can work.

After the opening Jesse said, "Well, I guess you'll do."

He said it again—and louder—when they were offered a three year contract over RKO time.

But still there was no personal attachment. He was still thinking of his other partner, the girl who broke his heart.

And Eve? How did she feel about Jesse? She had liked him immediately—not only as an actor but as a person. In fact, if he had not been so cold to her it could have been love at first sight. But, when they were together, he talked only of the other girl. Eve thought there was no chance for her. She acted the role of mother—almost—listened to his troubles and felt terribly, terribly sorry for him.

But propinquity is an insidious thing. They were, like all vaudeville teams, thrown together constantly and slowly Jesse began to be actually aware of Eve. She was so nice to him, so kind, so willing to listen when he told her about the other girl. It wasn't long until he realized that he was in love with her. He told her about it one night—even asked her to marry him. But it was Eve's turn to be cold. She was going around with other boys on the bill. She had discovered that Jesse wasn't the only one and instead of returning his warmth, now, she began to criticize him.

When they dined together she (Please turn to page 95)



Tom Waring, Fred Waring and Poley McClintock, who, with the late Freddy Buck, at the right, started Waring's Pennsylvanians.



Locke Clute, Detroit

THE SMALL TOWN BAND

Starting as a Boy Scout outfit in Tyrone, Penn., it became the best known band in America

By EDWARD R. SAMMIS

IN the files of Fred Waring's modernistic Broadway office, there is a faded, yellowing letter which is one of the most highly prized trophies of his career.

It is not a letter of applause or commendation. It is rather a letter of mild remonstrance from the head master of a sedate girls' school, asking the youthful manager of the "Waring-McClintock Snap Orchestra" if the boys would not kindly refrain, during a forthcoming engagement at his school from jumping up and

down while singing, or playing in a fast, jazzy manner. Attached is the maestro's reply, politely declining to refrain from jumping up and down or playing in a fast, jazzy manner because the "Waring-McClintock Snap Orchestra" had a reputation for "pep" which it could not afford to endanger.

The Waring organization has traveled quite a distance since those days. The original piano-and-drums combination has grown to a full fledged orchestra of twenty-five pieces with three extra singers. The weekly "take" has increased a thousand times or so. The jazzy tempo of the "snap" orchestra has been gradually abandoned for smoother, more distinctive rhythms.

Most of the boys themselves are substantial citizens now, married, with suburban homes and families of their own.

As Poley McClintock, frog-voiced drummer gaily puts it:

"Before long we'll be Fred Waring's Collegiate Grandpas!"

That letter in a way is a symbol, not only of the

distance they have come, but of the spirit which has animated them, that jealous guarding of their reputation, even when there was scarcely any visible to guard, that unswerving faithfulness to an idea and to each other which has brought them through the years to success.

IT is hard to think of the Waring aggregation now, trim and military and urbane, at home on any stage, in any studio, as having once been a small town band, like a million other small town bands.

Yet it started with a group of neighborhood boys in the western Pennsylvania mill town of Tyrone. As it expanded, in range and membership, it took in other boys from similar local groups. Even now the bulk of the orchestra is made up of men from the towns and hamlets of the Pennsylvania countryside.

In the past few years, as the whole country has become the Waring neighborhood, nearly all of those who have been added to the band have been recruited from the little towns; Babs Ryan and her brothers from Davidson, Tennessee; the Lane Sisters from Indianola, Iowa; and Johnny Davis from Brazil, Indiana.

This is no accident or haphazard circumstance. The Waring "gang" is like a big family, or a college fra-

ternity. Because of the long hours of grinding rehearsal, they are thrown together more than commonly. They must have a play spirit as strong as their work spirit. The job must be fun to get results. They must have common interests—speak the same language.

There is a certain friendliness, a "cleanness" if you will, about the small town idea which makes the life of a stage and radio orchestra more pleasant. Fred Waring has adhered to it strictly, passing up many a fat night club check because he would not subject his members to the late hours and occasional unpleasant experiences that often attend such engagements.

THE first musical outcroppings of the Waring aggregation occurred when the Boy Scout fever swept the country in nineteen-ten and eleven. There was only room in Tyrone for one troop, but it was a big one.

So the Waring boys and Poley McClintock helped organize one of the first Boy Scout Fife and Drum Corps in the country. Fred trained the fifes and Poley coached the drummers. Later, Fred became the bandmaster and led all the parades, big as life, with left arm akimbo and right arm juggling one of his mother's best curtain rods as a baton.

Music ran in the Waring boys' blood. Their father, a banker, and their mother, were talented singers in an amateur way. They sang at practically all the church festivals and social occasions in Tyrone. During the war they toured the country singing for the soldiers at the training camps.

Tom inherited a fine singing voice from his parents. Fred didn't. It has always been a deep regret with him. But perhaps that very thwarted desire contributed to his developing one of the outstanding glee club groups to be found anywhere today.

Their musical talents cropped out in other ways. Tom became a deft pianist and Fred an accomplished violinist.

But after their Boy Scout days, Fred turned his back on music as a career. Music was to be only an avocation with him. He had decided to be an architect.

Architecture is still a passion with him. He designed the house which he recently built for his bride, Evelyn Nair, in Larchmont. He makes all his program notes with an architect's blue crayon in a fine draftsman's hand. His office is an outstanding example of modernistic design and he has a habit of going (Please turn to page 51)



Four glimpses of Fred Waring conducting his band as Babs Ryan sings. Waring is a hard taskmaster, as well as one of the largest individual workers in all radio.

Photos by Underwood and Underwood





A strange enchantment lingers here—
 This mammoth place of stone and steel
 Holds love and hate and faith and fear,
 And every dream that life makes real!
 Long corridors are sweet with mirth,
 And entertainment vies with teaching,
 And past the narrowness of earth
 Each tower is a strong hand, reaching.

Across the day, beyond the night,
 Brave, wingless messengers are flying
 To lend the world a gleam of light,
 To cheer the sick and speed the dying.
 A voice sounds in a sunless room,
 And music hints of new romances;
 And laughter comes to banish gloom,
 And youth swings into throbbing dances.

A farm house in a lonely spot
 Has kinship with the greatest city;
 A sick child, tossing on a cot,
 Is given something more than pity.

A liner cutting through the sea
 Makes port in vivid, magic lands—
 A plane, though tetherless and free,
 Becomes aware of friendly hands.

In alleyways crime slinks aside
 Before a grim, commanding tone;
 And those who walk without a guide
 Discover that they're not alone.
 The blind, who long have ceased to read,
 Can listen to a splendid story—
 Oh, there's an answer to each need,
 There's tenderness and hope and glory.

A strange enchantment lingers here,
 A timeless sense of untold space—
 For radio knows no frontier,
 No limit that it can't erase.
 Long corridors are sweet with mirth,
 And entertainment vies with teaching;
 And up, past love and death and birth,
 Each tower is a strong hand, reaching!



Photomontage by Barnaba

HERE'S Bobby Benson



Boys and Girls, here is the first really true story of the radio ranch, H Bar O

By PETER DIXON

Billy Halop is the really true name of Bobby Benson.

NOT so long ago a ten-year-old boy in New Jersey wrote to the Columbia Broadcasting Company to ask if Bobby Benson and Tex and Windy and all the other folks who live on that radio ranch, the H BAR O, were real. The letter was sent to me to answer because it is my job to arrange a lot of the adventures of Bobby and his partners. Now, a letter like that takes a lot of answering. If you want to know whether the microphone is set up at an actual ranch down in Texas, the truthful answer is "no." But if you just want to know if there is a real Windy and a real Tex and whether the things that have happened to Bobby Benson have really happened, then the answer is "yes." Perhaps I'd better tell the whole story and it begins more than fifteen years ago when I lived on the Mexican border and knew the cowboys and rangers and Mexicans who came to life again on the H BAR O.

One of my best friends might have been Bobby Benson though that wasn't his name. But he did own a ranch and he could ride and shoot and it was on his ranch that I learned a whole lot about riding and shooting and cowboy lore. Most of his cowboys were Mexicans, and riding and hunting with them, I learned what grand people Mexicans are—of course, there are exceptions and the Little Snake is one of them. But in this country there are exceptions, too. One of them is named Dillinger.

You're probably wondering about Bobby Benson. What does he look like? What does he do? Well, he's a real kid. Slim and brown from lots of sunshine and very keen about riding and anything that has to do with horses. His real name is Billy Halop but he's made Bobby so real that everyone calls him Bobbie instead of Billy. Polly, in real life, is Billy's sister, Florence Halop and Black Bart is really Eddie Wragge. In real life, the three play around together and have almost as much fun and excitement as they do on the radio ranch.

Some time later, in San Antonio, Texas, I met the man whom you know as Tex Mason. He could ride, rope and shoot, and was just (*Please turn to page 86*)



Photos specially taken for Tower Radio by Wide World

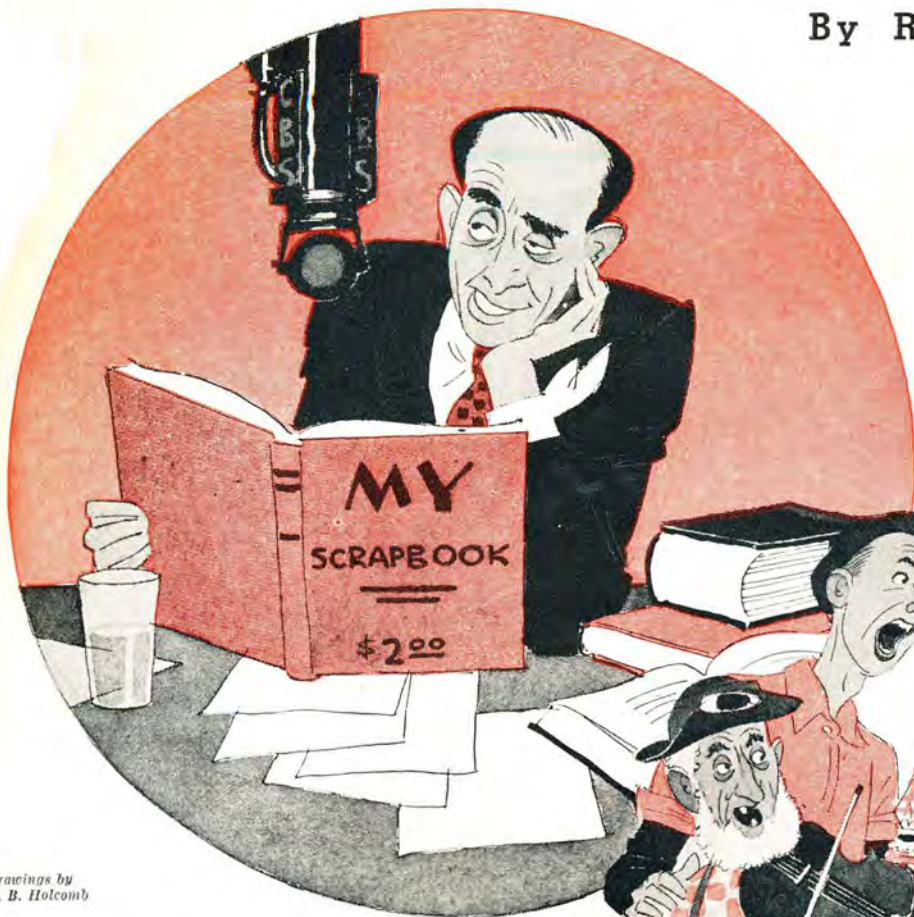
Here is the whole cast of the Bobby Benson program. Peter Dixon, who wrote this story, sits on a high stool as he directs Billy Halop, who is Bobby Benson, Florence Halop, who is Polly, and Eddie Wragge, who is Bart. This picture was taken while they were rehearsing for a radio broadcast.

MICROPHONIES

By RAYMOND KNIGHT

Features to worry about on the air: the radio philosopher with his gems of thought.

And still another menace of the radio: the hillbillies who hail from Hoboken and sing of those dear old mount'ns.



Drawings by D. B. Holcomb



The radio humorist offers a program designed to end all programs

THIS column comes to you through the courtesy of the Little Gem Mouth-Stretcher Company, makers of mouth-stretchers for people who put their foot in their mouth every time they open it. This handy little contrivance can be easily carried in the pants pocket by either ladies or gentlemen, and may be inserted unobtrusively into the mouth whenever the user opens it and puts his foot in it.

Why not profit by the mistakes of others? Think how many radio performers you have heard on the air who were talking with their foot in their mouth! A Little Gem Mouth-Stretcher would have enabled them to open their mouth wider so that they couldn't have said anything. Write to the radio station to which you are now listening and recommend the use of our products to its staff.

7:00-7:15—Setting-Up Exercises

Good-morning, everybody! This morning I give you an exercise to strengthen your sense of humor.

Raise the arms in the air. . . . Now down to the neck. . . . Put both hands around the neck. . . . Tight. . . .

Tight. . . . Tight. . . . That's it. . . . Choke yourself. . . . Choke hard. . . . Can you breathe? No? Good! Keep on choking. Tighter. . . . Tighter. . . . That's fine! After six months of this, you won't feel a thing. Why does this exercise strengthen your sense of humor? It makes you appreciate a good choke!

8:15-9:00—For Ladies' Only

This month I am answering a letter from Mrs. Ogilvie P. Wetmore of Frankfort, Kentucky, the home of the hot dog. Mrs. Wetmore writes: "Dear Mr. Knight: I am sure that you who deal in long waves and short waves will know something about permanent waves. Tell me, dear Mr. Knight, how can I give myself a permanent wave in my own home?"

Here is my solution to this fascinating problem. First. . . . In order to give oneself a permanent wave, it is necessary for one to have a wig or toupee. Wigs may be purchased at any hairdresser's, and it is not well to joke about them while buying as people who joke about wigs are known as wig-wags. It is also of interest to note that wigs which (*Please turn to page 56*)



All photos taken by Wide World specially for Tower Radio
Decorations by Bertrand Zedig

Charlie Winninger was a show-boat captain
which makes his Cap'n Henry authentic

By CHARLES MARTEL

OUT in the Middle West, where in common with other regions of the country, the ringing melodious voice of Cap'n Henry heralding the arrival of the Maxwell House show boat is a high spot in the week's radio entertainment, there are a lot of folks who still like to refer to the Cap'n as "Old Eleven Forty-five."

Eleven forty-five was always the sacred appointed hour of the street parade. And the street parade, let it be explained for the benefit of the younger generation, was that colorful and indispensable adjunct of show business of a by-gone day, the free daytime procession, the flesh-and-blood ballyhoo, designed to draw wary customers to the "opry house" for the night's performance.

Apparently no one who witnessed Charlie Winninger, youngest member of Winninger's Refined Shows, leading a street parade ever quite forgot him, for his name became synonymous with that now half-forgotten rite.

"Yes sir," said Charlie Winninger, who is Cap'n Henry to the life, leaning



In this series of pictures,

back in his swivel chair in the pent house office atop New York's skyline, a summer breeze ruffling his dramatic mop of curly white hair, "I can see myself now stepping out high, wide and fancy, hollering, 'Hold your hosses! The parade is comin'!' And if I do say it myself, I blew a mean trombone!"

"Why that place there—" gesturing toward a filing cabinet—"is stuffed with letters from people who saw me play in Mankato or Oshkosh or Sheboygan more years ago than I like to remember. A lot of them start out, 'We remember you, old eleven forty-five!' Here's a picture one of 'em sent me taken with my trombone when I was seventeen. Pretty snappy lookin' young feller, wasn't I?"

So sudden and swift and far reaching is the fame of radio personalities, that we are inclined to think of them, like new acquaintances, as having always been as we know them.

Take Charlie Winninger.

Probably you knew that he had been Cap'n Andy in Ziegfeld's stage production of "Show Boat" before he became Cap'n Henry on the air. If you followed the Broadway stage you knew that he played important roles of all kinds for some fifteen years before that. Perhaps you knew that he had once been a captain of a real show boat on the Mississippi himself.

But can you picture rotund Charlie Winninger as swashbuckling *Jack Dauber*, raven-haired, matinee-idol hero of an old time melodrama, sweeping the heroine right off her feet, bustles and all?

THE point is that Charlie Winninger did not emerge from obscurity after years of patient endeavor to find himself as Cap'n Henry. The part of the old show boat captain is just another role to him, in a long succession of roles. While he was still in his teens, his pay check was bigger and his fame was wider than many a Broadway star of today.

Charlie Winninger is a *trouper* in the old hard-bitten sense of the word, which means that he can play any part at the drop of a hat, rustle a set of props out of the scene dock in an emergency, blow a hot trombone in the band, tootle a flute in the orchestra, and stake down the tent of a medicine show or snub the forward line of a show boat in a high wind.

By an odd circumstance, although he is still on the sunny side of fifty, the span of his experience, more than that of anyone else I know, embraces the span of show business from the crude old days of wagon shows and gasoline flares to the modern miracle of radio.

In the course of his life he has met with more curious and varied adventures than even the fertile mind of the script writer of the Show Boat program could conceive. But because of some toughness of fibre in his spirit, they have left him sound, serene and merry, rich in the lore of the theater, the gusts of life, if not in money. For the reason you must look to the past.



Charlie Winninger shows how make-up changes him to Cap'n Henry of the Maxwell House' Show boat.

The toughness of his fibre, like the beginning of his story, goes back to one Captain Franz Winninger, of the Austrian army.

Franz Winninger was a musician, a violinist, who became the leader of a military band, went through a minor war and suffered such hardships that he saw no reason why his four growing sons, Adolph, Frank, Joe and John, should have that ahead of them too, and to save them from it, migrated to America.

He wound up in Milwaukee where he had friends and tried for a time to eke out a living as a violinist. But it was slow going so he took out a homestead claim of thirty acres in western Wisconsin near Black Creek, and with the aid of his sons cleared the land, started a little farm and built a log cabin.

THERE Charlie was born, the youngest of the famous Winninger family.

"That old boy had stuff in him," said Charlie, wagging his head. "Why, he'd walk fourteen miles in the

dead of Winter to play his fiddle at a barn dance for fifty pounds of flour, and then he'd walk back again with the fifty-pound sack on his back to feed us kids and think nothing of it."

After a few years of frontier life, the family moved north to the little town of Ashland. There was a theater in Ashland, a drafty, dingy place, but it served as the cradle of that midwestern institution to be known later as "Winninger's Refined Shows."

(Please turn to page 87)



Charlie Winninger has been an actor of every type as well as a musician.

Rose of Aaron

*Lovely ladies, I sing you adieu,
Wedding bands will bar me from you,
So cry not, sigh not, I'm fading from view;
I'm going to ring—my—Belle!*

THE fatuous words went rocketing into the microphone at Station WUZY with all the ardor of which Aaron Arlington was capable, and his curly blond head bobbed happily to the rhythm of his celebrated Melodynamos Orchestra. The closing line was delivered with such bleating tenderness that all eyes centered upon the vision whom Mr. Arlington was ogling, but Miss Gwyneth Doraine, having played Cupid's target in a hundred Hollywood skirmishes, stared glassily back at him and shrugged a creamy shoulder.

For Gwyneth, on parole from California to make a picture in the East, was feeling the need of a quarrel to revive her interest in life, and it was always best to start a row when men got to the ox-eyed, jittering stage. Although her name wasn't Belle, her experience with wedding rings was such that she had no intention of allowing a fifth to chafe her gilt-nailed finger, so when the Apollo's Embrace Girdle Hour had become radio history she cast a disdainful glance at the cheerful Aaron.

"Well, I guess we wrapped that one up, all right," he laughed confidently, his ears perk for the expected praise. "Rather neat, eh?"

The guest star's yawn was insultingly toothy. "Don't be so childish," she drawled. "After all, what does it amount to?"

"Amount to! Why, it's the most thundering event on the air! Statistics show——"

"OH, I'll admit the hour's popularity, but take those one-lung dynamos of yours—what do they do? Play something created by others, which makes them mere musical mechanics. Take you—what does the wonder-man Arlington do? Sings melodies composed by an infinitely greater intellect. Huh! Why, you're nothing but an echo in pleated trousers, and baggy ones at that."

Mr. Arlington maintained a spurious calm, but a wave of crimson swept across his handsome features. After all, this was only in line with what he had been warned to expect. The canny little Hollywood-head had wrung the last drop of a week's publicity by having him greet her at Grand Central, dance-dining with him, finally

"Good-night, echo," exclaimed Gwyneth Doraine, the beautiful refugee from Hollywood, tossing a liberal sneer at the radio star. "Sleep tight, you elongated rubber stamp!"



Illustrated by
ROBERT PATTERSON



consuming twelve precious minutes of his radio hour with a throaty blurring of the sultriest scene from her latest picture, and now she was preparing to use his heart as a springboard. Aaron pressed gingerly on his immaculate vest and was relieved to find that the unstable organ beneath it was thumping away as soundly as ever. This, therefore, could not be love, so he drew himself up and commenced to remember who he really was.

"I've never tried to compose," he said starchily. "Why should I, with these words-and-music hounds so

*How the Apollo's Embrace
Girdle Hour revolutionized
a nation's lovemaking*

By
STEWART ROBERTSON

thick underfoot you'd think they were part of the rug pattern. But if you think they're so marvelous, I'll pass you on to Jerry Pastromo, the creator of 'Belle.' Hi, Jerry!"

On a nearby lounge a dapper little man whose hair, eyes and shoes were of the same inky blackness, was tapping out a tune on his bridgework as he blinked into vacancy. At Aaron's hail he shied like a startled horse and turned a beetling scowl on the approaching headliners.

"Beat it, you," he said viciously. "I'm about to gaffle something good—there's enough left of Dvorak's 'World Symphony' to make something even better than 'Wagon Wheels'—and I don't want to lose the mood."

"I love that," sighed Miss Doraine. "The glorious aloofness of genius! Introduce me, Aaron."

"Oh, I recognize you sure enough," snarled Mr. Pastromo. "Your press agent's got your picture stuck all over half the ashcans in town. G'wan away, sister; I can't do anything for you. There's nothing rhymes with Gwyneth unless I should write you a lisping song, and I ain't sunk that low."

"But I only want to know you," cooed the star, waving Aaron away with a regal gesture. "It's such a relief to meet a man who isn't a stagey stencil. Tell me, Mr. Pastromo, how do you ever think of all those cute words to fit your wonderful tunes, so that there isn't a note or two left over?"

RENDERED somewhat dizzy by the impact of her tawny eyes, Jerry assembled an uncertain leer and began an entirely untruthful account of his achievements. Aaron watched the now completely defrosted Gwyneth turn on the faucet marked *allure*, meditated briefly on the perfidy of women, and made ready to barge into the night. Then, on his way to the elevator, he congealed with horror. He was alone!

Down in the lobby, he knew only too well, there would be lurking half a dozen adoring and determined females, and he quailed at the thought, for Aaron, whose thrillingly intimate voice caused countless ladies to regard their escorts with disfavor and regret, was honestly shy when it came to meeting the sex that worshipped him.

His footsteps wavered until, around a bend in the corridor, he saw Miss Shaughnessy, the reception clerk, struggling into her raincoat, and in one bound he was offering cavalier assistance. Up to this moment he had never done more than acknowledge her greeting whenever he entered Station WUZY, but now he noticed amazedly that she was a harmony of golden brown and pink, and that her mouth resembled an azalea bud. The coat jauntily in place, he smiled away her thanks.

"How did you like our last number?" he inquired. Rose Shaughnessy's Killarney blue eyes glinted up at him through bronze lashes. "Pretty terrible," she said reflectively. "Especially the words. But you always make a song sound (*Please turn to page 66*)



SHORT WAVE

By Captain
HORACE L. HALL

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



The DX season starts with
high promise. Prepare your
aerial for busy months

The DX Season Starts

SEPTEMBER, first month of the Fall season, starts the DX season. Month of warm days and cool evenings, it is the ideal time of the year to go to your roof and look things over. We do not mean the surrounding neighborhood, but that intimate friend and "pal" of your receiver, the antenna.

Aerials, when installed, are not one of those things that stay "put" year in and year out. Any piece of metal, if left to the mercy of the elements, is bound to be affected. Swaying in the breeze; beaten by Summer's showers; pulled hither and yon by a pole that may or may not give in a gale of wind; covered with soot and dirt from oil heaters; fastened on to by an overly anxious DX neighbor, who knows you won't care (and fails to ask your permission); guy wires that take "French leave" and bid adieu to a pole that depends on it for strength—all these things and a half dozen more are liable to happen to the best constructed aerial in DX land.

Shall we go together to your roof and look things over? No sooner said than done. Arrived at that all important place, we locate the aerial. How it sags and how each ripple of a breeze blows it this way and that! We go over to the loose end. By that I mean the end that has a small pulley with a shive in it, to which a flexible wire runs through and is made fast to an insulator. We let down the aerial that has "roosted" on the top of the world for six months. Upon examination we find that stranded wire has been used. Grease and dirt are caked in between the strands. Some strands have given way either because the wire was hard and brittle, a common fault found in cheap wire, or the wind has been too strong an opponent for it.

A THOROUGH examination of the point where the lead-in should have been soldered to the aerial. Here lies a fault that many have. Some misguided fans open the strands of the aerial and braid the lead-in wire between the stranded wire, confident that they have done a good job. This is one reason they are then "blessed" with noisy reception. Of course, it is impossible to take your electrically heated soldering iron to the roof, but, following in Mohammed's footsteps, we surely can take the aerial and the lead-in to our "radio shack," where the work can be done in comfort. Just a word about soldering. First: The enamel should be scraped and well cleaned off the wire. Second: Have a very hot iron. Third: Be sure you let the solder soak in well, between the twists. The solder to be used is rosen core solder. Fourth: Keep the iron on the joint until you bake the solder in all twists. After you have

made a good joint, tape it to keep the weather out. And be sure to note—use solid enameled number 12 or 14, good, soft copper wire. This is very important.

After another six months this same fan will undoubtedly find that he will have very little to do. He will not find a dirty surface, for, if dirt does collect on this solid aerial, the first rain will wash it off. In the case of the stranded wire, the rain will drive the dirt in between the strands.

Suppose the type of antenna is the flat-top type, extremely popular with fans living in the large cities because they have not the "roof space" to erect a doublet. I think another reason doublets and cage types are "passed up" is because they have to be "built" and then erected. Doublets must be, to be effective, cut to dimensions and generally are constructed by people who have commercialized antenna systems. Cage-type is the most difficult of all aerials to erect. That is if you want to do it correctly. We will pass these by.

Several manufacturers of radio receivers have found that antennas have become a (Please turn to page 78)



This unique verification comes from Station XETE, Mexico City. Put this midget record on your victrola and you hear the station announcements, a pleasant veri variation.

made a good joint, tape it to keep the weather out. And be sure to note—use solid enameled number 12 or 14, good, soft copper wire. This is very important. After another six months this same fan will undoubtedly find that he will have very little to do. He will not find a dirty surface, for, if dirt does collect on this solid aerial, the first rain will wash it off. In the case of the stranded wire, the rain will drive the dirt in between the strands. Suppose the type of antenna is the flat-top type, extremely popular with fans living in the large cities because they have not the "roof space" to erect a doublet. I think another reason doublets and cage types are "passed up" is because they have to be "built" and then erected. Doublets must be, to be effective, cut to dimensions and generally are constructed by people who have commercialized antenna systems. Cage-type is the most difficult of all aerials to erect. That is if you want to do it correctly. We will pass these by. Several manufacturers of radio receivers have found that antennas have become a (Please turn to page 78)



DEPARTMENT

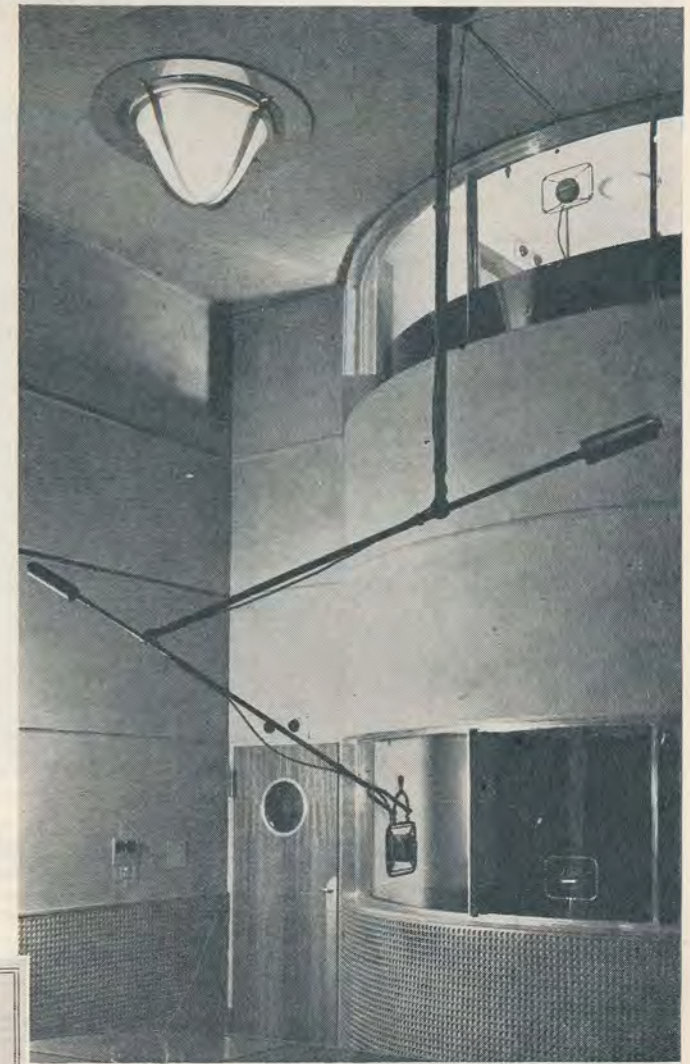
Good-bye, Static

WITH the coming of cool weather and easterly winds, static, the bane of short-wave reception, should diminish. South American stations will be coming into their own and so, too, will the Asiatics. Having passed through a Summer of notoriously poor reception conditions, we drop anchor and hope to be becalmed.

One can hardly say exactly what we shall or shall not hear. But these stations we should hear and with no difficulty at all:

All of the Daventry transmissions, that is: GSE, 25:2 meters; GSD, 31:3 meters; GSC, 31:30 meters; GSB, 31:5 meters; GSF, 19:82 meters, and GSG, 16:86 meters. As for GSH, 13:97 meters, very few have ever heard this station's transmissions, either due to the beamed direction of the Daventry antenna system when GSH is in operation or the extreme lack of sensitivity of the average short-wave receiver on this very low frequency.

Germany's radiations from the world-renowned transmitter situated at Zeesen will have no difficulty at all in reaching round the entire globe. The main reason for this is because the executives in charge of their schedules realize that certain wavelengths and time of day are always to be taken into consideration if they really want to be heard. The difference between the "G" stations and the "D" stations is that the "G's" are only interested in being heard where England has colonies. Daventry does not consider whether the American fan is awake or asleep. Therefore, as Germany is interested in reaching listeners throughout the world, the "D" stations are in operation until the average American fan is ready for the sandman. With only four frequencies under their con-



Copyright, BBC, London, England

How a British studio looks, hanging microphones and all. This is studio 6D in Broadcasting House, London. It was designed by Wells Coates, B.Sc., Ph.D., B.A.

This card from XETE, Mexico City, accompanies the midget phonograph record across the page. The quest for veris is a hobby with DX fans.

Empresa de Telefonos Ericsson

DIFUSORA COMERCIAL

660

6430 KC'S. 48.94 MTRS.

9600 KC'S. 31.25 MTRS.

XETE

TENEMOS MUCHO GUSTO EN VERIFICAR SU REPORTE A NUESTRA TRANSMISION DEL DIA. *As Mayo por su atencion* ESTAN DOLE ESTAR *mucho agradecido* EN SE PROGRAMA.

NOTA: MUCHAS GRACIAS Y 736. (ING. R. S. BRAVO. (Fig. 10 13091)

trol (DJB, 19:73 meters; DJD, 25:5 meters; DJA, 31:38 meters; DJC, 49:8 meters) and with two of these wavelengths in operation at the same time, it is one of the simplest things in DX land to twirl the dial and bring in the Deutschland sender's program.

TWO stations that we will now consider are the French and Roman transmissions. It is impossible to predict whether or not we will hear Rome regularly. From what I have heard, the Roman transmitter is

rather antiquated and the construction of the outfit does not compare favorably with that of either Germany or Daventry. This may account for the lack of reliability of reception from 2RO. Using a fairly popular wavelength of 25:4 meters and signing off at 6 P.M., E.S.T., there should be no reason why we could not hear 2RO daily. But we do not and never have. 2RO appears and disappears.

France transmits on 25:2 meters all afternoon until early evening and then has a (Please turn to page 78)

HOW TO WRITE FOR RADIO



Ray Lee Jackson

A scene from a recent air performance of NBC's Radio Guild, with (left to right) Allan Devitt, Peggy Allenby, Horace Sinclair and Wright Kramer.

AT present, there is little place in the radio business for the artistic writer. Furthermore, any person who wants to make a living by writing must decide early that he is actually nothing but a "hack" writer. I've hacked away at musical shows, scenarios, short stories, novels, songs, articles, and radio scripts, and have never produced a play, for lack—only—of a producer. My sympathy is not with the artist who must become a journeyman writer. It is with the person who, for the first time, decides to make authorship his profession.

Most any embryo author begins his labors at home. He hammers away at the typewriter feverishly, and yet no one thinks anything of asking him to quit work and get the groceries or shake the furnace. This is the hard period. He may work for six hours a day, beset by the difficulties of tramping a new field, and yet family and friends have a habit of considering his effort as a sort of genteel loafing. The attitude changes only when he begins to sell. Then people tip-toe past his door. He is not to be disturbed! He is an author! And yet it is likely that he worked harder in those doubtful days before the first sale than he will ever work. He has my sympathy.

How do you train to be a writer? Well, you read. And you should be able to typewrite in this day and age. And then you write. And after writing more and more, you are either a writer or you aren't, depending

*An experienced air author tells
you how best to sell your
microphone manuscripts*

By DARRELL WARE

to plot. There is another type that must search arduously for an idea. And there is the type of mind—usually found in newspapermen—that works only when seated behind a typewriter, whether there is paper in the machine or not.

ON radio plays—speaking now of the occasional complete show—the first draft is usually pretty rough, and then the re-write is all important. On the re-write the author has a chance to tie his material together and to plant the necessary facts early in the play. The radio author of this sort of material will often all but finish a show, only to have it stubbornly refuse to complete itself. His best recourse, then, is to put the thing aside for a period of months, and in all likelihood he will be able to finish it without difficulty when next he picks it up.

Paramount in the newswriter's mind is: "Where will I sell the radio show when I've written it?" A logical and difficult question. In general, I know of only six methods for selling and in making this classification it is impossible for me to do more than to lump all types of radio writing together. (Please turn to page 94)

Vivienne Segal, lovely star of radio, stage and screen, suggests these simple frocks for the college girl's wardrobe

Simple Clothes for College



For football games and winter sports Miss Segal selects this smart wool dress in gray and red plaid. The high neckline, square black patent leather buttons and wide patent leather belt are interesting features of the dress.

A simple black velvet dinner dress with a cartridge pleated collar emphasizing the high neckline and low back is chosen by Vivienne Segal for fraternity dances and other college social activities.

Check silk alpaca in navy and white with a white silk bengaline collar and a jaunty bow is just the thing for attending classes and afternoon bridge parties. With this dress Miss Segal wears black patent leather pumps.

Clothes from R. H. Macy & Co. The Debutante Shop.

Photographs by Barnaba Studios.



RADIO PAGEANT

*Critical comments
on programs old
and new*

By
**THE TOWER
OBSERVER**

THE new radio season is on. The gag men are back from their vacations, spent browsing through old joke books. The comedians, bronzed by the sun out in harassed Hollywood, are back with promises of brand new wheezes.

Just to make the Summer situation acute, Amos 'n' Andy closed the door of the Fresh-Air Taxicab Company offices and departed upon vacations, their first separation from each other and the mike in years. Radio wiseacres shook their heads, predicting that the summer rest would smash Amos 'n' Andy's record-breaking hold upon the public's fickle affections. Our own guess is that the two boys will come back more popular than ever.

• • •

EVERY check-up of the radio public's likes and dislikes shows one thing: that listeners' want more news. Recently the dangerous general strike in San Francisco showed how inadequate is radio in the presentation of news. Two bare bulletins, totaling less than a hundred words, were all that radio offered anxious listeners on the strike as well as the world's other activities.

The news situation, of course, is a result of the attitude of the nation's news-

papers toward radio. Jealous of their prerogatives as dispensers of news and fearful of the air as an advertising medium, the newspapers buck at any attempt of radio to enter the news field. Radio, in turn, is afraid of the newspapers.

Recently the two got together on an arrangement whereby the big news services supply two daily skeleton news bulletins to be read over the air, while radio in turn promises to keep out of the news gathering field.

The result has been a series of brief, completely inadequate and badly assembled bulletins, apparently jumbled together by a cub reporter, of value to nobody.

The great radio public deserves a better service. Adequate news summaries would not affect the sale of newspapers. This has been proved by the broadcast of big baseball and football games. In fact, these bulletins should aid newspaper sales.

• • •

RADIO has broadcast some important news events during the first seven months of 1934, none to the injury of the country's newspapers. Consider the important six events:

President Roosevelt's address at the opening of the 73rd Congress.

*(Please turn to page 84)**



During the Summer Lee Wiley did a lot of interesting work on the Paul Whiteman variety hour, revealing a decided dramatic versatility.



Beatrice Lillie (left) recently tried the radio again on Monsieur Vallee's interlude and disclosed real radio possibilities.



Frank Buck, who brings 'em back alive, filled in during the Summer for the vacationers, Amos 'n' Andy, the Fresh Air Taxi boys.

●

"Red lips have always been a mark of beauty," says Harriet Hilliard, "because they look healthy." And that is where the lipstick comes in. It is a blessing, without any disguise

LIPS ARE ALL-IMPORTANT



Tower Studios



"Heavy lip make-up is out of vogue," says Miss Hilliard, who thinks we can all have lovely lips.

LOVELY red lips have always been a mark of beauty. They suggest health and I think that is the reason for the present vogue for lipstick. We all want to look healthy. Lipstick is a real blessing. We can use it to emphasize the good lip color nature gave us, or to make up for any of her mistakes in not giving us enough. With its help we all can be attractive.

But exaggerated lip make-up is out of vogue. The girl whose lips look as if she had splashed them with ripe red tomato juice is out of date.

The first thing to remember is that the lips must be smooth and soft before any sort of make-up is applied. Beauty really begins with soap and water. The lips should be carefully washed with the rest of the face. They should then be thoroughly dried. And then, at least once a day, when they are not to be on parade, they should be rubbed gently with a soft cream or oil, which should be allowed to stay on—for several hours if possible.

I never go anywhere without one of those nice little colorless lipsticks that are so soothing to dry, wind-chapped lips. We often travel long distances by bus, and when we travel at night I go without the regular lip rouge and rub my lips well with the colorless lipstick that smooths and softens them so pleasantly.

If you are going to an evening party and come in tired late in the afternoon with roughened or chapped lips, remove all lip make-up, first with cold cream, then with water, and then pat oil or cold cream thickly all over the lips. Leave it on while you take a nap or while you go through with the rest of your toilet. At the very last minute wipe it off and apply your regular lipstick. The lips will be unbelievably fresher and prettier than if you had just put fresh lipstick over the old.

Chapped lips are a special problem of Winter, though we have them at all times of the year. (Please turn to page 74)

The Navy's AIR PATROL

(Continued from page 15)

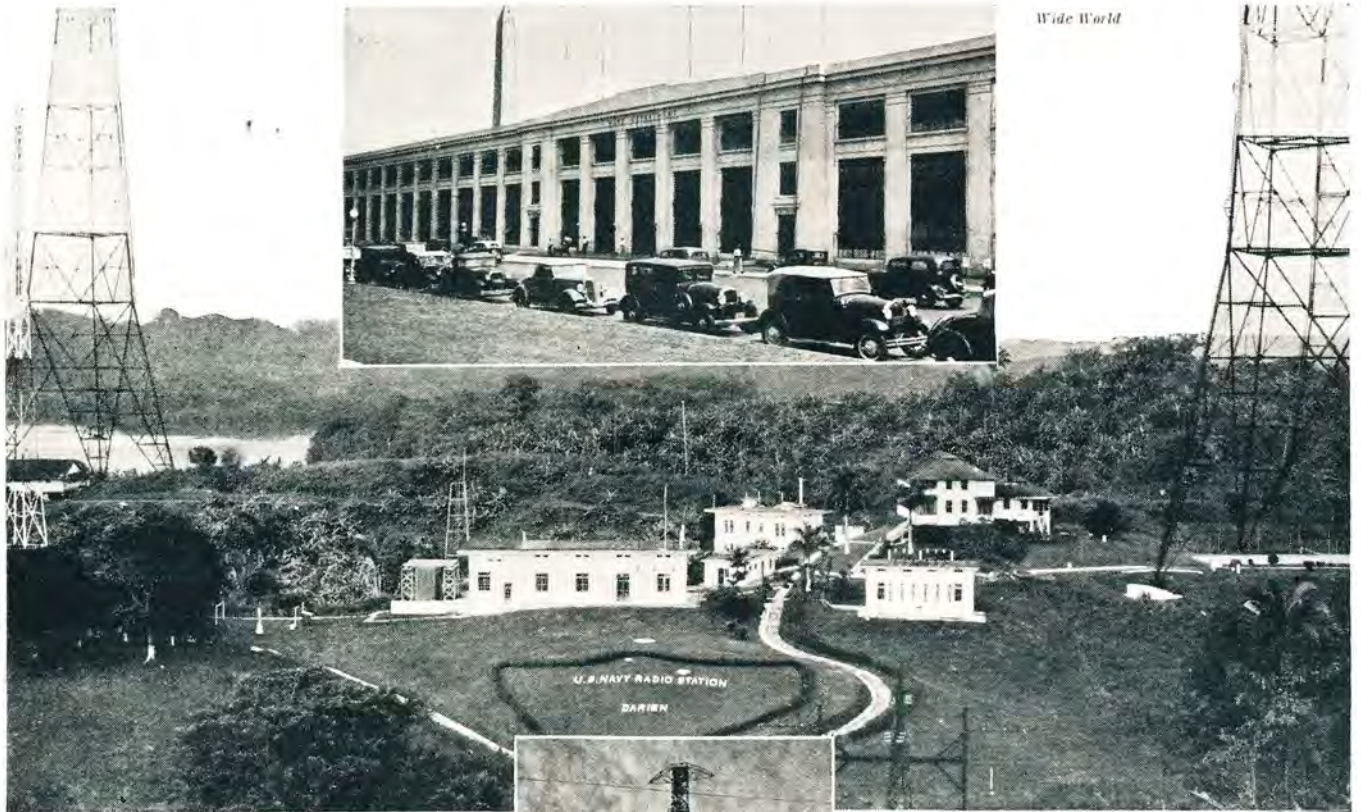
wireless weather information which covers most of the world.

All Naval air stations, except Pensacola, are supplied with teletype apparatus for receiving weather reports as furnished by the Airways Division of the Department of Commerce. This apparatus enables the air stations to receive automatically weather maps complete at frequent intervals throughout the twenty-four hours of the day.

In time of war the Navy and its air force are almost totally dependent on radio communication. As Captain Hooper expressed it, the transmission of orders and information is dependent upon rapid, efficient radio communication. It is the nerve system by which movements of the fleet are controlled in war and in peace.

Central of the Navy Department, the many transmitters, at Arlington, Va., and Annapolis, Md., comprising the great Washington station, are controlled. Radiating from Navy Radio Washington, there are direct radio circuits to the naval centers, Norfolk, Charleston, S. C., Key West and Pensacola, San Francisco, Balboa, C. Z., and San Juan, P. R. There is also a direct circuit with the Commander-in-Chief of the United States Fleet wherever he is. In addition, the Navy Yards at Boston, New London, New York and Philadelphia are connected with Washington. From San Juan, invisible loops join Guantanamo, Cuba, and Key West.

Navy Radio San Francisco on the West Coast is comparable to Navy Radio Washington on the East Coast.



Photos above and right, Bureau of Naval Communications

Top, the Naval Communications Building in Washington. Just above, the Naval Radio Station guarding the Panama Canal. This is at Balboa, Canal Zone.

The thing which inspired this article was a report that the Navy was installing one of the most powerful transmitters in the world. However I found myself up against a blank wall when I sought the details. I am convinced that the Navy has it all right, and perhaps a good many other things they are also very wisely not saying anything about.

Some peacetime phases of the service, however, may be discussed without endangering the national defense. First of all to give a clear picture of how the various stations fit into the whole Naval Communications System and the manner of their operation, it is best to start with Radio Washington, the key station of the entire net, where in the Radio



Left, the wireless towers at Arlington, Va., across from Washington, where the most powerful transmitters in the world are located.

From San Francisco there are radio circuits to San Diego, Puget Sound, Honolulu, and Cavite, P. I. From Navy Radio Puget Sound, there is a radio connection with Cordova and St. Paul, Alaska. From Honolulu there are direct circuits to Cavite and Samoa and from Cavite direct circuits to Guam and Peiping, China. By connecting San Francisco and Washington, to link together what are considered the centers of the Pacific and Atlantic systems, an outline of the picture of the Navy's main lines of point-to-point communication is completed.

The transcontinental radio circuit between Washington and San Francisco is capable of automatic operation simultaneously in both directions at very high speeds. (Please turn to page 85)

Radio from the Inside

BY THE MAN AT THE CONTROLS

RADIO is full of embarrassing incidents. But there's one type of face-reddener that seems to repeat itself more often than the others. And I think it's worth repeating here—along with a particular episode of rare vintage.

Usually, when an artist begins a new series or makes a guest appearance before the microphone, a wave of telegrams floods the studios soon after the broadcast's sign-off. These messages are from friends and business associates who, as a nice gesture, wire their praises of the performance. But sometimes, because of a theater engagement, inaccessibility to a loud-speaker, or for some other reason, the sender will wire the telegram without hearing the broadcast. But every once in a while it so happens that the artist doesn't appear on the air that night as scheduled—but he eventually receives wired words telling him how good he was.

Not long ago a strange twist to this "send a telegram" business caused plenty of trouble to the people involved. A group of impersonations of various radio stars was a feature on a major NBC radio show one night. Evidently, one of the mimics did an exceedingly worthy job of duplication. For shortly after the broadcast a telegram was brought in, addressed not to anyone on the program, but to the star who was imitated. By mistake, it was opened by the orchestra leader who was the commander-in-chief of the air show. The wire was replete with sweet words from someone who thought that "the original" had made the microphone appearance. It ended with a reminder of a date for cocktails the next afternoon. The orchestra leader smiled as he read the message, happy that the imitation of his protegee was such a perfect carbon copy, fooling even a personal friend of the star. But when he reached the signature his smile suddenly vanished beneath a cloak of pallor. It was from *his own wife!*

HOWEVER, if someone asked me what I regarded as the most embarrassing moments of the radio studios, I think I could relate a couple that would win prizes in any competition. I happened to be an eye-and-ear witness to both of them.

A certain young tenor was being presented on the radio one evening, and among the guests in the client's room—that's the glass-enclosed chamber in which the program is poured forth through a loud-speaker—was his wife, a woman considerably older than he. After the broadcast, one of the sponsor's firm, to whom the singer's wife had been introduced as just Mrs. Blank, rushed into the studio and exclaimed: "Mr. Blank, you were great tonight. I was just telling your mother that you're a grand radio bet."

Another incident, one of more amusing nature, happened during the broadcast of a dramatic program that featured a love interest between the girl and man principals. The dramatic director was a realist. He insisted that when the script called for a handshake, the actors should grip each other's hands, and when a kiss was forthcoming, the couple should actually

kiss. All of which he believed made for better acting. Anyway, there was a meeting of lips during the action of this radio play. An astonished young woman, sitting in the control room through the magic of a special pass, asked the engineer if they always did that.

"Why, lady," he exclaimed, thinking it would be fun to impress a visitor, "that wasn't anything. At rehearsal today they were really going at it hot and heavy, practicing and practicing to get it down perfect. You should have been here then and really seen something."

The woman's eyes blazed. "I wish I had been here. I'm the leading man's wife."

LAST July when the Chesterfield Series excited for the Summer, the sponsor, for reasons of its own, didn't want to announce that the identical program, starring Ponselle-Martini-Stueckgold and Kostelanetz, would return intact in the Fall over Columbia—which it will. But Andre Kostelanetz, the pleasant-faced maestro, thought it'd be a thoughtful gesture to somehow tip off John Q. Listener. So without a word to the wise, he scheduled for the last number on the concluding broadcast Noel Coward's popular melody, "I'll See You Again." The vocal chorus, the forty musicians and the entire Radio Playhouse audience joined in singing its lyrics. But the words they sang had been slightly altered by Andre from:

"I'll see you again whenever Spring breaks through again" to "I'll see you again whenever FALL breaks through again."

And a good many listeners caught on.

I'M NOT SAYING—I ONLY HEARD: Fred Waring and Morton Downey will do some night floor-walking in their respective homes this Fall

Things You Want to Know

Ed Wynn is America's fire chief de luxe . . . 108 cities carry his name as honorary chief of their fire departments . . . Lanny Ross need not worry about the immediate future . . . In July he was given a contract with General Foods for the next 70 weeks, ending Oct. 1, 1935 . . . Ross has been in Hollywood making another picture, his voice being "piped" into the Showboat program . . . Muriel Wilson has a cottage near West Point, N. Y., which she calls "The Little House that Radio Built" . . . Will Rogers was christened William Penn Adair Rogers and he married Betty Blake of his home town of Oo'agah, Oklahoma . . . Tony Wons has been taking a vacation at his cottage at Eagle River, Wisconsin . . . Ruth Robin, who sings with Charles Barnet and his orchestra, is a sister of Leo Robin, song writer . . . Annette Hanshaw's contract has been renewed by the Showboat sponsors for another thirteen weeks.

when the newcomers make their world debut . . . 3 out of 10 people who visit Radio City's studios never have seen a broadcast before . . . Andre Kostelanetz went to Europe for a few months' vacation because Chesterfield insisted—they wanted him to get a good rest before the resumption of the Fall programs . . . The NBC and CBS networks spent more money in bringing listeners educational, sports and topical broadcasts during the first eight months of this year than during 1933 . . . During recent auditions for CBS a girl was handed an excerpt from DeMaupassant's "Necklace." She took one look at it and said, "Aw, Hell, I can't read this," and ran out of the studio . . . Vivienne Segal believes in the luck of the number 13—her name has 13 letters, "Auf Wiedersehen," her first song hit, totals 13 letters, and her name first appeared in lights on a date combination of 13 letters . . . Ted Collins, Kate Smith's able pilot, pays \$200 for his tailor-made suits, but won't buy socks for more than 65c . . . Joe Cook, who's a juggler by profession, is always dropping his silverware when dining . . . KRLD, Dallas, Texas, was silenced recently when a cat strayed on its 20,000-volt power line and caused a short-circuit—but the feline lived to tell its tale.

WINNIE PEARL, wife of radio's Baron Munchausen, now is in Europe, touring the Continent with George Burns and Gracie Allen, while Jack remained here to delight his air followers. Mrs. Pearl has been away two months already, and hubby has been a pretty lonesome fellow.

A friend asked Jack what he had been doing with his time since his wife sailed for the other side.

"Well," replied the comedian, "when I'm not rehearsing for the program, I play golf all day, come home and have dinner alone, read for a little while, and then get a good night's sleep."

"Baron," smiled the friend, "that's the biggest one you've told yet."

FOR years Ferde Grofe distinguished himself as a composer and orchestrator, having to his credit such works as "Rhapsody in Blue," "Grand Canyon Sketches," "Mississippi Suite" and others. Fellow musicians cite him as the outstanding person in modern music. But Ferde, a bashful sort of fellow, always had relegated himself to the background. Lately, however, he's emerged as the leader of his own orchestra. But ironically enough, Grofe, the distinguished musician, had to take lessons in waving the baton from a dance band headman who doesn't know a solitary note of music, but is just a figurehead before his outfit.

HAVE you ever heard of a "ghost" audition? Well, I have. One was staged at NBC in Manhattan lately, and I thought it rather unique in radio circles. The audition was presented for a commercial sponsor, but the dramatic actors, the soloists, the announcer and the orchestra, which

(Please turn to page 70)

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. On the last Sunday in September, when Daylight Saving Time ends, the time will be Eastern Standard. CBS stands for the Columbia Broadcasting System, NBC stands for the National Broadcasting Company. The stations connected with NBC-WJZ belong to the so-called red network; the stations connected with NBC-WJL belong to the blue network.

Popular Variety Programs

Accordiana—With Abe Lyman's Orchestra; Vivienne Segal, soprano, and Oliver Smith, tenor (Sterling Products, Inc.) 8:30 P.M., Tuesday, CBS.

A & P Gypsies—directed by Harry Horlick; Robert Simmons, tenor (Great Atlantic and Pacific Tea Co.) 9:00 P.M., Monday, NBC-WJZ.

Armco Iron Master Program—50-piece orchestra under direction of Frank Simon; guest artists; Bennett Chapple, narrator; (starting September 30) (American Rolling Mill Co.), 6:30 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

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

Armour Program—Phil Baker, comedian; Harry McNaughton; Irene Beasley, blues singer; Mabel Albertson; Roy Schield's orchestra (Armour Co.) 9:30 P.M., Friday, NBC-WJZ.

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

Bowes Capitol Family—with Major Bowes; Waldo Mayo, conductor and violinist; Tom McLaughlin, baritone; Nicholas Cosentino, tenor; Hannah Klein, pianist; The Guardsman, 11:15 A.M., Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

Chase and Sanborn Hour—"Schnozzle" Jimmy Durante; Rubinoff and his violin; orchestra (Standard Brands, Inc.) 8:00 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

Chase and Sanborn Tender Tea Leaves Program—Jack Pearl, comedian, with Cliff Hall; Peter Van Steeden's orchestra (Standard Brands, Inc.) 8:00 P.M., Wednesday, NBC-WJZ.

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

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

California Melodies—Raymond Paige's orchestra; Rhythm Kings; guest stars; 9:00 P.M., Friday, CBS.

Columbia Variety Hour—a gala revue with changing CBS talent; guest artists; 8:00 P.M., Sunday, CBS.

Campana Program—program to be decided (Campana Sales Co.), starting September 23, 6:30 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

Dreams Come True—Barry McKinley, baritone; Ray Senatra Orchestra (Procter and Gamble Co.) 3:00 P.M., Monday, Wednesday and Thursday, NBC-WJZ.

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

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

General Tire Co. Program—Jack Benny and Mary Livingstone; Frank Parker, tenor; Jimmy Grier's Orchestra; (General Tire Co.) 10:30 P.M., Friday, NBC-WJZ.

Gulf Headliners—Fall details unavailable (Gulf Refining Co.) 9:00 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

Hall of Fame—Guest Orchestras (Lehn and Fink Products Co.) 10:00 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

House by the Side of the Road—musical and dramatic program, featuring Tony Wons (S. C. Johnson and Son, Inc.) starting September 2, 4:30 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

Lavender and Old Lace—Muriel Wilson, soprano; Frank Munn, tenor; Gustav Haenschen's Orchestra; (Bayer Aspirin) 8:00 P.M., Tuesday, CBS.

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

Little Miss Bab-O's Surprise Party—Mary Small, juvenile singer; guest stars; William Wirges' orchestra (B. T.

Babbitt Co.) 1:30 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

Little Known Facts About Well Known People—Dale Carnegie; orchestra; (Malted Cereals Co.), starting September 2, 1:00 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

Manhattan Merry-Go-Round—Tamara, Russian blues singer; David Percy, baritone; Men About Town; orchestra under direction of Jacques Renard (R. L. Watkins Co.), 9:00 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

Maxwell House Show Boat—Cap'n Henry (Charles Winninger); Lanny Ross, tenor; Annette Hanshaw, blues singer; Lois Bennett, soprano; Conrad Thibault, baritone; Molasses n' January; Gus Haenschen's Show Boat Band (Maxwell House Coffee) 9:00 p.m., Thursday, NBC-WJZ.

Maybelline Musical Romance—Harry Daniel's Orchestra; Don Mario Alvarez, soloist; guest movie stars (Maybelline Co.) starting September 16th, 3:00 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

Mohawk Treasure Chest—15 piece orchestra; male singer; female announcer; (Mohawk Carpet Mills) starting September 6th, 2:00 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

Morton Downey's Studio Party—with Mr. Downey as master of ceremonies and star soloist; guest artists; orchestra; 7:45 P.M., Saturday, CBS.

Molle Show—Shirley Howard and the Jesters; Milton Rettenberg, piano; Tony Callucci, guitarist (The Molle Co.) 7:30 P.M., Monday and Thursday, NBC-WJZ.

Nestle's Chocolateers—Ethel Shutta, soloist; Walter O'Keefe, comedian, Bobby Dolan and his orchestra (Lamont, Corliss Co.) 8:00 P.M., Friday, NBC-WJZ.

Pontiac Program—to be decided (Pontiac Motor Co.) starting Sept. 9, 10:30 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

Packard Cavalcade—to be decided (Packard Motor Co.) starting Sept. 18, 8:30 P.M., Tuesday, NBC-WJZ.

Raymond Knight and his Cuckoos—Mrs. Pennyfeather; Mary McCoy; Jack Arthur; the Sparklers; Robert Ambruster's orchestra (A.C. Spark Plug Co.) 10:00 P.M., Saturday, NBC-WJZ.

Roxy and his Gang—starting September 15th (Fletcher's Castoria) 8:45 P.M., Saturday, CBS.

Richard Himber and His Studebaker Champions—Richard Himber's Orchestra; Joey Nash, tenor; (Studebaker Sales Corp.) 9:30 P.M., Tuesday, CBS.

Silken Strings—Charles Preven and his orchestra; guest artists (Real Silk Hosiery Mills) 7:00 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

Sinclair Greater Minstrels—Minstrel Show with Gene Arnold, interlocutor; Joe Parsons, bass; male quartette; Bill Childs, Mac McCloud and Cliff Soubier; end men; Harry Koge, band director (Sinclair Refining Co.) 9:00 P.M., Monday, NBC-WJZ.

Spotlight Revue—presenting Everett Marshall, tenor; Colonel Stoopnagle and Budd; Frank Crumit; Victor Young's Orchestra (Schlitz Brewing Co.) 10:00 P.M., Friday, CBS.

Summer Interlude—Lud Gluskin's Orchestra; Henrietta Schumann, pianist; The Three Marshalls, mixed harmony team (Ex-Lax Co.) 9:30 P.M., Monday, CBS.

(Please turn to page 96)

About Radio Folk

Andre Kostelanetz is known to his friends as "Busc" . . . Mark Warnow, CBS orchestra conductor, was born in Monastir in the Province of Odessa, Russia, 33 years ago . . . His father was a diamond merchant . . . Joe Cook didn't go to Hollywood after all this Summer . . . The projected Fox comedy feature was postponed . . . One of the chief imitators of movie stars on the "45 Minutes in Hollywood" hour is Arlene Francis . . . She did Bette Davis, Claudette Colbert, Lupe Velez and others . . . Her real name is Arlene Francis Kazanjian. Her father was a painter and photographer . . . The Blue Ridge Mountaineers hail from Bridgeport, Conn., and their real names are Don Pagano, Willard Joyce, Joseph Demci, Michael le Donne, Peter le Donne and Johnny Morello . . . The basso who sang "The Armorer's Song" in "Robin Hood" and "I Want What I Want When I Want It" in "Mlle. Modiste" with the Palmolive Beauty Box Theater was Earl Waldo . . . Rumors that Connie Boswell had married Harry Leedy, her personal representative, have been denied . . . Kate Smith lost 40 pounds during her recent vaudeville tour . . . Vic and Sade celebrated their second anniversary on the air on June 29th . . . Art Van Harvey (Vic) and Bernardine Flynn (Sade) stepped before the mike on that day in 1932 . . . Paul Rhymer has written the Vic and Sade episodes since the start of the program.

"This is why I prefer Camels —"

Mrs. Henry Field
OF CHICAGO



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■ Before her marriage to the grandnephew of Marshall Field, the founder of the family, Mrs. Henry Field went to school in Washington, in Switzerland, and in England. She collects French and American contemporary paintings, she writes, she plays, she is keenly interested in the theatre, and she prefers traveling by air. She loves to dance, goes constantly to balls and parties, and always smokes Camel cigarettes.

"The main reason I like Camels so much better than other cigarettes is because they taste better," says Mrs. Field. "I can smoke as many as I want because they are mild and don't make my nerves jumpy. I find, when I am tired, that smoking a Camel renews my energy, gives me a 'lift.'"

Camel smokers have noticed for a long time that they do get an increase in their flow of energy from Camels. This release of your latent energy is produced by Camels in a wholly safe and natural way. So, whenever you feel tired—smoke a mild, fragrant, *refreshing* Camel.

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CUTEX was the first to give you Liquid Polish . . . then a complete range of Colored Polish . . . and now here's Crème Polish that is actually beneficial to your nails!

The new Cutex Crème Polish absolutely will not make your nails dry or brittle. So you can stop worrying about broken or split finger nails.

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Also you know how you hate those ugly ridges in your nails—and

those annoying little white spots. Cutex Crème Polish covers them up completely—hides every blemish!

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8 lovely shades

It comes in eight delightful, authentically styled shades—Natural, Rose, Mauve, Coral, Cardinal, Vermilion, Ruby and Mahogany. At your favorite store. Better stock up on the right shade for every frock and every open-toed sandal in your closet.

Northam Warren, New York, Montreal, London, Paris

The Small Town Band

(Continued from page 33)

around measuring rooms with an outstretched pencil.

Because Fred was intent on being an architect, it was Tom and Poley who first organized the Waring-McClintock Snap Orchestra. They were in high school at the time and they began playing for Saturday night dances, Tom at the piano and Poley on the snare drum.

They got fifty cents a night, apiece. Poley didn't own a bass drum. He knew a boy in town who owned one, however.

"So I arranged to rent it from him," Poley recalled, "but since he charged me fifty cents a night rental and my pay was fifty cents a night, I found I was working for nothing. That bothered me pretty much, but there didn't seem to be anything I could do about it."

IT was months before Poley was able to buy a drum of his own, out of his earnings. Then he got a beauty, with brass fittings.

That night they played a date out of town. Poley, Fred and Tom rode in a bus, with the drum tucked inside the front fender in a canvas case. It was raining.

All of a sudden the bus skidded and there was a splintering crash as they hit a pole. Poley ran out to look at his drum. The canvas case, as he lifted it up, was limp, the drum smashed to bits.

"I never came so near to bawling in my life," Poley said. "I took it home and put it in the attic and never could bear to look at it until just this Summer when I found it was still there, splinters and all."

The singing started by accident when there were just the two of them, Tom and Poley. They would break out in the middle of a dance number and sing—they never knew why. But that got to be part of their style. Poley had done some singing too—as a choir boy.

He already had his frog bass, but looked on it as a social accomplishment rather than a commercial asset. He was the center of attraction when the neighborhood boys would gather around and urge:

"Come on Poley, talk down low for us."

But he never used it professionally until he did the "Ugi ugi wow wow" in an Eskimo number in Chicago years later.

Freddy Buck, who was the band's first arranger, was next to join as a banjo player. He didn't have a banjo of his own, but Poley's father had one of those old-fashioned, long-necked banjos which he dug up out of the attic and lent to Freddy.

Fred Waring joined as banjo player and business manager during his early years at Penn State. Tom and Poley and Freddy Buck started to college but they liked playing so much that they decided to stop school and give all their time to it. Poley had a promising future in the local pulp mill, but he dropped it for the band work.

Fred immediately exhibited his genius as an organizer and a business man and built up their local bookings until they thought they were ready to go on tour.

So long has the Waring name been

a by-word in the band world that it is often assumed that the band just forged right ahead without a struggle. Nothing could be further from the truth. There were weary months of one-night stands. And there was that tour.

Even afterwards when they were playing important theaters, expenses nearly ate up their salaries before they got another engagement.

But during that tour their fortunes touched bottom. It was one long slough of misery. They were booked on a percentage basis, because that was the only arrangement they could get, up through New York state.

FRED stayed on in college, handling the business end, which turned out to be mostly advancing the boys money. They would go into a hall. Three, four or five couples would show up and they would have maybe a dollar to divide among them and get them on to the next town.

They had one package of smoking tobacco to divide among them, too. They would go into a restaurant, buy a cup of coffee, then stuff their pockets with cyster crackers off the counter and drink a lot of water to make them swell so they wouldn't feel so hungry.

Finally, after they had had scarcely anything to eat for three days, one night it rained, only two couples showed up and they had to be given their money back.

They had to wire Fred again. Fred had already sent them all the cash he could lay hands on. But he borrowed from his fraternity brothers, anywhere he could, to keep them going, although it must have seemed at times kind of futile, as the gate grew slimmer and slimmer.

Speaking of Radio Personalities

Howard Smith doubled for Babe Ruth in the episodes built about the Bambino's life but Ruth was himself "in person" on the rest of the program . . . Jack Denny took his first piano lessons at the age of six . . . Elizabeth Lennox, on Everett Marshall's Broadway Vanities, was born in Ionia, Mich. . . . Bing Crosby has been signed for a 39-week series by Woodbury, starting Sept. 18 . . . Jimmie Grier and his orchestra will furnish the music . . . Where do maestros go when they stop conducting? . . . Well, Buddy Harrod, former maestro, is now a violinist with Don Bestor, and Buddy Wagner, another ex-conductor, is handling the drums for Don Bigelow . . . Pick Malone and Pat Padgett, who entertain you at Pic and Pat and also as Molasses and January, write their own scripts . . . Edwin Franko Goldman, who has been conducting his usual summer concerts from Central Park, New York, started at 17 as cornetist at the Metropolitan Opera House under Walter Damrosch . . . At 27 he resigned to teach cornet playing, continuing for 13 years . . . He didn't organize his band until 1918.

At last they got up to Canada, and there for some reason, the tide turned, business picked up, and they were able to get back to Tyrone under their own steam.

THEIR first real break came when they were engaged to play at the Jay Hop, annual spring dance of the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor, in 1920. But even they had no idea at the time how much it was to mean to their future fortunes.

It was at the Jay Hop that they first identified themselves as Waring's Pennsylvanians, as a tribute to their native heath.

It was also at the Jay Hop that they met a young man named Edsel Ford. During the evening Mr. and Mrs. Ford lingered on the bandstand, fascinated by the Waring rhythms.

Young Mr. Ford was so interested in the band that he became instrumental in getting them their first professional engagement at a Detroit theater.

It was the beginning of a contact that continued through the years, culminating last February in the night when Edsel Ford stood on the stage of the Columbia Playhouse and spoke into the microphone at Waring's side as the sponsor of the Waring broadcasts.

After a successful run in the Detroit movie houses, the Pennsylvanians began to spread their wings. And they also reached a high point in their sartorial history.

They had always made a point of dressing as strikingly as their limited income would allow. But it was a proud day in Detroit when Fred marched them down the street to a little cut-rate tailor shop and had them measured for their first checkered, bell-bottomed collegiate suits. From that time on, the Waring uniforms were practically a history of collegiate styles, blazers, totem pole sweaters and skull caps until they hit on the trim white mess jackets which have become their standard costume.

Their reception in Detroit gave them courage to tackle Chicago. With what was left of their earnings they entrained for the Windy City. There Fred Waring walked into A. J. Balaban's office and offered him the unparalleled opportunity of luring Waring's Pennsylvanians. That was all right, except that Mr. Balaban had never even heard of an orchestra by that name before. However, after an audition, he consented to give them a week's trial. They stayed for nine.

FROM Chicago they went to Los Angeles where they played first at Grauman's old Metropolitan, then to Hollywood where they played in the presentation for Harold Lloyd's picture, "The Freshman."

Bookings came faster after that. But the last city to succumb to them was the neighboring town of Philadelphia.

They went abroad first and had a successful run at Les Ambassadeurs in Paris before Philadelphia would accept them.

During the next few years Waring's Pennsylvanians became the best known stage band in the country. They played nearly all of the important motion pic-

(Please turn to page 54)

Burns & Allen Steak

George orders sirloin done rare but Gracie's must be well browned

By

NANCY JAMES



Oh those potato pancakes, light and done to a golden brown! George dotes on them, but Gracie insists that she wouldn't eat them even if she liked them.



Tower Studios

THERE are potato pancakes—and potato pancakes. The usual thin variety George Burns doesn't like, no matter how well they are made, and the thick puffy kind made with baking powder that he nominates, are one of his favorite dishes. But any way you make them Gracie Allen doesn't like them, and doesn't want to like them.

To make the perfect meal George orders a thick sirloin beefsteak with buttered string beans, broccoli and potato pancakes. "Have the steak done rare," he says and then the argument begins because Gracie insists on having her steak well done, served with stewed tomatoes on the side. If you are a very clever cook you can take that big juicy steak and place it in your gas or electric broiler so that it will be rare enough for George on one end and well done enough for Gracie on the other. Otherwise you might have to cook two steaks the night they come to dinner.

Plain stewed fresh or canned tomatoes, freshly cooked green beans and broccoli with plenty of butter are easy enough to prepare but the pancakes need special care and a special recipe. Here it is—enough to make six large ones:

- 3 medium size white potatoes
- 2 eggs
- 3 tablespoons flour
- 2 teaspoons baking powder
- 1/3 teaspoon salt
- 1/3 teaspoon nutmeg

Pare the potatoes, grate and drain thoroughly. Put the drained grated potato in a bowl. Beat the eggs

thoroughly and add. Sift flour, baking powder, salt and nutmeg together, add to the other ingredients and mix well. Have ready a well greased griddle or frying pan. Take up the mixture in a large mixing spoon and place on the griddle. Even the edges with the spoon but do not flatten down. On a large griddle you can cook three pancakes at the same time. Cook rather slowly, over a fairly brisk flame. When done on one side turn with a pancake turner and cook on the other. It should take from ten to fifteen minutes to cook through.

Now for the trick of cooking the steak so that disagreeing couples like George Burns and Gracie Allen will both be pleased. You might, of course, make a thick flour and water paste and spread it on half the steak—George's half—leaving it on until the other half had been partly cooked. Then take off the paste and keep the steak in the broiler until ready to turn. Then apply another blanket of flour paste and proceed as for the first side. Another simpler way, that we have found entirely satisfactory, is to place a small pie pan over one end, leaving it there until the other end is partly done.

George Burns is certainly not a fussy man, but he has definite ideas about how his favorite dishes should be prepared. Green beans, for instance, and in this case the best way turns out to be the easiest. Select tender fresh beans, wash thoroughly and snip off the ends. If they are quite tender this snipping can be done with the fingers without the use of a knife. Don't on any account cut the beans up—just drain them and pop them into a kettle of boiling slightly salted water and let cook rapidly until tender and season with butter.

Bottled Health



One quart of milk supplies about the same amount of bodily energy as 9 eggs, or $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. beefsteak, or $\frac{4}{5}$ lb. chicken, or $6\frac{1}{2}$ oranges, or 2 lb. potatoes, or 3 lb. string beans.

All of these foods build health and are important in the diet. The comparison merely brings out the essential part milk plays in contributing fuel or energy to the diet.

MILK, as an all-round food, is one of the most essential of our everyday foods. Milk gives you much for little. In choosing your foods, be sure that milk is among the first on the list.

For health, milk is conceded to be the almost perfect food. It contains practically all the elements that the human body needs: minerals, vitamins, proteins, sugars and fats—all necessary for building a healthy body and for warding off disease.

The form in which milk is taken is not important. Some persons like it cold. Others take it when they are ready for sleep and prefer it hot. Still others like it better when it is flavored with cocoa or chocolate or used in soups, sauces or desserts.

Milk should not be regarded as a beverage; it is a food. Sip it slowly; get the flavor out of it. Don't use it merely to quench thirst, and don't drink it rapidly. The gastric juice of the stomach causes milk to curdle shortly

after you swallow it. If milk is drunk rapidly digestion is likely to be slow and difficult.

Children especially need plenty of milk. Rest has no charm for them. No healthy child will stay parked while awake. He waits a minute or two perhaps, and then he is an acrobat again. An active, growing child must have fuel and building material for his body. Give him good, fresh milk—a quart a day if you can. And give the grown-ups a pint a day. For underweights and convalescents, a quart. For expectant or nursing mothers, a quart.

Milk has unsurpassed food value. To take milk regularly is the surest and easiest way of making certain that you give your body the variety of food materials it needs to keep you in good physical condition.

To know milk as you should know it, ask for a free copy of the Metropolitan booklet "Milk—An All-Round Food." Address Booklet Department 1034.B.



METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT

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

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The Small Town Band

(Continued from page 51)

ture and vaudeville houses from New York to San Francisco.

But when they began to look toward radio, their stage success, rather than helping them, stood in their way. Many bands at that period were willing to go on the air at a moderate figure for the promotional value of radio. But the Waring boys reasoned that they already had a reputation and demanded a good stiff sum. The radio people recalled the visual appeal of the band and couldn't see how they would be worth their price over the air.

Early in 1932 they were auditioned by Old Gold and signed for a series over the Columbia network. They were not successful, in the beginning. The meager response seemed to justify the skepticism of their critics.

At that time they were broadcasting from the close confines of a studio. It seemed to cramp them, to stifle the ease and naturalness of their performance. So they went into a huddle with the executives of Columbia and decided to broadcast from the stage of Carnegie Hall before an invited audience.

The change was instantaneous. Their popularity shot up and now they would never think of broadcasting without an audience.

In February of this year they were signed by Ford for a twice-a-week broadcast from the Columbia Playhouse. During the Summer the period has been reduced to Sunday nights only, but in the Fall they will be back again on full schedule.

TWO distinctive features of the Waring broadcasts are the arrangements and the glee club work. Glee club effects are all the vogue in radio now, but the Waring boys staunchly claim to have pioneered in this field, pointing back to the days when Tom and Poley jumped up and sang while playing at dances, to their long years of stage work. Even the effects of the girls' voices were used by them on the stage years ago, with no girls, to be sure, but three members of the band singing up high.

In this connection, while the Waring organization is thought of as a comparatively recent comer to radio, it actually was one of the first bands to broadcast, having gone on the air over a local station in Detroit in 1921.

It is curious to note that Fred Waring, who confines his own singing to the bathtub, has become one of the outstanding glee club conductors and has developed entirely without what might be called professional training.

He owes most of his ideas about singing to his mother to whom he still turns for advice. The first thing he does after every broadcast, even before he changes his clothes and takes his shower, is to call her long distance and ask her opinion on the show, which numbers she liked and which weren't so good. She always gives a frank criticism on which Fred places great weight.

The singing is his particular enthusiasm.

"Group singing of men's voices," he says, "is the common denominator of public taste. Some people like symphonies, some prefer comedy, but the male chorus is, so far as I have been able to discover in years of trial and



Locke Club, Detroit

FRED WARING AT 13
The leader of Waring's Pennsylvanians when he was troop leader of the Boy Scouts at Tyrone, Pa. It was then he helped organize the first Waring band.

error, the one thing which appeals to everybody. The girls' voices are important too, but I use them largely for contrast, for punctuation and coloring."

THE Waring arrangements, Fred believes, have been their salvation in these days when popular songs, played over and over again on the air in the same old way, become threadbare in a few weeks.

People like to listen to numbers that are current at the moment for the Waring boys play them. By the time they get through working them over, putting in the runs, variations, vocal effects and comedy punch lines, they are almost like new.

Freddy Buck was the first arranger for the Waring band. His tragedy is the only shadow which has darkened the organization's success. It is a story which can be told now for the first time, for Freddy Buck died this Spring at Saranac after a lingering illness. While he lived, an invalid, the other boys felt it more dignified to keep silent concerning his affliction.

Freddy, a member of the original four of the lean barnstorming days, was one of the band's most tireless workers and gayest spirits. He labored endlessly, often staying up all night after playing an engagement to work over a piece of music. Early in the twenties he first collapsed from overwork. But the orchestra was his life and he insisted on coming back to it and working as hard as ever.

Fred Waring used to beg him to

take it easy, to let up on the strain, but he would just laugh and tell Fred not to worry about him.

While the band was playing in New York a few years ago, he broke down again and went to Saranac. When the boys went on the air, it was a boon to him. There was a radio by his bedside and their broadcasts, especially when they played numbers he had arranged, were bright spots in his life. The boys wrote to him and went up to see him whenever possible.

Although he did not live to realize the fullest of his talents, he played his great part in the band's development. He helped to formulate the distinctive Waring style. Many of his arrangements still played today are as fresh and appealing as ever. In some respects he was ahead of his time.

WERE it not for an almost unbelievable toughness of constitution, for although slight in build, he has the wiry resilience of a steel spring, Fred Waring himself might have met with a similar fate.

He is not only probably the hardest worker in radio, but one of the greatest worriers. He puts on, twice a week, what amounts to a condensed theatrical production, with romance, pathos, drama and humor all expressed in musical terms and carefully balanced. To maintain freshness and variety within such a tight frame taxes anyone's ingenuity to the utmost.

The variety of talents he coaxes out of his musical stock company is amazing. They play instruments with extraordinary versatility; they do mass singing and individual specialties with equal ease; they write original lyrics, develop musical themes, work out gags and comedy punches to musical accompaniment.

Fred gets it out of them by the drive and force of his personality. As soon as he finishes one show he starts worrying about the next—worrying so hard he can't eat.

Sometimes the show begins to shape itself up. But more often it doesn't come until the last day before the broadcast. Then the tension grows, but the greater the tension they work under, the better the show in the end.

He will rehearse thirty or forty numbers to pick seven or eight for the show and these are often gone over more than thirty times, and then sometimes thrown away.

They start with the comedy punch line, which falls to Pole McClintock, and work backwards.

They all gather around the piano, Fred, Tom, Poley, the Lane Sisters, the Ryans and Johnny Davis. They take a song as their basis and start kidding back and forth, offering lines, suggestions, gags until they hit the right one. They don't often agree. If it's something they all laugh at, it's usually no good. Fred doesn't know why, but it's so. Sometimes they work a long time for that line. Fred had one song on his desk for months before the right idea hit him.

After that, it's largely a matter of balance, selection and arrangement. Then comes the rehearsal. All that

(Please turn to page 84)

He rated their skin 10 years younger than their age

Dermatologist's Examination proves Society Beauties' Skin flawless as they were ten years ago

SKIN YOUTH, dermatologists say, depends upon the activity of the skin's circulation . . . its tone or elasticity . . . the virility of its oil glands.

From 16 to 20, they report, the skin is at the height of its loveliness. Then it is thin—smooth—transparent—line-free—radiantly fresh. Blemishes are unknown.

But its youth is quickly fleeting. Before you are aware, your skin begins to fade—starved for the precious youth-giving oils once created by the active glands deep within it. Then it appears more and more rough—sallow—wrinkled.

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EVERY NIGHT . . . smooth Pond's Cold Cream over your face and neck. Pat it in briskly for just a moment. You will feel its gentle oils seeping into the pores—floating out and away the day's accumulation of make-up, dust, grime—dissolving incipient blackheads.

The rich oils in this cream do more than cleanse. When laughter lines, worry lines . . . crepiness appear, when coarse pores and harsh

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FIGHTS OFF THESE AGE SIGNS after 30



Crêpy skin Worry lines Sallowiness



Sagging tissues Discolorations

Microphonies

(Continued from page 37)

have been in the family for years are called heirlooms. Well—now that we have the wig we can forget about it. First buy from your grocer three dozen tin pastry tubes. Then very carefully take your head and wave it violently. . . . This shakes out the hair. Now take your hair and roll it out in long curls. The hair is now rolled in 36 pieces and is placed inside the pastry tubes. Now telephone an electrician and have him come and attach wires to each tube, connecting them with the electric toaster. This gives the "current" or "juice" as it is called. Some houses have direct current which comes directly to the house while others have alternating current which alternates between coming to your house and to the neighbor's next door.

Next take the wig and place it within reaching distance and then, smiling bravely, turn on the electric toaster, first putting a piece of bread in the toaster. For the first few minutes you may look out the window or do anything else. When you smell the toast burning, watch the toaster carefully. When the toast has cooked to a nice crisp black, that is the signal that there is no hair left on the top of your head—it has all been carefully singed off. You may now call in a manicurist and have the bald spot on your head polished neatly with a buffer. Then cover your head with the wig which has already been permanently waved at the hairdresser's and there you are—a permanent wave in your own home!

10:30-11:00—Political Talk

Until now this column has refrained from broadcasting any political speeches, but the opportunity of having Senator Peebles with us could not be overlooked. As a matter of fact, it was impossible to overlook him. Ladies and gentlemen, I give you Senator Oscar Peebles.

(VOICE: WE DON'T WANT HIM!)

Senator Peebles:

I have three cardinal beliefs which have guided me through the stormy seas of political life and the turbulent waters of all human contact.

(APPLAUSE)

I come before you today feeling that you ladies and gentlemen represent the womanhood and manhood of America and that at last the time has come when we may gather together frankly and sincerely to discuss these things, that a better understanding may arise between us all.

(APPLAUSE)

My friends, it is with the earnest conviction of years of experience that I now state these three fundamental things in which I have always believed and in which I want you to believe. These are my three cardinal beliefs:

1. SENATOR PEEBLES.
2. SENATOR PEEBLES.
3. SENATOR PEEBLES.

12:00-12:30—Education Given the Air

Today our little lecture will be on "The History of Croquet" with especial reference to Mortimer Miff, the inventor of the round croquet ball.

A hundred years ago, Nordics the world over played croquet with square

balls. This made a very slow game—as a matter of fact, sometimes it eliminated the game entirely, as people got tired of trying to hit a square croquet ball any distance. In 1832 Mortimer Miff was an obscure clerk in a haberdasher's store where he sold ties to railroad track manufacturers. He was so obscure that he was not even listed in the telephone book. As a matter of fact in 1832 there were no telephones. On one sunny May morning, Miff, who was a croquet addict, so-called because he computed his croquet scores with an addict machine, sat reading the daily newspaper. For some reason he found he could not understand it. Then he discovered the paper was upside down and he turned it vice versa. There were the headlines—"Croquet League Scandal—investigation proves tournament crooked—'Croquet no longer on the square' says district attorney."

Mortimer Miff jumped to his feet. "No longer on the square, Eureka!" he shouted. "This is the idea I have been seeking." And rushing out to the croquet field he seized a square croquet ball, pulled out a jack knife and in a few minutes he had whittled the ball into a round shape. Placing it on the ground he grasped a mallet, aimed for a wicket and fired the croquet shot heard round the world. Since then thousands of workmen have been kept busy, whittling square croquet balls into round ones and that is how, through the invention of Mortimer Miff, the croquet industry turned the corner!

2:00-2:45—News Flashes

BANGOR, MAINE.

ANASTATIA SNEED, INFANT DAUGHTER OF SENATOR SNEED WAS CHRISTENED HERE TODAY WITH IMPRESSIVE CEREMONIES. THE CHRISTENING WAS HELD AT THE SHIP YARD AND AS THE

Facts About the Air Headliners

The Jack Pearls recently celebrated their eleventh wedding anniversary . . . Irene Rich was born in Buffalo, N. Y., on Oct. 13, 1891, her father being a contractor who built theaters . . . Richard Humber made his professional debut at 14 as violin soloist in a Newark high school . . . Reggie Childs, born in England, has been an American citizen for twelve years . . . Most prized possession of Wendell Hall, the red-headed music maker, is a flintlock musket of the Revolutionary period, handed down in the Hall family for generations . . . Daniel Boone, one of Hall's ancestors, may have carried it . . . Curtis Arnall, star of the Buck Rogers series, has a sailboat, the "Hai Loong," which was built in China of specially matched teakwood planks . . . Leah Ray, lovely songster with Phil Harris, is a Virginian . . . In Hollywood for a chance in the movies, Leah was observed at the Cocoanut Grove by Maurice Chevalier . . . Result: a job in "Bedtime Story."

LITTLE BABY SLID DOWN THE WAVES INTO THE WATER, HER MOTHER, WHO ACTED AS SPONSOR, GRACEFULLY CRACKED A BOTTLE OF CHAMPAGNE OVER HER STERN.

BOSTON, MASS.

MISS J. H. HUBBARD OF 3248 BEACON STREET, KNOWN LOCALLY AS OLD MOTHER HUBBARD, WENT TO HER CUPBOARD THIS MORNING ONLY TO FIND IT BARE. SHE APPEALED TO THE POLICE WHO ARRESTED HER ON A CHARGE OF INDECENCY.

PHOENIX, ARIZONA.

ARIZONA AGGIE, VOTED CHAMPIONSHIP HEN OF THE STATE AT THE 1934 POULTRY SHOW, TODAY ATTENDED THE DEDICATION EXERCISES OF THE NEW AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE WHERE SHE LAID THE CORNERSTONE. SOME HEN!

3:30-4:00—Poetry Hour

The poet Lariat of this column, Miss Eugenia Skidmore, has made such a hit with our readers that I present here another one of her little gems. She visited the World's Fair last Summer and came away full of impressions and hamburg sandwiches.

"CENTURY OF PROGRESS, I LOVE YOU"

*Chicago World's Fair, I salute thee
Just think—a hundred years
Of progress has been progressing
And everybody connected with the
fair are just dears.*

*Chicago World's Fair—you are lovely
With exhibits from South Bend, Indiana
to Egypt
You have street after street of marvels
And things to eat and all kinds of
drinks to be—sipped.*

*Chicago World's Fair, you are modern
You exemplify the spirit of progress
You make people think of up-to-dateness
Don't you, dear old fair—oh—yes!*

*Chicago World's Fair you are durling
We can walk on the ground or ride
in a cable car
In that way we can see everything
That is—as far as we are able—hah!
Chicago World's Fair you are intriguing
You excite our curiosity
And if we can't see just all of you
We get—oh—so furiosity.*

*Chicago World's Fair you are cute
I just love both of your lagoons
Every night when you close and I
have to go home
I exclaim—"Oh! It is far too soon!"*

*Chicago World's Fair you are educational
I like especially your hall of science
After I had looked all through it
I said—oh well we can only die once.
(Please turn to page 72)*

Why does the Smart Woman use FAOEN BEAUTY AIDS?



... BECAUSE SCIENTIFIC TESTS HAVE PROVEN
THEM EQUAL TO \$1 TO \$3 BRANDS IN QUALITY
AND PURITY — YET THEY COST ONLY 10¢!

THERE isn't a law in the land that prevents you from paying \$1 to \$3 for your beauty aids, if you wish. But common sense dictates that if you can buy similar quality and purity for 10¢ — that is the smart thing to do.

And that's exactly why more and more women every day are turning to Faoen Beauty Aids. Their

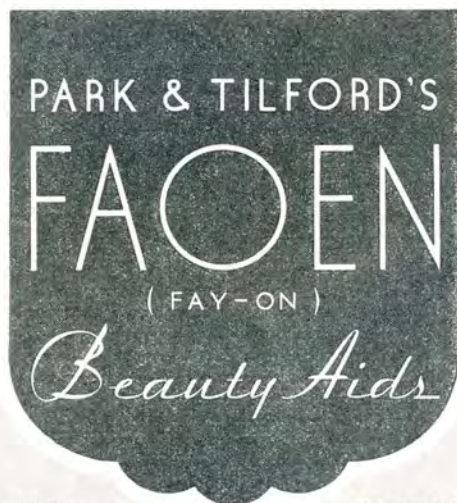
FAOEN BEAUTY AIDS
ARE 10¢ EACH

exquisite fineness is proven by the following report from a famous Research Laboratory:

"every Faoen product tested is as pure and fine as products of like nature sold for \$1, \$2 and \$3."

No longer must you pay high prices for the best. Faoen has made loveliness inexpensive. Be smart — start using Faoen Beauty Aids — today!

SOLD AT F. W.
WOOLWORTH CO. STORES



● CLEANSING CREAM • COLD CREAM

FACE POWDER • ROUGES • PERFUMES ●

Ask the Voice of Experience

(Continued from page 38)

illustrates what I mean. He says:

DEAR VOICE OF EXPERIENCE:

I have just lost my fourth consecutive job, because of my own brother, who is two years older than I. He is not able to find work; won't keep a job when he gets one and yet, because of my working, demands that I share my pay envelope with him. I am tired of this and many times have refused him. Then he starts to undermine me with my employers and has caused my dismissal, even though I am a good worker and am seldom out of work very long at a time.

He is twenty-four years old and certainly should be able to take care of himself and earn his own living. I don't figure that I am doing him a good turn by contributing to his laziness. What can I do to make him stop causing me to lose my job?

UNFORTUNATE.

My lad, you say your brother is twenty-four and, in another part of your letter, you say that he is only two years your senior. That means that you are past your majority. You also tell me that you are a good worker and have little difficulty in getting a job. Then your problem is simple.

Evidently you are both living at home. Then, if I were you, I would put some miles between myself and my brother; get me a job; take care of myself and stop worrying about a jealous and intolerant individual, even though he were my own brother. Distance is sometimes the only thing that will bring harmony between relatives and yours is one of these cases.

DEAR VOICE OF EXPERIENCE:

I have just received a chain letter which was started by a colonel during the World War. It claims that, if I copy it nine times and send the copies to my friends, I will be rewarded. If I ignore the letter, I may expect dire disaster. An aunt of mine ignored one of these letters and two weeks later her husband died. I am not married, but I hope to be soon and I would not want to court trouble. I am supposed to send this out within nine days, so please answer me immediately.

PERPLEXED.

My friend, I wish it were within my power to make everybody realize just how gullible they are when they pay any heed to these chain letters. Of course, I would be robbing Uncle Sam of a lot of stamp revenue. But this evil would be far outweighed by the good that would be accomplished in stamping out this international scourge.

Your aunt may have lost her husband after ignoring that chain letter, but I will guarantee you that the letter had nothing whatsoever to do with her husband's death. You say that this letter was started by a colonel during the World War. Do you realize what would have happened had everyone taken seriously the threat contained in the chain letter? Let me tell you something:

If one letter had been started by a colonel (or a private for that matter) in the World War, sent out to nine friends—and if in turn each one of these friends had sent a copy to nine of their friends, eighty-one persons

would have been molested during the first eighteen days after the original letter was penned. But, by a simple mathematical formula, it is possible for you, with the use of logarithms, to determine that, if your letter contains twenty-seven signatures, it would mean that, started with nine letters, at the present time there would have been circulated nine raised to the twenty-seventh power, which would be more than a decillion letters. Do you know what this means? Every person in the world would have received a copy of this letter fifty million times!

What? You don't believe me? Then figure it out for yourself.

If these letters, then, had any power, we would have not only heard of international tragedies, but if everyone put credence in the curse that accompanies ignoring these letters, the world's business would be at a total standstill, because everybody would be occupied twenty-four hours a day doing nothing but adding to these endless chains.

My advice is simply this: Tear the chain letter up and throw it away immediately. My secretaries are com-

pelled to do this dozens of times a week. In fact, I can conservatively say that I have destroyed in the eight and a half years I have been broadcasting several thousands of these chain letters. Certainly, if they had any power, I would have felt it long since. I assure you that I am sincere in pleading with you to be kind to your friends and not molest them with a chain letter.

DEAR VOICE OF EXPERIENCE:

I am a shut-in and I know that you have lots of names of others who are shut-ins, too. Won't you send me a list of their names so that I can start a correspondence with them? In this way, I believe that I could help to kill a lot of idle time for myself and give them a chance to do the same. I thank you for your consideration.

AN INVALID GIRL.

First, let me say that I commiserate you for your physical condition and should like to do something to make life a little less boresome for you; but I must refuse with regrets to grant your wish.

You see, the letters that are sent to me are forwarded in confidence. I never give names and addresses to anyone. Then, it would be most unwise for me to give you a group of names of men, women, boys or girls, who are total strangers to me. In a measure I would be responsible for introducing them to you and you to them. Since I have no way of knowing what the characters of my correspondents really are, if I were to send you a list of names, I might prove to be an enemy instead of a friend.

You've given me your name and address, so I have sent you some literature that I think you will find interesting and, since I don't answer any letters personally, I am taking this means of suggesting that you get in touch with a shut-in society and they in turn will be able to contact you with other shut-ins who have been investigated. An organization such as this is in a position to render this kind of service intelligently. I am not.

Once more, I extend my sympathy for your physical limitations, but I assure you that I am befriending you by taking the stand that I have in regard to your letter.

DEAR VOICE OF EXPERIENCE:

I have been married eighteen years and have a daughter sixteen years old. We moved to Washington only a few months ago because my husband's work brought him here. I have never had occasion to suspect that my husband had any interest save in his own home, until rumors reached me a few weeks ago.

I have every reason to believe that my husband has become enamoured of a woman who works in the office where he does. In fact, two fellow employes have told me that everything was not "according to Hoyle." For the first time in our married life my husband has been staying out evenings until quite late. I know the name and address of the woman and, since I cannot afford to employ a detective, I am tempted to take my daughter as a witness and surprise my husband and his

(Please turn to page 82)

AMOS 'N' ANDY'S VACATION

OFF the air July 13th. Back on the airwaves Sept. 17. The interval between is the vacation of Freeman F. Gosden and Charles J. Correll. Amos 'n' Andy to you. This is their first vacation in eight years of radio engagements and their first separation in a much longer period. For Amos 'n' Andy spent their vacations in different parts of the globe.

Mr. and Mrs. Correll sailed for a vacation in England and on the Continent. Mr. and Mrs. Gosden went to Alaska, where Amos hired a yacht and did a "mess of fishing," as he expresses it.

The final episode, presented on July 13th, was the 1,892nd presentation of Amos 'n' Andy over NBC. It was on March 19, 1928 that Gosden and Correll created the radio characters that made them world famous. Their debut was over WMAQ, NBC station in Chicago. Success was immediate and on Aug. 19, 1929 they came to a national network under Pepsodent sponsorship. Correll and Gosden have written every word of their scripts and it is estimated that they have reached a staggering total of 3,500,000 words. They have been on the air a total of 848 hours and, during all the years, missed but two broadcasts.

Gosden and Correll never work far in advance on their scripts. In fact they usually meet at noon and work out that night's story. When they introduce a character they never know how important he or she may become. Gosden plays a majority of the characters, including Amos, the Kingfish, Brother Crawford, Rollin Weber and Lightning'. Correll does Andy, along with Henry van Porter and the landlord.



Tintex

Makes Faded Home Decorations **NEW**—for Just a Few Cents

Keeps your Wardrobe Color-Fresh, too . . .

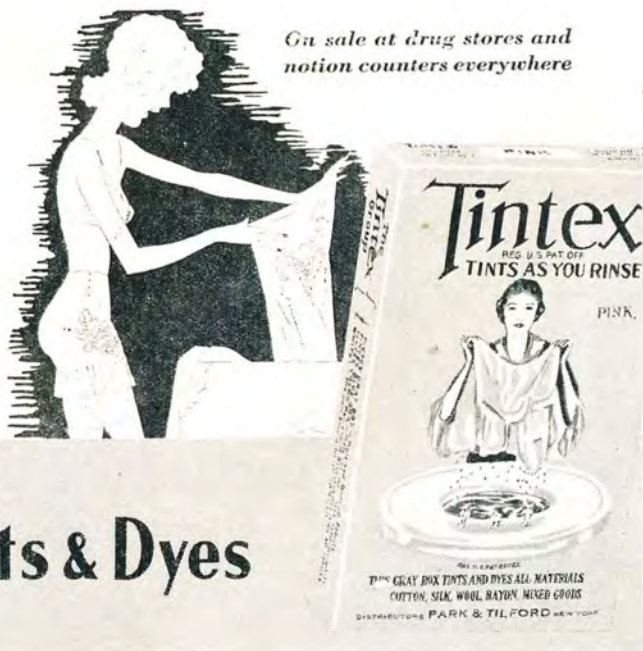
HERE'S money-saving news for Fall! There's no need to buy new slip-covers, curtains, drapes, or other home-decorations just because your present ones are faded or out-of-fashion in color. For a few pennies Tintex will make them like new...or give them a different color, if you wish. No bother, either . . . simply "tint as you rinse."

Remember, too, Tintex is color-magic for your wardrobe. It gives *professional* results in the twinkling of an eye...without muss, without fuss. That is why smart women always depend on it to keep their apparel color-fresh—color-new. 35 brilliant, long-lasting colors from which to choose. Keep your favorite colors always on hand!

PARK & TILFORD, Distributors

Use *TINTEX* for Underthings • Negligees
Dresses • Sweaters • Scarfs • Stockings • Slips
Men's Shirts • Blouses • Children's Clothes
Curtains • Bed Spreads • Drapes
Luncheon Sets • Doilies • Slip Covers

On sale at drug stores and notion counters everywhere



Tintex *World's Largest Selling* Tints & Dyes

Florida Oriole

(Continued from page 28)

was about fourteen, her family lived in a house that was about a quarter of a mile from where a tornado struck with full force. Alone with her mother, she sensed it was a mighty serious business. What did she do? Simply watched from the window and wondered what would happen. She doesn't remember being frightened; just interested, and very curious. She always "takes life as it comes."

When Lupe Velez starred in "Hell's Harbor," which Henry King made at Tampa, the imagination of most of Florida's fairest was strangely stirred. Ruth Hall got her first break in that film, and when an American Legion dance put on "A Night in Hollywood," it was natural that the dark-haired, dusky-eyed Frances should emulate Lupe. It won her the first prize, and, when she sang during the entertainment, the recognition of Eli Witt.

Witt used an orchestra to put over his cigar program, and he felt he needed just such a singer as Frances to put punch into the program. Consequently, she was signed to appear once a week; and so it was she journeyed back to the scene of her birth, if not exactly a radio star—yet a starlet with distinct possibilities.

Then chance stepped in and did a number that might be introduced by a little soft music to the tune of "Your Time Is My Time."

Rudy Vallee was concluding his program from New York, to be continued from Florida, where, on this last Friday night, he announced he would pick his guest star for the following week. Witt, who had met Vallee in New York, called the latter on the telephone in Miami and asked him to listen in to the program on which his "find" would sing. Rudy did, with the result that Witt sent her down to Vallee, who was then appearing at the Olympia Theatre in Miami.

Frances sang a few numbers for Vallee, back stage, and her individual voice immediately caught the famous leader's interest. He explained that Eddie Cantor was scheduled to appear on that Friday night's program, and that he and his band would then proceed to New Orleans, where another guest star was to be picked. He asked her to go home and await word from him.

THEN, late in March, Vallee summoned her to New Orleans for the following program of the Fleischmann hour!

It was a busy time for Vallee. A few weeks later he married Fay Webb and shortly following his mother died. Despite these happenings he did try

to get Frances on NBC. Personally he took her to WOR, where she was signed for a year.

Frances is one of those secluded personalities who, somehow, always attracts people of prominence. She does not easily make friends and is slow to warm to strangers. Yet, once a friend, she is staunch.

When the Empire State Building was dedicated, with Al Smith doing the honors and with both the East Side's and the West Side's great on hand, it was Frances Langford, eminently representative of radio, and a cousin of former Governor Langford of Florida, who was photographed with the ex-Governor of New York.

Perhaps the very reason she so often captures the interest of important persons is the fact that she is so wholly ambitious, so fiercely determined on getting ahead on her own!

And she is!

Frances is now interested in a young orchestra leader, who has made rapid strides during the past year, and whose name must be entirely mythical. She, who will trade on no one else's fame, will see to that! Yet she remembers people "back home" who remember her. She recalls some of those first sweetheating days—especially a young radio operator who is on his way back from China. . . .

Frances, who has been so tremendously successful, so outstandingly successful as a radio performer, avers she "would rather speak one line than sing two songs." Her interests, admittedly, are divided. She has great ambitions as a radio star, she likes shows and especially movies—and it is more than possible that she will accept one of the picture contracts now offered and that the Fall will see her launched on a new career, in conjunction, of course, with her radio work. She appeared in the Peter Arno show, "Here Goes the Bride," which moved off the boards even quicker than that, and in that other marathon of the theater, the Dorothy

Hall vehicle, "The Pure in Heart."

She appeared, some time ago, in Warner shorts which were made in Astoria and which, she says, were "awful." But perhaps that is because of her inferiority complex. It was part of a series in which Louis Sobol, Texas Guinan and radio stars other than herself were featured. It has made her chary of picture work—determined not to be typed when she does not get the sort of contract that meets with her entire approval.

She has simple tastes—loves to read, to listen to music and to play cards—especially 500 rummy, which she can play for hours and hours—almost days. She banks her money and as an investment prefers Florida real estate. She wants, probably more than anything else, to go back home this Summer on vacation to visit her father, from whom she has been separated these past few years. Her mother has divided her time between her husband and her daughter, who lives at the Gotham Hotel on Fifty-fifth Street with her "big" brother Jimmy, who, at twenty-three, old in the knowledge of chaperonage, is learning the business of theatrical agent with typical Langford concentration.

At the fashionable Simplon Club on West Fifty-third Street, following such established favorites as Helen Morgan and Irene Bordoni, she is attracting more celebrities than either, and because of that her contract has been extended.

She is, at the moment, decidedly the hit girl of the mike. Simultaneously she appears on three commercials. They are the Sparton Triolians, with Dick Himber and his Ritz-Carlton orchestra, the Three Scamps and Joey Nash; the Colgate House Party with Donald Novis and the Plough programs, as guest star with Ed Sullivan—not forgetting her recent appearance in a Broadway show and her present night club contract.

Place your money on Frances; she'll justify your faith and her own in a dashing style.

Frances Langford appears every Saturday at 9 P.M., E. D. S. T., over the following NBC network:

WEAF, WTAC, WEEL, WJAR, WCSH, WFI, WFBR, WRC, WGY, WBEN, WCAE, WTAM, WWJ, WLW, WMAQ, WOW, KSTP, WECB, WDAY, KFJR, WRVA, WPTF, WWNC, WIS, WJAX, WIOD, WFLA, WMC, KGO, KFI, WSB, WAPI, WJDX, WSMB, WKY, KTHS, WBAP, KTBS, KPRC, WOAI, KOA, KDYL, KCW, KOMO, KHQ, WDAF, KSD, WTMJ, WIBA, WOC, WHO, WSM.

BIRTHDAY GREETINGS

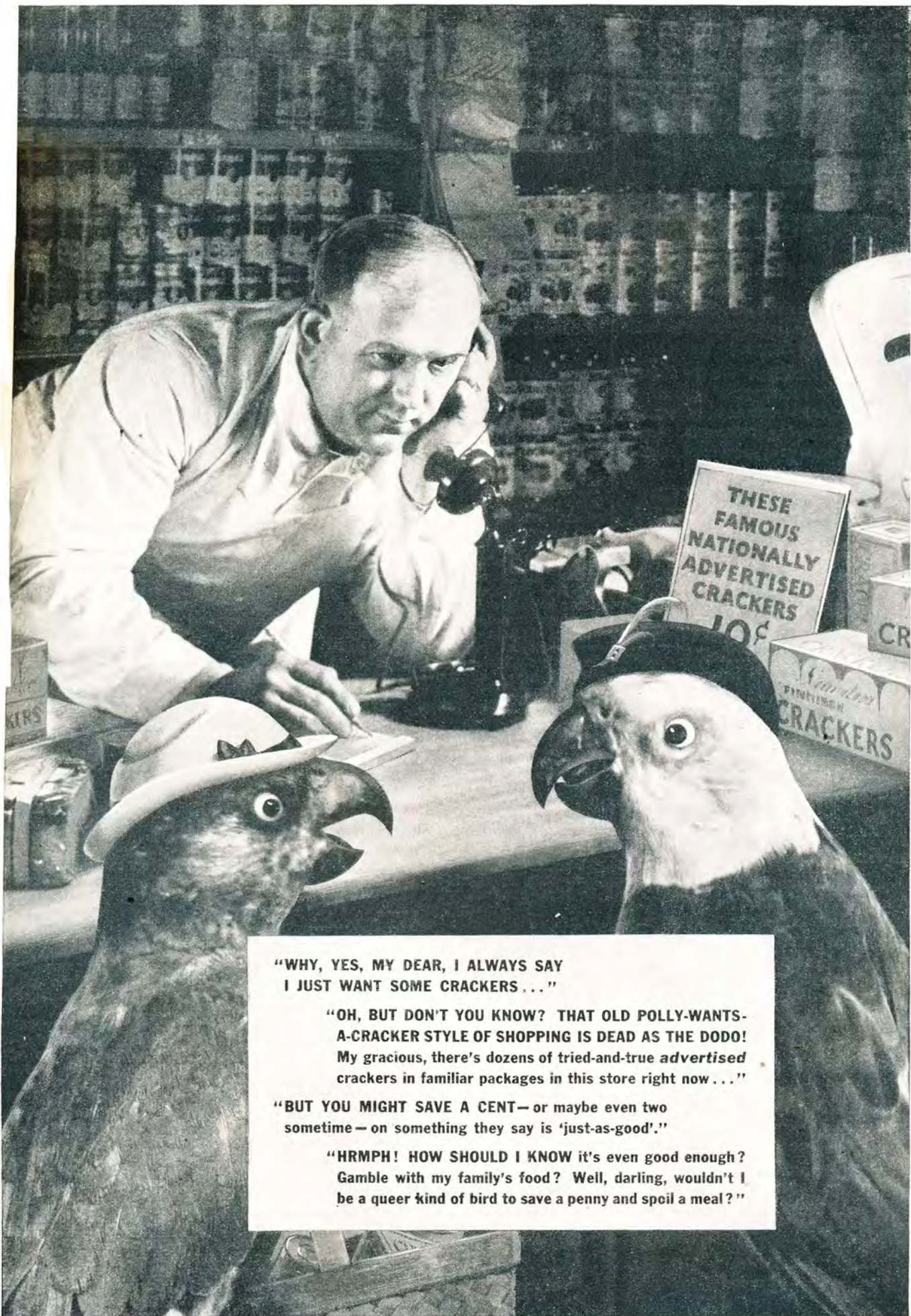


WHY NOT SEND

TO YOUR FAVORITES?

Roy Shield.....Oct. 2nd
 Martha Attwood.....Oct. 2nd
 Lou Carrothers.....Oct. 3rd
 Gertrude Berg.....Oct. 3rd
 Robert Armbruster.....Oct. 9th
 Betty Noyes.....Oct. 11th
 Jane Ace.....Oct. 12th
 Theodore Webb.....Oct. 12th
 Neal Enslin.....Oct. 31st

Jack Shilkret.....Oct. 13th
 Josef Koestner.....Oct. 15th
 Helen Claire.....Oct. 18th
 Parker Fennelly.....Oct. 22nd
 Ford Bond.....Oct. 23rd
 Mario Cozzi.....Oct. 28th
 Jack Pearl.....Oct. 29th
 Mary McCoy.....Oct. 31st



**"WHY, YES, MY DEAR, I ALWAYS SAY
I JUST WANT SOME CRACKERS . . ."**

**"OH, BUT DON'T YOU KNOW? THAT OLD POLLY-WANTS-
A-CRACKER STYLE OF SHOPPING IS DEAD AS THE DODO!
My gracious, there's dozens of tried-and-true *advertised*
crackers in familiar packages in this store right now . . ."**

**"BUT YOU MIGHT SAVE A CENT— or maybe even two
sometime— on something they say is 'just-as-good'."**

**"HRMPH! HOW SHOULD I KNOW it's even good enough?
Gamble with my family's food? Well, darling, wouldn't I
be a queer kind of bird to save a penny and spoil a meal?"**

Think of TOMORROW when you take that laxative TODAY!

It's easy enough to take a laxative that "works"! But what of tomorrow? What of the harm that might be done to the intestines? What of the danger of forming a habit?

Violent laxatives are bad for you. They shock your system—you feel weak—your day is marked by embarrassing moments. And worst of all—you may find yourself more constipated than ever. For the frequent use of "purgings" cathartics often encourages chronic constipation—they may form a habit.

EX-LAX—the laxative that does not form a habit

There is a laxative that avoids these bad features. Ex-Lax, the chocolated laxative, acts so easily and so gently that you scarcely know you have taken anything. You take Ex-Lax just when you need a laxative—it won't form a habit. You don't have to keep on increasing the dose to get results.

Ex-Lax is gentle—yet it is thoroughly effective. It works overnight without over-action.

Children like to take Ex-Lax because they love its delicious chocolate flavor. Grown-ups, too, prefer to take Ex-Lax because they have found it to be thoroughly effective—without the disagreeable after-effects of harsh, nasty-tasting laxatives.

Over 50,000 druggists sell Ex-Lax—in 10c and 25c boxes.

WATCH OUT FOR IMITATIONS!

Look for the complete spelling—
E-X-L-A-X—on the box.



Know Your Music

By
PITTS
SANBORN



Peter
Ilitch
Tchaikowsky

PETER ILITCH TSCHAIKOWSKY, endowed with a strikingly individual talent and composer of the universally known *Pathetic Symphony*, was the first Russian musician to win a secure place for his compositions in other countries. As a symphonist he has proved to be, with the possible exception of Brahms, the most popular since Beethoven, and his fluent vein of melody likewise runs through an impressive number of tone-poems and other orchestral pieces, concertos for piano or violin, chamber compositions, operas, ballets, and songs. He also wrote choral music for the Russian Orthodox Church, and it is a noteworthy fact that in nearly every form he attempted he achieved at least one work which has enjoyed conspicuous and lasting favor.

Tschaikowsky was not born into a musical family, nor did he give early signs of special musical gifts himself, though he began to take piano lessons at the age of seven. He was a precocious child, intelligent and amiable, and devoted to his mother. He was also sensitive and shy, and remained so throughout his life. His father, who when Peter was born (May 7, 1840) had been director of a foundry at Votinsk, removed with the family in 1850 to St. Petersburg, where Peter continued his piano lessons, now with first-rate teachers. Still, there was no thought of his making music a career. He took up law and upon graduation in 1859 entered the Ministry of Justice as a clerk. Meanwhile he had kept up his piano lessons and sung in a choral society, but without giving evidences of genius.

At twenty Tschaikowsky was a rather commonplace and frivolous young man, who could improvise agreeably on the piano, but without any idea of writing down his improvisations. Then came a change. His life seemed to him superficial and savorless and the law a mistake. So late in 1861 he turned from dilettanteism and began seriously the study of musical theory. However, he stuck to his clerkship until convinced he was "no longer a clerk but a musician." That time came in 1863, when he resigned and faced poverty (his mother was dead and his father's fortunes had declined) for the sake of music.

Entering the classes of the Russian Musical Society (which later developed

into the St. Petersburg Conservatory), he met the brothers Rubinstein, whose influence on him was determining. Anton, the celebrated pianist and composer, taught him composition and orchestration, and in spite of Rubinstein's apparent harshness, Tschaikowsky's feeling for him bordered on adoration. Peter proved an able student, so in 1866 the younger Rubinstein, Nicholas, offered him the chair of harmony in the Moscow Conservatory, which he was then organizing. Tschaikowsky accepted and held the post for eleven years.

Though the salary was small, the change was advantageous, for Moscow received him cordially, he made valuable friends, and Nicholas Rubinstein, who took him to live in his house, proved a solicitous and devoted counsellor and brought out his compositions. In token of this friendship, interrupted by Rubinstein's untimely death in 1881, Tschaikowsky dedicated the A minor piano trio to his memory.

In 1868 the distinguished French soprano, Desiree Artot, on a professional visit to Russia, became interested in Tschaikowsky's music and sent for him. He succumbed to the fascination of this brilliant and sympathetic woman and marriage was contemplated. Yet Tschaikowsky hesitated because of his own career. Mlle. Artot put an end to his indecision by abruptly marrying the Spanish baritone Padilla. While smarting from this experience Tschaikowsky wrote the first of his greater compositions, the overture-fantasy, "Romeo and Juliet."

Thenceforth Tschaikowsky's creative activity was extraordinary. Nevertheless, he was continually tormented with doubts of his ability, and his nervousness, diffidence, and fits of black melancholy repeatedly brought him to a pass where he had to retire to the country or go to Switzerland or Italy to recover. Nor was his path to glory without thorns. St. Petersburg lagged behind Moscow in recognizing his genius. The operas "Eugene Onegin" and "The Queen of Spades," which were both to become popular, were failures when first produced. "Romeo and Juliet," received coldly in Paris, was hissed in Vienna. Leopold Auer pronounced the violin concerto too difficult for performance. Indeed, England and America were the only countries in which (Please turn to page 91)

Belascos of the Air

(Continued from page 27)

He has grown up in the radio game, ~~moved~~ over from the theatrical field or worked in an advertising agency. He works interminable hours, NRA is only an academic term for him. He is so responsive to mass likes and dislikes that political leaders are missing a bet in not consulting him. Lastly and most important, he is a realist so far as the preferences of the vast army of set owners are concerned. He may secretly prefer Stokowski to Stoopnagle, but he knows that the elemental risibilities aroused by the latter will win more mass listeners than the symphonic directional artistry of the former. In other words, he knows his audiences and for a particular advertising aim he may suddenly switch his radio plans and sponsor a Stokowski, instead of a Stoopnagle!

LET us go first to the National Broadcasting Company and the Columbia Broadcasting System which either for sponsors or themselves produce the greatest number of programs. At NBC, John Royal, vice president in charge of programs, gets an average of 700 telephone calls a day, grants an average of thirty interviews each working day and lives in his office from 9:30 in the morning until 11:30 at night. He came to radio via the journalism and theater route. He has surrounded himself with a group of capable executives who aid him in preparing the hundreds of shows required each year for the two NBC networks. These entertainment lieutenants number Frank Black, the musical director; Bertha Brainerd, commercial program manager; Phillips Carlin, sustaining program manager; Burke Boyce, director of the continuity department; William S. Rainey, chief casting director; and Ray Kelly, in charge of creating the sound effects.

In the Columbia chain's group of program impresarios we shall include William S. Paley, its youthful and energetic president who has discovered many stars and whose entertainment ideas are reflected in many of its shows. Then there are Julian Field, head of the commercial program department, and Julius Seebach, director of program operations. Seebach started in radio as an announcer on WOR in 1925 and Field gained his experience with an advertising agency. Also engaged in the task of trying to find ideas and programs that will please are Burt McMurtry, Henry Heywood, Fred Bethel, Ralph Wonders and Theo Gannon. And we must include Mrs. Ora D. Nichols, the versatile sound effects creator.

MANY of the radio show builders are identified with advertising agencies. Not a few of the agencies maintain their own studios for auditions and rehearsals. The radio departments are an important part of the average agency's activities, now that the air has become such an important factor in advertising. The bustle and excitement is quite akin to the office of a Broadway manager or Hollywood producer, what with singers and actors, seeking engagements, and playwrights and composers trying to sell ideas.

Who produces "Showboat," "The Hour of Smiles," (now "Town Hall (Please turn to page 64)

LET ME TELL YOU HOW A
GOLDEN NAPHTHA SOAP GAVE
ME A MILLION-DOLLAR WASH



Ann Prescott:

"Ticked?...you bet! My clothes aren't gray any more—they're white, Betty. They're gorgeous! And I found out what was wrong... That 'trick' soap I used to wash with wasn't getting all the dirt out of my clothes. Then..."



Ann Prescott:

"I bought a few bars of Fels-Naptha Soap—and I never saw the beat of it for hurrying out dirt. Here, smell the reason yourself—there's lots of naphtha in that golden bar!"



M-M-M!...Linens so white they fairly gleam! Clothes that are fresh as a breeze! Washes that make you pop with pride!

Here's the easier way to get them—change to Fels-Naptha Soap! You'll like the way it loosens grimeiest dirt. You'll like the way it makes suds that stay sudsy—nice and creamy and rich. You'll like the way it hustles along the wash.

What is Fels-Naptha's secret? . . . It is two lively cleaners instead of one. Golden soap that's richer—and plenty

of dirt-loosening naphtha in every bar.

Fels-Naptha Soap is so gentle, you can use it for daintiest things—lingerie, silk stockings, woollens. It's kind to hands, for there's soothing glycerine in every bar. It's a willing worker in tub or machine—in hot, lukewarm or cool water—whether you soak or boil clothes.

And more happy news—Fels-Naptha now sells at the lowest price in almost twenty years! Get a few bars today!

. . . Fels & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.



© 1934, FELS & CO.

**"MAN... I LOVE THIS
ITALIAN SPAGHETTI"**



EVERY man relishes Heinz Cooked Spaghetti because it's the genuine Italian kind—cooked and blended after the recipe of a famous Italian chef. The spaghetti is meltingly tender and wholesome—made by Heinz from choicest Durum wheat—dried in washed air. And what a savory, flavory sauce is cooked *through* every delicate strand! You taste the tang of snappy imported cheese—and the rich, juicy goodness of red-ripe Heinz tomatoes, zestfully spiced! Keep a liberal supply of Heinz Cooked Spaghetti on your emergency shelf. Use it frequently for delicious, energy-making home meals.



**HEINZ
COOKED
SPAGHETTI**



ONE OF THE
57

Belascos of the Air

(Continued from page 63)

Tonight") starring Fred Allen, "The Palmolive Beauty Box Theater" and "Maria's Certo Matinees"? He is a tall, young man in his late twenties, christened Edmund Ruffner, but known everywhere as "Tiny" Ruffner. Mr. Ruffner is director of radio for Benton and Bowles. Not only does he devise and put on their programs, he also acts as narrator or announcer in the shows.

ARTHUR PRYOR, JR., head of the radio department of Batten, Barton, Durstine and Osborn, began his career following the footsteps of his father and grandfather as a band master until he discovered the fascination of the microphone. Although, the great number of commercials he is required to produce each season makes it impossible for him to attend every broadcast, he always works through the rehearsal period of a new series and attends the initial performance. A few of the programs that bear the imprint of his skill are: The Soconyland Sketches, the March of Time, Blackstone and Bond Bread programs (with Julia Sanderson and Frank Crumit) and Marvelous Melodies.

Back of the radio appearances of Edwin C. Hill, Singin' Sam and Voice of Experience is the guiding hand of Charles J. Gannon, of Erwin Wasey & Co. Mr. Gannon, who will be remembered for his production of the first Camel show in which Morton Downey and Tony Wons were catapulted into radio fame, is one of the pioneers in the production field.

Another pioneer producer-director is Louis A. Witten, who has won much praise for Hanff-Metzger, Inc., for his Texaco Fire Chief program, starring Ed Wynn. Witten, who started as a radio announcer shortly after radio broadcasting itself was born, is credited with producing the first international program on a sponsored hour four or five years ago—the introduction from Paris of Maurice Chevalier who spoke to America on the Paramount-Publix hour.

Appreciative fans who tuned in on the Lucky Strike Metropolitan Opera House series or who like the Cities Service Concerts with Jessica Dragonette should address their letters of thanks to Montague Hackett, who reigns over Lord and Thomas's kingdom of radio. To the followers of Rudy Vallee, the Kraft-Phenix show with Paul Whitemen, and the Nestle's program with Ethel Shutta, we present John Reber, who heads the very large radio division of J. Walter Thompson.

NOW let us trace the steps taken in bringing a feature to the air! A sponsor decides he wants a radio program. Of course, if he leaves it up to the agency radio director to select the type of program that effectively will sell his product via the air waves, the task is lightened. But more frequently the sponsor wants to be the one to give the okay. In that situation there is likely to be many, many auditions of various types of shows for his consideration.

To meet the wishes of the advertiser, the director must listen to scores of ideas submitted to him, must select and rehearse the cast for each audition, the while he devotes the essential attention to programs already con-

tracted for and being broadcast on a schedule. Generally he attends all broadcasts. Finally, the new sponsor picks a program and it takes the air at a period which the radio head of the agency has somehow found time to study and buy. Before and after the initial broadcast he will attend many conferences with the client, he will accept as a matter of course many revisions in script and numbers. There will be more "paper work" than faces the average army field clerk and there will be okay-ing of financial expenditures that run into fortunes each week. Item: the telegraph and telephone tolls rolled up to assure the correct timing and comparison of text of a recent commercial broadcast in which there was a switchover from New York to Hollywood amounted to more than \$800!

NOW let us introduce a few more radio impresarios to you: Meet Mann Hollander, author of many vaudeville sketches and popular songs, before he diverted his talents to ether productions. He has prepared the Hall of Fame broadcasts for your entertainment as head of radio for Lennen and Mitchell. Carlo De Angelo, also from the sphere of the legitimate stage but now with the Blackman Company, is the broadcast producer who directed such productions as The Eno Crime Club, the Story Hour and Buck Rogers.

Who produced "Pick and Pat," the Potash and Perlmutter series and the Groucho and Chico Marx program? He is Frank McMahon at the McCann-Erickson agency. Mr. McMahon who was one time sales promotion manager of the Hudson Motor Car Company, came to the agency to handle the Congoleum account. He quickly found his way into the radio production end of the business.

A triumvirate of youngsters at Young and Rubicam, Don Stauffer, Tom Harrington and Bill Stuhler, were responsible for such radio shows as "The Wizard of Oz," "The Colgate House Party," with Joe Cook and "Bob Sherwood's Circus Days." And to the countless millions who enjoy the Ford program featuring Fred Waring, the Armour Show, with Phil Baker, Harry McNaughton and Irene Beasley and "The Talking Picture Hour" we present the radio impresario of N. W. Ayer & Co., Douglas Coulter. Lawrence Holcomb of Fletcher and Ellis is the man who sits up nights devising such shows as the Quaker Oats program, featuring Babe Ruth and the Ward's Family Theater in which James Melton's tenor notes are heard. "Easy Aces," "Manhattan Merry-Go-Round" and "Just Plain Bill," bear the imprint of M. H. Peterson or George Tormey, who turn out many radio programs for Blackett, Sample and Hummert.

Yes, radio has its own great producers, and, be it noted, this crowded world offers no greater opportunities than does this field for aspiring youth.

**Are you reading
RADIO FROM THE
INSIDE?**

The only authentic gossip column written from behind the controls.

**"AND I LIKE THE
HOME KITCHEN FLAVOR
OF HEINZ KETCHUP"**



**HEINZ
TOMATO
KETCHUP**

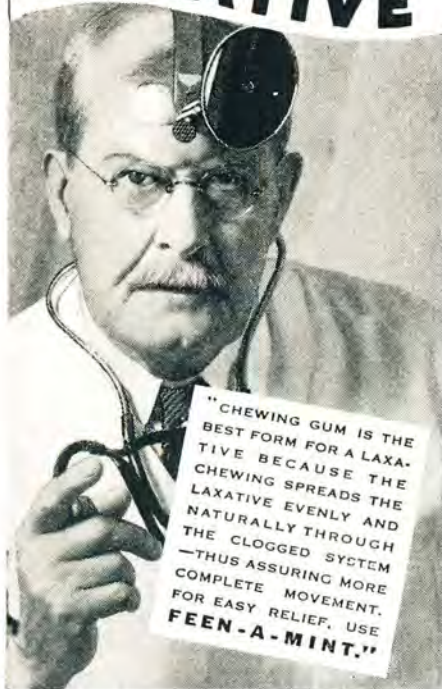
WHAT wonders Heinz Tomato Ketchup works with even the simplest foods! How its spicy fragrance reminds you of simmering tomatoes and seasonings in the old home kitchens of long ago! That's because Heinz uses only the finest ingredients in making this rich condiment—the choicest, juiciest ripe tomatoes grown from Heinz seed in favored regions, where they are picked in full freshness, cooked and bottled *hot* from the kettle. Rare, Oriental spices bought by Heinz own representatives in the Far East, first grade cane sugar and mellow Heinz vinegar blend in their own distinctive flavors, too. Use Heinz Ketchup generously in your everyday cooking—for sauces and gravies. You'll soon discover why it outsells all others—regardless of price.



ONE OF THE
57

for effective
relief from
Constipation

**CHEW
YOUR
LAXATIVE**



Headaches—dizzy spells—sleeplessness—these are often caused by constipation. If constipation troubles you relieve it with FEEN-A-MINT.

FEEN-A-MINT is a thoroughly effective laxative in chewing-gum form. It works better because when you chew it the laxative is spread smoothly and evenly right down to where it does its work. That's why over 15 million people already know about and use FEEN-A-MINT. It's pleasant to take, too—a great point, especially in caring for children.

Whenever you suffer from constipation take the doctor's advice—chew FEEN-A-MINT. It's inexpensive, too, 15¢ and 25¢ at your drug store.

MAMA SAYS IT'S
MEDICINE, BUT IT'S
JUST LIKE THE NICEST
CHEWING GUM
I EVER TASTED.



Feen-a-mint
The Chewing-Gum LAXATIVE

Rose of Aaron

(Continued from page 41)

better than it is, Mr. Arlington."

Aaron ignored the applause. He was hearing something far more unusual, and that was the behavior of his heart as he gazed at this velvet voiced, suddenly desirable girl. It broke from a brisk trot into a canter, then plunged wildly to a gallop, and if this was not yet love, it must at least be the prelude. Silvery laughter filled the corridor, and he turned to see La Doraine preceding Jerry Pastromo into an elevator.

"Good-night, echo," cackled the star, tossing him a liberal sneer. "Sleep tight, you elongated rubber stamp."

She dropped out of sight before Aaron could think of an improper reply, then he looked down to see a firm little hand crumpling his sleeve.

"YOU'RE no echo," declared Miss Shaughnessy. "You're music to your finger tips, anyone can sense that. If you'd only write your own songs, Mr. Arlington, and keep remembering the most important thing—that women still want romance."

"I know that already," said Aaron, with his mind on his mail.

"And so we want a tune we can lean back and dream on—that cloud-floating feeling you get from 'You Have Taken My Heart.' And don't be afraid to get a bit serious with the lyrics; no girl ever drifted off to sleep murmuring such drivel as 'Bell.'"

"The words would stump me, I'm afraid, but I could manage a tune."

"Maybe I could help you a little," said Rose softly. "I'm not exactly rushed to death on this job, and so, for the sake of keeping interested, I—you see, I—I write a little poetry sometimes as a sort of escape—"

"Let's have it!" shouted Aaron, feeling an unfamiliar glow within him while his heart broke into the gait of a steeplechaser, and yanking Miss Shaughnessy down the corridor, he burst into a rehearsal room containing a piano. "Blossom right out with it now!"

He struck a chord at random, and before its reverberations died away a sweet compelling voice throbbled warmly through the ripple of sound.

*I call you mine.
And yet, can one imprison
A pool of light
The hush of dawn
A shadow on the plain?*

*I call you mine.
How vain, for who can capture
Rose afterglow
June dusk
The scent of lilacs in the rain?*

Slightly purple under the lash of inspiration, Aaron submerged himself in the whirlpool of melody, came up for air with a few choice notes, and disappeared again, panting. By 4 A.M. he had produced the framework of a poignant refrain that only needed the expert touch of an arranger to become a national nuisance. Then, suddenly fearful, he straightened up and stared at his companion.

"You're sure they're your own lyrics?" he asked.

"Every word," Miss Shaughnessy assured him. "And your music will make them seem just beautiful."

"But they *are* beautiful! They mean something. Like you—well," stuttered Mr. Arlington, assuming a professional poise he did not feel, "I insist on having you right beside the mike whenever I warble them. Er—uh—what do you say about a sandwich?"

Rose said yes, and said it with an inflection that showed she quite understood and approved of the reason for his confusion. Moreover, once seated in an all night restaurant, she leaned forward and breathed something no guest star would ever have dreamed of uttering.

"Never mind my eyes," she urged gently, cutting short a feverish harangue, "nor the words and the music. Let's talk about YOU." The use of this unflinching decoy, however, should not be held against her. Napoleon heard it, so did Samson. And that was the way it began.

IN less than ten days Station WUZY was pleasantly aware that the Apollo's Embrace Girdle Hour had increased its pressure. With only three performances Aaron Arlington, singing his original, "I Call You Mine," was revolutionizing the lovemaking of a continent. Chivalry showed flippancy the door, then tripped it down the steps. Ladies were lied to much more artistically, and with increased dividends to their swains, for even the most obvious damsel preferred to be compared to the mystery of Summer gloaming instead of the oats in the stable of life.

Other maestros gnashed their expensive teeth as Aaron fluted love lyrics to Rose, whom he had aerially introduced as his collaborator, for the song was restricted to his private use and could not be pirated. A dozen imitators obliged with smudgy counterfeits of the theme, all of which fell flat, whereupon the Arlington-Shaughnessy combine staggered the trade with an even bigger hit.

They were on the crest of the wave, or should be, thought Aaron one night as he sang to the sparkling Killarney eyes on the far side of the microphone, but Fate had seen to it that there was a dangerous undertow. Something seemed to have sprung up between Rose and Jerry Pastromo; he had surprised them together around the studio too many times of late, and well, it just couldn't be possible, but—

The fourth broadcast had finally ended, and Mr. Arlington grazed about the corridors, waiting for Rose to join him for supper. He listened absently to a noisy argument coming from a closed anteroom, then a familiar twang to it made him start for the door, only to be knocked endwise by the seething Gwyneth Doraine, apparently driven by the same impulse. Little Miss Shaughnessy was backed against the wall, while Mr. Pastromo paddled the air with anguished hands.

"Right now!" he was shouting, "or it's the blow-off! Why, I used to be so lucky at picking 'em I could dive into a bowl of alphabet soup and come up with etcetera, but I ain't wrote a song in a month! Come clean, now—you owe me that much!"

The words held a sinister timbre, and Aaron's heart felt like a pound of putty, but Gwyneth went into action minus any such handicap of timidity.

"One up on me, eh?" she shrieked, as she clawed Jerry's bulbous nose. "I don't stand for that, you worm, unless I think of it first. What's between you and this—this nonentity?"

"Now listen, Gwyn," pleaded Mr. Pastromo, then catching sight of Aaron his face grew triumphant. "Plenty," he said complacently. "Plenty. But I don't think she'd care to have her hero get the lowdown, so you'd better leave us settle things."

FOR answer Miss Doraine plumped herself down in a wing chair, and Aaron blocked the doorway in the best theatrical fashion. Mr. Pastromo looked ill at ease, then wagged a finger at the stubborn Rose.

"Say you will," he demanded, "and we'll go out of here without them being any the wiser. If you don't—"

"Darling!" cried Miss Shaughnessy to Aaron. "Don't listen to him; let me tell you. I wrote the words for that awful 'Bell' and lots of others just to help him out. He discovered I was handy at scribbling jingles when he stopped at my desk one day and asked me for a rhyme for 'scram.' When I gave him eleven of them he thought I was a genius, b-but he's never given me credit or even bought me as much as a sandwich. There's nothing between us but lyrics."

"So he doesn't write all his own stuff, eh?" said Gwyneth scratchily.

"He certainly doesn't. He even laughed at my real poetry and said it was over the heads of the public. And lately he's been pestering me to do some more tripe for him, or he'll tell Aaron—and I won't write that sort of thing anyway," confessed Rose, "now that I'm in love."

"Yeah, but what does Aaron say?" bawled Mr. Pastromo. "What price his Irish inspiration now? Look at him with his bazoo hanging open!"

"And no wonder," crooned Miss Doraine, performing a lightning emotional switch. "Such deceit, Aaron deah, and—why, the dizzy ape, he tramped right over me!"

For Mr. Arlington's brain, having absorbed the shock of Rose's authorship, now churned around her last remark until its meaning sank in.

"You mean you're in love with me?" he asked shakily.

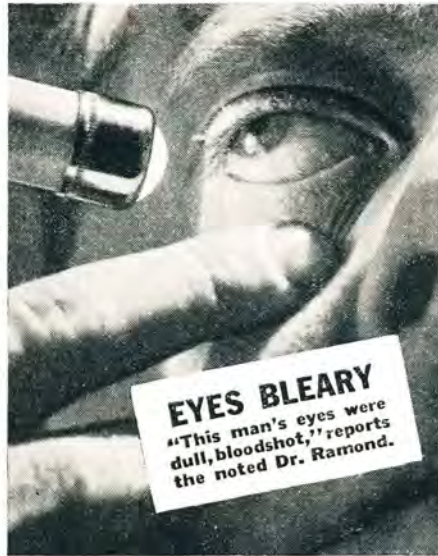
"Ever since you didn't laugh when I read you those lyrics."

"Then nothing else matters. All of us," said Aaron, fumbling grandly in his vest pocket, "have a past. When I was nineteen I used to play 'Poet and Peasant' on the xylophone, so—well, honey, look at this." A speechless interlude ensued, and then Aaron beamed at his audience. "Just like the copy-books," he said happily. "Love will find a way."

Then Rose, the creative lyricist, proved as unoriginal as the rest of her sisters when confronted by her big moment. "You're wonderful, darling," she asserted, snuggling closer, "simply wonderful."

"No, sweetheart," corrected Aaron. "You're wonderful. Wahhhnderful!"

"Pooh!" said Miss Doraine, as she herded Jerry to the door. "Just as I've always insisted—you're nothing but an echo, after all." Then she tossed a friendly wink at Rose. "Keep him that way, child," she advised. "It's more than I've been able to do with mine, and let me give you another tip. For heaven's sake hold that hand of yours steady, or he'll never get the ring on it."



EYES BLEARY
"This man's eyes were dull, bloodshot," reports the noted Dr. Ramond.



ALWAYS TIRED
"He was 'fagged out'—and looked it. Chronically fatigued... irritable."



BIG STOMACH
"Stomach was swollen, abdomen flabby, and the muscles toneless."



• Dr. F. Ramond is Head Physician of Hôpital Saint-Antoine; physician to the late President Doumer of France.

"His case showed *great improvement in 3 weeks*"

says Dr. RAMOND, great French stomach specialist.

If you have any of the troubles shown above, this typical "case history" can greatly help you!

"MR. Z—," Dr. Félix Ramond reports, "had been overworking, lacked exercise." Besides a tired body and swollen stomach he "had bad headaches, couldn't sleep . . ."

"The X-ray," he adds, "showed his digestive system was 'lazy.' He was constipated—his digestion slow."

"My advice—yeast—proved just what he needed. As his digestion and elimination improved, he slept well, looked better—regained his former energy."



As Dr. Ramond says, "Poisons absorbed by the tissues affect health in many ways . . . To counteract this condition, I recommend yeast as the best corrective."

Then poisons cease to flood your blood. Eyes get back their lustre. Tiredness soon goes.

Why not give Fleischmann's fresh Yeast a really thorough trial—for say 30 days, at least? You can get it at grocers, restaurants and soda fountains. Just eat 3 cakes every day, following the directions on the label.

It's rich in vitamins B, D and G. Start to eat Fleischmann's Yeast . . . now!

Copyright, 1934, Standard Brands Incorporated

End the
vegetable strike!



Here's a wise, easy way to persuade Baby to change his mind about his carrots and spinach... give him Clapp's! Baby Foods!

Home cooked vegetables cannot be uniformly smooth... Why not do as so many other mothers are doing—

Tempt Baby
with Clapp's!



These uniformly-smooth, fine-flavored foods supply the vitamins and mineral salts Baby needs. Clapp's Foods are cooked in air-tight, glass-lined kettles to protect these vital elements.

CLAPP'S 15 foods for babies



In the New Enamel Purity Pack

Your doctor will tell you which of these fifteen Clapp's Foods to give your baby—and a druggist or grocer nearby can supply you with them: Baby Soup, Strained, Baby Soup Unstrained, Vegetable Soup, Tomatoes, Asparagus, Spinach, Peas, Beets, Carrots, Wax Beans, Apricots, Prunes, Applesauce, Beef Broth and Wheatheart Cereal.

Send for FREE BOOK

HAROLD H. CLAPP, INC., Dept. 75, Rochester, N. Y. Please send me your free book, "Before Your Baby Goes on Vegetables".

Name _____
Street and Number _____
City _____ State _____

"I Know Kate Smith"

(Continued from page 25)

Mrs. Collins and I came to understand her every whim and reaction as a result of this tour. Yes, indeed—I knew the real Kate Smith from the days she was just a stout girl crashing into "big-time," and I know the real Kate Smith of today—"one of the greatest single attractions in the history of vaudeville and radio"—and it is more than mere prejudice that prompts this description.

People have asked me how Kathryn and I first met. There've been all sorts of stories giving various versions of the incident. While some have been highly fictitious, I really think the actual facts are a bit more fictitious sounding.

One evening—I was associated with the Columbia Phonograph Company at the time—I missed my train to Long Island, and instead of waiting an hour or so, for the next, I decided to catch a show. I picked "Flying High," a popular musical comedy which I had wanted to see for some time. In it I witnessed a newcomer to Broadway—a heavy, but graceful girl steal the plaudits of the audience with her singing and dancing. She sang the rhythmic "Red-Hot Chicago" and the torchy ballad "Without Love" with equal ability. Her dancing footwork was a revelation.

I dropped backstage after the closing curtain and introduced myself. After a nice little chat she agreed to come up to the Columbia phonograph studios for a record test. Her rich, full voice recorded perfectly, and she was engaged for phonograph recordings. Kathryn had no manager at the time—only a booking agent. This was in August of 1930.

I TOOK an immediate liking to her. Even then, I thought she possessed one of the grandest voices ever to be heard in popular tunes. She had an uncanny knack of glancing at a number a minute or two, and, without any preliminaries, embellish it with her own individual qualities. It takes an inborn sense of both music and showmanship for this. Though there are hundreds of excellent, but unrecognized vocalists in the country, few rarely ever attain the top of the ladder because they can't make their songs just that "bit different." And Kathryn, like Bing Crosby and Morton Downey, never took a singing lesson in her life.

It is with pride in her ability that I recall the performance she gave down in Philadelphia last October. At this time Kathryn sang with the Philadelphia Orchestra under the baton of the distinguished conductor, Leopold Stokowski. The occasion was a mammoth dinner and concert to raise subscriptions for the existence of the famous musical organization's winter sessions. The audience was composed strictly of classical music-lovers. So Kathryn—the rhythm singer of "Flying High"—sang the difficult aria, "My Heart at Thy Sweet Voice," from the opera, "Samson and Delilah." Her final notes were greeted by a thrilling outburst of applause and whistling. The audience rose in its seats, and were not quieted until, at their shouted requests, she did several choruses of "When the Moon Comes Over the Mountain"—accompanied by Stokowski and the 100-piece orchestra, which played without

music. Those were thrilling moments.

Anyway, it wasn't long after I met her that Kathryn and I became as chummy as any two men in kindred businesses. For hours we used to sit in my downtown office and talk "shop." Often she would complain: "Here I've been in show business for four years, Mr. Collins"—she's always very formal in addressing new acquaintances—"and I don't seem to be getting any place at all. It's not that I'm impatient, but as hard as I try, somehow it seems all they think I rate is \$300 a week."

Now \$300 may sound like a mighty big sum for a week's work—but this wasn't Kathryn's squawk. Her real grievance wasn't about salary—she never did have an understanding of money values—but because she felt that she justified more recognition. In each show she had played—"Honey-moon Lane," through the road production of "Hit the Deck" to "Flying High" she'd been an outstanding hit. She deserved more valuation than she was receiving.

But Kathryn was just a big, good-natured girl—as I said before. She wasn't a business woman. She could sing for others, but couldn't speak for herself. And in the theatrical world, good-nature is often misused by others seeking their own personal gains.

TO make matters worse, the principal comedian of the show often humiliated her through degrading remarks made on the stage in undertones that reached her ears—and the ears of others. Though her gracefulness, for one so heavy, made her popular with theater-goers, it only served as a target of unsavory wisecracks for him. She cried bitterly when she told me about this. Once, when her family were seated in the front row for a performance she had pleaded with him to be lenient in his remarks for fear they might overhear them. But he only went even further in his efforts to humiliate her than before.

I protested to the management, and this condition was somewhat rectified—although not altogether. A few weeks later, without any written contract, I became the manager of Kate Smith.

At this point I'd like to try to clear up Kathryn's real stand on the weight issue. She doesn't mind being stout, and is the first to mention it in interviews or conversations with others. But it's the cheap so-called jokes so abundant about her that she hates. She pretends she doesn't mind them, but she does. And I resent them. After all, she is a girl. And it's tough to sit at home and listen to some of these comedians over the loudspeakers with their antiquated gags about fat people tagged on Kate Smith. Or, to read them in print. We all have our feelings, and it's not very nice when some go out of their way to trample all over them for a laugh.

Kathryn has a grand sense of humor. It is one of her predominant qualities—but there's a limit to anything. The clean, wholesome remarks about her stoutness don't bother her in the least—but the tawdry ones—then she hits the ceiling. And I might say—never forgets or forgives the one responsible, just as she never forgets an act of kindness.

In November of 1930, she faced the

microphone in her first big broadcast—as guest artist with Rudy Vallee, a great fellow and a great performer. Several other broadcasts followed on the NBC network—and when her show closed the following January, Kathryn went home to Washington for a two months' vacation and visit with her mother.

Upon her return to Manhattan, I arranged an audition for her at Columbia. She was signed immediately for three broadcasts a week—and when Morton Downey acquired the Camel program, she was allotted his daily period which he had filled so nicely.

SO much for her beginning in radio. What followed has been told again and again—three years replete with accomplishments and esteemed associations.

Now for some more about Kathryn herself.

I can frankly say she's still as unspoiled as a schoolgirl. She is aware of her great popularity only in that her work affords entertainment for others. She always gets a kick out of singing—whether it's over a nationwide network or as she performs her household duties in her own apartment.

Kathryn goes out but seldom. Theaters and movies are only of minor interest to her. She never goes to a night club now. Her chief pleasures are motoring, visits with friends and relatives, and her newly acquired golf game. She is an excellent swimmer and diver—and holds several life-saving awards through rescues as a girl in the Potomac River.

There's nothing subtle about Kathryn. She speaks her mind—and not always in *soto voce*, important people—or people who seem important to others—fail to impress her. She is apt to give more time and attention to a studio page boy or the crippled newsdealer in front of the Columbia building from whom we buy papers after each broadcast.

Although she often is invited to parties and affairs by Manhattan social lights and dignitaries, she never accepts. She knows they want her mainly because of her fame as a singer—and, perhaps, for a song or two. She has no social ambitions, preferring her own close circle. The girl is strictly a "homebody."

Kathryn can be "hurt" more easily than anyone I know. She deeply resents remarks that her activities on behalf of hospitals and war veterans have publicity as their ulterior motive. Such statements are utterly untrue. I know you will believe me. She harbors a genuine sympathy for unfortunates, and often, after an hour's entertainment at some institution, she'll leave depressed that she can't do something more tangible for them. Critics who haven't been around such places and never have been associated with welfare work cannot realize what this means.

I'm supposed to be a business man—a "driving-a-bargain" manager—and I don't like to be maudlin about things. But just as Kathryn feels about such matters, so do I. She has gone to extremes to make appearances at veterans' homes and other public institutions. Whatever city she visits on a vaudeville engagement, her first thought is to inquire just at what places she can be of service. When you see her posed in charity photo-
(Please turn to page 70)

TAKE YOUR MIND OFF YOUR NOSE!



STOP
MAKING UP
IN PUBLIC
...
MEN DETEST
THE INTRUSIVE
POWDER PUFF

Any Face Powder

THAT NEEDS REPLACEMENT IN LESS THAN
4 HOURS ISN'T WORTHY OF THE NAME!

I get over ten thousand letters a week. Among them are not a few from men. And most of them have the same thing to say—or rather, the same kick to make.

By *Lady Esther*

It's this nefarious habit women have of constantly daubing at their noses in public and in private.

In a radio talk a few weeks ago, I said I wondered what young men think when a perfectly lovely girl takes out her powder puff and starts to dab at her face and here is the letter that answers my question from a young man of Detroit, Michigan, who signs himself simply "Dave."

"Dear Lady Esther: Your radio talk last night hit the nail squarely on the head. I know many of us would like to voice our opinion but can't. I hope you will repeat your message to the women of the world so often that not one will miss hearing you. What can be worse than seeing a woman using her make-up box in public, on the street, in the stores, at the table where she dines. Please, Lady Esther, I hope you will be the means of putting a stop to this."

Shiny Nose, No Longer a Bugaboo

There is no question that it is annoying, if not a wee bit disgusting, to see a woman constantly peering into her mirror or daubing at her nose. It suggests artificiality! But to be perfectly fair to women there was a time when they were justified in worrying about their noses. The only face powder they could get did not cling or hold. It was no sooner put on than it was whisked off, leaving the nose to shine before the whole world.

But when I brought out Lady Esther Face Powder, I ended the bugaboo of shiny nose. Lady Esther Face Powder is distinctive for many things, not the least

being that it *clings!* By actual timing under all conditions it clings perfectly for at least four hours, not needing replacement once in that time. Yet, as adhering as it is, it does not clog the pores. It goes onto the skin, but *not* into it.

In other words, while this face powder forms a veil of delicate beauty over the skin, it lets the skin breathe. This not only permits the skin to function, which is essential to true beauty, but it also helps keep the powder intact. This is one reason why Lady Esther Face Powder does not cake or streak on the face.

All 5 Shades FREE

You may have tried all kinds of face powders, but none like Lady Esther. None so soft and smooth. None so adhering. None so flattering. But I don't expect you to accept my word for this. I expect you to prove it to yourself *at my expense!* So I say: Accept a generous supply of all the five shades in which I make Lady Esther Face Powder. Let your mirror prove which one is the most becoming to you. Let your clock prove to you that this powder stays on for four hours or longer and still looks fresh. Mail coupon today. Lady Esther, Evanston, Ill.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

LADY ESTHER
2020 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Ill.

FREE

Please send me by return mail a trial supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.

Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....

The Magic of Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids



will instantly transform
your eyes into glowing
pools of loveliness

● Beautiful, expressive eyes are within the reach of every girl and woman in the simple magic of the famous Maybelline eye beauty aids. Their magic touch will reveal hitherto unsuspected beauty in your eyes, quickly and easily.

Just blend a soft, colorful shadow on your eyelids with Maybelline Eye Shadow and see how the color of your eyes is instantly intensified. Now form graceful, expressive eyebrows with the smooth-marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. Finish your eye make-up with a few, simple brush strokes of harmless Maybelline Mascara to make your lashes appear naturally long, dark, and luxuriant, and behold—your eyes become twin jewels, expressing a new, more beautiful YOU!

Keep your lashes soft and silky with the pure Maybelline Eyelash Tonic Cream, and be sure to brush and train your eyebrows with the dainty, specially designed Maybelline Eyebrow Brush. All Maybelline eye beauty aids may be had in purse sizes at all leading 10c stores. Accept only genuine Maybelline products to be assured of highest quality and absolute harmlessness.



BLACK AND BROWN



BLACK AND BROWN



BLUE BROWN
BLUE-GRAY, VIOLET
AND GREEN



COLORLESS



"I Know Kate Smith"

(Continued from page 69)

graphs, it's because the sponsors of a benefit or an institutional entertainment wish to publicize their activities in order to secure the public's support. It's not our doing.

AS far as business is concerned, she leaves everything in my hands. No written contract has existed between us to this day. Because of the enormous fees she is rumored to draw for her singing, many people imagine she walks around with thousands of dollars in her purse. As a matter of fact, Kathryn is a frugal individual, and her personal expenditures don't exceed those of a girl earning a \$50 weekly salary. Of course, her business expenses are another matter. These run high—just as they do with any industrial enterprise. There are payrolls, office rent, operating costs, etc.—and, naturally, the matter of the manager's end. It's funny, but when I first met Kathryn, she had a little red book in which she entered every dollar earned and all her expenses from the day she first earned a regular wage.

What becomes of all the money she earns? Most of it is invested in government bonds and annuities. She recently bought a home in Maryland for her mother. If she were to retire today—although she won't for a long time to come—she would have a comfortable income for life. But in her fan mail come requests for more money in one week than she could possibly garner in ten weeks. People just don't understand that theirs isn't the only request, and sometimes they are a bit unreasonable. Incidentally, she has two secretaries who do nothing but attend to fan mail. Kathryn never sees anonymous notes—only those that are signed. And to these she dictates her own answers.

Two bracelets and a ring comprise her entire stock of jewelry. Her clothes for personal wear are as inexpensive as those worn by any woman her size. She's a simple person, who loves to putter about the kitchen, and never

strives to appear the intellectual. Singing is her forte—and she knows it.

Her favorite vacation spot is Banff, Canada, where we stayed for a few days following our seven months' vaudeville trek this past Winter, and Spring.

A housedress is her preferred wearing apparel. She goes through stretching exercises every morning. She cannot read a note of music, but will sing a song through after hearing it but once. When she broadcasts, one hand is always on her hip while the other leads the orchestra.

Kathryn grasps things quickly. When she was made chairman of the NRA Stage, Screen and Radio Committee last Summer, she had no idea of the economics of the New Deal. But through diligent study she obtained a comprehensive knowledge of its workings in several days.

I take great pride in the fact that Kathryn places her entire career and affairs in my hands. In all our activities there's been but one dissension between us—I booked her vaudeville tour just several weeks after she moved into a new apartment, and she didn't have a chance to hang her lovely, blue drapes for seven whole months. She's never quite forgiven me. But I should have known—Kate Smith is like that.

Kate Smith may be heard each Monday, Thursday and Friday at 8:00 P.M., E. D. S. T., over the following CBS stations:

WABC-W2XE, WOKO, WCAO, WNAC, WGR, CKLW, WDRC, KMBC, WJAS, WEAN, WHK, WSPD, WQAM, WDBO, WDAE, KDB, WFBL, WGST, WPG, WLBZ, WBRC, WICC, WBT, WDOD, KVOR, WBNS, KLZ, WLBW, WSJS, WBIG, WGLC, KFAB, KLRB, WFEA, WREC, WISN, WSFA, CKAC, WLAC, WDSU, KOH, WMBC, WDBJ, WHEC, KTSB, KSCJ, WMAS, CFRB, KTUL, WACO, WMT, WVA, KFH, WORC, WDNC, WNOX, WALA, WCCO, WADC, WHP, KTRH, WCAU-W3XAU.

Radio from the Inside

(Continued from page 49)

participated in the preview, didn't stand a chance of getting the jobs on the actual program.

You see, the radio show itself was scheduled to be broadcast from Los Angeles, and the New York group "ghosted" the audition so that the Eastern agency could first try out the program idea with a trial production.

CARMEN LOMBARDO'S missus, Florence, who enjoys the reputation of being one of the best-dressed women in the microphone realm, opened a fashionable dress shop just off Fifth Avenue. The first day's festivities at her establishment, called "Lombardo, Ltd.," were gay, indeed. A host of radio celebrities were on hand to sip cocktails and admire the creations. Guy Lombardo brought his entire band to supply the music. It was a very nice occasion even though I didn't know a pleat from a yoke. And the affair did

serve to remind me of a similar event in Reading, Pa., several years ago.

A ladies' wear merchant had arranged for a local station to broadcast the opening of his store. He wanted to impress everybody, and had hired an orchestra and an array of entertainers to put on a show for the edification of his visitors and the dial-twisters. The first number on the program was an orchestral item. But the band-leader picked the wrong item. It was the song—you remember it—"My Baby Just Cares for Me." And the band's soloist sang: "My baby don't care for CLOTHES, my baby don't care for shows, my baby just cares for me."

The irate merchant didn't wait an instant. He fired the outfit on the spot.

More next month. In the meantime, keep listening.

Two Lifetimes at 24

(Continued from page 29)

It so happened one day, that Adele Wandstraat, a friend of Ramona's mother, chanced in for a visit. As they conversed in another room there was heard the playing of a piano, while actual selections, including "Home Sweet Home" were performed with ease and some little brilliance.

The visitor, curious to know what other caller was being received in seclusion, cautiously inquired of the pianist. Laughingly she was told it was little Ramona. Miss Wandstraat, trying to be entirely polite was perhaps a little incredulous. A three-year-old play like that? Ho-hum. Had she been taking lessons for some time (not over three years, she hoped!)? No, she hadn't taken *any* lessons! Unable to contain her curiosity any longer she asked to see the child, and, with her own eyes saw this youngster playing away, without benefit of notes. Miss Wandstraat, enthusiastic over her "discovery," was engaged then and there to give the child lessons and Ramona continued with this teacher until she left Cincinnati.

The family moved from place to place with Ramona's educational background reading like a Cook's Tour. She attended convents, variously acquiring her knowledge in Baltimore, Kansas City and Columbus. Her mother then remarried and their official residence thereafter became Ashland, Kentucky.

After a concert recently a stoutish, rather important looking individual ran up to Ramona, and with some little ceremony proudly explained that he was a member of the Chamber of Commerce "of your home town." To evade misunderstandings she asked him just which town he meant? "Why, Pittsburgh, of course," he beamed, with a hearty Rotarian laugh. "Of course," said Ramona, the cosmopolite, "delighted!"

Ramona gravitated toward radio. She and Bill Reger, a friend of the family, who is a vice-president of a bank no less, joined Ramona in a program known as "Twenty Fingers of Sweetness," sponsored by the Swansdown Sugar Company of Pittsburgh. By purest accident she sang, one time, and became a singing pianist, which, because of its element of novelty, sprang into popularity over night.

It was, however, while she was playing with Don Bestor's band that Paul Whiteman, who was greatly intrigued by her excellent piano technique and her quite unusual voice, decided to make a spot for her—and told her he would call in six weeks. There was only one proviso. Although she weighed 175 pounds she was five feet ten and could carry it. Whiteman, however, stipulated that her contract with him was dependent upon her losing thirty pounds—five a week for six weeks—when he should send for her to come to New York.

AS good as his word, in six weeks' time he sent for Ramona, who had been even better than hers!

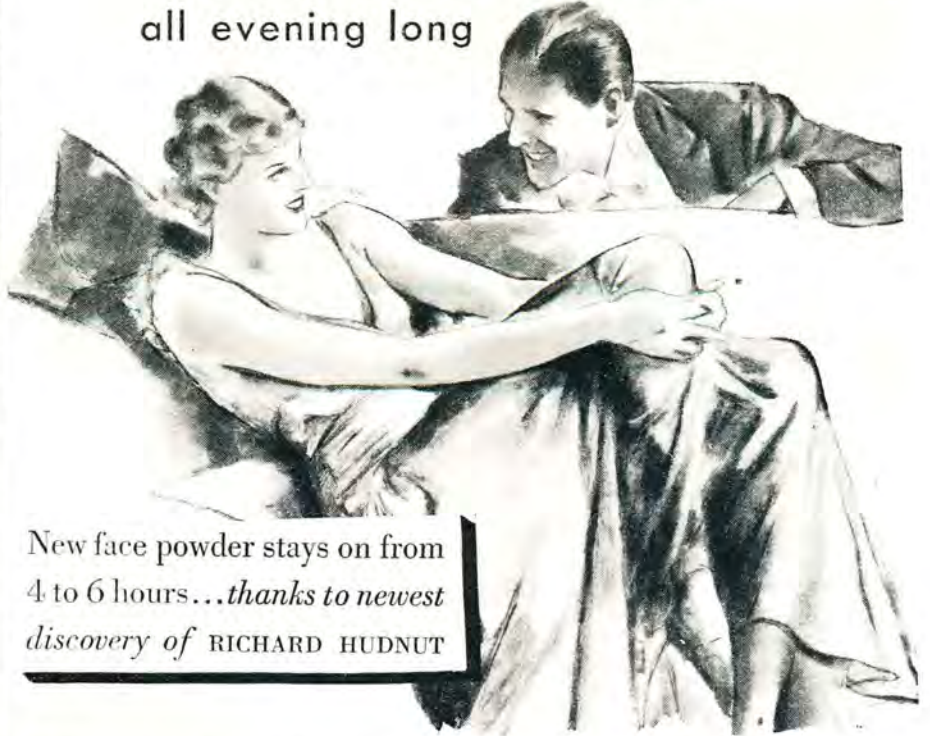
She reported for work in that New York she had never before seen, on June 8, 1932—weighing the same one hundred and thirty-five pounds that she does today. She was thrilled as she had never been before—and has never been, but once, since. The child pianist
(Please turn to page 73)

Charm him tonight...

with a complexion that stays

MIRROR FRESH

all evening long



New face powder stays on from 4 to 6 hours...thanks to newest discovery of RICHARD HUDNUT

WIN his compliments all evening long with a complexion as fresh and smooth as the moment you left your mirror. You can, you know, because Richard Hudnut has perfected a new kind of face powder.

This powder, rightly enough, is called *Marvelous*. It clings as you've always wanted powder to cling—and never thought it could. It actually stays on from four to six hours by the clock.

Marvelous, indeed, is a different kind of powder, a different blend, developed by the Richard Hudnut laboratories after years of searching for a new, longer-clinging powder. The Marvelous blend contains a substance entirely new to face powder—with a remarkable power to cling to your skin. In a sense, it becomes part of your own skin texture.

Marvelous Face Powder therefore, never

looks *powdery* on your skin. It looks like a new, more freshly tinted, softer complexion of your own! And think of it—this flattering effect remains from four to six hours. What's more, Marvelous Face Powder stays on without clogging the pores. Its purity is guaranteed by the fifty-year reputation of Richard Hudnut.

Put Marvelous Face Powder to *any* test. So sure are we of the results that we will send you free trial packages of Marvelous in four new, popular shades—so you may select your own shade and compare Marvelous Face Powder with any face powder you wish. (Note coupon.)

Or, if you'd rather not wait for the postman, you can buy a box of Marvelous Face Powder right now—at any drug store or department store. The cost is amazingly low. Only 55 cents—and the box is *full-size*.

OTHER MARVELOUS BEAUTY AIDS
Marvelous Liquefying Cream... Tissue Cream... Foundation Cream... Hand Cream... Skin Freshener... Rouge... Lipstick... Eye Shadow... Only 55¢ each

Free RICHARD HUDNUT II-1
693 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Please send me, free and postpaid, trial packages of Marvelous Face Powder in four popular shades—also Marvelous Makeup Guide.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

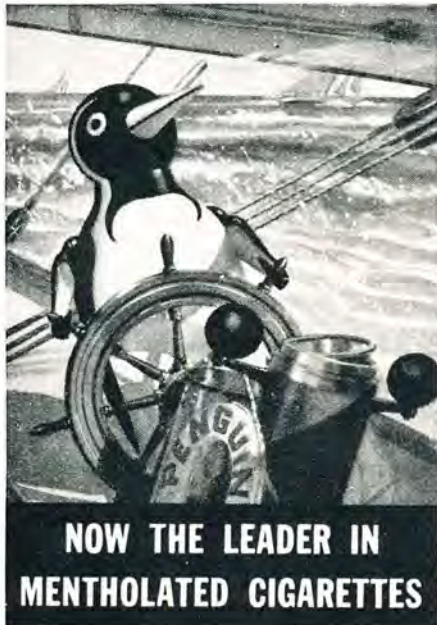


55¢

MARVELOUS Face Powder

KOOL

MILDLY MENTHOLATED
CIGARETTES—CORK-TIPPED



NOW THE LEADER IN
MENTHOLATED CIGARETTES

Steer your course for true throat comfort. Light a KOOL! Refreshing as the forward deck in a spanking breeze!

The mild menthol cools the smoke, eases your throat—and yet brings out the flavor of the fine tobaccos to the fullest. KOOLS are cork-tipped—they don't stick to the lips.

Each pack carries a valuable B & W coupon good for desirable nationally advertised merchandise. (Offer good only in U. S. A.) Write for illustrated premium list.



15¢ for TWENTY 25¢ in CANADA

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.

Microphonies

(Continued from page 56)

6:00-7:00—Bureau of Missing Persons

Well, let's see what we have in the Bureau Drawers for today. We have been asked to broadcast the disappearance of little Gertrude McGonigle of 3245 Grand Concourse, New York City, who disappeared without leaving any traces and after kicking them over.

Little Gertrude, considered by the more astute of her playmates to be a precocious child, has been missing since April 1st, 1905. Her parents have just noticed her absence and have appealed to us for aid. We have immediately responded as we are always deeply touched by such evidences of mother love. It seems that Mrs. McGonigle had just finished giving little Gertrude a well-deserved beating one spring day in 1905 when Gertrude announced determinedly, "I'se donna wun away!" Of course, Mrs. McGonigle, or as she is known far and wide by the old-fashioned title—"Mother" McGonigle—laughed at this, thinking it to be only one of Gertrude's little epigrams and a childish whim which would soon be forgotten. But little Gertrude did not forget, and the next morning a cold and cheerless sun rose upon the McGonigle home, for Gertrude's bed has not been slept in. It had, however, been walked upon very carefully, and the muddy print of the little childish feet could be seen up and down the coverlet. Little Gertrude had disappeared and with her had gone her Teddy Bear, a doll with eyes that open and shut, 14 pairs of her mother's silk stockings, a brace of diamond earrings, an emerald brooch, a suitcase full of father's clothes, several gilt edge Bonds and \$926 in cash. From that April day in 1905 to this, she has not been seen. When she left home she wore rompers and white kid shoes with a knitted pink silk jacket, and she had light hair and one black and one blue eye. Whether she will be wearing the same clothes today is not known.

Her loving parents offer a reward for the return of little Gertrude dead or alive. If returned alive \$50 reward, if dead \$2,500 and no questions asked.

8:00-8:15—Advice to the Lovelorn

Questions "Dear Mr. Knight: For two years I have been in love with a girl on this ranch. Last week I tried to kiss her and she pulled a six shooter and shot me right in the stomach. Do you think she loves me?"

(Signed) *Edgar - Bar-B-Q Ranch, San Iteri, Texas*

Answer: Now Edgar, don't worry. This is just the feminine of it. Of course she loves you. If she had shot you anywhere else than in the stomach, it would have been different, but she

is really after your heart. Remember Edgar, the old saying—"The way to a man's heart is through his stomach."

9:00-10:00—Music Depreciation Hour

THIS MONTH WE PLAY FOR YOU THE MAGNIFICENT LA DONNA E MOBILE, THE THEME SONG OF THE AUTO-MOBILE INDUSTRY. THIS WAS WRITTEN BY GUISEPPI VERDI, BUT WE HAPPEN TO HAVE SOME LEFT-OVER STATISTICS ON BEETHOVEN, SO I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT BEETHOVEN. BEETHOVEN WAS BORN IN LEIPZIG IN 1721, IN AN ABANDONED FREIGHT CAR. BECAUSE HE HAD A TAG AROUND HIS NECK MARKED "F.O.B." HE WAS CALLED FREDERICK OLIVER BEETHOVEN FOR GOOD LUCK. HE WASN'T CALLED THAT FOR GOOD MEASURE, BECAUSE, AS A MATTER OF FACT, HE WAS UNDERWEIGHT. BEETHOVEN BECAME A BOY IN A FEW YEARS; IN A FEW MORE HE BECAME A MAN AND SHORTLY AFTER THIS HE RECEIVED HIS DIPLOMA FROM GRAMMAR SCHOOL. IN 1740 HE TOOK UP THE VIOLIN AND IN 1741 HE THREW IT DOWN. HE HAD SCARLET FEVER IN 1742, INDIGESTION IN 1743, BANKRUPTCY IN 1744 AND FALLEN ARCHES IN 1745. IN 1746 THE GREAT SURGEON, DR. OSCAR VON HEIDELBERG, OPERATED ON HIM FOR DANDRUFF. HE BECAME FAMOUS THE NEXT YEAR. HE DIED TEN YEARS LATER AT THE HEIGHT OF HIS FAME. HE WAS UNABLE TO GET DOWN AND STARVED TO DEATH.

11:00-11:15—Banter and Persiflage—Black-Face Comedians

BANTER: WHAT ARE YOU WRITING SO FURIOUSLY FOR?

PERSIFLAGE: I'VE JUST BEEN BITTEN BY A MAD DOG.

BANTER: YES, BUT WHO ARE THOSE NAMES ON THAT LIST?

PERSIFLAGE: THOSE ARE THE PEOPLE I'M GOING TO BITE!

12:00 Midnight—Sign Off

This column has come to you through the courtesy of the Invisible Cigarette Co., makers of Smokeless Tobacco. By a secret process the nicotine is completely removed from the tobacco before it is put in the cigarette. Then by another patented process, the tobacco is removed from the cigarette. By a third patented process, the paper is removed from the vacuum left by the removal of the tobacco, and the result is the invisible cigarette. Try Smokeless Tobacco and know the joy that comes from inhaling fresh air.

Send your beauty questions to

HARRIET HILLIARD

She will treat your problems with the utmost confidence

This month she discusses lip make-up on page 47 and next month she will talk about the care and arrangement of your hair

Two Lifetimes at 24

(Continued from page 71)

had emerged a featured member of the Whiteman orchestra at the Cascades of the Biltmore. Heads have been turned for less. Yet Ramona has remained unspoiled, and the sole result of this experience is her tremendous admiration for "Pops," as she affectionately calls Whiteman. In turn he has been loyal and considerate of her—and at his concerts at Carnegie, and even at the Metropolitan Opera House, Ramona has her specialty number, as she has at all their regular performances, either at the Biltmore, or during personal appearances at theaters.

Her name, which really is Ramona, came to her through quite natural causes. Her father's was Raymond. But it has led to some mighty interesting experiences and she is determined to salvage it at all costs.

In Cincinnati she headed a program known as "Ramona and Her Vaqueros"—which latter means rangers, or the Spanish equivalent. Over Station WJZ in New York she sang with a Mexican Tipica orchestra, sang Spanish songs in their native tongue, though she cannot speak the language. This has whetted her interest for this school of music and at her apartment in the Beaux Arts she has a library of Spanish songs as well as a collection of symphonies and concertos with orchestras.

YOU may or may not know that Ramona is among the most successful recording artists. She has made fifty records in the past two years and they are all in tremendous demand. Her first, "Guess I'll Have to Change My Plans," is listed among the best sellers! They are, moreover, the one thing she likes best to do, because it gives her such excellent opportunity to improve herself. She will play her records over and over to detect mistakes and feels she learns more through a single recording than all her years before the mike.

By a fluke she has a tremendous following throughout Spain.

Estrella Boisevain, a friend of hers, was responsible for this popularity. Miss Boisevain went abroad the Summer before last and really toured. She visited all the native missions, exploring the very heart of the country. She had taken several of Ramona's records and when she played them for her own amusement, she found the natives delighted and quite beside themselves with a rhythm entirely new and exciting to them.

"Tony's Wife" became an immediate favorite—along with "My Cousin in Milwaukee!" These people, the native gypsies, will now listen to no records but Ramona's and she is as well known to them as to our own vast radio audience!

She has appeared on many commercials and has created unusual interest by reason of her flair for the unusual. She appeared as the "Maxwell House Cotton Queen" and introduced the musical typewriter on the "Remington Rhythm Rounders" program—an innovation which she wants to repeat. This number consists of a keyboard resembling a huge typewriter and, as Ramona pulled the shift, and the bell rang, it became part of the musical number. This was a great

(Please turn to page 74)

Fudge that is Fudge!



Eagle Brand

CHOCOLATE FUDGE

2 cups granulated sugar 3 squares unsweetened
1 cup water chocolate
1 cup Eagle Brand 1 cup nut meats (optional)
Sweetened Condensed Milk

Mix sugar and water in large saucepan and bring to boil. Add Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk and boil over low flame until mixture will form firm ball when tested in cold water (235° F.—240° F.) Stir mixture constantly to prevent burning. Remove from fire, add chocolate cut in small pieces. Chop nut meats and add. Beat until thick and creamy. Pour into buttered pan. When cool, cut in squares.

• Even beginners will get a marvelous result with this recipe. A melt-in-your-mouth smoothness, a glorious creaminess! • But remember—this recipe calls for *Sweetened Condensed Milk*. Don't confuse it with Evaporated. Just ask for Eagle Brand.



FREE! World's most amazing Cook Book!

Rotogravure picture-book (60 photographs) showing astonishing new short-cuts. 130 recipes, including: Lemon Pie without cooking! Foolproof 5-minute Chocolate Frosting! Caramel Pudding that makes itself! 2-ingredient Macaroons! Shake-up Mayonnaise! Ice Creams (freezer and automatic)! Candies! Refrigerator Cakes! Address: The Borden Co., Dept. TM 104, 350 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____
(Print name and address plainly)



Have You Voted Yet?

Your letter, telling how some salesperson gave you *friendly, helpful service* is a vote to nominate that salesperson for a place on Tower's 1934 Retail Sales Honor Roll. It also gives you a chance to win one of the cash awards . . .

\$1,000 for the best 82 letters about pleasant shopping experiences in grocery stores.

\$1,000 for the best 82 letters about pleasant shopping experiences in department stores.

For official Tower voting ballot and complete details, see page 12 of this magazine.

TOWER MAGAZINES, Inc.

55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Two Lifetimes at 24

(Continued from page 73)

success, partly, no doubt, because she was so intrigued with it herself!

Her other great thrill came that time the Whiteman orchestra gave its Metropolitan Opera House concert. She relates the excitement she felt as she walked onto that vast stage with the companionship only of her little black microphone. She played and sang fourteen pages of music as a dancer gestured through a pantomimic number descriptive of the composition. "Imagine," she says, "to be alone on that great stage which, so rich in tradition, has housed all America's foremost musicians. I forgot myself completely in the extreme thrill of that moment!"

She is the most utterly natural of any personality I have ever met, making no effort to create a pose. She is, one feels, essentially herself, becoming enthusiastic on provocation only. Her pet enthusiasms are "Pops" and her fifteen-year-old half brother, Charles, Jr., whom she simply "adores." She has a six-year contract with Whiteman, which has four more years to run. When she gets "old," (about forty!) she wants to become a great actress—and has, for her ideal, Lynn Fontanne. She considers Rachmaninoff the very greatest composer and performer and admires the art of Lawrence Tibbett. She reads Hugh Walpole avidly and likes to eat everything she shouldn't—especially potatoes. She prizes, among a fan mail which is boundless in its source—letters in Spanish from the great composer Puentes, who long corresponded with her from South America. She wears black by preference and avoids jewelry of all kinds.

Her terraced apartment, high up in the Beaux Arts, boasts plants of all descriptions, and there will be a penthouse when her lease expires, with trees and flowers in abundance. She often receives lovely plants and rare blooms from her admirers, who have learned of her delight in the exotic. Because of this desire she recently planned a trip to Bermuda.

But "home" is really a house she owns at Hamilton, Ohio, where she has

her piano and the furniture that she likes best—though she doesn't think she'll ever get back to it, for even that trip to Bermuda was called off. Whiteman had finally allowed the famous band four weeks' vacation, but for this first holiday in six years Ramona found herself saying yes to a four-week engagement in Washington teamed with Johnny Fulton.

SHE loves hot weather and hates the cold—and she wants so much to visit Europe—preferably those countries bordering the blue Mediterranean, there to bask in the hot southern sun, with gay flowers in splashes of vivid colors all about her. Her idea of recreation is dancing with young people—she cannot bear to dance with an old person—and she loves driving in a car with the breeze whipping her perfect ivory skin to a dull pink.

But she doesn't like sports and as for swimming and all kindred exertions she says she is a splendid spectator sportswoman. Which, indeed, is not to be underrated. Yet she is an avid worker, forever perfecting her art.

As you see her playing with the orchestra with the lack of effort and graceful indifference characteristic of her, you cannot believe she is as determined and studious as personal contact with her reveals. I believe she is serious about nothing so much as her music.

For did she not remake her personality to match it?

Ramona appears every Thursday at 10 P.M., E. D. S. T., over the following NBC network:

WEAF, WTAG, WJAR, WCSH, WFI, WFBR, WRC, WGY, WBEN, WCAE, WTAM, WWJ, WLW, KSD, WOC, WHO, WOW, WDAF, WMAQ, WDAY, KFVR, KVOO, WEBC, CFCF, WKY, KTBS, KTBS, WTMJ, WBAP, KPRC, WOAI, KOMO, KOA, KDYL, KGO, KFI, KGW, KHQ, WEEL, WIBA, KSTP, CRCT, WSB, WSMB.

Lips Are All-Important

(Continued from page 47)

The same thing causes them at any season. They come when the oil in the skin is dried out, especially by the wind. So the logical way to cure them is by applying oil or a greasy cream. The surface of the skin absorbs it and all the little rough, wind-dried particles are smoothed out and softened. That is why plenty of cold cream and oil is essential to lip beauty. And of course lipsticks are oily and help keep the lips from chapping.

WE have some letters from readers and first I am going to answer those that talk about lips.

One girl writes: "Dear Miss Hilliard: I make up my mouth, which is too straight, a little above the red line at the center of the upper lip. When I

take off the lipstick I sometimes find tiny pin points of red on the white skin of the lip. Is there anything wrong with the lipstick I use, anything I should do? I have a good skin and should hate to injure it, but really look better with lipstick than without it."—H. J.

I have sometimes noticed the same sort of thing. There is not the slightest danger of harm to the skin. The explanation is that when the lipstick is applied to the white skin of the lips, a little of it sticks in one of the tiny pores—and so you have a redhead instead of a blackhead. Be sure to remove the lipstick completely once a day. Usually the little redhead can be rubbed out with cold cream. If it cannot be removed in that way, press it



Nestle GOLDEN AND HENNA SHAMPOOS

● Wash glorious color into your hair—and have the loveliest of shampoos—all at the same time! That's what these Nestle color shampoos mean to you. Wonderfully fine cleansers, made by Nestle formulas from the purest ingredients, they add the shimmer and sparkle of youth to hair that is faded and tired-looking.

The Golden Shampoo for glorious blond hair. The Henna Shampoo gives entrancing highlights for all darker shades of hair. Why permit your hair to look drab and listless when these dependable products—2 shampoos per package—will give you the happiness of well groomed hair. Use in connection with ColoRinse to insure perfect results.

THE NESTLE-LEMUR COMPANY
MAKERS OF QUALITY PRODUCTS
NEW YORK

10c at all 10c Stores and Beauty Shops
... Nestle ColoRinse, SuperSet,
Golden Shampoo and Henna Shampoo

out gently. If you have persistent trouble at the same spot, just leave off the lipstick there—make your lips up a little differently so that it is not necessary to put any lipstick on at that point.

ANOTHER reader is worried because her lips look artificial when she uses lipstick. The answer to that is easy!

"Dear Miss Hilliard," she says. "If I put on enough lipstick to look well, it looks smeary, and doesn't keep an even line at the edges of the lips. Please tell me what to do."—Betty F.

We said the answer was easy: You use too much lipstick and you do not put it on properly.

Here is the general technique for applying lipstick. Have the lips perfectly dry. Sit before a mirror and rub the lipstick directly on the lips. Study your reflected lips to determine the most becoming way of applying it in your own case. Never touch the lips with the tongue just after you put it on. Let the lipstick settle—that is the only word I know for what I mean. The lipstick must settle into the lips.

But before it has time to settle, take time to go over the edge of the lips carefully with the tip of the finger—or a bit of absorbent cotton—wiping off any lipstick that has come over the edge. Then work the lips together, without moistening, to get the lipstick well in, and then press a piece of facial tissue softly over them to remove any excess coloring.

Your trouble, Betty F., may be partly caused by the fact that you do not use the best lipstick for your type of lips. Try something a little firmer, not quite so moist, if you have any trouble after you have tried out my suggestions.

There are always many requests for exercises to make the waistline slimmer. Here is one from a girl who says she wanted to gain weight this Summer—and did. But now she finds that she is too heavy through the waist.

THIS is a very good exercise. It is a little different from the usual ones, and I think it is more fun to do than most of them.

Stand straight, with the feet about six or eight inches apart. Clasp your hands together, straight in front of you, at about shoulder height. Clasp them hard and hold them tight. Then twist the body around from the waist, keeping the legs and hips still, and with the hands still tightly clasped. Go first as far as you can to the right, then as far as you can to the left. Repeat ten or twelve times. This is a good exercise, when the weather grows cooler, to start the circulation. Try it in the morning when you first get up.

Janet K. writes that ever since she came home from a couple of months at the shore her arms have been rough. The skin has seemed coarse. What can she do to make it smooth and fine again?

She will have to work hard on those arms to bring them back to normal. Any good skin lotion will do. It must be used generously, and allowed to soak into the skin as much as possible, not rubbed off. If the elbows are roughened, concentrate on them. Every night fasten a little pad of absorbent cotton over them after coating them thickly with cold cream or a healing or bleaching lotion. The pads may be fastened on with bits of adhesive tape.



BE LIKE A PARISIENNE

PURSUED... ADORED...

Irresistible

YES, French women are known the world over for their irresistible lure and their secret is that no matter how smart their Paris gowns are, they always complete their toilettes with a touch of exciting, seductive perfume...such is Irresistible Perfume. Mysteriously exotic...this perfume glorifies your personality and gives you a strange new power over hearts.

New loveliness awaits you in the other Irresistible Beauty Aids, too. They protect and improve your skin because they are guaranteed to be as pure and fine as the

most expensive cosmetics you can buy. Irresistible Lip Lure, so new, so different...has a cream base that melts into your skin. Not a trace of paste, not even transparent film remains...Just soft, warm, ripe, red color that makes your lips beg for kisses. Four glorious, new shades to choose from. Irresistible Face Powder, so creamy-fine, so clinging, gives you a peachbloom skin that invites caresses.

Be irresistible tonight...Buy Irresistible Beauty Aids today...big, full size packages only 10¢ each at your 5 and 10¢ store.

- PERFUME
- LIP LURE
- FACE POWDER
- VANISHING...
- LIQUEFYING..
- COLD CREAM
- COLOGNE
- BRILLIANTINE
- TALCUM POWDER



Irresistible Beauty Aids FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

LIPS THAT MAKE A MAN SAY "will you?"



Colorful, yet never coated with paint

THESE are the lips that men long to kiss. Soft, natural lips. Never coated with red paint. Simply alluring with natural-looking color... color that you, too, can have by using the lipstick which isn't paint.

Tangee contains a color-change principle which makes it intensify the natural coloring in your lips... so much so, that men think Tangee color is your own!

LOOKS ORANGE - ACTS ROSE

In the stick, Tangee looks orange. But on your lips, it changes to rose—the one shade of blush-rose most natural for your type!

Moreover, Tangee's special cream base soothes and softens dry, peeling lips. Stays on all day. Get Tangee—39¢ and \$1.10 sizes. Also in Theatrical, a deeper shade for professional use. (See coupon offer below.)

UNTOUCHED — Lips left untouched are apt to have a faded look... make the face seem older.



PAINTED — Don't risk that painted look. It's coarsening and men don't like it.



TANGEE — Intensifies natural color, restores youthful appeal, ends that painted look.



Checks mustn't look painted, either. So use Tangee Rouge. Gives same natural color as the lipstick. Now in refillable gun-metal case. Tangee Refills save money.

Don't be switched! Insist upon Tangee. And patronize the store that gives you what you ask for.



World's Most Famous Lipstick

TANGEE

ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

★ 4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET

THE GEORGE W. LUFT COMPANY TG104
417 Fifth Avenue, New York City
Rush Miracle Make-Up Set of miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin).

Check Shade Flesh Rachel Light Rachel

Name _____ Please Print

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Out of the Canadian Wilds

(Continued from page 29)

from that moment, started to live in the future.

That Spring, after the thaw, a visitor came to Chapleau. A clergyman from southern California. He had stories of his home where the sun was always warm and where life wasn't the struggle it always must be in a land gripped by long, hard Winters.

The elder Novis listened to the stories that clergyman had to tell and thought about them afterwards as he worked at his bench. It wasn't, however, grapes purple on their vines and oranges golden on their trees that beckoned him so persistently to California. It was the musical instruction he would be able to secure there for his son.

ABOUT a year later a new store opened on Pasadena's main business street. And the bright sign which hung over the doorway read "F. G. Novis. Fine Shoes."

The Novis family was going somewhere. And they were on their way.

Donald, however, before many years passed, showed a decided disinclination to go the way his father wanted him to go. Somewhere he had acquired the notion that to be a singer was to be a sissy. And he felt, very deeply, just reaching his manhood, that a sissy was quite the worst thing that any male could be.

"Singing itself I figured was all right," Donald Novis told me, reminiscing about this phase of his life. "In all honesty I had to admit I loved to sing."

"It was just that I didn't want to be a singer. I wanted to be an athletic instructor. That seemed to be more a man's job."

He's twenty-six now but there's that in his laughter and in his manner which convinces you that the successful personality he has become is no great stranger to the high-school boy he tells about. Certainly he's not the sophisticate so many celebrities become.

I am reminded of the time, five years ago, when Donald was brought to New York City as one of the final contestants in the Atwater Kent Radio contest. He did not own a dress suit. So one was rented for him. But did he wear it? He did not! He left it hanging over the back of a chair in his hotel room and went to the audition in the gray suit he had travelled in.

"I figured I better not wear that tux," he tells you, grinning, "that I might make a fool of myself in it. I'd never had one in my life, you see, and I wasn't hep to what you did about it."

All of which proves rather conclusively that you get by when you have the stuff, dress-suit or no dress-suit. Donald Novis won first prize in that nation-wide contest. And it was in his gray suit, unconcerned, only flabbergasted at his great good luck, that he walked up to the platform before a distinguished audience to receive his award of five thousand dollars.

It was, incidentally, winning that prize that convinced him that his future was in singing. Older too, he realized that to do anything exceedingly well was not to be a sissy. And an exceedingly good singer was what he intended to be.

Toward this end he put his five thousand dollars in a trust fund where he could not touch it except for his

musical education. And he prepared to spend less time on athletic fields and more time in musical professors' studios in the future.

SUNDAYS Donald sang in the choir of the Episcopal Church. To share his music with a girl named Julie. Juliette Burnett. Julie was very lovely. She had hair the color of Autumn. Smoothly turned cheeks. And eyes which Donald at his particular time never was quite sure about, since he dared not trust himself to meet them.

"It was an older woman, one of Pasadena's wealthier citizens, who also sang in the choir, who helped me out with Julie," he told me, laughing. "I couldn't seem to get up the courage to ask Julie out."

"I'd never been backward before. I guess I knew I was gone, even in the beginning and was scared Julie, in turn, wouldn't like me."

This older woman approached Donald one Sunday before service.

"You're crazy about that girl, aren't you?" she asked him.

"I sure am," he admitted. "And how!"

"Ask her out then, for pity sake," the woman said. "She won't refuse. I've seen her looking at you!"

Well, this gave Donald courage. He could have kicked himself for not having asked her out weeks before.

While Donald Novis and I sat talking the household spaniel, Rocco, came bounding in. Donald slid his long legs off the sofa to pull the dog to him. He scratched him in friendly fashion behind his long cinnamon silk ears.

"Rocco's the first dog I've ever owned," he said. "Gee, I had no idea you could get such a kick out of a pooch."

You have the feeling he's experiencing a great many things for the first time these successful days. And getting a great kick out of most of them. Also, that with that sure instinct which never has failed him, he's choosing well. A comfortable home. An open car. A dog. A fund for travel.

He quit singing in night clubs, for instance, lucrative as this work proved, because he felt that every week he continued to do this his health and especially his voice were being impaired by the very manner of living such work demands.

Oh, he's having fun as he goes along all right. But he's also got a weather eye on the future too.

WHEN Julie and Donald were married he had the five thousand dollars he had won in the contest. And he had a job. The five thousand was, as I said before, arranged so he couldn't touch it. His job he lost.

Julie had been frugal. There was a little in the bank. But it went as quickly as money always goes when nothing is being added to it.

Those were bad days for Julie and Donald, living in a little Pasadena bungalow. They learned how little you can get along on. And they learned how much even a little costs when you're terrifyingly close to your last dollar.

"I was pretty worried that time," Donald says. "I felt kind of helpless. I got down. I had it all figured out I was a bust."

"It was really pretty rough going. "I used to watch Julie when I thought she was off her guard to see if her expression would tell whether she thought I was a failure, whether she regretted marrying me.

"It made it worse somehow that I had five thousand sitting in a trust fund yet couldn't touch it for either rent or food. Particularly since I'd fixed it that way myself.

"There wasn't much singing around the place for a while I can tell you. Worry . . . Well, it kind of takes the singing out of you. Emotion is different. Emotions make you want to sing. And the more emotion you know—even if it's grief—the more color your singing gets to have.

"I think, for instance, that my singing's better in the last two years because of what happened . . .

He was referring, undoubtedly, to the death of his father. For certainly this caused him deep pain. They'd been very close. They'd been pals since he was a child, particularly since that night Donald had stood up on the cobbler's bench and sung his brave song.

AS it so often happens the best job Donald Novis ever had had landed immediately after this difficult interlude. He was engaged as soloist with Gus Arnheim's orchestra at the famous Coconut Grove in the Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles.

And it was this program, broadcasted over a local station on which Donald rapidly became a sensation that brought him to the attention of National Broadcasting and finds him and Julia today living in a great apartment high above Central Park. On the top of the world in more ways than one.

He's come a long way, Donald Novis has, from that rough little cobbler's shop in Chapeau. . . .

A hard way . . . There have been lean, anxious days. And there was the death of his father.

An industrious way. . . . For he has worked with that voice of his to get where he is today. And gone without a hundred things that he wanted that he might have the best possible musical instruction.

A happy way. . . . For there were his schooldays and all the sports he loved so well. And for the last three years there's been Julie.

But somehow,*through all of it, he has managed to keep that same charm that served him so well when he sang to those grizzled men in his father's little cobbler's shop.

And today, I think, he's as popular as he is on the air because his refreshing charm infiltrates his song and warms those who turn a dial to listen. He's nice and friendly.

And it isn't, after all, only frontiersmen in the cold wild North who are lonely.

Donald Novis appears every Saturday at 9 P.M., E. D. S. T., over the following NBC network:

WEAF, WTAG, WEEL, WJAR, WCSH, WFI, WFBR, WRC, WGY, WBEN, WCAE, WTAM, WJL, WLW, WMAQ, WOW, KSTP, WEBC, WDAY, KFJR, WRVA, WPTF, WWNC, WIS, WJAX, WIOD, WFLA, WMC, KGO, KFI, WSB, WAPI, WJDX, WSMB, WKY, KTHS, WBAP, KTBS, KPRC, WOAI, KOA, KDYL, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, WDAF, KSD, WTMJ, WIBA, WOC, WHO, WSM.

Does Your Face Wear "Dirty Underclothes"?

Horrible, but True!

A Blackhead is Dirt that is 3 and 4 Months Old!

By *Lady Esther*



Is your skin guilty of "dirty underclothes"?

In other words, dirty underneath? You may not know it, but Blackheads, Whiteheads, Enlarged Pores and Muddy and Sallow Skin, are signs of concealed dirt.

Yes—shrink as you will—a blackhead is dirt that is three and four months old!

You may be the most fastidious woman in the world and still have blackheads. Why? Not through any carelessness on your part, but simply because you're an innocent victim of inadequate cleansing methods. You think you are reaching the dirt in your skin, but you are not. You are only reaching the outer and not the under layer of dirt.

Make This Test!

If you want to see how a real face cream works, make this test.

First, cleanse your skin as you now do it. If you use soap and water, use plenty of it. If you use cream, use three or four applications. Keep cleaning your skin until you think it absolutely immaculate.

Now, take Lady Esther Face Cream and clean it. Just smooth or pat on the cream and leave it there a few minutes. Now take a clean cloth or tissue and wipe off the cream. Look at the cloth! That skin you thought absolutely clean has left it streaked and smudged.

It Reaches Pore-deep Dirt

Ordinary face creams stop at the top layer of dirt. Lady Esther Face Cream penetrates to the bottom of the pores and dissolves the underneath layer of dirt. It gives your skin a complete pore-deep cleansing. Lady Esther Face Cream reaches the bottom of your pores because it is a unique, readily liquefying cream. It melts the instant it touches the skin. Thus, without the necessity of being rubbed in and without stretching the pores, it penetrates the little openings all the way to their depths. There it dissolves the accumulated dirt and grime and floats it to the surface where it is easily wiped off.

When you get through cleansing your skin with Lady Esther Face Cream, you KNOW it is clean because your cloth will show no sign of soil.

Also Lubricates the Skin

As Lady Esther Face Cream cleans your skin, it also lubricates it. It resupplies it with a fine oil that ends dryness and keeps your skin soft, smooth and supple.

There is no face cream you ever tried that is at once so thoroughly cleansing and delicately lubricating as Lady Esther Face Cream. One trial will show you an amazing difference in your skin.

At My Expense!

Write today for the liberal 7-day trial tube I offer and see for yourself how thoroughly clean and how exquisitely soft Lady Esther Face Cream leaves your skin. There is no cost for this 7-day tube. Your name and address on the coupon below or on a penny postcard bring it to you free and postpaid.



Pass your fingertips all over your face. Does your skin feel satin smooth? Or do you feel little bumps? If you do, then be sure your skin is suffering from "dirty underclothes."

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

FREE

LADY ESTHER
2020 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois (7)
Please send me by return mail your 7-day tube of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream.

Name

Address

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

Short Wave Department

DX Station Starts Season

(Continued from page 42)

most important factor if they want the purchaser of their receiver to be satisfied with his reception. One of the larger manufacturers has gone so far as to sell in conjunction with a newly purchased receiver, an antenna system. It is neither complicated nor difficult to erect. It does eliminate interference to a degree. Of course, they do not claim that it will "cut out" that X-Ray machine or power house that may be in your immediate neighborhood. But they only say it will eliminate some noise. On short wave reception even "some" is something. We battle various man-made interferences and rejoice when even one "variety" of interference is "done away with."

Good-Bye Static

(Continued from page 43)

quiet spell for about an hour, after that she returns to the "parlezvous" on 25:63 meters until midnight. This latter is the trick transmission. All Summer we heard Pontoise until midnight but as our days get shorter and the six months of light in the Land of the Midnight Sun starts to become six months of darkness then the twenty-five meter band commences to fade.

A word of explanation about the 25 meter band and why it is heard so well up until midnight here. The average fan thinks that these signals are coming through complete darkness but such is not the case, as at this season of the year, the sun never sets in the Arctic regions. These signals, when transmitted, travel on a skip distance course, contacting this earth and the heaviside layers. The earth is in complete darkness but up at the heaviside layer, there is sunlight. This light is what keeps these signals strong. But in our winter months the Arctic regions are in darkness. That is why the 25 meter band faded out so early then.

RV59, Moscow, U.S.S.R., will now be heard again. That is if they return to the 50 meter wavelength, which they shrewdly abandoned during the summer season. A doubt remained in our mind whether they are going to return to that rather high frequency with the coming of the cool days. If they do they undoubtedly will be on

Best Catches

BEST catches and veris of the month: LCL, 48:94 meters, Jeloy, Norway, was heard on May 13th, but verification of reception arrived, only lately.

XEBT, 49:4 meters, Mexico City, sent the writer a most imposing and official looking letter and said, "I take the honor to verify your reception to us described."

XETE, 31:25 meters, Mexico City, sent the writer a card for a veri and a small, almost midget phonograph record which when played gives the station's announcements.

Late Short Wave News

THE experimental short wave broadcasting station, whose call signal is LCL, is situated on the Island Jeloy, about 50 kms. south of Oslo. The station is relaying every day the Norwegian national programs on one of the following wavelengths: 31:45 meters, 48:94 meters, 60:98 meters, and 73:17 meters.

Programs that will originate in VUB, Bombay, India, will be relayed to Kirkee, and then via short waves be sent to the entire world, Kirkee will use the highly popular and most satisfactory wavelength of 31:36 meters. As no schedule has yet been decided upon but Wednesday and Saturday are the days when tests are conducted, a fan should certainly be able to log this station now. The power is 4.5 kilowatts using a non-directional antenna. The call letters are VWY.

Another Asiatic that we can aim for is the newly constructed outfit in Shanghai, China. No schedule at present but the power is 20 kw. and the wavelengths to be used are XGBA, 13:92 meters; XGBB, 16:86 meters; XGBC, 25:42 meters; XGBD, 31:32 meters. This station is licensed as a broadcasting short wave station.

the airways from 4 to 6 P.M., EST.

South Americans will start to come into their own. With the falling off of static interference the Latin announcers will be presenting their station announcements to their hearts' content. We here in the States, can dream of the day when the South American stations will tell us in plain everyday English just who they are. Of course, there are a few, very few in fact, who realize that not all the listeners understand Spanish. The English speaking South Americans are: HC2RL, 45 meters, Guayaquil, Ecuador, operating on a bi-weekly schedule of Tuesday and Sunday from 9.15 to 11.15 P.M., EST., Prado, 45:3 meters, Riobamba, Ecuador, whose broadcast efforts are concentrated on Thursday only from 9.30 to 11.30 P.M., EST., YV2RC, 49 meters, Caracas, Venezuela from about 6 P.M. to 10 P.M., EST., daily, YV3RC, 48:78 meters, Caracas, Venezuela to 10 P.M., EST. Then we have three more that are really amateurs but broadcast musical programs on a fairly regular schedule. HJABB, 46:5 meters, Barranquilla, Colombia, on from about 8 to 10 P.M., HJ5ABD, 46:3 meters, Cali, Colombia, also from about 8 to 10 P.M., EST., HJ3ABD, 40:5 meters, Bogota, Colombia, from 8 to 11 P.M., EST.

These are only a few of the South Americans but there are nearly a score more that a carefully tuned receiver should pull. The difficulty lies in identification. Many a Spaniard has defied identification for weeks with dozens of fans listening to him nightly.

THE Asiatic stations that have been heard all Summer should still be constant visitors. JVM, 27:93 meters, Nazaki, Japan, heard here in the East until 8:5 A.M., EST., is the most reliable of all the Japs. This station transmits the programs originating in long wave station JOAK. But you will find the Japs on 19, 25 and 30 meters.



How a "scrap of paper" led me to loveliness

I wish every girl could read my story and find out how easy it is to become lovely. I used to be considered plain and seldom was asked to parties. I brooded over my unpopularity until I became so sullen and sad that everybody let me alone.

That was a lucky day when I wandered into the 10¢ store and took the free perfume card sprayed from the Blue Waltz Giant Atomizer. Girls, that little "scrap of paper" changed my whole life. I gasped with pleasure at the exquisite perfume and bought a bottle immediately. I bought the other Blue Waltz Beauty Aids, too, because the salesgirl told me they were "certified to be pure" and as fine as a \$2 or \$3 quality.

Next day I made up carefully with Blue Waltz Lipstick and Face Powder. I finished with a touch of Blue Waltz Perfume. My mirror told me that I had never looked so lovely before and I started for the office smiling. Both men and girls were friendlier and soon I began to be asked for dates.

Girls, go to the cosmetic counter of your 5 and 10¢ store... get a free sample card sprayed from the Blue Waltz Giant Atomizer... you'll love its enchanting fragrance. Buy the Blue Waltz Perfume and all the marvelous Blue Waltz Beauty Aids... only 10¢ each.

Seize this opportunity to ensemble your beauty preparations. You find the same alluring fragrance in Blue Waltz Perfume, Face Powder, Lipstick, Cold Cream, Cream Rouge, Brilliantine, Talcum Powder. Only 10¢ each at your 5 and 10¢ store.



Blue Waltz
FIFTH AVENUE · NEW YORK

Royalty on the Air

(Continued from page 17)

foot high. In a smaller case of the same material was fitted the apparatus for the red light signaling—so that, as with humbler broadcasters, the King might know the exact moment to start.

As a rule, the King reads alone. Sitting at the circular gate-legged table he would adjust the mellow light of a simple table lamp so as to illuminate his manuscript. As he awaits the significant moment for the red light to wink at him he glances round the walls of his study, hung here and there with one or two favorite pictures. Or perhaps he goes into another room to hear the preliminary messages of Empire in company with the Queen and other members of the royal family.

SHORTLY before the great moment he walks quietly into his private study and sits down and waits for the red light—for the signal that tells him the world is waiting for him to speak. What a magnificent moment it must be for the King himself! What a sense of pride he must experience at thus commanding the attention of the world!

He certainly feels such occasions very deeply. His whole being seems to go into the voice that is broadcast, and millions sense the kingly personality over thousands of intervening miles of the globe's surface.

If it is a great human moment for the King it is no less a moment for those B.B.C. engineers, three of whom stand by in an adjacent secretarial room at Sandringham, talking over the land lines to their fellow engineers at Broadcasting House, London. From those microphones on the King's desk or table, lines go to the Sandringham House exchange—for the King takes with him his own operators. From that point the lines go out to King's Lynn, Nottingham and London—and so up to the control room on the seventh floor of Broadcasting House.

From that vast network the signals would go out to all the B.B.C. stations, National and Regional, to Daventry for the two Empire short wave transmitters, to the Post Office for transmission by radiophone to America and other parts of the world.

A vast and intricate system of communications all set up for a minute or so's message by a royal voice.

If the King's voice is beloved and esteemed the world over, what can we say of the Prince of Wales—most popular Prince in history? He too is an indefatigable broadcaster, again rejoicing in a real microphone voice.

Of course his voice is a contrast to the King's. It is equally clear, not perhaps quite so suave but always self-assured and ringing true with his father's sincerity.

One would describe the Prince's voice as typical of a cultured Londoner. There is certainly little or no trace of the so-called "Oxford accent," which most listeners are thankful for—in spite of the fact that most of the London station announcers favor it.

Our Prince prefers to go to Broadcasting House for his broadcasts, though his voice is often enough caught by the outside broadcast microphones when he is performing one or the other of his innumerable and never-ending opening ceremonies.

His voice was first heard by radio at
(Please turn to page 80)

LINGERING LAGER LICKED BY LITTLE LIFE SAVERS!



When the Stein Song is over... that's the time for a Life Saver. No breath of lager lingers with a Life Saver on the tongue.

IF IT HASN'T A HOLE . . . IT ISN'T A LIFE SAVER!

Here's a new way to make Baby Things!

Nine diagram patterns for the baby—and only 10 cents for the complete set! You'll get a lot of pleasure in sewing from these patterns which you can make so easily yourself. In this set for the baby are the following:

An Infant's Afghan
Baby Bunting Wrap
Infant's Sacque and Cap
Decorative Feeding Bib
Ruffled Bassinet
Baby's Helmet
Bunny Crib Hangings and Draperies
Rag Doll
Crocheted Dog

Complete directions for all of these attractive baby garments and accessories are given in this set for 10 cents. . . . Just send your request to

— Frances Cowles —

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

Good heavens!
those pots and pans again



THAT'S WHERE
S.O.S SHINES
—in double-quick time

Yes—the meanest task of the whole day! But that's just the time to put S. O. S. on the job.

Simple. Wet the edge of an S. O. S. pad—scour—rinse. Those messy utensils will be shining—and you'll be smiling again—before you realize it.

Get another package today. Your grocer, department, hardware or five and ten cent store has it. Or the coupon below will bring you a generous free trial package.



FREE Mail this coupon or a post-card to The S. O. S. Company, 6204 W. 65th Street, Chicago, Ill., for a free trial package of S. O. S. You'll like it!

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____ B

Royalty on the Air

(Continued from page 79)

the Wembley Exhibition but since then he has been heard too frequently to be mentioned at length.

Many after-dinner speeches have been broadcast, and the Prince is never known to turn a deaf ear to appeals from special calls on his royal services. He will broadcast about Poppy Day, Buy British Campaigns, Shakespeare Memorial Theater, Unemployment . . . there is no limit to his appeal.

THE Prince of Wales is very alive to the value of the microphone. When he was in Buenos Aires at the opening of the British Empire Exhibition, he allowed his voice to be relayed. That was on March 14, 1931.

Similarly, when he was at the unveiling of the Somme Memorial at Thiepval on August 1, 1932, he arranged for his voice to be relayed.

Quite apart from these outside broadcasts, the Prince goes not infrequently to Broadcasting House, London, where on the third floor of the studio tower he speaks in one of the small talks studios.

There are three of these little studios, known as 3B, 3C and 3D, each measuring about 15 feet by 11 feet by 9 feet high, furnished so as to give the impression of a library or study to put the speaker at his ease.

It is in 3C that the Prince prefers to speak. A very simply furnished studio, it is. There is a table for the microphone and manuscript, a chair, a stand-lamp to shine light on to the table, and a couple of armchairs in two of the corners.

Above the studio door are the usual red, orange and green lights, although the Prince goes by the little red light on his table. Then there is the standard thermostatic control of the heat, which permits only a 1 or 2 degree rise or fall in the mean temperature.

All quite standard. The Prince insists on that. He also goes to great trouble to insure a perfect broadcast. For example, his secretary has to paste each sheet to the next.

That the Prince broadcasts in studio 3C is obvious to any one inspecting Broadcasting House, for one of the walls is a pleasing plaque of the Prince's head—a very life-like piece of pottery work executed and presented by the Ashted Potters, an organization of ex-service men in the county of Surrey.

Until quite recently 3C, in common with the nearby talks studios, was acoustically "dead." That is to say, the period of reverberation was precisely nil. Only experienced broadcasters can stand such deadness—but then the Prince is not merely experienced but, if one may say so, a born broadcaster.

THE Prince selects the occasions of his broadcasts with great discrimination. He does not permit the broadcasting of essentially select companies to whom he is talking in an intimate way but wherever there is an occasion of great public moment the Prince is always most helpful.

He amused listeners once very much during an outside broadcast. Apropos of his thoughts he said "while I was waiting for the balloon to go up," by which he meant while he was waiting for the tell-tale red light to wink at

him to begin. Listeners realized then that even royalty has to wait on the microphone—and that was just another instance of the Prince's democratic spirit—he would wait the same as the rest of us.

Apart from the Prince of Wales, most of the members of the Royal family have broadcast at some time or another. Queen Mary has been heard only once—to the constant regret of millions of loving subjects throughout the land.

It was way back in December, 1928, that the Queen broadcast. The occasion was the opening of the memorial to the Merchant Navy and Fishing Fleet relayed from Tower Hill, London, to the old "2LO" London station, Daventry 5XX and other stations.

"To the glory of God," she pronounced, "and in honor of those great men, I unveil this memorial on behalf of those who survive."

The fortunate few who were able to tune in this little speech were charmed to hear a really beautiful and infinitely sweet voice.

Everyone is hoping that the Queen will be heard when she launches the giant Cunarder "534" at Glasgow in September of this year. If she does, the whole world will be able to hear the Queen Mother—for there is no doubt that a world-wide network of broadcasting would be arranged.

(As TOWER RADIO goes to press arrangements have been completed for Queen Mary to broadcast from Glasgow at a date in September dependent upon the completion of the liner. She will be heard over both the National Broadcasting Company and the Columbia Broadcasting System.)

Radio Gossip

HOW they entertain week-end guests: James Melton prepares breakfast with his own hands, excelling as a cook . . . Joe Cook makes visitors go ga-ga with goofy devices at his Lake Hopatcong (N.J.) home . . . Barry McKinley shows his own home-made movies . . . Carson Robison personally conducts you over his New York state dude ranch . . . Wilfred Glenn, of The Revelers, leads the way to his sloop for a day of deepsea fishing . . . Arlene Francis organizes picnic parties . . . Gene and Glenn frame stunts in which all must participate . . . And Frank Black, NBC's music master, is the ideal host—he leaves his guests entirely to their own diversions.

MANY a home owner this past summer had Colonel Stoopnagle to thank when he surveyed his lawn, according to Budd, his partner. It seems the Colonel, that great benefactor of mankind, invented grass seed. After which, you will be prepared to learn that it had the marvelous property of growing grass down in the ground instead of up, thus eliminating the bother of getting the lawn mower back from your neighbor around the corner. If all this doesn't make sense, blame the Colonel.

Max vs. Mike

(Continued from page 19)

"Howdy." So I said "Howdy" right back at him, and started kidding some of the actors, asking them if they had their scripts all ready, because we wanted to wow them that night. I was about to pull a real fast one when the engineer finally made us understand that we were already on the air! I tell you what radio needs is bigger and better starting gongs."

Max finished his alcohol rub, and studied his face in the mirror. "It's funny what a guy will do to his face," he remarked. "He will stick the face up in a boxing ring to let some fighter try to push leather all over it—that is, if the fighter is lucky—and then go on the stage or in the movies and smear grease paint all over it. Maybe a guy's face is his fortune, but it seems to me a fighter treats his face with about as much consideration as a deposit slip in a closed bank."

Max smiled, and there was plenty of evidence that nothing was wrong with his fate. As a matter of fact, he uses almost no make-up, either on the stage or in the movies. The boy is handsome, and the surprising acting ability that he showed in his first screen attempt has made him a "natural" for the movies. One doesn't expect too much from a fighter on the screen. Jack Dempsey, certainly one of the greatest fighters who ever lived, finally succumbed to the proddings of his then wife, Estelle Taylor, and had his nose remodeled, but even so he was never any great shakes as an actor. Jack would just get up there and be himself. Baer, who idolizes Dempsey and regards the old Manassa Mauler as one of the staunchest and most valuable friends he has, fares much better with the acting. Max can get up before a camera and trade posture and wisecrack with the best of them.

"In one way, radio acting is pretty simple," said Max. "You always have a typewritten script right there in your hands, so there is no excuse for forgetting your lines. On the other hand, you are playing to an audience that you can't see, and they can't see you, and you have to put over the whole scene and all the action with just words. Often that takes some pretty fancy voice-work."

Whatever it takes, Max Baer seems to have it! His radio performances in the series called "Taxi," which led up to the Carnera bout, brought him praise from all over the country. In these sketches, Max played a happy-go-lucky taxi driver who had aspirations to become a big-time fighter. There was a girl, of course, an heiress; and a lot of suspense as to whether he would desert the ring to follow her.

"A LOT of listeners took that series absolutely seriously," Max revealed. "They would advise me what to do and what not to do, and warn me against other characters in the sketch, just as though it were all real. One little boy wrote in very earnestly to tell me not to fall for the heroine, and to warn me against the tricks of girls. 'Don't get mixed up with any women,' was the way he put it."

"Imagine that." Max flashed the smile that left a trail of fluttering hearts, breach-of-promise suits and swooning females from Hollywood to New York. "He was telling me!"

(Please turn to page 83)

3-IN-ONE OIL
LUBRICATES
CLEANS AND
PREVENTS
RUST AND
TANNING

IN NEW HANDY CANS AND BOTTLES

3-in-One lightens housework—prolongs the life of household devices. As it lubricates it cleans and prevents rust. Get some today!

You're lucky to get such good commissions selling subscriptions for Tiny Tower.

Here—I'll show you how you can increase your income, too, selling Tiny Tower.

Sell Tiny Tower and Earn Big Commissions

It is easy and profitable to sell Tiny Tower, the children's own magazine. It's so gay, so colorful, so full of fun that parents and children want it as soon as they see it.

- There is no other magazine like Tiny Tower for younger children.
- It is new—and that means new subscriptions.
- The subscription price is only \$1.00 a year.
- There is a generous commission for you.

MOTHERS: You can sell Tiny Tower right in your own neighborhood, and win the gratitude of other mothers to whom you introduce it.

YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN: Make your spare time return an income.

TEACHERS: Tiny Tower has a special subscription plan for school use. Ask for details.

Write today and find out just how easy it is to supplement your income.

Olive Reid

Tiny Tower Magazine • 55 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

READ FREE OFFER BELOW



Glorify Your EYES

How to give them life, mystery, charm in 40 seconds!

"WHY didn't I try it before?" You'll say to your mirror, after beautifying your lashes with a magic touch of Winx, the super-mascara. Remember, lovely eyes are woman's greatest charm.

You'll never realize the power of beautiful eyes until you try Winx—my perfected formula of mascara that keeps lashes soft, alluring. Your eyes—framed with Winx lashes—will have new mystery, new charm, I promise you.

So safe—smudge-proof, non-smarting, tear-proof—Winx is refined to the last degree. Yet so quick to apply—a morning application lasts until bed-time.

Millions of women prefer Winx to ordinary mascara. New friends are adopting Winx every day. Without delay, you, too, should learn the easy art of having lustrous Winx lashes. Just go to any toilet counter and buy Winx. Darken your lashes—note the instant improvement.

To introduce Winx to new friends, note my trial offer below. Note, too, my Free Booklet offer, "Lovely Eyes—How to Have Them". I not only tell of the care of lashes, but also what to do for eyebrows, how to use the proper eye-shadow, how to treat "crow's feet", wrinkles, etc. . . . LOUISE ROSS.

For Lovely Eyes

WINX

Darkens lashes perfectly



FREE

Merely send

Coupon for "Lovely Eyes—How to Have Them"

Mail to LOUISE ROSS, T.M.-10
243 W. 17th St., New York City

Name

Street

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

If you also want a generous trial package of Winx Mascara, enclose 10c, checking whether you wish Black or Brown.

Ask the Voice of Experience

(Continued from page 58)

lady friend by making them a call.

I write you to ask if you think that such a surprise would bring my husband to his senses. You see, I want to save my home, if possible, and I don't want adverse publicity to cause my husband to lose his job.

Please answer as soon as possible, because I am under a terrible mental strain.

A WIFE AND MOTHER.

May I say to this mother that, although I sympathize with her in her mental distress caused by her suspicions, that my chief interest in this problem is not the husband nor herself, but the daughter? I certainly hope that she will use some other means to determine whether her suspicions are well-grounded, than to take this daughter into the situation.

To a girl of sixteen her dad is her ideal, if he has proved himself any "father" at all. Her future attitude toward men and, eventually, toward her own husband, will be markedly influenced by her opinion of her own father. Many a girl has had her life ruined just because a thoughtless mother dragged her into a triangle affair, as this woman is contemplating doing with her daughter.

I should not attempt to dissuade this wife from doing some quiet investigation on her own. But there is nothing in her letter to indicate that she has talked to her husband about these suspicions. Certainly such a conference should precede any action on her part. No matter, however, what course of action were finally decided upon, if such were necessary, I not only advise but plead against endangering the whole future career of this daughter by bringing her into the situation in any way whatsoever.

If this mother could give me her name and address, I will rush her, with my compliments, a little brochure called, "The Eternal Triangle," which I believe will be helpful to her in the solution of her problem and which is too lengthy to recapitulate here. But I am sincerely hopeful that she will change her mind about using the daughter as a witness against her husband.

DEAR VOICE OF EXPERIENCE:

I am a graduate nurse and, because of the depression, have considered myself fortunate to be able to work even half of the time. On my last two cases the families have taken it for granted that I should not only nurse the patient, but that I should perform the services of a maid as well. Naturally, some of this work is necessary in order to have sanitation in the house; but certainly, it seems to me, that a nurse should be above doing household duties. What do you think?

R. N.

It seems to me, R. N., that this is a matter for the individual nurse to decide. At best a nurse's life is one of service and I have found in my contacts with both nurses and physicians that in exigencies no task was too menial if its accomplishment would hasten the recuperation of the patient. I would not suggest that you lower the standards of your profession because of laziness or unwillingness on

the part of members of the household. But I do wish to remind you that there is no avenue through which a man or woman can more honorably express himself or herself than through humanitarian service, even though that service may seem to be beneath one's dignity.

DEAR VOICE OF EXPERIENCE:

I have been carrying on a correspondence for several months with a young man that I have never seen. I enjoyed an article that he wrote for a magazine and wrote him a complimentary letter. That's how our correspondence got started. Each time that I hear from him his letters are more personal and his interest in me more manifest. He asked for a picture and I sent him just a kodak of my head and shoulders.

Now, Voice of Experience, I am crippled as a result of infantile paralysis, but I have never told him anything about this. He wants to visit me this Summer. Should I wait until he comes, or should I tell him that I am crippled before allowing him to visit me? I promise to abide by your decision.

ELLEN.

Ellen, sometimes the easiest way to answer a problem which involves a relationship with another, is simply to reverse the conditions and ask what we would want the attitude of the other to be were he or she in our place.

Now, suppose that this boy had sent you this picture and said nothing about any physical disability and he should come to see you and, when he arrived, you found him a cripple. Would you not feel that he had been most unkind as well as unfair in not having told you? Would you not say that this was a form of deceit? I certainly think you would. Then remember, he is probably going to react toward you just as you would react were the conditions reversed toward him.

Yes, Ellen, it is the only lady-like and honest thing that you can do. I would write him of my affliction as diplomatically as I could. But certainly I would break the news to him before allowing him to make the necessary trip to visit you.

You have promised to follow my advice and I certainly hope you keep that promise, because no matter what the outcome may be, you will find it is best for you to have established your friendship on a basis of honesty.

DEAR VOICE OF EXPERIENCE:

The man to whom I was expecting to get married and I have just broken our engagement. He has given me a nice ring and some other gifts. Now that the engagement is broken, he wishes them returned. I claim that they were given to me in good faith, and, therefore, are mine. He disagrees and wants them back. Should I give them up or not?

JILTED.

My friend, you haven't given me enough details for me to give you an unbiased opinion. Usually when a young man has given a girl an engagement ring, the gift is premised on the assumption that marriage will follow.



FUNNY faces will hide happy faces! Every boy and girl who has the fun of making the Hallowe'en masks and costumes in the October Tiny Tower is certainly going to wear a happy face beneath a cat mask or behind a witch's nose. In fact, there are so many amusing things to make in this issue that they alone are worth several times the price of the magazine.

ADD to these fun-makers the rhyme page about Walt Disney's Wise Little Hen . . . Jack and Jill's adventures among the pumpkin people . . . Hallowe'en magic . . . stories, comics, puzzles and color pages . . . and you have a magazine to delight every young child.

THERE'S no chance for the children to miss a single issue of this delightful magazine if they have a year's subscription to Tiny Tower. Send today for a twelve months' supply of fun . . . only \$1.00 a year.

Also on sale at
F. W. Woolworth Co Stores
and Newsstands

10c a copy

TINY TOWER

55 Fifth Avenue New York, N. Y.

Tower Radio, October, 1934

When the engagement is broken, it is usually customary for the girl to return the ring, if the young man wishes it. The same applies to other gifts, although not so generally as to the ring.

For your own peace of mind and in order to burn your bridges behind you and also to prepare for further friendships and possibly another future engagement, the wise thing for you to do would be to return these souvenirs if he demands them. This, however, is entirely up to you, because they were given to you and, after all, you will probably do as you please about it anyway. I am merely suggesting.

Voice of Experience may be heard Sundays at 6:45 P.M., E. D. S. T., and on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, Fridays at 12:00 noon, E. D. S. T., over the following CBS stations:

WABC-W2XE, WCAO, WNAC, WGR, WBBM, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WOWO, WDRC, KMBC, WHAS, WCAU-W3XAU, WJAS, WEAN, KMOX, WFBL, WJSV, KERN, KMJ, KHJ, KOIN, KFBK, KGB, KFRC, KDB, KOL, KFPY, KWG, KVI, WBT, KLZ, WCCO, KSL, WWVA.

Max vs. Mike

(Continued from page 81)

One detail of the Carnera fight stirred a lot of curiosity among the spectators. Baer's bathrobe, instead of carrying his own name, had the name "Steve Morgan" sewed in letters on the back of it. Baer had a very canny explanation of that.

"Steve Morgan was the name of the character I played in the movie, 'The Prizefighter and the Lady.' Steve was pretty much a playboy, and wouldn't take his ring career seriously. I thought I'd put that name on the bathrobe, and then if I got licked it would be Steve Morgan, the playboy, who lost. If I won—and don't kid yourself about this—it would be Max Baer who held the championship!"

MAX won, all right, and shortly after set out to make more pictures in Hollywood. In between his movies and his fights he carries on his radio activities, and in addition to his "Taxi" series over the NBC network, he has appeared as guest star with Ben Bernie and on the Hall of Fame and other big programs.

Radio Row is predicting great things for Maxie as a star of the air, but what Max himself really envies is a radio announcer. "Here is the way I figure it," he explains. "I fight hard, often for many rounds, to find my opponent's chin and land one on the button. But look what an announcer does. He walks up to his opponent, the switchboard, and merely touches a button, and it goes out like a light!"

In lighter vein: "Beware of the girl whose kisses speak volumes", warns Gene, of Gene and Glenn, "for the chances are she is nothing more or less than a circulating library". . . .



Scores Another Success!

THE Cocktail Hour! * The Fifth Avenue Hotel adds another feature to its famous hospitality. Bring your friends to the Amen Corner for cocktails. There the Maitre d'Hotel presides over a choice selection of hors d'oeuvres, wines and liqueurs. Cocktails from thirty cents . . . cordials forty cents . . . Sauterne \$1.00 pint, \$1.75 quart.

Also delicious meals in the Salon Madrid, and the outdoor Café with luncheon eighty-five cents . . . dinners \$1.00 and \$1.50.

The entire atmosphere of the Fifth Avenue Hotel is one of luxurious living at modest costs. Make it your center of entertaining whether you live in New York or come on a visit.

SINGLE ROOMS with Bath \$3.75
DOUBLE ROOMS with Bath 5.25
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Special Rates for Resident Apartments, with maid service and electric refrigerators. Also furnished—complete hotel service.

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OWNERS
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Aching CORNS INSTANTLY RELIEVED

STOPS PAINFUL SHOE PRESSURE

PREVENTS SORE TOES AND BLISTERS

This great gift of science—Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads—no wonder it has the largest sale of any foot remedy in the world! It relieves painful corns, callouses, bunions or tender toes in *one minute*; ends the cause by protecting the sore spot; soothes and heals; lifts nagging pressure off the nerves; eases new or tight shoes and prevents blisters and abrasions.

REMOVES CORNS and CALLOUSES

With Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads you get separate *Medicated Disks* for quickly removing corns or callouses. A few applications of this double-acting treatment and the hard, dead skin will be loosened for easy, safe removal. Avoid caustic liquids or plasters—they can easily cause serious acid burn. Don't cut your corns or callouses and risk blood-poisoning. Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads are safe and sure. Sizes for corns, callouses, bunions and corns between toes. Sold everywhere. Get a box today.



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Put one on—the pain is gone!

HAVE YOU OTHER FOOT TROUBLES?

Dr. Scholl has perfected a Foot Comfort Remedy or Appliance for every foot trouble—assuring quick, safe relief. Ask your dealer. Write for valuable booklet on FOOT CARE to Dr. Scholl's, 253 West Schiller St., Chicago.

NEW EASY WAY 10¢ JUST RITE PUSH-CLIP

KEEP WIRES OFF FLOOR (LAMPS AND RADIO)

A neat job instantly. No damage to woodwork. No tools needed. Set of eight colored clips to match your cords, 10c.

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10-day Trial

231 W. Monroe St., Dept. 1053 Chicago

International Typewriter Exch.,

Radio Pageant

(Continued from page 46)

The funeral of Albert, King of the Belgians.
The Kentucky Derby.
The English Derby.
The Baer-Carnera fight.
Hitler's defense of Germany's "purging."

All these were listened to by millions who still kept on buying their favorite newspapers.

A BIG radio sponsor has just been reaching out to Europe for novelty programs. He has taken listeners to London, Berlin, Paris and Vienna. All of which afford America an interesting opportunity for comparison in radio entertainment. And, we might add, American radio does not suffer by the comparison.

From London came, among others, the voice of Gertrude Lawrence, a pleasant British revue charmer familiar to Broadway audiences. Too, came the chance to check a London orchestra's playing of "Changing of the Guards" with a Paul Whiteman rendition made over the air a few days before. The British ought to do the job better—but, to be honest, Whiteman topped the London band by a wide rhythm margin.

Aside from mike talent, foreign broadcasts fell down chiefly in timing. The Berlin broadcast, for instance, had to end in the middle of a number.

SINCE radio swallows material so fast, the suggestion has been made that comedians stop their frantic quest

for new wisecracks and repeat some of their best comic interludes. What do you think? The shrewd Fred Allen, for instance, believes that such repetitions would fall flat, that air audiences would turn away from rebroadcasts, no matter how hilarious they were in their original form.

Some comic may have courage enough to try the idea soon.

BEATRICE LILLIE'S recent appearance on the Rudy Vallee hour leads us to think she has great radio possibilities, once she trims her manner to the exigencies of the air. And radio certainly could use a comedienne who doesn't gracie allen.

We hand our imaginary medal of the month to the Maxwell House Show Boat's rendition of the Edna Ferber-Flo Ziegfeld musical version of "Show Boat." Done for the second time on this hour, it was a charming interlude. It proves again, if you had any doubts, that Jerome Kern wrote the best song of the last decade in "Old Man River."

Odd how the various Palmolive Beauty Box operettas endure the light of revival. "The Blue Paradise," for instance, was as obsolete as yesterday's newspaper. On the other hand "Florodora" retained its old freshness and charm.

One of the interesting interludes of the month was Fred Waring's neat imitation of the Lombardo, Wayne King, Duke Ellington, Rubinoff and Whiteman technique as it would be on parade in "The Man on the Flying Trapeze."

The Small Town Band

(Continued from page 54)

spontaneity doesn't just bubble forth. It is hammered out of them.

Fred is an unyielding task master. He howls, yells and pleads, uses sarcasm and invective, anything to get results, a combination of an army top sergeant and a temperamental maestro.

When it's all over he becomes as genial, as boyish as any collegian. He is the first to join in the clowning.

The boys and girls in the organization take it from Fred and like it. They remain his buddies and playmates too. Not many orchestras could do that. But it's possible for Waring's Pennsylvanians, because amid all the fanfare and glory and pressure of big-time success they have been able to preserve the rare and friendly spirit of the small town band.

Fred Waring and his Pennsylvanians may be heard each Sunday

at 9:30 P.M., E. D. S. T., and starting September 13th, also on Thursday evening at the same hour, over the following CBS stations:

- WABC-W2XE, WADC, WOKO, WCAO, WNAC, WGR, WBBM, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WOWO, WDRG, WFBM, KMBC, WHAS, WCAU-W3XAU, WJAS, WEAN, KMOX, WFBL, WSPD, WJSV, WMBR, WQAM, WDBO, WDAE, KERN, KMJ, KHJ, KOIN, KFBK, KGB, KFRC, KDB, KOL, KFPY, KWC, KVI, WGST, WPG, WLBZ, WBRC, WICC, WBT, WDOD, KVOR, WBNS, KRDL, KLZ, WLBW, KTRH, WGLC, KFAB, KLRA, WNAX, WFEA, WREC, WISN, WCCO, WSFA, CKAC, WLAC, WDSU, WTAR, KOMA, KOH, WDBJ, WHEC, KSL, K TSA, WTOG, KSCJ, WMAS, WIBW, CFRB, KTUL, WACO, WMT, WSJS, WORC, WKBN, WDNC, WALA, KFH.

Pitts Sanborn, one of the nation's leading music critics, monthly conducts

KNOW YOUR MUSIC

Tabloid biographies of famous composers to aid your appreciation of radio music

He brings you George Bizet in

Next month's TOWER RADIO

The Navy's Air Patrol

(Continued from page 48)

In addition to all this, as aptly described by Lieut. G. M. Neely, U.S.N., each warship is in itself a complete floating and self-supporting radio station maintaining its own communication center. As such, United States men of war may feed their dispatches into the system via the shore traffic stations.

OVER the entire Naval communications system during the past year, approximately 130 million words were handled, of which almost eleven million words were transmitted for other Government departments, as the facilities of the Navy Radio net are available without expense to them, this being an increase over 1933 of almost 17 per cent and an estimated saving of \$1,633,374.

Numerous Navy shore and ship radio stations are constantly guarding the distress frequency (500 kilocycles) and many lives and much property have been saved by prompt action after receiving distress calls from the merchant marine. Navy radio stations handle many SOS calls and prevent radio confusion at a time of disaster. In case of interference they stop all commercial broadcasting in the vicinity during periods when it is necessary to communicate with ships in distress or those in a position to assist. When the situation has been cleared up, the commercial stations are informed that they may proceed with their broadcasting.

Communications with Coast Guard vessels on the ice patrol off the Grand Banks and the broadcasting of ice bulletins is another service that the Naval radio stations perform. The bulletins warn ships against floating ice and not a single life has been lost since the ice patrol was established in 1914, following the sinking of the "Titanic" which after battling an iceberg sank with a loss of 1,500 lives.

Hydrographic warnings, weather and storm reports are continually going out not only for the safe navigation of ships but aircraft.

TREMENDOUSLY helpful to navigators in assisting them to obtain their positions at sea in thick weather or entering ports in fogs, where in the old days they would either have had to anchor outside or enter at their peril, are the radio direction finder stations developed by the United States Navy and maintained by the Navy Department.—There are more than forty of these stations along the Atlantic Coast, Gulf and Pacific Coasts of the United States, Alaska, Canal Zone, Hawaii, and the Philippine Islands.

Direction finder stations are either single stations operating independently and furnishing a single bearing, or several grouped at a harbor entrance. All stations in harbor entrance groups are controlled by a master station. All stations of the group take bearings simultaneously and these bearings are transmitted to the ship requesting them by the control station.

A ship requiring a bearing calls up the radio station or stations from which it is desired to receive a bearing singly or together, and requests bearing service. The station or stations reply, directing the ship to transmit her call again for a certain period of time, on

the conclusion of which the station or stations will signal the bearings of the ship from that station.

DURING the past year, 217,763 bearings were furnished 6,593 Navy vessels and 87,539 merchant ships. There is no charge for this service. It was recently proposed to close some of these particular stations due to economy but the Navy Department received such a deluge of protests from shipping companies, Chambers of Commerce, masters of merchantmen and marine insurance companies that finally not a single one of them was closed.

Every vessel in our Navy, from battleship to submarine, no matter in what part of the world it happens to be, receives time signals by radio from the Naval Observatory in Washington. These time broadcasts reach an untold number of other ears, being used by the navigators of merchant vessels as well as warships in correcting chronometers in order that their vessels may be navigated safely. It is necessary for navigators to know the correct time. If the chronometers are off thirty seconds or a minute, it might make a mile or so difference in plotting their course. As a matter of fact, there is an error of only eighty-seven ten-thousandths of a second in the time signal as sent from the Observatory.

A number of the signals which are broadcast from Washington are automatically rebroadcast at San Francisco and Honolulu. This in effect means that each contact of the pendulum at the Naval Observatory in Washington will simultaneously and practically instantaneously operate the radio transmitters at San Francisco and Honolulu. Thus when a key is pressed at the Observatory, the time signal goes out all over the world. It is used not only by the skippers of ships but jewelers, watch-makers, surveyors, power companies, observatories, scientific laboratories and scientific exploring expeditions in the most remote sections of the globe.

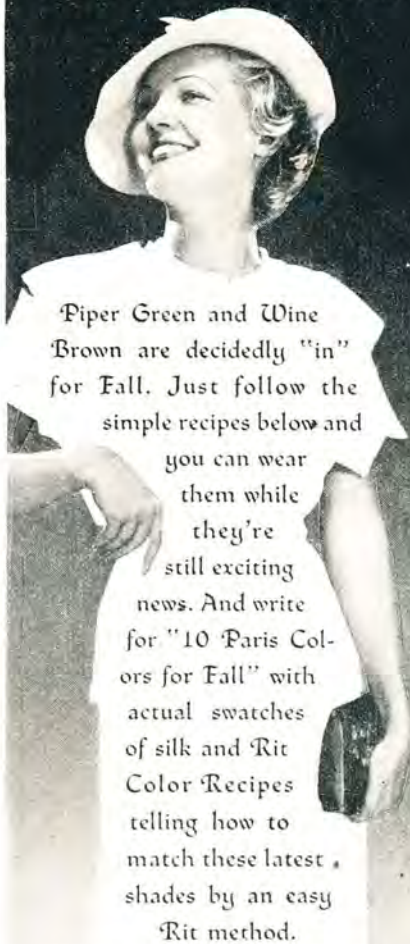
THE U. S. Naval Communication Reserve, an organization of approximately 5,000 enrolled from the ranks of amateurs and the personnel of commercial companies, which supplements the regular communication system, has been built up in the last four years into a very elaborate system. Included in this reserve net, are many amateur stations owned by members of the U.S. Naval Communication Reserve. Numerous cases arise where the Naval Communication Reserve net functions in local emergencies.

When the California earthquake occurred, Communication Reserve stations were manned and began operations within a few minutes after the first shock. Within three hours, the entire Naval Communication Reserve system on the West Coast was in full operation. It furnished communication between the devastated area—and especially with San Diego, Los Angeles, and San Francisco—until commercial communication facilities were re-established. There are many other instances when the Naval Communication Reserve have performed their duties admirably.

ADVANCE

Paris Colors

WILL MAKE LAST YEAR'S FROCK
THIS SEASON'S SENSATION



Piper Green and Wine Brown are decidedly "in" for Fall. Just follow the simple recipes below and you can wear them while they're still exciting news. And write for "10 Paris Colors for Fall" with actual swatches of silk and Rit Color Recipes telling how to match these latest shades by an easy Rit method.

PIPER GREEN
1½ Wafer Dark Green Rit
½ Wafer Gold Rit

WINE BROWN
1¼ Wafer Dark Brown Rit
1 Wafer Wine Rit

Instant Rit (not a soap!) penetrates the fibres as "surface dyes" never do—provides clearer, longer lasting, more brilliant colors. Remember, re-coloring is best over white material, so take old color out with White Rit—quick, easy, harmless. 15c at drug stores and notion counters everywhere.

YOU'LL HAVE BETTER LUCK WITH RIT



RIT

... in the convenient sealed wafer; easier to measure; won't sift out of the package.

Miss Rit, 1401 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago
Please send me your folder A-73 "Ten Paris Colors for Fall" with silk swatches and your new Rit Color Recipes.

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INTRODUCING
THE NEW
DRYBAK
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STA-RITE HAIR PIN CO. Shelbyville, Ill.

Here's Bobby Benson

(Continued from page 35)

about the best all around cowboy I'd ever met. Still later in El Paso, Texas, I met another cowboy who had come into town from the Big Bend. He was always getting into trouble and always managing to get out of it somehow—and you know him as Windy. Waco, John and Bill, Harka—they are all real people—and sometimes they write to me and ask me just what I'm going to make them do next. I'm never sure, because that isn't the way things happen at the H BAR O.

INSTEAD, this is how the adventures I do happen. I sit down at my typewriter and sort of halfway close my eyes and the first thing that happens is I hear somebody speak. Perhaps it's Windy . . . or perhaps it's Bobby and then all I have to do is to write down the words. And then things start happening and I hear hoof beats and perhaps the snarl of a mountain lion and, in no time at all, there is another adventure for Bobby Benson.

That's just part of it. When it was decided to make it possible for radio listeners to make daily visits to the H BAR O we had to find people in New York who would become Bobby, Tex, Windy and the others. Somewhere in New York, we decided there must be voices like the real people. So we called in hundreds of radio actors and listened to them on the microphone. Windy was the first one we found. He sounded so much like the real Windy that I looked twice to make sure it wasn't. Instead it was a man named John Battle . . . but, strangest thing of all was that he himself was from Texas and he, too, knew the real Windy.

John and Bill who play the banjos on the program are really John and Bill Mitchell and they are from the West, too. So is Tex Mason, who used to ride on a ranch in Montana before he came to New York.

Though the studio where the broadcast originates is a long way from the Big Bend Country in Texas, every one of the people of H BAR O would be just as much at home on a ranch as in New York. All of them can ride and when the circus came to New York last spring, the H BAR O folks were invited to be the guests of the circus and they rode with the Wild West riders at top speed around the arena.

I am supposed to be the person who writes all the Bobby Benson broadcasts. As a matter of fact, there are just thousands of boys and girls who help write those scripts. Hundreds of letters arrive every day for Bobby and for Tex and Windy and even for Wong Lee. And, in many of those letters, there are suggestions. Someone wants to know why Bobby doesn't do this or that. So, whenever it's possible, Bobby does it. And I've got a very good assistant at home. His name is David and, though he's not quite eight years old yet, I listen very seriously to what he has to say about adventures on

the H BAR O. And when he says he liked what happened and he can hardly wait to hear what will happen next, I know that almost everyone else feels the same way. When the program started on the air last Fall, we had a junior advisory council helping out. There were about ten boys and girls in the advisory council and each week we'd meet at my home and they'd tell me just what they thought of the things that had been happening and how they liked different people. What they thought meant a lot just as all the suggestions and comments sent in by boys and girls everywhere mean a lot.

THERE are lots of letters from listeners who want to know if there are really lost canyons and lost gold mines in the Big Bend country and wanting to know whether it is true that you can find water in cactus and whether owls, prairie dogs and rattlesnakes live in the same hole. Everything about wild animals and about wild life in the West that you hear in the program is true . . . unless it's something you hear in one of Windy's tall stories and you know then Windy is just making things up. And when I am in doubt about anything at all or can't remember exactly, I call up some people who do know.

One man whose name is Tex O'Reilly can tell me anything I want to know about the Big Bend country for though he lives in New York now, he was once a Texas Ranger and chased outlaws along the Rio Grande and he also fought with Pancho Villa in Mexico.

When I want to know something about snakes or horned lizards or anything like that I call up Dr. Raymond Dimars of the New York Zoological Park who knows more about reptiles than any other person in America.

Windy knows a lot about birds and animals and so does Tex. We just don't take chances on telling you anything that isn't so. And the truth is always more interesting than anything you can make up.

There is a real Little Snake. And he's a very famous bandit on the Mexican side of the Rio Grande. But he isn't known as El Chico Vibora, which is Spanish for Little Snake, but is called El Chico Cano or The Little Dog.

I have tried to make my cowboys just like the real cowboys in Texas and elsewhere in the West. They aren't moving picture cowboys. They don't ride their horses at a hard gallop all day long as they seem to do in the movies, and there isn't a gun battle every day. Funny things happen to them just as funny things happen to every one and there's always work to do in addition to the adventures that just happen. And they talk as real cowboys do for I know because I've known cowboys ever since I can remember. And most cowboys are very fine people—and most of them, like Peter Pan, never really grow up.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Next month we are going to tell you all about the adventures of
"Buck Rogers in the 25th Century"

The Story of Cap'n Henry

(Continued from page 39)

They started out in the orchestra pit, for every member of the family had been taught to play some musical instrument.

Charlie himself first blossomed forth as a boy soprano making the air hideous with his screeching for blocks around.

Then they began making up turns for the variety show on the stage. Eventually, except when some important visiting troupe came to town, they monopolized the show.

And finally, the Winningers took to the road, traveling in the beginning by wagon over the muddy and rutted country roads and later in the splendor of Pullman cars.

"But don't get the idea they were anything like the Pullman cars of today. They were rickety affairs of wood with papier maché wheels. When we'd pull into the yards and the trainmen would come around to test our wheels by hammering on 'em, one of the boys on the other side of the car would hit the rail at the same moment with a loud clank. Otherwise they would never have let us go on."

The Winningers were organized like the Ringlings. Each brother had a department to look after, and was king in his realm. Charlie had charge of the scenery.

Many a time they would get into a town in the morning without a shred of mounting for the night's performance. Then Charlie, who was a rough carpenter of sorts, would ransack the scene dock and find an old set to be splashed up with paint that scarcely had time to dry before the curtain rose.

And when the show moved on, Charlie saw to it that the scenery moved on likewise. Sometimes he would come across an especially fine set left behind by some stranded company from Broadway. Then they would dig up a script to fit it and that play would be added to the Winger repertoire. The Winger outfit came to be known as "some punkins" because they carried all their own scenery.

THEY usually managed to play a different town every night.

"When we began to travel down through the Southwest," Charlie recalls, "we'd be booked into some high sounding place, and when we got off the train we'd see nothing there but a box car doing duty as a station. We'd all yell, 'Where's the town?' and they'd tell us it was only four or five miles away."

"Then we'd walk the four or five miles and maybe find one street in the middle of a lot of wide open spaces. If there was an Odd Fellows' Hall, we were okay. I must have played every Odd Fellows' hall from Peoria to Phoenix. If there wasn't any Odd Fellows' Hall, we'd play in the high school, the courthouse, or even the local undertaking parlor."

"After the show we'd walk back to the station or ride with the props on a cart, if we could get one, play cards all night on the train and open the next night in a town just like it."

"The old man was nothing if not resourceful. One night in South Dakota he found that an element in the company was trying to double cross him and cut the show from under him.

He fired the whole bunch after the performance, paid them off and closed the show. The next night we opened in another town with just us boys and some local people he had picked up to play minor roles, as though nothing had happened.

"In spite of the things we went through, those were the salad days of show business. We put on some fine shows, current New York hits, and the best of Jones and Pinero. We never thought of paying royalties. If we got a letter of complaint or spotted a hostile face in the audience, we'd just switch the show."

"And out of our company of twenty-odd people, we had a fourteen-piece band and a sixteen-piece orchestra. What street parades we used to put on too! We had five or six different sets of costumes just for the street parade. Our specialty was the 'rube parade.' We'd all dress in these hick costumes and scatter to different parts of the town."

"Then with the 'blong' of the courthouse bell as our cue, we'd all come marching down different streets to the square, playing the same piece in different keys, all alone on our instruments. Maybe we didn't make much harmony, but it served its purpose, which was to pull 'em in. That way, we covered the town like a dragnet."

"And there was money in it those days. Why, we boys often used to cut up fourteen or fifteen hundred dollars on a Saturday night after a week of one-night stands. We'd stand drinks for everybody, and by Sunday we'd usually be broke again. But we had our fun, believe me!"

CHARLIE WINNINGER had his first show boat experience when he went with the renowned Cap'n Adams on the "Cotton Blossom" up and down the Mississippi. He was then in his late teens.

A flourishing finish to the show boat era was written only recently when the once glorious "Cotton Blossom" was sold in New Orleans under the auctioneer's hammer for the ignominious price of one hundred dollars, junk value.

A "floating palace" or two may still be plying the remoter reaches of the river, but the show boat heyday went into eclipse when the growth of the railroads moved population centers back inland, and the coming of the movies put the final quietus on it.

Cap'n Adams himself, like Old Marley, has been dead these many years. But his ghost still walks, as will be seen later. He was already a venerable old man when young Charlie Winger went aboard the "Cotton Blossom" although show boating was still in its prime.

"Cap'n Adams hired me," he said, "more because I was a nifty trombone player than because I could act. The prime requisite in those days was to be able to 'double in brass,' that is to play in the orchestra, for show boats had their street parades, same as road shows. Calliopes? We'd never heard of such a luxury then. But you could hear our band for miles around."

"See that uniform?"
Charlie Winger paused to indicate his trim blue Maxwell House coat
(Please turn to page 88)

When I think
of the days
I Lost



"I have always ridden horseback, rain or shine, except for certain days that demanded quiet. Now, I ride without regard for those difficult days because there is no longer any difficulty or discomfort connected with them. My only regret is the time I lost in getting acquainted with Midol."

Do you ride—or do equally strenuous things—or wish you *could* at times when even being on your feet means pain or discomfort? Midol might end this handicap for you—might lead you to give it every bit as strong an endorsement as above. Why not *try* it? Midol acts immediately, and is effective several hours.

Don't be afraid of the speed with which Midol takes hold; it is *not* a narcotic. It is just as harmless as the aspirin you take for an ordinary headache.

If you decide to try this remarkable form of relief for periodic pain, remember the name of this special medicine—and remember that Midol *is* a special medicine for this special purpose. Do not take instead, some tablet that is made for aches and pains in general, and expect the same results. Ask the druggist for *Midol*.

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So easy with ColorShine Black Shoe Dye. Any color shoes made permanent black. Polishes beautifully with ColorShine Black Creme. Each only 10¢ at Woolworth stores. 12 kinds of ColorShine for all colors and kinds of shoes. Wonderful!



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Men love to smooth and caress soft, lustrous hair. When a woman's hair no longer holds shampoo and dries—something is wrong. Improper shampooing, most likely, has robbed hair of its natural lustre and beauty.

Have "Caressable Hair." Bring out the natural lustre and softness—shampoo with the wonderful new Castile Shampoo developed by the Marchand's hair experts. Marchand's Castile Shampoo CLEANSSES PERFECTLY then RINSES COMPLETELY—leaving the hair radiantly clean, naturally lustrous, caressable. And you'll get a real surprise when you find how easily and nicely you can re-arrange your wave or curl. Marchand's really leaves the hair soft and manageable. It is made from rich olive oils (good for dry scalps) with just enough coconut oil to make it lather richly.

Marchand's Castile Shampoo CLEANSSES all shades of hair. It does NOT lighten or change the color of hair and is NOT to be confused with the famous Marchand Golden Hair Wash.

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25¢ enclosed—Please send me your shampoo.

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The Story of Cap'n Henry

(Continued from page 87)

with the brass buttons and the blue cap with the gold braid hanging from a rack in his office.

"Well, Cap'n Adams would have busted wide open if he'd ever seen a uniform like that. He didn't even wear a collar half the time. Went around in his shirt sleeves and gallusses wearing an old straw hat sort of coming apart with the heat.

"But that little gray moustache of his, bristling up at the ends, and his little white side whiskers—sluggers, they used to call 'em—gave him dignity enough.

"The 'Cap'n' was sort of a courtesy title. He didn't know anything about show business—just hired the actors. And he didn't know anything about navigation. He hired the pilot. But he owned the boat and that was what counted. He had his nose into everything that was going on.

"He was an eccentric old codger. I don't think I ever even knew his first name—if he had one. He hated like poison to have his picture taken. But we snapped him once when he was standing at the water barrel getting a drink out of the dipper.

"We had to do everything besides acting and playing in the band, from stoking the boilers to peeling potatoes and doubling as deckhands when we tied up. Even the advance man who walked from town to town had to come back at night to sell tickets at the door.

"The actors mostly came from Chicago. Cap'n Adams would hire them in pairs, man and wife, so they wouldn't go goofy over every village maiden or swain where we played, and desert. The only catch was that when one would get sore they'd both quit together and leave us in a pretty pickle."

Charlie Winger looked out the window at the skyline with a reminiscent sigh.

"What grand old characters they were!" he said, "and what lousy actors!"

IN later years Charlie's father had a show boat and Charlie worked on that. Once he had his own boat and his own company.

His characterization of Cap'n Henry is drawn partly from his recollections of Cap'n Adams, but is based more on his memories of his own father.

"All except the German accent. I couldn't reproduce that. But he was the typical show boat captain too—the martinet—jealous monarch of all he surveyed. He was everywhere saying 'How is mitt mine boys?' But let anyone else say a word against his 'boys' and he was ready to do battle. He had the voice, the impressive manner, which carried authority on the show boat as elsewhere."

In occasional summers the Wingers would alternate their show boat activities with a medicine show, under canvas.

After the performance, Charlie, still in character, would mount the platform, and while thumping a tub in the eerie light of gasoline flares would extol the virtues of Dr. Richter's *Teutonia*, the renowned blood purifier, while numerous stooges hustled the product among the bewitched bystanders at one dollar per bottle.

Dr. Richter always traveled with

the show. In fact there were several Dr. Richters, one after the other. One in particular had a resourceful wife who did a thriving business in comparatively painless dentistry in the adjoining tent.

For this reason, the Wingers were often confronted with the doleful spectacle of a sea of swollen and distorted faces frequently done up in pocket handkerchiefs; in many communities at that time the "painless" dentist was even more of a novelty than the Winger's Refined Shows. The chief drawback to the medicine show business was the unfortunate cyclone habit of the midwest in summertime.

"There was that time at Medford, Wisconsin," he said. "I heard the devil of a roar, stepped out of the railroad car to see what was happening and the wind took me by the seat of the pants and blew me right up the hill to where our tent was. I caught a stake with one hand and the guy rope with the other to keep from blowing off and they thought I had saved the day.

"There was another time in Duluth. The show was just over when the wind came whoosh and lifted the canvas right up. The old man was hanging on to the center pole and it just lifted all two hundred and fifty pounds of him right up in the air. And there we were hanging onto the old man's legs to keep him from blowing away with the tent. Yes, life was full of little things like that."

ALONG about 1910, Charlie began to have yearnings for Broadway.

"Would you believe it? After all those years I got stage struck! I felt I wouldn't have been a real actor until I had played in New York. So I told the family I was going to leave. They just laughed at me.

"I'll never forget that warm spring afternoon they all trooped down to the station at De Kalb, Illinois, to see me off. They said, 'You'll be back, Charlie.'

"I did come back some time later to play one Summer with them. But I never came back to stay.

"They had the laugh on me though. The first part I got in New York was with a road show of "The Yankee Girl" and they sent me right back to the sticks, playing under canvas at that. I even slept under canvas that Summer, camping out next to the big tent and cooking my own meals."

It was while playing in "The Yankee Girl" that he met Blanche Ring, whom he married shortly afterwards. They were divorced a few years ago.

His ambition after "The Yankee Girl" was to make the critics notice him. He got his wish, but not in the way he desired.

The late Alan Dale first took notice of him, mentioning briefly that someone with a German accent was also on the stage.

Parts began to come, though. And presently leading roles. With Miss Ring he played in "The Wall Street Girl" and "Claudia Smiles."

He went to Hollywood for a while and worked in Elko Comedies with Raymond Griffith and Thomas Meighan. He came back to Broadway for George M. Cohan's Revues of 1916 and 1918, the Passing Show of 1919 and finally

that famous Zeigfeld Follies of 1920 which had in the cast Fanny Brice, W. C. Fields, Jack Donahue, Moran and Mack, Eddie Cantor and Will Rogers. Later came "No, No, Nanette," and "Oh Please," with Beatrice Lillie, whom Winninger has recently coached for radio.

DURING that period he played everything, straight dramatic roles, character parts, and musical comedy leads.

Then Edna Ferber rediscovered the glamorous show boat era and breathed it to life again in her widely read book.

When Ziegfeld bought the stage rights, he thought that Winninger, who had already worked for him, would be ideal for the part of Cap'n Andy, the show boat character whom Miss Ferber had drawn from Cap'n Adams of the old "Cotton Blossom."

Miss Ferber and Winninger never met until after the first rehearsal. Then the novelist came back stage and held out her hand.

"Hello Charlie Winninger!" she cried, "I'm Edna Ferber. I know you don't know me. But I know you. I paid out many a dime in my girlhood to watch you act from the gallery of the opera house in Appleton, Wisconsin!"

"Show Boat" had a long and successful run on Broadway. It already seems apparent that some of the melodies which Jerome Kern wrote for it will go down as American classics.

When Universal made a silent picture of it they wanted Winninger too. But contracts kept him in New York, so Otis Harlan played the role on the screen.

When Benton & Bowles, the advertising agency, persuaded the Maxwell House people to launch their show boat of the air, Winninger was obviously the man to play Cap'n Henry.

His signing was a boon in more ways than one to the show boat hour, for he alone of the people connected with the program knows the river as it was.

He doesn't work on the scripts in their inception. But he gets last crack at them before they go on the air. And the changes he pencils in are plenty.

"Such as what?" I asked.
 "Well, such as not making a show boat go up the river under its own power. A showboat has no power of its own. And it isn't towed, either. It's pushed.

"And tying up at docks or wharves. There are no docks or wharves on the Mississippi. There are only levees or landings."

He has been overruled on some points such as when the show boat had to cross the Gulf of Mexico to Biloxi or Galveston. Or recently, when they took it up Lake Michigan.

"I don't mind their taking it up to Chicago. It could make the Illinois Canal all right. But going up Lake Michigan! Why, suppose one of those quick winds should come up? She'd go right over!"

He wagged his head, as worried as though he really were a showboat captain with a weather eye on a falling barometer.

In spite of all his pains to be accurate as to detail, there are occasional slips. Then the letters pour in from old timers on the river, checking him up.

"It's surprising the seriousness with which people take our broadcast," he said. "Why, a lot of them think we're right on a real show boat on the river and want to know when we're coming to their town."

This Fall Universal is again to film "Show Boat" and then Winninger will go to Hollywood to play Cap'n Andy on the screen. He got the offer because the Universal people recently took a poll of their exhibitors to find out which radio personality would have the greatest drawing power on the screen. The vote went overwhelmingly for Winninger.

But you'll still hear him on the radio as Cap'n Henry, in command of the phantom ship, the Flying Dutchman of the air, which seems destined to sail on forever, while his stentorian voice booms out,

"And folks, it's only the beginnin'!"

Cap'n Henry may be heard at 9:00 P.M., E. D. S. T., each Thursday over the following NBC stations:

WEAF, WTAC, WEEL, KOMO, WJAR, WCSH, WFI, WFBR, WRC, WGY, WBEN, WCAE, WTAM, WWJ, WSAI, WMAQ, KSD, WOC, WHO, WOW, WDAF, WTMJ, WRVA, WWNC, WIS, WJAX, WIOD, WFLA, WJDX, WMC, WSB, WAPI, WSMB, KTBS, WKY, KPRC, WOAI, WSM, KSTP, WKBF, WBAP, WAVE, KGH, KSTP. (WLW on 9:30), KGO, KHQ, KFI, KGW, KFSD, KTAR, KOA, KDYL, KGIR.

Behind the Dial

(Continued from page 10)

in an adjoining room—and that ends Jack's performance on the piano. When he returns he forgets all about the interrupted demonstration and visitors go away with the impression that Jack could be another Paderewski if he chose.

THE printed report that Bing Crosby is raising thoroughbred horses on his California ranch is not quite correct. It grew out of the fact that an admirer in Ireland sent him a team of native hunting horses which are now installed in the stables of Rancho Santa Fe. The Crosby estate, you may be interested to learn, has a historic background. Its original owner was

a Spanish Don, one Senor Azzuna, who occupied it until possession was taken by Americans under a land seizure provision of some kind. The Senor from Spain felt his dignity so outraged that he stabbed himself to death on the spot.

When in action in the studio the vitality of Victor Young, the maestro, is wonderful to behold. He is a little man—an intensely dynamic little man—whose whole body plays a part in directing the rhythm of the music. Young is an all-around musician, being an arranger and composer as well as conductor. He has a long string of dance compositions to his credit.

A GRAY HAIR OR TWO Spoils Your Whole Day



ARE YOU RESIGNED to settle down to humdrum middle age because your hair begins to show a little off color? It costs so little effort and expense to keep it natural, youthful looking, lustrous, soft and fluffy.

FARR'S FOR GRAY HAIR will keep you younger looking than your years; easy to use without instruction in hygienic privacy AT HOME. Odorless, greaseless, will not rub off nor interfere with curling. Once you've got the shade you wish a few occasional touches keep a uniform color. \$1.35. For sale everywhere.

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 Dept. 2010, 26 N. Ashland Blvd., Chicago, Ill.
 Please send free booklet and 32 sample lesson pages.

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Your Iron Fairly Glides!



This modern way to hot starch offers you advantages worth knowing. Simply add boiling water to dissolved Quick Elastic—no mixing, no cooking, no bother as with lump starch. Ends sticking and scorching. Restores elasticity and that soft charm of newness.

TRY THIS FREE

THANK YOU

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 Your free sample of QUICK ELASTIC, please, and "That Wonderful Way to Hot Starch."

Change Now!



Betty Lou
TROPIC TAN

FACE POWDER

to enhance the
beauty of your

**SUMMERTIME
COMPLEXION**

TRY IT.... YOU'LL LOVE IT

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Study your sweetheart's character • Analyze your friends • Learn what you are, and why you are • You will be amazed with the mysteries that this chart will reveal to you.
Mail your name and address on penny post card. No cost. No obligation. SEND NOW TO Rejuvia Beauty Labs., Inc., Dept. C-1, 395 Broadway, N. Y.

Try REJUVIA Lipstick today, velvet smooth, permanent waterproof, indelible, in correct shade for your individual complexion. A tested quality full size lipstick for only 10 cents at most F. W. WOOLWORTH Co. Stores. . . .



**SALTY, REFRESHING
LIKE SEA AIR**

Your doctor prescribes salt as a gargle, your dentist prescribes salt as a mouth wash, and that is exactly why salt forms the base of this new Worcester Salt Toothpaste. It heals tender gums, it cleanses your teeth beautifully and safely, and its salty, tangy, exhilarating taste leaves your mouth delightfully refreshed. See for yourself. Large tube, 35c; guest size, 10c. Worcester Salt Co., America's oldest refiners of pure salt, 40 Worth St., New York, U. S. A.



The Hour That Made Radio History

(Continued from page 21)

with his spirit and personality.

Listeners began to look to him for what was new and interesting in the amusement world. The fully rounded Vallee emerged—Vallee the popular singer, Vallee the cordial master of ceremonies, Vallee the alert impresario—and there was evolved a program to utilize not one, but ALL of his capabilities.

The first fully developed Rudy Vallee variety hour was presented on October 9, 1932. The basic pattern was so successful that it has been followed virtually ever since. It has played a major part in maintaining the five-year top-ranking popularity of Rudy Vallee.

Did you ever try to figure out the various elements in that program? It flows along so smoothly and seemingly so effortlessly that probably you thought it has no basic design. Actually each item is the result of very careful consideration by Rudy Vallee and the executives of the advertising agency.

It has been found that the ideal division of entertainment is one-half to Rudy Vallee and his orchestra, and one-half to the guest artists. This means that each week Rudy and his Connecticut Yankees present seven or eight songs, depending on the length of the individual selections.

THE guest artist half of the program permits a great deal of novelty and variation, of course, but nevertheless a certain basic structure is followed pretty consistently. There is usually a light comedy act and a more slapstick, out and out "gag" comedy act. There is always one dramatic sketch, usually a scene from a current Broadway play with high-ranking stage or screen players in it. There is usually a singing unit, and an instrumental unit. Finally, there is usually an outstanding headliner among the guest stars who may be in any one of the above divisions.

For instance, a typical midsummer program this year led off with Fanny Brice, singing comedienne and star of the Ziegfeld Follies, as headliner. Obviously her contribution, a light comedy song, a slapstick comedy scene in which she played Baby Snooks and Ted Bergman played Professor Holmes, her teacher; and her immemorial song, "My Man," fitted into several divisions, in all of which Fannie showed herself stellar material.

Grouped around her was a program which fitted the pattern perfectly. The light comedy contribution came from Charlie Olcott, veteran of vaudeville, with his pianologue parody of popular light opera; and the heavy comedy came from the crossfire team of Allan Cross and Henry Dunn. The dramatic sketch was a condensation of a current Broadway mystery play, "Invitation to a Murder," with the well-known stage stars, Gale Sondergaard and Humphrey Bogart, heading the cast. The vocal contribution came from the Giersdorf Sisters, singing trio, and on this particular program the instrumental item was a solo by one of the members of Rudy Vallee's orchestra.

There is the basic pattern of the

Vallee program, and it is handled so successfully, it attracts so vast and so loyal an audience that the professional radio world is unanimous in regarding this as the best possible introduction to the air.

Here is an instance that will show you how this works out in the most relentless test of all—cold dollars and cents. A certain movie star had been a big sensation on the screen, but had never appeared on the radio. This star was willing to appear for \$750 on the Vallee program, because of the radio prestige that would come from a successful appearance with Vallee. The program was successful, and for the very next radio appearance, on another program, the star asked for—and got!—just \$5,000.

NO wonder the "wise ones" in radio say that the Vallee hour is to the air what the old Palace Theater in New York was to vaudeville. This was the ace house, the show window, of the Keith circuit, the biggest in the business, and every small timer from one end of the country to the other had his ultimate ambition to play the Palace. It was axiomatic among vaudevillians—"play the Palace and you are made."
Oddly enough, this view of the Vallee hour, the conception that stands foremost among professional radio people, doesn't appeal so strongly to Rudy Vallee himself!

"As a matter of fact," says Rudy, "there are other programs that will afford just as good an entry into radio as my own. It really doesn't particularly matter where a genuine artist may start. If a person has true talent, that talent will break through, no matter how obscure the beginning. Of course, it may take longer to start obscurely, and appearing on a well established program such as ours may have value in shortening the time of recognition, but discovering new talent is not the primary purpose of our program."

"What we are trying to do is to present entertainment. We seek to assemble a radio hour that has novelty and variety, so that almost anyone will find at least something in the program that appeals to him. In choosing the elements of the program, the songs for myself and the orchestra, as well as the guest artists, I am guided largely by the simple factor of what appeals to me. I find that I am a common denominator for a large section of the public, and if a program item pleases me, it is quite likely that it will please a large public.

"The unifying element in our program happens to be myself, and the brand of entertainment assembled and presented by me seems to be enduringly popular. Many insiders profess to be puzzled by this, and openly wonder how I can last so long. I don't get the logic of this attitude at all. I don't think anyone will deny that in my own particular field of presenting entertainment and singing popular songs I have tasted of unusual success. Then if Kreisler, Chaplin, Paderewski, Babe Ruth, Tilden, John McCormack—each a leader in his own line—can keep going indefinitely, in my simple field of popular music in song why shouldn't I?

No one wonders about these other people being popular year after year, so why should anyone be surprised that my popularity in my own particular field should continue?

"I think our variety program is deservedly popular, and will continue to be so. Obviously, the details of so extensive a program are more than any one man could handle, and I feel greatly indebted to the advertising agency men who work in harmony with me in assembling and building the show, and to the NBC staff men who assist in the actual running of the program."

CHIEF among these co-workers of Vallee is Gordon Thompson, who has been the advertising agency executive on the program since it started, five years ago. Thompson—no relation to the J. Walter Thompson who gave the agency its name—is an able young man who came into radio from a background of a Wesleyan University degree, newspaper work, and yachting, his chief sport and hobby. Thompson does the actual negotiating of contracts, conducts a ceaseless search for new talent and a constant sifting of talent offered by professional agents, and is the general executive officer of the program.

Working directly with him is George Faulkner, also of the agency, who lays out advance programs, helps to pass on talent, makes the adaptations for the dramatic sketch each week, and writes the whole script, except the introductions which Vallee himself contributes. Faulkner, with an Eastern university background and much writing experience, is regarded as one of the ablest continuity men and program builders in the business.

The National Broadcasting Company's production director is Lester O'Keefe, who has had extensive stage experience as a featured juvenile in musical comedy, and is the author of the lyrics of many popular songs and has made adaptations of professional light operas. He assists at rehearsals, usually directs the dramatic sequence,

and oversees the all-important question of timing. So rigid are the NBC rules that a full hour's program is allowed exactly ten seconds variation in timing!

Always the final authority with all these men is Rudy Vallee himself, who does the actual directing of his own program with a thoroughness that few other radio leaders can equal. Every day in the week there are callers at Rudy Vallee's office in Steinway Hall and at the agency's offices in the Graybar building offering possible talent for the program—artists who want to appear on the program that discovered and brought forward such stars as Joe Penner, Frances Langford, Mary Small, Eddie Peabody and Alice Faye; the program on which Kate Smith, Eddie Cantor, Fannie Brice and literally countless others, made their first major appearance in radio.

To handle this constant stream of prospective talent, Tuesday has been established as regular audition day, first at NBC for the artists assembled by William McCaffrey, of the NBC Artists' Service, and then at the agency offices for the talent offered by various booking managers.

When all is said and done, however, when all the guest artists have been selected, when the all-day rehearsals on Wednesday and the final "dress rehearsal" on Thursday afternoon are completed, and the program is actually on the air, there is one final answer to its popularity—RUDY VALLEE.

Rudy Vallee and his Fleischmann Hour may be heard each Thursday evening at 8:00 P.M., E. D. S. T., over the following NBC stations:

WEAF, WTAM, WWJ, WMAQ, KSD, WOC, WHO, WOW, KDYL, CRCT, CFCF, KAOO, KSTP, WEBC, WDAY, WSM, WSB, WMC, WAPI, WTAG, WEEL, KPRC, KTHS, WJDX, WJAR, WSMB, WOAI, WGY, WKY, KOA, KFI, KGO, KGW, KOMO, WLW, KTAR, WFYR, KHQ, WFI, WRC, WBAP, WPTF, WWNC, WIS, WJAX, WBEN, WTIC, WTMJ, (WDAF on 3:00-3:15), WIOD, WFLA, WRVA.

Know Your Music

(Continued from page 62)

Tschaikowsky's music won immediate and unequivocal success. Eventually deserved honors came, as the invitation to conduct at the opening of Carnegie Hall, New York, which brought Tschaikowsky here in 1891, and a doctor's degree from Cambridge, England, in 1893.

In 1877 he impulsively entered into an unsuitable marriage, which ended shortly in a separation. And the same year began the historic and singular friendship with Nadejda von Meck. This rich and musical widow, learning of his poverty and uncertain health, settled an annuity of 6,000 rubles (about \$3000) on him in 1877 and continued to pay it for thirteen years. But with the gift was a stipulation that they should never meet. However, Tschaikowsky's many letters to Mme. von Meck (to whom he dedicated his Fourth Symphony) are of the utmost importance with respect to his life and work. Eventually he was aided also by a bounty from the Czar.

Tschaikowsky regarded the *Pathetic Symphony* as his masterpiece. Yet it fell flat when he conducted its premiere

at St. Petersburg on October 28, 1893. A few weeks later, conducted by Napravnik, it made a sensation. But meantime Tschaikowsky had died. Cholera was prevalent in St. Petersburg and people were warned against drinking water that had not been boiled. Tschaikowsky is said to have disregarded this precaution and on November 2nd to have drunk a glass of unboiled water.

Cholera developed and he died on the 6th. His brother, Modeste, gives a detailed account of his last illness. Nonetheless, the story has persisted that he deliberately drank the cholera-infected water or else took some other poison, a theory to which the peculiar melancholy of the *Pathetic Symphony*, rising at times to a savage despair, lends color. It is just as well, though, to be skeptical about such stories. Mozart, dying of typhus, moaned in his delirium that he had been poisoned by the jealous Salieri.

Next month Pitts Sanborn will tell you about Bizet, composer of "Carmen" and other operas.



[West of Rocky Mts.]
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Send 25¢ in stamps or coin for Home Shoe Shine Kit, consisting of bristle dauber, genuine lamb's wool polisher, and tin of Shinola. Address Shinola, Dept. F-10, 88 Lexington Avenue, New York City.



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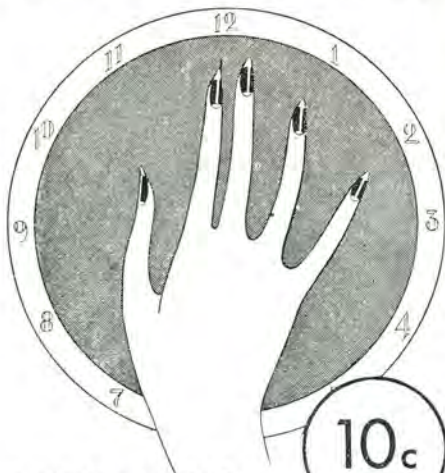


Keeps Skin Young

Absorb blemishes and discolorations using Mercolized Wax daily as directed. Invisible particles of aged skin are freed and all defects such as blackheads, tan, freckles and large pores disappear. Skin is then beautifully clear, velvety and so soft—face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty. At all leading druggists.

Powdered Saxolite
Reduces wrinkles and other age-signs. Simply dissolve one ounce Saxolite in half-pint witch hazel and use daily as face lotion.

CHIC at all times!



5 CHIC SHADES

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You will agree... a truly fine polish... at a great saving... also

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 Send me FREE Regular Size RADIO GIRL Perfume and Trial Size RADIO GIRL Face Powder. I am enclosing 10c (coin or stamps) for cost of mailing. (Offer in U. S. only)

Name.....
 Address.....

Body and Soul

(Continued from page 28)

sensed his unusual talent. It was she who prevailed on his father to let the boy try out his own ideas. That youthful-appearing mother is still the greatest source of encouragement to Johnny Green.

"I believe in individuality," Johnny's mother assured me over the luncheon table as her son eyed her proudly. "I have always encouraged Johnny to express himself in his own way. The fact that I happen to be his mother, does not give me the right to regulate his life for him.

"I make only one demand on Johnny," she added, with a ready smile. "He must save his batons for me. I'm making a collection of them."

WHEN Johnny Green quit Wall Street he gave himself just five years in which to make what he would conscientiously feel would be an impression in the music world. He promised himself that if he couldn't make good in that length of time, he would force himself to resume a business career. Having made the big step, he set about establishing the right contacts at a fast and furious rate.

Two years previous, while a junior at college, he had spent his summer vacation with the Guy Lombardo band, as an arranger. The band, then practically unknown, was playing at the Blossom Heath Inn at Cleveland. This experience gave him a taste of orchestra life, and he loved it. During that period he wrote a number, called "Coquette," with Carmen Lombardo, which was the latter's first big hit.

The Summer following his graduation from Harvard, he had gone to Europe ostensibly for a vacation. He soon found himself playing the piano in various orchestras of all types, throughout Europe. It was a grand experience for him and made him realize that his real career was along musical lines.

The trip which his father had thought would put all such ideas out of his head only served to add fuel to the flame.

"I got into musical work by making a pest of myself," Johnny informed me, blandly. "I never lacked confidence in my ability. In fact, it was this very attitude which made it difficult for me at school. I felt I had something to offer and I used to hang around the various bands, begging for a chance to show what I could do. The boys in the bands used to resent me, but the leaders, such as Paul Whiteman and Leo Reisman, were all encouraging. They listened to me—made suggestions. I picked up much of my working knowledge of music in that way."

Johnny hands much of the credit for his success to Paul Whiteman, who, he says, was the greatest individual factor in putting him on the musical map, after helping him get started.

JOHNNY'S entry into the realm of music was as arranger for Victor Young on the Atwater-Kent Hour. He secured the post through Jean Goldkette, who had heard of his work with the "Gold Coast" orchestra and had recommended him. This lasted just three weeks. "I had a lot of impractical

ideas," says Johnny. "I cost them a lot of money in extra rehearsals, but I learned plenty about the fine points of arranging for large orchestras. I didn't lose heart. I was too cocky to be discouraged."

He next became accompanist to Gertrude Lawrence, the English actress. "And how did you land that?" I inquired. "Through a social connection," he admitted. "I had known her since I was a small boy and we had always been good friends. After I became her accompanist, she asked me to write four songs for her. One of the numbers was "Body and Soul," about which she became immediately enthusiastic. She took it back to England with her. It made a hit over there first, you know. About a year later someone cabled Libby Holman to secure the song at any price." The number fitted her particular style to a "T." Her rendition of it was the big sensation of "Three's a Crowd," and the song became famous overnight.

IN the meantime Johnny had connected with the Paramount Long Island studios after a brief spell as accompanist to Bobbe Arnst, who was then about to be married to Johnny Weissmuller. The studio heads hired him as a rehearsal pianist with strict orders that he was not to tell anyone he was a composer. The reason for this was that they already had a number of composers under contract who would resent competition from an unknown.

Johnny stayed on, just biding his time. He became ace orchestrator of the studio, scoring pictures with serious music all orchestrated by himself. He worked like a Trojan adding musical backgrounds to pictures directed by such men as Ernst Lubitsch, George Abbott, Edmund Goulding and others. Paramount having also decided to make a number of musical shorts, he wrote special numbers to order for Ethel Merman and others—such numbers as "I'm Yours" and "Out of No where."

During a brief layoff, he took A Siegel's place as accompanist to Ethel Merman at the exclusive Central Park Casino, all the while turning out more special numbers. He composed the music for Peter Arno's show "Here Goes the Bride," one of the few good features of that ill-fated offering.

Don't get the idea that Johnny is a serious, stuffy person. On the contrary, he is as full of pranks as a school-boy. As for example, a certain incident which happened during the making of a Claudette Colbert picture. Johnny and Claudette had become great pals and were forever clowning with each other. Having learned that Claudette was usually besieged by autograph hunters, he decided to play a trick on her and invited me to be a party to the crime.

As soon as the day's shooting was over we hurried out to Johnny's roadster which he had parked directly behind Claudette's limousine. As the star emerged from the stage door, Johnny dashed from his car and, affecting a pleading tone, begged for her autograph. Claudette, amazed as well as amused, ignored him and laughingly retreated to the interior of

her car as she instructed the driver to go ahead full speed. On we dashed close behind in quick pursuit, up one street and down another, as the big car tried to outdistance us. But it was no use. As each traffic light stopped us, Johnny would hop out of his car and dash up to Claudette's car, pencil in hand, begging for her autograph. After a half-hour of this, she finally scribbled her name—on his shirtfront! He thereupon allowed her to continue home in peace.

WHEN Paramount finally decided to discontinue all Eastern production, Johnny had progressed to the position of musical director of the entire studio. He modestly attributes the development of his musical talent during that time to the privilege of working as orchestrator under Adolph Deutsch, now Paul Whiteman's right hand man and as a conductor under Frank Troun, noted musical-comedy leader. In the meantime Johnny had turned to more serious forms of music including a piano concerto commissioned by Nathaniel Shilkret and, most important, the "Night Club Suite," commissioned by Whiteman and performed by him with sensational success during his last two concert seasons.

Johnny's biggest thrill was when Whiteman invited him to appear as soloist with the Philharmonic Orchestra, playing "Night Club Suite" at the huge stadium in New York. He had now reached the point where his genius was recognized. Even his father was proud to admit that. He had been musical director and guest conductor for extended periods at such ace houses as the Brooklyn Paramount and the State Theater in Minneapolis. He also acted as accompanist to James Melton or the latter's vaudeville tour and Johnny has even scored a "Betty Boop" cartoon.

During the past year he wrote one of the two outstanding class hit songs of the entire season: "I Cover the Waterfront." He also inaugurated the "In the Modern Manner" Sunday evening concerts on the Columbia chain in which he assumed the multi-various roles of producer, conductor, arranger, solo pianist, composer and M.C. After only four of these Sunday nights he landed for himself the highly-sought-after spot on the Oldsmobile program, leading his own orchestra.

WHEN I talked to him at his office in Columbia Broadcasting headquarters, he had just returned from London where, in less than four months, he had recorded 24 phonograph sides, written a musical comedy for the British Broadcasting company called "Big Business," part of which was recently broadcast here over an international network. He also composed the score of Jack Buchanan's current hit, "Mr. Whittington," at the London Hippodrome—the theatrical event of the season. Among the highlights of his trip was the concert performance of the "Night Club Suite" at the B.B.C. concert hall in London before one of the most distinguished musical audiences ever assembled for a new work.

Now, in addition to acting as recording artist here for Brunswick, he holds the unique position in radio for being under contract to Columbia in the dual capacity of musician and executive. As musical advisor to the huge network, he is actively concerned with the building of programs, developing

new talent and discovering new personalities. He has the "musical run of the place" with full authority to either hang or make himself. Knowing Johnny, I have no doubts as to the outcome.

Having listed his varied accomplishments, what about the man himself? He's still a youngster in both age and appearance. He is dark and well-built, good-looking, with a rather serious expression. He is happily married to Carol Falk, a non-professional, whom he has known for years. She is a decided brunette. In fact, Johnny admits a weakness for dark-haired girls. He has a beautiful apartment in the nicest part of town, belongs to a fine country club—all within the space of five years and without accepting one penny of help from his father.

His hobby is motion picture photography and he prides himself on being a good cameraman. He would rather have you praise his camera work than his music. He's a bear for work and will stick at his desk or piano for hours at a stretch, ignoring food and rest, until he works out an idea, rather than risk losing it.

DURING rehearsals, although keyed up, he is outwardly calm. He never chides his men for mistakes in a note but, if he finds someone isn't paying attention, he will get frantically livid, break his baton and, literally, hit the ceiling. Music to him is a serious business and he wants his men to take their work in the same spirit.

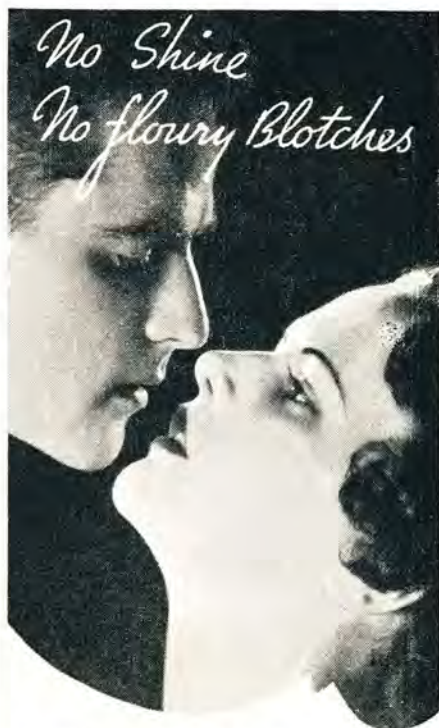
Remembering his own difficult beginnings, he is always open to new ideas and is one of a possible half-dozen conductors who will take the trouble to give credit to his associates.

He is at present under contract to one of the leading music publishing houses, his latest number being "Easy Come, Easy Go," the lyrics for which were written by Edward Heyman, with whom Johnny usually collaborates. The friendship of these two youngsters dates back five years when Johnny was beginning to get the breaks and Eddie was just out of the University of Michigan and trying to get started as a composer-lyric writer. Thanks to Johnny he has forgotten his ambitions to compose music and together they have become one of the three outstanding younger song-writing combinations in the country.

Having scaled the heights, Johnny surveys the world serenely and confidently. Still bubbling over with unbounded energy, he looks about for new worlds to conquer. Yet he is never too busy to extend a helping hand to a newcomer in the game.

Johnny Green may be heard each Friday at 9:30 P.M., E. D. S. T., over the following CBS stations:

WABC-W2XE, WOKO, WCAO, WNAC, WKBW, WHK, CKLW, WDRG, WFBM, KMBC, WHAS, WCAU-W3XAU, WJAS, WEAN, KMOX, WFBL, WSPD, WJSV, WQAM, WDBO, WDAE, WCST, WLBZ, WBRC, WICC, WBT, WDOD, KVOR, KRLD, KLZ, WLBW, WBIG, WGLC, WHEC, KFAB, KLRA, WFEA, WREC, WCCO, WSJS, WSFA, CKAC, WLAC, WDSU, KOMA, KOH, KSL, WMBG, WDBJ, KTSA, WTOG, KSCJ, KTRH, WSBT, WMAS, WKBW, CFRB, KTUL, WACO, WORC, WKBW, WNOX, WALA, WDNC, WHP, WADC, KDB, KOIN, WPG, WBBM, KFH.



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MOISTURE-PROOF! Here, at last, is a face powder that won't mix with the oil or perspiration of your skin. Luxor Face Powder won't cake into floury blotches in some spots and leave others bright and shiny. It won't clog the pores and thus coarsen them.

You'll adore the colors. You'll find the fragrance delicate and charming. But, most of all, you'll appreciate the fact that Luxor is moisture-proof and shine-free. Your favorite toilet goods counter sells it.

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Tint away the STREAKS of GRAY

(Test Bottle) FREE



Let us show you the way to bring color to every fading strand. This way SAFE. No experience required. Just tell us the color you want your hair. We'll send complete Test Package FREE. Or get full-sized bottle from druggist on money-back guarantee.

Simply apply to single lock snipped from hair. See results this way. Color comes: black, brown, auburn, blonde. Hair stays soft and lustrous.

FREE TEST Millions of men and women have sent for this free test. You run no risk. Convince yourself. Just mail coupon.

MARY T. GOLDMAN
947 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Name.....
Street.....
City..... State.....
Color of your hair?.....

How to Write for Radio

(Continued from page 44)



Give Your
HANDS
A Chance!

SCOUR WITH SKOUR-PAK

Hands can't be nice—if you scour with things that roughen and scratch them. For scouring there's nothing better than steel wool. But for hands sake—use the Steel Wool Brush—Skour-Pak. Avoid careless use of steel wool (or metal fiber) and other scouring devices—avoid messy, scratched fingers and possible infection.

For safer, quicker, better scouring—and for lovelier hands, use—

SKOUR-PAK THE STEEL WOOL BRUSH

Special non-rusting steel wool—fastened in a handy safety rubber holder. No waste—can be used down to last inch. Drains clean.

Sold at 5 and 10 cent Stores, Grocery,
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ACTUAL 10¢ SIZE
AT 5 & 10¢ STORES
or send 10¢ in
stamps or coin to
HUSH CO., 116 Market St. Phila. Pa.
MADE IN U.S.A.

DO YOU WANT TO BUILD A HOME?

Here are blue prints of special
interest to home-builders:

Colonial House, 6 rooms and bath
Normandy House, 5 rooms and bath
Swiss Chalet, 5 rooms and bath
Italian House, 6 rooms, 2 baths
Modernistic with 5 rooms and bath
Spanish House, 5 rooms and bath

For each blue print that you want,
send 3 cents to Tower Magazines,
Inc., 55 Fifth Avenue, New
York, N. Y.

I. Write plays for programs which solicit manuscripts and have no single writer or clique of them. First Nighter, in Chicago, has had three big years under this plan. Princess Pat is another market. You may know of several. Do not be too discouraged if your play is rejected inasmuch as shows of this type generally require one single script out of the hundred or so submitted each week.

II. Write shows for yourself or for someone you know, to be presented locally. Many a good feature has risen from a local station inception.

III. You can take your material around to the various advertising agencies which deal with radio. In this way you can sometimes sell a program or, failing that, you can impress the radio man with your ability and he will call you in on his own shows. This works best in the West Coast agencies, fairly well in Chicago, and not so well in New York, due to many reasons.

IV. We begin to edge toward the more difficult field. Sell to the networks. This is easy to say and hard to do but worth tackling if you have faith in yourself and, preferably, if you are near the Chicago or New York territory. Sometimes this will put you in touch with program managers or producers.

V. Write for definite personalities, such as the "gag" comedians, who buy most anything they can use at all, due to the fact that there are only so many jokes anyway and about a dozen first-flight comedians burning them up each week over the air. Most of these personalities will read your material and are fair about paying for ideas, sequences, or gags.

VI. The hardest way, and that which pays the best dividends if successful, is to take your show directly to the sponsor, even if he has an agency. If you make the grade in this way, you are sitting on top the radio heap. Some of the biggest shows were sold this way.

I HAVE purposely left no classification for agents who handle your material on 10 per cent commission. They are valuable in the story field at times, but have not generally proven so in radio.

If you devise a program for a certain manufacturer, remember that nothing will sell your dialogue as quickly as a good commercial "hook." Nearly every program has a free sample or a contest to retain the listener's interest. If you can work out a unique advertising tie-up or contest, you have increased the chance of selling your program tremendously. Poor shows have been accepted merely because the "hook" was excellent.

It is much easier to sell in any of these classifications if you know somebody along the line. Do not be dismayed by this—to get a job digging ditches you often have to know somebody. Think back over the positions you have held and see if someone did not always provide a lead for you.

Another thing to remember is that it is often better to suffer underpayment on your first show or shows than to refuse to accept an offer. It is smarter to get the experience and the contacts than to try to ring the gong

on the first effort. As to the actual radio form in which your manuscripts should appear, there is some leeway. Space does not permit the inclusion of a complete show but a few ad lib lines here can give you the idea. The thing to remember is to make the show as easy for the producer and actor to read as possible. Often the use of dashes or periods between words and phrases will do this. Here is an example of the form:

(CROWD NOISE, VARYING IN INTENSITY, IN BACKGROUND BEHIND THIS SCENE)

Layden: (Calls) Snap into it, Heinie! You can get two floods up on that balcony.

Janet: (Coming up) What part will I play, Mr. Layden?

Layden: (Calls) Over! Farther over! Hold it! (To Janet) What? Oh—well, you can be coming out of the vault with your hands full of money, see . . . (Calls) O.K. Heinie! Kill 'em! (To Janet) You're coming out of the vault with the money . . . get it . . . and a bandit . . . (Calls) Set up the other way, Jerry! We're getting a reverse angle this time. Drag your camera around!

Wayne: (Away) Mr. Layden! (Up) Listen here, you said you'd have both scenes done by noon and here it is—

Layden: Now take it easy, Mr. Wayne. . . look, we're almost ready to shoot. . . Ready, boys? O.K. Everyone on the set! Run along, Janet.

(SOUND OF EXCITED TALKING; A BRIEF SPASM OF HAMMERING)

And so it goes; there is nothing very involved. Sounds are usually indicated as above. Here is your script form. There is much to say in favor of short speeches unless they are broken up as is Layden's long one above. Radio demands action and movement and the surest way to provide it is to have short speeches and to have them interrupted now and then. Some writers never have a finished speech, but this, I think, is just as bad an error as having none.

SOME day, perhaps, there will be good schools of radio where you can take short courses of value. At present there are few schools to be recommended and a great many "gyp" schools. Some universities are installing radio classes but even these often miss the point, due largely to the fact that the instructors are not themselves successful in radio. It is all very well to say they can give you the theory, but radio is mighty animated and they should have more than theory to back up their teachings. I recall a college short story class taught by a man who had tried to sell a short story without success for years. Although the matter is controversial, I am inclined to believe that such training is more detrimental than beneficial. There is a tendency for the student to become standardized in his approach. It is better to be slightly rusty on technique and more original in concept.

These two articles have only brushed the surface of radio writing, and yet it is hoped that they have been of some aid to the beginner. Anyway, the best of luck to you!

Life is Doggone Wonderful

(Continued from page 31)

complained that he ate too fast. And he insisted upon reading the paper at meals. She didn't like that.

When they played in a new show the other girls would invariably ask, "Are you in love with your partner?" And Eve would always answer, "No, it's a business partnership and nothing else."

Her coldness made Jesse more ardent. He had forgotten the other girl by now and Eve was, he knew, the one girl for him.

Maybe Eve was playing a game. She even half-way admits it now. At any rate when he asked her to marry him, four years after they had been a team, one night in San Francisco, she said "Yes."

They wanted to have a very quiet wedding, because Jesse's mother had just died, but Benny Rubin and Jack Benny insisted that they marry in Los Angeles. When they arrived in the Southern California town they discovered that their friends had arranged a charming and simple little wedding for them at Jack Benny's home. It was there that they made the old, old vows. And it was a day that neither of them regret. Now, five years later, the light of their romance is still as bright as it was when they said "I do."

Those five years were none too easy. They had worked so steadily before but they were forced to realize that vaudeville was on the wane and that radio and movies were swallowing up that form of entertainment. Where they used to have straight forty-week booking, they found that they were lucky to know where they could hang their hats three weeks in advance.

IT was a little over a half year ago that they did a daring thing—that they staked everything on a campaign to make radio.

One night, seated in their apartment, they heard Eddie Cantor broadcasting from Miami, Florida. Harry Richman was guest star.

Suddenly Jesse said, "Listen, Eve, let's go to Florida at once and see if Cantor won't put us on as guest stars."

"You're crazy," Eve said. "We've got three weeks bookings."

"And then what?" asked Jesse. "If we don't take a chance now and lick the radio game where will we be in a year? Come on Eve, let's go."

"But we don't know Cantor very well," she objected again.

"Let's take a chance."

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In Miami they saw Benny Merroff, Cantor's orchestra leader.

"What are you kids doing here?" he asked.

"Oh, just having a little vacation," they answered with nonchalance.

"You should guest star with Cantor," Benny said.

They laughed. "I'd like to have a chat with Eddie some time," Jesse said casually. "Where is he stopping?"

"Right at the moment he's at the races."

Benny strolled away. Jesse turned to Eve. "Come on, kid, quick, we're off to the races."

"But really I don't know the

track from the paddock," she said. "That's okay. Maybe we'll see Cantor."

They were nonchalant again when they "accidentally" met Cantor at the races and casually told him that they were in Miami for "a little vacation." And they appeared very surprised when he asked them to join him over the air as guest stars. They tried to hide the delight that was in their hearts.

And then came a dreadful week when they thought he had forgotten them, when they heard no more from him and cursed themselves for fools because they had given up three weeks salary on such a wild goose chase.

THEN Cantor telephoned. "Do you suppose you could dig up enough material to go over the air tomorrow night?" he asked.

"I'll see what I can dig up," Jesse answered. All they had was half a trunkful of jokes that they had brought with them.

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"The rest" was plenty.

Cantor told them they were swell, after the broadcast was over. But they didn't believe it until their fan mail began pouring in. Their gratitude to Cantor is limitless. There is nothing they would not do for him.

On the heels of this success they broadcast with Cantor in Pittsburgh. They still didn't know whether they were any good over the air or not. They were half way convinced when, immediately after the broadcast, came a wire from Sam Goldwyn asking them to accept a picture contract to appear in the new Eddie Cantor starring vehicle, "Treasure Hunt."

The big break had come. The long chance had worked.

They have been broadcasting regularly now. This Fall they will be heard over the Columbia network for Ex-Lax. By that time their first feature movie will be completed. When I saw them they were on their way to Hollywood. They had proved their right to be called radio stars. They were coming back to a bigger and better air contract. Hollywood stretched before them. Vaudeville could gasp its last and die. They had no further need of it. They held success in the hollow of their hands.

And Block and Sully are taking their success big.

Every fan letter, every word of praise is a new and thrilling experience.

They don't mind that you look into their eager eyes and see how excited they are. They don't mind talking about all the thrills they've had in the last few months. They're just a couple of enthusiastic kids.

And life is doggone wonderful!

After September 24th, Block and Sully may be heard each Monday at 9:30 P.M., E. D. S. T., over the following CBS stations:

WABC-W2XE, WADC, WOKO, WCAO, WNAC, WKBW, WBBM, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WOWO, WDRG, WFBM, KMBC, WHAS, WCAU-W3XAU, WJAS, WEAN, KMOX, WFBL, WSPD, WJSV, WICC, WBT, WBNS, KLZ, KFAB, WREC, WCCO, CKAC, WDSU, KSL.

A suitor's ever on my arm
when F-O polishes my charm



F=O polish does not crack or peel... is made in five lovely shades... retains its original charming color until removed...

At all 10c stores... Cuticle Remover... Creme Polish... Polish Remover... Oily Polish Remover...

Ft. Orange Chemical Co., Albany, N. Y.

20 MILLION Women Buyers are "AT HOME" to YOU
You can easily make up to \$12 daily with our new, exclusive Christmas Box Assortment. 21 Beautiful Folders featuring Parchment, Pearlite, in a handsome gift box. Sells for \$1.00—Costs you 50c—ALSO other Christmas items to increase your sales. Write at once for full particulars to **WALTHAM ART PUBLISHERS, Dept. 69, 7 Water Street, Boston, Mass.**

POLLYGRAMS

EMPRI VICTORY TIP at SHOE LACES at WOOLWORTH'S

INTERNATIONAL BRAID CO PROVIDENCE

Life is Doggone Wonderful

(Continued from page 31)

complained that he ate too fast. And he insisted upon reading the paper at meals. She didn't like that.

When they played in a new show the other girls would invariably ask, "Are you in love with your partner?" And Eve would always answer, "No, it's a business partnership and nothing else."

Her coldness made Jesse more ardent. He had forgotten the other girl by now and Eve was, he knew, the one girl for him.

Maybe Eve was playing a game. She even half-way admits it now. At any rate when he asked her to marry him, four years after they had been a team, one night in San Francisco, she said "Yes."

They wanted to have a very quiet wedding, because Jesse's mother had just died, but Benny Rubin and Jack Benny insisted that they marry in Los Angeles. When they arrived in the Southern California town they discovered that their friends had arranged a charming and simple little wedding for them at Jack Benny's home. It was there that they made the old, old vows. And it was a day that neither of them regret. Now, five years later, the light of their romance is still as bright as it was when they said "I do."

Those five years were none too easy. They had worked so steadily before but they were forced to realize that vaudeville was on the wane and that radio and movies were swallowing up that form of entertainment. Where they used to have straight forty-week booking, they found that they were lucky to know where they could hang their hats three weeks in advance.

IT was a little over a half year ago that they did a daring thing—that they staked everything on a campaign to make radio.

One night, seated in their apartment, they heard Eddie Cantor broadcasting from Miami, Florida. Harry Richman was guest star.

Suddenly Jesse said, "Listen, Eve, let's go to Florida at once and see if Cantor won't put us on as guest stars."

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A suitor's ever on my arm
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F=O polish does not crack or peel... is made in five lovely shades... retains its original charming color until removed...

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20 MILLION Women Buyers are "AT HOME" to YOU
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POLLYGRAMS

EMPRI VICTORY TIP SHOE LACES at WOOLWORTH'S

INTERNATIONAL BRAID CO PROVIDENCE

Programs You'll Want to Hear

(Continued from page 50)

Town Hall Tonight—Fred Allen, comedian; Songsmith quartette; Lennie Hayton's orchestra (Bristol-Myers Co.) 9:00 P.M., Wednesday, NBC-WEAF.

Ward's Family Theater—James Melton, tenor; guest stars; Joseph Pasternack's orchestra (Ward Baking Co.) 9:00 P.M., Sunday, CBS.

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

Paul Whiteman and his orchestra—guest entertainers; (Kraft-Phenix Cheese Corp.) 10:00 P.M., Thursday, NBC-WEAF.

Barker, animal imitator; orchestra (Individual Drinking Cup Corp.) 6:45 P.M., Monday, CBS.

Buck Rogers in the 25th Century—(Cocomalt) 6:00 P.M., Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, CBS.

Horn and Hardart Children's Hour—with Paul Douglas as master of ceremonies (Horn and Hardart) 11:00 A.M., Sunday, WABC only.

Lady Next Door—directed by Madge Tucker, 4:45 P.M., Monday, Tuesday and Thursday, NBC-WJZ.

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

Little Orphan Annie—(The Wander Co.) 5:45 P.M. daily except Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

NBC Children's Hour—Milton J. Cross, master of ceremonies, 9:00 A.M., Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

Singing Lady—nursery jingles, songs and stories (The Kellogg Co.) 5:30 P.M., daily, except Saturday and Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

Sunday Morning at Aunt Susan's—9:00 A.M., Sunday, CBS.

Concerts and Classical Music

Cities Service Concert—Jessica Dragonette; Cities Service Quartette; Frank Banta and Milton Rettenberg, piano duo; Resario Bourdon's Orchestra (Cities Service Co.) 8:00 P.M., Friday, NBC-WEAF.

Detroit Symphony Orchestra—Victor Kolar, conductor. From Ford Symphony Gardens, Chicago, 3:00 P.M., Sunday; 4:00 P.M., Tuesday; 9:00 P.M., Wednesday and 4 P.M., Thursday, CBS.

Ferde Grofe's Americana—10:30 P.M., Sunday, CBS.

Hoover Sentinels—Edward Davies, baritone; Chicago a Capella Choir under direction of Noble Cain, Josef Koestner's orchestra (The Hoover Co.) 5:30 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

Palmolive Beauty Box Theater—Musical comedies and light operas with galaxy of well known stars; Nathaniel Shilkret's orchestra; Palmolive chorus (Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co.) 10:00 P.M., Tuesday, NBC-WEAF.

Philadelphia Summer Concerts—from Robin Hood Dell in Fairmount Park; guest conductors, 8:30 P.M., Saturday, CBS.

Radio City Concerts—Radio City Symphony; soloists; chorus 12:30 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

Voice of Firestone—Garden Concert featuring Gladys Swarthout, mezzo soprano; Margaret Speaks, soprano; Fred Hufsmith, tenor; Frank Chapman, baritone; William Daly's Symphonic String Orchestra (Firestone Tire and Rubber Co.) 8:30 P.M., Monday, NBC-WEAF.

Dance Bands

Don Bestor—12, midnight, Monday, NBC-WJZ.

Emil Coleman—11:00 P.M., Friday, NBC-WEAF.

Jack Denny—12:30 P.M., Tuesday and 10:30 P.M., Saturday, NBC-WJZ.

Ferde Grofe—7:30 P.M. and 11:45 P.M., Thursday and 11:45 P.M., Saturday, CBS.

Glen Gray and his Casa Loma Orchestra—11:30 P.M., Sunday; 11:15 P.M., Monday and Saturday, CBS.

Isham Jones—11:15 P.M., Tuesday and Friday, CBS.

Roger Wolfe Kahn's Claremont Inn Orchestra—12:30 A.M., Monday, NBC-WEAF and 11:00 P.M., Friday, NBC-WJZ.

Wayne King and his Orchestra—(Lady Esther Co.) 10:00 P.M., Sunday and Monday, CBS and 8:30 P.M., Tuesday and Wednesday, NBC-WEAF.

Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians—11:00 P.M., Monday and 11:35 P.M., Thursday, NBC-WJZ; also 10:30 P.M., Saturday, NBC-WEAF.

Vincent Lopez—7:00 P.M., Thursday and 12:30 A.M., Saturday, NBC-WJZ also 11:35 P.M., Friday, NBC-WEAF.

Red Nichols and his Pennies—12:00 midnight, Sunday and Wednesday, CBS.

Leo Reisman's Orchestra—with Phil Ducey (Phillip Morris and Co.) 8:00 P.M., Tuesday, NBC-WEAF.

Waltz Time—Abe Lyman's Orchestra; musical interludes with Frank Munn, tenor and Vivienne Segal, soprano (Sterling Products, Inc.) 9:00 P.M., Friday, NBC-WEAF.

Piano and Organ Music

Fray and Braggiotti—piano duo, 10:00 P.M., Tuesday, CBS.

Ann Leaf at the Organ—2:30 P.M., Wednesday, 2:00 P.M., Thursday; 2:30 P.M. Friday and 4:00 P.M., Saturday, CBS.

Pollock and Lawnhurst—piano duo; 7:45 A.M., daily except Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

Salt Lake City Tabernacle—Organ and Choir, 12:00 noon, Sunday, CBS.

Low White—at the organ, 8:30 A.M., daily, NBC-WJZ.

Children's Programs

Billy Batchelor—(Wheatena Corp.) 6:45 P.M., Monday to Friday inclusive, NBC-WEAF.

Bobby Benson and Sunny Jim—(Hecker H-O Co.) 6:15 P.M., daily, except Saturday and Sunday, CBS.

Dixie Circus—"Uncle Bob" Sherwood, famous circus clown; Bradley

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Please send me the introductory vial of Gerly French Perfume created for Screen Stars listed below. I enclose 10c (coin or stamps) for each type checked.

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FREE OFFER... send snapshot with order, and state color of hair, complexion and eyes for your special FREE Perfume Analysis.

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Court of Human Relations—8:30 P.M., Friday, CBS.

Death Valley Days—With Tim Frawley; Joseph Bell; Edward M. Whitney; John White, the Lonesome Cowboy; Joseph Bonime Orchestra (Pacific Coast Borax Co.) 9:00 P.M., Thursday, NBC-WJZ.

First Nighter—June Meredith, Don Ameche, Cliff Soubier; Eric Sagerquists' Orchestra (Campana Corporation) 10:00 P.M., Friday, NBC-WEAF.

Irene Rich—dramatic sketch with supporting cast (Welch's Grape Juice Co.) 7:30 P.M., Wednesday, NBC-WJZ.

One Man's Family—with Anthony Smythe; 9:00 P.M., Saturday, NBC-WEAF.

Roses and Drums—Dramatization of Civil War Stories (Union Central Life Insurance Co.) starting September 9th, 5:00 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

Raffles—the Amateur Crackman, featuring Frederick Worlock, 8:30 P.M., Monday, CBS.

Soconyland Sketches—featuring Arthur Allen and Parker Fennelly (Standard Oil Co. of New York) 9:30 P.M., Tuesday, NBC-WEAF.

Terhune Dog Drama—with Albert Payson Terhune (Spratts Patent, Ltd.) starting September 23rd, 5:45 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

Tasty Theater—one-act plays produced under direction of Marion Farsonnet (Tasty, Inc.) 9:30 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WJZ. (After September 2nd to be moved to a new spot as yet undetermined)

Wife Saver—dramatic sketch with Allen Prescott (Fels & Co.) 11:00 A.M., Monday and Wednesday, NBC-WJZ.

Vic and Sade—with Art Van Harvey, Billy Idelson and Bernadine Flynn, 12:30 P.M., Monday to Friday, inclusive NBC-WJZ.

Comedy Sketches

Amos n' Andy—(Pepsodent Co.) The beloved team will be back on the air from their holiday on September 17th. Frank Buck, of "Bring 'Em Back Alive" fame is pinch hitting for them, 7:45 P.M., daily except Saturday and Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

Clara, Lu 'n' Em—Louise Starkey, Isabel Carothers and Helen King (Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Corp.) 10:15 P.M., daily, except Saturday and Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

The Honeymooners—starring Grace and Eddie Albert, 11:00 A.M., Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Saturday, NBC-WJZ.

Gordon, Dave and Bunny—(Oxol Co.) 5:45 P.M., Monday and Wednesday, CBS.

Al Llewelyn and Brad Browne—(Tasty, Inc.) 7:30 P.M., Tuesday NBC-WEAF.

Mystery Sketches

Eno Crime Clues—Edward Reese and John MacBryde (Harold S. Ritchie Co.) 8:00 P.M., Tuesday and Wednesday, NBC-WJZ.

Featured Singers

Bill and Ginger—(C. F. Mueller Co.) 10:15 A.M., Monday, Wednesday and Friday, CBS.

Yascha Davidoff, baritone, 6:30 P.M., Wednesday, NBC-WEAF.

Frank Crumit and Julia Sanderson—(General Baking Co.) 5:30 P.M., Sunday, CBS.

Wendell Hall—(F. W. Fitch Co.) 7:45 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

Sylvia Froos—blues singer, 11:00 P.M., Saturday, CBS.

Grace Hayes—musical comedy star, 7:45 P.M., Tuesday and Wednesday, NBC-WJZ.

Maxine—with Phil Spitalny's Ensemble (Cheramy, Inc.) 8:00 P.M., CBS.

Kate Smith—8:00 P.M., Monday, Thursday and Friday, CBS.

Paul Keast—baritone; Rollo Hudson's Orchestra (Gold Dust Corp.) 7:30 P.M., Monday and Friday, CBS.

Singing Sam—(Atlas Brewing Co.) 10:30 P.M., Monday, CBS.

Inspirational Programs

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

Elder Lightfoot Solomon Michaux and his Congregation—10:30 P.M., Saturday, CBS.

Looking at Life—Roy Helton, 9:15 P.M., Monday, CBS.

Walter B. Pitkin—author, traveler and psychologist—8:15 P.M., Thursday, CBS.

Household Hints

Cooking Closeups—Mary Ellis Ames, home economist (Pillsbury Flour Mills) 11:00 A.M., Wednesday and Friday, CBS.

Ida Bailey Allen—radio home-maker, 10:15 A.M., Thursday, CBS.

Magic Recipes—Jane Ellison (Borden Sales Co.) 11:45 A.M., Wednesday, CBS.

Mary Lee Taylor—domestic science expert (Pet Milk Sales Corp.), 11:45 A.M., Tuesday and Thursday, CBS.

News Commentators

Boake Carter—(Phileo Radio and Television Corp) 7:45 P.M., daily, except Saturday and Sunday, CBS.

Looking Over the Week—John B. Kennedy, 6:30 P.M., Thursday, NBC-WEAF.

Lowell Thomas—(Sun Oil Co.) 6:45 P.M., daily, except Saturday and Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

Miscellaneous Programs

American Bosch Radio Explorers Club—historical talks by explorers from the Museum of Natural History; music; (United American Bosch Corp.) starting Sept. 19th, 5:30 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

Byrd Expedition—news from the Antarctic; variety program for the explorers and radio audience; orchestra (General Foods Corp.) 10:00 P.M., Wednesday, CBS.

Gene and Glenn—(Gillette Safety Razor Corp.) 7:15 P.M., daily, except Saturday and Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

Johnny Green in the Modern Manner—9:30 P.M., Friday, CBS.

Mrs. Franklin Delano Roosevelt—Josef Koestner's Orchestra (Simmons Co.) starting September 4th, 9:30 P.M., Tuesday NBC-WJZ.

Radio Pulpit—The Rev. Charles Goodell, 10:00 A.M., Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

Science Service—Instructive and informative talks, 4:30 P.M., Wednesday, CBS.

Woman's Radio Review—conducted by Claudine Macdonald; guest speakers; orchestra under direction of Joseph Littau; 3:30 P.M., Monday to Thursday, inclusive, NBC-WEAF.

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WHY not spruce up your home with fresh, clean window shades all 'round? It costs so little with Clopays. Your choice of solid colors or smart chintz patterns by America's foremost designers. Amazingly durable—won't crack, fray or pinhole. Many features found in no other shades. *Trim only one side to fit narrow windows. *Attach to rollers with patented gummed strip. No tacks or tools. *Patented creped texture makes them hang straight, fall straight, wear longer. "Today's best buy in window shades," millions say. At all 5c and 10c stores, and most neighborhood stores. Send 3c stamp for color samples.



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Massage takes weight off only where you have too much. Massage thighs, fat comes off, the rest of the body remains the same. Reduce only where you are fat. Stay young, youthful; massage helps circulation, makes you feel and look young, ambitious. Send coupon today for illustrated book on Massage absolutely free. Get the facts.

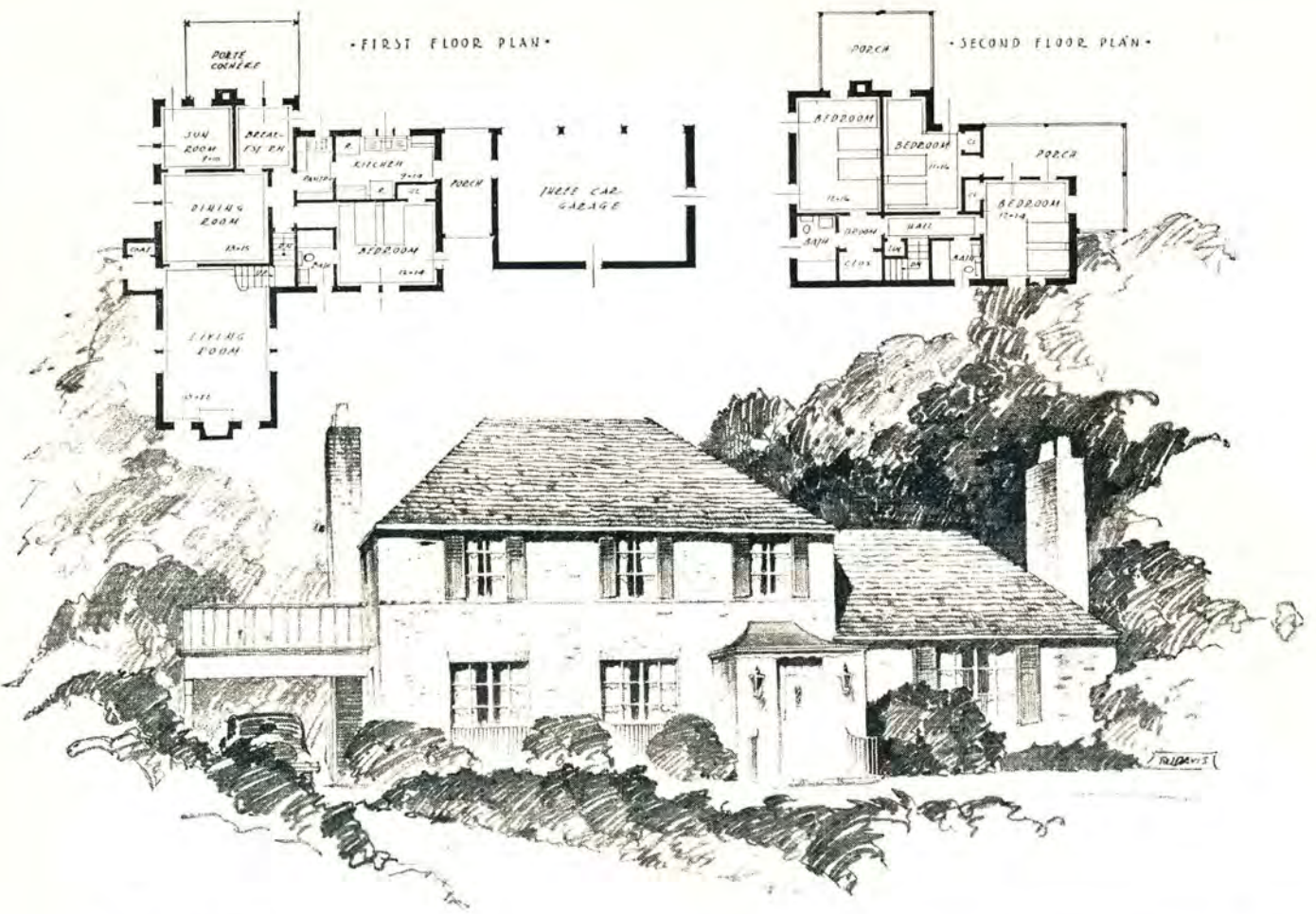
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A House for RUTH ETTING

A house that is charming and individual and follows Miss Etting's own ideas

Designed by Theodore Whitehead Davis, Architect

I DON'T like formal houses," said Ruth Etting, pausing in the midst of going over the biggest pile of fan mail I have ever seen. "I like a roomy house of no particular type of architecture with lots of porches, in fact I planned just such a house a long time ago. I intended to build it out in Nebraska, but my plans never materialized."

Then becoming interested in this little house of hers, she pushed aside the fan mail, took up a pencil and pad and drew the plans roughly so that we could get a better idea of just what kind of house she wanted. Theodore Whitehead Davis, in charge of Tower RADIO Architectural Department, took the rough sketch and designed this lovely house from Miss Etting's own ideas.

The architecture is an adaptation of the French manor house with its air of formality softened by the use of wings and certain unusual details. The exterior walls of the house are constructed of white-washed brick the monotony of which is relieved by gay coral color shutters. The roof is of light green, gray and russet colored slates irregularly placed.

The plan of this interesting house reflects the very individual ideas of Miss Etting. The high ceiled living-room with its big open fireplace, the spacious dining-room, the small sunroom and breakfast room, and the very convenient pantry and kitchen layout are all her own ideas. The placing of a large bedroom and bath on the first floor is a very useful feature.

The second floor contains three good-sized bedrooms with open decks or porches accessible from each room, two baths, a small dressing-room and plenty of closet space.

The stairway in this house is not a prominent feature but could be made most attractive by the use of a decorative wrought iron railing which would add considerable character to the room.

Miss Etting also had very definite ideas on the way the interior of her house should be decorated. Pine paneling and beamed ceiling for the living-room, scenic wall paper in shades of blue-green and golden yellow combined with blue-green paneling and woodwork for the dining-room and brightly painted walls and gay gingham for the kitchen. For the bedrooms Miss Etting prefers wallpaper with creamy white wood work. A large game or recreation room is provided in the basement under the living-room. "The game room has become an extremely important feature in the modern American home as it can be used as a playroom for the children and for all entertaining purposes leaving the upper portion of the house always in perfect order.

We think Miss Etting's house is extremely interesting and practical. Because of its white-washed exterior walls the upkeep would be very low and a house such as this has an excellent resale value because of its unusual features and its adaptability to the needs of the average American family.

If you would like to see a house designed for your favorite radio star in a future issue of this magazine, write to Tower House Editor, TOWER RADIO MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.



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FOR YOUR SKIN
for You !

Deep thrilling temptation to other lips, this color which clings savagely to your own. The shades of SAVAGE lipstick are so truly exciting . . . pulse-quickening . . . intense . . . enchantment itself. SAVAGE is pure transparent color, utterly pasteless . . . color that clings to your lips . . . stays evenly fresh and smooth for hours . . . bewitching hours! Then . . . SAVAGE Cream Rouge to make your cheeks perfectly harmonious, its colors exactly matching the lure of your lips.

and Savage Face Powder!
and Savage Face Powder!

your skin hours after any other face powder would wash away
feathery light . . . SO SMOOTH . . . SO MEAN . . . SO INVITING
The new shades are: *Barbados (fresh) Bahia, Kawaii, Ravenel (extra dark)*



Savage Lipstick
FLAME
thrilling shades

S A V A G E

LIPSTICK ★ FACE POWDER ★ ROUGE
20c AT ALL LEADING TEN CENT STORES



The clean center leaves are the mildest leaves

They Taste Better!

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