

Tower RADIO

MARCH

10¢

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A TOWER
MAGAZINE



LEAH RAY

**RADIO
VS.
THE PUBLIC
ENEMY**
by H. V. KALTENBORN

The CONFESSIONS of EDDIE CANTOR

AWAKEN LOVE...

Be utterly
Irresistible

AWAKEN love with the lure men can't resist... exotic, tempting IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME It stirs senses...thrills... sets hearts on fire. Use Irresistible Perfume and know the mad joy of being utterly irresistible. Men will crowd around you... paying you compliments... begging for dates. Your friends will envy your strange new power to win love.

To be completely fascinating, use all the IRRESISTIBLE BEAUTY AIDS Each has some special feature that gives you glorious new loveliness. Irresistible Lip Lure is the new lipstick that melts into your lips leaving no paste or film... just soft, warm, ripe, red, *indelible* color that makes your lips beg for kisses. Four gorgeous shades to choose from. Irresistible Face Powder is so satin-fine and clinging that it hides small blemishes... stays on for hours... gives you a skin that invites caresses.

Be irresistible tonight... buy Irresistible Beauty Aids today. Ask at your 5 and 10¢ store for Irresistible Perfume, Lip Lure, Face powder, Vanishing, Liquefying, Cold Cream, Cologne, Brilliantine, Talcum Powder. Guaranteed to be pure. Full size packages only 10¢ each at your 5 and 10¢ store.



Irresistible

Perfume and
Beauty Aids
FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK

"I DIDN'T KNOW I COULD BE SO HAPPY"



Romance
comes to the girl
who guards against
**COSMETIC
SKIN**

**You can use cosmetics all you wish
yet guard against this danger . . .**

IT'S so thrilling to win romance—so important to *keep* it! And yet some women let Cosmetic Skin steal away their greatest treasure—do not guard as they should the soft, natural beauty of their complexions.

*Cosmetics Harmless if
removed this way*

It is when cosmetics are allowed to *choke the pores* that they cause Cosmetic Skin. Enlarged pores—tiny blemishes—these are warning signs that you are not *removing cosmetics properly*.

Lux Toilet Soap is made to remove cosmetics *thoroughly*. Its **ACTIVE** lather sinks

deep into the pores, swiftly carries away every vestige of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics.

So before you put on fresh make-up during the day — **ALWAYS** before you go to bed at night—use this gentle care! 9 out of 10 Hollywood stars use Lux Toilet Soap.

LIKE MOST GIRLS,
I USE ROUGE AND
POWDER — BUT
NEVER DO I RISK
COSMETIC SKIN!
I USE **LUX TOILET
SOAP** REGULARLY.
IT DOES LEAVE YOUR
SKIN LIKE VELVET!



LORETTA YOUNG
STAR OF 20TH CENTURY'S "CLIVE OF INDIA"



Barnaba Studios

Watch for the lovely cover of
BABS RYAN

on next month's
TOWER RADIO

The April issue will be brimful of features, including a remarkable story on the popular comic—

JACK BENNY

Another feature of great interest to Tower Radio readers will be—

A PRINCESS LOOKS AT RADIO

What does a real descendant of the Czars think of radio? Here is a new viewpoint, a fresh slant upon radio.

VOL. 2, NO. 6

TOWER RADIO

MARCH, 1935

CATHERINE McNELIS, *Publisher*

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FREDERICK JAMES SMITH, *Managing Editor*

MIRIAM GIBSON, *Associate Editor*

MARY MARSHALL, *Director of Home Service*

HUGH RYAN, *Art Director*

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NEW ISSUE ON SALE THE FIRST OF EVERY MONTH

"IF I KISS YOU NOW....
I COULD NEVER LET YOU GO!"

Helen Hayes and Robert Montgomery gave to the screen an unforgettable love thrill when they appeared together in "Another Language". Now they are co-starred in one of the greatest love stories of our time, Hugh Walpole's famed "Vanessa". When Helen Hayes says: "He has the devil in him...but I love him" she echoes the thought of many a girl who adores a beloved rogue. M-G-M promises you the first truly gripping romantic hit of 1935.



HELEN HAYES

ROBERT

MONTGOMERY

in HUGH WALPOLE'S NOVEL

Vanessa

HER LOVE STORY

with

LEWIS STONE • MAY ROBSON

OTTO KRUGER

A William Howard Production • Produced by David O. Selznick
Directed by William K. Howard



A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

Behind the Dial by

NELLIE REVELL

Radio enjoys the biggest earning year of the entire history of broadcasting

THE steady migration of artists popular on the radio to Hollywood is no mere coincidence. The screen satraps made a survey of theater managers and found a loud-speaker following is a mighty important asset to a cinema star. For instance, in one such poll recently, Will Rogers was voted top entertainer of all celluloid attractions. Bing Crosby, Eddie Cantor, Dick Powell, the Marx Brothers, Al Jolson, Gracie Allen and George Burns, Lanny Ross, Rudy Vallee, Jimmy Durante, Jack Pearl and Phil Harris, all performers well known to listeners, were among the screen leaders in this particular appraisal of entertainment values.

THE conclusion that a screen star can increase his clientele by successful appearances on the air has resulted in a changed attitude toward radio by the Hollywood colony. It wasn't so long ago the screen darlings regarded a microphone performance as an incident of trivial importance. They went to the studios indifferent as to the material they were to project and gave little thought to routine or rehearsals. But no longer. Now they study the medium of its technique and demand that writers skilled in the art of broadcasting prepare their vehicles. Stars like Constance Bennett, Marion Davies, Bebe Daniels, Claudette Colbert and Norma Shearer, who make but intermittent radio appearances, devote long hours to rehearsals of their brief performances on the ether. They know the unseen audience of millions can form a

Tallulah Bankhead, stage star from Alabama, was a recent star in the now famous Lux hour. She did "Let Us Be Gay."



Rudolph H. Hoffmann



United Artists

The lovely lady of Pickfair has won radio just as she won the world of motion pictures. Mary Pickford came to the air as an experiment in response to the letters of her fans and remained to conquer. Her quick acquisition of mike technique was surprising and listeners hope that Miss Pickford will not give up radio, even briefly, for the screen.

lasting impression of their talent by one careless or slovenly exhibition.

PROSPERITY has surely come to the national networks. When this was written the exact figures weren't compiled but indications were that the National Broadcasting Company and the Columbia Broadcasting System between them had sold \$42,500,000 worth of time to advertisers during the year 1934. Compared with the joint income of \$31,500,000 from time sales in 1933 this is an increase of 35%!

EVERYBODY knows that Jessica Dragonette is easy to listen to but her appearance in the role of first aid to painless dentistry will be a surprise even to her most ardent admirers. It sounds like the dream of an inspired press agent but it is a fact and not a figment of the imagination. Three New York City dentists conducted experiments and found their dental operations were less painful when their patients listened to their favorite radio entertainers while in the chair. The theory is that pain is more fancied than real and the dentists proved that when they diverted their customers' minds by radio, 50 percent of the distress was eliminated.

STUDIO IDIOSYNCRASIES: George Givot never takes to the air without first donning a big red sash which he wears across his chest. It is an important part of his Grik Ambassador make-up . . . Grace Hayes always gives her accompanist, Newell Chase, a hearty handshake before her first number . . . Leon Belasco polishes his baton with a white silk handkerchief . . . David Freedman, the gagman, stands to one side and checks with pencil and pad the laughs accorded each gag . . . Al Shayne auditions for commercials dressed exactly as though he were making a stage

(Please turn to page 6)

Igor Gorin, Russian—and interesting—is radio's newest find. His baritone voice has the movie moguls bidding for his services.



Roy Lee Jackson



HERE'S MY STORY

① I WAS THAT FORTUNATE BEING—A WOMAN DEEPLY LOVED. THEN GRADUALLY MY HUSBAND CHANGED—BECAME COLD, DISTANT. STUNG BY HIS INDIFFERENCE I ACCUSED HIM OF LOVING ANOTHER



② FINALLY I ASKED MY SISTER'S ADVICE. SHE POO-POOHED MY FEARS. "NO OTHER WOMAN" SHE SAID "BUT"... AND THEN SHE TOLD ME I HAD BECOME CARELESS—GENTLY WARNED ME ABOUT "B.O." (body odor)



③ I PLAY SAFE NOW—BATHE REGULARLY WITH LIFEBOUY. IT LEAVES YOU SO CLEAN—FEELING, YOU KNOW "B.O." IS GONE



④ TODAY I AM SURE OF MY HUSBAND'S LOVE. HOW GRATEFUL I AM TO LIFEBOUY FOR ENDING THE FAULT THAT WAS TURNING HIM FROM ME



LIFEBOUY'S GREAT FOR THE SKIN, TOO.

NO OTHER SOAP EVER KEPT MINE SO SMOOTH AND CLEAR



LIFEBOUY'S clean, quickly-vanishing scent promises extra protection. Its rich, creamy, searching lather performs this promise—for face, hands and bath! It deep-cleanses face pores—keeps once-cloudy complexions fresh and glowing. It deodorizes body pores—keeps millions of men and women safe from "B. O." (body odor). Removes germs from hands—helps fight the 27 germ diseases hands may spread.

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau



HER HUSBAND CAME TO THE RESCUE



RINSO is grand for tub washing, too. Gives rich suds—even in hardest water. Soaks clothes 4 or 5 shades whiter. They last 2 or 3 times longer. Recommended by makers of 34 famous washers. Great for dishwashing. Easy on hands.

THE BIGGEST-SELLING PACKAGE SOAP IN AMERICA

Charles Previn, Columbus of stars, helped Grace Moore, Mary Lewis and others on to success



Above, Rudy Vallee has as guests on his *Variety Hour* the Don Cossacks. Here they are shown broadcasting from the stage of a large studio in Radio City, New York.



One of the finest performances of radio was the Lux presentation of "Berkeley Square." Frieda Innescourt, Leslie Howard and Helen Chandler portrayed the leading roles.

(Continued from page 4)

appearance . . . Gracie Barrie fingers a locket containing a shamrock sent by a Dublin admirer.

Charles Previn, conductor of the Silken Strings orchestra which furnishes the musical background for the golden-voiced Countess Olga Albani, in a life-time in the Broadway theater has helped develop many stars. It was he, for instance, who was responsible for Mary Lewis' debut in the second *Greenwich Village Follies*. Miss Lewis, a member of the chorus, young and lively, was getting in everybody's hair at rehearsals with her continual singing and dancing. The producer, John Murray Anderson, couldn't find a satisfactory prima donna and Previn urged that Miss Lewis be given the chance.

GRACE MOORE is another who was helped up the ladder of fame by Previn. The latter, playing Washington, D. C., with a musical show, was persuaded by the theater manager to receive a young woman, just up from Tennessee, who was anxious for a stage career. Previn heard the girl sing, saw the possibilities in her voice and sent her on her way North with letters that paved the way for the coveted chance to display her talents. Now Grace Moore sleeps in a black silk night robe be-

Behind THE DIAL

tween sheets of black crêpe-de-chine and on a pillow-case to match and indulges in other idiosyncrasies her eminence in the radio, operatic and motion-picture worlds no doubt justifies.

PRESIDENT L. B. WILSON of Station SCKY, Covington, Ky., vouches for it so it must be so. A woman wrote him: "Please disconnect your radio station from my home as the radio isn't installed here any more." Maybe the college professor who estimated the mentality of the radio audience at 12 years of age had the right idea after all.

RANDOM THOUGHTS: It must be the Mae West influence or the depression, or perhaps both, which is resulting in the resurrection of the ballads and sentimental songs of the '90's. Yet there is something ironical in the fact that Kay Parsons, who made her reputation singing the old numbers as "The Girl of Yesterday" isn't on the air waves at the moment. Then there is May Singhi Breen, one of the pioneers of radio who established herself as the Ukulele Queen. Now that May and her hubby, Peter de Rose, are being sponsored, she sings to the accompaniment of his piano and the ukulele is



The inimitable Samuel L. Rothafel, better known to you as Roxy, is one of radio's pioneers still broadcasting.

rarely heard. Like to hear it more often, fans?

THE most devoted fan to come under my observation is a Mrs. Juliet Delmar, a lady living on Long Island. In seven months she hasn't missed a single rehearsal of Captain Henry's Show Boat. These are protracted sessions on Thursdays but Mrs. Delmar is the first to arrive and the last to leave. Then she hurries home to hear how the show sounds through the loudspeaker!

PUBLIC opinion, which rules all things in a democracy, is just as potent in broadcasting as elsewhere but listeners fail to realize their power. Sponsors and network executives *do* pay attention to fan mail—far more attention than you think. If you like a program and write a station telling them why, your letter is carefully read. By the same token if you dislike a show and explain why it displeases you that letter, too, is analyzed. One genuine letter, of course, conveying the writer's sincerity, counts more than a hundred inspired by a fan club or some hocus-pocus on the part of ambitious entertainers.

ON the subject of matrimony there are two schools of thought in radio. One believes the domestic side of entertainers should be exploited and the other that it should be soft-pedaled. Adherents of the latter theory are usually male singers with exaggerated ideas as to their sex appeal who hold formally to the thought that feminine listeners lose interest when they learn they are married. The fact that Lawrence Tibbett and most of our popular vocalists are wed indicates to me that the public is intrigued by a singer's voice and not by his matrimonial commitments—or lack of them.

SIDELIGHTS on Grace Hayes, the NBC songstress: Has no desire to be an ingénue . . . is a magnificent cook . . . is not sensitive about her son, Lind . . . travels all over with him and wants the world to know she has an adult son . . . lives in Westchester and likes all sorts of pets, including monkeys . . . is very particular about her clothes . . . can't stand imitation furs and must have gowns of the finest materials . . . as a result she hasn't many clothes but what she has are expensive . . . is no newcomer to radio, having made her debut in 1929 after winning a popularity contest sponsored by a motorcar manufacturer.

Bing Crosby preserves an orange-colored sweater he wore when he signed a contract with Paul Whiteman as one of the Rhythm Boys . . . Mrs. Charlotte Gear, radio columnist of *The Newark Evening News*, who writes the Fischer Mystery sketches for WOR, has a remarkable distinction . . . She never read a mystery or detective thriller in her life . . . Mrs. Gear gets her plots for the serial from actual cases in the police archives . . . Little Jackie Heller, so called because he stands just one inch above five feet, used to be a boxer . . . He was the Pennsylv-
(Please turn to page 70)



The MAGIC of TINTEX

brings **gay** color to *faded*

Apparel and Home Decorations



SMART women everywhere are using Tintex. These magic tints and dyes have become a necessity in thousands and thousands of homes. In the twinkling of an eye they restore the original color to faded apparel or home decorations . . . or give fashionable new color, if you prefer. So easy, too. Simply "tint as you rinse." Expensive? Not a bit

. . . Tintex costs only a few pennies, but saves dollars. Keep a supply always on hand. There are 35 brilliant, long-lasting colors from which to choose.

Park & Tilford, *Distributors*

Tintex

AT ALL DRUG STORES, NOTION AND TOILET GOODS COUNTERS



Use TINTEX to
Give Color to

N negligees • Underthings • Dresses • Sweaters
Scarves • Stockings • Slips • Blouses • Curtains
Drapes • Bed Spreads • Luncheon Sets
Doilies • Slip Covers • Children's Clothes
Men's Shirts • and hundreds of other
articles of apparel and home decoration

The World's Largest Selling TINTS and DYES

Stripped

OF FORTUNE
OF HONOR
OF LOVE...



...Yet he was Clive,
Conqueror of India...
treasure house of the world!

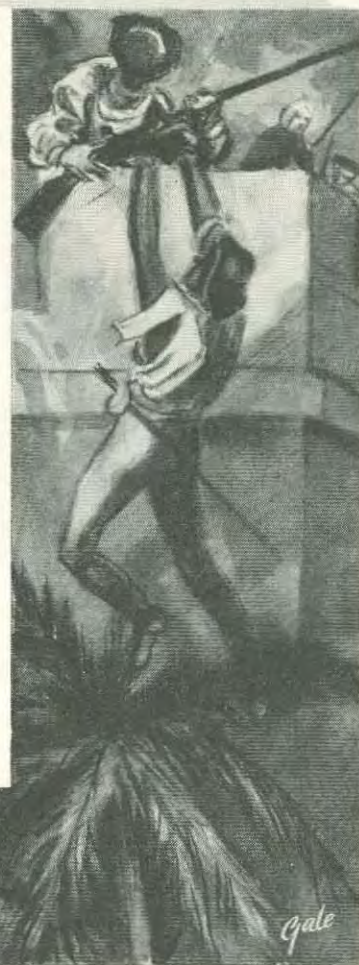
•
SEE: Clive's "mad" army avenge
the massacre of "The Black Hole
of Calcutta"! First time on the
screen!

SEE: The charge of the battle
elephants... strangest warriors
in history... in the mighty
conflict at Plassey!

SEE: Clive crawl through the
enemy lines at Trichinopoly,
to become a Man of Destiny!

SEE: An Indian ruler's human
chessboard... with beauties as
pawns... and with Death to
the losers!

SEE: The duel which convinces
Clive that he is a Man of Destiny
... A man who cannot die!



JOSEPH M. SCHENCK PRESENTS

DARRYL F. ZANUCK'S production.

CLIVE *of* INDIA

STARRING

Ronald COLMAN

LORETTA YOUNG



Released thru
UNITED ARTISTS

with Colin Clive • Francis Lister • C. Aubrey Smith • Cesar Romero
Directed by RICHARD BOLESLAWSKI • Written by W.P. Lipscomb & R.J. Minney

Presented by the Producers of "The House of Rothschild" ... as their most important Screen Achievement!

Pity the poor \$5,000 to \$12,000 a week radio star! When he gets through living up to his position—he's broke!

By GUY JOHNSON

Drawings by D. B. Holcomb



Here's the stellar breadline. These boys and girls earn a fortune—but, boy, how it vanishes.

The HIGH COST OF BEING A RADIO STAR

estimate of what Ed Wynn must pay for his federal, state and local taxes would be \$1500 per week. If you are following the arithmetic of these computations, you will find that at this point approximately \$3,000 of the \$5,000 is already gone!

IT certainly looks easy. All you have to do is walk into a studio, tell a few jokes, or sing a few songs, and walk out with five thousand dollars. Think of it—\$5,000 for a half hour's work. Pretty soft!

But is it? Is this business of being a radio star as easy as it looks? Is that whopping big weekly fee just so much pure gravy—or does it take a lot of time and money to get up to the table, and is a lot of the gravy spilled on the way back?

Well, let's find out. The thing to do is to take some top-ranking stars in radio and see what it costs to stay on top. Probably we're due for some surprises. There aren't many stars in that charmed circle who receive \$5,000 per broadcast—which is just about the highest regular salary in radio—but, anyway, we'll scramble up to the top and take a look around.

How would you like to take over Ed Wynn's expense account, for instance? The good old Fire Chief is generally credited with being the star who established \$5,000 a week as a salary for top attractions, and he is also credited with being the man who started the present overwhelming vogue of comedians on the air.

Ed Wynn maintains on his personal payroll a full-time business manager, a full-time secretary and physical trainer, and a secretarial force of three persons. These are high caliber people on Wynn's personal staff, and their combined salaries total just about \$550 per week.

Ed Wynn writes his own scripts, with the help of some highly expert research assistants, who maintain his reference library and dig up facts and

humorous situations for him to make quips about. This costs him \$250 per week and, even so, the figure is far below that paid by other comedians who must buy their scripts from outside sources.

Once you start whittling down a salary in \$550 and \$250 weekly chunks, you begin to see where the money goes! Here comes another \$200 weekly item—the cost of answering fan letters and sending out photographs. A fully equipped rehearsal studio for rehearsing and trying out program ideas costs \$100 per week; insurance, replacement and maintenance of costumes costs \$100; and telephone, telegraph and taxi bills (radio time waits for no man) take up another \$100 per week. A star, to keep his position, must do a certain amount of obligatory entertaining (on a star's scale) and at even the most informal restaurant meal or club evening he must always be ready to grab the check. These items, frequently irksome but always necessary, sometimes run as high as \$150 in a week.

ONCE the decks are supposedly cleared, then comes the worst blow of all, the nightmare that haunts the sleep of every star in radio—the income tax. The bigger the salary, the higher the tax, and a good

before you even start on Ed Wynn's personal expenses, his rent, his food, his clothing, money for his family and the maintenance of his son in college, and his constant and heavy contributions to charity, about which he says nothing. Ed Wynn is one of the grandest and best loved characters in radio; and, far from rolling in wealth, as his salary might indicate, it is not likely that much more than a small part of his earnings actually filter down to him for his own use.

Well! After going through a set of figures like those we begin to realize that even top salaries in radio can melt away as fast as snow in April. It is the ancient story of the amusement world—the star of today is the bit player of tomorrow—and radio stars differ from the stars of the theater or the movies only in that, generally speaking, radio stars are a little more like home folk, a little more friendly and neighborly, and a little more likely to try to put some money aside to take care of them in their old age.

One heavy item of expense that most people don't think of is (Please turn to page 42)



You'll see the Fire Chief at your back door anytime.

DOWN the DEATH



Top, the group of actors who present "Death Valley Days." Tim Frawley, veteran actor, is the Old Ranger.



Left, Ruth Cornwall, who writes the series, in the real Death Valley. She has traveled 2,200 desert miles for interesting local color.



Right, Edward Whitney, the radio production director, with D. R. Chipp, NBC engineer.

ONCE you start finding out about this "Death Valley Days" program, you are due for a lot of surprises. Here it is, the oldest, best and most popular (yes sir, all three adjectives are justified) Western program on the air—and all these years it has been written by a woman!

What's more, every last one of the stories is a true incident of something that really happened, and very often they concern living people. All the Western lore in them is authentic, and for almost five years now they have been produced by the same people.

Would you like to see how it is done? Would you like to find out how the material is gathered, and by whom, and how it is produced for the air, and what the people are like who write, direct and act in this program? Well, stranger, just throw a leg over that desert burro there, and we'll ride out and see what this Death Valley outfit is like.

Whew! It's hot down here, isn't it? That's because Death Valley lies 300 feet below sea level, the lowest point in the United States, and the bottom of the world, so far as this country is

concerned. The valley got its name from a party of '49ers who took this route as a short cut to California, expecting to find gold, and instead they found—well, you see what they named the valley, don't you? Anyway, enough of them got through to tell the tale and hold reunions every year up to 1911, and the name they gave the valley has stuck every since.

There never was much gold found in this valley, but later on they—hey! pull over to one side there, and let that truck pass. That's a supply truck, going to Furnace Creek Inn, where the winter visitors stay. As we were saying, along about 1880 they found borax in this valley, and that proved a lot more valuable and more steady and profitable than a few veins of gold. You might have thought that hotel truck was hauling borax, but the fact is that for the last six or seven years, most of the borax has been coming from the Mojave desert. Here's something, too, that you may not have known. You've seen pictures of those twenty-mule teams that used to haul borax in the early days, but did you know that only four of those mules were needed to haul the borax itself. The rest of that

mule power was needed to haul the water and supplies necessary to get a team of any kind across Death Valley.

That's the kind of life they led out in the valley, and naturally the place is full of tall tales of the old days, the recent days and the present days. These tales go into the radio programs that you hear on a nation-wide National Broadcasting Company network every Thursday night, and in many ways the background is the most interesting part of the whole procedure. Almost any competent performer could walk into the Radio City studios and put on a program, but darned few broadcasters would go all the way out to Death Valley for their material.

Ruth Cornwall does. She's a trim little woman, black haired and black eyed, quite attractive, active and alert. She has had a successful career writing for magazines and writing radio programs, and combines a happy home life with it. In

VALLEY TRAIL

private life Miss Cornwall is the wife of a New York business man who is connected with one of the financial firms in Wall Street, and she is the mother of a young son in school who always looks forward to mother's trips out West because she brings back such interesting souvenirs.

ONCE a year for the past five years she has gone out to Death Valley to get her material directly at the source. Company officials escort her, and she is welcomed as a friend by the old miners, prospectors, teamsters, peace officers and picturesque desert characters of all kinds, who tell her the lore and stories of the desert country. So uncanny is her accuracy in using real names and real places that families have discovered long-missing relatives by hearing them mentioned on the radio program; old prospectors who never saw a radio before have heard New York actors impersonating them; and on at least one occasion a once glamorous Western character who had fallen upon evil days and landed in the Nevada State Prison, broke down and wept when, over the prison radio, he heard a dramatization of a brave incident of his early career in which he was the hero.

The stuff of life goes into these Death Valley programs, and Miss Cornwall spares no effort to get the best material available. She returned from her most recent trip in time for the Christmas holidays, after covering 2,200 miles in her travels through the desert country. "Sometimes I hold my breath when I meet people I've used in broadcasts," says Miss Cornwall, "but so far I have had nothing but a cordial reception. Some of them certainly are surprised to find that the Old Ranger, the fictional character who acts as narrator of the radio programs, in real fact is a lady from New York! However, I met a miner's wife in Round Mountain who said she had always suspected a woman's hand in the sketches, because so many of the stories showed such sympathy for women.

"I was pleased to note that so many of the desert people now have radios and listen regularly to the programs. I like to renew my acquaintance with the old-timers, such as Johnny Mills and his famous "assembled" automobile, Death Valley Chuckawalla—"assembled" from parts of every make of car found abandoned on the desert; Frank Tilton, one of the original Twenty Mule teamsters; Wash Cahill, superintendent of the company's desert railroad; and, of course, the hospitable "Death Valley Scotty" and his fantastic castle, whose money comes not from some hidden gold mine, but from a multi-millionaire Chicago business man whom Scotty nursed back to health and who furnishes the money because he enjoys seeing the spectacular way in which Scotty spends it!

"It is always a shock to hear that some of the old timers have passed on. In the year between my last two trips, eight old timers had gone down the Sunset Trail. One of these was the most famous of all the old guides, Shorty Harris, whom

You've heard radio's romantic yarns about the bottom of the world, which tried the souls of the hardy pioneers of '49

By

TOM CARSKADON

Special Photographs for TOWER RADIO by Wide World



John White, the Lonesome Cowboy of "Death Valley Days," and guitar.

I had talked with many times and whose stories I had repeatedly used on the radio. I attended his burial, the first official funeral ever held in Death Valley. The procession traveled 150 miles to carry out Shorty Harris' last wish that he be buried at the lowest point in Death Valley. They laid him away beside Jimmy Dayton, a prospector who made that same request fifty years ago.

"Picturesque figures pass, but the traditions of the valley live on, and to me one of the most interesting places in the whole world is Death Valley."

Miss Cornwall's enthusiasm for the region is richly reflected in her radio scripts, and these, in turn, are given most careful and expert production. A talented group of seven people started out with the very first broadcast, nearly five years ago, and the group has remained intact ever since.

WORKING with Miss Cornwall is a quiet-speaking, pleasant woman, Dorothy Barstow, who is head of the radio department of the McCann-Erickson advertising agency, and whose deft touch has added to the quality of a number of radio's outstanding programs. She, of course, has charge of this as well as of all the other programs which that agency produces, including the new three-hour parade of dance music which marches across the NBC night-time network.

The direct supervisor of production for the agency is Margaret Jessup, an attractive, talented young eastern college girl with a flair for dramatics and writing, who attends all rehearsals and watches over the building of the program from first script to the final performance on the air.

Working right along with her is Edward Whitney, the production director for the National Broadcasting Company, who is one of the network's ablest and most experienced directors. He has been with NBC since its inception, coming there from a career as a nationally known reader and interpreter of plays, and in addition to his directorial work, he frequently acts on the Death Valley programs. He has also appeared as Captain Jimmy Norton on the "Harbor Lights" programs; Judge Whipple, of "Real Folks"; and Sheriff Peters of "Friendship Town."

The NBC announcer on the first Death Valley program was George Hicks and he has been on it ever since. His straightforward, unaffected delivery has made him one of the ablest and best liked announcers on the NBC staff, and his lively sense of news values has made him especially useful in broadcasting public occasion and "spot" news events.

Always there is an interlude in the Death Valley programs when a rich, cowboy baritone comes forth with a real cowboy song. This singer is John White, known to radio as the "Lonesome Cowboy," who accompanies himself on his old guitar, "Martha," and sings authentic ballads of the real West. White was born on a ranch in Arizona, is university educated, and makes a scholarly as well as an entertaining hobby of collecting genuine ballads of the range country. One of his brothers runs a dude ranch at Wickenburg, Arizona, where John spends his vacations, and John, too, has made trips directly into Death Valley for genuine local songs.

These are six of the original seven, the radio pioneers of Death Valley, and the seventh is Jack MacBryde, an actor who appeared in the very first program and who has been in virtually all of them since that time. He is popular not only on this program but on a great many others as well, notably the Crime Clues series, in which he plays Dan Cassidy, the pal of the detective, Spencer Dean, and the Tom Mix program, in which he plays the old Indian Chief.

THE part of the Old Ranger is played by Tim Frawley, a veteran theatrical manager and actor, who lived for (Please turn to page 63)

Decoration by Frank Dobias



Tower Radio, March, 1935



Tower Radio, March, 1935

Valentine Party

MARLENE CARRINGTON always dressed the part—always. When she crooned her songs of Spain she wore black lace and a mantilla and carried a huge fan; when she sang "Butterfly" she was kimonoed and her eyes were made up so that they were slanting and mysterious. When she did her Mother Goose program she wore a white organdy frock, and half socks, and a blue bow in her hair. And tonight—for her old-fashioned cycle—she was dressed in hoop skirts and pantalettes and a poke bonnet.

"You look like a valentine, Miss Carrington!" her accompanist enthused.

Marlene laughed. She answered, "I feel like the final rose of a vanished Summer. There was a party last night and they fed me TNT in cocktail glasses. Is TNT pink, Nick?"

Nick Temple, the accompanist, shrugged. "I never had any," he told her, "but I think you mean grenadine. Heaven keep me from sweet cocktails!"

"Amen," breathed Marlene. She said, "I'm going right home in these. I'll not even wait to put on street things. I'll probably wear my hoop skirt to bed. I'm a wreck."

Nick said, "You'll live to regret it. Sleeping in a hoop skirt is bad for the health."

Marlene yawned. She hummed a bar of the music. She said:

"Do I sound pretty crummy, old dear? As if I've a frog in my throat, or something?"

Nick answered, "Or something."

And then a call boy knocked on the door and muttered a summons indistinctly, and took an eyeful of Marlene and backed out. Marlene lifted her ruffled skirt in two slim, gloved hands and pirouetted into the other room—the studio from which she did her stuff.

There was a lusty round of applause—Marlene never failed to have an audience in the studio—and she dropped a deep curtsy. She took her place in front of the mike and clasped her two hands under her chin, and cast down her eyes and began to sing. The slight huskiness of her voice didn't do any harm—it made the love songs sound a trifle more authentic. As if she really meant them. Well, maybe she did, at that! She sang for half an hour, good naturedly, gently—at the end, a shade wearily. When it was all over she curtsied again to her visible audience, and said, "See you next week—" to her invisible one, and ducked out of the room. Nick Temple, following her, said:

"You were swell. What some of the rest need is a touch of pink TNT if you ask me."

Marlene replied, "I didn't ask you. But you can get my coat, lamb-pie. I'm dying on my feet."

Nick said, "With a little encouragement I'd see you home," but Marlene said:

"Be your age—it's hardly midnight. What are taxicabs for, I'd like to know?"

SHE blew him a lazy kiss, and left him—that was going home as soon as her job was done. Nick heard her talking, in the hall outside, with the girl at the desk; he heard the click of the elevator. He sighed and shrugged, and began to pick up his music.

But why worry about Nick Temple—or his music? This isn't his story!

Marlene went down in the elevator, her poke-bonneted head rising flower-like from above



The little crippled girl's face was streaked with tears. But her eyes were wide brown saucers. "You're a valentine, come to life," she exclaimed. "You look like the way Marlene Carrington sings. You look like the way she looks. I seen her picture once."

"Want I should turn on the radio? You've got a long ride."

Marlene snorted, "Radio! I should say not. Do you know any more jokes?"

The driver asked defensively:

"Don't you like the radio?"

Marlene wasn't proud. She'd invariably answer a civil question.

"Well," she said, "the radio's done me a couple of good turns, take it by and large."

The taxi-driver said, "Me, too. Say, sometimes I think I'd go nuts if it wasn't for the radio. When I'm cruising around late, like this, and fares are scarce, and I'm worried about Molly, a song or two takes my mind off my troubles."

Marlene yawned. She said:

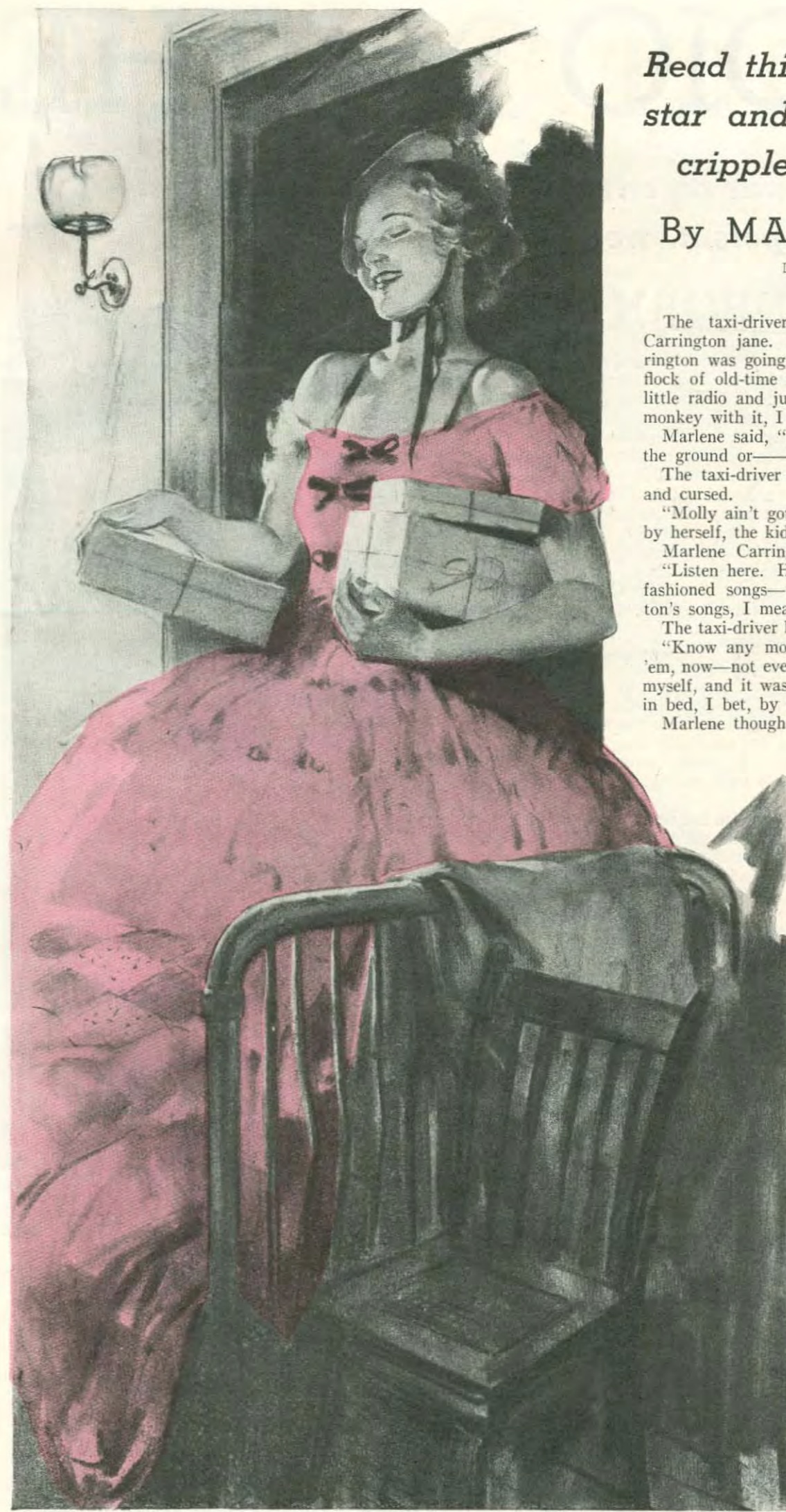
"What kind of songs do you like best? And who's Molly?"

The taxi-driver cut across a red light. He answered:

her long, ultra modern evening coat. It was so long—the coat—that it quite covered Marlene's pantalettes. She hailed a taxi that was cruising through the street, and climbed into it and sank back on the cold leather seat. She gave an address and said:

"Home James!"

The driver queried:



"I like soft songs; you know—nice refined stuff, the sort that Marlene Carrington sings. Molly? She's my kid. She can't walk—had infantile."

Marlene was tired. She was on her way home to sleep in a hoop skirt. But she leaned forward just the same.

"This kid of yours," she asked, "this Molly? How old is she? Does she like Marlene Carrington, too?"

Read this charming story of a radio star and what happened to a tiny cripple in a lonely tenement room

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

DRAWING BY CHARLES LA SALLE

The taxi-driver said, "Molly's twelve. Yeah—she's crazy about the Carrington jane. She's been talking all week about the program that Carrington was going to give tonight—it's Valentine Day and they was to be a flock of old-time numbers. But say, how's this for luck? The kid has a little radio and just as I was starting out it went flooey. I couldn't stop to monkey with it, I hadn't time. I left her crying—and all alone, too!"

Marlene said, "Couldn't her mother do the trick? Get a new tube or fix the ground or—"

The taxi-driver turned a sharp corner. He missed another taxi narrowly, and cursed.

"Molly ain't got any mother," he said at last, "my wife's dead. She stays by herself, the kid, while I'm out. I hope she didn't cry very long tonight."

Marlene Carrington was all ears. She wasn't yawning now. She said: "Listen here. How would your youngster like it if she could hear the old-fashioned songs—the Valentine program—right in her own room? Carrington's songs, I mean?"

The taxi-driver laughed.

"Know any more jokes?" he asked, but not rudely. "She couldn't hear 'em, now—not even if her radio was working! I listened in to the broadcast, myself, and it was all over a half hour ago. Marlene Carrington's home and in bed, I bet, by this time."

Marlene thought for one fleeting moment, "Wouldn't she like to be!" And then she murmured to herself, "Get thee behind me, Satan," and then she said aloud:

"Shoot your cab around and take me to your house. Mr. Taxi-man. If Molly is still awake she'll have her music, and like it. We'll give the kid a Valentine Party—and you needn't be afraid of losing money, either. You can keep your meter running while I'm doing my stuff."

The driver stopped the cab, short. He stopped it from sheer surprise. He peered back through the window of the cab. Perhaps for the first time he was conscious of Marlene's poke bonnet; of her air of authority. He said:

"I'll be a so-and-so! Are you—"

Marlene said, "Sure I am, in person. How long'll it take us to get to your Molly?"

THEY stopped, on the way to the dingy part of town in which the driver lived, at various shops. Marlene bought red roses in a white wicker basket. She bought candies in a pink satin heart from a Greek confectionery store, and ice cream in three flavors and a cake. The taxi-driver, grinning fatuously, hung at her elbow. He kept saying—

"Well, I'll be hanged!"

He stowed the bundles—the roses, the cakes, the candy, on the seat beside Marlene. He kept the ice cream in front, with him.

"The cab's heated," he explained, "I don't want it should melt."

Marlene said, "It won't, if you hurry. Where do you live—in the East River?"

The taxi-driver said, "Darn near." He crossed under an elevated road, and turned into an unsavory alley.

Marlene thought swiftly, "This is a slick place for a murder," but it didn't scare her.

They stopped in front of a tenement that was drenched in darkness and the driver piled out and helped Marlene to alight, and gathered up the packages and locked the car. He said:

"Follow me and don't trip. It's all the way to the top."

Marlene, puffing, answered:

"I won't trip; my panties aren't that long! But I wish Nick Temple could see me now!"

The stairs were steep and the memory of many a cabbage meal lingered. There was a grim hint of fried hamburger in the very woodwork. Finally the driver said, "Here we are," and put a key (Please turn to page 50)

RADIO vs. THE

Failure to use radio in the war on crime is to neglect society's most potent weapon

By H. V. KALTENBORN

H. V. Kaltenborn holds the record for being the pioneer news commentator of the air. He started in 1922 on a New York station which is now WABC.

Kaltenborn ran away from home at the age of fifteen. At eighteen he was a soldier in the Spanish-American War. Returning to his home in Milwaukee, he became bored with humdrum life and started off on a bicycle trip around the world. His tour took him through Germany, where his uncle was then Minister of War.

Back home again, Kaltenborn earned his way through Harvard, winning a B.A. degree and the two chief oratory prizes. He next studied at the University of Berlin, returning to become private instructor to Vincent Astor. Then radio won him over—and you know the rest.

Mr. Kaltenborn's article for TOWER RADIO on radio and crime has unusual significance, since he was the official representative of radio at the recent national crime prevention conference in Washington.

WHEN the Attorney General asked me to come to Washington to represent radio in his recent crime conference, he put two questions: What has radio done to prevent crime? What has radio done to apprehend criminals?

Although I had been associated with radio broadcasting since its beginning, the exact relation of radio to the great crime problem had never occupied my attention. At least not sufficiently to enable me to tell the story as I thought it should be told.

"Why not," I said, "ask the radio stations what the Attorney General asked me?" So these questions went out to hundreds of broadcasters everywhere, and soon there piled up on my desk an extraordinary record of constructive achievement.

Radio, I learned, has long been crime conscious. In large cities and small, it was working with police, sheriffs, judges, prosecuting officers, penologists, sociologists, prison wardens in an extraordinary range of activity covering every phase of crime and crime prevention; the apprehension of criminals, their punishment, their life in prison, their rehabilitation.

There were countless stories of criminals caught red-handed, thanks to radio; of broadcasts from jails and courtrooms. Over some stations convicted criminals are telling why they went wrong, and how young people can avoid their mistakes. Practically every report told of regular daily cooperation between radio and law enforcement officers.

Few of us are conscious of all these radio activities. If we live in a large city, we may sometimes tune in the police calls, but even then, we hardly realize how important the short wave radio set has become in connection with police activities. It is only six years since the first modern police radio system was installed, yet already over 200 communities are finding them the most efficient police aid ever devised.

Already in 1933 the Chicago police had developed the use of radio to such an extent that 168,457 broadcasts went out to their radio cars and these

resulted in 12,688 actual arrests. Even in St. Louis there are over 70,000 calls a year, and the police radio service of the city has now been broadened to cover completely an area of 472 square miles. Police chiefs are enthusiastic in their comment on this radio service. Once installed, they find it indispensable, and it is significant that no city has ever discontinued the use of a police radio.

THE first installations were quite expensive, but it is now possible to equip a fair-sized community with police radio service for something like \$1,700. A lower wave length is used and this also reduces the cost of operation.

But it is the commercial radio stations that have stood by the police pending the installation of their own radio systems. In many communities this service has become so valuable that the police ask for its continuance after they install their own service. The description of an escaping criminal, of a stolen car, or a missing person reaches everywhere instantaneously and gets results.

In country districts police and highway patrols have doubled their efficiency, thanks to radio. In Kansas, every patrol car and sheriff's officer, no matter where located, tunes in on a station in Topeka each weekday morning from 10:45 to 11:00. During this period, the facts concerning crimes committed during the preceding twenty-four hours are broadcast and cars receive their orders. Only recently an entire gang of bank robbers was captured within a few minutes after a hold-up, thanks to radio information.

A Minneapolis-St. Paul station broadcasts police and sheriff's reports from a large area in the Northwest twice daily. This service has become so well known and so important, that local police chiefs send important crime bulletins to the broadcasting station before they call police headquarters. This particular station has an extraordinary record of successful radio-police cooperation. There is the story of a Duluth forger sitting in a hotel lobby who heard the police bulletin describing his own personal appearance so accurately that he decided to surrender.

BROADCASTING has rarely had a finer tribute than that accorded by the annual report of the Minnesota Police Association, which says:

"We gladly acknowledge the service Station WCCO has been rendering for four years without cost. We want the people of the State to know that the WCCO daily



Drawings by James Schucker

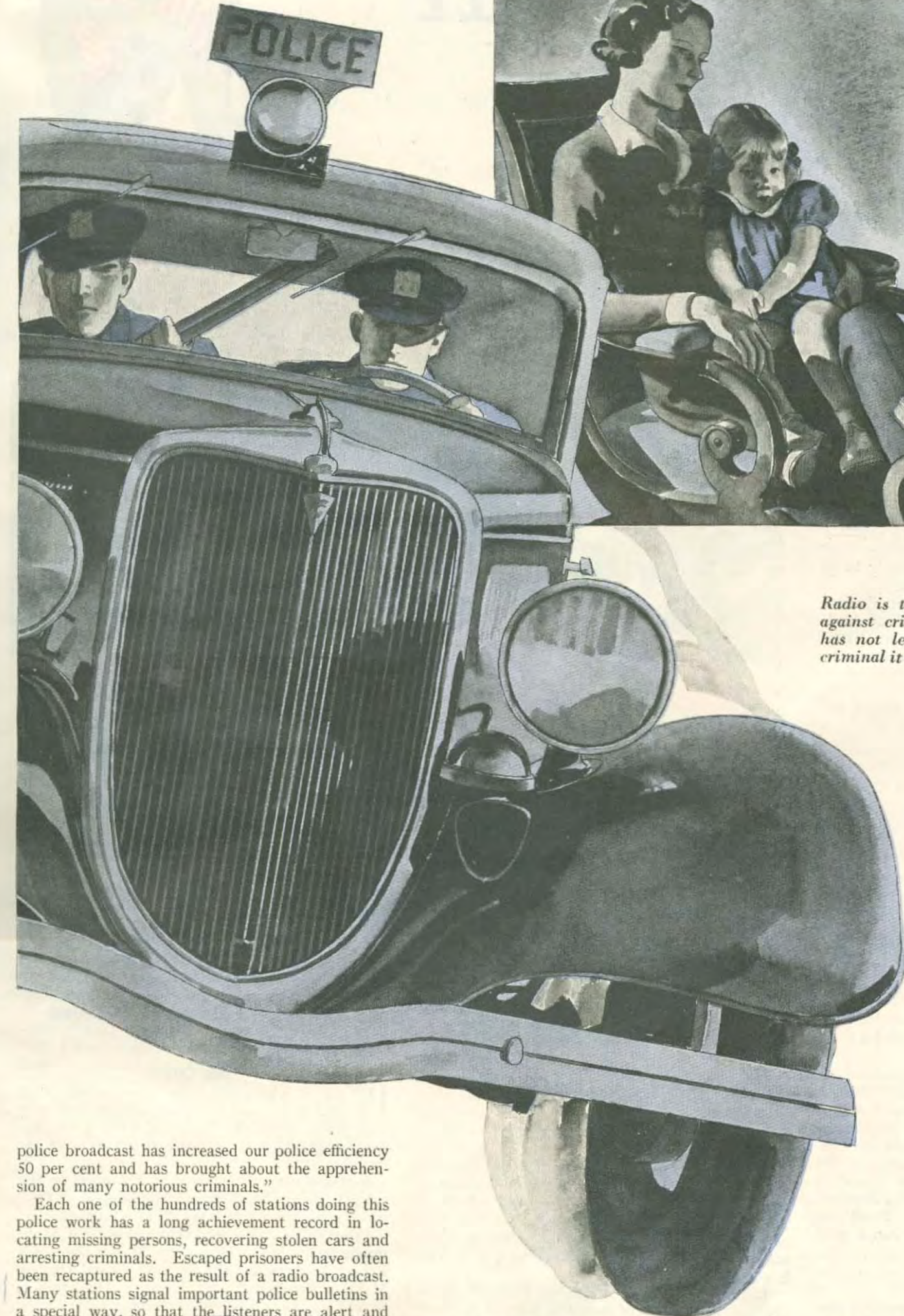


"Soon there will be pressure from radio stations for the right to report important cases. Broadcasters will demand equal privileges with the press dealing with important events. Traffic and police court proceedings are reported regularly in a number of cities."

—H. V. KALTENBORN.

Photo by Bert Lussen

PUBLIC ENEMY



Radio is the home's first line of defense against crime. If your home community has not learned to use radio against the criminal it is letting its best weapon lay idle.

police broadcast has increased our police efficiency 50 per cent and has brought about the apprehension of many notorious criminals."

Each one of the hundreds of stations doing this police work has a long achievement record in locating missing persons, recovering stolen cars and arresting criminals. Escaped prisoners have often been recaptured as the result of a radio broadcast. Many stations signal important police bulletins in a special way, so that the listeners are alert and ready to become amateur detectives.

Not long ago when a station in Washington, D. C., broadcast the description of several men who had just robbed a bank in broad daylight, there

was an immediate call from a restaurant owner in southeast Washington. He had seen the robbers park their car and run into the railroad yards. The police caught the robbers within the hour. An

epidemic of bank robberies in South Dakota ceased soon after the police secured the cooperation of local broadcasting stations.

How should broadcasters report crime news? This has become an important question since listeners have shown a growing appetite for news of every kind. Director Barrett of the Press-Radio Bureau applies five tests to every piece of crime news before he puts it on the air. His policy is most conservative. The Yankee Network which supplies its listeners with a great deal of news of every kind has also established a special policy on crime outlined to me as follows:

"There is drastic deletion of details that in the opinion of the editors might facilitate repetition of criminal acts. Somewhat frequently the Yankee Network News Service refrains from reporting crimes when it is thought that it might increase crime."

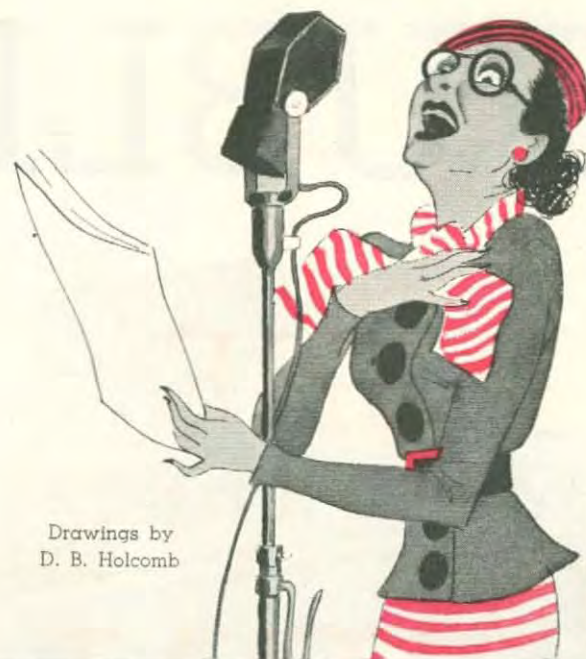
There was some debate at the Washington Crime Conference in December on the danger of detailed description of police methods in the press and over the air. Some officials thought

that there is a tendency to tell the public too much about police methods. If this is true, the police should blame themselves and their love of publicity, not the broadcasters. (Please turn to page 44)

HOW TO BE A RADIO STAR

Here's another easy lesson, this time on mike technique. Read it and know (?) all about the art of broadcasting

By RAYMOND KNIGHT



Drawings by
D. B. Holcomb

Lesson No. 3—Microphone Technique—or—Live Studios and Dead Mikes (What's sauce for the gooseneck mike is baloney to the control engineer. Also correct ways of saying "Hello Mama, Hello Papa," and "Good-evening folks.")

THE phrase "Microphone Technique" comes from the Latin—*Microphonicus technocracy*. "Mic" (pronounced Mike) indicating a preponderance of Pat and Mike jokes which are used unflinchingly on the air; "ro" from "Shad Row," the street where the inventor of the microphone lived; "phoni" meaning you know what; "cus" from what the listening audience does to a radio program; and "technocracy"—what ever became of technocracy anyway?

Starting with this definition we are ready to go almost anywhere—and we probably will.

The purpose of this lesson is to instruct the embryonic broadcaster in the proper methods of standing, sitting and lying before the microphone. These will be taken up in the order mentioned.

1. Standing Broadcasts

IN this event the contestant takes off from a line and the measurement of the jump is from this line to the nearest mark made by the contestant's anatomy as he touches the ground. The record of the I.A.A.F. is 11 feet, 4 $\frac{7}{8}$ inches made by R. C. Ewry, August 29th, 1904.*

2. Sitting Broadcasts

THESE are indulged in by presidents of women's clubs, legless men, midgets, lady poets, sufferers from fallen arches and Lowell Thomas.

While some people use piano stools and thereby adjust themselves to the microphone, the accepted method is to adjust the microphone to the victim. This is done by seating him on an ordinary chair before a table and placing books under the microphone until it reaches his chin. The best books for this purpose are the annual reports of the Federal Radio Commission, as there is no use for them otherwise.

The sitting or semi-recumbent broadcast is recommended for use in making long speeches on commercial programs, such as the History of the Rubber Tree. This method was used recently by the head of a great tire company while he read each week a running story of the progress of the automobile tire from the time it is a trickle of liquid in a rubber tree until it reaches the hands of the consumer. This story was called "From Sap to Sap" and was rendered in Position No. 2 with great success.

3. Lying Broadcasts

UNDER this head come such commercial programs as those in which Mary tells John to drink a cup of hot Maltnutex once a day to cure

*Author's Note: Upon re-reading this I discover that I have confused Standing Broadcast with Standing Broadjump. Disregard this paragraph unless you decide to go in for athletics instead.



Top, one of those glamorous stage stars as the broadcasting studio sees her. Left, Uncle Charlie, radio's gift to the kiddies. Center, the author as president of Paramount-Warner-Metro-Goldilocks Minsky Correspondence School of Broadcasting, with members of his faculty. He is about to lose his mind.

his nerves, which John does and becomes president of his company in six weeks. Listeners are soon able to detect lying programs from non-lying programs. That means that half the battle is won.

Now that the student has learned the three accepted methods of approaching the microphone, it is necessary to advise him of the two schools of thought in radio concerning the famous Hat Situation. It is now necessary for him, or her, to decide whether to broadcast with or without a hat. This is a real problem.

The Hat-on-ers, led by Walter Winchell, maintain that no radio artist should be allowed to broadcast while hatless, while the Hat-off-ers led chiefly by Edna St. Vincent Millay, as stubbornly maintain that the hat is the enemy of the good old microphone.

Hats Off!

PROponents of the latter school would sooner be seen mentioned in a radio column than wear a hat while on the air. They claim that it destroys the personality and prevents clarification of the thoughts.

Recently when interviewed by the press on this subject, Edna St. Vincent Millay said, "Yes," which sums the whole thing up in a nutshell.

Other radio artists who refuse to wear a hat in the studio are Jessica Dragonette, Walter Damrosch, Robert Armbruster (who lost his), Grand Duchess Marie of Russia and a Mr. Henry T. Dalrymple of Sioux City, Iowa, who recently won a radio contest on the subject, "Why I Prefer the Titwillow Milk of Magnesia Program to Others." The stand of Queen Mary of England on this subject has not yet been ascertained. (Please turn to page 52)

One night Leah Ray sang with Phil Harris' orchestra just for a lark. The next day she left school to stay with that band. "I'll be uneducated, but this is much more fun," she says.

SHE COUNTED TEN

THAT very clever dramatist called Fate shoved Leah Ray into a three-act comedy the ending of which she could not foresee. If she had not thought twice, if she had not—as she told me—counted ten the girl whose voice thrills you with Phil Harris' orchestra over the air would be a young Norfolk matron right this minute.

Here is how it almost happened.

You need glance only once at Leah Ray to realize that when she was in high school all the boys were crazy about her. She's so pretty and cute, with her big tip-tilted eyes and a ribbon in her hair. But of all the lads in her crowd Leah singled out one certain handsome boy as her favorite. He and she and another couple went to dances together and to the movies and had fun. And then, one evening they decided that it would be fun to get married—to have a double wedding. Leah, mind you, was just fifteen at the time.

All the plans were made. The two girls confided their secret to their best pals only. And everything was very exciting, glamorous and romantic, for it was to be an elopement and they were going to Virginia's Gretna Green where you could buy a marriage license at 10 A.M. and be married by 10:10.

The next day the four of them got into the car of one of the boys and drove to the little town. That drive was disastrous for the boy Leah had promised to marry. It was a lucky break for radio listeners.

"I didn't get married," she said.

"But why not?" I asked. "You'd promised."

"Oh, I don't know," and her eyes crinkled at the corners. "I guess I just counted ten."

There was—I can assure you—a bit of a scene when the four kids arrived at the marriage license bureau. The other couple had no thought of backing out but Leah said, "Listen, I've made a mistake. I'm not going to get married now. I think I'll wait a little while."

There were ardent pleas from the young man. There was great persuasion from the other couple. But Leah held her ground. At first thought she wanted to marry the lad. At second thought she didn't. Second thought won.

So the other two were married and a very disgruntled and disappointed near-bridegroom acted as best man, while Leah was the other witness.

Right now that couple is living happily in Norfolk, Virginia. The boy Leah almost married is still single. He listens to the radio every time Leah



Barnaba Studios

Had Leah Ray obeyed that impulse she would have lost her radio career and the boy back home would be happy

By NAN CAMPBELL

broadcasts. And she wouldn't be broadcasting at all if she had married, for the merest chance gave her her start.

Shortly after Leah had thought twice and had not married she and her mother decided it would be a good idea for Leah to finish high school in California. Her father didn't want to go along. "You two can traipse all over the world like a pair of gypsies," he said, not unkindly, "but as for me—well, I'll just stay right here in Norfolk." He did not try to keep them from going, because Leah was so anxious to live for a while in California and her mother wanted to see some relatives there.

LEAH has sung ever since she was three years old. No amateur entertainment in Norfolk was complete without a number from Leah, and her friends and family thought she was pretty fine. So one day her uncle—who is in the music business—said to his friend Phil Harris, "Boy, you should

hear my niece sing. That kid's got everything."

"I'd love to," Harris said. "Have her come down to the Grove Saturday night and I'll give her a try-out with the orchestra."

That was when Leah was a Junior in Hollywood High School.

Her mother was much more excited than Leah. And much more nervous, for Leah has never known stage fright. Airplanes terrify her—but standing before an audience and singing is just so much duck soup.

She didn't even have an audition with Phil Harris. That Saturday night she appeared at the Coconut Grove all dressed up in her prettiest evening frock. She told Phil what she could sing. The pianist ran over the numbers once and then Leah stepped right out on the platform and joined in with the orchestra in front of all the people. And be it known that the habitués of the Coconut Grove are a super-critical audience. (Please turn to page 68)

RADIO'S PIONEER

Eddie Cantor started by reading old joke books—and now look at him. He's official cheerer-upper of America

By EDWARD SAMMIS

Special Photographs for TOWER RADIO by Wide World



Top left, Eddie Cantor and Announcer Jimmy Wallington. Now that Eddie has moved over to the Columbia chain the Cantor-Wallington combination is broken. At right above, Cantor and his eldest daughter, Margie. She is her dad's chief secretary. And if he can make her smile, he knows his comedy is good. Upper right, Eddie looks at some of his fan mail. It costs him sixty dollars a day just to send out pictures in response to portrait requests.



I WISH you could get a glimpse of Eddie Cantor's new apartment sometime. He calls it "the house that radio built."

This great labyrinth of rooms wanders over the top of three floors of an apartment building towering high above Central Park.

You'd think that a man even with Cantor's family might get lonesome in it now and then. Ah, but no. At practically any hour of the day and night it is as thickly populated as one of those Ghetto warrens where Eddie grew up.

Gagmen, secretaries, lawyers, stooges, old friends and song pluggers come and go in a never ending stream. Every room seems to reverberate with the ringing of the telephone.

For this is not only a home—it is the headquarters of a national institution—a national institution named Eddie Cantor.

Eddie has now reached the eminence in his career where his most casual quip, uttered into the magic microphone sets in motion wheels and wheels within wheels.

Telegrams come from the White House. Scholarly communications arrive from college presidents. Sales charts go up. And the mail is delivered in

bursting sacks, *via* the freight elevator, to the penthouse office. A staff of busy secretaries handles the by-products of a comedian's business, which includes everything from advice to the unemployed to a lost and found department.

On the day of my visit, the central dynamo of all this activity, taking his ease in a turtle-neck sweater and pair of baggy pants, was wrestling on the floor with his youngest daughter, while tossing over his shoulder ideas for a blackout which his ace gagmen, Phil Rapp and Jack Murray, were solemnly noting down.

Two song pluggers cooled their heels in the foyer. A lawyer was on one phone and a columnist on the other. But through it all, Eddie was serene as though he were a hermit on a desert island, without a sail in sight.

HE got up, brushed the thick black hair—slightly salted with gray now—from his large black eyes, and took in all the hubbub with a sweep of his arm.

"Look at it," he said, slightly incredulous, "and to think that when I first went on the air, all I had to do was get up and read off some pages out of an old joke book.

"Why, I was even my own stooge. I pretended it was Rubinoff. But Rubinoff wouldn't talk. So I doubled for him."

That was in the Fall of 1931. Today, with funny men all over the dial, we are apt to forget that there was a time when radio comedians were taboo. People were supposed to want good music, drama, mystery, news but not anything to make them laugh.

This had been going on just long enough to be accepted as a fact when Rudy Vallee got the idea that it would be sort of a novelty to have Eddie Cantor on his varieties program.

Eddie went on and he got the bug. The thought of playing to all this vast audience at once fired his imagination. From that moment, he wanted radio.

He went to the J. Walter Thompson agency and arranged an audition. They got a show together with Wallington, and Rubinoff and his orchestra.

Eddie Cantor has grown from a mere comic to a national institution

Comedy never came to the airwaves under more solemn circumstances. Eddie went around like a coach before the big game, patting them on the back and trying to cheer them up.

He went to the engineers and the production men and explained that he was just a dumb cluck from Broadway. This radio business was all Greek to him and if he was awful would they please come right out and tell him so.

Then the signal light flashed, Rubino went into his overture and Cantor came on and began to read his script. When he had finished the studio theater rang with applause which the fan letters echoed for days afterwards. Eddie had clicked.

That must have seemed a long time ago to Eddie, sitting there on the red leather sofa, reflectively biting the end off a Corona Corona. He had recouped his lost fortune. The girls had begun to grow up. He had become a national institution.

"WHAT a cinch we had then!" he sighed, wagging his head. "I'd get up and read a page out of one of my books, like *Caught Short* or *Cantor for President*. It would be a riot.

"After a while I sent for Dave Freedman to write my stuff. It was still easy. Just getting up straight gags—what we call 'line for line' business. Jimmy Wallington would feed me the 'straight' line and I'd come back with the gag.

"I was the first one to use a stooge on the air. I made Rubino the butt of my jokes."

"What about all these stories you hear, that Rubino gets sore at the way you rib him?"

"Sore?" Eddie laughed. "Would you get sore if somebody handed you a million dollars' worth of publicity? On the contrary, he gets mad if I don't mention him."

That's how it was in the beginning. Then, with the ice broken, the sponsors began to look around for other stage comedians. Ed Wynn came in and Burns and Allen, Jack Pearl, and others. Cantor himself helped launch some of them—Burns and Allen, George Givot, and Block and Sully. Before long the air was festooned with gags.

"How could we help it?" queried Eddie, "we got 'em out of the same books and although we put a twist or two on 'em, they remained the same."

All this time the cluck from Broadway was studying radio. He analyzed his fan mail, broke

it down into age groups and localities. He found that most of his listeners were in the country, that many of them were children. So he threw out the Broadway smart crack and began mixing a little sentiment with his humor.

"When my mail showed me the public was getting tired of gags," he said, "I shifted gradually to situation. People liked the 'Cantor for President' campaign. So I ran that for a long while.

"With the depression in full swing, I pounded away at the share-the-job idea, even before the NRA. We had a lot of fun with the Technocracy stuff while it lasted."

Eddie looked up. A kindly, gray-haired man



Eddie (above) poses as a bookworm. Cantor calls his big and busy penthouse apartment facing Central Park "the house that radio built."

had come in and was sort of wandering around.

"Hello, Pop," said Eddie.

"Pop" was Henry Tobias, Eddie's father-in-law. He was a respected merchant down on Henry Street when Eddie was snatching fish out of pickle barrels. He didn't want Eddie to marry his daughter because he was just a no-good actor bum who showed off and sang on street corners.

He was still skeptical when Eddie was making a couple of hundred a week, although he gave his consent. Even now, gazing around at the period furniture, he looked as though he didn't believe it.

"After a few months I'd go off the air," Eddie resumed. "It's only common sense, isn't it? I mean, chicken on Sunday is a treat. But you'd soon get sick of it if you had it every day in the week."

Little tricks of show business like that, the lore of the theater which Eddie picked up in his knock-about days on the road, with Gus Edwards, on Broadway with Ziegfeld, have kept him on the crest of the wave.

HE came back from Hollywood last Fall to meet one of the knottiest situations of his career. He was faced with stiff opposition. But worst of all, it was being said that comedians were through. People were tired of them. Variety shows were the rage.

Well, he knuckled in, and in a short time his rating had jumped. All straws in the wind pointed conclusively to the fact that the listeners still wanted Cantor.

"Were you worried?" I asked.

"Worried? No. Listen. People aren't tired of comedy. They're tired of bad comedy. You mean—people don't want to laugh any more? That's like saying they don't want to eat any more. People don't tire of things like that.

"Sam Goldwyn and I gambled a million dollars a few years ago to prove the same thing a different way. People were supposed to be tired of singing pictures. I had a contract with him to make one. We were advised to call it off. But we decided to go ahead. It was a smash. People weren't tired of singing pictures. They were tired of bad singing pictures."

(Please turn to page 55)

Eddie Cantor (below) with Gagman Phil Rapp, who helps the famous comedian work out his radio comedy.



Eddie and two more of his daughters, Janet and Marilyn.



STEP into the

How radio has democratized opera and how the music of the great composers has been reborn into a living and vital force

By ROBERT D. HEINL



Wide World

The Diamond Horseshoe of the Metropolitan (shown above) was a legend to most of America before microphones were moved into the staid old opera house. The Metropolitan exterior is shown at the right.



Wide World

THE broadcasting of grand opera has given the people of this country an opportunity to hear what they never could have heard before.

"There was a general conception in the minds of the masses that grand opera was made only for the box-holders in the Diamond Horseshoe; that it was aristocratic rather than democratic," David Sarnoff, chairman of the National Broadcasting Company, and a director of the Metropolitan Opera, told me. "Radio, with its gift for democratizing whatever is attached to the wings of its waves gave public demonstration of the fact that the dweller on the lonely prairies and the farmer, who heard opera for the first time in their lives, could be given the opportunity to listen to and enjoy good musical compositions of the world in the same way in which the rich man could do so by being in his exclusive box. No other agency than radio could have made this possible.

"Even if times were different and prosperity were so great as to have enabled the building of a dozen or two dozen opera houses in the key cities of the United States, which, of course could not have been done, the total audience which might have attended an opera given in all such houses would be as compared with playing a game in a rich man's private gymnasium attached to his dwelling where he might invite his immediate neighbors to attend, to playing the same game in the Yankee Stadium built for the great public."

The broadcasting of opera has also introduced for the first time into the lives of millions of people, the masters and geniuses of preceding ages.

"Wagner, Mozart, Verdi, Puccini, Bizet and Gounod were only names to those who had the benefits of education, but now they have been resurrected into living and vibrant forces," Mr. Sarnoff continued. "The rebirth of their genius through the radio waves is not only dramatic but also poetic, for somehow science has paved the way to make the sleeping genius in the grave alive with the music through space.

"There was a language known only in music symbols. Excepting a small fraction of the popula-

tion, the musicians, the whole world was illiterate insofar as these symbols were concerned. Suddenly, however, science has taken the work of these composers out of the grave of the composers and, freeing it from music symbols, has carried it through space to radio listeners."

FRANKLY, it was feared that entertainment of such a high type as grand opera might be over the heads of the people, but the favorable reception accorded it has proved one of the biggest surprises the broadcasters have ever received.

"The commercial sponsors of the Metropolitan Opera have been amazed at the results," Milton J. Cross, famous opera narrator, beloved by music listeners everywhere, said. "The tremendous response of last year, particularly, astonished everybody concerned."

It might be explained that the Radio Corporation of America, through its subsidiary, the National Broadcasting Company, assisted the Metropolitan Opera House by contributing \$100,000 a year for three years, toward the cost of maintaining opera. This was done in the beginning before there was a commercial sponsor for the program. Without the NBC's definite financial contribution to the Metropolitan Opera, it is questionable if they would have been able to carry it on during the period of depression. Even this contribution was not adequate to meet the balanced budget and additional sums were contributed by the opera-loving public.

Lucky Strike last year was the first commercial sponsor and Listerine this year, the second. No authoritative figure has ever been given out with regard to the price paid for this privilege but it is supposed to be around \$400,000 a season.

Mr. Cross was also decidedly of the opinion that broadcasting helped the box office. He said that it has brought the opera to the attention of many who never before knew about it, and has aroused sufficient interest for them to attend the performances.

Opera was broadcast for the first time in this country by the Chicago Civic Opera Company January 21, 1927, by the National Broadcasting Company and Cross was the narrator. Only portions of the opera were broadcast in those days and he was required to make a trip from New York to Chicago each week. Of all the experiences Mr. Cross has had in broadcasting opera, he will probably remember a night in the early days in Chicago longer than any of the rest.

"It was a special occasion, a subscription performance at which portions of different operas were given, and attended by the stockholders and directors of the opera," Cross said, recalling the incident. "There was a scene from 'La Traviata.' I had given the radio audience a summary of this when I was told that Mr. Samuel Insull, then president of the opera company, would read his annual report.

"It was the judgment of those in charge in New York that the report would not be of interest to the radio audience and they notified me to fill in the time which Mr. Insull would occupy. Not knowing how long he intended to speak, this order was quite a shock to me, because I had only enough material prepared for the usual short announcement to precede each scene of the opera.

"While now from the glass-enclosed box at the Metropolitan, we can see everything which goes on on the stage, in those days in Chicago, I was in a terribly dusty place underneath the stage where I couldn't see a thing. Nevertheless, having received the order to proceed, I went on talking. I soon ran out of material regarding the theme of the opera to be broadcast that night. Luckily, coming into the theater, I had picked up a paper giving the details of the tour the Chicago Opera was soon to make. This gave the cities, the dates, the operas to be given in those cities, and the stars. There were details with regard to the number of cars required to transport the scenery and so on.

"I kept talking and talking but so did Mr. Insull, who went right on reading and reading his annual report. After using all the information in the article at hand about the trip, I began to tell the stories of the operas, if I knew them, to be played in the different cities.

"Finally my data became completely exhausted and I got to describing how that terribly dusty place looked under the stage, the labyrinth of paths from the Congress Hotel underneath to the Auditorium Theater. I was grabbing at anything and kept sending frantic messages since, as I say, I could not see the stage, to find out if Mr. Insull was still talking, and other messages to New York to find out if we could not turn to the stage for the conclusion of his remarks. However, always came the order, 'New York says keep talking.' I

DIAMOND HORSESHOE



Geraldine Farrar and Milton Cross, who bring the opera through space to you. Miss Farrar was a Met star in the golden days of Enrico Caruso and Antonio Scotti. The surrounding picture shows the Met as it looks from the stage.

Metropolitan interior by Wide World, insert by Roy Lee Jackson

felt terrible because I was convinced I was making a fearful mess of it.

"Finally, when I was about ready to tear my hair in desperation, Mr. Insull concluded. I should say that he talked all of forty minutes, which is a long time for another person to fill in on the radio without preparation. At that, conversing with him later, he said, 'I knew you were waiting with the broadcasting, so I cut down the reading of my annual report fifteen minutes.'

Notwithstanding the fact that Mr. Cross felt so badly about his efforts, and even thought it might

be his end as an opera announcer, to his great surprise, he received congratulations from everywhere upon the splendid job which he did and his amazing resourcefulness under such trying circumstances.

THE first Metropolitan broadcast, likewise the first full opera to be presented to the listening public was "Hansel and Gretel," on December 25, 1931. Deems Taylor was the narrator and with him was Mr. Cross.

One of the most interesting things I learned in

connection with broadcasting the opera, was the extreme precaution the technicians take to guard against sudden increase in the volume of sound. If the voices of some of the most powerful singers were allowed to go on the air with their full force, they would actually cause the broadcasting stations to go off the air. I thought that when the engineers talked about "kicking a station off the air" that it was a figurative term, but learned that this was literally true. To protect the tubes from an undue increase in electrical volume, it seems each broadcasting station is (Please turn to page 56)



Today Uncle Bob Sherwood is heard frequently on the air. For a long time he was a chief clown for P. T. Barnum.



Uncle Bob Sherwood was nine years old then—but he heard and saw history in the making

He Heard LINCOLN

By TOM CARSKADON

Drawings by Bertrand Zadig

IMAGINE a freckle-nosed nine-year-old boy, sitting on a camp stool beside the telegrapher's bench, while he heard Abraham Lincoln deliver his Second Inaugural address.

This really happened, and that little nine-year-old boy is still living. He is now grown to be a jolly, spry old man, with a merry twinkle in his eye and memories of an exceedingly eventful life behind him. He believes that he is now the only person living who heard that speech—a speech that turned out to be the last big public address that Lincoln made. The War President was inaugurated for his second term on March 4, 1865, and in less than six weeks an assassin's bullet ended his life.

It was this Second Inaugural speech of Lincoln that contained the immortal phrase, "With malice toward none, with charity for all," and foreshadowed the healing of the wounds of Civil War and the birth of a united nation. No one who heard that speech ever forgot it, and the man who was that little nine-year-old country boy, sitting wide-eyed at the feet of the great President, can now tell the dramatic and exciting story to boys and girls of today.

This man is Uncle Bob Sherwood, who later joined the circus of the great P. T. Barnum and is known as the last of Barnum's clowns. He has been heard on the radio many times. He originated and for two years played in the original Dixie Circus on the National Broadcasting Company network, and has made many individual appearances on other programs, and is now preparing a new series of radio programs based upon his memories of the old show days. He has long since retired from active circus work, and now runs a wholesale book store in New York City in addition to his radio work.

Would you like to make a call on Uncle Bob, and get him to tell the story of how he, as a little boy, heard Lincoln's speech? Come along then, and we'll go down

to his bookstore to see him. We march past the big shelves of books that are piled clear up to the ceiling, on to the back of the store, and there sits Uncle Bob at his big, old-fashioned desk. He is at his typewriter, writing a radio program which he produces for a mail-order company on the American Broadcasting System network.

Uncle Bob is 78 years old now, but he is more jolly and active than many a man of half his years. His hair is white, his eyes are blue, and his plump, cherubic cheeks are as red as the big red apples he fishes up from his pockets and offers to us. We thank him for the apples, and ask Uncle Bob to please tell us his story.



"I WAS just a little country boy out in Ohio," he begins, "and I had never been farther from home than the nearest village. One day a man in our neighborhood, Mr. Joseph H. Close, received an order from the government to gather up a carload of horses and take them to the army remount station in Baltimore. This was in wartime, of course, near the end of the Civil War, and the horses were needed

badly for the Union cavalymen to ride. "In those days they didn't have 'palace' horse cars with individual stalls for the horses, such as they have now. They just had slat-sided freight cars, with a long trough on the side in which to put the feed and water for the horses. I was taken along by Mr. Close to carry water and feed and help him take care of the horses.

"We reached Baltimore, and spent several days there while the horses were being inspected and graded by army officers, and prices agreed upon. This was the first big city I had ever seen, and one night when I saw a fire engine come dashing down the street I was so excited I followed it for about two miles and got completely lost and had to get a policeman to take me back to the hotel where we were staying. Another thing I remember is the old Eutaw Market in Baltimore, where they served enormous oysters—so (Please turn to page 53)

In 1865 Bob Sherwood heard Lincoln's last speech, his Second Inaugural.



Photographs for TOWER RADIO by N. B. Hall

It takes Dick Powell fifteen minutes to break through the cordon of autograph seekers outside the Los Angeles radio studio when he broadcasts for "Hollywood Hotel."

A BAD BREAK for the GIRLS

Elmer Fryer -
Warners

They will have to wait until television is perfected to see Dick Powell face a mike

By PEGGY HARRIS

LAST year Dick Powell raised his right hand and solemnly swore that never again would he step before a radio microphone. He wasn't satisfied with the programs he had done.

All during the year he was besieged with offers but he figured that he was doing very nicely, thank you, on the screen and he would be foolish to work himself into a state of jitters. But at last a program so attractive was offered to him that he couldn't turn it down. That's the Campbell soup program known as "The Hollywood Hotel." Dick is master of ceremonies. And he sings a lot of songs, too.

At first the studio was none too keen on his appearing regularly. They were afraid that it would interfere with his picture work and Hollywood still

can't make up its mind whether radio helps or hinders its own business.

But Dick held out. He knew that he would like radio if he ever got the right program. He believed in the possibilities of "The Hollywood Hotel" idea. They finally agreed to his signing the contract and now he is one of the only Hollywood stars who has a regular radio spot. Guest stars—there are plenty of those, but Dick doubles in brass and is both camera and air performer.

That makes him about the busiest young man in Hollywood and there was some tall figuring done to juggle his time so that he could handle both jobs.

If you know your movies you're familiar with the stand-in. A stand-in is a boy or girl about the same height and coloring of the star who stands before the camera while the lights are being set and the cameras lined up. When all is ready the star steps in and plays the scene. The stand-in saves star time and energy.

That's all a part of the Hollywood scene but the voice stand-in in radio is something new and different. Yet Dick Powell has one. Other members of the cast of "Hollywood Hotel" rehearse three or four days a week for several hours, getting everything timed and spaced. When Dick is working

on a picture you can see how impossible it would be to devote that much time to radio, so the voice stand-in reads his lines during rehearsal so that necessary cuts can be made and so that the program will go with that clock-like precision for which radio is famous.

This is a big help. This means that Dick has to rehearse but once or twice with the cast. And a couple of times he has rushed from the studio, still in make-up, with a split second to spare, stepped in front of the mike without having rehearsed with the other members of the cast at all.

THERE were a number of little tricks he had to learn. In pictures it doesn't matter how long a scene takes—three minutes one way or the other is not noticed, so the actors read their lines slowly or quickly as the mood of the scene seems to require.

It's different on radio. You must do your scenes exactly the same way at rehearsal as you do them when the stuff goes out over the air. One minute can work havoc with a radio program. Dick didn't realize that at first. He knows about it now and, since he is such an old hand at radio now he is amused at the guest stars (*Please turn to page 66*)

"I'm Just a NOVICE,"

says HELEN HAYES

"To me, radio is one of the important gestures of this century. Its exactness delights me."

By NAN CAMPBELL

WHEN the infant radio sent out its first feeble noises the motion picture studios paid no more attention than the stage had paid when Edison invented the kinetoscope.

And if someone had told any movie executive, "In a few years radio will be bidding for the services of your greatest stars and will be able to offer them enormous sums for speaking into the microphones," the executive would have laughed himself sick. It would be the same sort of laughter made by stage producers of the nineties when told that one day the "flickering atrocities" would be taken seriously.

The movies do not laugh now. The glamour girls and boys are taking radio big. You have the privilege of hearing your favorite cinema stars speaking to you from your own radio. They come into your home. They talk right to you.

But of them all, the most amazing, perhaps, is Helen Hayes. Her career stretches out in a bright path of achievement. She has attacked and conquered the three greatest branches of show business. Her success is inspirational.

For years she was Broadway's first lady. Her small, fluttering hands, her appealing little face and her voice—mostly that rich, pathetic voice—invariably brought tears from the toughest of first night audiences. And then she went to Hollywood. No one believed that she would become a star. In fact, no one paid much attention to her in Hollywood. She was known, there, not as Helen Hayes but as "Charlie McArthur's wife." And when someone suggested that they give this stage star a screen role they said, "But she won't photograph. It's her voice alone that gives her stage performances their distinction. She hasn't real screen beauty."

However, they gave her a role at last and with the release of her first picture she walked straight into the hearts of millions of movie fans. She became the favorite actress of the public as well as the Hollywood stars. Not photograph? She was so lovely that when someone suggested her as a bet for radio they said, "But it's her sad, emotional little face that is so endearing. How will her voice alone be when the people cannot see her face?"

BUT three or four years ago she stood before a radio microphone for the first time on the Rudy Vallee hour. She was terrified; long since she had overcome stage fright. Long since she had conquered camera fear. But this was something new. Her hands were hot. Her knees knocked together. She thought for a minute that she would not be able to speak. But at last the actress controlled the frightened woman and she gave the performance. She was an immediate radio success. And she is still terrified when she faces a mike. She doesn't know whether she will ever be able to overcome it or not. But what does it matter that she is frightened? She has truly conquered the air.

Norman Taylor

Helen Hayes at the mike with Kenneth MacKenna. "The fans picture you as they want to see you," she says.

We talked together one day recently on her set at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios. All about us was that curious confusion so typical of every movie studio. The untrained eye sees only a great running and carrying about. It seems impossible that everyone has a definite task. Helen Hayes remained calm. She has, I believe, complete serenity of soul.

"Radio," she said, "is really the most unsatisfactory form of expression because you can in no way feel the response of your audience. And that is one of the reasons I enjoy it so much. I've enjoyed licking it!"

"But pictures," I said, "you have no audience when you're before the camera."

"Oh, but you're wrong. The audience here is made up of the people with whom you're working. When you have finished a scene, you know whether or not it is good or bad. On the stage, you get the immediate response of an audience. On the radio, however, you never have any idea how it has gone until it is all over with.

"I was so frightened the first time I went on the air. I am still frightened and the thing that makes me fear radio is that when I make a mistake it is made and has gone out to thousands of listeners. In pictures if something goes wrong one is allowed to make the scene over again. On the stage you can always 'ad-lib'—put in your own lines—until a difficulty has smoothed itself out.

"The reason I went into radio is because I'm a hurdle jumper by nature. I cannot bear the thought that there is some phase of my business in which I have not taken part. All of it is acting—the stage, the screen and the radio. There is no form of acting that I have not tried and I love it all for the particular niche into which it fits. I'm sure that I'll always be that way. Whenever there

is a new field I'll want to be in the midst of it.

"Everything new is immensely exciting to me. I love radio rehearsals. They thrill me. Every moment means so much. That clock ticking off the precious minutes. The exactness of radio delights me. But then I always like rehearsing for a play, too. Sometimes it is more enjoyable than the performance itself. It is fun working things out, seeing an idea grow.

"To me, radio is one of the most important gestures made in this century. It brings happiness to people all over the world, people who are isolated from other entertainment and it also keeps a stage actress in touch with a public not reached in the theater.

"I know I've made new friends over the radio. That excites me, too, and I think that I enjoy their letters more than any others. So many of them, you see, know me only by my voice and it is fun to see what they think of me.

"I'm a great radio fan myself and I like the idea of being a part of such a marvelous form of entertainment. I like the variety that a radio offers. Everything to amuse people with all sorts of tastes and of all ages."

AND then she told me about her little four-year-old daughter, Mary, who would just as soon go without an ice cream cone as think of missing the children's hour. She, the daughter of an actress, sits with her ear glued to her little radio, her face bright with joy waiting for the stories to be told her. She enjoys it as much as every other child her age.

"You see" Helen said, "it really is an important part of her life as it is in the lives of so many. It is a great enlightenment to the world."

Helen says that she's a radio fan. Just how ardent a one she is I'll tell you. Joan Crawford gave a dinner party for her not long ago. That is always an event for, except for her most intimate friends, Joan entertains rarely. Her dinner parties are invariably superb for her home is one of the more gorgeous in Hollywood and her meals are famous. But everyone who has ever been invited to Joan's home knows what a stickler she is for punctuality. She, herself, is always on time and she has no patience





Hoffman

Clarence Sinclair Bull-M-G-M

with lateness. Her house is run with clock-like precision. Dinner is ordered for a certain hour and she wants it served then.

Helen Hayes is usually punctual, too, but on this night the other members of the party were assembled and there was no guest of honor. Joan began to fidget and to wonder if her carefully planned meal would be ruined. At last they heard the sound of running feet outside and a second later Helen Hayes burst in quite breathless and with tears in her eyes.

"Helen, dear, what's wrong?" Joan asked. "Has anything happened?"

"No—yes—oh, do forgive me for being late. But, you see, well I had to listen to Alexander Woollcott. His serenade was for me and for my Mary. I've never been so touched by anything in my life. I knew you expected me to be on time and I meant to be—truly I did—but I couldn't leave. And then that dear Ruth Jordan said 'hello' to Mary and me over the radio and I was so thrilled. Do you think I'm silly to cry? I can't help it. It was so sweet of them." So knowing what radio is

"I went into radio because I'm a hurdle jumper," says Helen Hayes. "When there is a new field I want to be in the midst of it. There is no form of acting that I have not tried." Upper left, Miss Hayes with Robert Montgomery in a romantic scene of her latest M-G-M picture, "Vanessa: Her Love Story," by Hugh Walpole. Lower left, Miss Hayes at the radio recently.

able to do for her—what emotions it can inspire in her heart, she realizes how important it is to others.

"One of the most important things about radio," she told me, "is that it has not lost its romance. The fans picture you as they want to see you. In their own minds they create an image, cloaked in mystery and glamour. That I think is real romance.

"But because of this, radio calls for an ability entirely different from any other form of acting. You depend upon your voice and nothing else. You must make your voice do double work—it must be your face, too. Pictures made you conscious of

your body. Radio shows you what must—and can—be done with the voice.

"And there's another thing I should like to tell you. Many people believe that the radio is a menace to both the stage and the pictures. I don't think it is. It fills another need. There is something exciting about getting dressed up and going out to be amused that people will never get away from—not even when television happens. People will—gregarious as we all are—always love to mix in crowds. Radio simply makes evenings that you do spend at home more enjoyable.

"But why should I be talking this way? I'm still a novice, really, on the air. I still have a great deal to learn."

The director called her before the camera just then to play a scene. "Now I must think of another technique—the technique of pictures. But isn't it grand that there are so many different things for an actress to do?"

"I feel sorry for those great stars of long ago who had only one medium. How lucky I am—three beautiful, thrilling ways of self-expression!"

Yowsah

...IT'S THE OLD Maestro

*Ben Bernie and All the Lads lead
a busy life, all for you and their
dear old Alma Malter*



*Taken specially
for TOWER RADIO
by Wide World*

The specialty men, l. to r.: John King, baritone; Whistling Pullen, sound effects; Manny Prager, dialect singer; Billy Wilson, crooner; Dick Stabile, the tricky sax player, and Frank Prince, romantic tenor.

Above, "This is Ben Bernie wishing you pleas'nt dreams. Au revoir, a bit of a tweet tweet, a fond cheerio" and the Maestro is off the air.

IT'S 8:50, E. S. T., any Tuesday evening. Ben Bernie and All the Lads are shortly to do a bit of a recruiting act for their Alma Malter, Blue Ribbon. It might be in the NBC Studios in any city in America. For they are wandering minstrels, these Bernie-ites. Let's watch.

There's the Old Maestro—the short fellow in the brown suit. No, he doesn't look quite as "pretty" as he did in the movies. He's wearing a suit—just a kind of brown suit, with no dangerously sharp creases. His hair sticks up a little, and his face is brown and sort of crinkly. His vest and coat pockets are cartridge-pleated with cigars.

They are rehearsing a complicated number, one of those pieces in which practically every one of the lads, not to mention the announcer, the guest star and the Maestro, runs over to the mike to whistle, cry, tap-dance or play on a comb. It looks like a game of fruit-basket-upset. But within a few minutes, the crazy proceedings will go out over the air with the smoothness of old Napoleon brandy.

As you know, the Old Maestro, while broadcasting, is as cool as a Tom Collins in August, as leisurely as Stepin Fetchit on one of his slow days. But two minutes before the red (or is it green?)

light goes on, he gets as jittery as a bridegroom at his first wedding. He pops cigars in and out of his pocket with such abandon it's a wonder he has never burned himself down. He drops his script; he wipes his brow. He slashes out gags, mutters new ones to himself. He sits down and gets up again. He makes faces.

Then the fatal light goes on. There is a horrible silence of about two seconds, during which he dies, each week, a horrible death. Then comes the bright fanfare from the band, the announcement, and the strains of "Lonesome Old Town." Ben breathes again, grins. He puts his cigar in his mouth and saunters up to the mike. He winks at the audience, flicks an ash onto the carpet; and at exactly the right point he starts talking suavely, easily.

He is famous for his timing. When he stages one of those little "selling acts" which could be so dull, it becomes as entertaining as the rest of the program. He makes you forget it's just an act, even when you're sitting right in the

studio audience, watching the machinery go 'round.

Before every broadcast Ben puts five cigars in his upper vest pocket and five in his coat pocket. They make him bulge a little, but he doesn't mind. There are strict rules against smoking in broadcasting studios, but he doesn't mind them either. His secretary carries a supply of spares, just in case, for Ben smokes more than twenty large cigars every day of his life. Occasionally his doctor prescribes the nicotineless variety, which he hates; but he smokes the same number. He frequently uses a holder—a small, stubby one which is practically invisible. It takes a very imaginative, whimsical person to enjoy smoking nicotineless cigars in an invisible holder!

THERE are always a number of people waiting to see the Maestro after his broadcasts. A lot of them are his brothers. They all look like him, and do the same things with their cigars. Nobody seems to agree on the number of brothers Ben has, but we can vouch for at least a half dozen.

He has more friends than anybody, especially among theatrical and newspaper people. They don't all want (Please turn to page 62)



By DOROTHY ANN BLANK

Did you like Gertrude Berg's serial of Jewish family life? Do you know why it disappeared from the air? Here is the real story of Mollie and Jake's retirement

By
TOM REYNOLDS

Gertrude Berg (left and right) as she is in real life. With her are her two children, Harriet and Cherney. Mrs. Berg fought long and hard to bring her idea, The Goldbergs, to radio. In a short time her creation became one of the best-known families in America.



Special Photographs for TOWER RADIO by Wide World



WHAT HAPPENED TO THE GOLDBERGS

ONE of the best-known families in America never existed except in radio make-believe. That family is The Goldbergs—Mollie and Jake, their children, their neighbors and friends. For five years listeners followed their adventures with intense interest, and when their contract ran out last Summer, the sponsor may have thought that their radio success had been long and great and they deserved an honored retirement.

But not so the listening audience! Hardly had the final program faded from the air before the letters started rolling in. "What has become of The Goldbergs?" "When will The Goldbergs be back on the air?" Such were the queries, and the creator of The Goldbergs, Mrs. Gertrude Berg, determined to take her little troupe out in vaudeville so that Goldberg fans could see the family in person, so to speak.

The tour was a great success, and when Mrs. Berg and her players returned to New York last November, she planned to keep faith with the listening audience and return to radio. With that decision made, she set about finding a suitable program.

Radio executives are constantly looking for novelties, and they told Mrs. Berg to keep The Gold-

bergs program intact as a fine and staple success to hold in reserve, and then figure out some new program to submit to possible sponsors. They were very insistent on this point of a new idea, but instead of trying to find some freakish, unheard of novelty, Mrs. Berg followed her deeper instincts and went right back to a commodity older than recorded history—the human heart.

"Simple, human, heart appeal is the basis of everything I have ever done on the radio," says Mrs. Berg, "and I think it was this sincere, unassuming quality that was largely responsible for the success of The Goldbergs. In working out a new program, I wanted—whatever the setting and framework of the story might be—to keep this feeling of sympathy and understanding."

That was the quality she wanted to keep, and here is the program she figured out—The House of Glass. Almost everyone who hears the expression

"house of glass" thinks of the old proverb, "Those who live in glass houses shouldn't throw stones"—but this is something quite different.

The House of Glass is a hotel, and Papa Glass is the proprietor. All kinds of people come to The House of Glass, entertainments, banquets and wedding feasts are given there, and a constant flow of human drama goes through its portals. You might think the radio story would concern the guests at the hotel, but Mrs. Berg has a different idea.

"The real human interest lies not in the sometimes high-flown guests who flit through the lobbies and rooms, but in the more humble workers who run the hotel," says Mrs. Berg. "The radio stories will concern the 'help' and their reactions to one another and to the guests. That way we can get a continuity of interest and the heart appeal that I want."

Mrs. Berg, absorbed in (*Please turn to page 54*)

Slow Up the Music . . . HURRY UP THE DOLLARS



Abe Lyman played at the Cocoanut Grove, Hollywood, for seven years. Then radio beckoned and his was one of the first bands to broadcast from KFI, Los Angeles. Now Abe's orchestra is a favorite of the air, with a weekly schedule of five programs.

At the request of sponsors, Abe Lyman changed his tempo against his own judgment. He is glad now, for his income has doubled

By JOHN OWENS

WHAT has come over Abe Lyman? Where did he get this soft, slow music? Radio fans who can remember even one year back always counted on Abe for fast jazz, hot breaks, and "goin' to town." What has happened to him?

Well, here's what has happened to him. This season he has five different commercially sponsored programs—the largest number of commercial programs of any "name" band in radio. Two years ago he used to get \$4,000 for a week's stage appearance with his band, and he now gets \$8,000. His return from radio used to be around \$3,500 per week and is now \$11,000 per week. Mr. and Mrs. Radio Fan, let me report that Abe Lyman is sitting pretty!

What caused all this? Well sir, it was that same slow music you were asking about just a moment ago. Abe Lyman halved his tempo and doubled his income! It is a neat trick if you can get away with it, and Abe Lyman is enough of a musician to get away with it. And the funny part is, this switch to slow music wasn't Abe's idea at all.

"The soft, slow music was the sponsor's big idea," says Abe, with a grin. "The company we were working for, and the advertising agency, both thought that public favor was swinging around to 'sweet' instead of 'hot' music. So that is what they ordered.

"The boys in the band and I thought they were crazy, at first. We had made our reputation as a 'hot' band, and the boys would groan at rehearsals and just sit there aching to take off the mutes, open up and 'go to town.' But I told the boys that these people were paying the money, and the advertising agency, one of the very largest in the world, ought to know what it was doing.

"We went the whole route. We tossed out the 'hot' jazz and gave them the best waltz and ballad arrangements that we knew how to put on. It worked! The popularity charts, already high, started climbing still higher. If we lost any listeners by giving up fast jazz, we certainly gained a lot more by switching to soft, sweet music."

That's how Abe Lyman explains the switch. Once it was made, he decided to stick to it, for some rather extraordinary results were forthcoming.

"We began to get bids from colleges and universities all over the country to play for their dances and proms. Young people are shrewd judges of popular music, and we thought it a real compliment to be sought after by them.

"Our stage appearances, which always brought good results, now began to break records. Two years ago we made what was then a remarkable run of fourteen weeks at the Capitol Theater in New York City at \$4,000 per week. Right now we are considering an offer for a ten-week tour over a circuit at \$8,000 per week. Radio sponsors began to show more and more interest in our work, until now we are putting on programs for five different products. That is just about tops in the radio field."

Abe is giving you the straight dope, all right, though if you start to look up those five programs you may come upon a little mystery. Two of the programs you can find very easily in any radio listing. These two are the "Melodiana" program, which is broadcast every Tuesday night over the Columbia network for Phillips Dental Magnesia; and "Waltz Time," broadcast on Friday nights over the NBC network for Phillips Milk of Magnesia. "Melodiana" has Vivienne Segal and Oliver Smith as soloists, and "Waltz Time" has Miss Segal and Frank Munn as soloists. Both these programs are highly popular, and it is on these two that Abe Lyman's reputation is chiefly built.

But what of the other three? Five programs was the figure mentioned, and here are only two. Explaining that situation brings out a little secret.

There are three programs on the air in which the music is supplied by Abe Lyman, but his name is never announced. The contracts with his original sponsor, the Phillips company, call for the exclusive use of his name. Now comes a rather startling tribute. Three other sponsors are so impressed with Lyman's music that they are willing to pay Lyman's prices, even though they can't have the prestige of announcing his name. That is just about the final tribute to the quality of his music.

All three of these programs come on Sunday. Do you ever listen to "Lazy Dan" the minstrel man, with his songs and stories, at two o'clock on Sunday afternoons over the Columbia Broadcasting System network? "Lazy Dan" himself is Irving Kaufman, and the orchestra which supplies his music is—Abe Lyman's. Old English floor wax sponsors this program.

Immediately following "Lazy Dan" on the Columbia network is a highly popular program which bears the imposing title of the Royal and Imperial Hawaiian Band. Steel guitars, soft chants and languorous island melodies float through this program. Leading the band, however, is no grass-skirted islander with hibiscus in his hair, but that old maestro of the South Seas—Abe Lyman. ("Take off that shredded

wheat, Abe. We know you!") This one is sponsored by Dr. Hill's Bromo-Quinine.

ABE LYMAN'S tempo picks up a little bit for his fifth and final program. This is "Manhattan Merry-Go-Round," which is sponsored by Lyon's tooth powder, and is heard on Sunday nights at nine o'clock over the National Broadcasting Company's Red network. More lively music is heard on this session, which is under the general musical supervision of Andy Son-nella. The soloists are Raquel de Carlay and Pierre La Kreeun, with male quartet numbers from the Men About Town.

When "Manhattan Merry-Go-Round" has ceased turning on Sunday night, Abe Lyman can lay down his baton and know that a full week's work is behind him—and another one is in front of him! His is one of the busiest schedules of any orchestra leader in radio.

"We have to prepare something like fifty numbers a week, for all our programs," says Abe, "and we try to keep programs laid out four weeks in advance. You can imagine how much work this means.

"The two mainstays in accomplishing

Two views of Abe Lyman during rehearsal. In the upper picture, directing his men. In the lower, Lyman in control room, detecting any possible flaw before a broadcast.



All photos taken specially for TOWER RADIO by Wide World

wanted to get into some work that was a little more solid and assured. So he hung up his drum, bought himself a cap and a pair of leather puttees and started out to see how fast he could make a taximeter go 'round.

Abe ran his taxi for a year, and that is no press agent gag, either. He drove that cab all over Chicago, taking his "fares" as he found them, and depositing them wherever they wanted to go. One night, while waiting for a fare in a restaurant, Abe met a successful orchestra player who happened to be the brother of Abe's superintendent in the cab company. They struck up an acquaintance, and right then and there the superintendent lost a good cab driver, and the player gained an orchestra leader. Abe decided to go back into the music business, and use the player in his reformed orchestra. That player was Gus Arnheim, who remained with Abe Lyman for eleven years, and later branched out with



all this, are the arranging staff and our library. I think I can safely say that ours is one of the largest libraries in radio. There is scarcely a number published within the past forty years that we haven't got on file, orchestrated, and ready for use. We get some odd requests from sponsors, advertising agencies and program builders sometimes but usually we make one dip into our library and come right out with the number that is wanted.

"We use all special arrangements, of course, and getting the music arranged and orchestrated for our particular style of playing is a difficult and expensive job. Our band now has a complete staff of five full-time arrangers, and even then we sometimes have to get extra help to get enough numbers for our programs."

Put it all together, as Abe Lyman tells you details of his professional life, and it adds up to a busy and successful man. There he sits before you, a dark haired, good looking, husky young man, just thirty-five years old, and already he has put quite a career behind him.

ABE is a Chicago boy, and his first musical ambition was directed toward drumsticks. The players who tossed the sticks up in the air, caught them, and came down without missing a beat fascinated him. As he grew into his middle teens he got together some drumsticks, a drum, and five companions and formed an orchestra.

It caught on. The band was swell fun for the kids in it and they liked the work. After a year or so of it, however, Abe began to feel older and

a dance orchestra of his own which has become one of the most popular in California.

Abe's second attempt with an orchestra "took" immediately, and he has been in the business ever since. After building up a good following in Chicago, Abe decided to light out for the greener-looking pastures of California and Hollywood. He managed to get a job right away, and wired back for the other five members of his orchestra to join him. They did well in the first restaurant where they played, and in about a year and a half came their big chance. The swanky and exclusive Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles established its Cocomanut Grove dancing room, and Abe Lyman, with an enlarged band, was immediately engaged to open it.

He went there in (Please turn to page 69)

Let the Voice of Experience HELP YOU



Specially taken for TOWER RADIO by Wide World

*Has the depression upset
your domestic life? Are
school marks a problem?
Ask this adviser*

By VOICE OF EXPERIENCE

How to Write to the VOICE OF EXPERIENCE

Why not take your problem to the Voice of Experience? You can write to him in care of TOWER RADIO, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y., and the letter will be forwarded unopened.

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

The Voice keeps all letters in the strictest confidence.

Left, the counselor in his study.

THIS is my first opportunity to express my compliments to the publishers of TOWER RADIO upon the excellency of this magazine in its new form. If the letters which I have received from you readers are to be believed, it would be difficult for the subject matter in TOWER RADIO to be improved, because of its consistent high quality. But, I think you will agree with me that the change in dress is really quite an improvement and I know that I voice to the publishers the sentiment of many of my followers when I extend congratulations.

Something that I must have written rather vaguely has led a number of you readers of mine to write me, asking my aid in getting on a radio program or help in getting a song published. I handled a problem along this line in a recent issue and, if I did not make myself clear, I apologize.

Let me, then, take a couple of these letters, picked at random from a large group that have come in, and attempt to be explicit enough in my answer, so that all of you who have written will understand my inability to comply with these requests. Here, for example, is a letter from Amsterdam, New York, saying:

DEAR VOICE OF EXPERIENCE: I am a nurse, but have always wanted to be a singer. I love music

and would like to take a radio test. I have written the words for a song entitled, "A Porch of a Little Bungalow." I sent the poem to California to see if I could have music written for the words. I received a letter saying they would broadcast it over the air once, free, if I would send them fifty dollars. They told me that my song would make a great hit. What do you think about it, and please help to make it possible for me to take a radio test.

MARY E. S.

ANSWER: Let me say to every one of you who has been interested in writing lyrics or the score for songs, that, if it is worth fifty or one hundred dollars to you to hear your effort put on the air once, and you can afford to pay that sum, all well and good. On the other hand, if you expect to make that song of yours bring you monetary return through paying to have it published and put on the air, I will be frank with you and say you haven't one chance in a thousand. And that's putting it conservatively.

If I were you, and I were intrigued by an offer to put a song of mine on the air, or to publish it for fifty dollars, I would write to the company making the offer and ask them to give me an affi-

davited list of successful song writers who had used their facilities, to whom I might write for confirmation of the possibilities of financial returns through availing myself of their facilities. That is a fair proposition, and, if the company want to be fair, they will take you up on it.

I have talked to a number of the song writers of Tin Pan Alley, as it is called, successful men, and not one of them has been able to tell me of a single instance where a song was published in this manner wherein the song became a hit. I am not trying to throw cold water on the aspirations of would-be poets and song writers. I am trying to save the useless expenditure of money.

And another letter says:

DEAR VOICE OF EXPERIENCE: I know that I have more talent than half the artists on the air today. I know you want, when you can, to help those who need your services, and also to make possible better radio programs. Therefore, I give you a chance to render a double service by getting me a job on the air and giving me a chance to give America better radio programs than we are now getting.

L. L. M.

ANSWER: My friend, you are terribly modest about your accomplishments and although I dislike having to destroy your faith in my ability to place that remarkable voice of yours before the American public, I would be most unwise if I promised anyone to get even a hearing for him or her before the moguls of radio.

I have served on a committee of Columbia artists, which has been endeavoring to make a comprehensive study of racketeering as it is carried out by some radio schools. But, neither as a member of this committee, nor as an individual, can I recommend a school to a prospective pupil, nor can I recommend a prospective broadcaster to any radio station.

Probably America is missing much by not being able to hear your voice. But, if so, I feel sure that the audition department of some radio station in your own locality would recognize your outstanding qualities and give you a chance to air your abilities on one of the small stations. Through this humble beginning you would then have the opportunity of graduating from the local unit to a network, as most of the big stars have had to do.

DEAR VOICE OF EXPERIENCE: I am a young man, 22, and have been going with a young lady for six months. I think a great deal of her and the only thing that might have made things so strained is that I lost my job recently and cannot afford to take her to the places where she really fits in. This makes me feel like a cad, because she has been a good sport about the matter. Could you advise me what to do in such a predicament?

JOHN.

ANSWER: John, a condition shared in by several millions of people cannot be rightfully termed a predicament, and your girl is not the only one who has shown good sportsmanship when the boy friend was unable to take her to picture shows and other places because of a flat purse. Their number is legion.

I cannot understand the seeming inconsistency in your letter, John, be- (Please turn to page 60)



Wide World

Radio is a happy medium for John Barclay. He feels that it is the ideal place for him to play character roles—his heart's desire.

THE WORLD OWED HIM A LIVING

By JOHN SEYMOUR

YOU know that grand song *The Grasshopper and the Ant* which goes:

"Oh the world owes me a living."

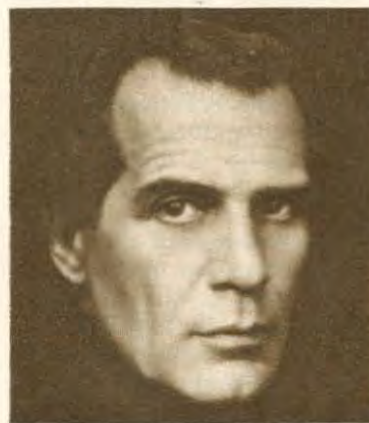
A rollicking idea. But a tragic idea in these topsyturvy times when you've been brought up to believe in it.

John Barclay, leading man on the *Palmolive Hour*, was brought up to believe in it—thoroughly and implicitly.

"My whole background, my education and training seemed designed to pound into me that one idea," he told me recently, "then I woke up one day to the fact that it simply wasn't so. I had to forget everything I had been taught, put my pride in my pocket and knuckle down and fight to survive. And I had no technique for it. The notion that the world owed me a living has been my greatest handicap."

John Barclay is an Englishman born. But even in England the life he knew as a child, the deep-rooted order of things, has disappeared, uprooted by the war; the peace and security drained away by the depression.

You know it, however, if you have read Galsworthy's *Forsyte Saga*. The settled, tranquil life of the country squire. The horses and the fox hunting. The rigid class distinctions. The tradesmen tipping their hats respectfully as the squire's dogcart passed by on the way to market place. The obligation always to do the right thing. The quick disposal of everything that clashed against tradi-



Herbert Mitchell

tion with the pat phrase: "It just isn't done."

There seemed no reason then why that sort of life shouldn't go on forever. Even when their world began to whirl and spin and finally to collapse, those who had known it clung to it with the sort of stubbornness that leads Englishmen to dress for dinner in remote outposts of the tropics.

It went on a long time for John Barclay. Financed by his family he studied to be a concert singer. He came to this country with \$250 in his pocket and was immediately launched under the management of Arthur Judson which assured his success.

"My first engagement was with the Toronto Mendelssohn Choir," he recalled, "and that started me

off with a bang. A certain dignity was attached to being a concert singer in those days. Everywhere I went they unrolled the purple carpet. And that was the worst thing that could have happened to me."

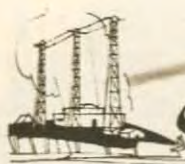
THEN along came radio to kick the stuffing out the concert business and on its heels, the depression. Along with several million others, John Barclay found himself just another man out of a job.

To survive in the concert business, he found he needed money for advertising and the brass to promote himself. He had neither. Everything he had been taught was just (*Please turn to page 64*)



Roy Lee Jackson

John Barclay is a member of one of England's oldest and most conservative families. The son of a country squire, life has taught him much



Short Wave Department

*DX season, now at its height, nears end with the coming of March—
Now's the time to hear the world*

By Captain HORACE L. HALL

Foremost authority on short wave in America

Captain Hall listens in to a remote Pacific station. He regularly hears Java, Japan and Australia. All this requires exactness and fine equipment.



Tower Studios

BY this time the average radio listener has thoroughly acquainted himself with his short wave receiver. He knows just when and where he needs to tune in order to receive the foreign locals, such as France, Germany, England and Spain.

If programs from the stations across the Atlantic get monotonous, then why not cross the Pacific? Here, of course, we run into far more difficulties. The first is the difference in time between here and the trans-Pacific countries. Therefore, when we are having a very early breakfast our Australian and Japanese cousins are preparing for a night's slumber.

In order to snare programs from these hard-to-hear stations we have to rise very early. In fact, sleepy heads do not make good Dxers.

December to March are really the months when we regret leaving our warm beds but these are also the months to snare the distant catches. Rarely, if ever, do we have electrical storms and atmospheric conditions are ideal.

Together we have rearranged antennas and gone window shopping for receivers. Now we will tune together. We will not bother with the usual rank and file of Europeans but try for the unusual as usual.

Personally I am interested in the Orientals. Here is one that we all should and can hear and that is YDA, 49:02 meters, Bandoeng, Java. At last we have some very interesting information on this station. Since April, 1934, on the Island of Java, the NIROM established ten broadcast stations

which deliver only two programs. The head offices are in Batavia and Bandoeng. Every station works on a different wavelength. Bandoeng (YDA) seems to be very well located for long distance work, because reports come in from all the world. The power of all these stations was not over 150 watts until recently, but now Batavia has a ten kilowatt transmitter working on 50 and 80 meters. The NIROM also has a number of stations broadcasting only Javanese music but the wavelengths are about 125 meters.

Although YDA is transmitting until after eleven o'clock in the morning, the best time to receive this station is from 5.30 to 7 A.M., E.S.T.

Previous to this we will try for the Japanese stations. Lately the "Us" have not been so reliable although they have a regular time schedule. JVT, 44:44 meters, radiates JOAK's program from 4 to 7.30 A.M.

PRICK up your ears! We are off! What for? Why, ZHI, Singapore! That means we must have everything just right. Aerial, receiver and weather conditions. For your information, here is the schedule. Monday, Wednesday and Thursday from 6 to 8.30 A.M. Sunday from 6.40 to 7 A.M. The power is 180 watts and the frequency is 6018 kilocycles (49:9 meters). Every first and third Sunday of the month programs consist of relayed church services and organ recitals from Tomlinson Hall, Singapore.

India is now heard and with speaker strength on Sunday mornings from 7.30 to 8 A.M. The pro-

grams consist of typical native music, but announcements are in English. Try for them on 31:36 meters. The call letters are VUB.

All of us have had the three Australians but very few have had the luck to tune in the little twenty-five watter in the land of the kangaroos. VK3ZX, 42:83 meters, Victoria, Australia, is on the air Sunday mornings from 12.30 to 2 A.M., EST.

Now about a station that a tuner may try for, morning after morning and never even hear. Then one day you go to your receiver and get it without trouble. This is CQN, Macao, South China. According to a verification received by the writer the wave length is 49:8 meters. The power is 500 watts. They are broadcasting special programs with Portuguese songs and music by well-known amateurs of the city. On Monday, Wednesday and Friday their schedule is 7 to 9 A.M., E.S.T.

Rabat, Morocco, the African who went on a furlough is back again and on 37:33 meters. This station is only on on Sunday from 3 to 4 P.M. and sometimes a little later.

OPM, 29:59 meters, Belgian Congo, the commercial phone station, has been fairly active. Not contacting Belgium, the motherland, but transmitting lovely musical programs. Tuning for them from 2 to 4 P.M. often proves profitable to the listener who wants to log the latest. By the way, any short wave fan who combines stamp collecting with short wave verifications will be delighted to receive veris from these stations as the stamps on them are exceptionally beautiful.

New stations are with (Please turn to page 59)

RADIO Pageant

1935 will be a woman's year on the air—
Welcome to Misses Farrar, Lillie and Janis

Caricatures by Henri Weiner.

THESE is every indication that 1935 will be a woman's year in radio.

Geraldine Farrar has become raconteuse of the Metropolitan Opera broadcasts. Beatrice Lillie has become the first star female comic. Elsie Janis has been signed as the first woman announcer. And, when you stop to think about it, why shouldn't women play a vital part in broadcasting?

The Observer always has been a believer in equal rights—and voices—for women. Still, he confesses to a shock when he listened to the annual toyshop broadcast from the quaint old German town of Nuremberg. Against the background of chimes from medieval bells came the strident voice of a lady announcer: "Come on, kids, do your stuff!" With which a boys' choir burst into Christmas carols.

We expect no such slips from the experienced and versatile Miss Janis, who was introduced as NBC announcer in a neatly arranged fifteen minute interlude during which the mere male announcers put her through the paces. And Miss Janis stood the test very well, indeed.

THE radio wiseacres have been a little skeptical of Beatrice Lillie's future on the air. Her style, they fear, is built too much upon subtlety, upon sharp-edged satire. And does radio want intelligence, they ask?

The Observer can only point to the success of Alexander Woollcott, who now leads all the Columbia Broadcasting System, save the Voice of Experience, in magnitude of fan mail. The magnates saw little chance for that erudite raconteur. Isn't reading a lost art? they reasoned, and how can Woollcott interest the Great American Listener in such things



Guy Lombardo, still supreme master of dance music.

as the authors of our best sellers?

Miss Lillie says she is going to deflate the stuffed shirts of both Park Avenue and Main Street. More power to her. And congratulations to Monsieur Vallee for bringing another star to the air. It was on the Vallee hour that Miss Lillie offered that priceless humorous gem, her version of an English hall artist doing a mammy song.

STEP by step, radio follows the footprints of the movies.

Maybe you can remember when the silent film players of the old Biograph era were anonymous. The movie moguls—simple, short-sighted souls—of those pioneer days did not believe that publicity was compatible with profit.

Now comes NBC with a rule that all announcers—except on sponsored programs when the sponsor wishes it—are to be nameless. Thus does big business meet the menace of publicity. Unfortunately, the lofty air executives forget that publicity is the life blood of radio, or indeed of anything making a mass appeal.

Will the public be satisfied to have its McNamees and Husings hidden under a mantle of secrecy?

IT'S a little late to talk about the Christmas season and we apologize. But a word is in order about those shrewd masters of national exploitation, the British royal family. King George was on the air Christmas morning with his good wishes and royal felicitations and British broadcasters carried listeners from one end of the empire to the other. You heard Yuletide bells from Bethlehem, under British mandate, to Southern Rhodesia, in South Africa, from Western Canada to New Zealand.

And congratulations to CBS for its holiday "American Scene" broadcast. Here the mike moved backward and forward across our country to catch a dinner dance at the Essex House, in New York, a hockey game in St. Louis, some natives around the stove of a Kansas crossroads store (here Will Rogers appeared to be playing all the parts), the unloading of a Mississippi barge, the roar of Niagara, an Oriental school in 'Frisco and the making of a movie in Hollywood.

Some of this seemed staged, some of it appeared



Kate Smith, ill as this issue goes to press, was about to launch a new national radio hour. Kate can sing as few can and she has a place all her own on the air.



Pictures of Gertrude Niesen seem to land in every issue of TOWER RADIO. And can you blame us for decorating our pages?

authentic. Too bad that this graphic picture of life as it was in 1934 can't be preserved for posterity.

PRAISE be, Fred Allen has renewed his radio contract. Allen began to worry about his abilities to maintain his standards through an hour program every week. And he hesitated about resigning.

Allen, at least to the Observer, grows steadily in humor and in sharp observation of the passing show. He is the one distinct humorist of radio. Where Jack Benny is a wise, flip fellow with his tongue in his cheek, the master of casual comedy, Allen is expert at dissecting the current parade and holding the pieces up for our chuckles. No air sketches are so tightly written, so crammed with barbed laughter. The Observer holds that Allen stands pretty much alone (Please turn to page 57)

LANNY ROSS'S FAVORITE DISHES

He likes oysters, spinach, onion soup au gratin, and walnuts best

By RITA CALHOUN



When oysters are in season Mr. Ross invariably chooses Oysters a la Casino. Creamed spinach or cream of spinach soup are also favorite dishes. Mr. Ross acquired a taste for onion soup au gratin in the famous Cafe de la Paix in Paris.



Walnuts to finish the meal.

LANNY ROSS, popular tenor of "Show Boat" and "Log Cabin" radio fame, has toured Europe and the United States a number of times, and has had the choice and opportunity of tasting the specialties of many famous kitchens, but, like Ed Wynn, "he still sticks to his Oysters a la Casino" which can be had very inexpensively at one of his favorite haunts, Chantecler Restaurant in New York City.

The rehearsal of "Show Boat" was in full swing when we talked to him, but between his delightful songs, and amid tuning of violins, trumpet scales and drum beats, we managed to get him to sit down long enough to find out how to prepare this favorite selection of his. It is a very simple dish, and one with which you and you and you can surprise the family for luncheon or dinner at very little expense and trouble.

You will need: 24 or 25 medium-sized oysters, 1 cup butter, 1 tablespoonful chives, 1 tablespoonful shallots or very small onions, garlic, salt, red pepper, paprika, 24 or 25 strips of bacon, white wine, slices of lemon.

If your family numbers four, we would suggest buying about twenty or twenty-five medium-sized oysters, in the shell. Remove the top shells and place the oysters on the half shell in a broiling pan. Prepare a mixture of the butter, chives, which is a kind of green herb with a very distinctive flavor, shallots, or very small onions, a bit of garlic, salt, red pepper and a dash of paprika. Place a good teaspoonful of the mixture on top of each oyster

and set the pan under the flame in the oven. When the butter begins to melt, wrap each oyster in a piece of bacon, and pour a little white wine into each shell. This gives a very delightful flavor to your dish. Then place the pan under a quick flame, and allow to broil for about five or six minutes. When done, garnish with slices of lemon, serve piping hot and you will have the dish which Mr. Ross invariably orders when he is very hungry.

Although this is Mr. Ross's first choice, through his extensive traveling he has acquired an especial liking for many other types of food. For instance, when he toured Europe with the Yale Glee Club four or five years ago, he found at the Cafe de la Paix in Paris what he considered to be an ideal midnight snack—onion soup, with small slices of French bread to accompany it. This can easily be made by chopping six medium-sized onions and cooking in two tablespoons of butter for about five minutes. Add a pint and a half of water, cook half an hour and press through a sieve. Melt one tablespoonful of butter, add enough flour and scalded milk to make a smooth sauce and cook five minutes. Add a dash of salt and red pepper, and combine with the milk and flour mixture. Add slightly beaten yolk of one egg, mix, and heat thoroughly. Served with the sliced bread on top, and grated

Italian cheese may be sprinkled over it.

Nuts also find a warm spot in Mr. Ross's heart, as he not only likes their taste, but he finds that they are particularly nutritious and give him strength and energy to go through the busy days which confront him.

Here are a few favorite recipes of Mr. Ross's:

Brazil Nut Stuffing

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

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

Cream of Spinach Soup

Cook 2 quarts of spinach in 3 cups boiling water 30 minutes, drain, chop and rub through sieve, add 4 cups chicken stock, heat to boiling point, bind with ¼ cup of butter and ⅓ cup of flour cooked together and add 2 cups of milk. Season with salt and pepper.

Prevent Diphtheria!



"The inoculation was perfectly simple. He didn't mind it a bit. This young man will never have diphtheria!"

THE number of deaths from diphtheria dropped, on an average, about 1,000 each year—approximately from 14,000 to 4,000—throughout the United States from 1923 until 1934. In those cities and towns where inoculation of pre-school children is the rule and not the exception, the danger from diphtheria is steadily decreasing. In fact there are many large communities where no deaths from diphtheria have occurred over a number of years.

Antitoxin, discovered years ago, was a partial victory over diphtheria. It usually relieved the severity of an attack of the disease and helped to save many lives. With the extensive development of toxin-antitoxin or toxoid inoculations, a preventive method for blotting out this disease has been found. All children should be protected against diphtheria when they have reached the age of six months. Inoculation gives the great majority complete and lasting immunity against the disease. Whether a child lives in the city or in the country, a nearby doctor can give him the inoculation.



Not all of the diphtheria tragedies are due to lack of information or to negligence on the part of parents. In some cases mothers are under the impression that their children are in no danger of contracting this disease because of the devoted care given them. They are reluctant to have their healthy children immunized. Parents should realize that the utmost care may not protect their boys and girls from this preventable disease. Successful inoculation in infancy will protect them.

Nearly two-thirds of the fatal results from diphtheria occur between the ages of six months and six years. Those who recover from an attack may even then be left with permanently damaged hearts. Inoculation is a simple matter, soon over with, and leaves no scar. If you have children of your own who have not been inoculated, protect them at once.

Metropolitan will mail, free, its booklet "Diphtheria and Your Child." Address Booklet Dept. 335-B.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT

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

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MAKE-UP BOX

BEAUTY KNICKKNACKS AND KNACK OF COMBING HAIR

IT ISN'T A RAKE: See the little glad girl at the right? See the big hooked weapon? No, it isn't a rake though it looks like one. It's an electric comb and you, and you, and you, who have been just too lazy or busy, or something, to brush and brush one

hundred strokes each night for beauty's sake, can turn on the electric current and presto! Health, luster, strength, vitality flows through your hair. A Swedish inventor designed the comb and it has just arrived in America. No cords, no wires, and no electrical gadgets are visible, nor any electrical attachment or plug necessary.

In the handle, however, a tiny battery supplies the gentle current of electricity which flows through the curved teeth and stimulates the hair roots to renewed activity. You can't even feel the current and its only when a pocket lamp bulb is placed against the teeth and it lights up that you know a battery is there. Regular use of the electric comb normalizes the oily glands and helps correct an oily condition of the hair; dry hair and scalp, too, respond to this stimulating treatment and in some cases, I am told, it restores the natural wave to the hair. And think what it will do for thin hair, dandruff, straight and stringy locks. Five minutes morning and night does the trick and you'll be astonished at the new beauty the use of this comb brings to your hair.

AT HOLLYWOOD'S FINGERTIPS: The Hollywood people have been sitting up nights devising a number of new shades of nail polish for the moving picture actresses, but it won't make them very cross if the good word is passed along. This particular polish has the endorsement of several Hollywood stars (and both debutantes and dowagers favor startling colors these days). There are such exciting colors as platinum pearl, coral, carmine, rose, cardinal, and tomato red. The polish is so moderately priced that you may have all the colors on your dressing table and the luxury of changing your polish to match your gown. But in addition to the luscious new shades, they told me that the polish itself would not crack, chip or peel. Being a Doubting Thomasina, I promptly applied a coat of the tomato red to my nails. That was a week ago, and since then these poor little hands have been dipped into everything from cleaning fluid to suede shoe polish, and a careful scrutiny at this moment fails to reveal any change whatever in the gleaming surface of my nails. Hurrah!

A LOVE OF A GLOVE: It's hard to decide whether news about gloves treated with a hand lotion should be turned over to the Fashion Editor or

not. But gloves which have beauty in every one of their ten fingertips and which work while you wait, are something so specially interesting to all our MAKE-UP BOX readers that Fashion Department yielded gracefully to Beauty Department with

the special plea that I talk good style as well as good looks. So here goes. I've used them so I know very well whereof I speak when I say they're good to look at and good for you. They're lovely, soft, washable capeskin as fine as the finest import. But better than that, the linings have been processed, with glycerine, almond oil, wax, and honey. Shades of Cleopatra! So the gloves are delicately fragrant and perspiration-proof. Not only do they form a smart costume accessory but they actually beautify and whiten the hands as well. It's a pretty practical idea because the gloves don't cost a sou more than an average pair of kid gloves.

FAIR AND FALSE: Lest the mere mention of artificial fingernails seem utterly fantastic, may I hasten to explain that few have smooth, pale, perfect hands tipped by gleaming well-cared-for nails. All too often the devastating routine of housework, typewriter tapping, piano lessons, not forgetting the legion of fingernail biters (or what do you do?) results in brittle, broken, ridged, and ugly nails. So what? So, if you're clever, you'll get yourself a box of artificial fingernails. The nails look like thin, pearly shells. Place them snugly right over your own nails and cement thereon. All of which takes but five minutes. Then apply a favorite shade of polish and viola!

ALL Gaul may have been divided into three parts, but the feminine world is divided into two parts . . . those who want to reduce the size of their bust and those who want to develop it. Because interest in this subject is so widespread, I interviewed several leading authorities, gathered all the available information and included it in this month's beauty circular which is yours for the asking. And if there's anything else bothering your pretty heads write to—

Marilyn

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



Everyday Care Keeps Hands Lovely

Finger Tip Beauty

By HARRIET HILLIARD

YOU may have your nails manicured by the best manicurist in the world—or you may do them yourself. But there is a lot more than that to keeping your hands in good condition and making them lovely.

A good old-fashioned buffer is one of the best of all manicure implements. Of course it is the buffing, not the buffer, that is really important. Buffing brings a natural warmth and glow to the nails. It makes them look alive—because it stimulates the circulation through them and really makes them healthier.

Most women today go in for liquid nail polish. It is smart and so much more permanent. The choice of a color is, of course, purely a matter of personal taste. The conservative may prefer the lighter shades although the deep and more startling colors are the vogue at the moment. But be sure to start your manicure by removing all traces of old polish before applying fresh polish for polish on neglected nails is like make-up on a bad skin.

My orangewood stick is another good friend. I use it instead of a file to clean them. It cannot possibly scratch them or irritate them. Wrap a bit of cotton around the point, and dip it in nail bleach. Then work under the tips of the nails to remove any stains or discoloration. Dip the stick, with its little cotton padding around the point,

into vaseline or cold cream and rub under the nails if they are harsh or roughened.

If the cuticle around the nails is getting very dry, so that two days after a manicure it looks rough and as if you needed another manicure, use lots of cold cream at night. Just smear the hands with it—it will soften them as well as the finger tips if they are rough or chapped—and draw on a pair of loose wash gloves before you go to bed. By morning, your hands will be lovely and soft.

And never feel discouraged if your hands do not look perfect. Perhaps you have neglected them. They need a little extra care. Just go ahead with this creaming treatment persistently, and before you know it your hands will show a marvelous change.

Use hand lotion during the day. I do, whenever I wash my hands, especially in cold weather. I dry them as thoroughly as I can and then rub in plenty of lotion.

Nail whitener works wonders in giving a contrast between the tips of the nails and their polished surface. Another thing about nail whitener, it counteracts the transparent look that cold cream gives the ends of the finger nails.

Perhaps I use more cold cream than most girls do—because I have to use a lot of it every time I take off my make-up.

But you know, whenever you cream your face, how transparent your nails look. The nail whitener makes them look opaque again. Just apply it with a bit of cotton on your orangewood stick. It comes in the form of a little pencil that can be carried in the handbag to keep the nails clean and tidy through the day.

It is one of those small aids to beauty and good grooming that any girl can easily afford.

Exercise helps keep the hands attractive. My favorite finger exercise is to shake the hand, keeping the arm stiff, but letting the wrist and finger joints hang perfectly loose. It is a good exercise if you are going to have a photograph taken or if you are going to stand up before an audience. You know how stiff and tense you sometimes feel. This flexing exercise makes you lose all self-consciousness about your hands. And then, if they have been nicely cared for, they are sure to look attractive.

Harriet Hilliard finds buffing gives a smooth finish to the nails after the polish dries.



TOWER MAGAZINES' HOME SERVICE DEPARTMENT

Dreaded Age Signs first Appear *Under Your Skin*

Lines and Wrinkles begin Below Surface as early as 20—Dermatologists say



Lines, Wrinkles, signs of wasting under-skin—loss of tone—impaired nutrition—lack of invigorating oils.

Coarseness is made worse by clogged pores, neglect, improper cleansing.

Blackheads come from pores clogged by thick secretions from overactive skin glands.

Dryness is often due to poorly functioning under skin, inadequate oil supply.

Blemishes. Many factors lead to blemishes—among them inactive circulation, improper cleansing.

Sagging Tissues, due to loss of nerve tone, impaired circulation, fatty degeneration of the muscles.

IF YOU COULD LOOK UNDER YOUR SKIN!

Underneath your outer skin or *epidermis* is the true skin or *corium*. Here are myriads of tiny blood vessels, cells, nerves, elastic fibres, fat and muscle tissues, oil and sweat glands, hair follicles! On these depends the beauty of your outer skin. When they grow sluggish, the under skin loses vigor. Then, look out for blackheads, coarseness, blemishes, lines—eventually wrinkles!



Coarseness Blackheads Blemishes
All develop when under-skin fails to function

You can Fight them all with this Single Cream

DO YOU KNOW what is the time of a woman's greatest beauty? . . . *The glorious teens!*

Here's what a great skin authority says: "From 16 to 20, a woman's skin literally blooms. It is satiny, clear, glowing. Not a line, not a pore. From 20 on, the fight to keep a youthful appearance begins." A fight it is!

If you want to know the secret beginnings of blackheads, blemishes, coarse pores, lines, wrinkles, you would have to see into your under skin.

There's where the firm young tissue first begins to age. Where circulation slows. Where tiny oil glands begin to lose tone. When these things happen, your under skin actually starves! As a result, the outer skin grows harsh—sallow—lined.

To avoid these faults, you must give immediate help to your *under skin*.

This is what Pond's Cold Cream does. In this famous cream are specially processed oils that sink deep into the skin. This rich, penetrating cream sustains the failing nutrition underneath— aids the natural functioning of the oil glands.

Use this youth-sustaining cream. See how quickly its use brings back a satiny texture. Even wipes

out lines. Clears away blackheads, blemishes.

Pond's Cold Cream is a wonderful cleanser. Use it *at night* before retiring. It sinks deep and flushes away all skin impurities, grime, rubbed-in rouge, powder. Your skin feels wonderfully freshened, renewed.

A *second application* patted in vigorously stimulates the circulation. You actually look years



younger! In the morning and in the daytime before you make up, repeat this. Your powder goes on so smoothly—stays that way for hours.

Send the coupon today for the generous tube and other Pond's beauty aids. Then see if you do not win back that youthful charm every woman should have!



MRS. ROBERT NELSON PAGE (above), a distinguished Southern beauty. "Her skin is soft—a perfect texture. No lines or blemishes"—Dermatologist's Report. Mrs. Page says, "Pond's Cold Cream keeps my pores fine—my skin smooth—banishes blackheads."

MRS. ADOLPH B. SPRECKELS, JR. (left) of the prominent California family. "Has a perfect skin—no blackheads—no enlarged pores"—Dermatologist's Report. Mrs. Spreckels says, "Pond's Cold Cream cleanses my skin as no other cream ever did."

Send for generous supply—
See what this famous cream will do for You!

POND'S, Dept. C48, Clinton, Conn. I enclose 10¢ (to cover postage and packing) for special tube of Pond's Cold Cream with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 4 shades of Pond's Face Powder.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

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ASK THE DOCTOR

Here are the doctor's answers to some of Tower Radio readers' questions about food

Conducted by
DR. HENRY KATZ

THE problem of losing or gaining weight is one of great importance to many of our readers this month, and excessive slenderness seems to be as vexing a problem as overweight.

Here is an interesting example:

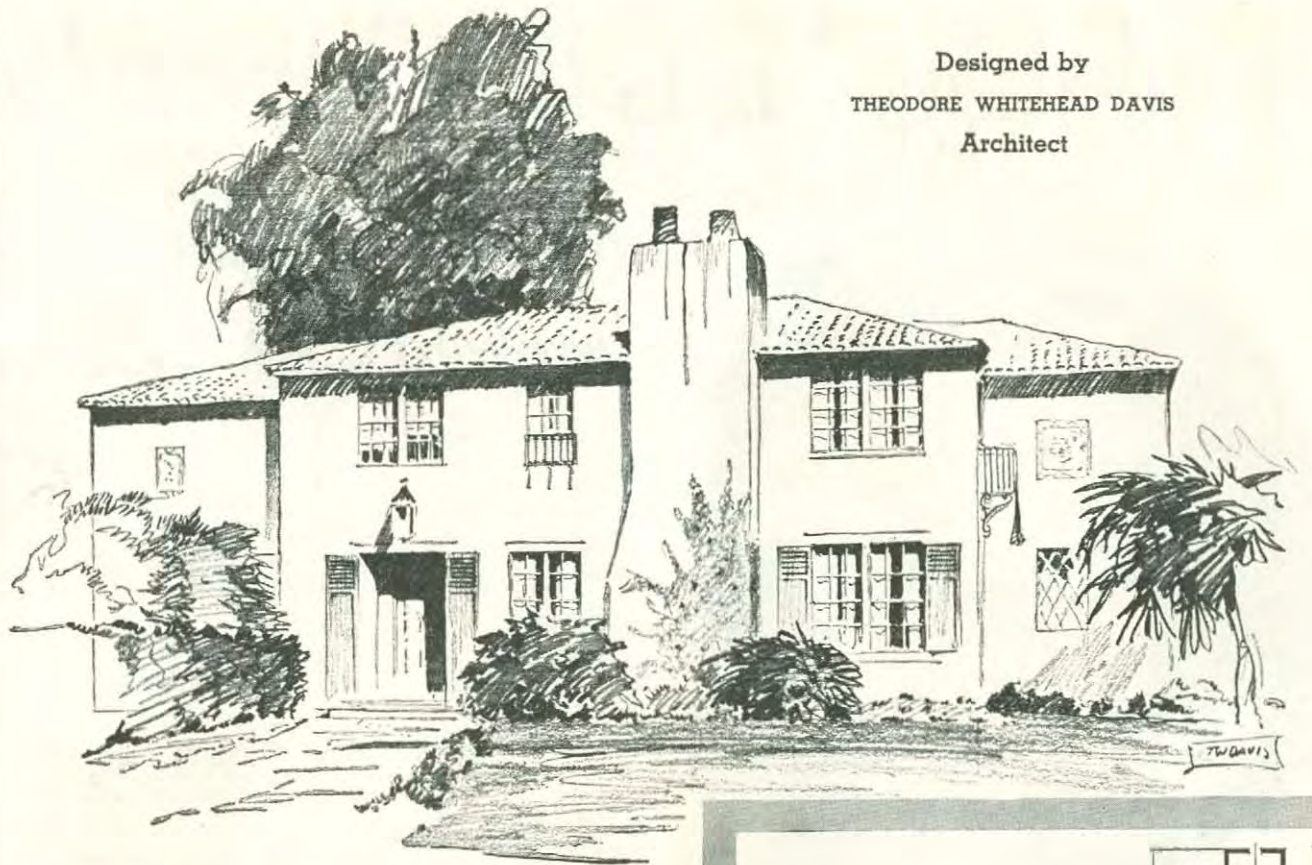
"I am twenty-five years of age, height, five feet one inch, weight, eighty-five pounds. Think of it! Eighty-five whole pounds! Can you give me a diet to increase my weight?"

"Also, I am inclined to be round shouldered, being in an office all day long over a typewriting desk. Can you give me a short list of a few exercises that I can take every day? Do you think that I am below par too much for my weight and height, or do you think that this is not a rare case?"

You are somewhat under weight for your height, although some people are naturally of very slim build. You can increase your weight by eating wholesome food and by eating as often as you get an opportunity. If you can eat small quantities frequently the chances of putting on weight are better than when you eat big meals three times a day. The foods that give considerable weight for their bulk are: butter, milk, cream, potatoes, pastry and all fatty foods. You should eat meat at least once a day and drink a quart of milk daily. Early to bed will aid your condition by helping you to store up energy.

Walking is the ideal exercise for a young lady of your height and weight. In good weather try to be out of doors as much as you possibly can, and go in for ocean bathing and gentle outdoor exercise.

This new department in TOWER RADIO is conducted by Dr. Henry Katz, experienced general practitioner and member of the staff of Fordham Pediatric Clinic, New York. If you would like expert advice about any questions of food or diet send them to the Diet Editor, TOWER RADIO, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Dr. Katz will personally direct the answer to your problem unless it is one that calls for advice of your family physician. Questions and answers of special interest will be published—with senders' names omitted—in this department, except where special request is made not to have the answers used in this way. Letters should enclose stamp, or stamped, addressed envelope for reply.



Designed by
THEODORE WHITEHEAD DAVIS
Architect

High Up on a Mountain Top

Enric Madriguera, orchestra
leader, plans a delightful
Spanish house

By JEAN JOHNSON

WE interviewed Enric Madriguera, well-known orchestra leader, in the Caprice room of the Hotel Weylin in New York City, from which place you hear him broadcast twice a week. When we asked him what kind of house he would like to build he immediately became interested. He has been dreaming about this ideal house of his for a good many years.

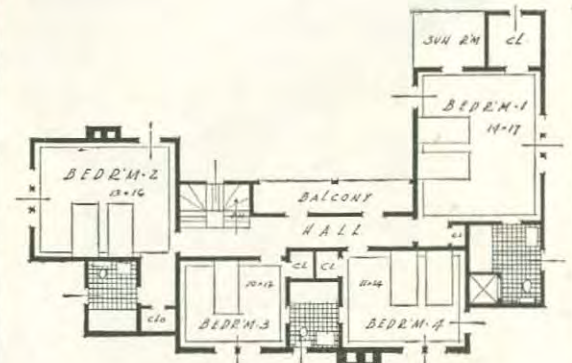
His home is to be built atop a high mountain, overlooking the sea, and surrounded with lovely old pine trees, and the more isolated his little kingdom, the better.

Mr. Madriguera, a Spaniard himself, naturally prefers the Spanish type of architecture, a rambling, roomy house built around a patio. On the first floor of his house is a large living-room with an open fireplace, a small sound-proof, book-lined study which leads into a good-sized music room, at one end of which is a raised platform that can be used as a stage. This room also serves as an audition room. The other wing contains the entrance and stair hall, small powder room and lavatory, dining-room, serving pantry and kitchen.

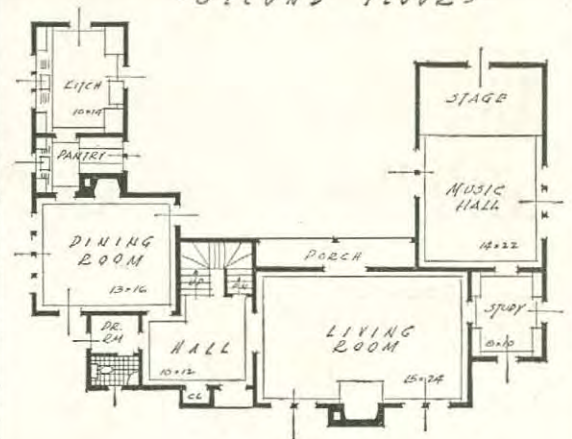
On the second floor of the house is the master bedroom, bath and glass enclosed sun room; a bedroom and bath for his secretary, and two guest bedrooms and a bath.

In the basement directly under the living-room is a large recreation and game room and the space under the study has been utilized for a quaint little tap-room. In addition to these rooms in the basement are a completely equipped laundry, an ample store-room and a boiler-room.

Mr. Madriguera's tastes in furnishings are very sim-



• SECOND FLOOR •



• FIRST FLOOR •

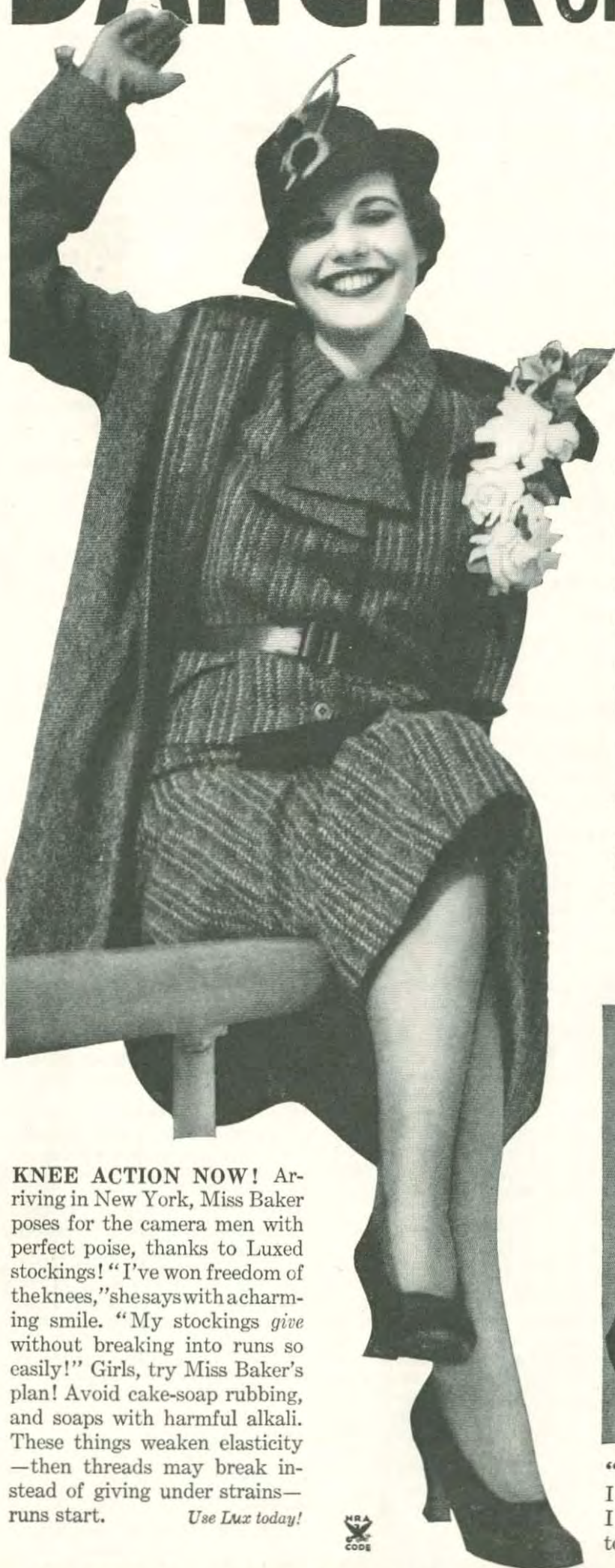
ple. He likes good comfortable pieces, not antique nor Oriental in design. For color he prefers reds and browns harmoniously combined to give quiet, restful and soothing atmospheres to the various rooms. His own bedroom must be modern, but he wants each of the other rooms in the house to be furnished in a different style so that he can stroll through his house and have a decided change in atmosphere as he goes from room to room.

The arrangement of the patio provides the privacy desired by Mr. Madriguera, as in the summertime he likes to have breakfast and luncheon out of doors.

If you would like to see a house designed for your favorite radio star in a future issue of this magazine, send in your request with the star's name to Tower House Editor, TOWER RADIO MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

DANCER CUTS DOWN RUNS ON STOCKING

RUNS



PURSUED BY RUNS! Jane Baker, lovely dancer, says: "A dancer's stockings lead a strenuous life. Still, you'd think on a vacation I'd get a rest from runs! But no! Then, one lucky day on my trip South—"

Story below

KNEE ACTION NOW! Arriving in New York, Miss Baker poses for the camera men with perfect poise, thanks to Luxed stockings! "I've won freedom of the knees," she says with a charming smile. "My stockings give without breaking into runs so easily!" Girls, try Miss Baker's plan! Avoid cake-soap rubbing, and soaps with harmful alkali. These things weaken elasticity—then threads may break instead of giving under strains—runs start.

Use Lux today!



"SOMEBODY TOLD ME how Lux keeps stockings *elastic* and cuts down runs. I couldn't buy Lux on shipboard, but the Captain himself had a box in his locker. I started Luxing my stockings every day, and *was* I surprised! It's much easier to use Lux than to rub with cake soap—and hardly another run on my whole trip!"

LUX SAVES STOCKING ELASTICITY

Radio From the Inside

BY THE MAN AT THE CONTROLS

IF IT hasn't been done by now, it's pretty certain the code authorities, spurred by the movie and theater associations, will call a halt to free audiences at radio programs before long. Last year, in Manhattan alone, more than a million persons witnessed the networks' air shows—in person. The amusement enterprises feel this practice is hurting the box office—and I feel personally that it's also hurting the broadcasts in which the near-sighted entertainers ignore the stay-at-homes all over the country, and concentrate their attention on a few hundred or thousand people present.

ORVILLE WRIGHT, who, with his brother Wilbur, dared their first practical flight in an airplane, is credited with contributing a brave deed that blazed the way for aviation's great progress. It was a heroic feat, indeed, but when Wilbur Wright was approached by broadcasting officials to radio a talk on the anniversary of the epochal flight, he demurred. "I'm afraid to go on the air," said the man who was the first to propel through it.

SOME of these spotlight-loving announcers should get on to themselves before their public gets off of them. I refer to the word-spielers, who, when they play only a most minor part in a program or in the introduction of a radio speaker, simply can't sign off without telling the world their names.

THE loquacious Ted Husing will be a bit more discreet in his descriptions of gentlemen's clothes when football time sneaks up on us this Fall. In his last gridiron broadcast of the past season your announcer, Mr. Husing, commented that many of the male patrons in the stands were attired in coats "in the Chesterfieldian manner."

But from Winston-Salem, the birthplace of Camel cigarettes—which employs the said Mr. Husing on its own programs—came frantic word that if he had to mention the kind of overcoats the men were wearing, by all means say they're camel hair.

AN AUTO sponsor wanted Al Jolson as the star of its special one-time gala radio show, offering the ex-mammy singer \$6,000 for the appearance. But Massa Jolson figured that if the sponsor wanted him for that amount of cash, he'd also want him for \$7,000. This retort threw the auto outfit out of stride. They renigged, but finally agreed to consider the additional thousand. But first, before coming to a definite decision, the executives of the company and the advertising agency listened to Jolson's broadcast for a well-known movie columnist. Then for obvious reasons, the program backers withdrew their original offer of \$6,000.

His "free" performance for the film writer cost Jolson plenty, making his sad songs sadder.

RADIO fame can be as fleeting as a summer tan. Not two years ago, Mandy Lou, whose real label is Artie Bell McGinty, was the star of the Old Gold-Fred Waring entertainments. Her drawl and laugh stole the comedy honors right from under the noses of first John P. Medbury, and then George Givot; but now the colored actress is forgotten by radio. She's doing household work now. Some smart sponsor should bring her back to the loudspeakers.

AIRLINERS—Mrs. Roosevelt of the White House Roosevelts knows all the CBS page boys by their first names—Former Columbia build-ups now on National's roster include Guy Lombardo, Morton Downey, the Street Singer and Fred Allen—Henry Ford, Fred Waring's sponsor, gave the bandman's new baby daughter a historical desk, making the presentation himself—Isham Jones traded in his orchestra's six Fords for Chevrolets, his air bankroller, when a newspaper chided him—Edwin C. Hill is the ace sartorial exponent of the studios—Tony Wons frequents out-of-the-way beer taverns—Child prodigies on the radio should be exiled until maturity—Talent hunts are the latest air rage—

NOT SO long ago, Roland Harriman delivered a radio address over one of the networks pertaining to the activities of the National Economy League. Following the broadcast, the telephone in the reception room rang, and the operator announced, "Mr. Roosevelt calling from Washington." The page boy who excitedly answered the phone, reported the incident to the publicity department, stating it was the President himself, and giving some human interest details. The alert press agent rushed the information to a radio columnist. Early the next day the publicity man discovered through several sources that it was not the President who had called the previous night, but Archie Roosevelt. It was too late to stop the story—the newspapers were on the street with the yarn heading the column.

The worried publicity exponent and the equally worried columnist suffered all sorts of trepidations. There was nothing to do but to await the complaint. Finally, two days later, the complaint came. It was from the page boy, who, still thinking he had spoken to the President, didn't like the abrupt manner in which he was quoted—it didn't make him sound courteous, he said.

Nothing else happened.

WORD comes to me from Little America that Alphonse Carbone, harmonica virtuoso on the Byrd broadcasts and cook of the expedition, hasn't ventured outside their dwelling since the group's arrival at the South Pole more than a year ago.

IT WAS at a private party of some proportions in New York's fashionable east side. Society, radio and theater mingled among the cocktail glasses—and the talented ones gave impromptu performances for the edification of the other guests. Finally, one well-known radio artist was called upon, but he demurred. He said his NBC contract wouldn't permit him to entertain without permission from the powers-that-be. The hostess coaxed in her most coaxing manner. But the singing fellow stubbornly insisted that it would incur the wrath of the National Broadcasting Company.

Finally, a pleasant-faced gentleman stepped up to the artist, and quietly said that he didn't think the broadcasting company would mind very much if the other did a number or two. In fact, it would be a very nice idea, the man said.

"That's all very well for you to say that," the artist stiffly replied, "but after all—who are you to tell me it's all right?"

Then someone stepped forward and introduced the singer to Merlin H. Aylesworth, president of the National Broadcasting Company.

VICTOR KOLAR, conductor of the Detroit Symphony, is one of the most modest men in music—and surely, one of the modest men in radio circles. Although he's created more than 100 compositions and is three times the winner of international competition for original manuscripts, he never has sought publication for his works. Odd, isn't it?

"The reason I do not submit my compositions to publishers is that there is so much good music already written that I do not feel there is any artistic need for my efforts. Better compositions than mine are being utterly neglected. Furthermore, I have never written a piece with which I myself have been completely satisfied."

Tin Pan Alley—please copy.

JERRY COOPER, the singing lad who doesn't sound unlike Bing Crosby, isn't content with his mike warblings. He has become the manager of a prize-fighter, the former inter-collegiate champion at the University of Georgia. When a friend asked Cooper what made him think the fellow was good, the baritone replied: "What makes me think he's good? Why say, I'm the guy he patted when he took the title."

Other radio performers have gone in for the management of pugilistic fellows. Freddie Rich signed the light-heavyweight champion of the Navy, trained him for three months, and then watched him sink for the count in the first round of his first fight. The Marx Brothers—Groucho, Harpo, Chico, and Zeppo—once had a fighter under their guidance, and they even changed his name to Marx. But after his few disastrous encounters, the freres' friends began calling the pug Ploppo Marx. So they sold his contract for five dollars and a box of cheap cigars.

ROSA PONSELLE no longer is the scintillating star of the Monday night Chesterfield offerings, but I've just come across an incident that warrants a public debut.

The prima donna, who likes to have things her own way, informed the powers-in-charge that she wanted the radio engineers to wear evening clothes at her broadcasts. A memo to this effect was sent to these men in the control room. They made a joint reply: "Sure we'll wear them if she'll buy them."

They didn't wear the evening clothes.

THE subject of Walter O'Keefe's recent discussions on the Caravan airing was nudism. After the usual banter, Walter asked "Where do nudists go in the wintertime, anyway?" It seemed a logical enough question, but scarcely had his voice died away when a call was received at CBS headquarters. "What does O'Keefe mean?" an irate feminine voice demanded. "He should be able to answer that one himself. Please remind him he was a guest at my nudist camp last Winter."

And that's the naked truth.

IN ONE of Manhattan's sumptuous tenements dwell a host of radio folk, including Rudy Vallee, B. A. Rolfe, Little Jack Little, Carmen Lombardo, together with a number of other micro-

phoners. In fact, so many wage-earners of the radio studios have apartments in this building that one enterprising song-publisher decided to capitalize on the assemblage. He bribed the elevator boys to whistle his latest tunes, thus "plugging" them with the people from whom he sought air "plugs."

Andre Kostelanetz has a car and in that car is a radio. The first day the batoneer had the receiver installed he was driving along crowded Fifth Avenue, listening to a studio symphony orchestra. His music-sensitive ear was so upset when an oboe player blew out several sour notes that he knocked down a traffic sign. A cop hurried over—they always hurry when you don't want them to—and while I'd like to say that Andre was the John Law's favorite radio conductor, I can't. Because the badge man didn't have a radio and never heard of the other's musical exploits. So Andre got one ticket on the aisle—of traffic court.

BUT Dennis King had better luck in his traffic difficulties—and the English born star, who really has a grand sense of humor, tells me an amusing story about his experience.

While navigating his car through the Bronx maze, King passed a red light, and was halted by the policeman's shrill whistle. A few moments later, the cop had out his ticket book and pencil. He asked for the driver's name.

"Dennis King" was the reply.

"Say, you're an actor, aren't you?" King humbly admitted that he might be called one.

"Sure, I remember you," the Law replied, "I saw your act with them trained dogs up at the theater around here a couple of weeks ago, and it was great. I'll let you go this time."

And, for once, Dennis King, dashing star of stage, screen and radio, was glad to have been confused with a fellow who had a dog act.

THE CAST of "The O'Flynn" operetta series is a League of Nations affair. Soprano Viola Philo is Austrian; tenor Milton Watson is Spanish; Ray B. Collins is as Irish as Paddy's pig; Jack Smart is Dutch; Roger Hendrick, who plays an English spy, is a Londoner; conductor Nat Shilkret is Austrian; and actor John Gregg is Scotch. What, no ginger ale?

DOLLARS to crooners or crullers—take your pick—you've never heard of Elizabeth Tucker. But she's a young lady who holds a unique record. Miss Tucker, a secretary in the CBS engineering department, is the only person who has taken dictation from both the North and South Poles. She transcribed the material heard in the pre-program tests of the Byrd Expedition, and not long ago she pencilled recordings from the S. S. Morrissey, Captain Bartlett's boat, then hovering around the North Pole.

HERE'S a funny twist. Colonel Stoopnagle is noted on the radio for his crazy inventions, such as an inverted lighthouse for submarines or a revolving goldfish bowl for tired goldfish. He even devised a lint suit to pick up blue serge. In private life, the Colonel, who is F. Chase Taylor, actually has sunk his radio earnings into a patented electric iron. Its point is detachable so it can get around the corners—"like prosperity," the Colonel tells me.

The new XR Yeast...

"is a really great discovery for Constipation!"

—CONFIRMED BY GREAT
DOCTORS EVERYWHERE

Clinics, hospitals acclaim this stronger new yeast that corrects Indigestion... Skin Ills... Loss of Energy more quickly than any yeast before!

IF you suffer from constipation... if your stomach gets upset... or if your complexion is poor... take 60 seconds to read this!

A famous American scientist, connected with a great university, has discovered a new yeast—a wonderful new kind of yeast.

It is much stronger than any previous yeast... an entirely new "strain" of yeast... that acts far more swiftly... far more vigorously!

Such eminent physicians as Dr. Georges Rosenthal (at right), past president of an important medical society, say, "It gives the quickest results for constipation ever seen from yeast."

XR Yeast speeds up the juices and muscles of your intestines—also of your stomach!

Then your food digests better, is kept softer, and is more easily eliminated. You lose that "stuffed" feeling... that distress after meals.

Can end Cathartic Habit

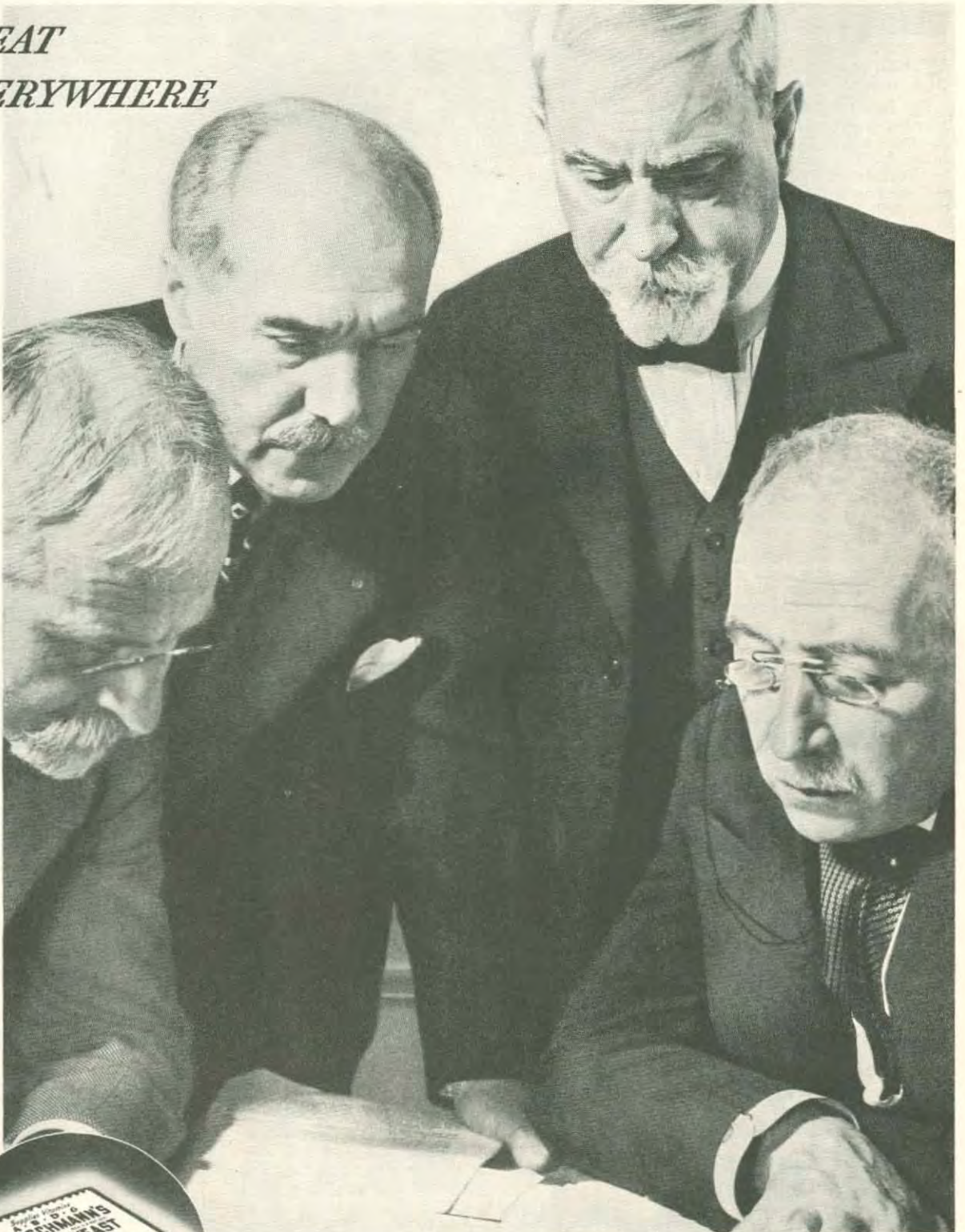
Then you should be able to stop taking cathartics that weaken you, make your trouble worse. Soon your blood is purified, and your skin is cleared of pimples, looks radiantly healthy.

Those awful headaches usually stop. Your old energy comes back... you're more cheerful!

In addition, the new XR Yeast supplies Vitamin A which combats colds. It is also rich in Vitamins B, D and G... giving you four vitamins.

Get some Fleischmann's XR Yeast right now... at your grocer or a restaurant, or soda fountain.

Eat three cakes every day—before meals—plain—or in 1/3 glass of water. Begin to eat it today... and keep on for at least 30 days!



FOUR FAMOUS PHYSICIANS discuss tests on the new XR Yeast. "It acts far faster," states Dr. Henri Stévenin, glandular expert (at left). "Astonishing results... it relieved 19 out of 21 cases of severe constipation," says noted Dr. Fernand Trémolières, stomach specialist. "My tests showed remarkable results on run-down cases," reports Dr. Joseph Mouchotte, world-famous gynecologist. "Of great medical importance," says Dr. Georges Rosenthal, noted specialist.

3 millions eating
Fleischmann's
new XR Yeast



Copyright, 1935, Standard Brands Incorporated

"I TOOK IT myself"



when I was a little girl"

HERE is a scene that happens thousands of times a day.

For how natural it is for a mother to give her child the laxative that she, herself, has taken and trusted ever since she was a little girl. The laxative her mother gave her. For 28 years Ex-Lax has been America's favorite laxative. Its leadership has never been challenged. More people buy it than any other laxative. There must be a reason. There are... reasons!

Ex-Lax checks on every point

Before you ever take a laxative, or give one to any member of your family, be sure it checks on these points... Is it thorough? Is it gentle? Are you sure it won't form a habit? Is it pleasant to take?

Many laxatives check on one point or another. Ex-Lax checks on all!

Ex-Lax is as thorough as any laxative you can take. Completely effective. Yet Ex-Lax is so gentle it will not cause stomach pains, or upset you, or leave you feeling weak afterwards. Except for the perfect results, you hardly know you've taken a laxative.

Ex-Lax positively will not form a habit—you do not need to keep on increasing the dose to get results. And that is a vitally important point in a laxative.

And Ex-Lax is such a joy to take. Instead of swallowing some bitter medicine, you eat a little tablet that tastes just like delicious chocolate.

And, that "Certain Something"

These are the cold facts about Ex-Lax. But there is more than that. It's the ideal combination of all these qualities—combined in the exclusive Ex-Lax way—that gives Ex-Lax a "certain something"—a certain satisfaction—that words just can't describe. But once you try Ex-Lax you'll know what we mean. And you'll understand why you can't get perfect Ex-Lax results with anything but Ex-Lax.

Ex-Lax comes in 10c and 25c boxes at any drug store. If you would like a free sample, mail the coupon.

COLD WAVE HERE... and we mean *colds*. Sneezing, sniffing, coughing, misery-creating colds. To help keep your resistance up—KEEP REGULAR with Ex-Lax.

When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

MAIL THIS COUPON—TODAY!

EX-LAX, Inc., P.O. Box 170
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.
888 Please send free sample of Ex-Lax.

Name _____

Address _____

The High Cost of Being a Radio Star

(Continued from page 9)

commissions. Ed Wynn happens to be a lucky one. He acts as his own agent; but the stars who are booked through the artists' service of the National Broadcasting Company or the Columbia Broadcasting System must pay 10 percent of their weekly salaries as commissions. This is the legal figure, and if a star is booked through one of the numerous independent booking offices, the weekly commission, possibly arranged as a legal partnership agreement, sometimes may go much higher. All you have to do is to compute 10 percent of \$5,000 and you see that a slice of \$500 comes off the salary before any other expense even starts.

LET'S move over into a different field now, and meet the highest paid band leader in radio—Fred Waring. He and his Pennsylvanians are rated at \$12,000 for each hour of broadcasting they do. That is really big money, and Fred Waring wouldn't be getting it unless he earned it right where it counts—at the box office. Fred Waring gets top money because he can draw a top number of listeners for a radio program or a top number of patrons into a theater. That, incidentally, is the basis of all salaries in the amusement world; not cost of production, nor cost of preparation, nor any other item but sheer ability to draw customers. If the draw is big, the salary is big.

The thing to keep in mind when you hear about large radio salaries is that the artists who draw those salaries make money for others. If a star at \$5,000 per week will bring you ten times as many customers as a star who costs \$1,000 per week, it is obviously wise to pay the higher price. Business men don't throw money away, and radio salaries are paid—and earned—because they bring profits to the sponsors.

All of this sounds pretty cold and business-like, but when you meet Fred Waring in person you see a friendly, small boy from Tyrone, Pennsylvania, who works harder than almost any three men you could think of. He is tremendously in earnest about his music, his orchestra, and the organization he has built up. He is constantly on the lookout for the welfare of his men, he personally pays for life insurance for every man in his orchestra, and he is tireless in his efforts to keep up the high standard of his music. Through it all he finds time to be a devoted husband, the father of a small baby, and it is to his credit that he shields his family from the spotlight that beats on him.

Fred Waring's organization is the wonder of the radio world. He maintains permanent headquarters in a Broadway office building, where he has offices for himself and his managerial and secretarial staff; an extensive music library; quarters for staff arrangers; soloist rehearsal rooms; wardrobe, scenery and electrical departments; staff photographer; and a full size studio rehearsal hall for his entire 30-piece orchestra and soloists.

Such an organization as that obviously costs a great deal of money but is one way in which Waring keeps his orchestra constantly at the peak of condition. If the outlay runs as high as \$1,000 per week, it is justified by the results achieved.

ASIDE from these fixed expenses, Fred Waring tells of some of the other expenditures that confront a band leader. "When we broadcast from out of town," he points out, "we

often have to pay for a number of local musicians equal to the number of men in our band, and pay them at prevailing union rates, even though they don't even unpack their instruments. This is required by union regulations, and sometimes the cost of this stand-by orchestra will run as high as \$500. Getting to and from radio studios for rehearsals and broadcasts, sandwiched in between stage shows at a theater, gives us a very heavy taxi bill, sometimes as much as \$150 a week. We have to pay line charges when we broadcast from out of town, running from \$100 to \$250, and the seemingly unimportant item of tips often runs to \$125 per week. The men in the orchestra, as well as our vocal soloists, have to be paid out of our broadcasting fee, of course. I have always believed in paying good salaries for good performers. What this amounts to is shown by the fact that when we play a week's theater engagement (for which the men are paid extra, of course) the least that any man in the orchestra makes is \$200 per week, and the average is considerably above that."

Those figures give us some idea of how Fred Waring's money comes—and goes! Wandering over into another field now, we find that the top-money person among radio singers is Kate Smith. She gets \$5,000 per week for that automobile program on Monday nights, setting a new high in the way of a regular salary for a radio singer. Incidentally, she has complete control of what goes into her programs, and there is an extra appropriation of \$1,650 for the orchestra of her own choosing, Jack Miller's 35-piece concert group.

The first major deduction from Miss Smith's salary is the regular agent's commission which goes to her manager, Ted Collins, and there is no more richly earned and deserved commission in the whole realm of amusement enterprise. Ted Collins is that rare thing in show business, a forthright, honest man; he is tireless, loyal, and equipped with real brains. His success in directing Kate Smith's career has become almost legendary in radio; and the utter confidence which he and Kate Smith have in each other, without a line of written contract between them, is a thing to restore one's faith in human nature.

You might talk to Kate Smith until you were blue in the face, but you would never get that great-souled, generous person to tell you the amount of her really big expenditure—for charity. Her interest in individuals and causes is genuine and sincere; and she gives not only her time and money, but also her heart interest. That's what counts.

Dial a Dollar

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

KATE SMITH has heavy expenditures, too. Special arrangements for her songs cost her \$50 to \$60 apiece, and she uses about five or six each week. Answering her fan mail alone costs about \$200 per week, and she maintains an office with four people on the regular staff. Costumes are quite an item for her, for they are made to order—\$150 each is a probable figure here—and when she travels she takes with her a personal maid and a masseuse. When she makes trips to broadcast from hospitals or institutions, she pays all expenses for orchestra, performers and technicians, and she is forever adding deserving new acts or musicians to her programs and paying them out of her own pocket. Kate Smith is generous and considerate of her own family, she never forgets a friend, and the odd fact about her spending is that the last person she ever thinks of is—Kate Smith!

In general, comedians find their heaviest expense item is for material, and orchestra leaders pay out their biggest money for special arrangements of the songs they play. For instance, Eddie Cantor is reputed to have paid as high as \$1,000 for the jokes for a single broadcast; a good joke writer or "gag man" such as David Freedman, will charge \$500 for one program; and sometimes a comedy headliner, such as Burns and Allen, or Jimmie Durante, will draw on as many as four sources for a single program.

Paul Whiteman insists upon having popular music arranged as carefully as for a symphony; he has one staff arranger on regular salary at \$400 per week, and sometimes Whiteman's total bill for arrangements in a single week amounts to \$1,600!

Annette Hanshaw, featured on the Show Boat and later on the Chesterfield programs, and one of the most popular singers in radio, can't read music! She has to pay for special arrangements and a staff accompanist, and these together with her secretarial expenses, make a sizeable hole in her weekly earnings. Vivienne Segal, featured soloist on the Abe Lyman programs and star of both stage and screen, still pays \$40 per week to keep up her vocal lessons, pays a private secretary to look after her correspondence and fan mail, and has two expensive weaknesses—furniture and clothes.

THE Pickens Sisters, those three lovely Georgia songbirds on NBC, know exactly how the Dionne quintuplets feel, because when the Pickens girls go shopping they have to shop in threes! They have to buy dresses in blends of three, they go to a hotel and engage three rooms to get undisturbed slumber, and even such items as shoes, hats and gloves are bought in sets of threes.

Don Bestor, orchestra leader on the Jack Benny broadcasts, was once voted the best dressed man in radio, and has an expensive time trying to live up to the title. He changes clothes three times a day, spends about \$6,000 a year on clothes, and cuts down on his restaurant bills because he refuses to eat any but his wife's cooking, and his principal joy is to take his small daughter, Mary Ann, shopping and bring home things for mother to cook.

Thus run the items on radio's expense account. Some are trivial, and some are great; but of this you may be sure—wherever there is a salary coming in—there are expenses going out!

The thrill of smooth **HANDS**
 goes straight to his **HEART!**



A MAN gets a thrill that's as old as Adam—when he touches excitingly smooth hands. Want your hands to thrill a man's heart? Get that smoothness *quickly* and *surely* with Hinds Honey and Almond Cream.

Hinds is a *penetrating* liquid cream—it lubricates the skin *deeply* with its rich balms. You'll find it works a charm quickly and surely. Hinds does much more than disguise chapped hands with a temporary "slick" finish. It actually *soaks* the skin with its fragrant oils—it soothes dry abused skin—gives a satiny smoothness that is thrilling.

So always use Hinds after you've washed things out—and, of course, at bedtime. Women have preferred Hinds for 60 years, because it does so much real good to the hands. And so economically! Though so rich and fragrant, Hinds costs only 25¢ and 50¢ at your drug store, 10¢ at the dime store!

Hinds
 Honey and
 Almond Cream



© Lehn & Fink, Inc., 1935

WHY COOK VEGETABLES FOR BABY?

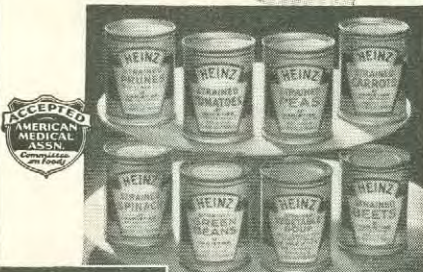


Heinz retains higher vitamin content than is possible with ordinary home-kitchen methods

MOST home-cooked, home-strained vegetables cheat baby of vitamins and mineral salts he should have. Often, market vegetables are days old—already having lost precious nutrient content. Ordinary home preparation methods further dissipate these values.

Tests prove that in Heinz Strained Foods vitamins and minerals are retained to a far higher degree than is possible with ordinary home methods. Heinz vegetables are hours-fresh. They are cooked and finely strained without exposure to vitamin-destroying air, then vacuum-packed into enamel-lined tins. Try three tins of Heinz Strained Foods. Notice how quickly your child takes to their fresh flavor and color. And know that he is getting, day after day, an abundant, even quota of the precious nutrients he needs. Ask your grocer.

• **BABY'S DIET BOOK.**—It shows what each vitamin and mineral salt does for Baby—and what foods each is found in. This new 60-page book, "Modern Guardians of Your Baby's Health," has been called by many mothers the most useful of baby books. Merely send labels from 3 tins of Heinz Strained Foods and 10 cents and receive your copy. Address H. J. Heinz Co., Dept. TG203, Pittsburgh, Pa.



Heinz Strained Foods include 8 varieties—Strained Vegetable Soup, Peas, Green Beans, Spinach, Tomatoes, Carrots, Beets and Prunes

HEINZ

STRAINED FOODS

A Group of the 57 Varieties

Radio vs. the Public Enemy

(Continued from page 15)

Radio Personalities

Jack Benny never removes his hat at rehearsals. . . . Mary Pickford never goes on the air without first sucking a lemon. . . . Edwin C. Hill once sold insurance in New York when he couldn't get a job as a reporter. . . . Arthur Murray, the dance instructor, says band leaders should know how to dance. . . . "I can always tell which conductors are dancers," he says, "because they know enough to balance their programs with fast tunes and slow ones". . . . Del Campo is a nephew of the current president of Chile. . . . Conductor Peter Van Steeden is a hand-ball enthusiast.

IN some communities radio reports police court proceedings, causing lively discussion. The two largest networks considered broadcasting the Lindbergh kidnaping trial. The extraordinary public interest in the case of Bruno Hauptmann seemed to justify verbatim transmission of the trial over the air as well as through the press; but after careful private discussion the networks decided not to broadcast this trial.

Politically-minded judges might welcome microphones as an opportunity for publicity. John C. Knox, senior judge of the United States District Court for the South district of New York, recently expressed the view of his conservative colleagues. He said:

"Our national passion for pitiless and sometimes morbid publicity carries an ominous threat. The law wisely enough has its forms of procedure. With these the layman is unacquainted. If in an effort to appease his appetite for the unusual and dramatic, trials are to be broadcast, it is certain to my mind that not only the court's reputation for justice, but justice itself will suffer. . . . The public would listen only to such testimony as was of an engaging nature. It would disregard the humdrum tales of everyday life, in which the variety of human action most generally is to be found. If broadcasts and motion pictures are to become part and parcel of our administration of law, we must take account of the frailties of our natures. It would not be long before witnesses, jurors, attorneys and even judges laid claims to histrionic ability and governed themselves accordingly.

"Who knows but that in the course of time they would acquire their fans and public. Public acclaim and not the facts of a particular lawsuit would soon become the lodestone of decision. The public can well do without a radio announcer in its acquisition of knowledge as to what takes place in a courtroom."

Yet there will soon be pressure from radio stations for the right to report important cases. Broadcasters will demand equal privileges with the press dealing with important events. Traffic and police court proceedings are reported regularly in a number of cities.

I listened carefully to a New York Traffic Court broadcast recently, and was not impressed with its social value. As a newspaper reporter, I am fairly familiar with court procedure and it seemed to me that the judge was painfully conscious that the great world outside was hearing his judicial words. His ego was rampant, his insincerity was manifest, and while the publicity attendant upon his labors seemed to persuade him to temper his justice with mercy, I did not feel that this particular broadcast was an accurate picture of what usually goes on in that particular court.

Yet there is evidence that in some communities such broadcasts are recognized as a public service. For months past, a Denver, Colorado, station has carried a popular daily thirty-minute broadcast from the municipal police court. The Denver Bar Association offered objections but did not push them.

IN crime prevention, almost every broadcasting station has served society. Judges, prosecuting officers and police chiefs have constant access to the microphone for broadcasts that will aid in law enforcement. News commentators on some stations have carried on successful anti-racket campaigns.

things even a prisoner can stand. There has been much comment among parents and educators themselves concerning the influence on children of radio crime dramas and mystery stories. Dr. Lawrence G. Lowrey, the New York psychiatrist who cooperated with the United Parents' Association in an inquiry on this subject tells me that his experience in talking to youngsters does not indicate any bad effects from radio programs. He says:

"Most of the programs to which parents object are taken by the youngsters in their stride. The program does not have any outstanding effect. Once in a while we find youngsters who have nightmares centered around something over the radio, but so many other things in life might give nightmares. It is impossible to tell me that youngsters play games because of crime stories coming over the radio. Children have always played some type of crime games. Present-day children are too logical to take account of things as the result of casual contact. At the same time I believe that over-emphasis on crime over the radio arouses a lot of morbidity among certain people who might otherwise not be morbid."

PARENTS are becoming more sensitive concerning their children's listening habits. Various women's groups have published lists of "bad" and "good" programs. On these, exciting crime dramas are usually called "bad."

It is evident that radio has become tremendously important both in crime prevention and in the apprehension of criminals. Cooperation with the police to blanket the entire area in which a crime has been committed instantaneously with a detailed description of the criminals, makes a speedy arrest almost certain. Half a dozen cities report a marked decrease in automobile thefts as the result of radio cooperation.

Yet public authorities could make much more frequent use of radio for crime prevention purposes. Thus far it is only the more alert, progressive broadcasters and police officials who have made the best use of this new weapon for the war on crime. Over large areas of the United States neither public officials nor private broadcasters are alive to their new opportunities. If your home community has not learned how to use radio in the war on crime, it is neglecting the most potent available weapon.

Something of the crusading spirit of the press has already reached the studios. Almost every crime drama put on the air emphasizes the fact that crime does not pay. When a Philadelphia station ran a series of programs from Eastern Penitentiary, with different prisoners telling the story of their lives, there was large popular interest. The programs were enlivened with selections by the prisoners' band. A Louisville, Kentucky, station presents each Sunday morning the religious services which the Volunteers of America conduct in the Jefferson County jail.

Warden Lewis C. Lawes of Sing Sing is a great believer in broadcasts to and from prisons. He has made it possible for every Sing Sing inmate to while away the lonely cell hours by listening to radio programs. He says this helps prison morale. It relieves the prisoner's sense of detachment from the outside world, gives him a feeling of contact with family and friends, stimulates his mind and normalizes prison life.

Not long ago Warden Lawes informed me that his prisoners had voted me their favorite news commentator, and asked him to secure my personal appearance in the prison chapel. This was arranged, and I told Sing Sing's inmates about the Soviet practice of giving each prisoner a two weeks' Christmas vacation. They liked the idea. Warden Lawes tells me that convicts prefer news comments and organ music. His charges are naturally interested in the warden's program entitled "Twenty Thousand Years in Sing Sing." Some of these talks he has not permitted to be broadcast in the prison itself. There is evidently a limit to the

BIRTHDAY GREETINGS

WHY NOT SEND

TO YOUR FAVORITES?



Donald Novis March 3, 1907
Rosario Bourdon March 6, 1885
Ramona March 11, 1909

Aileen Clark March 13, —
Elizabeth Lenox March 16, —
Al Bernard March 23, —
Paul Whiteman March 28, 1890

Birthday congratulations sent by mail or wire in care of TOWER RADIO will be forwarded promptly

NOW NEW POWDER SHADES

make their skin Thrilling!



"Your new Natural gives my skin such a delicate blush—I never had such grand times," writes a young New Yorker



"All other Brunette powders made my skin dull. This one makes it sparkle—and me too!" a popular sub-deb says.

Over 200 Girls' Skin "Color Analyzed" *Six Flattering New Colors Perfected*

Is your skin dull? Uninteresting? Are you going along powdering—repowdering—with the same old powder shades that don't do a thing for you?

Now there is a new face powder that is more than smooth and clinging—it actually does exciting things for your skin.

Just film on this new powder—and marvel! Be prepared for admiring glances from ardent eyes, for it gives sparkle. Conceals blemishes. Lends a seductive softness. Creates that same smooth, lustrous fairness you admire in pearls. And your skin holds this new radiant loveliness for hours and hours.

Hidden Tints flatter Every Type

No ordinary powder could do such thrilling things to your skin. The flattering effect is due to *hidden tints* scientifically blended into this entirely new and different face powder by Pond's.

These *hidden tints* are the actual tones in beautiful skin. Read above the story of their discovery. Then you'll know how Pond's Powder gives your skin that added note of allure—the one needed tone that lifts an ordinary complexion to a glamorous one.

But another surprise! This pure, clinging, flattering powder, made of the finest ingredients, is inexpensive.



How Science discovered hidden Skin Tints
An optical machine which records color in human skin read more than 200 girls' complexions. It showed that blonde skin owed its beauty to hidden notes of *brilliant blue*—brunette skin to hidden tints of *green*. These tints Pond's blends invisibly in their powder to flatter every skin.

In glass jars, it's 55¢ and \$1.10. In gay boxes, 10¢, 20¢ and 25¢. You can get it everywhere.

Pond's Powder comes in Natural, Rose Cream, Light Cream, Brunette, Rose Brunette, Dark Brunette.

We want you to try this new Face Powder FREE. Rush this coupon off right now. You will receive 3 different shades absolutely free. But this offer is limited. It ends May 1st. Send now for this entirely new, scientifically blended face powder made by Pond's. It will surely make a more glamorous—more fascinating "You."



A girl writes from the South: "Rose Cream makes dull skin thrilling... It's made me the happiest girl in the world."



10¢
¼ actual size

ONLY 55¢
FINEST POSSIBLE
INGREDIENTS

3 shades FREE!
Send for them today—

(This offer expires May 1, 1935)

POND'S, Dept. C-92, Clinton, Conn. . . . Please send free Two Special Boxes of Pond's new Powder and an extra sample . . . three different shades in all.
I prefer 3 different LIGHT shades of powder
I prefer 3 different DARK shades

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____
Copyright, 1935, Pond's Extract Company

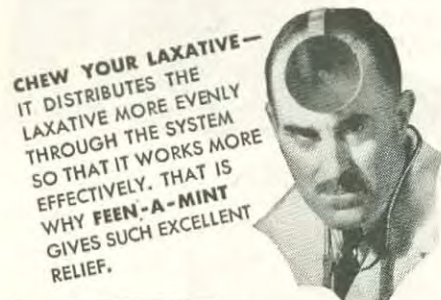
No more dizzy spells now!



● I used to be scared I had such dizzy spells and headaches and biliousness from constipation. I felt so miserable I cried at the least thing. My aunt came on to visit and said I should try FEEN-A-MINT. The very first one showed me it was different from other laxatives. My system got cleared out beautifully and without any of the cramps other things gave me. I can't say enough for FEEN-A-MINT—dizziness, spots before my eyes from biliousness—all the troubles persistent constipation caused have completely cleared up and I enjoy life again.

Right laxative for men, women, and children

Because it is so pleasant and effective we are always getting letters from women about what FEEN-A-MINT does for them and their children. And rugged men find FEEN-A-MINT clears their systems out thoroughly, too. Because you must chew FEEN-A-MINT, the laxative spreads more evenly through the clogged intestines, works more thoroughly. And so easy and pleasant to take—like your favorite chewing gum. It is the preferred laxative of 15,000,000 people in 61 different countries. Try it yourself, 15¢ and 25¢ at your druggist's.



FOR EASIER RELIEF
CHEW YOUR
LAXATIVE

Feen-a-mint
The Chewing-Gum LAXATIVE

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 Standard Time. CBS stands for the Columbia Broadcasting System. NBC stands for the National Broadcasting Company. Stations connected with NBC-WEAF belong to the so-called red network; stations connected with NBC-WJZ belong to the blue network.

Popular Variety Programs

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

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

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-WEAF.

Armco Ironmaster Program—Orchestra direction of Frank Simon; guest artists; Bennett Chapple, narrator. (American Rolling Mills.) 6:30 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

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

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

Big Show—Block and Sully, comedians; Gertrude Niessen, blues singer; orchestra. (Ex-Lax Co.) 9:30 P.M., Monday, CBS.

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

Camel Caravan—Walter O'Keefe, comedian; Annette Hanshaw, blues singer; Ted Husing; Glen Gray's Casa Loma orchestra. (R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.) 10:00 P.M., Tuesday, and 9:00 P.M., Thursday, CBS.

Carefree Carnival—Bill Aubry and Senator Fishface, comedians; Rita Lane, soprano; Meredith Willson's orchestra; Ned Tollinger, master of ceremonies. (Crazy Water Hotel Co.) 8:30 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

Carlsbad Presents—Morton Downey; guest artists; Ray Sinatra's orchestra. (Carlsbad Products Co.) 4:30 P.M., Sunday, and 7:15 P.M., Tuesday, NBC-WJZ.

Chesterfield Program—Andre Kostelanetz orchestra and male chorus; local ensemble. (Liggett and Myers Tobacco Co.) 9:00 P.M., Monday, Wednesday and Saturday, CBS.

Chevrolet Hour—Isham Jones' orchestra; guest stars. (Chevrolet Motor Car Co.) 9:30 P.M., Tuesday, CBS.

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

Contented Program—The Lullaby Lady; male quartet; orchestra direction of Morgan L. Eastman. (Carnation Milk Co.) 10:00 P.M., Monday, NBC-WEAF.

Diane and Her Life Savers—Rhoda Arnold, soprano; Lucille Hall, Arthur Drake and John Driggs; Myer Davis' orchestra. (Life Savers, Inc.) 8:00 P.M., Monday and Wednesday, CBS.

Eddie Cantor—With Rubino; orchestra. (Lehn and Fink Products Co.) 8:00 P.M., Thursday, CBS.

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

Forum of Liberty—Edwin C. Hill; guest stars; Arnold Johnson's orchestra; Edward Nell. (Liberty Magazine.) 8:00 P.M., Thursday, CBS.

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

Gibson Family—Musical comedy serial with Lois Bennett, Conrad Thibault and Jack and Loretta Clemens; chorus; Don Voorhees' orchestra. (Procter and Gamble Co.) 9:30 P.M., Saturday, NBC-WEAF.

Gigantic Pictures, Inc.—Musical comedy with Sam Hearn, comedian; Johnny Blue and his orchestra. (Tastyeast, Inc.) 12:00 noon, Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

Gulf Headliners—Col. Stoopnagle and Budd, alternating with Will Rogers; Helen Gleason, soprano; Frank Parker, tenor; Bill Corum, sports commentator; Oscar Bradley's orchestra. (Gulf Refining Co.) 7:30 P.M., Sunday, CBS.

Hall of Fame—Guest stars; orchestra. (Lehn & Fink Products Co.) 8:30 P.M., Sunday, CBS.

Hammerstein's Music Hall—Guest talent presented by Ted Hammerstein. (Wyeth Chemical Co.) 2:30 P.M., Sunday, CBS.

Hollywood Hotel—Dick Powell; Ted Fiorita orchestra; Louella Parsons; Three Debutantes; Muzzy Marcellino. (Campbell Soup Co.) 9:30 P.M., Friday, CBS.

Hour of Charm—Phil Spitalny and his Melody Ladies; Maxine, vocalist; female trio; Rosalind Greene. (Corn Products Refining Co.) 8:00 P.M., Thursday, CBS.

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

Intimate Review—Al Goodman and orchestra; guest artists. (Emerson Drug Co.) 8:30 P.M., Friday, NBC-WJZ.

Kate Smith's All-Star Review—Kate Smith; Three Ambassadors; guest talent; Jack Miller's orchestra. (Hudson Motor Car Co.) 8:30 P.M., Saturday, CBS.

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

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

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

Lombardoland—Featuring Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians; Pat Barnes, master of ceremonies. (Plough, Inc.) 10:00 P.M., Wednesday, NBC-WEAF.

Luden's Musical Review—Mary Cortland, vocalist; quartet; Robert Armbruster's orchestra. (Luden's, Inc.) 8:45 P.M., Saturday, CBS.

Lux Radio Theater—Guest artists; orchestra. (Lever Brothers.) 2:30 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

Manhattan Merry-Go-Round—Rachel Carlez, blues singer; Pierre Le Kreeun, tenor; Jerome Mann, impersonator; Men-About-Town Trio; guest artists;

Andy Sanella's orchestra. (R. L. Watkins Co.) 9:00 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

Maxwell House Show Boat—Frank McIntyre; Lanny Ross, tenor; Conrad Thibault, baritone; Molasses 'n' January, comedians; Gustav Haenschen's orchestra. (Maxwell House Coffee.) 9:00 P.M., Thursday, NBC-WEAF.

Maybelline Musical Romance—Don Mario, tenor; Emery Hall; Jack Grant stories of Hollywood; Harry Jackson's orchestra. (Maybelline Co.) 3:30 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

Melodiana—Abe Lyman and orchestra; Vivienne Segal, soprano, and Oliver Smith, tenor. (Sterling Products Co., Inc.) 8:30 P.M., Tuesday, CBS.

Mollé Minstrel Show—Al Bernard and Paul Dumont; Mario Cozzi, baritone; Mollé Melodeers; Milt Rettenberg's orchestra. (Mollé Co.) 7:30 P.M., Thursday, NBC-WEAF.

Musical Memories—Charles Sears, tenor; Edgar A. Guest, poet; vocal trio; Josef Koestner's orchestra. (Household Finance Corp.) 7:30 P.M., Tuesday, NBC-WJZ.

National Amateur Hour—Ray Perkins, master of ceremonies; guest talent; Arnold Johnson's orchestra. (Health Products Corp.) 6:00 P.M., Sunday, CBS.

Outdoor Girl Beauty Parade—Gladys Baxter, soprano; Walter Preston, baritone; Kay Carrol, beauty expert. (Crystal Corp.) 7:30 P.M., Saturday, CBS.

Packard Program—Lawrence Tibbett; John B. Kennedy, narrator; Wilfred Pelletier's orchestra. (Packard Motor Car Co.) 8:30 P.M., Tuesday, NBC-WJZ.

Penthouse Party—Mark Hellinger and Gladys Glad; Peggy Flynn, comedian; Traveller's Quartet; Emil Coleman's orchestra. (Harold S. Ritchie and Co.) 8:00 P.M., Wednesday, NBC-WJZ.

Pick and Pat—Guest stars; orchestra of Joseph Bonime. (U. S. Tobacco Co.) 9:30 P.M., Friday, NBC-WEAF.

Plantation Echoes—Willard Robison and his Deep River orchestra. (Vick Chemical Co.) 7:15 P.M., Monday, Wednesday and Friday, NBC-WJZ.

Pontiac Program—Jane Froman, soprano; The Modern Choir; Frank Black's orchestra. (Pontiac Motor Co.) 10:00 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

Radio City Party—John B. Kennedy interviewing radio stars; Frank Black's orchestra. (Radiotron Co.) 9:00 P.M., Saturday, NBC-WJZ.

Roxy and His Gang—Guest stars; orchestra. (The Centaur Co.) 8:00 P.M., Saturday, CBS.

Royal Gelatine Program—Mary Pickford and stock company; orchestra. (Standard Brands, Inc.) 8:00 P.M., Wednesday, NBC-WEAF.

Silken Strings—Charles Preven orchestra; Countess Olga Albani, soprano; guest artists. (Real Silk Hosiery Mills.) 9:00 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

Sinclair Greater Minstrels—Gene Arnold, interlocutor; Joe Parsons, bass; male quartet; Mac McCloud and Cliff Soubier, end men; Harry Kogen, bandmaster. (Sinclair Refining Co.) 9:00 P.M., Monday, NBC-WJZ.

Songs You Love—Rose Bampton; Nathaniel Shilkret orchestra; Scrapy Lambert and Billy Hillpot, vocalists. (Smith Bros.) 9:00 P.M., Saturday, NBC-WEAF.

Swift Program—Musical hour, Sigmond Romberg, composer; William Lyons Phelps, master of ceremonies; orchestra. (Swift and Co.) 8:00 P.M., Saturday, NBC-WEAF.

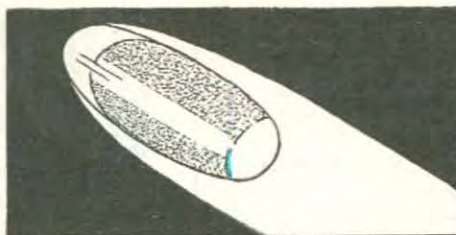
Texaco Program—Ed Wynn, the Fire Chief; Graham McNamee; Eddie Du-

(Please turn to page 48)



WRONG!

Harsh, old-fashioned acetone-type polish removers can actually make your nails look like this! If you use them regularly, your cuticle will grow hard. Your nails will break and chip for no apparent reason.



RIGHT!

A smooth, even, perfect cuticle and lovely healthy nails like these follow the regular use of Cutex Oily Polish Remover. Helps keep cuticle soft and unmarred, and nails from growing brittle. And all without leaving a film to dull your manicure!

Don't ruin your nails with dangerous acetone-type Polish Remover



The way you remove polish can make your nails brittle or keep them smooth and strong . . .

THE new soothing Cutex Oily Polish Remover will make all the difference in the world in the looks of your cuticle and nails.

It's simply criminal to ruin their natural smoothness and strength with harsh, old-fashioned acetone-type polish removers! Because they are dangerously drying, they make your cuticle hard and rough, and your nails brittle—easy to break. If you go on using them, you might as well give up all hope of having glamorously lovely finger tips!

Cutex Oily Polish Remover *can't* dry your nails . . . it contains a special, beneficial oil that helps keep your cuticle soft, smooth and perfect, and your nails healthy. It will improve the

looks of your nails day by day!

And, *unlike other oily polish removers*, it leaves no film to dim the lustre of your polish and shorten its brilliant life.

Try it. Cutex Oily Polish Remover comes in a 75% larger bottle now, at no increase in price. Its tendency to evaporate in the bottle is 20% less than that of the old-type polish removers. And tests show that it's more effective!

Your favorite store has it . . . go right out now and get a bottle . . . decide to keep your cuticle always beautifully pliant, your nails smooth and strong.

NORTHAM WARREN, New York, Montreal, London, Paris



After using Cutex Oily Polish Remover, put on one of the seven lovely shades of Cutex Liquid Polish—NATURAL, ROSE, CORAL, MAUVE, CARDINAL, RUBY or VERMILION. Each smart Cutex shade is created by the world's manicure authority to go with the new costume colors from Paris. Each one goes on evenly and smoothly and stays on for days without cracking, peeling or fading.

SPECIAL GENEROUS OFFER

A generous sample of Cutex Oily Polish Remover for only 6¢ . . .

Northam Warren Corporation, Dept. 5-2-3
191 Hudson Street, New York

I enclose 6¢ for a generous sample of Cutex Oily Polish Remover.

Name _____

Address _____

CUTEX *Oily* POLISH REMOVER



From wishes



...to kisses

Blue Waltz brought me happiness

Is there a very special man whom you long to attract? Don't sigh and cry and look at his photograph...but let Blue Waltz Perfume lead you to happiness, as it did me.

Like music in moonlight, this exquisite fragrance creates enchantment...and gives you a glamorous charm that turns men's thoughts to romance.

And do try all the Blue Waltz Cosmetics. They made me more beautiful than I'd ever imagined I could be! You'll be surprised at how much these wonderful preparations will improve your beauty.

Blue Waltz Lipstick makes your lips look luscious...there are four ravishing shades to choose from. And you'll love Blue Waltz Face Powder! It feels so fine and soft on your skin and it gives you a fresh, young, radiant complexion that wins admiration.

Make your dreams of romance come true...as mine have. Buy Blue Waltz Perfume and Cosmetics today. For your protection, they are "certified to be pure" and they are only 10c each at your 5 and 10c store.



Now you can ensemble your beauty preparations. You find the same alluring fragrance in Blue Waltz Perfume, Face Powder, Lipstick, Cold Cream, Vanishing Cream, Brilliantine, Cream Rouge, Talcum Powder, Toilet Water. Only 10c each at your 5 and 10c store.

Blue Waltz
PERFUME AND COSMETICS
FIFTH AVENUE · NEW YORK

Programs You'll Want to Hear

(Continued from page 46)

chin orchestra. (Texas Co.) 9:30 P.M., Tuesday, NBC-WEAF.

The O'Flynn—Radio operetta with Viola Philo, soprano; Milton Watson, baritone; chorus; Nathaniel Shilkret's orchestra. (Standard Oil Co. of N. J.) 10:30 P.M., Friday, CBS.

Town Crier—Alexander Woollcott; Robert Armbruster's orchestra; guest artists. (Cream of Wheat Co.) 7:00 P.M., Sunday, CBS.

Town Hall Tonight—Fred Allen, comedian; James Melton, tenor; Songsmith Quartet; Lennie Hayton's orchestra. (Bristol-Myers Co.) 9:00 P.M., Wednesday, NBC-WEAF.

Uncle Ezra's Radio Station—Paul Barrett; Cliff Soubier; Carleton Guy; Nora Cunneen; orchestra. (Dr. Miles Laboratories.) 7:45 P.M., Monday, Wednesday and Friday, NBC-WEAF.

Vick's Open House—Elmer Feldcamp, baritone; Terry Shand, specialty songs; Freddy Martin's orchestra. (Vick Chemical Co.) 5:00 P.M., Sunday, CBS.

Waring's Pennsylvanians—Fred Waring's orchestra in a full hour program with guest stars; girls' chorus. (Ford Motor Co. Dealers) 9:30 P.M., Thursday, CBS.

Whiteman Orchestra—Paul Whiteman conducting; guest stars; (Kraft-Phenix Cheese Corp.) 10:00 P.M., Thursday, NBC-WEAF.

Dance Bands

Ben Bernie—(Pabst Premier Sales Co.) 9:00 P.M., Tuesday, NBC-WEAF.

Eddie Duchin—11 P.M., Friday, NBC-WJZ and 5:00 P.M., Saturday, NBC-WEAF.

Let's Dance—Three-hour dance program. (National Biscuit Co.) 10:30 P.M. to 1:30 A.M., Saturday, NBC-WEAF.

Leo Reisman and his orchestra—Phil Duey and Johnny. Philip Morris and Co.) 8:00 P.M., Tuesday, NBC-WEAF.

Waltz Time—Abe Lyman's orchestra; Vivienne Segal, soprano, and Frank Munn, tenor. (Sterling Products, Inc.) 9:00 P.M., Friday, NBC-WEAF.

Wayne King's orchestra—(Lady Esther Co.) 10:00 P.M., Sunday and Monday, CBS, and 8:30 P.M., Tuesday and Wednesday, NBC-WEAF.

Concerts and Classical Music

Chase and Sanborn Opera Guild—Opera in English; Deems Taylor, narrator; Wilfred Pelletier, conducting; chorus. (Standard Brands, Inc.) 8:00 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

Cities Service Concert—Jessica Dragonette, soprano; Frank Banta and Milton Rettenberg, piano duo; Rosario Bourdon orchestra; Grantland Rice. (Cities Service Co.) 8:00 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

Curtis Institute of Music—4:15 P.M., Wednesday, CBS.

Esther Velas and Ensemble—1:30 P.M., Tuesday and Wednesday, and 4:00 P.M., Saturday, CBS.

Ford Symphony Orchestra—Direction Victor Kolar; mixed chorus; guest stars. (Ford Motor Co.) 9:00 P.M., Sunday, CBS.

General Motors Symphony Concert—Guest artists. (General Motors Corp.) 8:00 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

Metropolitan Opera Series—Direct from stage of famous opera center; Geraldine Farrar, raconteuse. (The Lambert Co.) 2:00 P.M., Saturday, NBC-WEAF and NBC-WJZ.

New York Philharmonic Orchestra—Guest conductors. 3:00 P.M., Sunday, CBS.

"My New 15¢ CLOPAY SHADES

Surely Gave Me One Big MONEY'S WORTH"



"I've found that the amazingly low first cost of Clopay window shades is only part of the saving they make possible. Actually they stay presentable much longer than shades for which I paid 3 and 4 times as much. That's because they are made of tough, heavy weight fibre with a patented creped texture that makes them even stronger. They never crack, ravel or pinhole as ordinary shades do. Besides, they hang and roll straight so that edges don't get scuffed up. Surprisingly easy to put up, too—attach to old rollers with a patented gummed strip—no tacks or tools! And how handsome they are, either in plain colors or those attractive chintz-like patterns. No wonder millions prefer CLOPAYs even when they can afford costlier shades!" Buy Clopays at all 5-and-10c stores and most neighborhood stores. Send 3c for color samples to CLOPAY CORP., 1354 York St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

"Yes Clopay Shades Save Me Plenty... But FABRAY SAVES ME EVEN MORE on All Oilcloth Needs!"



Amazing NEW FABRAY LOOKS LIKE OILCLOTH WEARS LIKE OILCLOTH... Costs 1/3 to 1/2 Less!

"I thought Clopay Shades offered the last word in economy until I found FABRAY. It's simply marvelous! It looks, feels and wears like the best grade of oilcloth, yet I can really use it longer because its smooth, washable top coating never cracks or peels away from its tough fibre backing. Best of all, I can afford to use FABRAY many more ways than I ever did oilcloth because it costs 1/3 to 1/2 less!"

Fabray is a new and entirely revolutionary product—made on solid fibre instead of cheese-cloth backing. It is amazingly durable, does not chip, peel or crack. New lovely patterns—either in 46-inch width for tables or 12-inch width for shelves. See FABRAY at leading 5-and-10c stores or send 10c for 2 1/2 yards of 12-inch shelving. Would cost 25c in oilcloth. State color preference.

CLOPAY CORPORATION
1361 York Street Cincinnati, Ohio

Palmolive Beauty Box Theater—Musical comedies and light operas; Nathaniel Shilkret's orchestra. (Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co.) 10:00 P.M., Tuesday, NBC-WEAF.

Rhythm Symphony—Musicians of Kansas City Philharmonic Orchestra; De Wolf Hopper, narrator; guest artists. (United Drug Co.) 4:00 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

Sentinels' Serenade—Edward Davies, baritone; Charles Sears, tenor; Mary Steele, alto; Josef Koestner's orchestra. (The Hoover Co.) 5:00 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

Voice of Firestone—Richard Crooks, Nelson Eddy and Gladys Swarthout, alternating; William Daly's symphonic string orchestra. (Firestone Tire and Rubber Co.) 8:30 P.M., Monday, NBC-WEAF.

Children's Programs

Adventure Hour—(Libby, McNeill and Libby.) 5:00 P.M., Monday, Wednesday and Friday, CBS.

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.

Buck Rogers in the 25th Century—(Cocomalt Co.) 6:00 P.M., Monday to Thursday, inclusive, CBS.

Ivory Stamp Club—Capt. Tim Healy. (Procter and Gamble Co.) 5:45 P.M., Monday, Wednesday and Friday, NBC-WEAF.

Jack Armstrong, All American Boy—(General Mills Co.) 5:30 P.M., daily except Saturday and Sunday, CBS.

Little Orphan Annie—(The Wander Co.) 5:45 P.M., daily except Saturday and Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

Singing Lady—(The Kellogg Co.) 5:30 P.M., daily except Saturday and Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

Skippy—(Sterling Products Co., Inc.) 5:15 P.M., daily except Saturday and Sunday, CBS.

Tom Mix's Straight Shooters—(Ralston Purina Co.) 5:15 P.M., Monday, Wednesday and Friday, NBC-WEAF.

Dramatic Sketches

Court of Human Relations—8:30 P.M., Friday, CBS.

Dangerous Paradise—Elsie Hitz and Nick Dawson. (John H. Woodbury Co.) 7:45 P.M., Monday, Wednesday and Friday, NBC-WJZ.

Death Valley Days—(Pacific Coast Borax Co.) 9:00 P.M., Thursday, NBC-WJZ.

First Nighter—June Meredith; Don Ameche; Eric Sagerquist's orchestra. (Campana Corp.) 10:00 P.M., Friday, NBC-WEAF.

Grand Hotel—Anne Seymour and Don Ameche. (Campana Corp.) 6:30 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

Irene Rich—(Welch Grape Juice Co.) 8:00 P.M., Friday, NBC-WJZ.

Just Plain Bill—With Arthur Hughes. (Kolynos Sales Co.) 7:15 P.M., daily except Saturday and Sunday, CBS.

Marie, Little French Princess—(Louis Phillippe, Inc.) 2:00 P.M., daily except Saturday and Sunday, CBS.

Myrt and Marge—(William Wrigley, Jr., Co.) 7:00 P.M., daily except Saturday and Sunday, CBS.

One Man's Family—With Anthony Smythe. (Penn Tobacco Co.) 10:30 P.M., Wednesday, NBC-WEAF.

Red Davis—(Beechnut Packing Co.) 7:30 P.M., Monday, Wednesday and Friday, NBC-WJZ.

Romance of Helen Trent—(Affiliated Products, Inc.) 2:15 P.M., daily except Saturday and Sunday, CBS.

Roses and Drums—(Union Central Life Ins. Co.) 5:00 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

Soconyland Sketches—With Arthur Allen and Parker Fennelly. (Socony Vacuum Oil Co.) 7:30 P.M., Saturday, CBS.

Terhune Dog Dramas—Albert Payson Terhune. (Spratts Patent, Ltd.) 5:45 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

The Gumps—(Corn Products Refining Co.) 12:15 P.M., daily except Saturday and Sunday, CBS.

The O'Neills—With Kate McComb, Jack Rubin and Jane West. (Gold Dust Corp.) 7:30 P.M., Monday, Wednesday and Friday, CBS.

Twenty Thousand Years in Sing Sing—With Warden Lawes; orchestra. (William R. Warner Co.) 9:00 P.M., Wednesday, NBC-WJZ.

Comedy Sketches

Amos 'n' Andy—(Pepsodent Co.) 7:00 P.M., Monday to Friday, inclusive, NBC-WJZ.

Clara, Lou and Em—(Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co.) 10:15 A.M., daily except Saturday and Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

Honeymooners—With Grace and Eddie Albert. 11:00 A.M., Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Saturday, NBC-WJZ.

Oxydol's Own Ma Perkins—(Procter and Gamble Co.) 3:00 P.M., Monday to Friday, inclusive, NBC-WEAF.

Mystery Sketches

Crime Clues—With Edward Rees and John MacBryde. (Harold E. Ritchie Co.) 8:00 P.M., Tuesday, NBC-WJZ.

Sherlock Holmes—With Louis Hector. (G. Washington Coffee Co.) 4:00 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

The Shadow—(Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Coal Co.) 6:30 P.M., Monday and Wednesday, CBS.

Featured Singers

Beatrice Lillie—Comedienne; orchestra. (Borden Sales Co.) 9:00 P.M., Friday, NBC-WJZ.

Bill and Ginger—(C. F. Mueller Co.) 10:15 A.M., Monday to Friday, inclusive, CBS.

Bing Crosby—With George Stoll's orchestra. (John H. Woodbury Co.) 9:00 P.M., Tuesday, CBS.

Frank Crumit and Julia Sanderson—(General Baking Co.) 5:30 P.M., Sunday, CBS.

Grace Moore—(Vick Chemical Co.) 9:00 P.M., Tuesday, NBC-WJZ.

Jackie Heller—With Harry Kogen's

Radio Gossip

Frank Buck is off on another movie exploration trip, this time to North India, Singapore, Borneo and the Malay Peninsula . . . Alexander Gray, born at Wrightsville, Pa., went to Penn State . . . "Tiny" Ruffner is the tallest radio announcer, Ben Grauer is the shortest . . . Eddie Guest, the poet, was born in Birmingham, England, on August 20, 1881 . . . His parents brought him to Detroit in 1891 and he became a naturalized citizen in 1902 . . . Back in 1928 Donald Novis first attracted attention as a winner of the Atwater-Kent national radio audition . . . Even with that prize it took two years of hard work to get a radio job . . . Floyd Gibbons is called the 217-word-a-minute man . . . Phillips Lord and his schooner, the *Seth Parker*, were off Tahiti late in December . . . Graham McNamee says he'll never sing again . . . He will stick strictly to announcing . . . Frank McIntyre, new master of the Show Boat, has one weakness—ties . . . He owns over 200 . . . Josef Pasternack, the conductor, has one of the most valuable collections of old jade boxes in America.

orchestra. (Chappel Bros.) 10:00 P.M., Monday, NBC-WJZ.

John Charles Thomas—(William R. Warner Co.) 9:30 P.M., Wednesday, NBC-WJZ.

Kate Smith—3:00 P.M., Wednesday, CBS.

Little Jack Little—(The Pinex Co.) 1:30 P.M., Sunday, Wednesday and Friday, CBS.

Pat Kennedy—With Art Kassel and orchestra. (Grove Laboratories, Inc.) 1:45 P.M., Sunday, Monday, Tuesday and Thursday, CBS.

Smiling Ed McConnell—(Acme White Lead Co.) 6:30 P.M., Sunday, CBS.

Wendell Hall—(F. W. Fitch Co.) 7:45 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

Household Hints

Betty Crocker—(General Mills Co.) 10:45 A.M., Wednesday and Friday, NBC-WEAF.

Cooking Close-ups—With Mary Ellis Ames, home economist. (Pillsbury Flour Mills.) 11:00 A.M., Wednesday and Friday, CBS.

Frances Lee Barton—(General Foods Corp.) 11:15 A.M., Thursday, NBC-WEAF.

Ida Bailey Allen—10:45 A.M., Thursday, CBS.

Madame Sylvia—(Ralston Purina Co.) 10:15 A.M., Wednesday, NBC-WJZ.

Magic Recipes—With Jane Ellison. (The Borden Co.) 11:45 A.M., Wednesday, CBS.

Margaret Brainerd—Beauty expert. (William Wrigley, Jr., Co.) 6:45 P.M., Thursday, Friday and Saturday, CBS.

Mary Lee Taylor—Domestic science. (Pet Milk Sales Corp.) 11:00 A.M., Tuesday and Thursday, CBS.

Inspirational Programs

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

Tony Wons—11:15 A.M., Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Saturday, NBC-WJZ.

Voice of Experience—(Wasey Products, Inc.) 12:00 noon, Monday to Friday, inclusive. 6:45 P.M., Sunday, CBS.

News Commentators

Boake Carter—(Philco Television and Radio Corp.) 7:45 P.M., daily except Saturday and Sunday, CBS.

Edwin C. Hill—(Wasey Products, Inc.) 8:15 P.M., Monday, Wednesday and Friday, CBS.

H. V. Kaltenborn—6:30 P.M., Friday, CBS.

John B. Kennedy—4:00 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

Lowell Thomas—(Sun Oil Co.) 6:45 P.M., daily except Saturday and Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt—Americans of Tomorrow. (Typewriter Research Association.) 7:45 P.M., Sunday, CBS.

Walter Winchell—(Andrew Jergens Co.) 9:30 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

Miscellaneous

Byrd Expedition—News from Antarctica; variety program for explorers and radio audience. (General Foods Corp.) 10:00 P.M., Wednesday, CBS.

March of Time—Re-enactment of the news. (Time, Inc.) 9:00 P.M., Friday, CBS.

National Barn Dance—(Alka-Seltzer Co.) 9:30 P.M., Saturday, NBC-WJZ.

Science Talk—Instructive and informative talks. 4:30 P.M., Tuesday, CBS.

Woman's Radio Review—Conducted by Claudine Macdonald; guest speakers; orchestra of Joseph Littau. 3:30 P.M., Monday to Thursday, inclusive, NBC-WEAF.



... but he's saying "I'm sorry" now!



It was Ada who really saved me. I was telling her how Bill and I had quarreled that morning because I couldn't get his shirts white enough to suit him.



"Your trouble sounds like 'tattle-tale gray'," Ada told me—"and that means left-over dirt. Change to Fels-Naptha—its richer golden soap and lots of naptha get out ALL the dirt."



And am I glad I listened to Ada! My washes are like snow. They've lost every bit of "tattle-tale gray." Bill's so tickled with the way his shirts look that he's been sweet as pie ever since!

YOU bet Fels-Naptha will get your clothes cleaner—and whiter!

For Fels-Naptha brings you something that no "trick" soap can—two dirt-looseners instead of one. Not just soap alone, but good golden soap with plenty of dirt-loosening naptha.

Chip Fels-Naptha into your washing machine—and see what a gorgeous job it does. It's great in your tub and for soaking or boiling. You'll find it gentle—safe for your finest silk stockings and daintiest lingerie. And it's kind to hands, too—for there's soothing glycerine in every golden bar.

Fels-Naptha now sells at the lowest price in almost twenty years. Get a few bars today!... Fels & Co., Phila., Pa. © FELS & CO., 1932

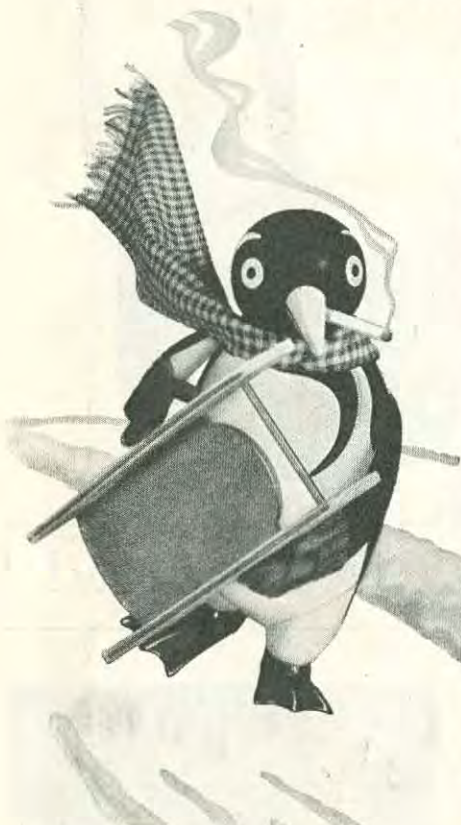
Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray"
with Fels-Naptha Soap



KOOL

MILDLY MENTHOLATED
CIGARETTES

CORK-TIPPED



SMOOTH SLEDDIN'

for your throat

If you've never tried a KOOL, try one when your throat feels all smoked out. Ready? Light up! Didn't know any smoke could be so refreshing and so good—did you? The mild menthol cools the smoke, soothes your throat, and brings out the choice tobacco flavor. Free coupon with each pack good for handsome merchandise. (Offer good in U. S. A. only.) Send for FREE illustrated premium booklet . . . and switch to the cigarette that keeps your throat KOOL.

SAVE COUPONS for HANDSOME MERCHANDISE



Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.

Valentine Party

(Continued from page 13)

in a lock, and opened a door. He called softly—

"Sleep, honey?" and a quivery voice answered through the darkness—

"Dad—but you're early!"

The taxi driver said, "Sure, I'm early. I brought a swell surprise, too." He struck a match and turned on a gas jet. A feeble yellow flame sprang into being and Marlene saw a narrow bed, and on it a narrow little girl who made only the flattest sort of mound under the thin coverlet. She saw a pitiful, cheap radio standing on a chair beside the bed, within reach of the child's hand. She caroled:

"Hello, button-face! See what the Easter bunny brought."

The little girl's face was streaked with tears. Her eyes were so wide open that they were brown saucers. She said—

"You're a valentine, come to life! Your pretty, pretty hat. Your—" as Marlene unfastened the modern evening coat, "pretty, pretty dress! Oh, you look like—"

Marlene was beside the bed. She took a claw-like hand in hers. It was far too small to be the hand of a twelve-year-old. She said:

"Out with it, youngster—what, if anything, do I look like?"

The child said, spell-bound—

"You look like the way Marlene Carrington sings. You look like the way she looks! I seen her picture once in TOWER RADIO. It was a lovely picture!"

The taxi driver started to speak. His eyes were shining in a thin, care-worn face. He said—

"Honey, listen—" but Marlene raised slender fingers to command silence. She said:

"Open up your ears, Big Girl, and you'll hear Marlene Carrington sing the way she looks. But she's going to sing soft—down inside her throat—so as not to wake up the whole house." She made a curtsy and clasped her hands demurely under her chin. She dropped her eyes and stepped up to an imaginary mike, and started to sing. She sang tenderly, low in her throat, and roguishly, and not in the least wearily. She sang all the old love songs that belong on a Valentine Day program, and a few that don't. And if the powers that be, at the broadcasting studio, could have heard her she'd have had a raise in her already larkish salary.

AT last the concert was over—and it was the strangest concert that Marlene had ever sung. And though there was no round of applause—save only the soft tattoo of a child's hands beating together and the labored sound of a man's breathing—Marlene was satisfied. She murmured from force of habit, "See you next week!" She chuckled and said—

"Now we'll have the real party! What do we do," she was addressing the taxi driver, "for plates?"

The taxi driver dived down under a deal table. There was a shelf beneath the table. He brought up an assortment of cracked china.

Marlene spoke to the little girl.

"We have roses," she said, producing the basket of flowers, "to feed your soul, Molly; for your tummy we have ice cream and cake."

It was then, for the first time, since the impromptu concert, that the child spoke.

"I'm too happy to eat, almost," said Molly. "I cried and cried because my radio was broke. Then I stopped crying and prayed and prayed."

You'll never know how
BEAUTIFUL
you can be!
UNTIL YOU DISCOVER
THIS SECRET OF
MAKE-UP!

Are you envious of the beauty of others? Do you often wonder why the make-up of certain women looks so much more attractive than your own? Would you like to discover the secret of their loveliness? Then listen . . .

It isn't enough, today, that the color-tones of your various cosmetics match your own skin. The important thing is that they match each other! Powder, rouge and lipstick should be of complementary shades, so harmonized that they achieve a perfect Color Ensemble.

That's what you get when you use OUTDOOR GIRL Olive Oil Beauty Aids. Regardless of which shade of OUTDOOR GIRL Face Powder you choose, you can be sure of finding an OUTDOOR GIRL Lipstick and Rouge of the same tonal quality.

No clash of colors! No cheap, gaudy effect! Your make-up is free of all artificiality . . . natural! OUTDOOR GIRL Beauty Aids not only make your skin seem lovelier than ever before, but because of their exclusive Olive Oil base, they protect it too!

At leading drug and department stores for only 50c. Also in 10c trial sizes at your favorite chain store. Mail the coupon for liberal samples of OUTDOOR GIRL Olive Oil Face Powder, Rouge and Lipstick.

POWDER

The only face powder with an Olive Oil base! Light and fluffy, yet clings for hours. Creates a youthful, transparent effect. No rice starch! Noorris root! 7 smart shades.



ROUGE

Smooth and satiny in texture. Made with pure Olive Oil. Will not break or crumble. Pure, harmless colors. 7 skin-blending shades.



LIPSTICK

Goes on smoothly; spreads evenly. Prevents lips from chapping or cracking. Pure, harmless colors. Waterproof and indelible! 6 captivating skin-tints.



TUNE IN—SATURDAYS, 7:30 P. M., E. S. T.

"The Outdoor Girl Beauty Parade"

Over These Columbia Network Stations:

WABC — New York	WJAS — Pittsburgh
WBBM — Chicago	WCAO — Baltimore
WCAU — Philadelphia	WOKO — Albany
WNAC — Boston	WFBL — Syracuse
WHK — Cleveland	CKAC — Montreal
CKLW — Detroit	CFRB — Toronto

OUTDOOR GIRL
OLIVE OIL BEAUTY AIDS

CRYSTAL CORPORATION, DEPT. 87-C
Willis Avenue, New York City

I enclose 10c. Please send me liberal trial packages of OUTDOOR GIRL Face Powder, Rouge and Lipstick. My complexion is Light Medium Dark .

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Marlene said softly, "I don't know that anybody's ever called me an answer to prayer, youngster. But—" her eyes were wet, "it's never too late to start something new . . ."

IT was a week after. Marlene Carrington was dressed in red, white and blue—a la Follies' idea of Betsy Ross. She was going to give a patriotic concert—Washington's Birthday was in the offing.

"You look like the Spirit of '76, Miss Carrington!" her accompanist enthused.

Marlene laughed. She answered, "I feel like the mother of my country. I'm a wreck, Nick. I've been out shopping all day, buying nighties and bed jackets and dressing gowns for a kid. She's twelve, really, but she's a wee thing. She wears a size nine, imagine that! Know anything about children, old dear?"

Nick Temple, the accompanist, shrugged.

"I never had any," he said.

"That's no credit to you!" Marlene told him. She said, "I'm going right home from here. I've got to get up at dawn tomorrow. I've got a date with a high-powered specialist in children's diseases."

Nick said absently: "Children's diseases are bad for the health."

Marlene yawned. She hummed the fragment of a tune. She said:

"How do I sound, Nick? Pretty phony?"

Nick answered, "You may be tired, but you sound hot to me. There's a new quality in your voice—"

There was an interruption. It was a call boy, knocking on the door. He muttered a summons, grinned at Marlene's tri-color, and ducked out. Marlene followed him thoughtfully into the studio from which she did her stuff. She saluted smartly, to a rousing burst of applause—the audience was with her, as usual—and waited for the tinkle of Nick's piano, and moved up to the mike and started to sing. The timbre of her voice had a certain thrill to it—it made listeners, all across the country, glad that they were Americans. It even made some of them think the depression might be over one day. It made Marlene's patriotism sound authentic, and probably it was! She sang for half an hour. Then she clicked her heels together and saluted again to her visible audience, and said, "See you next week, my friends," to her invisible one, and ducked out of the room. Nick Temple, trailing after her, said—

"You were swell. Washington would have made you an honorary colonel."

Marlene replied, "Them's kind words, Nick. Say, will you fetch my coat? I'm going home, like a dead hero, draped in a flag. Probably I'll sleep in it—I'm that tired."

Nick said hopefully—

"With a little encouragement I'd see you to your house—" but Marlene answered—

"I don't need an escort, thanks. I bought a big bullet-proof car, this past week, and I've got a chauffeur that'd kill anybody who looked at me cross-eyed."

She gathered her coat around her slim body, and blew him a lazy kiss, and left him—that was Marlene, thought Nick. Always shooing a fellow off. He sighed and began to pick up his scattered music.

But why worry about Nick Temple—or his music? This isn't his story. His story will happen another day!

Are You Reading
RADIO FROM THE INSIDE?
The Inside Stories of Radio.



Babs Ryan

A NEW SERVICE FOR YOU TOWER STAR FASHIONS

Bringing the glamour of the latest styles within
the reach of readers of Tower Magazines

STARS light the way of modern fashions, and the up-to-date American woman need no longer look to Paris for inspiration in dress and beauty. Instead of seeking to conform to some fashion-plate ideal of exact smartness, she looks for guidance to the charming women who reveal their personalities over the air and on the screen. For the radio performer of today, no less than the actress in Hollywood, has mastered the art of dress and make-up. She cannot reveal her personality through the tones of her voice unless she has also learned to look her best before the critical audience in the studio and unless she is confident that she is as pleasing to the eye as to the ear. The talents of the world's most gifted dressmakers and designers have been enlisted to give glamour to the stars.

How to present these modern screen and radio fashions so that they would be of greatest help to the American woman?

That was the question.

"Tower Star Fashions" is the answer.

This new fashion service, offered by Tower Magazines, will present clothes—dresses, wraps and important accessories—designed and selected for the various types of American woman, types found in your home town and ours just as much as in the film and radio studios. These new styles will be pictured in forthcoming issues of this magazine, and to make them yours in fact as well as in imagination, these new Tower Star Fashions will be shown in leading department stores throughout the country at prices you will not hesitate to pay.

Already over two hundred and fifty stores have arranged to display and sell Tower Star Fashions, and a complete list of these stores will be announced next month.

This new fashion presentation will be of enormous practical value to you and countless other alert American women. It will be of far greater value than the usual sort of "thou-shalt-wear" and "thou-shalt-not-wear" fashion feature because it is based on the important fact that women are

not all cast in one mold and that for each outstanding type there should be specially designed clothes to bring out distinctive charms.

For ages women have realized that certain colors are becoming to certain shades of hair and eye coloring and not to others. Golden blondes could wear tints that brunettes could not, and red-heads were supplied with lists of colors they should or should not wear. Women realized, too, that certain styles were all very well if you were tall and slender, but not so good if you were pleasingly plump. This is about as far as special adaptation in dress usually went. That there were shades in temperament and essential differences in personality that should be taken into consideration in choosing styles was something that was not usually recognized. The American screen and radio have brought forth an entirely new type of fashion designing based on the age-old fact that women's greatest charm is their infinite variety.

Few women, we are sure, would care to carry out a slavish imitation of any screen or radio stars.

The vivacious young girl who feels a special thrill of sympathy when she hears the voice of Babs Ryan would not delude herself into thinking that she is the double of this charming little entertainer, nor does every slender, fair young woman with a speaking or singing voice a la Hilliard imagine that she could take Harriet's place in Ozzie Nelson's band. But any clever young woman eager to obtain the best help possible in enhancing her charms would realize the value of the dress experience of all these charming stars. Instead of following any new fashion that appeals to her imagination she would gladly avail herself of styles created for women of her type.

Dressing to type, rather than following a single idea of smartness, is the modern American method of enhancing personal charm. From Paris and other fashion centers of the world come new ideas of design, new uses of colors, and new manipulations of fabric. But it is by these new styles Tower Star Fashions has been created to pass this gift to you.



Then add that
CERTAIN SOMETHING



TRY Heinz Tomato Ketchup as a magic seasoning in cooking. It's a secret women everywhere are discovering. That "certain something" added to the recipe, which puts the "French chef" flavor into the meals you cook. A bit of Heinz Tomato Ketchup—the simmered-down goodness of tomatoes and a combination of rare good spices, all in one bottle.

NEW BOOK OF COOKING SECRETS. It's 108 pages of new ways to lure appetites. Write for the new "Heinz Book of Meat Cookery". It is full of recipes for new feasts with left-overs. Easy party platters. One-dish dinners. Magic with the cheaper cuts of meats. Delectable sauces. Dozens of complete new menus. Just send ten cents in coin or stamps to H. J. Heinz Company, Dep't 102-A, Pittsburgh, Pa.

HEINZ TOMATO KETCHUP

THE LARGEST SELLING KETCHUP IN THE WORLD

"GREASY POTS SCORCHED PANS

BUT THAT'S
NOT ALL"



EVERY day women are writing us so many good uses for S.O.S., we wonder if there's any limit.

How many have you tried?

Here are a few suggestions. And, if we thought the list would reach the man of the house, we'd add several more—like shining the golf sticks and de-rusting the tools.

S.O.S. SHINES

DULL ALUMINUM
GREASY STOVES
CHARRED BROILERS
STAINED LINOLEUM
TARNISHED NICKEL
SCORCHED COFFEE POTS
CRUSTED BAKING GLASS
BURNED POTS
BLACKENED PANS

in double-quick time

Really, if you haven't discovered this magic shine-dispenser, you owe it to yourself to get a package of S.O.S. the very next time you visit your grocer, your hardware, department or five and ten cent store. Or, if you will snip off and mail the coupon we'll send 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 _____ F

How to Be a Radio Star

(Continued from page 16)

Hats On!

AMONG those who are never seen in a radio studio without a hat, in addition to Mahatma Winchell, are Floyd Gibbons, Bing Crosby and Joe Penner, who are each exponents of the three leading methods of studio hat-wearing. Floyd Gibbons uses the Post-Cranium position with the hat far on the back of the head. Bing Crosby uses the Climax-Capping method in which his cap is pulled down farther over his eyes at the climax of each song, while Joe Penner uses the Safety Valve method, in which the hat is constantly shifted from one position to the other as a relief from the nervous tension under which every radio artist labors.

But the master of them all is Walter Winchell, who never steps up to the diaphragm without his famous gray hat atop his silver locks. There is no more thrilling sight in radio than to see Walter, hat cocked over the eye and collar open at the throat excitedly telling America things it ought not to know.

And this brings us inevitably to—the Collar-Conscious Controversy.

Collar Conscious?

THERE are many radio performers who are absolutely unable to appear before the control room window without their collars open at the throat. This custom was started back in 1919 by Frank Munn, then known on the air as Paul Oliver on the Palmolive Program. One night he was singing with Virginia Rhea, known as Olive Palmer; Kate Smith, known as Olive Oil; and James Melton, known as Palm Beach.

As Frank reached for a high C his throat expanded to such an extent that his collar button snapped open, flew across the room and rang the studio chimes, with the result that the various network stations signed off the air, thinking it was the conclusion of the program. The following week the sales of the fragrant Palmolive Soap dropped 52 percent, and in a meeting of studio executives, agency officials and page boys, it was decreed that henceforth Frank should open his collar before attempting to sing. No tenor has ever gone on the air since that day without an exposed larynx.

On the other hand there are those artists who find no difficulty whatsoever in airing their views with collar and studs in place. Prominent among these is that raconteur, Alexander Woollcott, who can navigate the worst seven syllable words without so much as even a slight loosening of his cravat (necktie to you).

So there, students, you have the situation. Just how you will decide on your own solution depends on the juxtaposition of your collar and your adam's apple. Your opinion is as good as the necks one.

I might say that many haberdashers furnish specially designed and easily removable collar buttons for radio artists' shirts, for which there is a small stud fee.

We're Not Dressing?

THE next important question on microphone technique is the one of costume. How to dress while on the air is a problem that has vexed many a better head than mine, of which there are one or two still left.

Generally speaking, whether or not one dresses for a broadcast depends upon two things. First ask yourself,

Are You Clever With a Needle



Modern Table Linen Must Be Beautiful. Here Are Six Smart Diagram Patterns

Beautiful tables make food seem more exciting! And no one has to long for lovely table linen when it's so easy to make. These diagram patterns will show you how to make six exquisite cloths. All six patterns and complete directions for 15c. Get started right away on:

A Peasant Table Cover. Designs and diagrams for making cross-stitch designs—flowers, animals, people.

Smart Crochet Designs. For bridge or luncheon cloths. So very good-looking and so easy to make.

Coarse Linen Doilies. Made gay and bright with stripes from colored seam binding. Very decorative.

Inexpensive Cloths. Plain material trimmed in gingham with gingham napkins to match. Clever as can be.

New Crochet Edgings. New edgings which are sure to bring out the "ahs" and the "ohs". For many trimmings.

Six Applique Designs. Made from colored linen or cotton in fruit designs. For table spreads or doilies.

Send your request to Miss Frances Cowles

TOWER MAGAZINES, Inc.

55 Fifth Avenue New York, N. Y.

"Have I any evening clothes?"; second, ask yourself, "Have I any other clothes?" If the answer to your first question is in the negative, don't attempt to dress formally. If your answer to the second question is also in the negative, just wear a barrel and go as Eddie Cantor.

While the author does not wish to be didactic, chiefly because he doesn't know what didactic is, nevertheless, he wishes to state his views on the subject of "Dressing vs. Not Dressing." I say "yes and no" and you can take it or leave it. If you've read this far, you can take it all right.

If my experience over a period of twenty-five years in radio* counts for anything, I will tell you the rule I follow. On the opening night of a new commercial program I appear before the studio audience in impeccable full evening dress (obtainable at the Impeccable Dress Suit Renting Co. for \$3.50 per night). At succeeding broadcasts I wear a simple black dinner jacket with black trousers, black bow tie, black studs and, occasionally, a black eye. As soon as I am notified that my sponsor is not going to renew the contract I wear a sweater or any old darn thing.

Now that the student knows how to approach the mike and how to dress, there are only a few more simple rules to know before you are ready for a contract. For your convenience I am listing ten "Don'ts" for easy reference. Just memorize these and your success is assured.

* Author's Note: Well—make it six.

What to Do on the Air

1. Don't fail to kick the microphone whenever possible. This calls the attention of the control engineer to the fact that you are still broadcasting and he will consequently give you the benefit of his ideas on the subject.

2. Don't forget to cough two or three times directly into the mike. This shows your audience that you are at ease and not taking the whole thing too seriously.

3. Don't appear in the studio more than fifteen seconds before you go on the air. This makes the director realize how important you are to the program and assures you of a few words from him on your arrival.

4. Don't turn the pages of your script noiselessly. Do it so the paper rustle is heard. This lends realism to the broadcasts and explodes the myth that radio performers memorize their parts.

5. Don't let other artists near the mike when their turns come to read. Before you know it you'll be out of the program.

6. Don't be friendly with radio editors. They will put things about you in their columns if you become too chummy.

7. Don't approve of the sponsor's commercials. This destroys your artistry. Tell him what you really think of them.

8. Don't let the control engineer tell you anything about the microphone. You studied with me, didn't you?

9. Don't let the agency man tell you what to do. He only buys the talent.

10. Don't eat your sponsor's product. State this fact publicly. You're nobody's fool.

Next month's lesson will be on "Sound Effects and Unsound Effects" and will tell you how to obtain the effect of closing a door noiselessly, dogs barking up the wrong tree, etc., etc. Read it, and be the first in your neighborhood to make the noise of a goldfish blowing bubbles.

He Heard Lincoln

(Continued from page 22)

big that when I tried to eat one just by gulping it down raw the way the men did, it stuck in my throat and for a while I couldn't make it go up or go down!"

UNCLE Bob pauses to chuckle over those experiences of his boyhood in the long ago. His memory is remarkably keen, and it is a fact that many men recall their childhood much more vividly than the experiences of their adult life. Uncle Bob remembers when he was that nine-year-old little boy in Baltimore, and he goes on to tell us what happened.

"We finished our business on March 3, and Mr. Close suggested that we go to Washington the next day for the inauguration. The men around the Eutaw Market doubted that we would be able to get very close to the ceremonies on such short notice, but Mr. Close said he had a friend in Washington who might help us.

"The next morning, Inauguration Day, we rode a Baltimore and Ohio train over to Washington. The Capital City was under military guard, and when we reached Washington all the passengers were herded into a waiting-room at the station and searched to make sure we were not carrying any concealed weapons. There was much talk of plots against Mr. Lincoln's life, and the soldiers protecting the city and the President were taking no chances; although Mr. Lincoln himself was a simple, kindly man and he did not like the idea of having so much fuss made over him.

"No weapons were found on us, of course, and we were allowed to enter the city of Washington. We made our way to the White House grounds, where the ceremonies were to be held in what are now the White House gardens, but in those days were known as the White House lots, and were just so much vacant ground behind the White House itself.

"A large wooden platform, with a wooden railing, had been built for the occasion. On this platform Mr. Lincoln was to stand and take the oath of office for his second term as President of the United States. The great crowd of hearers would be out in front of the platform.

"There was one important reservation, however. The crowd was pushed back, and the space directly in front of the platform was carefully roped off and guarded by soldiers and civilian guards. This was to protect the President from any cranks or would-be assassins, and keep them from getting close enough to do any harm. Also in this enclosure were the press correspondents, some government officials and the White House telegrapher.

"THIS telegrapher was David Homer Bates. He was a former Ohio boy, and a friend of Mr. Close back in the home state. Mr. Close sent in a note to David Homer Bates, who was glad to know that some home folks were there to see him. Mr. Bates spoke to Major Rathbone, the President's military aide, and obtained for us military passes into the central enclosure. There was no room on the telegrapher's bench, so military camp stools were provided for us. Imagine what a thrill that was for me, a little country kid, sitting beside the official White House telegrapher as he tapped out the words that President Lincoln was speaking overhead.

"Mr. Lincoln spoke simply and earnestly in his slow, rather nasal voice.

He used very few gestures, and such as he did employ were simple gestures of appeal to his fellow countrymen, rather than the fist-pounding tricks of political orators. His characteristic posture was that of his left hand clutching the lapel of his coat. His speech was direct, and from the heart; and to a country still torn by Civil War he brought a message of reconciliation and hope in his memorable closing words:

'Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may soon pass away. With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and for his orphan; to do all which may achieve a just and lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations.'

"When Mr. Lincoln began this closing passage, tears formed in his eyes. As he finished, there was no applause. He was greeted with silence; the silence of deep understanding. The occasion was too solemn for applause."

WELL! We sit back now and take a deep breath. This has been a very dramatic story that Uncle Bob has been telling us. He has some comment to make on how the occasion contrasts with modern life.

"Nowadays, of course," says Uncle Bob, "the magic of radio enables the entire country to listen in as a President makes his inaugural address. In 1865 the electric telegraph was a great marvel of the times, and the last word in communication. Little did I realize, as I sat there, a nine-year-old boy, watching David Homer Bates tap out messages on the electric telegraph, that some day there would be a wireless telegraph, which in turn would develop into the wireless telephone, or radio, and that the little country lad from Ohio was destined to have his voice carried to the remotest and farthest ends of the American continent by this same radio."

That is a remarkable thing to think about, yet Uncle Bob did live to have his voice carried across the nation on such programs as the Dixie Circus and the Arco Birthday Party. The next year after little Bob Sherwood went to Baltimore, he left home to join the Dan Rice Circus, where he and another little boy who looked so Oriental that he was called Japanese Tommy, were given acrobatic training by Frank La Cardo, who was a professional "catcher" in acrobatic acts, and trained newcomers. Little Bob became a proficient acrobat, and in 1873 he joined the circus of P. T. Barnum and remained with that master showman until 1894. He is now the only one left of Barnum's original clowns. At a recent party Uncle Bob dressed up in costume to represent Barnum, and had the pleasure of meeting little Betty Rice, who is the granddaughter of one of the women riders who was in the same Barnum circus with Uncle Bob.

Uncle Bob Sherwood has written several books and many magazine articles and countless radio programs based upon his experiences, but do you know what he likes best of all? He likes to have children come to see him in person, so he can tell his stories just as he had done for us today!



NEED

A BLONDE FADE EARLY?

By *Lady Esther*

People say that blondes have a brilliant morning, but a short afternoon. In other words, that blondes fade early!

This, however, is a myth. Many blondes simply look older than their years because they use the wrong shade of face powder.

You should never choose a face powder shade just because you are a blonde or brunette. You should never try to match the color of your hair or the particular tone of your skin. A blonde may have a dark skin while a brunette may have quite a light skin and vice versa.

A face powder shade should be chosen, not to match your hair or coloring, but to *flatter* your whole appearance.

To Find the Shade that Flatters

There is only one way to find the shade of face powder that is most becoming to you, and that is to try *all five* basic shades.

Lady Esther Face Powder is made in the required five basic shades. One of these shades you will find to be the most flattering to you! One will instantly set you forth at your best, emphasize your every good point and make you look your most youthful and freshest.

But I don't ask you to accept

my word for this. I say: Prove it at my expense. So I offer to send you, entirely without cost or obligation, a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.

When you get the five shades, try each one before your mirror. Don't try to pick your shade in advance. *Try all five!* Just the one you would least suspect may prove the most flattering for you. Thousands of women have written to tell me they have been amazed with this test.

Stays on for Four Hours — and Stays Fresh!

When you make the shade test with Lady Esther Face Powder, note, too, how exquisitely soft and smooth it is. It is utterly free from anything like grit. It is also a *clinging* face powder! By actual test it will stay on for four hours and look fresh and lovely all the time. In every way, as you can see for yourself, Lady Esther Face Powder excels anything ever known in face powder.

Write today! Just mail the coupon or a penny postcard. By return mail you'll receive all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.

Copyrighted by Lady Esther, 1935

(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (10) **FREE**

Lady Esther, 2020 Ridge Ave., Evanston, Ill.
Please send me by return mail a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____
(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

FOR
Youthful
NATURAL BEAUTY



Nestle
COLORINSE

● Why let your hair get that harsh, faded, "worn-out" look? To have the true beauty everyone strives for in modern hair grooming, the "Sheen of Youth" is more imperative than ever. For the popular hair dressing demands hair that is soft and smooth, with a color sleekness that is ample in tone value while also entirely natural and youthful.

Put ColoRinse in the shampoo wash and it will put subtle color toning into your hair, and give it a soft, pliant lustrefulness. ColoRinse is harmless vegetable compound, not a dye or a bleach. Choose one of the ten shades—a variety of color values complimentary to all types of hair.

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What Happened to the Goldbergs

(Continued from page 27)

the arduous task of writing, casting, and rehearsing these programs and getting them in shape for submission to possible sponsors, took time to answer some questions that many fans have been wondering about.

"No, I shall not use the Goldberg characters in these new programs, nor the players who play the Goldberg characters," Mrs. Berg announced. "The Goldbergs are too real to me, they mean too much to me, ever to take them out of their natural settings. It seems to me that the central characters are played by persons who almost live the parts, and it doesn't seem right to put them in another program."

It is easy enough to see Mrs. Berg's point of view, and dyed-in-the-wool Goldberg fans probably are curious about one consequence of this view. Mrs. Berg herself plays Mollie, the mother in *The Goldbergs*, and the question is, will she be in the new program?

"I am writing and directing *The House of Glass*," Mrs. Berg said, "and I hope to get into it the same feeling that I put into *The Goldbergs*. To that extent I shall be in it, and it will be my work, but—for the present, at least—I do not plan to play a part in the program myself. The only part I ever played on the radio was Mollie Goldberg, and I can't bring myself to play any other character."

As outlined by Mrs. Berg, *The House of Glass* will offer opportunities for considerable variety in its presentations. "The hotel setting gives us a chance to do many things. There can be entertainments of various kinds held at the hotel, musical programs, political meetings and special events of all kinds, and we look for these things to give color and variety in the development of our stories."

But what about *The Goldbergs*? Is that program abandoned forever? Mrs. Berg is very reassuring on that point. "The Goldbergs are by no means abandoned," she says. "If possible, I plan to have both programs on the air, but even though there may be some delay in the reappearance of *The Goldbergs*, you may be sure that there is great vitality in that program, and in due time it will return to the air waves."

The quiet confidence of Mrs. Berg is very welcome to the thousands of listeners who followed *The Rise of The Goldbergs* from Jake's beginnings as a humble pants presser in the ghetto of New York's east side through his adventures—and misadventures!—to his status of uptown business man.

The story of Gertrude Berg herself is just about as dramatic as anything she has ever portrayed on the radio. It was in 1929 that she, a young mother still in her twenties, with no previous experience in acting, writing or directing, walked into the headquarters of the National Broadcasting Company, and said she wanted to put on a radio program. They asked her what the program was, and she replied quite simply, "It's a story of Jewish family life."

That basic fact was the hardest obstacle she had to overcome. "Listeners outside of New York won't understand it," and "People won't understand the dialect," and "The psychology will seem strange to listeners not of that faith,"—these were some of the objections hurled at Mrs. Berg. Then they pointed to her own inexperience—she had never been on the stage, she had no acting experience, she had never been on the radio. They did everything possible to discourage her. A less courageous

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soul than Mrs. Berg would have given up early and abandoned the whole project.

She didn't. She kept at it, and by sheer persistence and the weight of her own sincerity and her faith in her idea, she finally gained a hearing before the NBC program board. This group of executives passes on all programs that are seeking to get on the air over NBC facilities, and there are literally hundreds of applicants every week; the members of the board become, by necessity, pretty hard-boiled in making their choices, and it is a difficult matter to get past them.

Mrs. Berg auditioned her program for them, and convinced them that it had merit. They were still afraid, however, that its appeal was too limited to make a good general radio program. She begged them to try it just once, and see. They did. It was on November 20, 1929, that *The Rise of the Goldbergs* (the title later was changed to just *The Goldbergs*) first went on the air from one NBC station. The response was immediate, and NBC could see that the program had vitality.

Then began the long struggle by Mrs. Berg to keep the program on the air, to extend the network, to show that it would go in any part of the country, to induce NBC not to desert her during the two long years that it took to convince a sponsor that there were commercial possibilities in the program, to convince the sponsor that his program was getting results after he put it on the air.

Mrs. Berg won her struggle. The sponsor eventually put the program on an extended network, and raised the appearances from one night per week to six nights per week. *The Goldbergs* proved a triumphant success. The program showed that there is something bigger than race or creed or dialect or sectional interest—the common human heart. The simple honesty and heart interest of the Goldberg family circle won countless thousands of listeners of all creeds and all sections.

Mrs. Gertrude Berg herself is an attractive young woman, in her early thirties, and is the mother of a son, Cherney, 11, and a daughter, Harriet, who is 7. These children do not play Rosie and Sammy in *The Goldbergs*, and have never been on the radio, although Mrs. Berg sometimes is hard put to explain to her real children why she must deny them something which she has granted her radio children!

MRS. BERG was born in New York City, but not in the East Side ghetto which she can portray so realistically on the radio. She was born in Harlem, when that section was still a white settlement and was not what it has become in recent years—the largest city of colored people in the world. Mrs. Berg attended New York public schools and later went to Columbia University, from which she was graduated with an A.B. degree. Her husband is Lewis Berg, a sugar technologist, whose occupation caused her to spend two years with him on a sugar plantation in Louisiana, the only time she has lived anywhere but in New York City.

All her life Mrs. Berg has been interested in writing, and finally showed her talent by evolving one of radio's most successful programs. As that program—*The Goldbergs*—left the air temporarily, and she evolved a new program—*The House of Glass*—she reflected a highly significant item in her life history. Her father was a hotel keeper, and some of her earliest memories go back to playing in the lobby of his hotel. If anyone can make a hotel setting sound real, Gertrude Berg certainly is that one!

Radio's Pioneer

(Continued from page 19)

"Every so often you've changed your type of material," I suggested. "Do you intend to change it again in the near future?"

"Not while I'm clicking," he replied. "People seem to like what I'm giving them. So I'll keep on."

"Well, you've got all this money. Why do you keep on working?"

"Because I get a kick out of it. You go by a theater where there's a line of people standing out in front, waiting to see you play. You get a tremendous wallop out of it. You want to give 'em all you've got."

"I'm taking it easy now, though. That's one reason I'm going on my new show for Pebeco over the Columbia network."

"It's a half hour show—and a half hour is a whole lot less drain on you than a full hour show. Believe me, that takes it out of you after a while."

"And I'm going to do a string of one-night stands around the country before I go to Hollywood, after thirteen weeks, for another picture and—Well, that's my idea of resting. Besides, I'm going to Europe next week for a month or so and just loaf." (Now Eddie is back in America—and on the air.)

"Can you imagine Cantor just loafing?" put in Phil Rapp, the gag writer, who was gagging away at a typewriter. "He'll be dictating memos to himself telling himself to take it easy."

"But listen," said Eddie, "I haven't hounded the greatest part of it—the real reason I keep going. Come on."

We went out and up some winding stairs to a big penthouse room. There was a piano, several desks, a lot of papers in disorder, a long table with a row of secretaries sorting mail, and a great big packing box chock full and overflowing with letters.

"Just a few that came in today," Eddie said. "See those people over here? They're doing nothing but answering requests for pictures. It costs me sixty dollars a day just to send out those pictures."

A quiet, good-looking young lady was hovering around, tending to everything at once in an efficient, unobtrusive manner. Eddie introduced me to Margie, his eldest daughter, who now acts as her father's chief secretary and tends to a good share of his business worries. She is quite an expert on gags, too. Eddie admitted that he has a tough time getting a laugh out of her. "But when I get one," he added proudly, "I know I have something."

WE went over and stood by the box. Eddie scooped up an armful of letters.

"Look," he said, "all these came in response to my S.O.S. broadcast—Save Our Schools."

He picked one out and we read it. It was from the principal of a little high school somewhere in the Middle West—evidently a school that was having a hard time to keep its head up. The writer, a man of culture, thanked Eddie fervently for his broadcast.

"And the politicians here," he concluded, "will have a pretty hard time putting through any more budget cuts after your talk. You gave them all their answers for their arguments."

"You can't beat that, can you?" said Eddie with enthusiasm.

He fished out some more letters. One was from a girl asking for a job.

"Do you pay any attention to letters like that?" I asked.

"Oh, sure. We'll try to put her in

touch with somebody. Sometimes I run ads for 'em in the paper.

"It's not enough just to make people laugh when you can do a little good, too," he said. "You have to put it in the form of a laugh, though. Sugar coat it. That's the way they'll take it."

He sat down on the edge of the box.

"I suppose you'd call it my philosophy," he said, serious now. "I don't know what that means, exactly. I never went to school much. But I've knocked around a lot. I know people. And I've observed things. So I get ideas about what ought to be done. And I have a swell chance to put them over this way, being the kind of a comedian I am."

He went on to tell some of the things that give him a thrill. There was that time he kidded a big politician for what seemed to him an unwarranted attack on the administration.

That night, after his broadcast, when he got home, there was a wire waiting for him from the President's secretary, thanking him.

One time a woman wrote in from a little town in Minnesota to say that her boy had left a year and a half ago and she didn't know where he was. She thought maybe if Eddie could broadcast something about it he might hear and come home because she had been ill for a long time and she needed him.

Eddie made an earnest little plea on the air one night, telling the boy that his mother needed him.

A few days went by and nothing happened. Eddie was down in Florida staying at a hotel in Miami Beach. Then one night a phone call came through, long distance.

It was from the woman in Minnesota and she was crying. But she managed to tell him that her boy had sent word that he had heard the broadcast in a pool hall down South and had started bumming his way home by freight.

"You simply can't beat things like that," Eddie said again.

IT seemed an anti-climax after that to ask Eddie about the details of his new show. But when a national institution like Eddie Cantor shifts to another sponsor and another network, there are a lot of details people want to know.

"Rubinoff is coming along—that's settled," he said.

"Because he's such a swell stooge?" I asked.

"No, that's incidental. I want Rubinoff because he has such a grand orchestra. Do you know that good music is a comedian's greatest asset? I learned that in the Follies. Play a 'straight' number, then bring Cantor out in a pair of funny shoes and it's sure fire."

He said he wants to build up some announcer to work with him, too. He mentioned Ted Husing as a possibility, although it wasn't settled yet. Ted has a fast, breezy style that he likes a lot.

Then there is Nick Parkyakakas, the Greek dialect character, who has enjoyed quite a following in New England and has already been heard on Cantor's programs. Listeners will hear a lot more of him.

And as to serious stuff—the institutional business? He hadn't an idea in the world. It was too far away.

But you may rest assured that when the opening bars of *One Hour With You* have sounded, you'll hear him taking up the bludgeon for one cause or another, or lending a helping hand, for that is what lies nearest to his heart.

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FAOEN is different different in its mysterious power to transform attractiveness into compelling loveliness. Let Faoen send you forth to quicken pulses!

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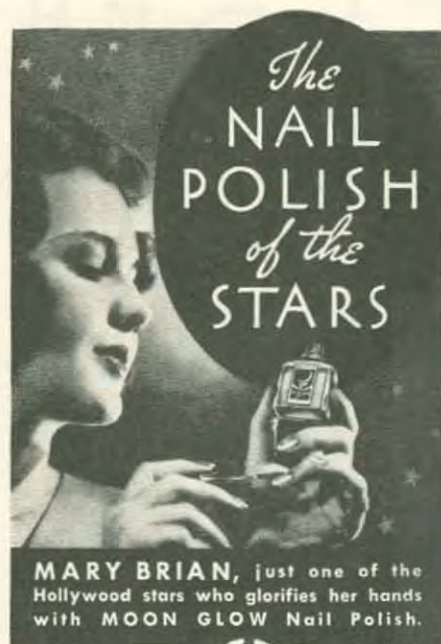
-  FAOEN No. 12 Floral and delicate with a refreshing bouquet.
-  FAOEN No. 3 is exotic—a clinging, oriental fragrance.
-  FAOEN No. 44 Warm and Vibrant—our newest floral odour.
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These days, women are entitled to a larger bottle of nail polish for their money, because they use so much more of it. Fashion says a different shade for day, a different shade for night—one shade to go with today's dress, another shade for tomorrow's. And toe nails are getting their share of polish, too.

Moon Glow gives you what you deserve—a 25 cent bottle of marvelous lustrous nail polish, two or three times the size you have been getting for twenty-five and thirty-five cents.

One use of Moon Glow Nail Polish will show you why it is a Hollywood favorite. Moon Glow is a new and better blend of polish—applies more smoothly, sets more lustrously—will not chip, peel, crack or fade.

Moon Glow Nail Polish is featured at 25 cents by the country's finest department stores from Saks in New York to Marshall Field in Chicago and Bullock's in Los Angeles. Leading druggists will tell you that Moon Glow is one of their fastest selling nail polishes. And at your ten cent store, ask for the generous size Moon Glow bottle.

Write for sample

Try either the clear or new cream Moon Glow, the nail polish made popular by the screen stars in Hollywood—there's a treat in store for you. Send the coupon for a sample size of any one of the six smart shades.

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Please send generous trial bottle Moon Glow Polish () cream () clear. I enclose 10c (coin or stamps) for each shade checked. () Natural () Medium () Rose () Blood Red () Carmine () Coral. () Oil Nail Polish Remover.

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Step Into the Diamond Horseshoe

(Continued from page 21)

provided with a circuit breaker so that if there is a sudden crash of lightning or anything like that, the apparatus will be saved. Just so, when there is an unusual blast of sound, the tubes are spared the shock by the circuit breaker.

I have since been told that a year or so ago when Leopold Stokowski, conductor of the Philadelphia Orchestra, took charge of his own broadcasting and spurned the aid of engineers, that through not taking the precaution to tone down the effects, he forced the broadcasting stations off the air no less than fourteen times.

To guard against such an occurrence as this at the Metropolitan, the production manager, as the technician in charge is called, is allowed one of the two only lights in the house, the other one being for Mr. Cross, who follows the opera score note by note, and signals the engineer many bars in advance when an unusually powerful note is expected to be sung.

Everyone who has witnessed a performance of "Hansel and Gretel" will recall the terrific explosion when the house of the witch is blown down, releasing the children from the witch's spell.

"I HAD the opera score in front of me, and anticipating this explosion, signalled the engineer to begin to reduce the volume 147 bars ahead of the time it happened," Eddie Dunham, who for years was production manager at the Metropolitan, told me. "I don't know what they use in the stage effects, it really sounds like gunpowder or dynamite, but if the full force of that explosion were allowed to go on the air, it would surely knock off all the broadcasting stations. However, I kept signalling with my fingers to the engineer because while the opera was going on, I could not talk to him, and he constantly reduced the volume so that when the explosion actually happened, it was sufficiently under control to cause no damage to the broadcasting apparatus or an undue shock to those who were listening in."

Mr. Dunham also knew those singers who had powerful voices and watched the score carefully as they approached a loud climax, so that the engineer would not be caught unawares.

"Frequently, in ordinary broadcasting, when an unusually shrill note is sung, it is 'pulled down' later, but at the Metropolitan, we always tried to be ahead of time," Mr. Dunham went on. "For example, I knew when Lawrence Tibbett was going to sing a powerful note and beat him to it.

"While we were very careful about toning down the loud notes, we were reluctant in building up the soft ones. Frequently I received complaints from the long-lines telephone men about the 'low level,' asking me to build this up, saying that in far away places, such as Denver, they were hardly able to hear it, but I was slow about doing this for fear of ruining or marring the correct perspective of the music. We adhered strictly to the dynamics of the music in order that the score would be heard as the composer intended it. There were certain singers we knew we would have trouble with, while others were always quite safe. The German singers, because of the volume of their voices, gave us the most to worry about.

"Tibbett has a good solid voice with plenty of volume but we always knew

Dress Up your kitchen



Photograph courtesy of Lewis & Conger

7 diagram patterns for 15¢ bring beauty and charm to the kitchen

Just between us women, isn't a kitchen a much pleasanter place to be in when it boasts a few gay spots . . . new curtains, a pot of flowers, colored canisters! You'll enjoy making these attractive kitchen accessories below from diagram patterns, each one with complete directions.

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It's easy to make a crocheted stool cover and a matching floor mat from heavy white and colored cotton thread! Directions tell you how.

COLORED CANISTERS

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Unbleached muslin decorated with designs in colored cotton. Useful and good-looking.

TABLE PADS

No scarred tables when bone rings are made into table pads with a good-looking crocheted body.

OILCLOTH CASE

A necessary convenience for memo pads, pencils and sales slips. A clever "dummy" prize.

TWINE HOLDER

You'll never be without a ball of twine in a handy place when you have this wall holder.

Send for these diagram patterns today . . . all seven for 15 cents

Frances Cowles

TOWER MAGAZINES, Inc.
55 Fifth Avenue New York, N. Y.

what to expect from him. I had in front of me a gauge which registered from 1 to 60 and when the needle was at 30, I knew everything was all right. Some of the women singers had certain notes of a frequency which disturbed the needle, and we had to look out for that.

"I recall one night at the Metropolitan when a noted soprano went on with a bad cold. She anticipated trouble with her voice and had stationed an understudy in the wings alongside of her whom neither the audience nor I could see or know about. As she was singing, although my ear did not detect it, I happened to notice the indicator needle drop from 30 to 10. I knew something was wrong but it was not until later that I understood what really had happened. The singer, having a 'frog in her throat,' couldn't take a certain passage, so signalled the understudy to do it for her. It is doubtful if any in the audience detected the switch, but the microphone and the frequency indicator caught it.

"Another thing the mike picked up was the tone of a peculiar little pitch organ, a small instrument used to give the opera singers the key before they start singing. This tone, just before the singer begins, cannot be heard by the audience but I have heard it distinctly over the radio.

"An amusing thing happened one night when the microphones were too close to the prompter's box. What the radio audience heard was a duet between the singer and the prompter."

THERE are four microphones located in the footlights at the Metropolitan, two of which are spares; two are located in the proscenium arch, one of which is a spare; Mr. Cross and Geraldine Farrar have two microphones. There is a microphone in the lobby of the theater and also a microphone for the commentator who may interview the artists between the acts, in fact ten microphones could be brought in at any instant by the medium of the mixing panel.

The necessity for the spares is especially understandable in the footlights where, for instance, the steam curtain used in the "Ride of the Valkyries" knocked out three of the four microphones at one time. The microphone in the proscenium arch is used largely for orchestral effects and chorus work. Those in the footlights are for the singers.

The one in the lobby is used at the beginning of the broadcast to give the impression that a person is just entering the Metropolitan where street noises can be heard, the street-cars, the policemen's whistles, and the man shouting "Get your libretto." Then as the listener supposedly passes through the lobby into the theater, the microphone in the proscenium arch gives him the noise of the conversation of those seated in the audience, the orchestra tuning up, and finally the overture, the curtain, and then through the footlight microphones, he hears the singers themselves.

In the opinion of those who have been doing the work at the Metropolitan, "Hansel and Gretel" is one of the best operas to broadcast. "The Bartered Bride" is another good one because of its beautiful orchestral music and dances. All Wagnerian operas, although long, are thought good because they have so much familiar music in them. "Tannhauser" being considered especially well adapted to radio purposes.

"Lakme" is favored because of the fine solos it affords the present star, Lily Pons. "Aida" is also listed favorably. When "Pagliacci" was first broadcast, they were afraid it would not go out well over the radio, but it proved excellent. "Merry Mount," one of the

new operas, also proved to be a good one. "Pelleas et Melisande" was one of the few operas which came in for criticism from the broadcasters, who said that because of certain musical peculiarities, such as some tones being too low, that this opera should never be broadcast.

THE opera stars in the beginning were considerably more apprehensive with regard to the microphone than they are now.

"Mary Garden was very nervous and tense and glad to get a broadcast over with," Mr. Cross related. "I could always see in her expression a great let-down after it was over."

Mr. Cross said that the performers at the Metropolitan do not pay a bit of attention to the microphone. They are no more nervous on a night when a performance is broadcast than otherwise, nor is there a better performance, because they are true artists, and give their best at all times. He said that the artists play entirely to the visible audience. They have their stage action all set and apparently completely disregard the microphones.

The artists listen back-stage and many of them visit the broadcasting box, that is those who are not in the performance.

Broadcasting people get from the opera staff the approximate time the opera will run. They are able to hit it more closely on the Italian than the German operas.

"The Italian timing comes out to within two or three minutes usually," Mr. Cross remarked, "but it frequently happens that an act of a German opera will run from five to ten minutes longer than had been anticipated."

Those who broadcast the opera do not attend a final rehearsal as might be imagined, except for a premiere, but have to depend upon the timing given them by the opera officials. In fact, during the depression, rehearsals were cut down to an irreducible minimum because of the expense of the orchestra. Frequently the great stars rehearse with piano accompaniment and sing with the orchestra only on the night of the opera. There, of course, must be a full rehearsal for such premieres as "Emperor Jones" and "Merry Mount," and this affords an opportunity to time the acts, but even so, it is never possible to fore-

see the difficulties which may cause delay at an opening night performance.

INCIDENTALLY, one of those credited with being among the first to conceive the idea of broadcasting the opera is Gerard Chatfield of the National Broadcasting Company.

In the beginning, Gatti-Casazza, general director of the Metropolitan, was violently opposed to radio because, first, he believed it would hurt the box-office, and, second, he did not believe the proper effects could be achieved or that the opera would do itself justice on the air. Mr. Gatti-Casazza, who is to leave the Metropolitan after twenty-seven years of service, however, has been won over completely and himself listens to a good many of the broadcasts either back-stage or in the ticket office of the theater.

Mr. Cross tells amusingly what a hard time Mr. Gatti-Casazza has to keep from being buttonholed by teachers who claim to have promising pupils. He virtually hides throughout performances. When the audience is safely seated, then he may be seen venturing back into the lobby but otherwise is in his cubby-hole back-stage, or, curiously enough, in about the last place one would think of anybody hiding—in the ticket office of the theater. There no one disturbs him, and also there is a radio set to which he can listen, as he often does, to hear how the performance is going. Mr. Gatti-Casazza is now said to be well sold on radio, and, of course, is especially pleased with the financial support which it has brought to the opera.

The Metropolitan Opera may be heard each Saturday from 2 P.M. to 5 P.M., E.S.T., over the following NBC stations:

WJZ, WEA, WTIC, WTAG, WEEL, WJAR, WESH, KYW, WFBR, WRC, WGY, WBEN, WCAE, WTAM, WWJ, WLW, WKBF, WMAQ, KSD, WHO, WOW, WDAF, WBAL, WBZ, WBZA, WMAL, WSYR, WHAM, KDKA, WGAR, WJR, WCKY (WLS off 4:00) (WENR on 4:00), KWCR, KSO, KWK, WREN, KOIL, CRCT, CFCF, WMJ, WIBA, KSTP, WEBC, WDAY, KFVR, WRVA, WPTF, WTAR, WSOC, WWNC, WIS, WJAX, WIOD, WFLA, WAVE, WSM, WMC, WSB, WAPI, WJDX, WSMB, KVOO, WKY, KTHS, WFAA, WBAP, KTBS, KOA, KPRC, WOAI, KDYL, KGIR, KGHL, KPO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, KFSD, KTAR, KGU.

Radio Pageant

(Continued from page 33)

at the top of the radio ladder.

LET us hope that the differences between Leopold Stokowski and the board of directors of the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra may be adjusted to everybody's satisfaction, so that Stokowski will be saved for radio.

Oddly enough, these very differences grew out of radio. Stokowski, it seems, wanted an orchestra manager who would go out and get a rich commercial sponsor for the orchestra, thus lifting the organization out of the red. The board, it would seem, was super-sensitive about confusing art and money.

Let the Observer quote Mr. Stokowski: "A great orchestra like the Philadelphia Orchestra is not merely an artistic institution designed for the community. It is also, and it has to be, a great social instrument in the tremendous task of making music available to people all over the country, and over the world."

VARIETY, the theatrical weekly, estimates that NBC and CBS would

up 1934 with a combined gross of \$42,500,000 from the sale of network time to commercial sponsors. Which makes 1934 the record year of radio to date. Prosperity, it would seem, is just around the microphone.

THOUGHTS OF THE MONTH:

The remarkable growth of the old theater amateur night idea on the air. . . . The Dionne quintuplets on the air for a few gurgles and coos. . . . The radio three-hour dance band program sponsored by National Biscuit Company. . . . Which shows America can't get enough hey-hey. . . . Josef Lhevinne presenting his lovely piano version of Strauss' "The Blue Danube." . . . "Berkeley Square," that charming play with its barbed thrust at the phony romance of other days, emerging from the loud speakers with much of its appeal, thanks to the intelligent acting of Leslie Howard. . . . The Palmolive Beauty Box Theater at its best with Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Mikado." . . . John Barclay's diction and experience in Gilbert and Sullivan made the evening a joy.



"Jim-in-ee crickets! I'm glad you came along! Feels like half the sand in this box is inside my diapers. I'm getting all scratched up where I sit down. What'll we do about it, Mother?"



"A bath before supper? Swell! And Johnson's Baby Powder... here, there, and the other place? Rubbed on like this—smooth and slick and comfy? Oh, lady—you have the best ideas!"



"Won't it be dandy—that soft, tickly feeling when the nice powder gets into my creases? No wonder I'm the best baby on this street! My skin feels so good I never know I have it on!"

"I'm Johnson's Baby Powder—the kind that makes babies happy! I'm made of Italian talc—try me between your thumb and finger...I slip like satin. No gritty particles as in some powders. And no zinc stearate or orris-root...You'll like my pals, Johnson's Baby Soap and Baby Cream, too!"



SUNNY



Admired by
all my
friends!

You, too, may now have this "sunny" look. Truly golden hair softens and flatters the face and head—brings out that fresh, bright clean look. Whether brunette or blonde, you have only to use Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. A scientific preparation for treating the hair quickly and easily at home.

For women who desire to stay young and grow attractive looking, Marchand's has three uses:—

1 — **Blondes**—if your hair, once golden is dark, faded or streaked, Marchand's will restore its former lightness and natural lustre.

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45c enclosed (send coins or stamps). Please send me a regular bottle of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. TG334

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Know Your Music

By
**PITTS
SANBORN**

Illustrated by
**BERTRAND
ZADIG**



Franz Liszt

FRANZ LISZT was the most picturesque and glamorous figure in the tonal art of the nineteenth century, and the most versatile genius. A pianist of unequalled fame, he excelled also as composer and conductor. He created the symphonic poem, assisted in the development of modern orchestration, brought the music of Hungary to the fore, and as conductor worked assiduously in the interest of the "new" music of Berlioz and Wagner. He has been called the first musical internationalist, and he, like the wizardly Paganini, became a legend during his lifetime.

At Raiding, near Odenburg, in Hungary, Franz Liszt was born on October 22, 1811. His father, Adam Liszt, steward to Prince Esterhazy, was an excellent amateur pianist, and from him Franz received his first lessons in music at the age of six. An apt pupil, at nine he played a difficult concerto (Ries's in E flat) in public at Odenburg and afterward gave concerts at Presburg. Several Hungarian magnates were so much impressed that they guaranteed the boy 600 florins annually for six years so that he might continue his education in Vienna. So thither the family removed in 1821. In Vienna he studied theory with Salieri, who had been the teacher of Beethoven and Schubert, and piano with Czerny, who, on the contrary, had been Beethoven's pupil.

The success of his concert appearances at Vienna in 1823 determined his father to take him to Paris for further study at the Conservatoire. But Cherubini, who was then the director, detested prodigies and invoked a "blue law" against the admission of foreigners, thus excluding Liszt from the Conservatoire in spite of the fact that the boy had passed the entrance examinations with flying colors.

However, the Liszts remained in Paris, where Franz continued his study of composition with Paer and Reicha, though in the case of the piano he was thenceforth self-taught, working out in his own way the methods which were virtually to revolutionize piano-playing, especially in the direction of orchestral effects. In 1825 the boy was honored with the production of a one-act operetta at the Royal Opera.

For two years he devoted much time to concert tours, but on the death of his father in 1827 he settled down in Paris, where he supported his mother largely by teaching. Much sought after in fashionable salons, he became a conspicuous figure in the brilliant literary and artistic society of the period, which included such men and women as Chopin, Bellini, Heine, Victor Hugo, Lamartine, George Sand, and the Countesse d'Agoult. The arrival in Paris of

the magically violinist Paganini egged Liszt on to try to do for piano technic what Paganini, to the amazement of the world, was doing for that of the fiddle. Berlioz also interested him in the then musical modernism and the unrealized possibilities of orchestration.

IT may seem strange that during these years the profoundly religious side of Liszt's nature should emerge, but such was the case; he even thought of becoming a priest. He refrained however, from doing so, and entered into a "union libre" with Mme. d'Agoult, who, an "emancipated woman," had abandoned her husband to win fame as a writer under the pen name of Daniel Stern and, again like George Sand, was addicted to cigar smoking. Of this union, which lasted for ten years from 1834, were born three children. The son Daniel, died young, but the older daughter, Blandine, became the wife of Emile Ollivier, who was the last prime minister of Napoleon III, and the younger daughter, Cosima, married Hans von Buelow and then Richard Wagner and may be described without exaggeration as one of the most remarkable women of the second half of the nineteenth century and the earlier part of the twentieth. While associated with Mme. d'Agoult, Liszt lived for a time in Geneva, and in 1839 he initiated a dazzling period as concert pianist, which made his fame positively legendary.

In 1848 he accepted an appointment as court Kapellmeister at Weimar, and thenceforth until his resignation in 1859 he made the city of Goethe and Schiller a capital of culture once more through his broad musical receptiveness and his championship of such revolutionary composers as Wagner and Berlioz. It was now, too, that his unflinching kindness and generosity toward the poor and struggling became increasingly apparent.

A second "union libre" played a dominant role in Liszt's life during his years at Weimar and afterwards. Its heroine was the Princess Sayn-Wittgenstein, a Polish noblewoman who had married into the Russian gentry. As in the case of that other noblewoman, Mme. d'Agoult, this lady had "emancipated ideas," was estranged from her husband, and aspired to eminence as a writer. Moreover, her hobbies were whist and cigars! Influenced by the Princess, Liszt, who had hitherto composed mainly for the piano, now went in for orchestral writing, in particular, inventing the symphonic poem.

Of this important contribution Saint-Saens has wisely said: "Liszt understood that in order to invent new forms, it was imperative to make it felt that they were needed. He boldly entered the path which Beethoven and Berlioz

had shown but hardly entered, and created the symphonic poem." Liszt's public appearances as pianist now were few and far between.

On leaving Weimar because of the opposition to his producing Cornelius's "Barber of Bagdad," he spent most of the next ten years in Rome, where his religious predilections carried him as far as the taking of minor orders, whence his title of Abbé and his clerical garb. The divorce of Cosima from von Bülow and her renunciation of Catholicism and subsequent remarriage with Wagner wounded Liszt so deeply that an estrangement ensued which took years to heal. However, it was at Bayreuth during a Wagner Festival that Liszt died as the result of a neglected cold on July 31, 1886.

In 1870 Liszt had become reconciled with the court of Weimar through an invitation to conduct a Beethoven Fes-

tival in that city and thenceforth he passed his Summers there, surrounded by pupils and other votaries. In 1875 the presidency of the new Hungarian Academy of Music at Budapest was conferred upon him, so during the last decade of his life his time was divided among Rome, Weimar, and Budapest, his train of pupils following him wherever he went. Indeed, Liszt was really of no country, but a genuine cosmopolitan.

Although to the general public Liszt is best known as a composer through his popular "Liebestraum," his Hungarian Rhapsodies, and his symphonic poem "Les Préludes," in order to comprehend his musical greatness we have to go to such things as the piano sonata in B minor, certain compositions for organ, and the "Faust" symphony. Nor should we forget that Liszt was a brilliant writer of prose in French and in German.

Short Wave Department

(Continued from page 32)

us and of course the arrival of each one creates renewed interest in short waving. Some may not be exactly classed as new, but old stations which have resumed activity.

CT2AJ, 83:1 meters, Ponte Delgada, Azores, is on every Wednesday and Saturday from 5 to 7 P.M. Do not spurn trying for this station as it is heard, sometimes well and other times surrounded by a barrage of code.

OER2, Vienna, Austria, dismantled its transmitter and now with the use of very modern equipment is back on the air daily from 9 A.M. to 5 P.M. on 49:4 meters.

Two African stations that are rarely heard are CR6AA, 41:8 meters, Lobita, Angola, and EA8AB, Tenerife, Canary Islands. The former station is on Wednesdays and Saturdays from 2:30 to 4 P.M. The latter station operates from 6 until after 7 P.M. when it signs off with the Spanish national anthem. Reports vary as to their exact wavelength but the writer has heard them repeatedly on 40:5 meters.

The Marconi Radio Telegraph Company of Egypt communicates with London and Rome for telephone calls utilizing two frequencies, SUV, 10055 kc. (29:8 meters), during the Winter season and SUZ, 13829 kc. (21:7 meters) which operates over the same period. Both these stations are heard with fine volume calling England or Italy as the case may be. After the contact is established the operators use a special speech "scrambler" to insure privacy of conversation.

A word about this scrambled speech. The telephone circuits who use this are American, English, Dutch and their respective possessions in other parts of the world. They rarely call other countries using this device but do so when the parties are connected. Many a fan has tuned in an English phone and upon hearing just the high notes of a conversation, thought he had Japan or China. Because that is just the way the average conversation sounds when it is undergoing this treatment. The high notes in the voice are made low and vice versa.

Even as far East as Java, commercial phones have adopted this secretive method.

HOW would you like to have thirty-five thousand dollars' worth of radio equipment at your disposal? Suppose some radio engineer said to you, "I can make you a receiver that will guarantee your hearing everyone you want to hear, providing they are

transmitting?" And you would be in a financial position to say, "Go to it!" Then one day you went into a radio laboratory and said, "Can you make me a 500-watt transmitter so that I will be heard around the world?" And the engineer said, "Why not a kilowatt?" And you again answered, "Go to it!"

Such a person, with all of the above "blessings" does exist. It is not just the ravings of a short-wave-listener brain but the actual facts. The man is the world-known Dr. James Hard, owner and operator of the famous XIG.

Dr. Hard has just completed a tour of the United States that began in California and ended in Maine, not to speak of all the detours he made to visit his host of admirers and friends in the States.

Every receiver that you can mention Dr. Hard has either tried out and shelved or is using. His transmitting outfit is the finest the brains of the radio field can produce. XIG has been heard in every part of the world but to quote the owner's words, "I live in the worst place for reception, Mexico. I receive thousands of letters from everywhere, telling me they either were calling me or heard me doing the calling. Yet I never heard a voice."

Mexico is, as we all know, so located that the cross currents from both the Atlantic and Pacific sea coasts cause radio havoc.

Won't someone ever be able to say, "Doctor, here's the receiver for you!" and if it comes up to XIG's standard this receiver will be as highly prized as his new transmitter.

Long-wave DXing passes from the sublime to the ridiculous with the coming of March. During the height of the short wave season, tuners using the latest and most modern receivers were receiving overseas on the long waves. The most reliable was Post-Parisien, 959 kilocycles, which is heard almost nightly from 4:30 to 7 P.M. This station comes on the air at 2:10 A.M. in the morning and amid much fanfare and gong ringing the Parisian announcer says, "Hillo, Hillo, Ici Poste-Parisien."

Berlin on 841 kilocycles was logged repeatedly at 1:30 A.M. Breslau, 950 kc., seems to arrive on the scene later but Fecamp, 1456 kc., and Bordeaux, 1077 kc., were heard as early as 2:50 A.M.

Now static and atmospheric disturbances have practically killed broadcast band DXing, but short wave reception goes on forever.

Your EYES CAN HAVE THE SAME BEAUTY AND APPEAL AS *these* . . .



Maybelline Eyelash Darkener

Instantly darkens eyelashes, making them appear longer, darker, and more luxuriant. It is non-smarting, tear-proof and absolutely harmless. The largest selling eyelash beautifier in the world. Black, Brown and the NEW BLUE.

Hidden in the depths of *your* eyes is the same irresistible allure that makes *this* girl so stunning. Why let it lie there, dormant, useless? Bring it to life! Release it with Maybelline eye make-up.

Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil

Smoothly forms the eyebrows into graceful, expressive lines, giving a perfect, natural effect. Of highest quality, it is entirely harmless and is clean to use and to carry. Black and Brown.



Maybelline Eye Shadow

Delicately shades the eyelids, adding depth, color, and sparkle to the eyes. Smooth and creamy, absolutely pure. Blue, Brown, Blue-Gray, Violet and Green.



Maybelline Eyelash Tonic Cream

A pure and harmless tonic cream, helpful in keeping the eyelashes and eyebrows in good condition. Colorless.



Maybelline Eyebrow Brush

Regular use of this specially designed brush will train the brows to lie flat and smooth at all times. Extra long, dainty-grip handle, and sterilized bristles, kept clean in a cellophane wrapper.



Instantly transform your lashes into a dark, luxuriant fringe with Maybelline mascara. Now use Maybelline Eye Shadow to accentuate the size and brilliance of your eyes . . . then Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil to smoothly form your brows. To care for your lashes and brows, use Maybelline Eyelash Tonic Cream, and there is the Special Maybelline Eyebrow Brush for brushing and training lashes and brows.

Millions follow the Maybelline method to eye beauty. Your eyes, too, can be taunting, tempting, bewitching pools of loveliness . . . instantly. Purse sizes of Maybelline preparations are obtainable at all leading ten cent stores.

Maybelline
EYE BEAUTY AIDS



Dangerous Days for KIDDIES' COLDS

TAKE CARE, mother! March is the danger season for children's colds especially. Colds are more prevalent now, and so apt to lead to more serious diseases—such as bronchitis and pneumonia.

But don't worry—and don't experiment. Just treat every cold promptly with Vicks VapoRub, the *proved, external* method. VapoRub can be used *freely*—and as often as needed—even on the youngest child. No "dosing" to upset delicate little stomachs and thus lower resistance when most needed.

Just rubbed on throat and chest at bedtime, VapoRub acts *direct* through the skin like a poultice or plaster, while its medicated vapors are inhaled *direct* to inflamed air-passages. Through the night, this *double direct* attack loosens phlegm—soothes irritated membranes—eases difficult breathing—helps break congestion.

For Greater Freedom from Colds

VapoRub's ideal companion is Vicks Va-tro-nol, the unique aid in *preventing* colds. (Va-tro-nol is especially designed for nose and upper throat, where most colds start.) These twin aids to *fewer* and *shorter* colds



give you the basic medication of the famous Vicks Plan for Better Control of Colds—The Plan has been clinically tested by practicing physicians, and further proved in everyday home use by millions.

Full details in each Vicks package

Follow VICKS PLAN for better CONTROL of COLDS



Three New OLIVE OIL CREAMS—

Three new creations by Vi-Jon! Fine, delicate Vi-Jon Creams blended with pure, imported Olive Oil, with its soothing, nourishing effect on the skin. For amazing results, try these new Vi-Jon Olive Oil Creams. A thorough, complete facial treatment for a few cents.

Sold at the better 10c stores

If your 10c store has not yet stocked Vi-Jon Olive Oil Creams, send us 10c for full size jar. State whether for cleansing or finishing. Larger sizes at 20c and 35c.

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Any sewing machine, new or old, picks-up pep and quiets-down when you oil it with 3-in-One. In handy cans and bottles at all good stores.



Blended from 3 oils for better protection
CLEANS-LUBRICATES
PREVENTS RUST

Let the Voice of Experience Help You

(Continued from page 30)

cause you speak of "strained relations," and then turn around and say what a good sport she is. I would not call those relations strained. Evidently there is something else which you either thoughtlessly or wilfully withheld.

If I were out of a job and was going toward my unemployment that your girl has shown, I would count myself fortunate in having so loyal a girl friend and would do my best to find a job in order that at the earliest moment possible I might make up for the loss of good times she has sustained due to my having been unemployed. And, John, if present indications are to be believed and the plans emanating from the White House become effective, you are not going to have to wait so very long after all. I know that many besides yourself will rejoice when that time arrives.

DEAR VOICE OF EXPERIENCE: What I would like to know is this: I had a lovely baby and put him in a home in Minneapolis. Now, I was going to pay his board, but when I came back to do so, the poor little darling was gone. He was adopted out by some rich people and I cannot find where he is. What can I do to find my baby?

DISTRESSED MOTHER.

ANSWER: I commiserate you over the loss of your baby, my friend. However no reputable orphanage will take a baby from a mother and adopt it out to anybody unless that mother has given written consent for them to do so. Probably you signed some paper without reading it, as many people are inclined to do rather than to take the time and patience to read carefully a long document. In this case, there is nothing that you can do, if you have actually signed away all rights to your baby. I say there is nothing you can do— You can congratulate yourself that it has been adopted by a wealthy family, as you say in your letter and, therefore, will be given an excellent opportunity and afforded advantages that you could probably never give it.

On the other hand, if you did not sign any such paper, then, if I were you, I would go to the Legal Aid Society and place my case before them. Or, if you can afford to see some attorney, put the matter squarely before him and through legal channels get what redress is justly due you.

Don't mistake this for an unsympathetic reply. I have simply stated facts to you.

DEAR VOICE OF EXPERIENCE: For several years now doctors and nurses and any surgical instruments have held a strange fascination for me, until now, at the age of twenty-two, this fascination has become a passion. When I was a little girl, I could never understand why these things attracted me so and, as I grew older, the attraction became stronger. When I was thirteen, I became ill with tuberculosis. Now after nine years, the doctors are optimistic about my recovery. But even though I am interested in surgery and nursing—even if I become well, it will be impossible for me to take up either profession on account of the strain.

I come to you to ask what can I do that in some way may make me almost as happy as if I could do one of these two things? Your advice will be appreciated.

JEANNETTE

ANSWER: Jeannette, because of the long, tedious hours and the arduous type of the work, there is no question but that such professions as you have mentioned are now out of the question. However, since it will be a good thing for you to be out of doors as much as possible in clement weather, I would suggest that, if it is possible for you to do so, you interest yourself in social service work of some kind. There is great need for workers in this field and an opportunity to render a real service to mankind. It seems to me it would be opportune for you to turn to this field, both from the standpoint of your physical health and because I believe it would materially interest you.

DEAR VOICE OF EXPERIENCE: I am now eighteen and since last year I have felt I am destined for something special in life. At first, I thought it might be the priesthood, but, after careful study, I decided I was wrong. Then I got it into my head that I wanted to enter the entertainment field. What do you think of a career of that kind?

Because I have been termed by some to be a "sissy," since I don't mix well with boys, I have become terribly morose and moody. Insignificant things affect me strangely. I dwell on some subjects until I think I will go crazy, especially a dramatic scene will linger on in my memory. One picture I saw impressed me because the boy seemed always to do the wrong thing. I went back to see that picture three times and brooded over it for days.

These are not silly problems, but mean everything to me. So, please help me.

LEROY

ANSWER: Your last question is the important one just now, even though you are eighteen years old and should be definitely settling your mind upon what you are going to make your life work.

You ask if I would advise you to enter the field of entertainment. Not until you have conquered yourself; because, if you were to begin now preparing yourself to interpret dramatic characters, there are very few types which you would be able to portray successfully, and the enactment of these roles would prey on your mind just as this picture has done.

Your letter comes from St. Louis. There is a good mental hygiene society there and, if I were you, I would contact one of the officials and see if it is not possible for you with their help to undergo a psychological re-education and rid yourself of your morbidity. Prepare yourself for better socialized co-operation with boys and men. Then, when you have really done this, the problem of a career, I think, will solve itself. But until you have straightened out your own thinking, you are not going to be ready for any career.

DEAR VOICE OF EXPERIENCE: Because of the depression, my husband and I, after two years of marriage, have been compelled to live apart. He is with his parents and I am with mine. We have two children, one eighteen months, the other three months old.

Three weeks ago my mother forbid my husband coming here to see me and the children, giving as her reason the fact that he is not working. It worries me terribly not to be allowed to see my husband and I call him on the phone every day. If I could not talk to him

I could not keep going. He is constantly looking for work, but because he is simply a day laborer, it is hard for him to find anything.

My parents claim that, because I live under their roof, I must obey them, and, while I love my parents, I know that it is not wise for them to try to come between me and my husband this way.

Please tell me what to do and I will try to follow your advice.

Mrs. T. E. S.

ANSWER: It is hard to understand, my friend, how a mother and father would wilfully crucify a daughter, as your mother and father are doing to you. You say that they claim that their reason for denying him the hospitality of their home is because he is out of work. That is not a reason. It is merely an excuse. The first essential is to find what their real reason is.

If every parent whose son or daughter had been compelled to come home because of the depression and live apart from his or her mate temporarily, refused for the son or daughter to see the one to whom he or she was wedded, the marriages of tens of thousands of young Americans would be in a precarious condition. Fortunately, however, few parents have accepted the narrow viewpoint that your mother and father evidently have. Maybe they have something against your husband which they are withholding from you.

My advice would be this: I have faith, as I said earlier in this column, in the success of the plans now being formulated in the White House, and I have faith that these plans are going to materialize soon, which means that, in all probability, if that husband of yours wants to work, there will be work for him in the very near future.

Although I do not agree with your parents that, because you are their guest, they have the right to dominate your life and to refuse you the privilege of seeing your husband, if I were you, I would keep peace, if possible, there at home and continue as you say you are doing—talking to your husband over the phone. Keep the love fires burning and hold out with him the hope for an early reunion upon his securing a position. Don't allow your temporary separation to cause doubt and suspicion to creep in, with the result that that separation might become permanent.

I regret your condition, wish you moral stamina to carry on and hope for an early reuniting of your husband with yourself and the two babies.

DEAR VOICE OF EXPERIENCE: I am a girl of thirteen who goes to junior high school. Because I get on the honor roll sometimes, my folks think I should be on it all the time. I try hard regularly, but sometimes I just don't make it. I am made to feel ashamed at home by my family when I don't. What can I do?
T. E.

ANSWER: Do you know, T. E., there are some parents, as well as some pupils, who think that the chief goal to be reached by any pupil in school is to receive the highest grades or regularly have his or her name on the honor roll.

I can understand how you feel, because when I was a little shaver I got paddled the first time I brought home a report card with a grade lower than 95. Up to that time I had never received a mark lower than 96 or 97. The fact that my 93 in this particular subject was the highest grade in the class made no difference. It was inexcusable that I should not have more than a mere 93. Fortunately, however, my parents came to a realization of the fact

that, after all, grades do not mean everything, and sometimes a dyspeptic teacher (but there are very few of them) will undermark a student for one reason or another. I have seen this happen in my own experience. The fact, however, that a lower mark than is deserved has been received does not change the amount of education that the boy or girl acquires.

Marks seem terribly important while we are in school. But they are forgotten once we are graduated, while the assimilation and digestion of the subject matter studied in school will stand us in hand the rest of our lives.

I don't wish to condone poor grades, but if you will ask any head of the personnel department of a big institution to check up on the best workers in his organization, you will find that in many instances those at the very top received the poor grades in school, while many of those in the lowest brackets actually were valedictorians or leaders in their junior high or senior high classes.

The point I am trying to make, T. E., is this: We go to school to acquire education and experience and any boy or girl who is doing that to the best of his or her ability is actually doing all that any parent or teacher should ask. You may quote me to your parents if you wish.

DEAR VOICE OF EXPERIENCE: I had a sterling silver ring with a square-cut setting which I lost recently. Could you tell me where I could locate it?

CATHERINE.

ANSWER: I have included your letter, Catherine, because it is one of many asking me to find lost articles or predict future events. I am sorry for you, Catherine, that you have faith in fortune tellers and regret your classing me in this category.

Personally, I have no faith in any fortune telling and believe that money is wasted when it is paid to one of these individuals for rendering the vale which separates us from the future. I would not attempt to answer any such question, with or without a fee, and my reason for including your letter is to discourage others from sending me similar requests.

THERE have been many requests for me to publish in this column a complete list of the titles of my pamphlets. But because there are more than a hundred of them and I don't wish to take the necessary space here, I suggest that if you simply send a letter or a post card to me in care of TOWER RADIO, I will be glad to forward you a printed list of all of these little monographs.

Voice of Experience may be heard Mondays to Fridays, inclusive, at 12 noon, E.S.T., over the following CBS stations:

WABC, WCAO, WNAC, WGR, WBBM, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WOWO, WDRC, KMBC, WHAS, WCAU, WJAS, WEAN, KMOX, WFBL, WJSV, KERN, KMJ, KHJ, KOIN, KFBK, KGB, KFRC, KDB, KOL, KFPY, KWG, KVI, WBT, KLZ, WCCO, KSL, WWVA.

Also on Sunday at 6:45 P.M., E.S.T., over the following CBS stations:

WABC, WCAO, WAAB, WKBW, WBBM, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WOWO, WDRC, WHAS, WCAU, WJAS, WEAN, KMOX, WFBL, WJSV, WBT, WCCO, WWVA.

Also on Wednesday at 11:30 P.M., E.S.T., over the following CBS stations:

KERN, KMJ, KHJ, KOIN, KFBK, KGB, KFRC, KDB, KOL, KFPY, KWG, KVI, KLZ, KSL.

Women ARE NATURALLY CAUTIOUS

(GOOD FOR THEM THAT THEY ARE)

CAUTION is strong in woman. It has grown strong through her instinct to protect her home. In most households, she willingly takes upon herself the final responsibility for the well-being of the family. She is adept in stripping facts from fancies. Weighing values. Making right decisions.

Why, then, are women in so confused a state about a matter of such importance as their own personal, intimate hygiene? If you know the history of feminine hygiene, you can readily understand. Older women keep talking to the younger about feminine hygiene as it used to be practiced—before the days of Zonite.

NOW I CAN GIVE MY APPROVAL



Only a few short years ago, grave discussions were usual between doctor and patient about the proper antiseptic for feminine hygiene. The only antiseptics you could then buy, which were strong enough for the purpose, were caustic and downright poisonous. Much as the doctor sympathized with the woman's desire for surgical cleanliness, he could not and he would not advise her to use those poisons on sensitive tissues.

But Zonite is not poisonous. Zonite is not caustic. No danger of scar-tissue from Zonite. No membranes desensitized. This remarkable modern antiseptic-germicide is positively gentle in action—and it is far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be safely applied to the human body.



IT WAS A DILEMMA IN MY EARLY DAYS

Women no longer need make the choice between poisonous antiseptics or nothing at all for feminine hygiene. They can all get Zonite now—Zonite, the only non-poisonous antiseptic comparable in strength to the caustic poisons.

Zonite is famous all over this country as the powerful non-poisonous antiseptic. You can get it at your own drug store, even if you live in the smallest village. It comes in bottles: 30¢, 60¢ and \$1.00.



Ask your druggist, too, about Zonite Suppositories. They have the same antiseptic principle as liquid Zonite in a semi-solid form. Each pure, white and greaseless Suppository is sealed in its own glass vial. In boxes of a dozen: \$1.00. Some women use both forms.

THIS BOOKLET SET ME STRAIGHT



Why don't you send right away, today, for the booklet "Facts for Women"? Just mail the coupon below. Women say that "Facts for Women" is so clear and straightforward that it puts certain matters before them in a light that is new, different, and most helpful. Don't wait. Mail coupon now. Every married woman should read this book.



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Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.

Please send me free copy of the booklet or booklets checked below.

- Facts for Women
 Use of Antiseptics in the Home

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Gay TABLE Dishes... yet



you can bake in them

YOU never saw table dishes like these OvenServe dishes before. Every last piece... the serving dishes, platters, bowls, the smart one-handed French casseroles, even the very cups, saucers and plates... is built to stand oven heat. Their pretty ivory color and green floral design stay bright and fresh, too. They don't "craze," nor get brown and cooked looking.

You can oven-bake in OvenServe dishes and pop them direct from oven to table. Simplifies serving. And oh, how it cuts down on the dishwashing!

Another use is in the refrigerator. They stand cold as well as they do heat.

You can buy them by the piece or in complete service.



OVENSERVE

SOLD AT F. W. WOOLWORTH CO.
FIVE- AND TEN-CENT STORES

Yowsah, It's the Old Maestro

(Continued from page 26)

money from him; but if they do they always get it. The Maestro recalls when life was not all Corona Belvederes and English tweeds for him, and consequently he is a cinch for anybody who cries on his shoulder.

He hates talking about himself. He greets interviewers sweetly and then promptly walks out on them. He is hard to catch, and when you do corner him he won't talk seriously about himself. We asked him how he liked Hollywood and the movies.

"Marvelous," he answered solemnly. "I've always thought the most fascinating industry in the world was horse racing, but I was wrong." He gestured airily with his cigar. "The movies are even more fascinating."

That's Bernie for you. He is much funnier off the stage, off the air and certainly off the screen, than he is on.

Of course horse racing is his big passion—next to hamburgers. He would be broke from the former and dyspeptic from the latter all the time if he weren't watched carefully. The lads try to keep an eye on him, but he frequently manages to outwit them.

Sometimes when they are traveling from one town to another by bus, as they frequently do, Ben will insist, not more than an hour after a gigantic breakfast, on stopping at the next hamburger stand. And one of the things always leads to the other.

The bus must also make frequent stops so that the Maestro can place his bets on the day's races. Once he stopped at a farmhouse and asked an amazed farmer for the latest racing form.

"What be a racing form, stranger?" the man asked curiously.

PLAYING in a popular band isn't all sitting up on a black and silver dais in evening clothes, playing sweet nothings. If you think it is, ask Bernie's wandering minstrels. During the past two years and a half, the longest they have "stayed put" was four months, at the College Inn in Chicago. The rest of the time they have been on the road, playing short dance engagements, weekly personal appearances in movie theaters, four shows a day, or one-night stands—in addition to their regular weekly broadcasts.

The lads can pack and unpack in their sleep, which is a good thing because they frequently have to. The majority of them are married. This gypsy existence is rather a headache to their wives too—whether they stay at home or wander around with the band.

Of course there was a slight pause in Hollywood last Spring, making "Shoot the Works," and another in the Fall, making Ben's second picture—but that was the hardest work of all, because they had to learn to get up at six o'clock in the morning instead of going to bed at that time!

Playing one-night stands—"barnstorming," it's called—is fun, they say, but hectic. The Old Maestro's lads probably know more about it than any other band in the country. Often, to meet an engagement, they have to travel as many as four hundred miles in one day, by bus. They pull into some little town at twilight. Sometimes there is no hotel; they have had to change clothes in the bus. There are no red-caps to carry heavy luggage or instruments. And when they reach the place where they are to play, there may not even be a stage.

But the lights are on, and people are always there in droves, and they keep

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Apple Corn Bread

2 cups corn meal	2 beaten eggs
2 tablespoons sugar	1 teaspoon soda
1 1/2 teaspoons salt	1 tablespoon cold water
2 cups milk	1 cup chopped raw apple
2 tablespoons shortening	

Put corn meal, sugar, salt, milk and shortening in the top of a double boiler and cook for 10 minutes over boiling water. Cool, add soda dissolved in water and the eggs, well beaten. Then stir in the apples. Pour into a shallow, greased pan. Put in a moderate oven (350°F.) and bake until it begins to brown, about 25 minutes. Serve hot.

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coming all evening. Often they crowd so close, getting autographs, listening to Ben's banter, that the dancing space is lost and the fact that they have come many miles to dance to Ben Bernie's music is forgotten. Burly miners lurch up, guns on hips, with requests. Needless to say, such requests are always complied with rapidly.

They sometimes ride all night. One morning, just before dawn, their driver got sleepy too, and ran the bus off the road. It turned over and started to burn. Everyone jumped out, grabbing an instrument—anybody's instrument. In the midst of a horrid dead silence, Ben remarked, "Well, I guess everything's under control." Just then the gas tank exploded.

The bus was demolished, several of the boys were scratched, and a few instruments got beautifully barbecued; but no one was seriously hurt. They were not far from Herrin, Illinois—but even closer to a small farmhouse. The sun was just coming up when the hungry gang tramped in, headed by Ben. Would the farmer's wife cook breakfast for them?

Would she? It just happened she was a great Bernie fan, and those lads had the biggest and best farm breakfast ever, served to them that morning.

THERE is an unusual spirit of camaraderie among the lads; they get along so well together that they even lend each other money. Most of them play golf whenever there's an opportunity; Ben himself is a great golf hound. When in Chicago he plays constantly with Wayne King, both band leaders playing in the low eighties. They kid each other constantly on the air. One night Wayne announced that Ben collected cigar bands, suggesting that radio listeners send him some. Within a week Ben had 800,000 cigar bands to worry about.

Ben is especially busy when he plays New York, because his family lives on Long Island. His wife and his handsome young son are always in evidence at his broadcasts. Jason, "the kid," is sixteen years old, and looks exactly like Ben and all his brothers, except that he doesn't smoke a cigar. Ben would like him to pursue a financial career, but Jason has other ideas. He wants to do exactly what his dad does. He plays the piano and sings, and a dramatic career is his ultimate aim. His preparation for it will be slightly different than his father's, however; he has already made arrangements to enter the famous school of drama at Yale. He is now in his last year at Milford Military School, in Milford, Connecticut. Jason fancies being called "The Young Maestro," and has a head of thick dark hair which is the envy of his dad. Ben remembers the days before he bobbed his own raven locks, when he looked like a virtuoso of the violin and was actually in peril of becoming one. While he does not at all approve of his son's choice of a career, he is so crazy about the kid that he objects only occasionally.

ANOTHER thing Ben does every time he comes East is to visit his favorite pet, a fine police dog named Jocko. The dog lives at the home of a friend on Long Island, and sometimes, when Ben is within 100 miles of the city, he flies to New York to see him. But the Old Maestro actually has canine friends everywhere. In every town the band visits, some dog—it may be an aristocratic wolfhound and it may be just a dog—adopts Ben. If he returns to play that town again, "his" dog always recognizes him and bounds up, tail wagging, to shake his hand or jump all over him. In one Southern town three dogs adopted him, and followed

Ben Bernie Signs Off

Au Revoir, pleasant dreams. Think of us when requesting your themes. Until the next time when, possibly, you may tune in again. Keep the good old maestro always in your schemes. Au Revoir, ladies and gentlemen. This is Ben Bernie and all the lads wishing you a bit of pleasant dreams. May good luck, good cheer and happiness attend your schemes, and should you ever send in your request, why we'll sure try to do our best. Au Revoir, a bit of tweet tweet, a fond cheerio, God bless you and pleasant dreams, yowsah.

him around like the Pied Piper. Perhaps they sense a close bond to Ben in his passion for hamburgers.

His "Yowsah," press agents to the contrary, came into being through simple evolution. Ben's suave Southern manner of speaking is no new departure. A long time ago he started saying "Yes, suh," and before he knew it folks were spelling it "Yowsah" and his sponsors had the word copyrighted. That shows you how easy it would be to start an entirely new language. Ben's patter consists of a kaleidoscopic blend of Southern dialect, Brooklyn accent and British suavity. The latter often leads people without any sense of humor to believe he is conceited, which is far from the truth.

PRACTICALLY all the arrangements the band plays are made by Ben's staff of clever arrangers, headed by Al Goering.

Al Goering, incidentally, is one of the three men from the original band who is still with him, since the time when Ben Bernie's Band, then unknown, was billed for six months at the grill in the then brand-new Roosevelt Hotel, and stayed for five years. The other veterans are Len Kavash, third saxophonist, and Mickey Garlach, fiddler and assistant director. These three have seen the Young Maestro become the Old Maestro, and they've seen him walk unscathed through a lot of adulation. They were with him at the smart Kit Kat Club in London, when the Prince of Wales came regularly to dance to the music of his favorite orchestra. They saw Hollywood go ca-ra-zy about the slow, sophisticated tempo which Ben introduced in dance music. They've seen nut songs he introduced become

hits overnight, and they've seen the band become one of the highest paid musical aggregations in the world.

SOME of the newer lads who sing and do special stunts, and to whom Ben always gives a generous hand, are Frank Prince, romantic tenor; Colonel Manny Prager, "the King's 'Osses' Jockey," who sings novelty and dialect numbers; Billy Wilson, cute little blond boy from the South, who croons like a veteran though he's not much over twenty; Dick Stabile, the wizard of the screwy saxophone; Whistling Pullen, who "imitates 300 birds and 3 herrings," and John King, newest of the lads, who has a grand baritone voice. (Ben claims he was first drawn to John because he addressed him as "Colonel.")

No story about Ben Bernie would be complete without mentioning his Theatrical Nights at the College Inn in Chicago. Nobody who ever attended one will ever forget it. Celebrities were invited as guests of the Hotel Sherman; it's an old idea now. But at midnight on those Thursday nights, bright lights faded, green people looked at purple fish shimmering in orange water on the walls, voices were lowered. Into a blinding spotlight on the dance floor stepped a small man with a large cigar and a fiddle.

And for two hours, sometimes three, Ben would ad lib from a list on a slip of paper, introducing celebrities. Famous crooners would do a \$3.30 number gratis, for the Old Maestro. Opera singers would oblige. Sophie Tucker would kiss him on both cheeks and sing "Some of These Days." To fill in lulls, Ben would do a dash of Kreisler or an off-to-Buffalo.

It was a difficult audience. There were hecklers, plenty of them. But Ben, with his razor-edge pleasantries, always had everything under control up to his final line: "On with the dance, let the arches fall where they may!" Of course it was an old gag; he'd used it every night for a year. But old gags assume a special significance when Ben delivers them. From frequent usage they eventually acquire the fineness and tang of a rare old wine.

It was magic of a very special sort, a spell cast over a noisy cafe by a small man with a large cigar and a fiddle. It's the same sort of spell you feel when you listen to Ben Bernie and his lads over thousands of miles of air and so many kilocycles. It's just—The Old Maestro.

Down the Death Valley Trail

(Continued from page 11)

many years in California and made a hobby of studying the local color and folklore of the Old West, so that he speaks with real authority. His is a mellowed and friendly soul that fits admirably the character he plays.

The engineer at the controls on the Death Valley broadcasts is R. D. Chipp, who has been with the program ever since the National Broadcasting Company moved to its new quarters in Radio City. He specializes in dramatic broadcasts, and has been highly successful with this one.

The bugle calls which open the Death Valley Days programs, calls which grow fainter and fainter and die away in the distance, are authentic reproductions of the bugle calls which used to be relayed from wagon train to wagon train in the long caravans that traveled overland to the promised land of the West. These calls, as well as all other musical details of the programs, are arranged by Joseph Bonime, noted conductor of concert orchestras.

The persons here mentioned constitute the nucleus of the Death Valley Days programs and each week they assemble on Wednesday, together with the actors and actresses who are cast for the various parts in the current week's drama, for a preliminary reading and rehearsal. They come together again on Thursday for final rehearsal, for a final timing and a "dress rehearsal" with all the music and the sound effects.

On Thursday night in NBC's large, ultra-modern Studio 3-B in Radio City, what you see is a staff of highly competent technicians going about the intricate business of directing, acting and broadcasting a radio program. It is all very smooth and impressive and immediate—but it is also a little bit magic.

For out by your own fireside, far from Radio City, what you see and hear is not a group of radio actors, but a caravan of inspired story tellers, wending their way toward the fabled land of Death Valley.



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RADIO: "Voice of Experience," Columbia Network. See newspaper for time.

CHILDREN'S
MUSTEROLE
BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER
MILD

The World Owed Him a Living

(Continued from page 31)

a drawback to him now.

So he had to pick up whatever odd jobs came his way, singing in picture houses, anywhere, for a few dollars a night. He had to hob-nob with people he had never known before, managers and agents from the East Side. He came face to face with all the intricate chicaneries of show business.

THEN, after a long period of idleness he had a chance for a week's engagement at a fourth-rate vaudeville house down below Union Square.

Because of the low admission rate, the audience was composed chiefly of the unemployed who used to drop in there to get warm. They were a scraggly crew, possessing but one fine talent in common. To a man, they were all adept at the razzberry. And they bestowed this form of appreciation freely on anyone who appeared before them in anything that smacked of art.

It was before this audience that he went on the seedy stage to do a series of characterizations from famous operas, a quick change act for which he happened to have a physical aptitude, because he was so lean that he could wear three pairs of pants at the same time.

You can imagine what happened. It was like a sacrificial victim being thrown to the lions. Hisses, boos and yowls greeted his appearance and grew with his every attempt to sing.

But his training, his stubbornness, made him see it through. He took it in his stride. He threw back his head and bellowed. He sang till the candelabra shook, while the sweat ran down his greasypaint. He literally sang his audience down.

Night after night he did it. It was not a happy experience, but he can relish it now with a certain grim humor. Especially when he thinks what his family would have said if they had known. They pictured him singing in some fine gilded movie palace while the galleries rang with cries of "Encore! Encore!"

That week of pitting his will against the will of assembled bums was the turning point for him. It brought home to him as nothing else possibly could have done that the world did not owe him a living, that it didn't care whether he survived or not and that it was up to him to get in there and tussle.

A FEW months later his mother, that remarkable woman who is famous in English public life for her writings and her leadership of a religious movement, came over to America on a visit. She had just had all her teeth removed and although she was suffering at the time of their meeting, she had not lost her sense of humor.

"Well, John," she said with a sigh, "all the things we thought never could happen have happened. I've lost all my teeth and you're on the stage."

That week at the theater south of Union Square wasn't the end of his struggles by a long shot. For months he lived a precarious existence marked by similar experiences.

There was a time in Trenton. He was singing under an assumed name—let us say Renwick. And he kept getting lost because he never could remember his alias. They would be bawling "Mr. Renwick! Mr. Renwick, please!" all over the place, and there he would be standing right in the wings,

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Name.....
Street.....
City..... State.....
Color of your hair?.....

not knowing it was he they were shouting for.

He was engaged then, too. He wanted to get married and make his way in the world so he had to fight the harder.

Only that trying period made it possible for him to live down his training and adapt himself to the new changed world so that he was ready when his chance came.

A FRIEND of Winthrop Ames called him and told him that Mr. Ames was looking for someone to sing a role from Iolanthe in his Gilbert and Sullivan repertory company.

He went right over to the office. "Do you know this song?" asked Mr. Ames.

A year before Barclay would have said "No. Sorry." And he would have gone his way.

Now he said, "I never laid eyes on it before in my life. But give me 'til after lunch and I'll come back and sing it for you."

He took the song out to a coffee counter and "boned" it as though he were cramming for an exam. Then he came back and sang it and got the job.

The Gilbert and Sullivan season during which he sang many of the leading character roles turned out to be one of the most enjoyable experiences of his life and paved the way for his later successes.

He was able now to take new situations as they came, jumping from the stage to radio, back to concert work and to the stage again, without fear for the future.

"I've pretty well obliterated the effects of that early training by now," he said, "but it's still hard for me to go in and sell myself to a job. Nobody should be that way. You should be able to go in and pound on the desk and say 'Listen, Buddy, I'm great. I've got it—in here.' In fact you must do that sort of thing these days to get along. But I'll never be able to do it quite naturally. That reserve, that holding back is too strongly implanted in me."

PERHAPS all the foregoing doesn't quite give a true picture of John Barclay as he really is. Perhaps from it you get a picture of the stuffy sort of Britisher we often see on the lecture platform.

Nothing could be farther from the truth. He is as hail-fellow-well-met as a character out of a Sinclair Lewis novel.

The fact is that he has much more taste for the knock-about life he leads as a radio artist and stage star than for the straight-jacketed life of his youth. Yet he would never have come to that life had it not been for the devious workings of fate.

"I was always a bit of a cuckoo in the nest—a strange bird, even as a boy," he said. "It seemed strange to me, sometimes, that I should have been born into that environment. But I suppose there have always been Englishmen like me or we would never have had the colonies. You know the definition of the Empire that pleases me most? 'Englishmen trying to get away from one another.'

"I didn't kick against the traces outwardly. It was too strong for me. After all, I suppose one always conforms if one wants to get along. You see I was the thirty-sixth son of the same family to be sent up to Harrow since the school was founded in sixteen hundred and something. That sort of thing.

"So I wore the Eton jackets with their round collars and stepped off the walk when members of the cricket

On the Air

Grace Moore first sang in a Jellico, Tennessee, choir. . . . The Voice of Experience predicts that 1935 will bring forward more female announcers and commentators. . . . Aside from his radio activities, Roxy is now managing director of the Roxy-Mastbaum, Philadelphia's largest movie theater. . . . Ever hear of Spike Gray? . . . That's what friends call the Casa Loma orchestra director. . . . May Singhi Breen and Peter de Rose celebrated their fifth wedding anniversary on December 9th last. . . . Nat Shilkret was born in New York on Christmas Day, 1895. . . . His father was a symphony orchestra player. . . . At sixteen he was playing the clarinet in Walter Damrosch's orchestra. . . . Jack Smart was once a song and dance man in a Buffalo, N. Y., cabaret. . . . Lowell Thomas' retreat in the Berkshires consists of 350 wooded acres. . . . Lew White, the organist, is a son of Herman White, Philadelphia music teacher. . . . Frank Crumit, while at the University of Ohio, wrote "The Buckeye Battle Cry," still sung by students at that college.

team went by and all the rest of it. "My father was a military man of the old school. The type that has been the backbone of England, so to speak. This incident best illustrates the kind of man he was.

"MY brother whom he adored was killed in the war. I remember one rainy day when his things were sent back from the war. We were up in the attic going over his things—the small, forlorn personal things—his muddy boots, and everyday possessions. Tears were streaming down my father's face. Then he brushed them brusquely away with his sleeve and said:

"I don't know why I'm like this. It's all damned selfishness, you know." I've never forgotten it.

"That was the sort of rigid code our people set up for themselves.

"Then when I was sixteen I strained my heart in a cross-country race. The doctor said I must be taken to Bad Nauheim at once if they wanted me to survive.

"My mother replied characteristically, 'How much more amusing to go around the world!'

"So we went—to all the odd places, the interior of China, Mandalay, India. I came back to Cambridge to finish my education. Somehow all the conventional things which I had known at Harrow and were perpetuated at Cambridge seemed so petty to me then, when I knew of all the strange and interesting things going on in the

world. I just couldn't take them seriously.

"But in spite of my quiet inward rebellion I still felt that the world owed me a living. Nothing had been brought to my attention to make me think otherwise.

"When I came back from the war my father wanted me to go into the brewery business which our family owns, but I wanted a stage career. So my father agreed to finance me for a certain period while my voice was being trained in France.

"By the time the period had expired I had come to America and you know the rest from there.

"My family was convinced then that I was a strange bird. I had had a whirlwind wartime marriage and divorce, which proved extremely embarrassing to my mother who was then the leader of a great national movement the object of which was to restore the sanctity of the home.

"When they heard I was playing in American vaudeville that topped everything. I doubt if there is anything I could do now that would surprise them. Well, maybe I am a strange bird but I have a darned sight more fun."

IN other ways too, John Barclay has found himself now. During his stage career he was constantly destined, it seemed, to be cast as a juvenile. But he is strikingly tall and he always felt there was something about it that didn't quite jibe.

In radio he finds his height no handicap except that the microphones are placed too low. But this he overcomes by sliding his feet apart and raising himself up and down as the occasion demands.

He feels that his greatest chance to do the thing he wants most to do, which is to play character roles on radio, stage or screen, lies ahead of him now.

And he is completely at home in his environment. Seeing him knocking about the studio during rehearsal arm in arm with an oboe player with everyone calling "Hi, John," you would never suspect that here was a man who once thought the world owed him a living.

John Barclay may be heard each Tuesday at 10 P.M., E.S.T., over the following NBC stations:

WEAF, WTAG, WEEL, WJAR, WCSH, WFBR, WRC, WGY, WWJ, WBEN, WCAE, WTAM, WLW, WMAQ, KSD, WHO, WOW, WTMJ, WEBC, CFCE, WDAY, KFYZ, WRVA, WPTF, WWNC, WIS, WJAX, WIOD, WFLA, WSM, WMC, WJDX, WSMB, WAVE, WSOC, KTAR, WKY, WOAL, KOA, KDYL, KGIR, WBAP, KGH, KPO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, KFSD, WKBF, KPRC, CRCT, WSB, KSTP, WDAF, KTBS, WAPI, KVOO.

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A
MESSAGE
FROM
LOUISE ROSS

A MAN'S ADVICE TO GIRLS

Daring, but sincere—taken from a letter to Louise Ross



"This is pretty frank—a girl is a dumb-bell who fails to beautify her eyes. A girl may have lovely features and skin, yet have dull, dreary eyes, with no life, no sparkle. A fellow may admire her figure, but too often when he looks into her eyes, he cools off suddenly.

"I often wonder why so many girls are still asleep at the switch—when it's so easy to give eyes depth, glamour and sparkle by a minute's application of Winx Mascara. Most girls use every other cosmetic yet neglect their eyes—called 'windows of the soul' by poets."

A REPLY BY LOUISE ROSS

Noted Beauty Expert

"My friend, it's unfortunate that too many girls *think* their eyes are lovely and fool themselves. Smarter ones accent their lashes with Winx Mascara and are delighted at the lovely effect and would never give it up. Fortunately, more and more girls are glorifying their lashes with Winx—the superfine mascara, so safe, smudge-proof, non-smarting."

Now a word to girls—why do you delay beautifying your eyes? It costs

only 10c. to see how Winx transforms your lashes, making them long, lustrous, alluring. Generous sizes for sale at all 10c. counters. Note other Winx eye beautifiers listed below.

To know all the secrets of eye charm, mail the coupon for my free booklet—"Lovely Eyes—How to Have Them." If no 10c. counter is handy, send for generous purse size—note offer.

Louise Ross

WINX 10¢

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Winx Eyebrow Pencil molds brows into charming curves.



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Winx Eyelash Grower promotes luxurious soft lashes.

Winx Cake Mascara darkens Lashes instantly, perfectly



Winx Liquid Mascara preferred by many—easy to apply, Waterproof.

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If you also want a generous trial package of Winx Mascara, enclose 10c, checking whether you wish Cake or Liquid Black or Brown.

CORNS

CALLUSES—BUNIONS—SORE TOES INSTANTLY RELIEVED!



New De Luxe Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

Try this latest contribution to foot relief by Dr. Scholl, the famous Foot Specialist. These thin, soothing, healing pads are impregnated with a special medication to relieve pain instantly. They stop shoe friction and pressure; prevent sore toes and blisters; make new or tight shoes fit with ease, and quickly, safely loosen and remove corns and callouses.



New Features

De Luxe Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads have the new, soft, flexible, flesh color, waterproof *Seintex* covering. Invisible under sheer hose, won't soil, stick to the stocking or come off in the bath. Separate *Medicated Disks* are included for removing corns or callouses. Sold everywhere. Be sure to get a box today.

NEW De Luxe FLESH COLOR WATERPROOF

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone!

YOUTHFUL BEAUTY

See amazing results now and every time you use

BONCILLA BEAUTIFIER

Your skin quickly becomes fine and blemish-free; velvet-smooth; rich in color; youthful; beautiful. Prove this to yourself today. Approved by Good Housekeeping.

Money Back If Not Satisfied



*I'm not troubled with **ASTHMA** any more!*

People who have "tried everything" for asthma report that they have found a way, at last, to obtain effective relief. In many cases, all symptoms gone! Miss Katherine Radford, 2561 Pinkney St., Omaha, Nebraska, wrote on March 29, 1932:

"I had bronchial asthma for 5 years. I was afraid to go to bed—was so weak I couldn't even raise my arms. I started taking Nacor last November. I haven't had a spell since."

Nacor is absolutely safe to use—so safe, in fact, and so effective that druggists of highest standing recommend it to their customers. If you have asthma or bronchial cough, write for helpful booklet—also letters from happy users, and name of druggist in your locality who can supply you. Address Nacor Medicine Company, 961 State Life Bldg., Indianapolis, Indiana.

A Bad Break for the Girls

(Continued from page 23)

who play on his program. The other night Bill Powell and Connie Bennett were doing a scene. In rehearsal they had clocked it to run eight minutes. But when they gave the actual performance Bill read his lines more slowly and with more emphasis. It ran ten minutes. Dick Powell was standing there watching the clock, and dying. He had to think fast, for he knew he had to cut the time down so that everything would fit in. He could not, of course, speak to the orchestra while the mikes were turned on but he signaled them, in that weird radio sign language, that he would sing but one chorus of his next song. That would make up the valuable two minutes.

He works before an audience and, since he was a stage master of ceremonies, he likes that. "The only trouble is," he told me, "that the audience isn't big enough. I believe that there will come a day in radio when the programs will be staged as elaborately as they are on the stage. Psychologically, that does something to the actor. He feels better when he is dressed up in costume and make-up.

"I came into show business just as vaudeville was going out and presentations were coming in. Radio is still more or less in the vaudeville stage. It needs now to go into the presentation stage.

"I don't think that television is just around the corner. I think it will take a couple of years at least—maybe more. But I do believe that it is definitely coming and I think radio should be ready for it. The movies weren't ready for talkies when they came in and a great many costly errors were made. But I think it would be a grand idea if we in radio worked as if television were already here and staged our shows as elaborately as if the people were seeing as well as hearing what we do."

"The Hollywood Hotel," as you know, is broadcast from Hollywood and no town in the world is so star-conscious. Its citizens are quite as thrilled over seeing movie stars as are the citizens of Keokuk, so they always gather at places where the great movie folk are apt to put in an appearance.

IT took them a little while to realize that the radio studio was a place to get autographs and to gaze at the famous . . . now they're on to it. Such word travels like a brush fire. Now when Dick Powell goes to broadcast he has to leave his house fifteen minutes early to get through the crowd that stands in front of the studio, for he must be gracious and autograph all the books stuck under his nose.

The studio proper accommodates an audience of about two hundred. These seats are booked weeks in advance. Dick plays to this small audience with as much ardor as he plays to you and me sitting by our radios at home.

He works very closely with the writers on the script. At first he was not completely satisfied with the program—he is a very definite young man—and said so. He thought it was too messy, too many things happened at once, there were too many threads which had no knots in the end of them. So he gave up the evenings that he usually spends beau-ing the pretty Hollywood girls around and—leaving them to wonder what in the world had happened to him—worked out ideas with the script writers. He thinks the program has definitely improved now and he likes knowing that he had a



SO TIRED, SO BLUE

Till This ALL-VEGETABLE Laxative Solved Her Constipation

SHE was so tired—depressed—always having colds and headaches. And she had tried so many things she almost despaired of getting relief. Then she discovered the real answer. A laxative that gave thorough, natural cleansing, not mere partial bowel action.

Can there be such a difference in laxatives? Stop and think for a minute. Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets) contains only natural plant and vegetable laxatives, properly balanced. No phenol derivatives. Ask any doctor the difference. You'll be surprised at the wonderful feeling that follows the use of NR. You're so refreshed—toned up—so pleasantly alive. You'll want to give NR's a fair trial immediately. They are so kind to your system—so quickly effective for relieving headaches, colds, biliousness, chronic fatigue or bad skin. They're non-habit forming—another proof that nature's way is best. The economical 25 dose box, only 25c at any drug store.

FREE 1935 Calendar-Thermometer, beautifully designed in colors and gold. Also samples TUMS and NR. Send stamp for postage and packing to A. H. LEWIS CO., Desk 1367-Y, St. Louis, Mo.

Nature's Remedy GET A 25¢ BOX
NR TO-NIGHT TOMORROW ALRIGHT

"TUMS" Quick relief for acid indigestion, sour stomach, heartburn. Only 10c.

Gray Hair

Best Remedy is Made At Home

You can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy by following this simple recipe: To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained.

Barbo imparts color to streaked, faded or gray hair, making it soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.

ASTROLOGY

READING NOW 10c

In order to show you how interesting Astrology really is, Yogi Alpha, noted American philosopher has reduced the price of his 1000-word reading to only 10c. This reading is based upon your sign of the Zodiac and discusses your inclinations in relation to occupation, health, vocation, temperament, partnerships, love emotions, marriage, etc., as indicated by Astrology. Send your exact birthdate and 10c in coin or stamps, for your zodiac reading. Money refunded if not satisfied. Address Yogi Alpha, Box 1411, Dept. 29D, San Diego, Calif. If a friend wishes a reading send 20c for two readings.



Invite romance!

There's a subtle allurements in this exquisite odour. And RADIO GIRL Perfume and Face Powder have added charm for the thrifty modern girl who loves nice things—they cost so little! RADIO GIRL Face Powder, made in smart, new blending shades, has the same delightful odour as Radio Girl Perfume.

Use this COUPON for FREE SAMPLES T-35
"Radio Girl", Saint Paul, Minnesota
Send me FREE Regular Size Radio Girl Perfume and Trial Size Radio Girl Face Powder. I enclose 10c (coin or stamps) for cost of mailing. (Offer good in U.S. only.)

Name _____
Address _____

hand in bringing this about. Thus he is responsible for much of its success. Louella Parsons, the newspaper columnist, appears on the program weekly. She is responsible for getting the guest stars to appear. "I'm glad I don't have that grief," Dick told me. "Going down there and saying a few words and singing a few songs is a cinch compared to getting movie people there. I know. It's hard enough for me to get myself to keep the engagement."

Combining pictures and radio work as Dick does gives a bad break to the girls of Hollywood. There was a time when no party was complete without the handsome, jovial Dick. And any girl he dated thought herself extremely lucky. Now it's all changed. If Dick isn't working on a picture and having to stay home at night to learn his lines, he's busy with his radio work. It's rough on the girls, but Dick seems to be thriving on it.

He doesn't, as I've told you, rehearse much with the rest of the cast but he works very hard learning the songs he sings. Dick takes his work seriously. When he first started in pictures he was terrifically afraid that he would not be able to measure up to movie standards. After all, he had been only a master of ceremonies. Could he act well enough to get by? He did not know. And then he was cast in a picture with Ruby Keeler and discovered that she was even more frightened of the camera than he. Together they trembled and tried to boost each other's courage by confiding how afraid they were.

But he had done some radio work before he went into pictures so that when he got this program he had assurance. It was not, precisely, a new venture. The mike held none of the terrors for him that the camera had held. In many ways he feels himself more of a radio personality than a picture star.

He believes in radio sincerely. It delights him that he is reaching a new audience. And he has a keen and personal interest in you—his radio fans.

Dick Powell may be heard Fridays at 9:30 P.M., E.S.T., over the following CBS stations:

- WABC, WADC, WOKO, WCAO, WNAC, WKBW, WBBM, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WOWO, WDRC, WFBM, KMBC, WHAS, WCAU, WJAS, WEAN, KMOX, WFBL, WSPD, WJSV, WMBR, WQAM, WDBO, WDAE, KERN, KMJ, KHJ, KOIN, KFBK, KGB, KFRC, KDB, KOL, KFPY, KWG, KVI, WPG, WGST, WLWZ, WBRC, WICC, WBT, WDOD, KVOB, WBNS, KRLD, KLZ, WBIG, WHP, KTRH, WNOX, KFAB, KLRA, WFEA, WREC, WISN, KOMA, WMBD, KOH, WMBG, WDBJ, WHEC, WCCO, WALA, WSFA, CKAC, WLAC, WDSU, KSL, KTSA, WTOG, KWKH, KSCJ, WMAS, KFH, WIBW, CFRB, KTUL, WACO, WMT, KFH, WSJS, WORC, WNAX.

JACK BENNY

Next month TOWER RADIO will present a remarkable story about the nonchalant comedian. Watch for this feature in the April TOWER RADIO

Results of Radio Ballot

A TABULATION of the ballot submitted in answer to the question "Do You Want More Educational and Religious Programs?" reveals the fact that TOWER RADIO readers are pretty evenly divided on the subject. The educational people, however, won by a small margin. The questions voted upon and the tabulations follow:

1. Do you favor more time being devoted to educational and religious radio programs? Yes, 380; No, 300.

2. Do you approve a fixed percentage, say 15% or 25% of all radio facilities being set aside for educational, religious, and other programs? Yes, 380; No, 220.

3. If so, do you believe Congress should do this? Yes, 160; No, 220.

4. Or should it be done by the Federal Communications Commission, which at present has this authority? Yes, 200; No, 100.

TOWER readers who approved a fixed percentage being set aside were quite decidedly against Congress doing this. The vote, a cross-section of opinion, as it were, along with the ballot, and readers' comments have been submitted to Hon. Hampson Gary, Chairman of the Broadcast Division of the Federal Communications Commission in Washington. The Commission is now considering the subject of educational and religious programs and will make recommendations to Congress February first. The Commission, it is reported, will recommend that the present plan of broadcasting remain undisturbed. The TOWER ballot will be incorporated in the official record of the hearing which will accompany the recommendations.

Some of the reader comments:

"It is exasperating on a Sunday to try to get a religious service and have it drowned out by an orchestra."—Irene M. Barrett, Saratoga Springs, N. Y. . . . "More programs for entertainment and relaxation are needed."—Mrs. H. H. Vroman, Casper, Wyoming. . . . "Leave

radio as free as the press."—Victor E. Vieira, Spokane, Washington. . . . "More and better music—less conversation."—W. D. Orr, Phoenix, Ariz. . . . "Educational programs good—keep Congress out of radio."—Ralph Derby, Jr., Brunswick, Me. . . . "Radio should be devoted to entertainment and relaxation."—Nat. Snitkin, New York City. . . . "More religious programs are not needed and all fine programs are education."—Alice Marion Holmes, Cambridge, Mass.

"Educational and religious features are incentives for better living."—H. Eldred Schramm, Troy, N. Y. . . . "How many listen to educational and religious programs anyway?"—T. U. Franklin, Toledo, Ohio. . . . "Educating should be done in the schools and religion taken care of in the churches."—Jacob Bates, Cleveland, Ohio. . . . "Let radio alone."—J. Mortimer, W. Albany, N. Y. . . . "Radio could be a tremendous factor in educational work."—D. Russell, Atlanta, Ga. . . . "Educational and religious programs should stand as they are today, even if over 15%."—Charles Ege, San Francisco, California. . . . "I go to church for religion, school for education. I want and expect pleasure from my set."—F. A. Decker, Elmira, N. Y.

"The less Congress has to do with radio, the better."—Jo. Boyle, Dallas, Tex. . . . "Education and religion are now being given ample time."—Walter Tusher, Portland, Oregon. . . . "Avoid family fights on the radio."—Clarence J. Ferguson, Scottsmeer, Fla. . . . "Not enough really good concert music."—Marie E. Thonen, Portland, Ore. . . . "The world needs more religious and educational programs and less jazz."—Mrs. E. S. Stroupe, Van Wert, O. . . . "What we want is entertainment from our radios; churches for religion."—Emilio Fuentes Novella, Los Angeles, Cal. . . . "More classical music and less jazz and blues singers."—Alice Benson, Lynn, Mass.

Radio Gossip

WHEN graduates of Gonzaga University get together they can't resist holding a reunion. Anyway, that's what happened when Bing Crosby met in Hollywood a classmate he hadn't seen in years. Along about 2 A.M. Bing's college pal got a bright idea. "Say, my wife's crazy about you, Bing," he said, all aglow, "and it will thrill her to death if you'll come home with me now and

serenade her. What say?" Crosby went and from his car parked in front of his friend's home sang "I Surrender, Dear," as only he can. Then the husband went inside to receive his wife's blessing while Bing sang another number. Instead, she was at the phone summoning the police. "I won't stand it another minute," she was screaming into the mouthpiece. "Some drunk has parked his car right in front of the house and left his radio going full blast!"

With the Airliners

Lowell Thomas is now an adopted brave of the Mohawks . . . His Indian name, translated into English, is "Hot Coal" . . . Frank Parker exercises by skipping rope for fifteen minutes every morning . . . During her whole five years of married life Jane Froman has never removed her platinum wedding ring . . . Frank Munn established a record for continuous broadcasting . . . He hadn't missed a week for ten years until January . . . George Gershwin loves detective mysteries . . . So does Mary Livingstone (Mrs. Jack Benny) . . . But Jane Froman prefers authors to their books and specifically likes Jim Tully, Ben Hecht and S. S. Van Dine . . . Pearl Pickens, of Carson Robison's Buckaroos, hails from Lebo, Kansas, and is not related to the Pickens Sisters . . . Isham Jones was born in Coaltown, in Southern Ohio, and his father was a mine boss and amateur musician.

Literary notes: Jack Benny has compiled a book of prohibition jokes. . . . Billy K. Wells, who concocted those Baron Munchausen broadcasts for Jack Pearl, has finished a book on radio writing. . . . And his 24-year-old son is one of the four contributors of material to the Joe Penner programs. . . . An associate writer on the Penner assignment is Hal Rainer, once heard on WJZ in a comedy act. Rainer is really an Episcopal minister, Rev. Henry Rubel, only comedy-creating clergyman known to radio.

LEE SIMS, of the piano-duo of Sims and Bailey, attributes his radio success to two unusual breaks. A wordy altercation with a patron in a Cedar Rapids, Iowa, picture house where he was playing organ, and the opening of a music school. The former resulted in his being fired and trip to Chicago where he obtained his first radio contract. The latter brought about a meeting with Ilmay Bailey, and their marriage.



Photo by Doris Day

Your children's health tomorrow depends upon their food today!

A STRONG, healthy body helps your children to win games now . . . and to win all through life. Nothing is more important in building good health than good food. So the Home Service Bureau has prepared two pamphlets on feeding children which will prove helpful guides in feeding your boys and girls correctly.

Food for Babies

Milk in the diet and simple milk recipes for young children . . . vegetables and how to serve them . . . fruits for babies . . . the importance of fruit juices . . . cereals . . . meat and eggs . . . menus.

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Nursery and kindergarten menus . . . diets for grammar school children . . . height and weight tables . . . high school diet . . . school box lunches . . . breakfast menus . . . dinner menus . . . lunch and supper menus . . . favorite dishes of Hollywood school children.

These helpful food pamphlets are 10c each and contain a great deal of information that mothers want. Send your letter to

RITA CALHOUN

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He says:—
"You're Lov ely tonight"
He thinks:—
"Wish She'd 'Fix up' those
GRAY STREAKS"



Now everything in the world contributes to youthfulness in appearance, a woman must be lazy indeed who neglects the harmless, simple means now at her command.

FARR'S FOR GRAY HAIR

an inexpensive insurance against graying hair. Easy to use in the hygienic privacy of home; harmless as your lip stick, odorless, greaseless, will not rub off or interfere with curling, leaves the hair soft, lustrous, NATURAL. \$1.35. For sale everywhere.

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79 Sudbury Street, Boston, Mass.
Send for FREE SAMPLE in plain wrapping.
Name.....
Street.....
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GIVE ORIGINAL HAIR COLOR

She Counted Ten

(Continued from page 17)

picture people for the most part who know good entertaining when they hear it.

And still Leah was not frightened at this—her first professional appearance. That, as I've told, was Saturday. Monday morning she was getting ready to go to school when the telephone rang. It was Phil Harris. He asked if she could be ready to begin the engagement with his orchestra that very night. She was actually hired. She was a professional now.

Leah did not go to school that Monday. She hasn't been to school since.

"I guess I'll just have to go uneducated," she said, "but what I'm doing is so much more fun than school."

There was certainly no time for study. For while she was still singing at the Grove, word came that Paramount Studios wanted her for a test. She was being considered for a role in "A Bedtime Story." It was a most sophisticated role. In fact, they had tried to get Fifi Dorsay for it.

Leah went out to the studio in a simple little dress and a ribbon in her hair. Maurice Chevalier took one look at her. "Good heavens!" he exclaimed. "Isn't one baby in this picture enough? We already have Baby LeRoy."

But they dressed Leah up in a slinky black sequin gown, took the ribbon out of her hair, smeared her face with make-up and she played the role of a worldly French singer. They took a voice test first and then the camera test, and then she began working with Chevalier. But still she wasn't frightened. It is not, I believe, because she has the poise of an older woman. It's simply because she's so terribly young and everything has been so easy for her all her life that she doesn't know there is anything to fear.

The Coconut Grove engagement ended, Phil Harris and his orchestra and Leah played an engagement in Galveston, Texas, and then on to New York to open in the Club Piquale and to broadcast for NBC. But even the microphone held no terrors for the Ray youngster. At the Grove they had broadcast dance music and Leah's singing. The studio was different. But as long as Leah can sing, everything is okay.

And there you have the short but eventful history of Leah Ray—a history which would not have been had not Fate stepped in and insisted that she think twice and count ten before she married.

NOT very long ago Leah paid a visit to her old home town, Norfolk. Everything was the same. Her father kissed her and congratulated her and said, "I'll come to see you, honey, whenever I can, but I'm a fixture here. But it's grand that your mother is with you and that you're having such wonderful success."

She saw the couple who had married. She saw the boy she almost married. They all crowded around her and wanted to hear stories of the movie and radio stars she knew. It seemed impossible to her friends that little Leah Ray Hibbard was, herself, a radio star. "And how do you feel about marriage now?" I asked her.

"I'd have to think about it a long time," she said. "That first experience taught me a lesson. Just think of what I would have missed if I had married. This life is so much fun."

Yes, it's all fun for Leah. Working at the night club, for instance, isn't like work at all. She simply gets all dressed up in a smart frock—and she loves clothes—and goes to an exclusive club



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AT THIS
Beautiful Florida Resort

Single \$5-\$6-\$7 a Day
Includes Meals—Private Bath

RATES will be very attractive at beautiful Hotel Charlotte Harbor, Punta Gorda, Florida, this season. In no wise will the high standards that have distinguished this fine hotel for many years, be altered.

Hotel Charlotte Harbor rests on the shores of Charlotte Harbor, West Coast of Florida. Own golf course, tennis, trap and skeet shooting—quail shooting—salt and fresh water fishing—bathing in the wonderful swimming pool of warm sulphur water. Large, well furnished rooms with private bath. Table and service of particular excellence.

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TRY this pleasant WEEK-END TEST!

IS YOUR skin pimply, dull, unattractive? Don't despair! Thousands of women have found a quick, simple way to gain and keep a skin that is clear and smooth, a complexion fresh, lovely and alluring. But not by artificial means! Skin troubles usually indicate internal trouble—sluggish elimination, or blood impoverished by lack of calcium. Stuart's Calcium Wafers correct both of these troubles. Their gentle action rids the system of bodily wastes. Enrich and tone the blood with the calcium you need. Pimples disappear. Dull skin becomes clear and firm—the complexion aglow with health and loveliness. Try this pleasant beauty aid. Often one week-end will show a big improvement! At all drug stores—10c and 60c.



as if she were a guest and sings a couple of numbers. She doesn't go on until midnight, so she has the whole evening for beaux, for the theater, for dinner dancing. Then she only stays at the club a couple of hours so she can get enough sleep to have the day free, too. She loved California, but she loves New York, too. She likes to shop and knit but she's promised her mother that next week—yes, ma'am!—the very next week she is going to start French lessons.

Life still holds anticipated thrills for her. She's crazy to go to Europe—Paris, London, Madrid. How wonderful to be able to travel and sing and do all those exciting things.

And sometimes, viewing her short life, she breathes a little prayer of thanksgiving that she was wise enough to have counted ten before she said "I do." For she's made a success of her career. Then she was so young that she might not have made a success of marriage. Now, when the right man comes along, she'll be older and wiser and will have had the fun of a career.

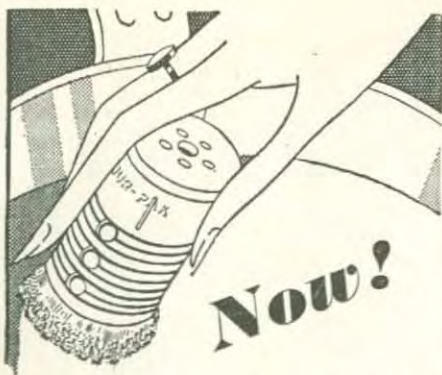
Radio Notes

THE sounds effect men have plenty of problems. The other day at rehearsal of a crime drama I chanced to visit while they were trying to simulate the sound of a man dropping dead. All the gadgets in the effects laboratory were tried, but no dice. Finally Rosaline Green suggested having a man actually fall on the studio floor. An engineer collapsed in every way possible for a human being, but the production man, listening in the control room, reported the illusion was lost. After much experimenting they changed the script to have the man killed by a pistol shot. They were sure that the listeners would understand that.

IF there is anybody in radio who has filled more jobs than Tony Wons, we would very much like to know who it is. Checking up the other day on former activities of broadcasters, TOWER RADIO was amazed to learn that before Tony became a radio philosopher he had functioned in these capacities: Butcher, grocer, solderer, tanner, chair-maker, wood-worker, typewriter mechanic, soldier, salesman, stenographer, accountant, orator, actor, author and publisher.

RADIO stars, not content with discovering and promoting new talent, are now going in for the personal management thing. Rudy Vallee started it when he took under his wing Eddie Peabody, the banjoist. Rudy, like Paul White-man, has been famous for giving entertainers their start on the air, but Peabody is the first performer that he has undertaken to manage. Eddie Cantor followed suit by taking charge of the radio future of Block and Sully, becoming "sold" on them after they had made a couple of guest appearances on his own program.

Your hands express your personality. If you want to know what yours indicate, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Harriet Hilliard, Tower Magazines, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City, N. Y., for circular HANDS AND PERSONALITY.



Now!

SKOUR-PAK

**A Superior Scouring
Brush of Steel Wool**

- Protects fingers from scratching—you don't touch the steel wool!
- Scours more efficiently—gets into the corners—is easier to handle!
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- The rubber holder peels off as more steel wool is needed. One Skour-Pak outlasts two big boxes of ordinary steel wool.

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COMPLETE SCIENTIFIC NUMEROLOGY CHART sent FREE to you by the makers of the two famous lipsticks—REJUVIA at 10c and FLAME-GLO at 20c each. Have you an Artistic Nature? Are you Mysterious, Passionate? Are you intended for Great Love, Adventure, Success? Define your own type with this Complete Numerology Chart. Study your Sweetheart, your Friends! Does your name fit your personality? Do you vibrate to 7-9-14-6? Intriguing, Mysterious, Exciting. You will be amazed at what the numbers show. Mail your name and address on penny Post Card. No Cost, No Obligations. Send now to REJUVIA BEAUTY LABS, Inc., 395 Broadway, Dept. C40, New York City.

REJUVIA LIPSTICK 10c. FLAME-GLO LIPSTICK 20c. The only really automatic Lipstick as fine as the most expensive. America's Famous Lipstick Sensations. Three times as indelible as most other lipsticks. Why pay \$1 or more? Get the finest for only 10c and 20c at F. W. Woolworth 5 and 10c stores.

SKIN ROUGHNESS IS HUNDREDS OF TINY CRACKS

"Most lotions only glaze over them"

DAME NATURE CREAM

HEALS them—joins the broken skin into delightful lasting smoothness. It is unusually rich liquid—prevents or removes chaps, dryness, redness, cracking or such results of work or exposure. 25c and 50c or 10c at 10c stores. Dame Nature Co., 255 W. 19th St., New York.



TWEEZE PAIN STOPPED!

Smile while you tweeze, young lady! No longer need stray hairs cause you anguishing pain. Now, thanks to new, amazing Easy-Tweez you can keep your brows forever attractive and smart... painlessly! So easy—just dab on Easy-Tweez and pluck. You'll wonder why no one thought of this wonderful Easy-Tweez before. Write today for a long-lasting supply and be delighted!

Easy-Tweez 25c
JAR

EASY-TWEEZ CO. Dept. C-14, 162 N. Franklin St., Chicago, Ill. Send me a jar of Easy-Tweez. I enclose 25c.
Name _____ State _____
Street _____ City _____

Slow Up the Music—Hurry Up the Dollars

(Continued from page 29)

1920, and remained for seven years. With the lure of his music, the Coconut Grove became the pet of the movie stars, and Abe was in the very center of things in Hollywood in the heyday of the silent movies. "Those were grand days, and grand people," says Abe now. "More generous and more friendly people never existed anywhere; people like Clara Kimball Young and Blanche Sweet and Mickey Neilan and Lew Cody. I think Hollywood has become much more formal and less friendly since the talkies came in."

During Abe's long reign over the Coconut Grove, he found time to compose such song hits as "Mary Lou," "Mandalay," and "What Can I Say, Dear, After I've Said I'm Sorry;" and a member of his band, John Schoenberg, turned out two big hits, "Whispering," and "Avalon." During this period, also, Abe participated in what he believes was radio's first broadcast by remote control, over station KFI, Los Angeles, in 1920.

FOLLOWING his run at the Coconut Grove, Abe made successful appearances in other western spots, came East, went to Europe for a year and was acclaimed in London and Paris, returned to New York, went into vaudeville, theatrical work and radio, and now makes radio his main work. Abe has remained single, although he has before him the encouraging example of his brother, who is happily married to Fanchon (Wolf), of the theatrical producing firm of Fanchon and Marco. "Five programs a week are enough to keep any man busy," says Abe, smiling, "without adding marriage to his activities."

Abe Lyman may be heard each Friday at 9:00 P.M., E.S.T., over the following NBC stations:

WEAF, WLW, WWJ, WTAG, WEEL, WMAQ, KSD, WCAE, WOW, WDAF, WJAR, WCSH, WLIT, WTAM, WBEN, WGY, WRC, WFBR.

Each Tuesday at 8:30 P.M., E.S.T., over these CBS stations:

WABC, WADC, WOKO, WCAO, WNAC, WGR, WBBM, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WOWO, WDRC, WFBM, KMBC, WHAS, WCAU, WJAS, WEAN, KMOX, WFBL, WSPD, WJSV, WCCO, CFRB.

Each Sunday at 2:00 P.M., E.S.T., over these CBS stations:

WABC, WADC, WCAO, WNAC, WKBW, WBBM, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WOWO, WDRC, WFBM, KMBC, WHAS, WCAU, WJAS, WEAN, KMOX, WFBL, WJSV, KERN, KMJ, KHJ, KOIN, KFBK, KGB, KFRC, KDB, KOL, KFPY, KWG, KVI, WGST, WBT, WBNS, KRLD, KLZ, KFAB, WCCO, WLAC, WDSU, KOMA, WMBG, WDBJ, WHEC, KSL, WIBW, WMT.

Also each Sunday at 2:30 P.M., E.S.T., over the following CBS stations:

WABC, WADC, WCAO, WNAC, WKBW, WBBM, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WOWO, WDRC, WFBM, KMBC, WHAS, WCAU, WJAS, WEAN, KMOX, WFBL, WJSV, KERN, KMJ, KHJ, KOIN, KFBK, KGB, KFRC, KDB, KOL, KFPY, KWG, KVI, WGST, WBT, KRLD, KLZ, KFAB, WCCO, WLAC, WDSU, KOMA, WMBG, WDBJ, WHEC, KSL, WIBW, WMT.

Also each Sunday at 9:00 P.M., E.S.T., over the following NBC stations:

WEAF, WTIC, WJAR, WFBR, WRC, WGY, WWJ, WSAI, WMAQ, KSD, WOC, WHO, WOW, WDAF, KHQ, KOA, KDYL, KGO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, WFI, WTAM, WTMJ, KSTP, WEBC, CFCE, WTAG, WCSH.

Difficult Days?

*I don't have them
any more!*




"When I think of the way I used to suffer regularly, setting aside certain days when any activity was out of the question—even walking any distance—you may know how grateful I am for Midol. Now, I have no such pain, or even discomfort. I ride horseback on the days that once demanded absolute quiet."

This is not the experience of just one woman. Thousands could tell how Midol has given back those days once given over to suffering.

Midol might end all periodic pain for you. And even if it didn't, you would get a measure of relief well worth while. Remember, this is a special medicine, recommended by specialists for this particular purpose. But it is *not* a narcotic, so don't be afraid of the speed with which Midol takes hold.


You may obtain these tablets at any drugstore. Get some today, and be prepared. Taken in time, they may spare you any pain at all. Or relieve such pain at any time. They are effective for several hours, so two tablets should see you through your worst day.

Just ask the druggist for Midol. Or look for it on his toilet goods counter. Or let the makers send you some to try. Whatever you do, don't decline this comfort any longer.



An Invitation

to try it without expense: mail this to Midol, 170 Varick St., N.Y., and receive trial box free.



Name.....

Address.....

H-1



Now looks and feels like a new woman, thanks to DR. EDWARDS

DON'T let your skin get blotchy — don't let headaches dull your eyes and fill your forehead with wrinkles. This very night, give Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets a trial. For 20 years, they have helped thousands banish unsightly blemishes and pimples; have made dull cheeks bloom again with girlish beauty.

"The internal cosmetic"

An efficient substitute for calomel and much easier to take, Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets get at the cause of so many poor complexions. They help nature restore normal action in the intestines and sweep out deadening poisons of constipation.

See and feel how this tested compound of vegetable ingredients can bring back the buoyant joy of health. No griping. Safe and harmless. Non-habit-forming. For listlessness, sallow skin. Nothing better. 15¢, 30¢, and 60¢.

ST. CHARLES HOTEL
 Entire Block on the Boardwalk, Atlantic City
 A hotel to be enjoyed in a sense of supreme satisfaction
 Excellent Cuisine
 Largest Sundeck on the Walk
 MODERATE RATES
 American and European Plans.

Now you can get the same Coiffure as the stars... with **HOLLYWOOD Rapid-Dry CURLERS**

Scintillating screen stars here to be neat and immaculate — set the style in hair dress as well as the vogue in clothes. So naturally they use Hollywood Rapid-Dry Curlers to get the full, soft, lasting curls that distinguish the truly smart coiffure.

Only Hollywood Rapid-Dry Curlers have the soft rubber lock that keeps both hair and curler securely in place. As the name implies, Hollywood Rapid-Dry Curlers are quick-drying — the perforations permit abundant air circulation. And they fit so snugly that you can wear them comfortably while you sleep. Insist upon Hollywood Rapid-Dry Curlers.

At 5c and 10c stores and notation counters **5c**

Behind the Dial

(Continued from page 6)

vania A. A. U. flyweight title-holder for two years.

LEITH STEVENS, a Columbia conductor, claims to have found the Dumbest Dora yet. She refused to marry a man because her mother married her father and her aunt married her uncle—so why should she marry a total stranger!

CAPTAIN HENRY'S SHOW BOAT is so real to so many people that they just won't believe it is a mythical craft plying the air waves only. Time and again different inland communities where it was advertised to stop have flocked to the river front to see it dock. The other Thursday Sioux City, Iowa, was the port of call. Numbers of good citizens anxiously called up the local newspapers to find out how the Show Boat expected to reach town when the Missouri River was at its lowest point in 80 years!

WHILE popularity is usually short-lived in radio (only 10 per cent of the headliners of 10 years ago are on the air today) that doesn't apply to band leaders. Paul Whiteman, Vincent Lopez, Isham Jones, Ben Bernie, Rudy Vallee, Wayne King et al. continue big favorites despite the passing of time. The microphone maestros have another distinction, too. There is little, if any, jealousy among them and they never overlook an opportunity to boost each other publicly.

Here's how "One Man's Family" behaves before the microphone: Father Barbour (J. Anthony Smythe) lifts his right hand and shakes his index finger as he reads his lines... Mrs. Barbour (Minetta Ellen) is here, there and everywhere during a program, bobbing back and forth between her chair and the mike... Jack (Billy Page) pushes away invisible objects with one hand... Paul (Michael Raffetto) waves one hand back and forth rhythmically as though directing an orchestra... Hazel (Bernice Berwin) keeps one hand up to her throat and the tensor the scene the tighter she holds it... Clifford and Claudia (Barton Yarborough and Kathleen Wilson) both find it hard to stand still and are all over the studio... Big Bill Andrews, the announcer, rocks back and forth on his heels while he talks... And Carlton E. Morse, the author and producer, has so many unconscious gestures and mannerisms that the cast can almost read his mind... They all breathe easier when they see him begin to nod his head, for that means, "Fine! Just what I wanted!"

IT remained for Doctor Rockwell to reverse the usual procedure and audition the audition board of NBC when his "Coffee and Doughnuts" program was up for consideration. The good doctor at the conclusion of the hearing immediately presented the august members of that group with a questionnaire to fill out. It had spaces to register opinions as to whether the program was "Good," "Fair," or "Awful." Among other queries were these: "How many were in the room with you?"... "Did anybody stop talking?"... "How many times did you answer the telephone?"... "Or weren't you there at all?"

THE MILLS BROTHERS, who have succeeded the Boswell Sisters on the Bing Crosby broadcast, are preparing for the future. They allow themselves weekly salaries sufficient only for living expenses, the surplus going into a trust

They tried "Moist-Throat" Method! ... "NEXT DAY OUR COUGHS WERE GONE!"

"Both Jackle and I were coughing our heads off," says Mrs. P. Fernandez, Providence, R.I. "Our doctor said 'Pertussin.' By the end of the next day our coughs were gone!"

Extract of a medicinal herb—stimulates throat's moisture glands

NATURE put thousands of lubricating glands in your throat and bronchial tubes. When you catch cold, these glands clog, throat dries, phlegm thickens and sticks... tickles... you cough! You must stimulate your throat's moisture glands. Take PERTUSSIN. The very first spoonful increases the flow of natural moisture. Throat and bronchial tissues are lubricated, soothed. Sticky phlegm loosens. Germ-infected mucus is easily "raised." Relief. Get a bottle from your druggist.

GLANDS HERE CLOG—THROAT DRIES—WHEN YOU CATCH COLD THEN COUGHING STARTS!

PERTUSSIN
Tastes good, acts quickly and safely

MENDS BRIC-A-BRAC ETC.

IRON GLUE
MENDS MOST ANYTHING

Holds tight. Mends most anything. **10¢**

At Ten Cent Stores, Drug and Hardware Stores

NEW EASY WAY 10¢ JUSTRITE PUSH-CLIP

KEEP WIRES OFF FLOOR (LAMPS AND RADIO)

A neat job instantly. No damage to woodwork. No tools needed. Set of eight colored clips to match your cords, 10c.

At **WOOLWORTH'S**

THAT NEW WAY

To get lovely soft French Laundered effects in all you iron... no trick at all.

Just see and feel the amazing difference in your ironings when you change from the bother and uncertainty of lump starch to Quick Elastic. It's that pulverized, complete starching and ironing mixture thousands are talking about. No sticking. No scorching. Wonderfully penetrating, it restores elasticity and that fresh new look and feel to things. Your iron fairly glides.

TRY IT FREE

QUICK ELASTIC
HOT STARCH IN 30 SECONDS

THANK YOU—

THE HUBINGER CO., No. 798, Keokuk, Ia.
 Your freesample of QUICK ELASTIC, please, and "That Wonderful Way to Hot Starch."

fund... The New York Philharmonic Orchestra receives \$40,000 each season for the right to broadcast its Sunday afternoon concerts... Lou Lubin and Bert Swor, featured on CBS's Morning Minstrels, served in the same company in the World War. They separated when the Armistice was declared and sailed back to the states on different ships. When Columbia brought them together for the minstrels it was the first time they had met since their discharge from the army... The secretary of Annette Hanshaw is Aileen Clark, daughter of the radio editor of *The Chicago Evening American*.

THE Eno Crime Club serial sounds eerie enough over the ether but you really should see the show in the studio to get all the thrills. It is projected in the dark save for weird lights thrown upon the actors from overhead and the spectators have a good time shivering at the proceedings. Not the least important part of the performance is contributed by Director Hanna, who is very much in evidence at all times. He is something to write your Aunt Agatha about.

IN New York City studios 80 broadcasts are given each week before audiences... It is estimated 55,000 people see these free performances... The Larry Taylor you hear singing on WOR until a short time ago was Alfred Caesar, a stoker in the Gotham power house... He got his start on Major Bowes' amateur program on WHN, the most popular period this Winter on any of the metropolitan stations... James La Curto, the original Shadow, has replaced his successor, Frank Readick, in the serial of that name... Not kids but kittens are being named after Bill and Ginger. So far there are three sets of mousers bearing their names in various parts of the land.

Tenors in *The Revelers* are favored by the Fates. See what has happened to James Melton and Frank Parker after launching their careers with that famous group. Sponsors demand their presence on more programs than they can serve and Hollywood beckons them with pots of gold. Now Robert Simmons, who has been soloist on the Firestone and other notable programs, has replaced Parker as top tenor and can be expected to attain even greater honors.

LUD GLUSKIN, a Columbia conductor, is one of the most dynamic of leaders... He dislocated a shoulder at one performance so violent were his movements... Pick Malone and Pat Padgett played 31 benefits in a period of three weeks recently... Zora Layman (Mrs. Frank Luther) has a tip for singers anxious to get on the air... "Visualize the mike as an individual's ear," says Zora, "and modulate your voice accordingly"... Edward D'Anna, leader of the Carborundum Band heard on Columbia Falls, is the smallest of bandmen... He stands five feet four inches and weighs 125 pounds.

BEFORE RADIO: Tony Wons, the House by the Side of the Road philosopher, started to earn his own way in the world when he was thirteen. At that age his father died and Tony went to work to help support his mother and five brothers and sisters. He got four dollars a week laboring ten hours a day in a factory... Bonnie and Van, the song and patter team with Tony, began their careers fifteen years ago as soloists in the same church in Reading, Mass... Bert Parks, the Columbia mike-man, was a popcorn vendor... John Her-

REMOVE HAIR
THIS QUICK, NEW WAY
 Charmette removes unsightly hair quickly, easily, safely. No messy chemicals nor sharp razors to irritate your skin. Does not stimulate regrowth... nor coarsen the hair. Try it.
 At Leading Chain Stores.



NOW 10¢
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HAIR ERASING PAD

WHY, haven't YOU HEARD!

● Surely, if you haven't already ordered a subscription to TINY TOWER for your small children it's simply because you haven't heard! So, here's the news. TINY TOWER is bigger! It's better! It's more fun! And it's the only play magazine of its kind for small boys and girls. Children love the games, stories, rhymes, comics and things to do which each issue contains.

● TINY TOWER means good times every month. The very special thing to make in the March issue, now on sale, is a play camera. If your boys and girls have been playing "taking pictures" you know how much fun they'll have. There's a surprise in it, too! Four Valentines to make... a story about Tinker and Taffy's Valentine party... paper dolls and a February calendar are some of the other things the children will especially like.

● All this fun for twelve issues costs only \$1.00. Olive Reid, TINY TOWER MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y., will take care of your subscription if you write her, stating with what issue you want to begin.

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MOSCO
REMOVES THEM
 AN OINTMENT - QUICK AND EASY TO APPLY. DOES NOT SOIL STOCKINGS
 30c a jar at your Druggist's
 Generous SAMPLE for Thorough Test
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THE MOSS CO., Rochester, N. Y.

rick, the baritone, was a clerk in the office of a shoe machinery company in Boston. . . . "Whispering" Jack Smith was a photo-engraver. . . . Freddie Martin was a saxophone salesman.

THEIR favorite dishes: Bing Crosby, lobster diavolo. . . Vincent Lopez, steak (even for breakfast). . . Graham McNamee, potatoes O'Brien. . . Paul Whiteman, artichokes with plenty of garlic. . . Ted Husing, scrambled eggs. . . Frank Black, Virginia ham. . . Jack Fulton, meat balls Italiane. . . Gladys Rice, chicken Francais with white wine sauce. . . Elsie Janis, chili con carne. . . Betty Barthell and Vee Lawnhurst, olives, although the latter doesn't dare eat them. . . Mildred Bailey, spaghetti. . . Geraldine Farrar, corn pone, Kentucky style.

CHERISHED among the possessions of Gladys Swarthout, Metropolitan mezzo-soprano starring on the Palmolive Beauty Box Theater program, is half a Spanish shawl once owned by Mary Garden. It was presented by the diva to Miss Swarthout back in 1925 when both were members of the Chicago Civic Opera Company. At that time the then unknown Swarthout was singing a secondary role, that of Mercedes, in "Carmen." Miss Garden, of course, played the title role, wearing a gorgeous scarf as part of her Spanish costume. At the end of the performance Miss Garden, in recognition of the girl's budding talent and as an omen for future success, cut the shawl in two and presented half to her delighted supporting player.

IF radio isn't cockeyed, how do you explain this? The same week NBC emblazoned to the world Elsie Janis as the first woman announcer, it issued an order that henceforth its announcers were to be anonymous! . . . George Gershwin can be persuaded to write the music for a celluloid opera upon receipt of a certified check for \$125,000. . . . Five Ferdinando brothers play in Felix Ferdinando's orchestra. . . . A thought for today contributed by Shirley Howard: "Jazz will endure as long as people hear it through their feet instead of their brains."

WHERE are the radio stars of the future to come from? Well, Professor Jack Denny of the New York School of Music, and also radio orchestra leader, has his own idea of how a source of talent might be developed. Dr. Denny suggests that municipal radio stations serve their respective communities by becoming training schools where practical experience may be obtained by local air aspirants. Then, when they become proficient in the art of entertaining audiences, Prof. Denny says audition boards of the networks would be only too glad to lend a sympathetic ear.

Ed Lowry, the singing m.c., tells about an orchestra leader who makes a specialty of tangoes. Success, it seems, went to his head and now he won't give anybody a rhumba!

FRANCES LANGFORD wonders if some honors do not prove jinxes. Frances was recently made "honorary police captain" in her home town, Lakeland, Florida. The day she left the city someone stole her spare tire. On her way to her next broadcast she received a speed ticket and came down from the studio to find one for a parking violation. Last week she lost a valuable scarf during a rehearsal. Now she is wondering what would have happened had they made her "honorary chief."

"SUB SOIL" GROWS GOOD BLACKHEADS



ONLY A PENETRATING FACE CREAM WILL REACH THAT UNDER-SURFACE DIRT!

By Lady Esther

Those pesky Blackheads and Whiteheads that keep popping out in your skin—they have their roots in a bed of under-surface dirt.

That underneath dirt is also the cause of other heart-breaking blemishes, such as: Enlarged Pores, Dry and Scaly Skin, Muddy and Sallow Skin.

There is only one way to get rid of these skin troubles and that is to cleanse your skin to the depths.

A Face Cream that Gets Below the Surface

It takes a penetrating face cream to reach that hidden "second layer" of dirt; a face cream that gets right down into the pores and cleans them out from the bottom.

Lady Esther Face Cream is definitely a penetrating face cream. It is a reaching and searching face cream. It does not just lie on the surface. It works its way into the

pores immediately. It penetrates to the very bottom of the pores, dissolves the imbedded waxy dirt and floats it to the surface where it is easily wiped off.

No other face cream has quite the action of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream. No other face cream is quite so searching, so penetrating.

It Does 4 Things for the Benefit of Your Skin

First, it cleanses the pores to the very bottom.

Second, it lubricates the skin. Resupplies it with a fine oil that overcomes dryness and keeps the skin soft and flexible.

Third, because it cleanses the pores thoroughly, the pores open and close naturally and become normal in size, invisibly small.

Fourth, it provides a smooth, non-sticky base for face powder.

Prove It at My Expense!

I want you to see for yourself what Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream will do for your skin. So I offer you a 7-day supply free of charge.

Write today for this 7-day supply and put it to the test on your skin.

Note the dirt that this cream gets out of your skin the very first cleansing. Mark how your skin seems to get lighter in color as you continue to use the cream. Note how clear and radiant your skin becomes and how soft and smooth.

Even in three days' time you will see such a difference in your skin as to amaze you. But let Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream speak for itself. Mail a postcard or the coupon below for the 7-day trial supply.



Make This Test

Pass your fingers over your whole face. Do you feel little bumps in your skin? Do you feel dry patches here and there? Little bumps or dry or scaly patches in your skin are a sure sign of "sub soil" or under-surface dirt.

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(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (10) **FREE**

Lady Esther 2020 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois.

Please send me by return mail your 7-day supply of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream.

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FRIENDLY HELPFUL SERVICES OFFERED BY

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The eighty-two prizes are announced below.
Prize winning letters for department store ex-
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Wickedness for your cheeks

in this utterly new kind of dry rouge



TANGERINE
FLAME
NATURAL
BLUSH

Yes, *wickedness!* First, because the reds themselves are wicked reds . . . paganly appealing hues that stir the senses . . . rapturous, primitive reds, each as certainly seductive as a jungle rhythm. Truly, you have never seen anything like them before. It's *wicked* for another reason, too. SAVAGE Rouge is so much finer in texture than ordinary rouge that it blends *into* the skin to give a thrilling, pulse-quickenning, *natural* effect, instead of the usual artificial look imparted by the regular coarse rouges. Its fineness, too, makes it cling as dry

NATURAL (Flesh)
BEIGE
RACHEL
RACHEL
(Extra Dark)

rouge has never clung before. The infinitely fine particles actually keep cheeks wickedly red all day . . . or *all night!* SAVAGE Rouge is only twenty cents, but it is worth . . . well, try it and see what happens!

In identical shades, for the sake of harmony between cheeks and lips, there is SAVAGE Lipstick . . . the justly famous transparent colored lipstick that makes lips alluringly red without leaving even a trace of pastiness. Or, for those who prefer it, there is SAVAGE Lip and Cheek Rouge. Then, to add the final note of excitement to your loveliness, there is SAVAGE Face Powder, the finer textured powder that clings savagely, many tempting hours longer than a face powder is expected to cling!

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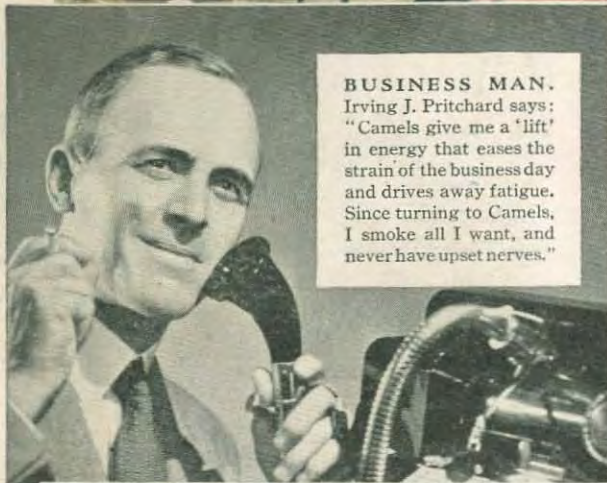
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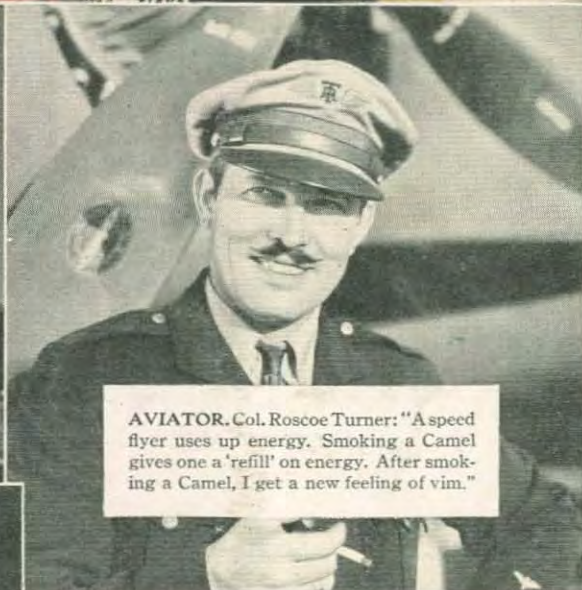
get a Lift with a Camel!



• Every woman knows what one shopper meant when she said recently: "I don't know any task as exhausting as shopping. I often slip away for a Camel when I'm getting too tired. A Camel soon restores my energy. And it tastes simply delightful! I enjoy Camel's mild flavor so much that I smoke quite a lot. And I can smoke as many Camels as I like, without ever bothering my nerves."



BUSINESS MAN. Irving J. Pritchard says: "Camels give me a 'lift' in energy that eases the strain of the business day and drives away fatigue. Since turning to Camels, I smoke all I want, and never have upset nerves."



AVIATOR. Col. Roscoe Turner: "A speed flyer uses up energy. Smoking a Camel gives one a 'refill' on energy. After smoking a Camel, I get a new feeling of vim."



SQUASH RACQUETS CHAMPION. John L. Summers, National Pro Champion, says: "After a tournament, I smoke a Camel. In no time at all my energy is brimming again. . . . And Camels never jangle my nerves."



SPEED TYPIST: "I never tire of Camels no matter how steadily I smoke," says Miss Stella Willins. "They are mild. And they don't make my nerves ragged."

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



ANNETTE HANSHAW

For Your Enjoyment!
THE CAMEL CARAVAN

featuring
WALTER O'KEEFE
ANNETTE HANSHAW • GLEN GRAY'S
CASA LOMA ORCHESTRA

TUESDAY	10:00 P.M. E.S.T.	THURSDAY	9:00 P.M. E.S.T.
	9:00 P.M. C.S.T.		8:00 P.M. C.S.T.
	8:00 P.M. M.S.T.		9:30 P.M. M.S.T.
	7:00 P.M. P.S.T.		8:30 P.M. P.S.T.

OVER COAST-TO-COAST WABC-COLUMBIA NETWORK



Camel's Costlier Tobaccos never get on your Nerves!

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Winston-Salem, N. C.

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