

Tower **Radio**

A TOWER MAGAZINE

APRIL

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CODE



**ARE CHILDREN'S
RADIO PROGRAMS
DANGEROUS?**

BABS RYAN

I COVER THE LINDBERGH CASE
By BOAKE CARTER

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

ORCHIDS TO SALLY (UNTIL SHE SMILES)



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

EVERY woman knows what wonders a smile can work . . . what a flaunting little banner of loveliness it can be.

But do you realize what a shock of disappointment follows a smile that gives a glimpse of dingy teeth and tender gums—of the damage that neglect of "pink tooth brush" can lead to?

DON'T IGNORE "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

You can't afford to take chances—to ignore a warning that threatens your smile and your dental health. Dental science has explained and stressed that warning—"pink tooth brush." Foods that rob our gums of

exercise—soft and creamy dishes that tempt our palates but lull our gums to sleep—those are the reasons for the modern plague of tender, ailing gums.

If your tooth brush even occasionally shows "pink"—do the sensible thing. Don't let yourself in for serious gum troubles—for gingivitis, Vincent's disease or pyorrhea. Get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste today and follow regularly this healthful routine. Start today!

Brush your teeth regularly. But—care for your gums with Ipana, too. Each time, massage a little extra Ipana into your lazy, tender gums. Ipana with massage helps speed circulation, aids in toning the gum tissue and in bringing back necessary firmness.

Your teeth will be whiter—your gums healthier—and your smile will be lovelier with Ipana and massage.

WHY WAIT FOR THE TRIAL TUBE?

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

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. Y-45
 73 West Street, New York, N. Y.



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

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____



IPANA

TOOTH PASTE

A famous Metropolitan song-bird considers radio in an exclusive TOWER RADIO feature

LILY PONS

in next month's
TOWER RADIO

Is television actually just around the corner? You will be surprised at what is happening to television, as told in the May TOWER RADIO.

And watch for a novel feature in the next issue. The Princess Obolensky interviews Lady Peel, otherwise Beatrice Lillie, the comedienne. You will find this a diverting story.



© George Maillard Kessler

VOL. 3, NO. 1

TOWER RADIO

APRIL, 1935

CATHERINE McNELIS, *Publisher*

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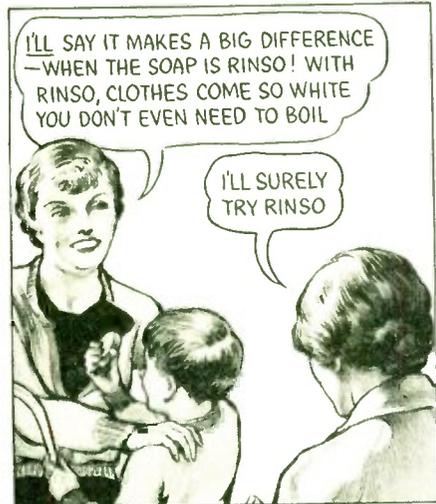
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When changing address send us both old and new addresses, and allow five weeks for the first copy to reach you.

NEW ISSUE ON SALE THE FIRST OF EVERY MONTH

NO MYSTERY ABOUT HER SNOWY WASHES NOW!



Like magic for tub washing, too
—safe for colors—easy on hands!

IF YOU haven't a washer, all the more reason to use Rinso. No matter how big or how dirty your wash is, Rinso soaks away the dirt and gets clothes 4 or 5 shades whiter. Colors stay fresh and bright. Rinso saves hours of tiresome hard scrubbing, makes clothes last 2 or 3 times longer. You'll save lots of money.

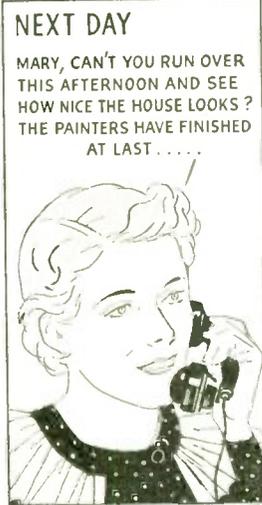
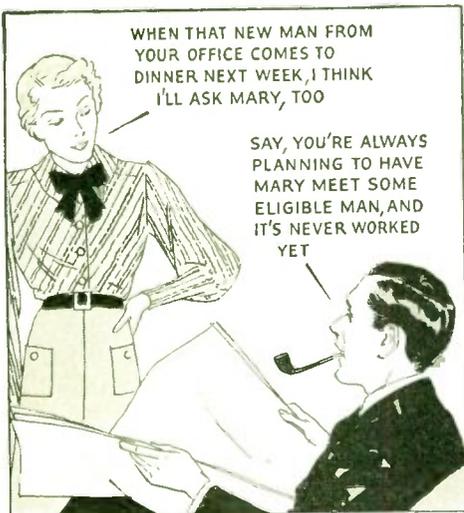
Thick suds—instantly!

You need only a little Rinso to get a tubful of rich, lively, long-lasting suds—even in hardest water. The makers of 34 famous washers recommend Rinso. And Rinso suds are no end of help in the dishpan. Dishes come bright and clean in a twinkle. And Rinso's creamy suds are easy as can be on your hands. Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Get the BIG household package. You'll find that it's even more economical.



THE BIGGEST-SELLING PACKAGE SOAP IN AMERICA

TRYING TO MARRY OFF MARY



WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME WHAT A GRAND COMPLEXION SOAP LIFEBUOY IS?

ISN'T IT! AND IT KEEPS THE HANDS SO NICE AND SMOOTH

HERE'S the story in two words—*Lifebuoy protects!* Its deep-cleansing lather is wonderfully mild and gentle. Scientific tests that have been made on the skins of hundreds of women show that Lifebuoy is more than 20% milder than many so-called "beauty soaps."

So much lather

Even in hardest water, Lifebuoy gives floods of rich, refreshing, penetrating lather that purifies pores, stops "B.O." (body odor). Its own pleasant, hygienic scent vanishes as you rinse.

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau



B. A. Rolfe, left, until recently started your day right with his early morning programs. Walter O'Keefe, right, is heard on CBS network.

Wm. Hausler



Left, Page Gilman is Jack Barbour of One Man's Family. Right, Morton Downey deserts CBS, where he became famous, to go to NBC.

Rowvine

Ray Lee Jackson



Behind the Dial

World of radio offers plenty of interesting stories of air stars and sponsors

By **NELLIE REVELL**

FRANK BLACK, NBC's general musical director and that *rara avis* among musicians, the possessor of a delicious sense of humor, suggests that one month each year be set aside by broadcasters as Hate-Your-Sponsor Month. April, being such a capricious month, will do as well as any, so this is hereby proclaimed Pan-Your Paymaster Period. And I don't mean April Fool, either.

WHILE kilocycle headliners receiving old-fashioned motion picture salaries cannot be expected to support the movement publicly, you can depend upon it that privately they are wholeheartedly for it. Their constant complaint is that radio, now the biggest branch of show business, is controlled by the men who know the least about show business—the sponsors. Able merchandisers they may be, but when it comes to picking a program to win the good will of the buying public they prefer the judgment of their missus or their Aunt Julia to that of the professional framers of entertainment. And there, my friends of the radio audience, is where the rub is.

IF you should talk to a certain comedian, who retired from the air rather than follow the dictates of his sponsors as to how his program should be handled, you would be amazed at the conditions existing in the studios. This comic would tell you that the late Florenz Ziegfeld, one of the greatest showmen of all time, spent \$200,000 and upwards to produce a show. He engaged the best actors, the best writers, the best composers, the best scenic designers and builders and the best costume creators money could provide. Then he said to them, in effect: "Boys and girls, you know your business. Go ahead and give me the best that's in you." Radio advertisers spend many times what it cost Ziegfeld to fashion a Follies and then insist upon regulating every detail of the performance without any background or experience to justify their claim to that subtle something vaguely described as showmanship.

IT is this lack of knowledge of public preferences and requirements which results in endless auditions and so much confusion and loss of time trying to assemble a program that will be "different." In the end the sponsor and his wife's relatives give up from sheer exhaustion and hire a band, a quartet and a girl soloist to sell the product on the air. The quartet is the "roast beef medium" of radio—the safe bet when a sponsor can't think of



The lovely lady of radio and opera, Gladys Swarthout. Star of Voice of Firestone, she is also star of the popular Palmolive Beauty Box Theater of the Air.

anything else to order from the entertainment menu. By the same token the songstress is the "apple pie" among desserts. The band, of course, is the cream in the coffee, for isn't music the backbone of broadcasting? But when the sponsor gets through with his survey of talent he has framed a program precisely like 39 others on the same network.

AND since telling stories about the vagaries of broadcasting bosses has become one of radio's most popular indoor sports this is a good place to record the experience of a certain radio star, one of the better warblers on the wireless. It seems the vocalist was singing in New York on a program sponsored by a Chicago concern. They were dissatisfied and kept insisting to the New York advertising agency handling the program that a new vocalist be engaged. Finally another songbird was hired but she suddenly fell ill the day of her first broadcast and the singer was hastily recalled to help out in the emergency. Imagine the agency man's surprise the next morning when he read this telegram from his Chicago employer: "Heard new singer last night and she was much superior to the old. By all means sign her up!"

JUST because several divorces are in the making in the world of radio, one must not get the impression that radio romances are waning. There are still plenty of couples calling themselves "The Sweethearts of the Air."

The Don Halls are celebrating their sixth wedding anniversary with an as elaborate party as has been tossed hereabouts and are they in love!

May Singhi Breen and Peter de Rose, the original sweethearts of the air, Julia Sanderson and Frank Crumit and many other devoted couples of radio, in addition to pending weddings announced for this Spring, more than offset the shattered romances.

I wish Jack Benny and Frank Parker would come to some agreement as to why Don Bester wears spats. Benny says the bandsman needs them to cover up the holes in his socks. And Parker maintains they hide the fact that Don doesn't wear socks!

ANNOUNCIANA: Bob Trout, the ex-pulp thriller writer who was until recently Columbia's presidential announcer in Washington but is in the New York office now, was officially ordered to grow a moustache to (Please turn to page 6)



But mother! He said he'd write

Heartsick—wondering *why* he had lost interest! Then Ruth learned the reason and NOW . . .

<p>HE'S BUSY, DEAR, DON'T YOU WORRY!</p> <p>BUT HE SAID HE'D WRITE... JUST BEING POLITE, I GUESS</p>	<p>SHE SLAYS THEM AT FIRST SIGHT, BUT...</p> <p>PERSPIRATION ODOR FROM UNDIES PUTS THE SKIDS UNDER HER ROMANCES</p>
<p>At the office he had seemed to fall hard for Ruth at first. Then he left on a trip, promising to "drop her a line"... but...</p>	<p>One morning she overheard two of the girls whispering . . . she resolved never again to risk second-day underthings.</p>
<p>A BOX OF LUX, PLEASE</p> <p>EVERYBODY'S USING IT THESE DAYS, IT SEEMS!</p>	<p>I THINK OF YOU EVERY MINUTE OF THE DAY!</p> <p>ROSES EVERY DAY — PARTIES AND DANCES — YOU'RE KEEPING ME THINKING ABOUT YOU!</p>
<p>She stopped at the store on her way home. That very night she started the easy Lux habit of daintiness, and then when</p>	<p>Dan came back, they met again! Dates followed . . . flowers . . . Well, she's taking a new job for life in June—as Mrs. Dan.</p>

AVOID OFFENDING—Underthings absorb perspiration odor. Protect daintiness the easy 4-minute way:

Girls—don't take chances that may ruin your popularity, romance! We can't help perspiring, of course, and underthings constantly absorb perspiration. But Lux removes odor completely if you'll make it a rule to Lux underthings after *each* wearing. Ordinary soaps with harmful alkali and cake-soap rubbing tend to fade and weaken silk. But Lux has no harmful alkali—keeps things like new *longer!* You know that anything safe in water is safe in Lux.

LUX for underthings



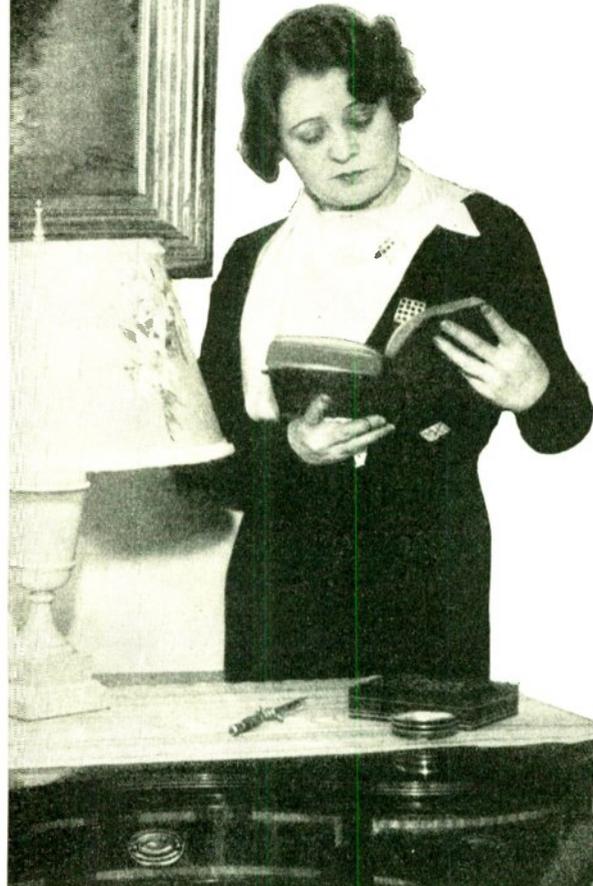
Removes perspiration odor— Saves colors

Two government departments pass upon scripts of "The Black Chamber" to prevent European repercussions

(Continued from page 4)

Behind THE DIAL

Myrtle Vail is the person wholly responsible for "Myrt and Marge" of the air. She conceived the idea and writes the scripts which she and her daughter Donna (Marge) enact for radio audiences.



Mauice Seymour, Chicago

The "Unmasked Tenor," Pat Kennedy, posed for the cameraman with his bride of a few months, the former Connie Calahan. Ben Bernie gave Kennedy his start on the Blue Ribbon program.

camouflage his youthful mien. . . . Bob is 26. . . . David Ross is hard at work assembling another Poet's Gold Anthology in his studio apartment in the East Fifties, New York. The favorite on his generously lined bookshelves is a volume of translations of ancient Chinese poetry. It is inscribed "To Dave from Bing"—the gift from a crooner with a literary turn of mind to an announcer-poet. Ross says Crosby writes good poetry but Bing refuses to allow him to read any of his verses on the "Poet's Gold" program. . . . Truman Bradley and Bert Parks are official Lotharios and heartbreakers among mike-men of WBBM, Chicago, and WABC, New York, respectively. Both have recently received Hollywood offers and each gives the same reason for sticking to the mike—"It's too much of a gamble with Gable."

DID you know that two government departments pass on the scripts of "The Black Chamber" heard thrice weekly on NBC? They are written by Major H. O. Yardley, who was in charge of the secret service bureau charged with the decoding of foreign communications during the World War, and are based on actual incidents. To make certain there will be no European repercussions from the serial both the War and State Departments examine the continuities before projection on the air.

TWO of the biggest advertising agencies specializing in radio accounts have women in charge of their production departments. The idea is that they want the woman's angle in the laying out of their aerial shows since women comprise the great bulk of the buying public. Anne S. Ashenurst, college graduate and former newspaper woman, heads the program division of the Blackett-Sample-Hummert, Inc., and Dorothy Barstow has the same office with the McCann-Erickson agency. Mrs. Ashenurst, who formerly was with *The Baltimore Sun*, is in charge of 30 programs a week. Miss Barstow is the lady behind the scenes in the three-hour Saturday night "Let's Dance" session on NBC and supervises many other popular periods.

SUSTAINING acts are renewing interest in life because so many of them recently have been sold down the river to sponsors. For a long time sustainers appeared to be the forgotten men and women of radio, advertising agencies preferring to dig up their own talent rather than engage artists developed by the networks. Over night the situation has changed. Witness NBC's selling to advertisers "One Man's Family," "Vic and Sade," "Tim and Irene," "Carefree Carnival," Peter de Rose and May Singhi Breen, Allan ("Wife Saver") Prescott and "The Life of Mary Marlin" among others. CBS found clients for Kate Smith, Alex-

ander Woolcott and "The Romance of Helen Trent." It did likewise for "The O'Neills" although they originated on Station WOR; "The Laugh Clinic," a KMOX feature; "Between the Book-ends," from KMBC and "The Joke Book" from WCAU.

Yes, indeed, things are looking up for the sustainers and it stands to reason that they are pretty happy!

Rudy Vallee has taken to wearing a brown derby when he sings character songs on the *Fleischmann Variety hour*. He also dons tinted horn-rimmed spectacles to protect his eyes from the studio lights. . . . Jocy Nash's right name is Nassberg. . . . H. V. Kaltenborn is rivalling Lowell Thomas as a lecturer nowadays. He is constantly boarding planes to make appearances in places far removed from the metropolis. . . . NBC's Red network now consists of 65 stations. There are 62 stations in the Blue circuit. That makes a total of 127 outlets compared with 102 on Columbia. . . . Beatrice Lillie broadcasts while perched on top of a high stool.



Don Mario is the singing star of *Penthouse Serenade* on NBC.

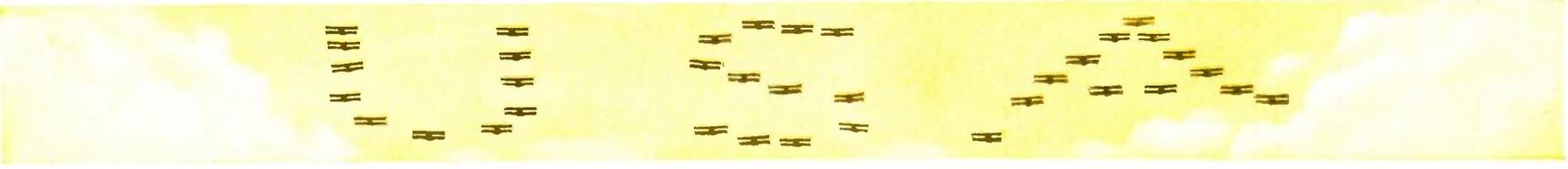
The stars of the *Hoover Sentinels Serenade*, Mme. Ernestine Schumann-Heink, Josef Koestner and Edward Davies are all natives of foreign lands, but now American citizens. "Mother" Schumann-Heink, as she likes to be called, was an Austrian, Koestner a Bavarian and Davies came from the land that enjoys singing the most, Wales.

JOE WHITE, once radio's silver-masked tenor who now faces the mike in his own person, reported to the Radio City studios the other day to find Elsie Janis waiting to do the announcing stint for him. "Hello, Elsie," he said, just like that. "Hello, Joe," she returned. "and how have you been since I saw you last?" The last time Elsie and Joe saw each other was 17 years ago and the place was behind the lines in Flanders. Elsie was putting on a show for the doughboys and Joe was one of the soldiers who helped out with the singing.

LAST month in this space I went prophetic and predicted Columbia and the National Broadcasting Company between them had sold \$42,000,000 of time to advertisers in 1934. Well, when the final figures were compiled the gross income was found to be in excess of my estimate—\$42,888,730 to be exact. That's a boost of 37% over 1933 and tells better than a column of words how radio is heading the march to recovery. There being such a demand now for radio facilities both networks raised their rates February 1st and 1935 promises to be the banner year for the infant industry. Or can an industry that does nearly \$43,000,000 business a year be regarded as an infant? If so, it certainly is some baby!

(Please turn to page 61)

Tower Radio, April, 1935



HEADS UP, FILM FANS!

... for M-G-M's greatest film festival o'er land and sea!

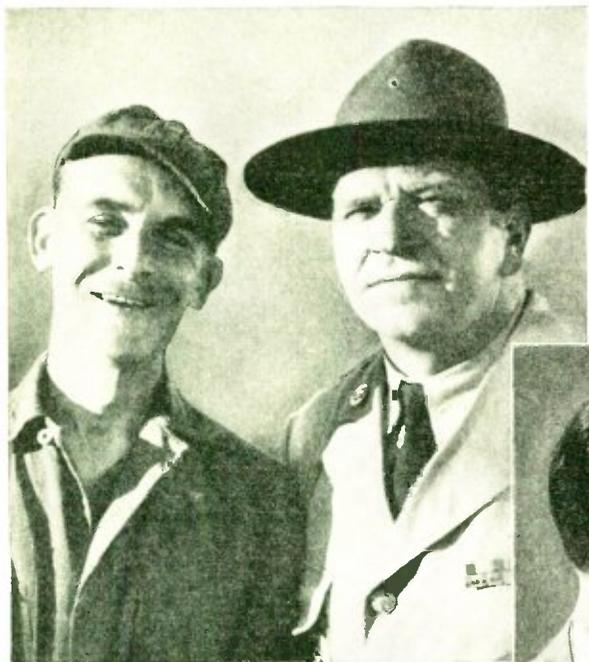
Now all the heaven's a stage for Uncle Sam's fighting, flying men. You'll thrill as never before when you see the famed "Hi-Hats" wing into action! You'll grin as you watch the West Pointers getting a P G course in courage and daring! And you'll weep with the girls they leave behind as they soar into the skies to keep a date with the angels!

It took six months, thousands of men, \$50,000,000 worth of equipment to make this exciting saga of the sky devils. You'll never forget it!

Wallace Beery

in

WEST POINT of the AIR



The two old-timers who sat around...and wore out their brains!

with
ROBERT YOUNG
LEWIS STONE
MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN
JAMES GLEASON
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture



The three mosquitoes of Randolph Field
... whose cradle was a cockpit!



The girl who loved as they lived...dangerously!



RADIO

Pageant



Radio stars have come and gone, but Rudy Vallee goes on. The Vallee hour has been a springboard for more air stars of today than any other single radio interlude. Jessica Dragonette, distinctly a product of radio (right), is one of the ether's chief favorites.

Is the amateur night vogue a menace to air entertainment?

By

THE TOWER OBSERVER

Caricatures by Henri Weiner

THE widespread vogue of amateur hours has radio worried. Will the epidemic be short lived or will amateurs begin to crowd professionals from the airways?

Meanwhile, armies of amateurs are being marched up to the microphones. Some of these inexperienced would-be entertainers win a minor prize, more of them encounter the bell or the chord in G, the ether's variation of the hook.

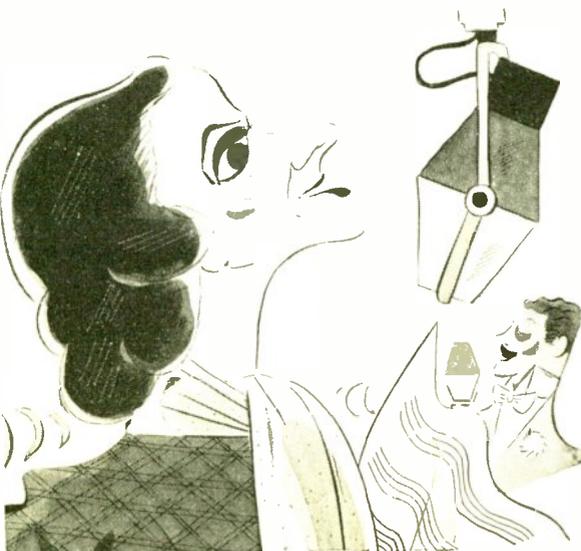
The prominent folk of the air are protesting because the avalanche bids fair to become an economic menace. Kate Smith is violently against amateur hours. "They are unfair," she says, "because they build hope only to break hearts." Maestro Leo Peisman adds that "they are a sadistic form of entertainment. The broadcasts are merely an exploitation of the individual at his own cost, for the pleasure of the multitude."

What do you think? Do they amuse you or do you think they are cruel and heartless? Will they produce any new talent of merit? A thought or two from you may win a prize from the Dial-a-Dollar Editor. (See page 71.)

WHAT important news event of the past several years drew the most listeners to the radio? Your guess—as well as the Observer's—would probably be President Roosevelt's inaugural address.

The republic was in its darkest days and the world awaited the incoming executive with the highest hopes that ever greeted a new president. All America, you would think, must have pulled its chairs up to the radio and waited with bated breath. But did it?

There is no definite, infallible way to find out the exact number of radio listeners. But the figures of the New York Edison Company, supplying electrical power to Manhattan, offer an interesting slant upon America's greatest city and consequently upon our nation at large.



Eddie Cantor, back from a visit to Mussolini, is on the air again, this time for the Columbia Broadcasting Company.

An examination of the Edison Company's records shows that the consumption of power reached its greatest peak on the night of the Baer-Carnera fight. That night the peak was 82,000 above normal. Normal is the load of the preceding night and the assumption, of course, is that the concerted use of radio brought about the jump.

Where, then, does the inaugural address come? The peak was 10,000 and the event of March 4, 1933, lands fourth on the list.

The final game of the last world's series is second, when the kilowatt consumption was 35,000 above normal. The Kentucky Derby of May 5, 1934, takes third place, bringing the load up 15,000. The inaugural NBC program from Radio City (on November 11, 1933) did as well as Mr. Roosevelt, with a peak of 10,000.

Maybe these figures are not indicative of all America but we suspect they are. Draw your own conclusions. One of the Observer's is that the American public is sports minded. It will worry more over Maxie Baer than over a national bank closing.

BOAKE CARTER takes you to the little courthouse at Flemington, N. J., elsewhere in this issue. He tells you graphically of the trial of Bruno Richard Hauptmann.

The Observer makes mention of the trial here because it affords an interesting comparison in reporting as exemplified by the press and by radio. We confess to a little nausea at the general press' handling of the trial. It was unrestrained, hysterical, frequently studded with false reports. Indeed, on an average, it was journalism at its lowest ebb. For one thing, many newspaper writers went far beyond their province when they tried and convicted Hauptmann long before a jury was drawn and the evidence presented. This sort of thing offers a genuine menace to the even handling of justice.

Turn then to radio. The bigger chains offered brief bulletins during the day, presenting a summing up in the evening. These were terse, restrained comments (Please turn to page 44)

"Treasured Flavor"

Wherever Gum and Candy are sold you'll find the Beech-Nut treasure trove . . . gems of flavor in Beech-Nut Gum . . . golden goodness in each Beech-Nut Fruit Drop . . . precious nuggets of refreshment in Beech-Nut Mints and Luster Mints. It's "treasure" and "pleasure" for your enjoyment. Step right up and say —
"Beech-Nut, Please!"

Beech-Nut GUM and CANDIES



TUNE IN ON
"RED DAVIS"
N.B.C. - W.J.Z. Network
MON. WED. & FRI. Nights



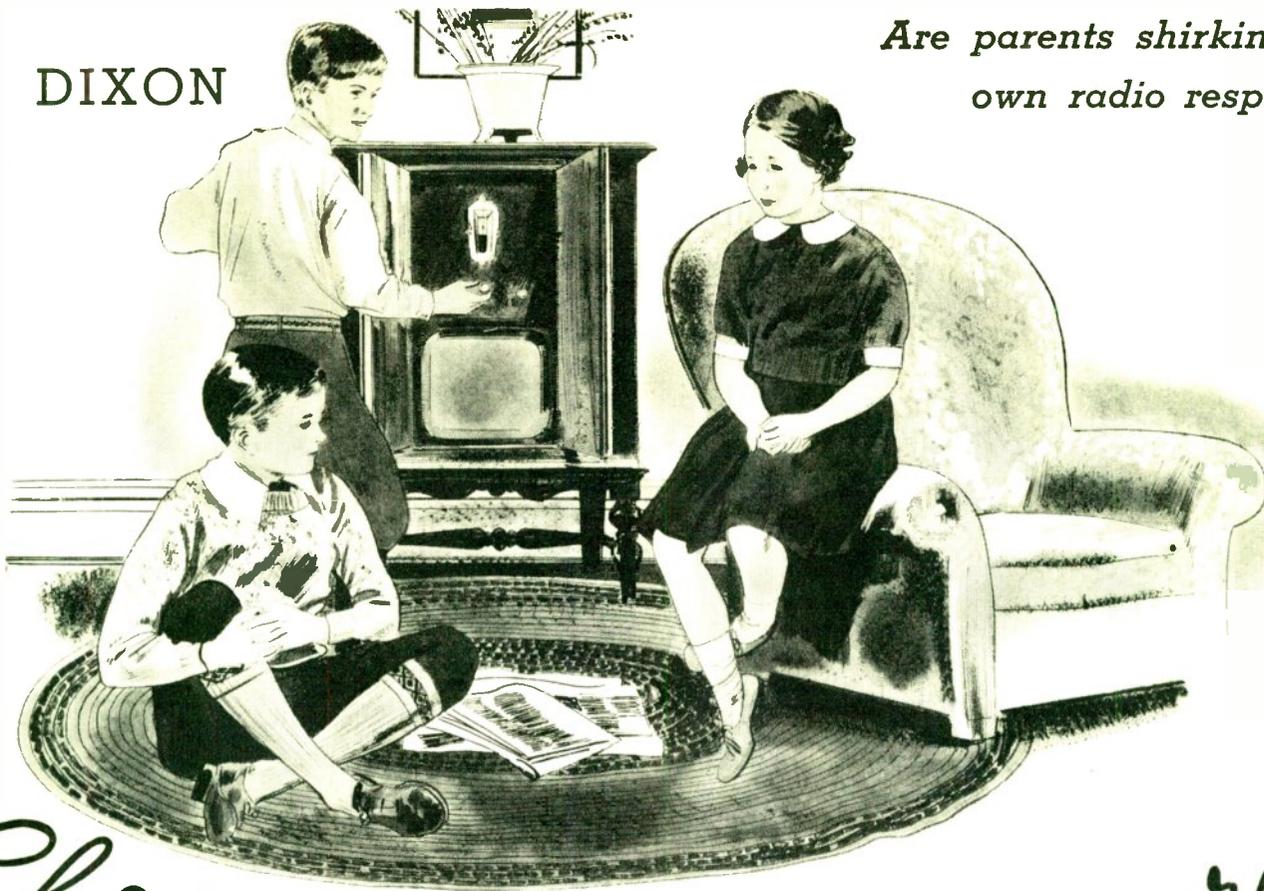
Luckies

LUCKIES USE ONLY THE CENTER LEAVES
-THE CENTER LEAVES GIVE YOU
THE MILDEST SMOKE.

They Taste Better

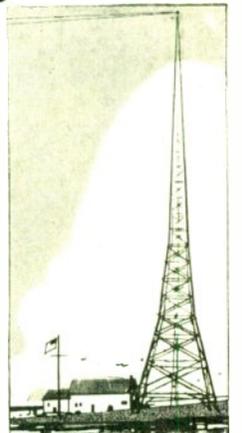
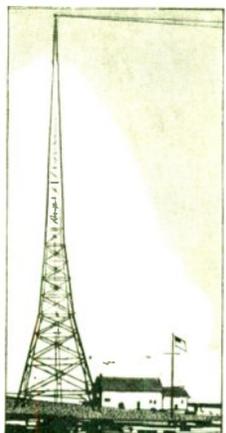
By PETER DIXON

Are parents shirking their
own radio responsibilities?



Are Children's Radio Programs Dangerous?

Illustration by ROBERT FAWCETT



Peter Dixon is a well-known radio author who has specialized in the writing of stories for children. One of his serials for children, "Robinson Crusoe, Jr.," has been a Columbia feature for some time. For a year he was the author of the "Bobbie Benson" series. For four years he wrote "Raising Junior," which was an NBC feature for two years and later was broadcast over WOR, New York City.

RADIO broadcasters have had one great advantage over the folks of the stage and the screen. They haven't had much trouble with reform waves. In fact, very little has been said about "cleaning up" radio. Radio, in this frank age, has remained amazingly pure.

There is one weak spot in radio's armor, however, and this year is going to see that weakness attacked vigorously. The situation involves programs presented for children.

The Scarsdale Women's Club, a militant organization in one of Manhattan's most snooty suburbs, has been the most widely publicized crusader against the current radio thrillers. Other women's clubs throughout the country have made surveys and reports on the situation and there have been articles by individuals in various magazines on these so-called menaces to juvenile minds.

That this year will see definite action on the part of a great number of women's clubs and possibly by religious groups, is conceded by many smart radio executives. The one effective weapon, of course, will be the boycott of any sponsor's products if his program is on the black list. Just how far the crusaders will get in their attempts to force the kid thrillers off the air, remains to be seen.

The Critics Speak

"Often the programs which are condemned are not bad, only childish. The trouble with us adults is that we are too apt to think children should like just what we like. We want to educate and improve them every minute. There are excellent programs on the air that have thrills and excitement and flavor and children like them. I believe we would have more of these if parents would flood the program sponsors with letters protesting against undesirable broadcasts and praising good ones."—Clara Savage Littledale, Editor, Parents' Magazine.

"To say that certain types of radio programs are harmful is an overstatement. Thrillers leave one child tense and nervous, another unruffled. The problem is one of the individual, best answered by the child's parents or doctor."—Mrs. Alma M. Ernst, Scarsdale, N. Y., Women's Club.

"I heartily approve children's radio program's provided broadcasts are censored by people well qualified to judge. Programs should be designed for definite age groups. They should contain action, suspense and adventure, which can be procured by episodes taken from history, exploration, invention and nature study but they must be presented with consideration for over-stimulation. Dangerous programs are those based on crime regardless of lessons therein."—Neita Oviatt Friend, Chairman of Radio Committee of the Parent-Teacher Association, Milwaukee State Teachers College.

This discussion of the situation is from two viewpoints. For five years I have made a living writing radio programs for juveniles. I am also the father of two boys, one eight and the other almost four and I am concerned about what they hear from the family radio receiver.

I do not believe the future generation is as seriously menaced by the current radio programs for children as is indicated by some club reports and magazine articles. I also do believe that the current agitation is a healthy thing.

Executives of broadcasting companies and of advertising agencies—the two groups responsible for almost all radio programs—have come to realize that the juvenile audience is an important one. That realization has only come in the last few years and probably the only reason more hasn't been done about it is that no one in radio has been able to find enough time for more than half the things that should be done.

That something will be done about it is certain. Organized opposition from the outside will make immediate action necessary and the radio program makers can do a good job when they set their minds to it.

Of the current juvenile programs there are only a few types that, in my opinion, can have a harmful effect on children. A few more are purely negative. I don't think slang is objectionable though I do not like programs in which accents are murdered. Dialects are one thing—poor speech is another. Nor do I care for the trick of speeding up speech to give pace to a program. Naturalness is sacrificed by this device. Of course, the scripts in which the ten-year-old hero (Please turn to page 56)

Radio's 1935 Star—

THE

Amateur

AMATEUR Night—of fragrant theatrical memory is radio's program craze of the moment. With memories of the stage's hook being revived by its radio counterpart, the ringing of a bell or the sounding of a sour note, fans by the millions are seeking out stations along the airways that carry this entertainment novelty. Hailed by Major Edward Bowes, foremost in the development of Amateur Night over WHN, New York, as "the only new idea" in radio in several years, this histrionic old timer has caused the greatest ripple along the air waves this season.

It has swept the country like nothing before in radio. Its hold on the listeners in New York is so strong that a group of chain motion picture theater managers passed a resolution asking Major Bowes to shift his program to an earlier hour because it was affecting patronage. It is a boon to thousands of unknowns who have been slighted by the program builders, as well as tens of thousands of others who believe they have latent talents. Sponsors, a little late in adopting an idea which won away their audiences to smaller and oftentimes little known stations, have scrapped or modified their programs in an effort to capitalize on the popular interest. The microphone has been preempted by listener demand in behalf of the novice. The amateur, whether good or bad, is the star of 1935.

actly what the title connotes. Amateur Night is an opportunity offered to the non-professional to exhibit his talents, for better or for worse, before the radio audience. With high hopes—and a slight reservation because he may "get the hook"—he accepts the invitation of the station or sponsor to stand up in front of the microphone and perform. If the novice weathers the bell, and if he doesn't collapse from fright, he awaits the votes of a committee or the audience outside. Should he be voted the best of the candidates, he may merely receive a reward of satisfaction or he may be handed a small sum of money or a medal. Or it may be his good fortune to have a radio contract awaiting his signature. And it has happened that he has been summoned to the office of a theatrical producer who heard his offering.

But, if the other fledgling should be silenced by the bell of the master of ceremonies for reasons merciful or otherwise, he returns to the mass audience



Special for Tower Radio by Wide World

The radio amateur night owes a lot to Major Edward Bowes, who developed the idea over a New York City station, WHN.



Bloom Photographs, Chicago

The WGN Amateur Night, of Chicago, enjoys a wide vogue throughout the Middle West. It is directed by Quin Ryan.

The consensus is that the success of Amateur Night is due to the fact that it is a "natural"—one of those rare program ideas that hits a popular response among the multitude, rich and poor, old and young, literate and otherwise. There are some who believe the fans were in revolt against the tendency of producers to present the same stars over and over on the dialers, particularly in the case of entertainers heard several times during the week, often the same night, on different hours. One observer affirmed his belief that Amateur Night was the listener's revenge on some of the programs he had heard.

Just what is Amateur Night on radio? It is ex-

from which he came or else bobs up at another Amateur Night. The ominous radio equivalent of "get the hook," whatever it happens to be, which not infrequently evokes laughter among the listeners, has caused many a heartache, as visitors to the studios can testify. The majority of the candidates are sincere men, women and children who believe they have something to offer. The bell dashes their hopes of ever getting on the air.

Be it said that there is no dearth of contestants around the country. The reports disclose that the listeners are far more articulate than anyone supposed. It would seem that in the pre-Amateur days fireside rehearsals had been proceeding una-

bated against the time when the bars would be let down. Major Bowes told me he averages 2,600 applications a week. The Amateur

Night sponsored by the Phillips Petroleum Company over WGN, Chicago, drew 7,500 applicants in a few days and the sponsor asked for 150,000 blanks. Twenty-five hundred singers a week clamor for a place before WBBM's microphone in the same city. The producers of the Feen-a-mint "National Amateur Hour," over the Columbia network, said that after having received telephone applications at the rate of 300 a day, they finally cut the service off and instructed the lads and lassies to write.

And what diversified abilities are represented among the candidates! Singers in all ranges of voice and classification of material, imitators,

Called "the only new idea" in radio for several years, airway radio nights have swept the country, with the whole nation as a try-out audience

By JESSE BUTCHER

ILLUSTRATED BY
JAMES SCHUCKER



Fred Allen pauses to consider an amateur, gong hammer in hand. Oblivion or a gold medal hang in the balance for the moment.

yodelers, players on every known instrument, including home-made instruments quite often impossible to describe, poets, actors, choral groups, comedians and novices with peculiar talents such as the man I heard recently who played a harmonica through his nose—these are a few of the many possible program features of an Amateur Night.

Let us visit a typical Amateur Night at a studio. Because his period is so outstandingly successful and his methods so widely copied, we shall drop in on Major Bowes at WHN. According to surveys made at the time this article was written, Major Bowes attracts a greater listening audience than any other program sharing the air in New York from 7 to 8:30 Tuesday night.

We squeeze into a studio packed with eager contestants and many visitors, often of prominence. On our way to the studio, we passed a switchboard

where thirty-five operators were waiting to tabulate the votes of the listeners as they are telephoned in while the show is in progress.

Major Bowes takes his place at a raised table a few feet away from the microphone before which the neophytes are to perform. He has in his hand a pack of small cards listing the names of the amateurs, their professions and the type of audition they are to present. With rare exception, the Major never has laid eyes on the performers, for, as he told me afterwards, he had found it expedient not to do so, since the exchange of banter plays such an important and often unexpected part in a well regulated Amateur Night. "One has to be quick on the trigger and I find I make a faster come-back if I have not talked to the novice," he explained.

The show goes on the air and the microphone

procession starts. Anything can happen at an Amateur Night. Take the first candidate we heard that night. She was Elsie Clark, colored maid in the home of Ted Coy, the famous football star of pig-skin memory. She selected an ambitious classical number and a creditable performance she gave, receiving more than 500 of the 6,000 votes that were telephoned in that evening. But her bid for acclaim evoked competition. Soon telephone messages arrived at Major Bowes' podium from other employers who insisted that their maids could sing better and demanding an audition. Thus a domestic competition was started. A traffic cop vied with a member of the fire department of a neighboring city for vocal honors. A young (*Please turn to page 47*)

TOWER RADIO's own artist, George Clark, drew this picture of the trial during an actual court session. Hauptmann is on the stand while Colonel Lindbergh watches.



ILLUSTRATED BY
GEORGE CLARK

I Cover the Lindbergh Case



He was one of the few who followed the mystery step by step from the bleak March night of the kidnaping to the trial's end in a Jersey country courtroom.

BY

Brooker Curtis

WAS the Lindbergh kidnaping an "inside" or an "outside" job?

Three years ago, I believed it was an "inside" job. Today, three years later, the State of New Jersey produces a carefully woven web of circumstantial evidence to show that it was an "outside" job and a one man job at that.

Questions and suspicions that have remained in many minds for almost three years were being answered in one of the queerest, strangest dramatic criminal cases in police annals.

For days the eyes of the world from New Jersey to Australia were glued to the little country town of Flemington, the seat of Hunterdon County, New Jersey. To this normally sleepy little hamlet have

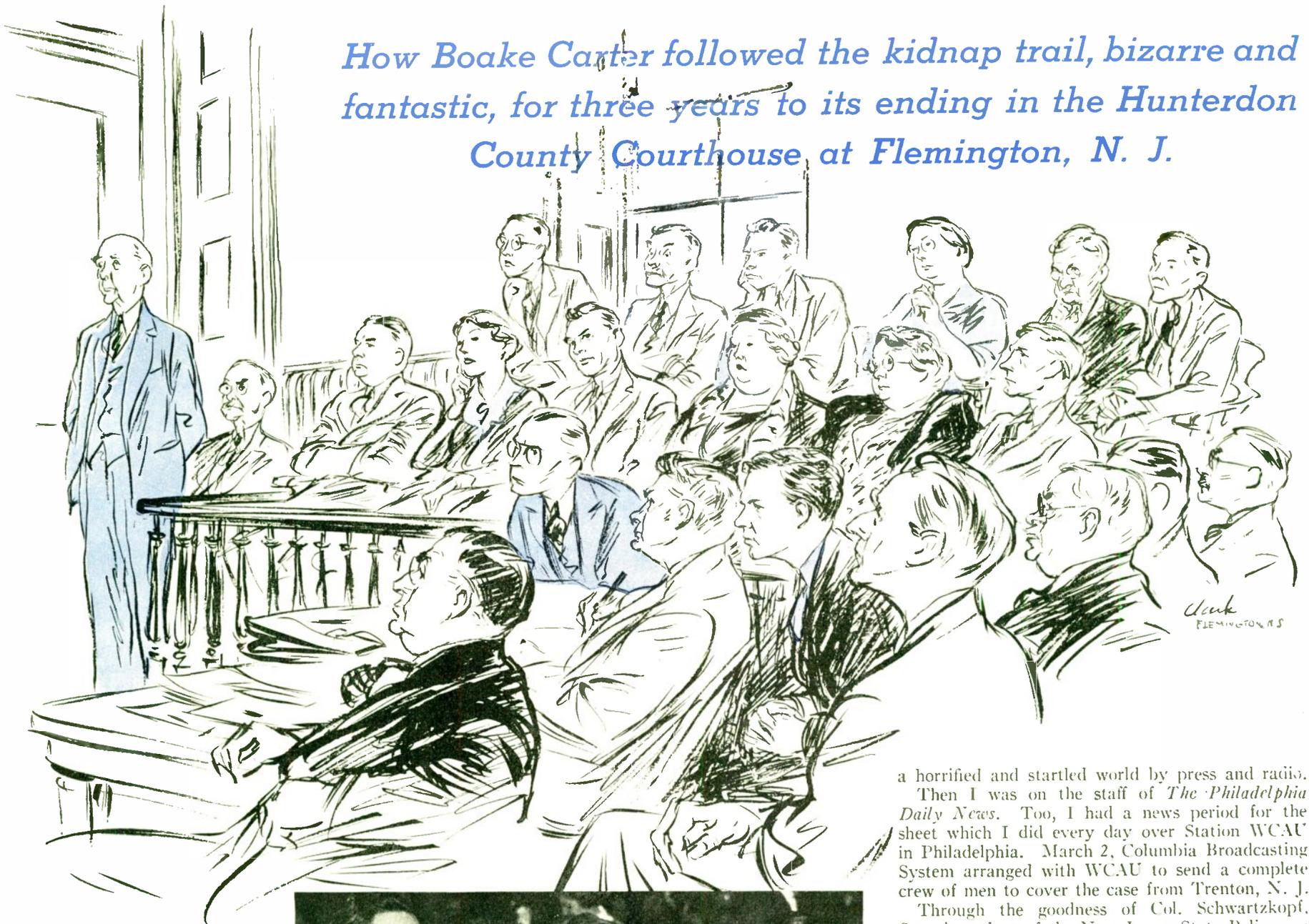
flocked the great, the would be great and the near great as well as Mr. and Mrs. John Q. Public. More than 150 years ago the streets of Flemington echoed to the tread of George Washington's war weary troops. Recently the streets of Flemington echoed to the stampeding feet of curiosity seekers, the curious, the morbid—to the scurry of newspapermen from every city in the nation, Paris, London, and Sydney, Australia—to the booming of hundreds of flashlight bulbs of photographers.

And all the world came to Flemington and nine-tenths of those who came could do no more than stand on the steps of the courthouse and contemplate its prosaic exterior. For Hunterdon County Courthouse is the smallest court of justice in New

Jersey. It is old. Its witness chair has been coveted by a dozen antique collectors. Its old pine benches carry one back to olden days when hardier forefathers sat and listened to the rulings of justice. Even the bench itself is scarred and nicked by the ravages of time. But it all lends an atmosphere of dignity which other courtrooms, bristling with fine marble and spotless floors, do not possess. There is something solid in the justice one expects to find in the Hunterdon County Courthouse and when one contemplates the faces of the people of the county who compose the juries, one feels that justice will, indeed, be fair.

Into this courtroom were thrust at least 300 newspapermen, some fifty to a hundred spectators, visitors with special passes, friends of friends of somebody in authority, state and defense witnesses, state police, other police, jury, court constables and messenger boys. New benches had pushed their uninvited way into the courtroom here and there to accommodate these many people. Many chairs had been pressed into service. On their backs are stamped "County Fair Grounds," and that legend can convey to you the comfort of those seats after a three hour session! Upon the window sills sat writers, artists—in fact, any and everyone, who

How Boake Carter followed the kidnap trail, bizarre and fantastic, for three years to its ending in the Hunterdon County Courthouse at Flemington, N. J.



Bruno Richard Hauptmann sat between guards, a state policeman and a deputy, watching the parade of witnesses testifying against him. Pale from prison, Hauptmann presented an inscrutable front.



Special for Tower Radio by Wide World

could find no room to stand or room to sit on bench or chair.

Through the goodness of Sheriff John Curtis—a kindly man for all his bulldog appearance—I had a working pass. It was but a few feet from the defense counsel table, facing the jury box, the witness chair, the prosecution table, with the judge's bench at my left front, and the rest of the courtroom to my right. Directly behind me came rows of chairs occupied by state witnesses and others.

The second day of the trial, the state had to have more chairs, I surrendered mine to Mrs. Whately, the wife of the late butler and handy man in the Lindbergh home. The county clerk, C. Lloyd Fell, took pity upon me. He swore me in as a deputy clerk and from then on I had an assured place in the courtroom—a point of vantage beyond compare. Flemington people, I have found, are amazingly kind.

From my seat, Bruno Richard Hauptmann sat but ten feet away. I could watch every flicker that passed over his unemotional face, turned a sickly pallor from prison confinement. Between us was the defense table, ringed around by Lawyers Edward J. Reilly of New York, C. Lloyd Fisher, of Flemington, Egbert Rosecrans and Frederick Pope, both from neighboring counties. At the next table

sat the prosecution, the men who were charged with proving that Hauptmann stole and killed the first-born son of Colonel and Mrs. Charles A. Lindbergh. Smart, dapper, Attorney General David T. Wilentz, handling his first really big case; County Prosecutor Anthony Hauck, an ex-AP reporter who covered the Hall-Mills case; Ex-Judge Large of Hunterdon County and deputy attorneys-general. On the same row of chairs on which Hauptmann sat, was Colonel Lindbergh. Perhaps eight feet separated these two men—the one accused of killing the baby of the other.

Directly opposite sat the jury, eight men and four women. All were people typical of the soil. Some of them were farmers. Some were old. Most were middle aged. Two were young. The young ones paid most attention. Two I had caught asleep, or rather, taking cat naps during testimony. But they looked as though they could do a jury's duty.

And as I sat that first day of the trial, January 2, listening to defense and prosecution selecting these jurors, my mind drifted back to that bleak March evening in 1932, when the news that the Lindbergh baby had been kidnaped was flashed to

a horrified and startled world by press and radio.

Then I was on the staff of *The Philadelphia Daily News*. Too, I had a news period for the sheet which I did every day over Station WCAU in Philadelphia. March 2, Columbia Broadcasting System arranged with WCAU to send a complete crew of men to cover the case from Trenton, N. J.

Through the goodness of Col. Schwartzkopf, Superintendent of the New Jersey State Police, we were given one of the offices in state police headquarters in Trenton. It was good that we had that spot. I bless Schwartzkopf for this courtesy to us. For two days after the kidnaping Trenton became the chief outlet of the reliable news of the case. Hopewell was cut off, for the police clamped down on everything right and left and allowed no one inside the Lindbergh estate. The radio crews and news men at Hopewell might just as well have been in Alaska for all the stuff they got from that spot. Still, they stayed on there. Maybe it was the applejack!

But Trenton became the high spot. Whatever releases were made, came from the office of the then Gov. A. Harry Moore, who is now United States Senator. The governor's office was right across the road from the police headquarters—and police heads knew when anything was stirring—so we were what was known as "sitting pretty." It was from this point that I made my first Columbia network broadcast. We must have ruined the office of Major Schoeffel, of the State Police. Equipment lay everywhere. Microphones were perched upon his desk. Typewriters here and papers scattered here and there.

Those were hectic days. For the first seventy hours or so, we hardly slept a wink, and ate "on the run," so to speak. Down the corridor, outside our door, were the NBC and WOR outfits. We all were spying on each other, to see that none beat the other with anything hot.

If we heard footsteps pound hurriedly up the stairs outside, we'd pop out of the door to see who it was and what he was running about. Usually it was a state trooper going up to the teletype room on the top floor, with a message about some stolen automobile. How those state troopers loved their stolen automobiles! (Please turn to page 63)

The Princess Looks

"What would have happened in history if the kings of old could have talked to their subjects as President Roosevelt talks to us?"

Princess Ekaterina Obolensky is the feminine head of one of the oldest and most aristocratic Russian princely houses, descended from Rurik, the first Czar of all the Russias.

In her own right the Princess Obolensky is descended from the Emperor Thrasymund and her family figured prominently in the most colorful episodes of European history, even having mention in the ancient, legendary Olaf Sagas, the Heims-Eringla of the Nordic Kings.

The Princess Ekaterina was born in Nice, France, and she received her education at the home of her natural grandmother, the Baroness Fischer, daughter of a Wurttemberg prince.

Had not war and revolution interfered, the Princess Ekaterina today would be Princess of Bessarabia, for the branch of the Obolensky family to which she belongs wielded hereditary power over that land, given to Roumania at the close of the World War.

The Obolensky palace, at Mogliev, Russia, was designed by the famous Italian architect, Rastralli, who designed the Winter Palace of the Czars at Leningrad, as well as many other famous structures of old Russia. The Obolensky Palace, one of the most beautiful in all Europe, was sacked and burned during the Russian revolution. The Princess Obolensky now resides in New York.

LOOKING back over the years, I am amazed to see the similarity between the whimsical fancies of a little girl in a high walled garden, dreaming of a grown-up world wherein she would one day take her place in the pageantry of a lavish court, surrounded by lords and ladies of high degree, in giving homage to a royal family of breath-taking splendor—and what has actually befallen me in spite of war, revolution and plain everyday living, right here in America—in the wonder realm of radio!

The maddest fantasies of the child, who learned to "kiss the hand and make a reverence" as soon as she could toddle, have all come true!

All the pomp and ceremony, the glamour and enchantment of those far-away days are actualities in this Kingdom of the Ether which stretches around the world and yet is controlled completely by its lowliest subject through a mere twist of his wrist at the dial on his radio!

Kings of jazz, queens of song, lords and ladies of the court, jesters, mumpers and guardsmen, too—all stand eagerly awaiting their subjects' call! Anxious to be present in the tiniest cottage of the farthest hamlet and the most distant farm, just as truly and as sincerely as in the richest mansion of the largest city!

Each and every one of them is possessed of a single desire—just to be worthy of the high place he or she occupies in the hearts of the populace.

This was my greatest surprise in coming to America and going into radio work!

When the first tempting offers came to me, offering a place in radio, I was delighted to have the opportunity of

taking my place in a court just as glamorous as the one I dreamed and planned for as a child!

THIS Kingdom of the Ether is filled with the most charming and delightful people, all so vitally alive and wholesome. They are devoted to their work, and in this court there are no scandals or bitter feuds to mar the wonder of it all.

This is true, I think, because in radio one must be sincere to succeed. Being unseen it is impossible to create a desired impression through the many tricks which help hide artificiality in real life and on the stage. The human voice is such a delicate instrument, so perfectly pitched that the slightest deviation from genuine sincerity brands the poseur for what he really is, and he is unmasked. For this reason, the kings and queens of radio must be sincere. If they are not, their subjects would turn the dial—and that is the radio way of saying, "Off with their heads!"

Seriously speaking, however, I have so often wondered what would have happened in history if the kings of old could have talked to their subjects in the way President Roosevelt speaks to us. How much closer and more personal the relationship between ourselves and our great national family becomes, when we sit down comfortably in our own homes, and listen to the voice of our President telling us—as individuals—just how the welfare of our national family is progressing!



Blomberg, Stockholm

Princess Obolensky, feminine head of one of the oldest Russian houses, is shown at the age of 12, in Swedish national dress.

Good kings would have prospered, and the evil ones would have felt less secure under such conditions.

That kings have come to know the power of radio is proved in so many ways.

The first step the revolutionaries took in Spain was to seize all radio stations, and to broadcast the objective of the revolution and to urge its support!

King George of England speaks often over the radio, and his loyal subjects both at home and abroad eagerly await the sound of his voice.

At the recent wedding of Princess Marina to Prince George of England, the entire ceremony was broadcast.

Here in New York anyone who wished to attend the wedding of a royal prince and princess had only to set the alarm clock for five forty-five on that eventful day!

Need I add that an invitation to a royal wedding is far beyond the reach of the majority of mortals, and yet it was all ours for the asking, so to speak! Indeed, more truly ours than it possibly could have



at Radio

By PRINCESS
EKATERINA OBOLENSKY



Cartoon, Inc.

The Princess Ekaterina Obolensky

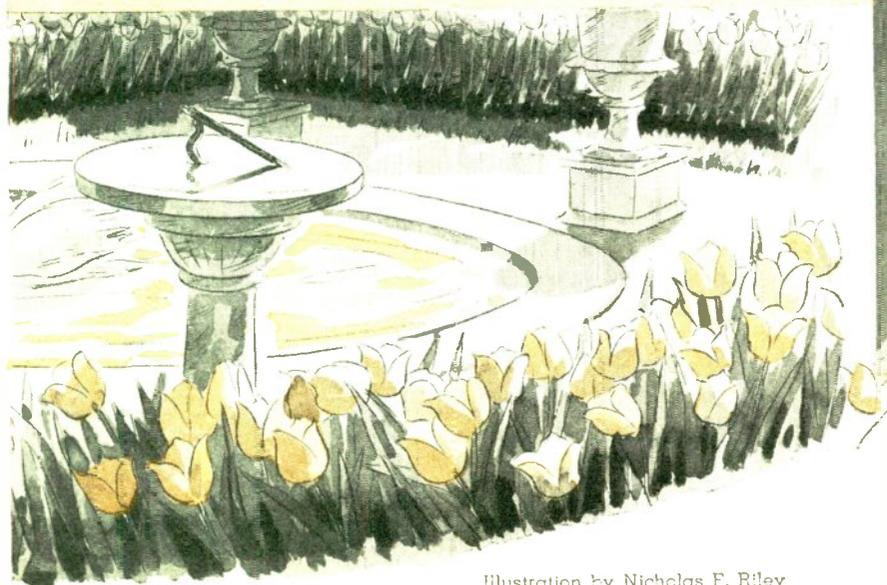


Illustration by Nicholas F. Riley



The Princess Obolensky, at the age of two, in Cavalier guard uniform. At this time the young noblewoman was looking forward to becoming Princess of Bessarabia.

been for the thousands who thronged the streets of London, trying to catch a glimpse or hear the voice of their beloved Prince George and his young bride—and all within the security of our own homes!

In the old court life only a privileged few took part in the festivities. Now, thanks to the magic of the microphone, we all can participate in entertainment more lavish than any known to the combined courts of all history.

When Moliere's comedies were played at Chambord, less than two hundred people could hear them. Today, all of Europe and much of America, listens in when the artists from the Comedie Francaise go on the air with one of the immortal comedies!

I never shall forget my first great moment in radio. It was the broadcast of the Chicago Grand Opera Company's premiere from its new home!

Two hundred miles away, in a little country village, I attended that marvelous first night from my easy chair!

The happy hum of voices, the rustle of nervous programs—I had only to close my eyes in order to believe myself actually there in person!

I did not mind the interruptions of the commentator, reviewing the story of the opera for those to whom it was not familiar. Neither did I find myself scornful of descriptions of the beautiful musical passages to come. The stories of the artists, their costumes and the decor—indeed, the very detailed descriptions of Mrs. Smith's jewels and Mrs. Jones' gown, failed to annoy me—they belonged in the picture. They were all a part of this magical fairyland to which I had suddenly been transported by a mere twist of the dial on my radio!

Had the most glorious aria been followed by the announcement that the So and Such Ham had brought the program to me, I still could have felt nothing but an overwhelming gratitude for the beauty which had come to me, in my little room, merely to tempt my trying the So and Such brand some day at mealtime!

ANOTHER of my great moments in radio was the voice of the late Thomas Edison, breaking with tears of gratitude, as he voiced his appreciation for the honors which were being showered upon him on his golden jubilee. I had never been able to appreciate the great genius of the electrical wizard until I recognized the charming simplicity of a great man weeping with gratitude. I am not ashamed to say that when his voice broke with tears, I also wept.

The Sisters of the Skillet initiated me into the mysteries of humorous housekeeping, and I still follow their advice regarding dust, dark corners and under-the-rug (if you know what I mean):

Ida Bailey Allen taught me how to cook. Clara, Lu and Em brought me a keener appreciation of the countless women who try.

Gustav Haenschen's orchestra, Bertrand Hirsch and his violin, are favorites of mine among the crowned heads of radio.

Here in the United States one hears so much about the "superiority" of European radio, and the joy of programs without the benefit of sponsor, so to speak.

Having known European radio intimately (having waited such a countless number of times for the two o'clock program until three o'clock just because the soprano had the jitters or the tenor came in late) I feel that I must tell the other side of the story.

In Europe, radio has an amazing lack of showmanship and variety. To balance this, there is a wealth of static and station interference. Anywhere on the continent one can hear three or four programs over the same wave length simultaneously—and in many cases, that helps! Of course, it does have its moments, and they are often exquisitely beautiful, but I assure you, they are few and far between.

Here in America one can tune in at any hour of the day or night, in any part of the country, and select (Please turn to page 77)

HOW TO BE A Radio Star

You can also be a sound effects expert in one lesson

Lesson No. 4—Sound Effects and Unsound Effects (How to obtain the effect of closing a door noiselessly, dogs barking up the wrong tree, etc., etc.)

SOUND effects are the cornerstone on which the radio industry is founded! At first glance the student will say that this statement is too radical, at second glimpse he will *know* it is.

But my dear students—I tell you, unequivocally, that I *know* how much sound effects mean to the average radio program, even if I *don't* know what unequivocally means.

Did you ever hear a horse gallop into a radio studio without making any noise? Of course not. *The value of a horse in a radio program is directly proportionate to the amount of clatter its hoofs make!* Put that in your notebooks and forget it.

But did you know that although you may *hear* a horse on the air—*there really is no horse in the studio!* This may be somewhat of a shock to my students but in this course I must necessarily explode some of the beliefs at present held by the radio audience.

I regret to say that the radio moguls have been deceiving the public for years by letting it believe that the hoofs they hear belong to a real horse. But now I am not afraid to come right out in the open and say that it is all done with . . . sound effects! To give a simple illustration of how the effect is achieved, let me describe it.

THE sound effects man (whom we shall call Elmer just to make it easier) fastens two "hoofs" to his two elbows and grasps one in each hand. These hoofs may be of a hard or soft material, hard for walking on paved streets or sidewalks, and soft for walking on turf, dirt or red plush carpets. The hard ones may be coconut shells or wooden blocks, while the soft ones are usually made of rubber, such as pieces of door-mats or cheques which have bounced back.

A large board is then obtained on which the sound effects man lies—six feet long by three feet wide and two inches thick. (These measurements are for the board, not the sound effects man. He is usually *thicker* than two inches.) He then places his "hoofs" on the board and awaits his cue. Most sound effects men have preferences in cues,



By
**RAYMOND
KNIGHT**

Below, an orchestra leader of an early morning music hour, designed to combat worrying about making the 7:48.



Drawings by D. B. Holecomb
Just above is one of those fearless big game hunters relating one of his breathtaking adventures over the radio studio mike.

one can be obtained from any billiard supply store which will satisfy him. When his "cue" arrives he lies perfectly still and does not move, thus allowing no sound to reach the microphone. This sound effect is for a dead horse and is rather a waste of time, but I mention it just to point out to what lengths the sound effects man (Elmer) will go to produce a realistic effect.

It is necessary for the student who wishes to become a radio star to know all about sound effects in order that he may lend verisimilitude* to

*Author's Note: Look it up yourselves. Can I do all the work for you?



How the sound of rain is produced: The Professor (A) pushes milk bottle (B) down stairs (C). It strikes floor and smashes. The page (D) goes out and buys the Professor (A) a cigar. While he is smoking (forbidden in the studios) a man in audience by name of Hector J. Plummer (E) peeks through the keyhole in the sound effects door (F) to see if it works. The page (D) thinks he is a fire inspector and stuffs the cigar into the ash receptacle (G) where it begins to smoke profusely. Sound effects man (H) thinks studio is on fire and starts fire gong (I) ringing and throws open window (J). Microphone (K) picks up the sound of rain outside, if it happens to be raining.

his programs. Suppose you have a place on your broadcast where you are tearing the petals off a rose, saying meanwhile—"He loves me—He loves me not." How much more effective that scene will be if you can actually achieve the effect of tearing off these petals and hearing them drop on the carpet.

Suppose you have a scene where you are a soldier and you are polishing a brass button. How much more effective it will be if there is a sound effect of "Hunhh" as you breathe on the button. Suppose you have—but I could go on for hours

with such illustrations. Suffice it to say, in the words of Alexander Woollcott, "You gotta have sound effects."

It is my purpose in this lecture to illustrate the use of sound effects in radio and to describe how the principal effects are obtained. Here is an excerpt from a typical radio script showing how they appear on paper.

ANNOUNCER: And now we present a little drama from real life.

MARY: Oh John dear, you look so tired tonight.

JOHN: Yes Mary, my head is aching terribly.

(Effect of Headache.)

MARY: I'm not tired and here I am doing all the housework.

(Please turn to page 54)

SHE wouldn't stay in SCHOOL

By
NAN CAMPBELL

BABS RYAN says she knows that the principal of her high school in Kansas City wouldn't be surprised to see her come walking into class tomorrow morning with the announcement, "Well, I've come back. I'll finish school now."

Babs quit school a half dozen times to go into the theatrical business. And every time—but once—she was dragged back by her parents, but once by the principal and, promising to study hard and win a diploma, opened her books again. The last time she ran away she didn't go back. Instead she was shot to fame over the radio and now you hear her voice with the Fred Waring unit on the Ford program.

I know of no girl who has had such unique experiences. And never have I known anyone with such amazing determination to get to the top.

It started back in Kansas City. Babs—and her name was Babs Redwine then—was an excellent pianist. She played for all the school entertainments—and sang, too. Incidentally, her fingers were as fleet on the typewriter keys as they were on the ivories. In a typing contest she worked up a speed of a hundred words a minute—and if you know anything about typewriters you know that is a very good trick.

But Babs wanted to do more than win stenographic contests and play the piano for school and church theatricals. She was determined to make the professional grade.

An advertisement in a Kansas City paper told her that a certain vaudeville unit was looking for a pianist and singer. Babs answered that ad. In a tawdry, smoky little room she found the other members of the unit—a magician (who was also a hypnotist) and a couple of chorus girls. The booker for the unit heard Babs sing and play. "You're okay, girlie. Be ready to start on the road Monday at three." This was on a Wednesday.

Babs' heart was pounding double quick time but she didn't say a word about it at home. She knew how her mother and father would feel. Both her parents are musicians (her mother learned to play almost every instrument through correspondence courses) but she knew their ambition was that she be a concert pianist—and not a member of a cheap traveling unit.

On Monday she waited for her father to go to work (she always did that when she planned to run away) and at one o'clock, just two hours before she must leave, she told her mother about it, adding, "So you see I've not much time in which to get ready. We'll have to work fast and you'll have to help me. Where's my trunk? Where's all my clean underwear?" And before the poor

Babs Ryan has full authority over the Ryan Trio with Waring's band. She, too, is responsible for all their song arrangements.



Barnaba

Babs Ryan fought the world—and won. No sacrifice was too great for success

woman knew it she had been through a whirlwind of packing and her daughter was on a big truck with a magician and a couple of chorus girls going heaven only knew where.

BABS soon learned their destination—or destinations, for they played every tank town in Missouri—one-night stands in ramshackle movie theaters (if you could dignify those shacks with the word "theater") changing costumes behind improvised screens, working on the tiniest of stages

and then all piling into the truck, and bouncing over miserable roads to another wide place in the road.

The magician wanted to hypnotize Babs and let her sleep for a whole day in the store window of one town where they played. But that—Babs thought—was going just a little too far. So one of the chorus girls was hypnotized instead.

When Babs returned from this "tour" she felt that she was a definite part of show business. She must, she told her family, (Please turn to page 59)



Roy Lee Jackson

Jack Benny and Harry Conn, who has worked on the Benny radio scripts since Jack went on the air. Benny is a natural comedian, says Conn. "He knows instinctively how to turn a line so as to get the most out of it. Just a matter of inflection, of accent, will make a line, or kill it. You can't learn that. It was born in Jack."



Without

Want to know the secret of Jack Benny's radio success? It's because his broadcasts are put together at the latest possible moment, with no straining for smoothness. Benny's own gagman explains the comedy formula, the mystery of Benny's nonchalance. It isn't real—for Jack is a champion worrier

By
JOHN SEYMOUR

EVER since Jack Benny has been in radio, harassed sponsors' representatives have been coming to him and saying:

"Listen Jack—it would help a lot if you would let us know just a week in advance—just a week—what you are going to do."

To which Jack would reply with that characteristic bland smile of his:

"Thanks so much and always happy to oblige. But I never know two days in advance what I am going to do."

Whereupon the sponsor would plead:

"But the boys in the control room are going nuts with the uncertainty of it all!"

And Jack would retort:

"If we rehearse, and get the program up in advance the audience will go nuts. Which do you prefer? And incidentally, make mine strawberry."

What can you do with a guy like that except let him go on being a dope and worry along as best you can?

Well, that's just what the sponsors have done.

For years now those Benny programs have been thrown together at the latest possible moment. They sound like it. And therein lies their great charm.

Nothing studied, nothing forced. No straining for effects. All offhand. Easy. Spontaneous and infectious.

They go over the program once, on the morning of the day they broadcast. But you could hardly call it a rehearsal. It is more of a get-together. Don Bestor is drumming dreamily away at the piano. Frank Parker and Don Wilson are over in the corner telling stories. Jack is sort of mumbling at his script. He doesn't function very well in the mornings.

Every few minutes somebody yells:

"Come on! Let's get to work."

Then they all go home.

That night they come back. Jack steps in front of the microphone, waves his unlighted cigar (no smoking in the studio, please), adjusts the knot of his immaculate tie and goes to it.

HE is on the spot and he loves it. Maybe he doesn't know all the answers, but he can think them up as fast as anyone else can talk.

What an easy-going, happy-go-lucky lad he must be, you think, watching him take the ribbing from his troupe, without the flicker of an eyelash.

Then you meet him, you talk with him and you don't know any more than you did before. In fact, not so much. For unless you really know him well, the Jack Benny who is so glib and expansive before an audience shrinks into his shell like a snail when you sprinkle salt on it. He becomes the Great Stone Face in a double-breasted suit. He is affable, genial, but practically tongue-tied when it comes to talking about himself or his work. For he is that rarity among performers a man who is really shy.

I knew then that I would have to go elsewhere if I wanted to get the real lowdown on Jack Benny and what makes him tick. So I went to Harry Conn, ex-gagman, ex-comedian, ex-Broadway sketch writer who had worked with Jack on his material since he got his first radio contract.

Harry has that gleam of sadness in his eye which seems to mark the true humorist. He looks like a successful business man who likes to play the violin and read philosophy. He must be a successful business man for he is perhaps the highest paid material writer in a high-paid business. But he never mentioned the violin or any philosophy except the philosophy of making people laugh, which Harry knows right down to his finger tips.

Benefit of Rehearsal

He pulled a long time on his cigar, trying to think why Jack was so funny. Then he said:

"It's just this. Jack has humor in his bones."

He could have stopped right there and you would have had a pretty good picture of Jack. But he continued:

"He just knows instinctively how to turn a line so as to get the most out of it. Did you ever stop to think how important that is? Just a matter of inflection, of accent, will make a line or kill it. You can't learn that. It's born in you. It was born in Jack."

"You know what Jack's technique is? It is called in the trade, throwing away a laugh. You know, when you're looking at one person and make a crack to another. Or just toss a line over your shoulder in passing. Jack is the greatest guy at throwing away a laugh I've ever seen. Just casual, easy and effortless."

THAT made me wonder whether Jack really was as carefree and easy-going as he seemed. I put it up to Harry.

"Well, he is and he isn't," Harry said. "He'd make you think so, to talk to him. He gives you the impression of being nonchalant. But he never let's you know what's going on in his mind. Jack is really a champion worrier—especially over little things. If you don't see him for a few days, you'll go up to find him, say on a Friday, and chances are he'll be standing in front of the closet door still trying to decide whether he was going to wear his blue necktie or his green one on Tuesday."

clown like that Sunday night after Sunday night without too much difficulty.

THERE is method in the Benny madness, and plenty of it. To begin with, of course, Jack has that priceless gift—humor in his bones. It is a gift that is not so rare in this laughter loving land. But to keep up its spontaneous freshness week in week out before the same audience—there's the trick.

Or rather tricks. For the two men who have made this possible have garnered a whole bag full of them in a long and hard apprenticeship behind the footlights.

You remember Jack Benny, the debonair comedian, tramping up and down the country on the Keith and Orpheum time. It was in those long years that he learned how to "lay a gag," how to get a laugh, how to turn a phrase.

Harry Conn has learned his trade, too, about as thoroughly as anyone in the business. He left school early to go to work as a messenger boy. He got to know a lot of people in show business and finally went on the stage himself as a comedian. Finally he found he could make more money selling material to other people. For years he wrote vaudeville sketches, blackouts for revues, comedy interludes for musical shows.

He came into radio working for Burns and Allen. Nat Burns introduced him to Jack.

"How much do you want to work for me?" Jack asked.

Harry shrugged.

drawing comments, we keep it in, pound away at it. When people don't mention it any more, we know it's dead, we drop it and get a new one."

"Why don't you have just one catchline?"

"Well, you can't think those up. They just happen. Besides, they can get to be a handicap, too. Once you have 'em you can't drop 'em. They keep following you."

"Take a program now. It seems to be sort of carefree hodge-podge of kidding and clowning. Do you just put it on the air the way it happens?"

"No. A program has to be planned and balanced. It has to have the essentials. Otherwise it wouldn't be funny."

"What are the essentials?"

"Two axioms of the theater apply here. One is, 'Get them with you at the start.' That's why we always swing off with some breezy remarks, some by-play between Jack and Mary and Frank or the two Dons.

"The other is 'Always leave them laughing when you say good-bye.' For that reason we always finish off with our sketches like 'The Bennys of Wimpole Street.' We try to make them the smash of the program."

"Why do you do so many burlesques of movies?"

"Because most of our listeners have seen the pictures and know what we're kidding. We have found this—that people everywhere will laugh at the same thing, provided they are familiar with the material. If we kidded a Broadway play for example, it wouldn't be funny to ninety per cent of the people that heard it."

Special photographs for TOWER RADIO by Wide World



"Supposing it gets to be late in the week and no idea has been hatched for the next Sunday's program. Does Benny begin to fret? Does Jack worry about that?"

"Certainly he worries. He worries his head off."

"Then why don't you get the programs up a week in advance and have regular rehearsals and save all that wear and tear?"

He looked startled at the idea.

"It wouldn't work. Not with our stuff. It wouldn't work at all. It would sound stiff and forced and stilted."

"Then it isn't just because Jack finds it hard to get down to work that everything is left until the last minute?"

"Far from it. Maybe it was that way once, in the beginning. But now we've found that it's right for us. We get the best results that way, so we stick to our method of working even though the sponsors sometimes think we're slightly nuts."

Slowly it began to come out—the secret behind the carefree, easy swing of the Benny broadcasts. And it sounded pretty discouraging for you local wags who keep your friends in stitches and perhaps feel that you too could certainly get up there and

"I'll be a dollar a year man until you see what I can do."

He is a good many thousand times a dollar a year man now. And the purely business partnership has developed into a firm friendship.

I wanted to know what some of these tricks were that they had blended so skilfully into their programs.

"Well, gags, for one thing."

"But your comedy is mostly situation stuff."

"Nevertheless a gag has its place. A gag for its own sake is no good any more. They're used too many times over and over again. But—use a gag to lead into a situation—don't just let it lay there. Then it has value."

He puffed at his cigar for a moment.

"Then catchlines."

"Like 'Wanna Buy a Duck?' But you don't have any."

"No. Not one. But dozens of 'em. Such as 'Jake sent me' or 'D'yuh he-e-ar me?' You learn in the theater that repetition has a certain laugh value. We watch our mail. If the line is clicking,



Jackson

Harry Conn, at left, and above a series of Benny-Conn pictures at a radio rehearsal. Benny won't work out his sketches more than a day or two ahead of time. He is afraid they will sound forced, grow stale. That is the secret of the easy swing of the Benny broadcasts.

"Then there is the matter of balance and timing, and the music, Frank Parker's singing or Bestor's orchestra, for contrast.

BUILDING a program is just like writing a story. No man can just sit down and start to write stories and have them good. He has to learn how to construct a story, the technique and all. It takes years. And it takes a long time to learn how to construct a radio program so as to make it effective. Sometimes we do it in a hurry now. But we always do it. Otherwise it wouldn't be funny."

"Is that why your pro- (Please turn to page 71)



Below, Benny Goodman, maestro of one of the three Let's Dance bands. Extreme left, Carmen Castillo and left, Helen Ward, both Let's Dance soloists.



ROLL up the RUGS

ONE thing you learn in the radio business is that if you offer a really big idea to a really big client—he'll take it. This is the story of such an idea, such a client, and a program that smashed more precedents and broke more records than any other program in recent radio history.

Let's Dance! The very words contain an invitation, an idea, a point of departure. From this spinning, challenging start, there developed the longest commercial program in radio history; the first sponsored program ever broadcast after 11 p. m.; the first program that ever set out to provide entertainment for an entire evening; the program that the entire radio world agrees in calling the most striking innovation of the 1934-35 radio season.

Would you like to see how it was done? Would you like to follow the building of this program, step by step; see how obstacles were met, difficulties overcome, until there emerged a shining, three hour success? Come along then, while we penetrate to some of the genuine inner circles of radio and get a chance to look at what makes the wheels go 'round.

One difficulty you have to meet at the very start. The season of 1934-35 is the year of radio's emerging from the depression. Business curves start upward again, broadcasting time on the major networks sells like hot cakes, and, after November first, if you are looking for one of the preferred evening hours for your program, there just isn't any to be had.

It is now up to you to create a favorable broadcasting hour. Right there is where the builders of the Let's Dance program

made their most basic and smartest move. Saturday night is generally regarded as the orphan among broadcasting nights. It's a bad night for radio, say the wiseacres, because people are either giving or attending parties.

All right, let's make it a radio party! Let's give the kind of music, and *enough* of the kind of music so that you can genuinely build a party around the radio. Obviously, dance music is the best party music. If you want to dance, there it is—sparkling, inviting, toe-tapping music for

dancing. If you don't want to dance, what could be better background music for your party than the lilting melodies, vocal choruses, and light-hearted rhythms of smooth, modern dance bands?

All right, dance music it is—but who wants music that goes on for fifteen minutes, or a half hour, or even an hour, and then stops? Why, the party is just getting started! You can count the full hour programs in radio almost on the fingers of one hand. Sponsors shy away from them because they are too expensive; yet even if you had one of those big, blunderbuss, full-hour programs you would still be far short of the goal.

Right here is where we shoot the works. We'll make it a three hour program! Doesn't the very idea take your breath away? The biggest thing in radio is a full hour program; there are very few of them; and now comes a *three* hour program!

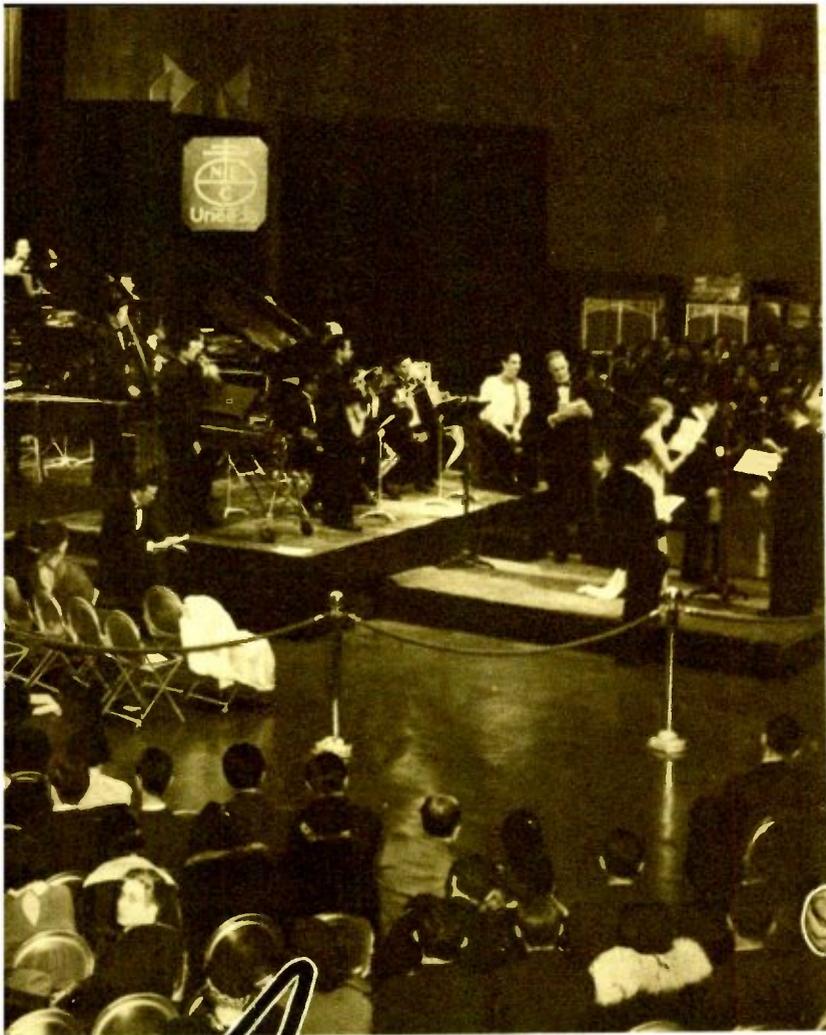
Below, Announcers Howard Petrie and George Hicks. No one man could handle a program running five hours but Petrie and Hicks do a spirited job.

Special Photographs for TOWER RADIO by Wide World



Above, Soloist Connie Gates; left, Frank McMahon, director of program and an outstanding air show builder.





Left, the big NBC studio in Radio City, where the Let's Dance program originates. Due to difference in time across America, the bands play for five consecutive hours for East and West.

Right, Xavier Cugat, tango specialist of Let's Dance hours. Cugat made his first hit in Los Angeles and was summoned East. Carmen Castillo (across the page) is Mrs. Cugat.

Kel Murray, below, long with Horlick's Gypsies, now conducts his own orchestra.



The Men About Town contribute their fine voices to Let's Dance. You know the singers as Frank Luther, Jack Parker and Phil Duey. Could any program have better male voices?

America

Not only is the Let's Dance three hour entertainment radio's longest single commercial program but it is a genuine air party for the whole nation

By TOM CARSKADON

We're in too deep to stop now. A normal coast-to-coast coverage on the National Broadcasting Company's senior chain, the WEA or red network, is about forty stations. We'll take all of those, and as many more as they can hook in for us. When the round-up is completed we have fifty-four stations in the hook-up, and we are ready to blanket the entire United States from the rock-ribbed shores of Maine to the balmy sands of California.

We are now taking in quite a portion of the earth's surface. Four different time zones are included in this sweep across the United States—Eastern, Central, Mountain and Pacific time—and if we are to send a full three hours of music to each of those zones, we have to play five hours of music in the originating studio in New York. You see, 10:30 p. m. in New York is only 7:30 in California. That's much too early to start a dancing party, and the Pacific coast doesn't join the network until the Atlantic coast is almost finished. We keep on playing, however, and long after Father Knickerbocker's children are tucked in bed we are still sending tantalizing rhythms pulsating across to care-free couples on the coast.

WHEW, that's a large order! We are sending out three hours of dance music in each time zone—10:30 to 1:30 in the Eastern zone; 9:30 to 12:30 in the Central zone; 10:00 to 1:00 in the Mountain zone; and 9:30 to 12:30 in the Pacific zone.

It will take a five hour stretch of playing in New York to do it; it will cost more money than was ever spent for regular weekly broadcasting time in the history of radio; it will require the highest showmanship and musicianship that radio can produce—but when we get through we'll have a program! We'll have a program to set the entire nation dancing!

Such is the route along which the Let's Dance program was evolved by a New York advertising agency, and we follow them now to the crucial point of bringing program and sponsor together. The National Biscuit Company is a very large, very successful, and very conservative firm; a leader in American business. Recently the company had asked the advertising agency to map out a complete advertising campaign, and to include radio if it was thought wise, and if a suitable

program idea could be found.

The idea was found. It was in many ways the most original, the most sweeping, and certainly the largest in its broadcasting scope, of any program idea in the history of radio. It might well take the breath of any prospective sponsor. There were able minds on both sides of that conference table—agency and company—and in exactly two weeks the contracts were signed for the longest commercial program ever put on the air.

It was now up to the agency to transform a corking idea into radio reality. Five hours of dance music at a single stretch—a dancing party for the whole country. Saturday night would become the gala party night of radio—but it was a man-sized job to fill in that program.

Let Joseph Bonime, noted orchestra conductor who is director of music for the radio department of the McCann-Erickson advertising agency in New York, tell you how it was (*Please turn to page 60*)



Jack Pearl

RETURNS



Special Photographs for TOWER RADIO by Wide World



Puns no longer do, so the comedian sets out to mingle philosophy and tears with his laughs, "to help people face life's problems" • **By JOHN OWENS**

THERE is one fear which haunts the dreams of every comedian in radio—"What shall I do when the jokes give out? What will happen to me if the public ever gets tired of hearing just one 'gag' after another?"

It remained for Jack Pearl to find a brilliant solution for this dilemma. For two or three years now, the Broadway comedians have been the brightest individual stars of radio. Their reign has been more extensive than that of the crooners, who immediately preceded them, and insiders are now asking how much longer can the comedians last.

Tune in on a Columbia Broadcasting System station on Wednesday nights at ten and you will find an answer. You remember laughing uproariously over Baron Munchausen, with his trick accent and the tall tales he was always telling the unbelieving "Sharlie." You will find this same pair on the Wednesday night program—that is, you will find Jack Pearl leading the program and Cliff Hall assisting him, as of old, but there is a tremendous difference in their material.

"What we are trying to do in the new series," says Jack Pearl, "is to bring in some human interest and heart appeal. After all, anyone can get tired of just hearing joke after joke, but the things that touch the heart are eternal. Humor is a welcome and blessed thing, and we are keeping in a large element of comedy, but we are combining this with some

pathos and human interest situations."

These may sound like rather serious words from a comedian, but offstage, Jack Pearl is a very sincere and a very earnest man. He honestly tries to keep faith with his listeners, to grow and develop in his work. He is the exact opposite of the loud talking, boastful, show-offy kind of man that most people—often with justice—regard as a typical Broadway comedian.

Pearl really means it when he says he wants to toss in a bit of philosophy now and then to help people face life's problems. He likes to think that his programs may contribute a little laughter and encouragement and make the heart glad. That's half the fun of working on the radio—the opportunity to spread good cheer to so many millions of listeners.

LEST this give you the impression that Jack Pearl has become one of those solemn philosophers of the air, kindly bend an ear to your radio. Here comes that familiar "Cherman" accent—the accent with a bubble in it, as someone once said. It is Jack Pearl, and he is asserting stoutly that "Gheorge Vashington used to be in the opera 'Faust.'" Cliff Hall refuses to believe any such tale about the Father of his Country. "But he was in 'Faust,'" Jack Pearl protests. "He was 'Faust' in war, Faust in peace, and Faust in the hearts of his country-



Jack Pearl is back on the air as Peter Pfeiffer, proprietor of a hotel in a small American city. It isn't any particular city—it is your town and my town. Pearl is reunited with Cliff Hall.

men." Okay. Everything is back to normal now. Jack Pearl is in form again!

The new program is called "The Affairs of Peter Pfeiffer." Jack plays the role of Peter, proprietor of a hotel in a small American city. It is not any particular city—it is your town and my town, and we certainly can recognize the characters that run in and out of Peter Pfeiffer's hotel lobby.

Peter Pfeiffer doesn't make much money, but he has a lot of fun. He is always ready to help out someone in distress, and if the going is a little hard, and the hotel bill can't be paid, Peter says let it go for a while until times are better. Meanwhile he manhandles the English language almost beyond recognition, and his adventures in running his hotel are quite comical.

His pet enthusiasm is his singing class. When Peter stands before his class and announces a song, and then says, "One . . . two . . . give" he is almost certain to get a chuckle from any listener. Already that expression (*Please turn to page 65*)

And Not A

Kick

As first feminine radio staff announcer, Elsie Janis has overcome prejudice against women on the air

By

DOROTHY ANN BLANK

THE movies used to move celebrities around like chessmen. No actor, dancer, singer, author or artist was so inaccessible that Hollywood could not reach out golden fingers to lure him into her parlor, twenty bedrooms and sunken bathtub. Sooner or later, all big names appeared on celluloid in one medium or another. It was the greatest show on earth, and nobody thought there would ever be anything else like it.

Then radio started putting on a show. Radio's "angel," as they say in show business, was and is advertising—and a good angel it is. Advertising has planted a pot of gold at the top of every microphone. And now radio is pulling the strings that operate the biggest puppet show—yanking people of importance around to the tune of Mr. and Mrs. Sponsor's whim, and often stealing from right under the movies' nose. As a result, a lot of really great people are unexpectedly taking the air. You never know whom you'll hear next on the networks.

Just for instance, there's a new announcer at NBC—a couple of months new, anyway. She's a great person. We're not so sure she isn't a lot of great people. She's the first woman staff announcer. She works on the same erratic schedule that any staff announcer does; she doesn't know today when she will be on tomorrow, or to what programs she may be assigned. Her name is Elsie Janis.

She never did anything like it in her life before, and she's crazy about it. She thinks she must be doing all right, because a lot of the letters that have come in have been written by people who don't even know she has a big name—folks who think she's just "the first woman radio announcer." Even these people think she is good. That's what pleases her most. She wants to be liked because she is doing a good job, not for something she used to be. Not because she was "The Sweetheart of the A.E.F.," but because they really like her radio voice and her air personality. She seems actually to be surprised that there haven't been any kicks!

And that is only one of the reasons that Elsie Janis is a great girl. For she is a great girl, even if she is over forty—just as she was at ten, and as she will be at seventy. Ask the rest of the announcing staff at NBC. Ask any page boy—or ask John Barrymore, or Douglas Fairbanks, or Mary Pickford, or Maurice Chevalier or any of her other celebrated friends.

Ask any of the people who lived at the Algonquin Hotel in New York when Elsie and her mother did, years ago—they all remember the gay, lovely child she was, with a gift for mimicry and entertainment which has never been equaled, and a rare talent for friendliness. Ask any person who has ever come in contact with Elsie Janis—he'll probably say the same thing, in much the same words: "She's a great girl."

IT is a panic to see her charging around the NBC studios, these days. She could take the job easily if she wanted to, or if she would. But she has always done everything she wanted to do hard



Photo taken specially for TOWER RADIO by Wide World

With a long career of stage, screen, vaudeville and entertaining doughboys under shell fire, Elsie Janis blazes the trail for women in radio announcing. As in everything that has gone before, her every energy now is concentrated on the air.

—and well. Right now it is radio she likes better than she does anything else. She wouldn't do it if she didn't.

She is the youngest person in that great RCA Building. There's a spring in her step, a gleam in her hazel eyes, a challenge in her trim, colorful figure which show that she goes for life and work in a big way. If she has a secret of success, it's that.

Only a swift review of what Elsie Janis has done to add to the gayety of nations should be necessary. Her childhood was unique and, in a way, difficult. She waited for love longer than any woman should. She has seen the tragedy of war, perhaps closer up than most women. But she has had a great time through it all.

SHE was born in Columbus, Ohio. Not long ago, when Bob Ripley was regaling her with a few choice "believe-it-or-nots," she retorted: "Huh, that's nothing—my name is really Elsie Bierbower." And it is. She practically leaped from the cradle onto the stage; as Little Willie she played in that famous old tear-jerker, "East Lynne," at the age of five. Her mother approved. Her father was against it.

But Elsie Janis' mother, too, was a great girl. Her name was Jennie Bierbower, and she was as ambitious as her daughter is today. She managed and

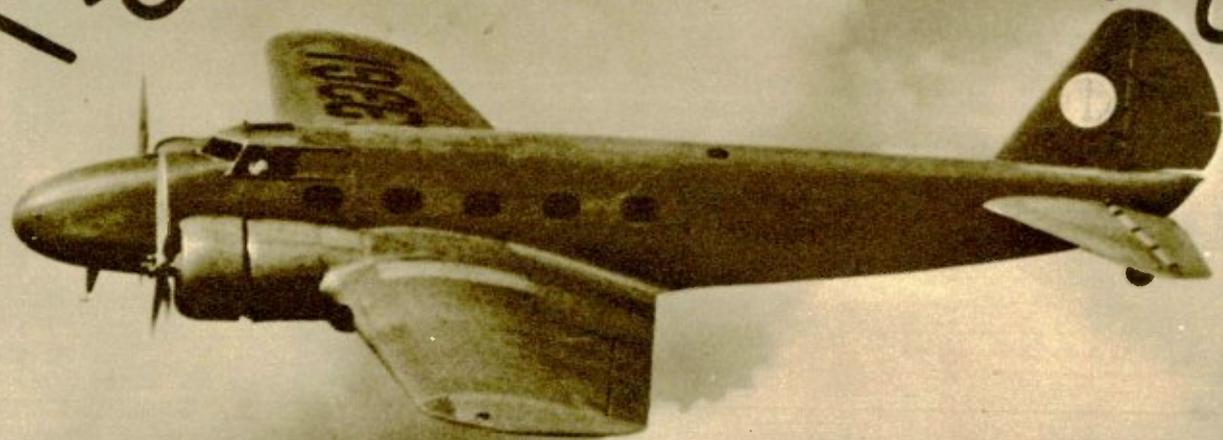
directed the career that went around the world. And when Papa Bierbower, who was a nifty but also a drifty, put his foot down and said his little girl could not follow the Primrose Path (which was what they called show business in those days), Jennie kissed him and said good-bye. (People got divorces then too, but not quite so often.)

Jennie had the courage of her convictions. It is an index to her sterling character that when she and Elsie left the old manse in Columbus they carried a letter of endorsement from their pastor, stating that they were good Christian people. With it, she knew her daughter could scoff at the dangers of the Primrose Path.

Jennie knew where they were going. The McKinley family had a lease on the White House at the time, and Jennie had known Mrs. McKinley when she was the Governor's Lady in Ohio. She and Elsie went straight to Washington so that Elsie might run through her numbers for the President and his wife. President McKinley kissed Elsie on the brow when she sang "Break the News to Mother." Both he and his wife said she was a great girl and that she ought to be on the stage. That settled it.

It wasn't long after that, because Jennie was a great manager. She arranged for a week's trial performance for Elsie in Buffalo—with the understanding that if her (Please turn to page 58)

Ride the Sky



WITH SAFETY!



United Air Lines

Radio again becomes an invaluable ally of human progress by taking the danger out of flying

By LIEUT. MYRON EDDY

Author of "Aircraft Radio" and "How to Become an Amateur Radio Operator"

Manned by two pilots, this United Air Lines' transport plane rides in safety. Here you see the pilots seated in the flying compartment, with controls, instruments and radio.

United Air Lines

WHEN Charles Lindbergh flew the Atlantic he flew alone. Then he married Anne. When he flew the Pacific two years later she wanted to go with him. He wanted to take her but his plane was a two-place job and he had installed a radio set in the rear cockpit. He needed a radio operator back there to keep him informed of dangerous weather ahead. His wife studied, passed the government examination and secured a radio telegraph operator's license. Then they took off.

When they landed in Japan he said, "Radio is the coming thing in aviation." He could see that. Radio had made his flight safe. That is what radio in aviation does: makes *your* flight safe.

When you board a transport plane—no matter what your destination—radio rides with you to keep you safe. The pilot has two receivers, each for a special purpose. One keeps him on his course, the other tells him of the weather on this course. He has a transmitter also and if he wishes information as to weather or fields off his course he asks for it and gets it.

The government has made this possible. Recognizing bad weather as the arch enemy of the airman, the Bureau of Air Commerce has built a net of weather broadcast stations beneath his speeding

wings; has spanned our country from coast to coast and from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico with government radio beacon transmitting stations that point a beckoning finger of sound along each airway. These course beacons slice the air with radio signals projected in one direction only—along a wedge-shaped flight lane whose tip is at the radio beacon station and whose greatest width—about four miles—is a hundred miles or so away.

Both private flyers and transport pilots daily, hourly, wing their way from one radio beacon station to the next, merely by so ruddering that the signals from these stations remain audible in their head phones. Hearing the letter A in radio telegraph code, (dot-dash) as he takes off, a pilot knows he is flying along the right-hand side of an airway. If it fades he knows that he is being blown off his course to his right and so he rudders left, back onto his course. If the signal changes to T he knows he is in the center of the airway: that he has moved sidewise to the left. If he should allow the plane to drift farther left he would hear N, (dash-dot), warning him that he is flying head-on toward air traffic from the other direction. Automatic senders at radio beacon transmitting stations transmit these signals twenty-four hours every day, all along the various paths leading from city to city throughout the United States.

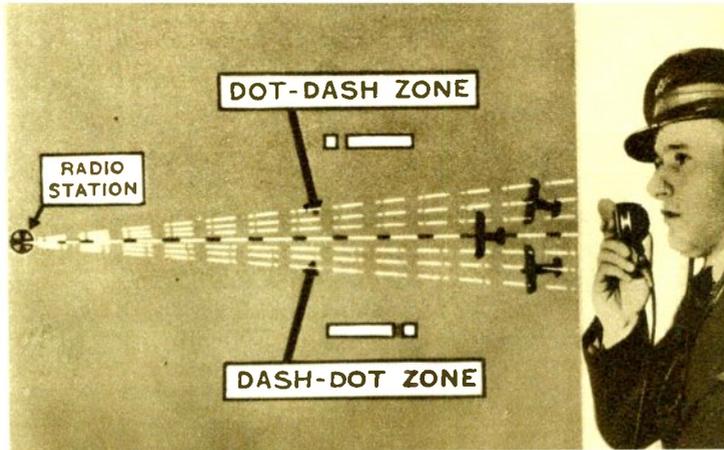
Quite recently an obstruction marker beacon, differing in its purpose from the course beacon, has

been perfected. It effectively prevents aviators from flying into obstructions they cannot see. These new type safety beacons are to be installed on the tops of the higher buildings, smokestacks and radio towers that dot the countryside on and off the charted airways. They will continuously send out a distinctive single letter in radio telegraph code in all directions for about ten miles at a level *below their own height*. This letter will be heard in the head phones of any pilot carrying a course radio beacon receiver if he is flying toward the obstruction low enough to strike it. In that case he will have plenty of time to climb or turn clear and as soon as he flies clear of the danger zone the warning signals will cease.

TRANSPORT planes and private flyers are both equally welcome to the use of these three radio facilities. In fact, the government ground stations render many additional services free of charge. You may take off from your home town at any hour of the day or night and as long as you follow a charted main line airway, there will be station attendants all along your way who will report back to your home and ahead to your destination when you pass by overhead. All the flyer has to do before the flight is announce his route and destination and ask for "plane over" reports. These reports are passed along beneath him on a teletype circuit even if the pilot carries no radio, provided the license number of the plane can be seen at the station as it passes over.

Most private pilots, however, carry at least a receiver. It pays them to do this for then they are able to hear the radio telegraph A and N course-guidance signals as long as they stick to the airways. These signals are heard continuously except during the brief periods when voice comes in telling of weather along the way. If they fly dangerously low in approaching unseen obstructions the same receiver will make audible to them the obstruction beacon warning. No license is required for a receiver.

The transport (passenger) plane must carry both receiver and transmitter and is licensed as a mobile radio station. It must carry a licensed radio operator. Usually both pilot and co-pilot are licensed radio telephone operators and work the radio set alternately. While one listens to the radio beacon and flies the radio-beacon course, the other talks to his company's plane dispatchers at the ground stations on pre-arranged schedules. The dispatchers also call him by voice at any time circumstances make this advisable. In this way one pilot may also warn another behind him on the air course of dirty weather being battled. In a case like this the dispatcher can usually suggest a diverted course or a desirable landing field. In every case the passenger is protected against overzealousness on the part of the pilot to "get through in spite of hell." A storm always looks worse to a passenger than it does to a good pilot; therefore radio orders are often sent which keep a plane out of sight of a storm even when it is not considered dangerous.



This illustration, prepared by United Air Lines, illustrates the directive radio beacon service and how the code signals reach the pilot.

You may tune in on the conversation of airmen if your set will get down to a little below 100 meters. Any short wave set will do this and most all-wave sets.

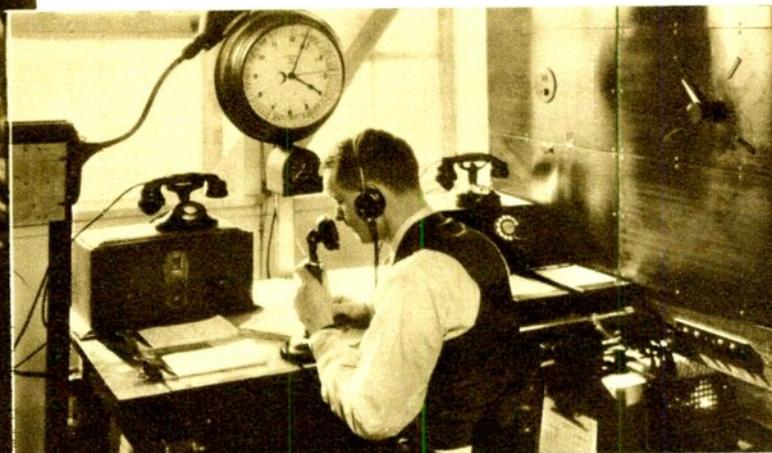
THE value of this airways radio system of course-guidance and weather information was sharply accentuated when the Army had to fly the mail not long ago without planes equipped to utilize its advantages. Its value has been much augmented during the past two years by the interlinked systems of radio communication established by the air line companies themselves. Company stations are now maintained for plane dispatching at all important fields. Urgent messages can be delivered to passengers in flight, non-scheduled intermediate stops can be cancelled if the weather or field there gets bad. If his engines develop trouble in flight

the pilot can request that a plane start out to meet him at a designated emergency field. In short, transport planes equipped with two-way radio communication are constantly safeguarded against the unexpected contingency.

In the case of Pan-American and other cross-water flights the need for radio aboard the plane is even greater than when flying the civil airways. This company uses radio telegraph sets for both plane dispatching and weather warning messages. It maintains its own ground weather observation and radio stations and its planes carry a licensed radio telegraph operator in addition to the pilots. Radiophone is used by the pilots while close to landing fields. As an invaluable aid to accurate navigation a radio compass is also installed aboard each plane so that a pilot can fly straight to any landing field having a transmitter which he can hear. The Navy also uses this homing method of navigation on seaplane flights.

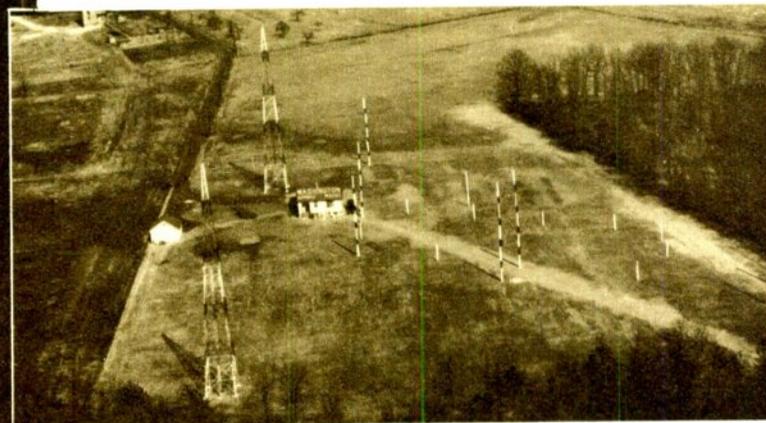
The importance of radio to the flyer is sharply brought out whenever a plane hops off on a long distance over-water flight. The rescue of Commander John Rogers after more than ten days "down at sea" in his flight from California to Hawaii was only possible because he carried radio. Known as one of the best and most experienced air navigators in the Navy he confessed that his navigation had been at fault on this flight and insisted that his radio operator saved the lives of himself and crew. When the giant DO-X arrived in New York the radio (*Please turn to page 66*)

Pan American Airways



United Air Lines

Above, United Air Lines ground radio telephone station. Left, radio operators aboard one of Pan-American's great "clipper ships." Constant two-way communication is maintained between all Pan-American airliners in flight and radio weather stations.



Aeronautical Chamber of Commerce of America

A typical airways radio weather communications station which collects weather information from points along the way and disseminates it by means of radio telephone to airmen in flight.

WHITE JAZZ

IN Paris where hot American recordings shatter the Sabbath air with applauded regularity Casa Loma is the most popular dance orchestra. In Holland which is a country gone jazz mad, people collect Casa Loma recordings like bibliophiles. In Denmark illustrated magazine articles give evidence that the band possesses all rights to far-spread fame including the Scandinavian. Throughout England, Australia, and America natives understand its precisely rhythmical arrangements and appreciate the imagination involved.

Really, Casa Loma is more than an orchestra. It is one of the world's better businesses with corporation stock that has increased tenfold in value during the past twelve months. It would be a great buy for the astute investor if any of the fifteen stockholders who answer to such names as Pee Wee, Horse, Spike, Kenny and Corky would be willing to part with their shares. But they won't. They're having too much fun they say.

When, in 1930, fifteen men organized a cooperative dance orchestra based on the venerable French tenet of liberty, equality and fraternity a loud horse laugh rose up from the many maestros who still relied on their hired tootlers to keep the nation foot-happy. Someone had to be a Simon Legree they pointed out.

But the Casa Loma stockholders couldn't see it that way. Every man was to have an equal say in the management. Because of this they would be able to play the way they wanted to rather than the way some leader said they must. They made certain decisions.

There would be no more loose "hot" solos with their inaccurate blasts. No more funny hats and comedy props to put a number over. Instead they would attempt distinctive arrangements every bit as difficult as their individual technique permitted. Then if the public turned thumbs down, fellow musicians would at least approve. For this was what Casa Loma had decided to be—a musicians' band.

The result is that Casa Loma now has a recognizable style all its own. Some folks call it negroid because of its swing and frequent flares of brass sounded against racing saxophones. It is not unusual for the day's mail to bring in a string of letters containing compliments for this orchestra that "so distinguishes the colored race."

As a matter of musical knowledge Casa Loma's arrangements are better than most negro arrangements, for where the colored arranger will leave sixteen measures of the score vacant for a hot trumpet solo, Casa Loma's man, Gene Gifford, will have every note set down on paper, hot or straight so that the number may always be played the same. This makes for cleaner work.

When not on the road the band broadcasts and records. Its records are known the world over, particularly such specialties as the weird "Casa Loma Stomp," "Black Jazz," "White Jazz," all numbers written especially for Casa Loma and arranged to its own style. It is these tunes that record collectors abroad particularly cherish.

THE composing genius of the organization is Gene Gifford, whose thick-lensed glasses and rapidly diminishing hair give him the air of a tired broker. No prima donna, Gifford goes about making his arrangements during the evening hours when the band is playing its regular session. He works just as long as the others. Because he was once its banjo player as well as arranger, he is thoroughly cognizant of the technical ability of each man. Favorite among all



Glen Gray started on a piccolo at an early age, graduated to a saxophone at thirteen and has become president of the only cooperative band in the country. He is responsible for much of the success of the Casa Loma Orchestra.

■ ■

Glen Gray's Casa Loma orchestra is the first to combine the rhythm of the negro with the suavity of the white man. And its reputation is world wide

By
JERRY ALAN DANZIG

Special Photographs for Tower Radio by Wide World



Kenny Sargeant is considered the heart interest of the group. To him are given the choruses of romantic songs. Here he is shown broadcasting.

Although Mel Jenssen, violin player, leads the Casa Loma boys, "Spike" Gray decides on the numbers to be played.

the tunes he has either written or arranged, is an intricate version of Jerome Kern's "Old Man River."

"Listen to that number," he will say with embarrassed pride in his voice when it is played. "It took a week to arrange and just a half hour to rehearse." If then you look startled at the virtuosity of a band that can master so complicated a number in half an hour he will beam delightedly at your amazement and go on to explain that it really required four weeks before every phrase was precise and clean.

That is the way the group works. They play a number over, iron out the rough passages until they are proficient, then they just keep playing it night after night until suddenly it begins to click. In their vocabulary the word click indicates the precise point at which the sound of the individual instrument fuses into that of the ensemble.

Of the fifteen stockholders in a corporation only thirteen are active in the orchestra. The fourteenth is arranger Gifford while the fifteenth is non-musician "Corky" O'Keefe, manager and watchman of the financial destinies of the organization. Young, ambitious and a hustler, O'Keefe has been a stockholder from the pioneer days.

One man only—the lad who took Gifford's place as banjo player—does not own stock. He has been with the band a year, a period not long enough to entitle him to consideration as a shareholder. Once he has passed the period of probation he will be brought up for vote.

In addition to voting on new members, the corporation determines what dividends shall be paid and makes decisions on matters of discipline. There are certain regulations that are costly to violate.

If a man is late for work without a plausible excuse he is fined \$25. Up until prohibition was repealed a member taking a drink on the job was fined \$75 but recently the rule has been relaxed to the degree where drinking is now tolerated until it interferes with a man's performance, a nebulous point determined by popular vote.

ALTHOUGH according to its rights the corporation may decide anything it chooses to, matters of policy are generally referred to Glen Gray, better known to his partners as "Spike."

Elected president of the corporation at the time of its formation, Gray's name is now used on all advertising for the purpose of commercial exploitation of the band. Too many people were confused by the sole tag "Casa Loma." Besides his six foot one, Spike's smile is a business asset to be reckoned with when it appears on posters.

Although Mel Jenssen the violin player does the

actual conducting since it would be awkward for Gray, a saxophone player, to stand in front of the orchestra, it is "Spike" who has the say as to what numbers are to be played and when. Because his soft-spoken, quiet dignity indicates a dominant personality Gray will continue to be the respected president of the corporation as long as he desires.

Too, he knows his job, having been a musician ever since 1903, the year a wee babe, later christened Glen Gray Knoblauch, was born the son of a talented violinist. When the child was no more than a year old his father died and ever since early boyhood "Spike" has been looking out for himself.

But not until one evening brought Fred Stone's "Tip Top," featuring the Six Brown Brothers, a saxophone octet, to the little town of Metamora, Illinois, did the Knoblauch boy have musical ambitions. From his seat in the "peanut gallery" young Mr. Knoblauch watched and absorbed every note. He was fascinated more by the music than Mr. Stone's amusing antics.

So it was not surprising that when the Brown Brothers packed up their horns and left town

They Share Alike

Glen Gray's Casa Loma orchestra is more than a dance band. It is one of the world's better businesses with corporation stock that has increased tenfold in value in a single year. But you can't buy the stock. It's owned by the thirteen members of the orchestra, plus two others.

Gene Gifford, once the banjo player, is the composer-arranger of the orchestra. He is one of the two non-playing stockholders. The other is "Corky" O'Keefe, the manager.

Mel Jenssen does the actual conducting, although the band bears the name of Glen Gray, the sax player and president of the cooperative band.

"Spike" started to look about for an instrument to toy with. He found a piccolo and conscientiously set about mastering its shrill notes until his efforts were finally rewarded. Just thirteen and attired in a gold braided uniform, "Spike" made his first professional appearance in the town concert band and it was a miracle that the buttons did not pop from his coat as he blew with pride. Until the corporation set about startling the musical world in 1930, this was his greatest thrill in life.

Not only has Glen Gray been the popular guide of Casa Loma but the conception of a musical corporation was his. It came one dark night four years ago when three cars, loaded with musicians, skidded one after another off the icy road on the way from Altoona, Pa., to Detroit. The band then under the aegis of a central booking office in Detroit, was scheduled to appear in that city the following evening.

Disgusted by the thoughtlessness of such a booking, by the biting cold, and finally by the four-mile walk to the nearest station after their cars had sunk into the snow-covered ditch, the gang talked things over on the train that eventually bore them to their destination.

It was then that "Spike" suggested striking off all binding ties and hitting the road once more as a "musicians' band." Papers were drawn up. For a name this group received permission from their former employers to retain the old title of Casa Loma. Actually the name is not Spanish as it sounds but a hangover from the time the old band once played in a Toronto hotel, originally built as a palace for the King and Queen of England by Sir Henry Pellet. When the visit of their royal majesties failed to materialize the place became known as the Casa Loma Hotel and the orchestra playing in its ballroom adopted the title.

A few weeks after the emancipation proclamation the band managed to find a booking near New York and at the first opportunity Glen Gray, acting as spokesman, dropped into the office of "Corky" O'Keefe, an old friend and adviser. Glowingly, "Spike" outlined the plan of the new organization and waited nervously for "Corky's" reaction.

"I'm all for it," said Mr. O'Keefe with fine perspicacity, "let's start now." Then began a hectic session on the road. This time though, under the leadership of "Spike" and the managership of Mr. O'Keefe things were different—the spark began to burn.

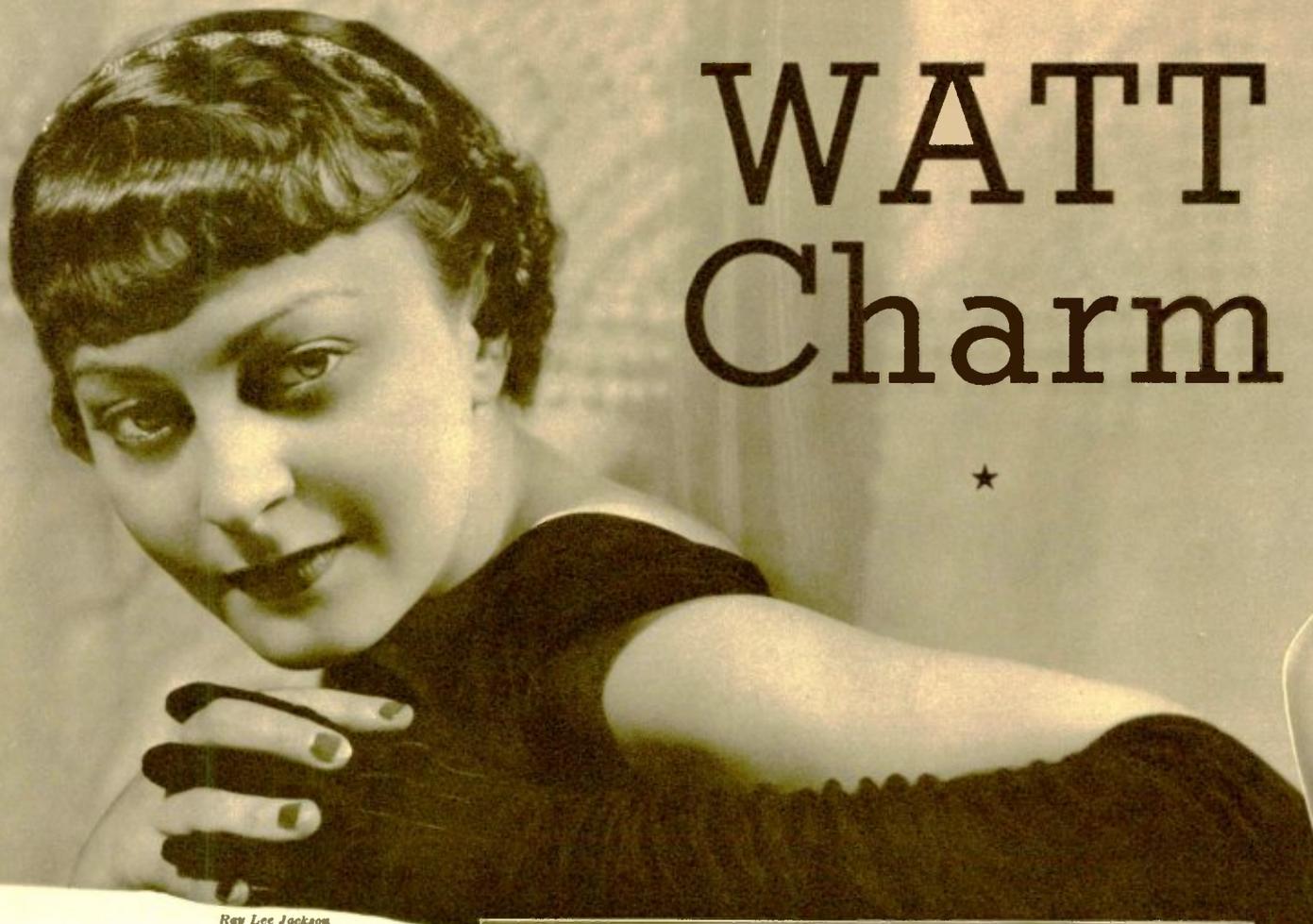
With more enthusiasm than confidence the grand tour set out. They would show the country, the stockholders said. They would present music in a manner truly different. The wise lads listened and shook their heads.

Into reconditioned cars (Please turn to page 70)

WATT Charm

Radio is fast gathering beauty and Helen Ward, below, is a good reason for television. At present she is hidden behind the mike of "Let's Dance."

Ben Pinchot



Ray Lee Jackson

The contralto voice of Peg La Centra, above, is heard with Ray Heatherton on NBC, Sundays.



Left, Harriet Hilliard who, with Ozzie Nelson, holds an important place with Joe Penner on NBC, as well as charming listeners over CBS.

★

Donnie Boone, far left, carrying on the pioneering spirit of her great-great-grandfather, Daniel Boone, recently made her radio debut in "Forty-five Minutes in Hollywood."



Eleanor Bowers has just made her radio debut—and on that important afternoon program over CBS, Kate Smith's Matinee Hour.



Joseph Melvin McElliott

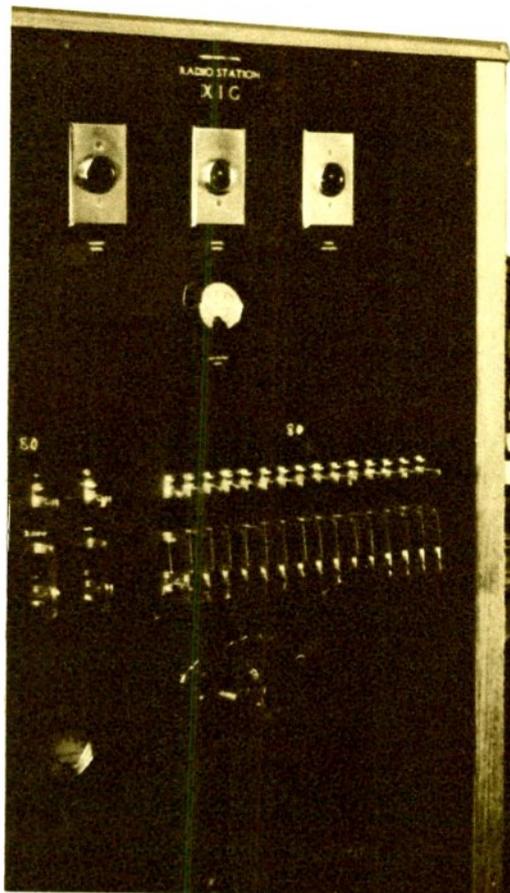


Joseph Melvin McElliott

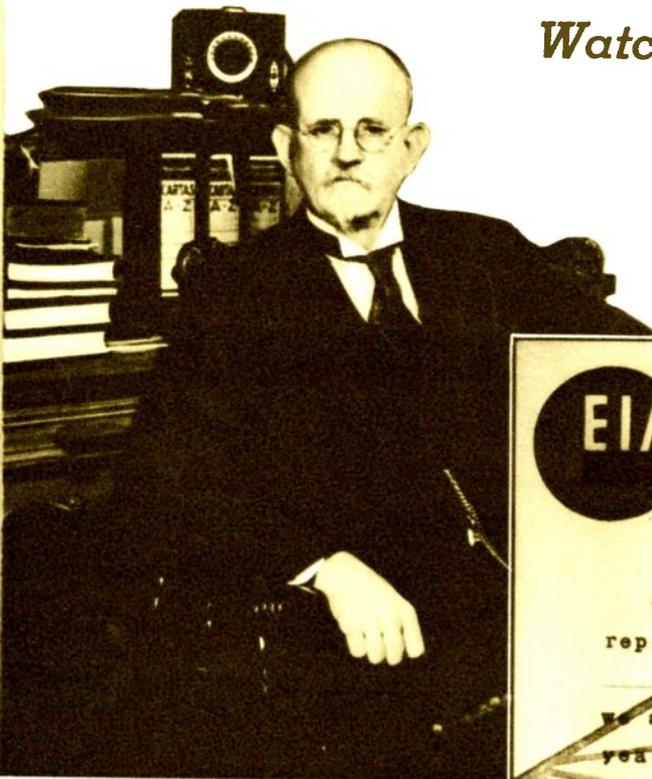
Zella Sexton, top, arrived in radio by way of auditions given for "Hollywood Hotel." She was a runner up in this contest and now has a singing as well as dramatic spot on this program. Above, Mildred Monson, Kansas' contribution to Kate Smith's Hour.

The Brooklyn song bird, Ruth Robin, left, belongs in the front ranks of radio's beauty parade. She is the singing soloist with Leon Navara's orchestra which broadcasts over CBS from the St. Moritz Hotel in New York.

Short Wave Department

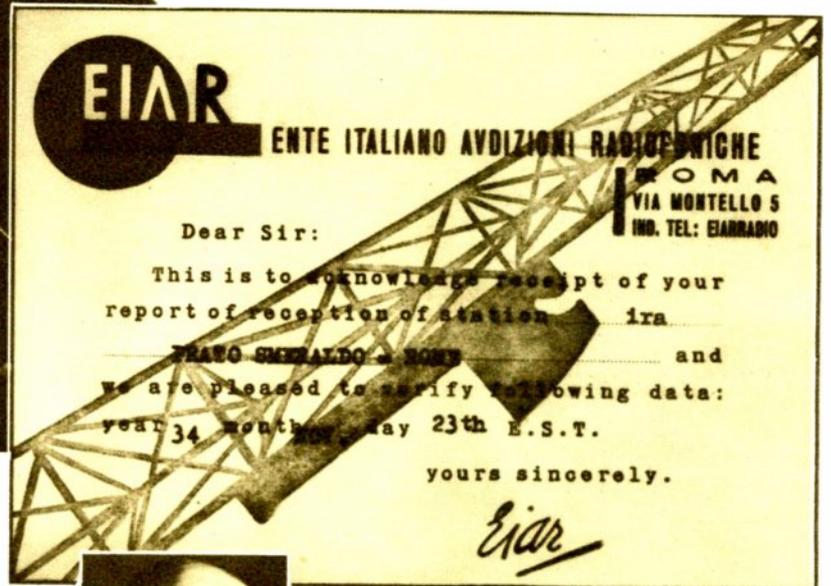


Apolonio Mendez, Mexico



**Tour the world via short wave.
Watch for new stations. Listen
to distant telephones**

Dr. James Hard, left, owner and operator of XIG, Mexico, is unable to find an adequate receiving set in spite of his wealth.



Copy of verification of station 2RO, Rome, recently received by Captain Hall.



Tower Studios

**By Captain
HORACE L. HALL**
*Foremost authority on short wave
in America*

SHORT wave reception is seasonal. It is a well-known fact that certain months are better than others for receiving signals from different stations. This was proved years ago, long before we ever heard or thought of the low waves. A radio listener knew then that the winter months were far superior to the summer for logging stations on the west coast.

So it is with short waves. March twenty-first is the first day of Spring. We do not say you will notice an immediate change of reception conditions on that day but gradually certain stations' signals will decrease and become static laden. The signals that will be affected most are those that come from the stations south of the Rio Grande. It was found, from reports sent to South American stations by the army of short wave listeners, that if they would increase their power and even change their frequency they stood a far better chance of being heard here, the year round. This suggestion was acted upon by XEBT, Mexico City. What was the result? After shifting to approximately fifty meters and increasing their power, they have become one of the most popular and best liked of all the Spanish speaking stations.

It stands to reason that a station transmitting thousands of miles away from us and utilizing the "mosquito" power of seven and a half watts or even one hundred watts, is bound to suffer from static interference that increases as the days get warmer.

Any drastic change of season does some harm and also some good. Maybe the South American stations will "die out." Many a fan mentally figures, "Who cares! They never speak my language and rarely answer letters addressed to them. Also they flit from wavelength to wavelength like the proverbial sparrow. Give me the Europeans!" This fan, who speaks the words thought by hundreds of listeners, will be happy to learn the fact of the change. Back will come our daytime reception of the foreign locals. During the entire Winter we existed on a diet of Asiatics and Europeans in the morning, rarely anything during the daytime and from darkness onward we had Europeans, South

Americans, Cubans and Mexicans. From now on, if radio history repeats itself (which I am fairly sure it will) we will have Europeans all day long, and South Americans, Cubans, Mexicans now and then but static will mar reception of these last named to a very large degree.

Sponsors for Short Wave Broadcasters

PERSONALLY I think we have all heard enough about the wonderful sombreros, cigars, perfumes and other products that can only be bought from countries bordering on the equator. And as for a radio receiver, do we have to go all the way to Caracas to purchase "the finest receiver ever built?" I do not think so. There was a time when these Spanish speaking stations did not commercialize their programs but within the last year, one might almost say that every one of them is sponsoring some product. The American listener gives a hearty chuckle when he hears the Venezuelan announcers "boosting" a radio receiver that is made right here in these United States!

The South American stations are not the only ones who devote time to sponsored programs. One radio concern, known the world over, cleverly extols the merits of its product, over EAQ, 30.4 meters which is the Spanish short wave station in Madrid, Spain.

The medium wave European stations such as Post-Parisien, Radio Normandie and Radio Valencia also have sponsored programs but the majority of the short, medium and long wave foreign broadcasting stations are government owned and controlled. Every overseas owner of a radio receiver pays the government a tax. This fee is then used to pay the artists, and for the general up-keep of the transmitter. This is an excellent

idea. We will give you just one angle of the listeners' reaction to this. In Germany, a radio listener pays his tax. Therefore the government is automatically responsible for his reception. If the listener is bothered by man-made interference he notifies the department to which he paid the tax. This department then sends to "Mr. Interference" a representative, who informs him that "such and such" changes must be made so that the motor (or whatever it may be) will not bother Mr. Radio Listener's reception. Why can't we have that here?

Many countries, throughout the world have put this idea into practice and found it very satisfactory. Australia is the latest one to incorporate laws about radio interference into its constitution.

Tour World via Radio

WHEN we go down to New York harbor and bid adieu to our friends who are embarking on a world tour, we need not think to ourselves, "I wish I were going with them!" All we need to do is to return home and settle ourselves comfortably in an easy chair beside our short wave receiver and tour the world, without benefit of sea-sickness, warm almost "steamy" weather and all the other little inconveniences that all tourists must experience in order to "see the world." Having sailed the seven seas and dropped anchor at every large port in the world, I get more of a thrill in hearing a station whose transmissions are coming ten thousand miles than I did the first time I went through the Suez Canal. (Please turn to page 52)

HE is fair, fat and forty-eight, with mouse-colored hair that tends to fluff up like feathers. For, when pursuing a thought, he chases it through his locks with clutching fingers until his head looks like a haystack sideswiped by a Kansas cyclone. Meanwhile his owl eyes peer at you through lenses thick as bottles.

His apartment, done in tones of green and tan and paneled in pine, is in Fifty-Second Street, in New York, and boasts bay windows and a balcony that look down on the parade of liners, freighters, tugs and yachts up and down the East River. He lives amid a welter of books, backgammon boards, and such an avalanche of mail you might think it an annex of the dead letter office.

Far from dead, these letters are so lively that they keep him in love with his life as a broadcaster. "Amazing letters!" he exclaims, more vivid than any elicited by his "New Yorker" skits or other animadversions in print. His is the heaviest fan mail of anyone on the Columbia Broadcasting System.

Formerly he resembled a blimp, but last Summer, by strict attention to diet, he shed fifty-two pounds—then so swelled with pride that he thought they had all come back on him. Even now he still balloons quite a bit, bobbing about when excited—which is most of the time. For he takes life with enormous zest; has his fingers simultaneously in a dozen pies—and, if that calls for too many fingers, page Little Jack Horner; he'll stick in his thumb.

Recently, for instance, after covering the high spots of the Hauptmann trial for a newspaper syndicate, he gave a series of lectures at the University of Chicago, preached a sermon in Dr. John Haynes Holmes' Community Church in New York, sponsored the annual New York recital of the Hamilton College Choir, and turned out five magazine articles. By way of diversion he functioned as levatrice at the birth of Noel Coward as a movie star.

Ben Hecht and Charlie MacArthur, two of Woollcott's familiars who have divorced themselves from Hollywood to rewrite the movies in Long Island City, persuaded Noel to do a nose dive into the cinema. At first he shied away, but they lured him on with a tasty murder wrapped up in a scenario entitled "Miracle in 48th Street." Finally, with Woollcott goading him, he jumped in. Now Aleck sits on the sidelines and cheers or boos as the spirit moves him and blinks in amazement at the way Hecht and MacArthur scrap whole scenes at the drop of a hint.

Noel, taking his venture with that do-or-die determination which marks him for the artist he is, has insisted on such endless test shots that Woollcott now dubs him, "the czar of all the rushes."

Alexander Woollcott lives in a green and tan Sutton Place apartment overlooking East River.

NONE of these alarms and excursions are permitted to interfere with his main concern in life during his radio season, and that is the building of his next broadcast. He plans each detail of the program as if he were giving a coming out party, and, when he finally faces the mike, he practically goes into a trance so acutely conscious is he of his audience. After every session the mail will bring him some startling evidence of the magical power of radio to obliterate space and time. There have been a hundred instances of this, but the one which gave him a tingling surprise occurred just a few weeks ago.

You may recall his description of a childhood debauch in the nature of a series of Shakespearean tableaux presented on the Woollcottian front porch in Kansas City for the benefit of the missionary society. Aleck, a tot of five, appeared as Puck, garbed in red cheesecloth tights. Two days later on his breakfast tray appeared letters from three of those who had helped perpetrate those "living pictures"—the first peep he had heard from them in more than forty years!

Hundreds of other correspondents whose names are strange to him enrich his days with such pleasant sentiments, pat anecdotes, or enchanting vignettes of the current American scene that the cockles of his heart are in a perpetual glow.

And yet he is constantly promising himself to give up broadcasting. "I'm sick of the sound of my own voice," he says, "and everyone else must be, too." So it is his avowed intention to sign off for at least a year, "for it is high time I gave myself and everyone a rest."

Perhaps, after a Summer at the island he will have a change of heart. For the island is his balm of Gilead. It is a heavenly spot in Lake Bombozine, Vermont, which he discovered some twenty years ago. Here he gathers a few choice spirits around him and between swimming, fishing, croquet, contract and such diversions, the days drift by. At first it was extremely primitive, but last Summer the old stone house was rejuvenated and equipped with all the modern conveniences. Beatrice Kaufman, Harpo Marx, Raymond Ives, Alice Duer Miller, Neysa McMein, Howard Dietz, Charlie MacArthur and Raoul Fleischman divied in for these innovations, for they are members in (*Please turn to page 68*)



Rudolph Hoffman

"This IS WOOLLCOTT SPEAKING"

But not for long, says the raconteur. He is going to sign off for a year because "I'm sick of the sound of my voice and everybody else must be, too. It's high time I gave myself and everyone a rest"

By PAUL DAVIS

Ask the

Is your problem overpowering? Do you find no solution? Why not turn to the one who has helped millions

VOICE of EXPERIENCE

By

VOICE OF EXPERIENCE

THIS month's issue of TOWER RADIO Magazine might be termed an anniversary number, in that the magazine is starting with this publication the second year of its existence. Since my column has appeared in each of the twelve issues, I am therefore with the magazine celebrating an anniversary, the birthday of my advent into the ranks of regular contributors to this fast-growing magazine.

I want then to take this opportunity of expressing my appreciation of the confidence imposed in me by the large number of you who have submitted your problems to me for reply in this column, and to express my regret over the fact that so many of you send your questions to me anonymously, making it impossible for me, in the event your letter was not chosen to be answered in that issue, to send you with my compliments, literature which would be applicable to your cases. Naturally, not knowing the name and address of one who signs himself or herself merely with initials or a fictitious name, it is impossible for us to send them monographs or literature, important though this material might be in the solution of the problems submitted.

There is not one of my readers who can accuse me of having divulged a single secret entrusted to my care. In fact, in the years that I have been broadcasting, I have kept faith inviolate with every one of the more than two and a half million people who have written me their problems. If then you have some perplexing dilemma that you would like to share with me, rest assured that you can submit your problem in confidence. The officials of TOWER RADIO hand my mail to me unopened, and I will treat in strictest confidence any and all problems which you readers care to entrust to me. I will answer as many of these problems which are of general interest as is possible in this column. I will not ignore any letter that comes to me which contains a name and address. In communicating with me then, write me in care of TOWER RADIO Magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

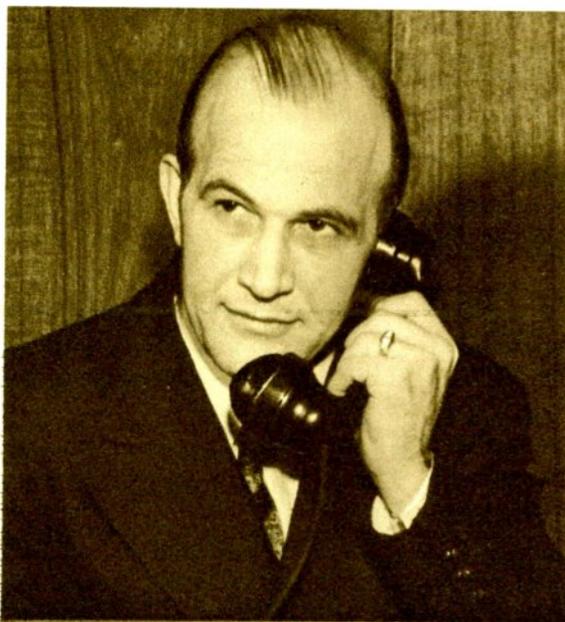
The first letter that I wish to discuss for a moment today comes from Brooklyn, and is typical of many I have received. It reads as follows:

DEAR VOICE OF EXPERIENCE: I was laid off the week before Christmas. Having no income, and having been prevented by the low salary I was earning from saving a penny, we are wondering now how we are going to live.

My father, my wife and I do not want charity, so perhaps you could give me a lead for a job. I am 22 years of age, and have both the ability and the necessary city permit to run a gas station, to do chauffeuring and other jobs, and I will be glad to do any work, so long as it gives me a chance to earn an honest living for myself and family.

JOHN

ANSWER: Interested as I am in helping as many people as I possibly can in the solution of



How to Write to the VOICE OF EXPERIENCE

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

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

The Voice will keep all letters in confidence.

their immediate problems, and realizing how futile any attempt would be to solve a mental problem when graver issues of a physical character are being faced by the individuals writing to me, it is with the deepest regret that I find myself incapable of being of practical assistance to anyone who writes in this vein.

If John were the only individual submitting such a problem to me, it would be possible for me to contact friends and possibly find some sort of a job; but, John, the same appeal is made to me by dozens every day, and for me to conduct an em-

ployment agency, even without fees, would not be fair to the registered agencies engaged in this business. Aside from this fact you must realize that I could help only a very limited number, which would mean that I would be showing partiality to a few and ignoring the many. It is unwise to make fish of some and fowl of the others.

I sincerely hope that through the newly adopted plans at Washington, it will not be long before every able-bodied man who wants to work, will have that work available, but again I express my regret over my inability to act as an intermediary between those who seek jobs and those who have them to provide.

DEAR VOICE OF EXPERIENCE: In a recent column of yours, you handled a case somewhat similar to mine, and asked the writer to read your pamphlets on "How to Acquire Magnetism" and "Overcoming Self-Consciousness." These you offered to send to this person with your compliments. Perhaps I should read these two pamphlets also, for I am not only self-conscious, but I realize that I have an inferiority complex—I lack self-confidence. Since this condition of mine is due to my having to bow to the superiority of my elders, I came to the conclusion a long time ago that I could not be like other people in making friends easily, and that it was only natural for me to be ill at ease in the presence of others. How can you help me?

MARY

ANSWER: Did it ever occur to you, Mary, that you are just one of a multitude who have had to bow to their elders from the time they were tiny children, undergo repression, suppression, through a rigid disciplinarian program? Now suppose every one of them adopted the same ideas that you have—do you see what a vast army of unsocial creatures society would have to absorb? I can understand your reticence and your timidity, but if you only realize it, Mary, the people in whose presence you are timid and shy are probably just as self-conscious in your presence as you are in theirs. And it only requires a little bit of sociability, a little self-will in breaking down this barrier, completely to overcome, not only for one's self, but for the others in their immediate environment, this super-sensitivity to which you refer.

I have sent you the pamphlets which you requested. You will find them mighty valuable helps to you, and I hope that others afflicted with the same timidity will send me their names and addresses, and let me help them too. If you have further questions after reading these pamphlets, you write me again and I will try to give you additional assistance.

DEAR VOICE OF EXPERIENCE: My problem concerns a girl. I have made her and myself very unhappy because I am jealous of everyone who looks at her and everyone she looks at. Although I really love her, I make both her and me miserable when I am with her, because of this jealousy. What can I do?

AVERILL

(Please turn to page 72)

Among the many
distinguished women who prefer
Camel's costlier tobaccos:

MRS. NICHOLAS BIDDLE
Philadelphia

MISS MARY BYRD
Richmond

MRS. POWELL CABOT
Boston

MRS. THOMAS M. CARNEGIE, JR.
New York

MRS. J. GARDNER COOLIDGE, II
Boston

MRS. BYRD WARWICK DAVENPORT
New York

MRS. HENRY FIELD
Chicago

MISS ANNE GOULD
New York

MRS. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL
New York

MRS. POTTER D'ORSAY PALMER
Chicago

MRS. LANGDON POST
New York

MRS. WILLIAM T. WETMORE
New York



Copyright, 1935, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
Winston-Salem, North Carolina



With its full printed-crepe skirt and big flopping sleeves, Miss Paine's Hattie Carnegie gown is typical of the new "peasant" evening dresses

"Of course I smoke Camels ..." MISS DOROTHY PAINE

"They're the most popular cigarettes—every one is smoking them now," continued this alert young member of New York's inner circle. "Camels have such a grand smooth flavor. I suppose that's because they have more expensive tobaccos in them. And they never make

my nerves jumpy. When I'm tired out and my nerves feel frazzled, then a Camel gives me a nice gentle 'lift' that restores my enthusiasm."

The reason you feel better after smoking a Camel is because it releases your latent energy, which overcomes fatigue.

Whether it's social activities, concentration, or exacting work that makes you feel tired at times, you can always get a pleasant, natural "lift" by enjoying a Camel. And you can smoke as often as you wish, for Camels never upset the nerves — which is nice to know.

Camels are Milder! MADE FROM FINER, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS...TURKISH AND DOMESTIC...THAN ANY OTHER POPULAR BRAND

WHO'D EVER THINK YOU COULD USE THESE LOVELY DISHES IN THE OVEN

... but you can!

YES, you can actually bake in the oven with these hand-painted, ivory color table dishes. Bowls, platters, serving dishes . . . every single piece of OvenServe, even to the cups, saucers and plates, is built to stand full oven heat. That's something new in table dishes. There's never been anything like them before.

You can, for instance, bake a meat loaf on its serving platter, delight the family with a juicy fruit pie baked in the pie plate, or individual custards made in the custard cups, or any one of a hundred other things. And all of them come direct to the table from the oven. Think of the fussing around that saves in serving . . . and how it cuts down on the dishwashing!

You'll notice, too, the clever design and sizes of the various pieces . . . handy for parking left-overs in the refrigerator.

Expensive? Not a bit of it! A fraction of the cost of the kitchen ovenwares you know about. And OvenServe dishes are not kitchen ware but table dishes! Buy them by the piece. And fill in as you wish.

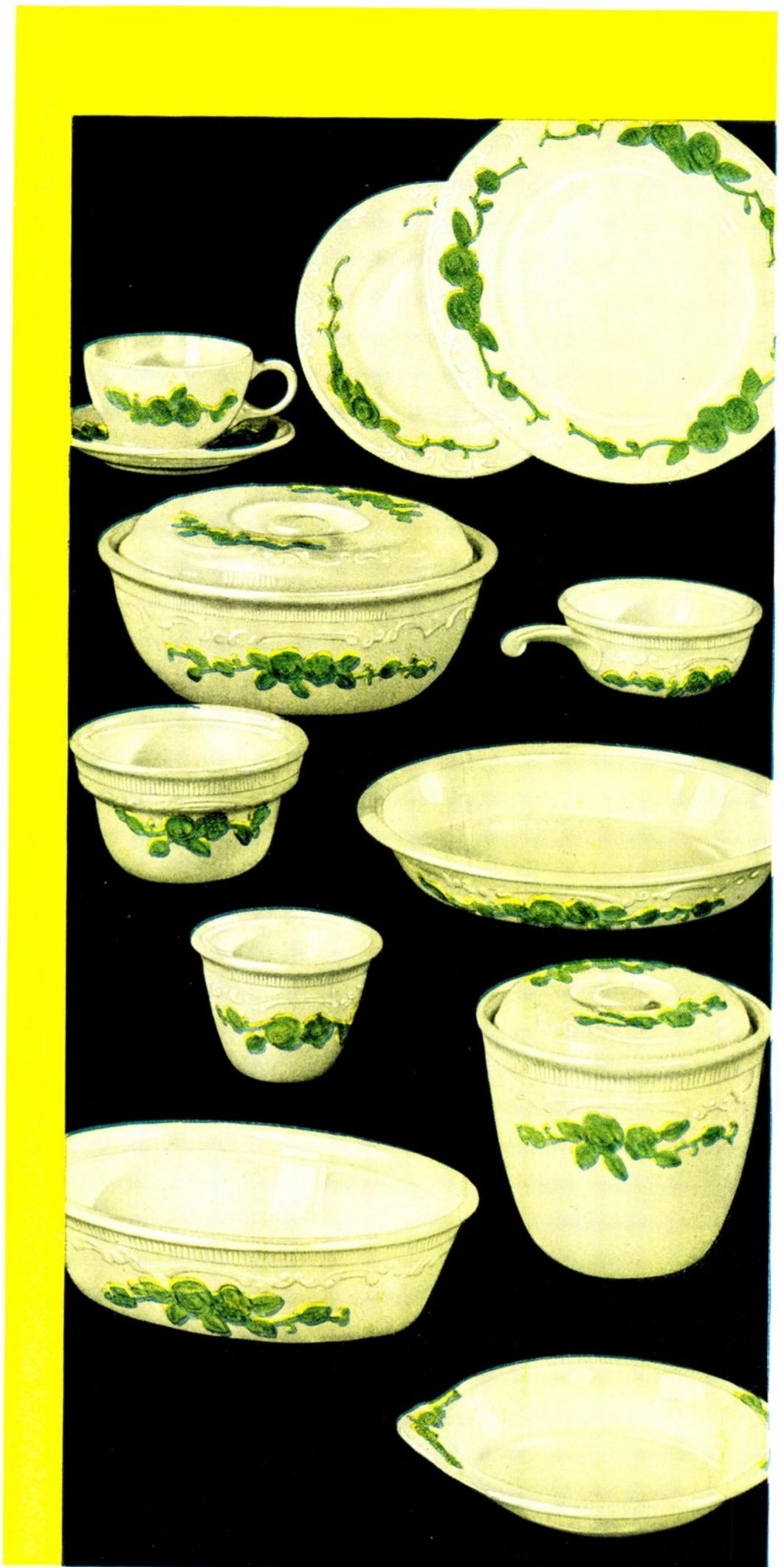
FISH FILLETS BAKED ON OVENSERVE FISH PLATTER

1 pound fish fillets (any kind)	$\frac{1}{8}$ tsp. pepper
2 tbsps. flour	$\frac{3}{4}$ cup water
$\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt	$\frac{3}{4}$ cup evaporated milk

Wash and dry fillets. Place fillets on well-greased OvenServe Fish Platter and dust with flour, salt and pepper. Combine water with milk and pour over fillets. Bake in hot oven (400°F.) 20-25 minutes, or until fish is tender. Then lift dish from oven to table.

OVENSERVE

SOLD AT
F. W. WOOLWORTH CO.
FIVE AND TEN
CENT STORES



Feeding Little Miss Muffett

By
RITA
CALHOUN

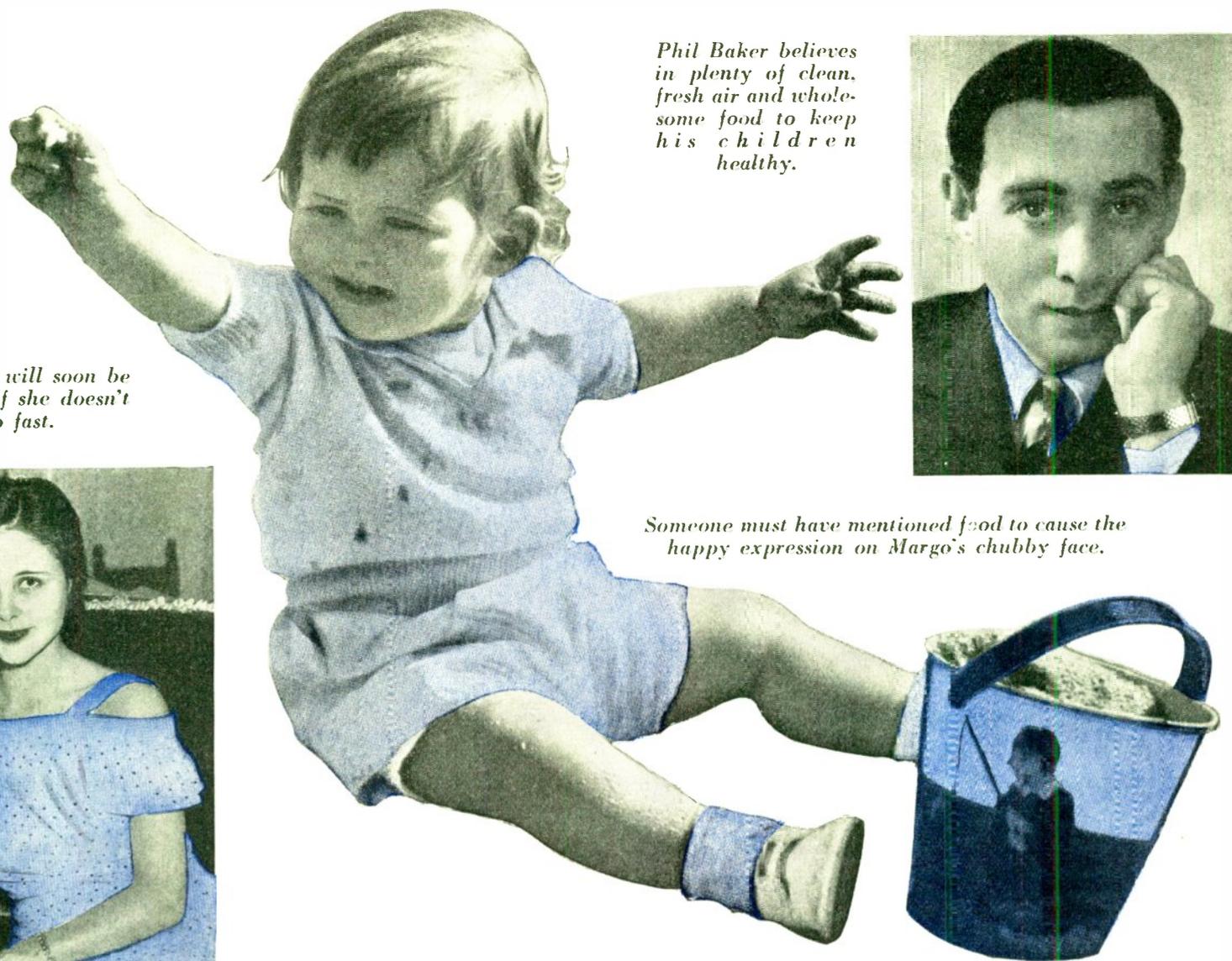
The petite Mrs. Baker will soon be looking up to Margo if she doesn't stop growing so fast.



Phil Baker believes in plenty of clean, fresh air and wholesome food to keep his children healthy.



Someone must have mentioned food to cause the happy expression on Margo's chubby face.



Phil Baker drops his role of comedian to give excellent advice on feeding babies

PHIL BAKER, Armour Star jester, has a right to be interested in feeding babies—and why? He has just returned from Palm Beach where he has been down to see his new son of some two or three weeks, Stewart Henry Baker, named for his godfather, Henry MacNaughton, or “Bottle,” of the Armour program, to you. Master Stewart’s main interest at present, however, so Mr. Baker tells me, is not so much what he eats, but when. There is another member of the Baker family, though, down basking in the glorious warm Florida sunshine—her nose slightly out of joint perhaps—who has become a little more food conscious, and that is Margo Elinor, Phil Baker’s fourteen-months-old daughter. And evidently she has been wise in her choice of what to eat, for she is as healthy looking a specimen as you ever saw—round, chubby little cheeks, a strong, sturdy body, and huge blue eyes that fairly sparkle with the joy of being alive. So, let’s see what she has checked off on the menu to help make her the fine looking little girl that she is. First—she has always drunk plenty of milk and fruit and vegetable juices, as these give her the necessary vitamins and bone-building qualities. These fruit and vegetable juices are becoming more and more important in the baby’s and young child’s diet, and there is such a variety of them now—orange, tomato, prune, pineapple and grape juice, that the baby doesn’t have much chance to get

bored with a monotonous liquid bill of fare. When Margo’s diet progressed into the semi-solid and solid foods she began to cast an eye toward vegetables and cereals—carrots, spinach, tomatoes, peas, potatoes, string beans, prunes and the grain cereals. And this was where the strained, prepared vegetables were so easy to use and saved so much work. Margo had quite a preference for some of the vegetables, and a distinct dislike for others for a while, and here’s a little tip on how she was cured of that habit for some of you mothers who have the same trouble with your young son or daughter. If they like peas, for instance, but balk at a spoonful of carrots, why not mix a small quantity of the carrots with the peas, not enough to taste too much, of course, then increase the amount every time they are fed, and pretty soon they will be eating it alone, without a murmur. Of course, we can’t say whether they really like it, but we hope they do, as vegetables are such an essential in the diet of strong and healthy children.

Between meals, Margo likes a hard biscuit to chew on “to sharpen up her teeth,” as Mr. Baker explained, and now and then, if she’s a good girl, her reward will be a wee drop of sherry. When Mr. Baker was in Florida, Margo celebrated the arrival of her new brother by having her first bit of meat—a nice juicy lamb chop and how she did love it. In fact, eating of any kind is a most pleasant pause in

the day’s occupation to Margo, and as for the young man—while he hasn’t begun to check off his favorite dishes on the menu—Mr. Baker says that he has never heard such pleased and delighted gurgles and “glubs” as his son makes while eating.

“Little Miss Muffett,” as the Bakers call Margo, is just at the stage in walking when she is not so sure whether the next step will aid her in getting her where she wants to go, or whether it will terminate abruptly with a hard seat on the floor, so she has evolved a method of keeping her equilibrium, much to Mr. Baker’s amusement, by clutching her hair with a very, very firm grip, and then looking at everyone in a wondering way to see if they could let her know what has hold of her so tight. He feels sure she is going to follow the career of her mother, the former Peggy Cartwright, the dancer, for ever since Margo was a small baby she has gone into a regular “buck and wing” every time she was lifted off the floor. He thinks the baby is going to be a musician, as he has such enormous hands, with long, slender fingers—“but then on the other hand,” mused Mr. Baker, “he may turn out to be a street-car conductor—you never can tell.”

In the near future, Mr. Baker is planning to build a house away from the city, as he feels that, if the parents can possibly afford it, every child should have the advantage of the quietness, fresh air, gay, free life, and pleasant memories of a childhood in the country. Here they can have dogs, cats and ponies, and can whoop and holler to their hearts’ content with no fear of annoying fussy old Mrs. Whippenhoff next door, who doesn’t care for children anyway, and where they can learn to know and love the growing things from the good earth.

Tower Star Fashions

Babs Ryan, who sings with Fred Waring's orchestra, selects these lovely frocks for early spring wear.



TOWER
Star
FASHIONS



For afternoon parties Miss Ryan chose this simple taffeta dress featuring the flattering Queen Bess Collar, draped sleeves and little pearl-shaped crystal buttons.

A two-piece wool crepe suit with a mannishly tailored taffeta blouse is selected by Miss Ryan for daytime wear. The jacket is tailored with action pleats in the back.

This youthful little springtime suit worn by Miss Ryan is made of sheer crepe with a checked taffeta blouse with a jaunty bow at the neckline. The bolero jacket has quilted bands on the pockets and at the wrists of the semi-belled sleeves.

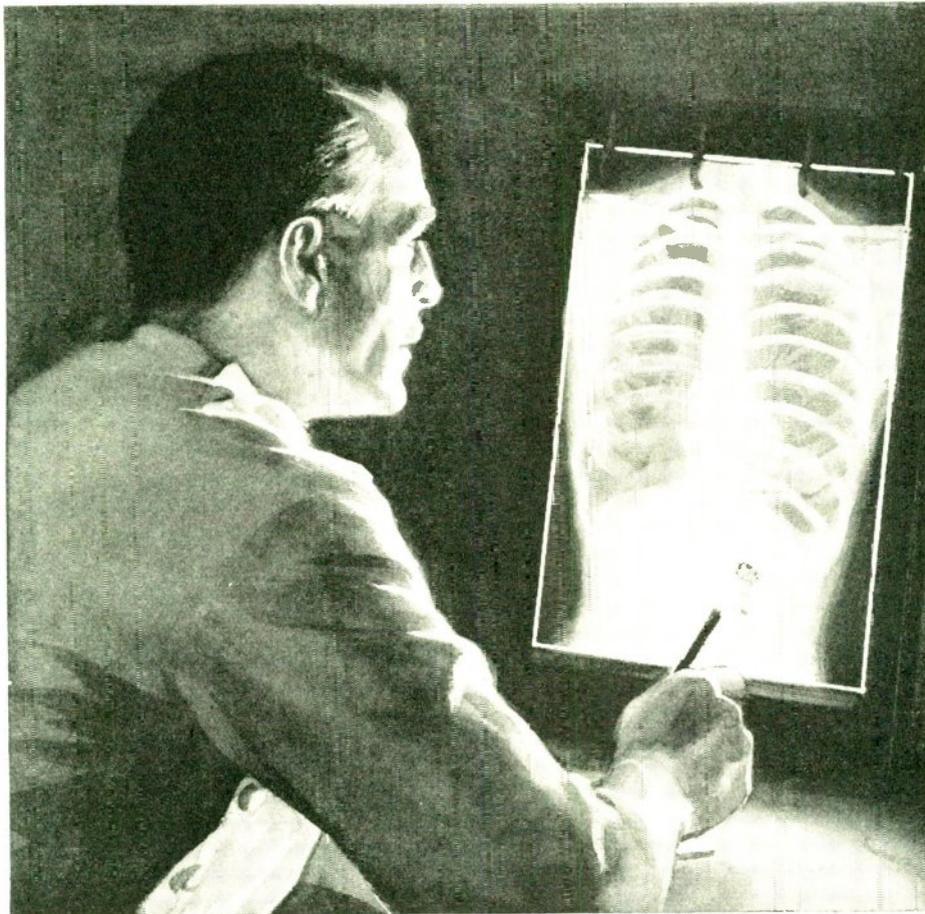
These three lovely dresses featured by Miss Ryan are available at convenient department stores.

Photographs by Barnaba Studna



Fight Tuberculosis

with modern methods



If there are hidden shadows of the disease, they are revealed by the penetrating eye of the X-ray.

THERE were fewer new cases of tuberculosis in 1934. The deathrate from this disease in this country was lower than ever before. But this good news from those who are resolutely fighting tuberculosis should not blind one to the fact that about 70,000 persons died last year from tuberculosis and that it is still the leading cause of death between the ages of fifteen and forty-five.

When the suspicious symptoms begin to appear—undue fatigue, chest pains, loss of weight, a cough that hangs on, blood spitting—no time should be lost in getting an expert diagnosis. The value of such early diagnosis, aided by laboratory tests, X-rays or fluoroscope, is reflected by the increase in the number of complete recoveries.

Since Dr. Trudeau blazed the trail fifty years ago and proved that “consumption” could be arrested,

untold thousands have been restored to health by following the treatment of fresh air, sunshine, nourishing food and REST.

Physicians, today, have at their command another ally—pneumothorax or lung-collapsing treatment which is proving of great value in many cases, though not suitable for all. The expert can, if he thinks wise, collapse an infected lung as long as is necessary and let the other lung do the breathing. The infected lung heals more quickly during its enforced rest. This treatment, under competent and continued medical care, is speeding a steadily increasing number of recoveries in sanatoria and homes.

Tuberculosis, recognized and treated in its early stages, can be arrested and controlled in most cases. Send for the Metropolitan booklet “Tuberculosis.” Address Booklet Department 435-B.



METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT

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

© 1935 M. L. I. CO.

Your Eyes... LIKE A PICTURE... Need a Frame

TO BRING OUT THEIR FULL BEAUTY

Eyes are like a picture without a frame... dull and uninteresting... if lashes are pale and scanty... if lids are colorless or if brows are scraggly.



BLUE, BROWN, BLUE-GREY, VIOLET AND GREEN



BLACK AND BROWN



BLACK OR WHITE BRISTLES



COLORLESS

So... transform your eye-

lashes into the appearance of long, dark, lustrous fringe, instantly and harmlessly with the famous Maybelline mascara. Blend a soft, colorful shadow on your eyelids with Maybelline Eye Shadow, and see how the color and sparkle of your eyes are instantly intensified. Form graceful, expressive eyebrows with the smooth-marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil.

Keep your lashes soft and silky with the pure Maybelline Eyelash Tonic Cream, and be sure to brush and train your eyebrows and lashes with the specially designed Maybelline Eyebrow Brush. Maybelline preparations are approved by leading authorities for absolute harmlessness. Their sixteen-year reputation for highest quality is your guarantee of complete satisfaction. Introductory sizes of all Maybelline eye beauty preparations can be had at any leading 10c store.

Maybelline

... EYE BEAUTY AIDS ...

Radio From the Inside

BY THE MAN AT THE CONTROLS

THE special events departments of the radio networks, which concoct those unusual broadcasts that waft through your loudspeakers, are besieged with an assortment of individuals who think they have great "ideas" for trick airings. Paul White, director of such features for Columbia, tells me about some of the queer but earnest suggestions for broadcasts.

Not a week goes by without an offer from a parachute jumper who'd like to tell "I've Got a Feeling I'm Falling, Folks" to his radio audience as he floats through the air with the greatest of ease. One warm-blooded chap wanted to have himself frozen in a cake of ice and inform the listening world by radio that he was having "an ice time and wish you were here." Another guy figured the folks in the armchairs would like to hear a bristling cock fight, but White thought this was a "fowl" idea, too. A soldier of fortune, who had nothing else to do, was planning to start a revolution in a South American country, and tried to sell Columbia the exclusive broadcasting rights. A professional high-diver, finding times a bit dull, offered to leap off a 100-foot platform into a thimble-like tank of water and describe his sensations en route. This he hoped to do by means of a lapel microphone on his swimming suit and an attached wire running to a reel fastened on the embarkation point. Another Bobby Leach was willing to be hurtled over the Niagara Falls in a strong barrel while millions anxiously listened in... all for the small sum of \$500. But the top was the melancholy man who expressed the desire to actually commit suicide by pistol shot before the microphone if \$2,000 were given to his family. This embryo radio performer was told that nothing could go on the air without dress rehearsals. So he had to give up the idea.

"I'VE found out one reason why President Roosevelt regards radio so highly. From the White House comes an unofficial report that the executive offices are flooded with 3,000 letters daily for one week after the President has made a microphone talk.

ONE thing that song composers detest are lyrical parodies of their original creations. Cole Porter is one of the most noted in this category. When his latest tune, "You're the Top," began to be omnipresent on the airwaves, he called his lawyer in for a huddle. Upon emerging, it was with an edict to the network moguls prohibiting the use of his music unless his original words were sung.

However, since the lyrics have become familiar to everybody through repetition on the radio program, Cole Porter decided to use some new verses in an NBC radio appearance. But the production man warned him that he could only voice the original lines.

"Oh, that's okay," the talented Porter replied. "I'm the one who made that rule."

"Maybe you did," the radio employee told him. "but I take my orders from the National Broadcasting Company... not you."

So Mr. Porter had to render his own song with the original words.

NOT so long ago eight Manhattan radio stations forgot their rivalries and banded together to stage several unprecedented broadcasts, stud-

ded with air stars. The sponsors for each broadcast paid a flat sum of \$10,000 to the Musicians' Emergency Relief Fund for the privilege. The stations donated the time, and the artists, corralled from radio and stage, contributed their services... all for the welfare of the unemployed musicians. Some of the proceeds went to the needy music-makers on the Musicians' Union roll call. Yet the Musicians' Union decreed that the instrumentalists who played in the orchestras on these charity air shows had to be paid regular union commercial scale. Which, when it is considered that they were men working in the studios regularly, sounds especially inconsistent.

LUCILLE GLENN was a young lady who had radio aspirations. Her ambition was to be a fixture in the kilocycle firmament. She sang at private parties, and her dotting family and friends told her she was silly for not capitalizing on her voice. Not knowing anyone who had an "in" with the air factories, she decided to enlist on the Arnold Johnson-Ray Perkins Sunday amateur shows over CBS, and gain first attention in that manner. Unfortunately, Lucille didn't have the "goods." She tried her best, but halfway through her song the G chord sounded, and she was figuratively hooked off. But now, fortunately, her saga doesn't end here. For Arnold Johnson, impressed with her pleasant speaking voice, gave her a job on the telephone switchboard in his office. At present, Miss Lucille Glenn, who once wanted to be a radio star, is busy answering audition queries from callers who still want to be radio stars.

A COMMERCIAL series was signed for one of the major networks that was unique, to say the least. Contrary to the usual procedure, there was no talent picking, auditions or rehearsals. And everyone seemed pleased with the result.

The contract was for time announcements.

JACK PEARL, now Peter Pfeiffer, is an earnest, sincere chap who likes to be nice to everybody. And for this reason he's one of the best liked funny men in the business. Knowing his willingness to oblige his admirers, George Burns and a few partners-in-crime decided to play a prank on Jack when they spotted him at a night club opening.

One after another they delegated different people to rush over to the table where the unsuspecting Pearl was seated and ask him for autographs while gushing lavish praise for his laugh-provoking ability. At first he was flattered by all the attention, smiling and bowing for the constant stream of his "fans." Finally, he espied the plotters in a corner of the room, and sadly realized he was the victim of foul play. Just then a big bulky collegiate chap came over to the radio comedian. "Say, Mr. Pearl, I think you're great as Peter Pfeiffer. I'd like to shake hands with you."

By this time Pearl was fed up with the whole business. "Get the hell out of here, and go back where you belong," he ejected out of the corner of his mouth, motioning to where George Burns and gang were ensconced.

"Say," retorted the other, "if you weren't such a little guy I'd knock your block off for talking to me like that without any reason."

(Please turn to page 42)



LINES, WRINKLES, signs of wasting of the underskin—loss of tone—impaired nutrition—lack of invigorating oils.

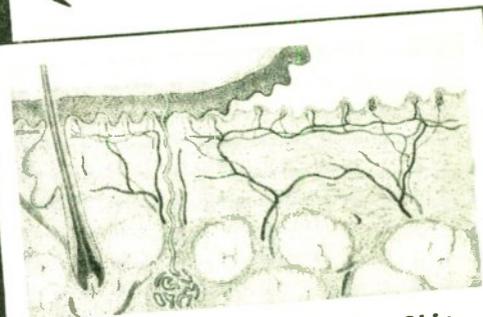
COARSENESS is made worse by clogged pores, neglect, improper cleansing.

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

BLEMISHES. Many factors lead to blemishes—among them loss of tone, inactive circulation, improper cleansing.

DRYNESS is often attributable to poorly functioning underskin, inadequate oil supply.

SAGGING TISSUE, due to loss of nerve tone, impaired circulation, fatty degeneration of muscles. All occur in *underskin*.



Little known facts about Your Skin

Your skin has two parts—the outer skin, called *epidermis*, and the underskin, or *corium* . . . In this underskin are myriads of tiny blood vessels, nerves, fat and muscle tissues, oil and sweat glands . . . When these grow sluggish, expect blackheads, blemishes, coarseness, lines, wrinkles.

Miss Maribelle Rodiger, one of the most charming of last season's debutantes, says: "Pond's Cold Cream keeps my skin free from blackheads and blemishes."

If You Could look Under Your Skin!

There's where Beauty lies... where
Lines **Wrinkles** **Blemishes** first develop
Skin Authorities say

ONE of America's leading dermatologists says: "The beauty of the outer skin depends on the underskin. You cannot be too emphatic about that."

Yet most women keep trying one thing and another for faults they see on the *outside* of their skin—never dreaming that what their skin really needs is help deep *underneath* where all the tiny nerves and glands are that make skin beautiful.

How skin faults develop

Here, expressed in simple everyday language, is the way dermatologists explain it:—

The underskin is the workshop where the outward beauty of the skin is constantly being created. Once the teens are past, the underskin begins to lose its vigor. Its circulation slows. Oil glands decrease their supply. Fibres lose their snap. All of this slowly but surely shows up in your outer skin in the form of disfiguring blackheads . . . aging lines . . . coarseness . . . blemishes . . . wrinkles!

How can you ward them off? *By invigorating your underskin!*

There is one cream that goes right in, stirs your underskin to vigorous action—Pond's Cold Cream.



H. R. H. MARGARET OF DENMARK
 Princess René de Bourbon de Parme
 "Skin remarkably smooth. Not a trace of lines or crepiness"—Dermatologist's Report. "Pond's Cold Cream keeps my contour firm." Her Royal Highness says.

Its specially processed oils sink deep. As you pat it on, your circulation is quickened. The fresh blood rushes up to nourish shrinking tissue. Failing oil glands are stimulated.

Never let a single night pass without cleansing your skin with this thorough, germ-free cream. Pat it in briskly, generously and you will feel your

skin roused. All the day's dust, grime and make-up will float right out of the pores. Your skin feels wonderfully refreshed, invigorated. It actually feels softer—looks smoother—and ever so much clearer!

Every morning—and during the day—every time you make up—cleanse with this cream first, and your powder and rouge will go on like a charm.

Send right off for a special tube of this cream. Use it daily. Soon you will see skin faults fade. Little aging lines soften. Blackheads and blemishes disappear. Day by day, your skin will look clearer—finer—smoother. Until it glows once more with that enchanting "bloom of youth."

Mail coupon today for 9-Treatment Supply

POND'S, Dept. D48, Clinton, Conn.
 I enclose 10¢ (to cover postage and packing) for special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for nine treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder.

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

When a girl needs a girl friend



"Those were his very words!"

"What do you suppose that new young doctor said to Jack after the dance the other night? When Jack asked him how he liked the rush Jane was giving him, he just looked bored and said, 'Why doesn't some kind girl friend tell her she needs Mum?' Those were his very words. Imagine! After the way we girls have all tried to ease it over to her! Can we help it if she's dumb?"

What an old meanie she is for not telling!

"Mr. Glover said he was afraid he'd have to let Ann go. Wish I had the nerve to tell her what's the matter. It's such a pity when a jar of Mum would save her job for her."



(In other words, young lady, you need Mum.)

"Your references as to ability are very good, Miss Clark. But I hardly think you'd fill the requirements of our position here. Sorry."



SHE'S bound to lose out every time—the girl who is careless about underarm perspiration odor. For people will not excuse this kind of unpleasantness when it is so easy to avoid. With Mum!

It takes only half a minute to use Mum. And it lasts all day. Use it any time—when dressing or afterwards. It won't harm your clothing.

Mum is soothing to the skin. Prove this by shaving your underarms and using Mum *at once*.

Another reason you'll like Mum—it prevents every trace of ugly odor without preventing perspiration itself. Decide today to use Mum and be safe *every day*. Bristol-Myers, Inc., 75 West St., New York.



MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

YOU NEED MUM FOR THIS, TOO. Use Mum as a deodorant for sanitary napkins and enjoy relief from worry about this source of unpleasantness.

Radio From the Inside

(Continued from page 40)

The young fellow was the one person who approached Pearl "on the level."

THERE'S a certain radio artist I know who is socially inclined. To help further his social ambitions, he looked up his family tree. Imagine his chagrin when he learned that a great-uncle had been lynched on it for hoss-thieving.

A MINIATURE feud is smoldering between Walter O'Keefe and Fred Waring. At the conclusion of his Camel broadcasts, the former signs off with "Good-night, gwan to bed" as his parting shot. But this shot heard around the world. Waring is inclined to believe, is aimed at him, because on Thursday nights the popular Pennsylvanians follow with an hour radio show. Therefore, it seems as though Waring is justified in thinking that O'Keefe's bedtime advice to the listeners is hardly good etiquette. But the funny part of this situation is that immediately following O'Keefe's "Good-night, gwan to bed," Waring comes on the air with his theme song. Its title is "Sleep."

TWENTY-FOUR hours before Ethel Barrymore was scheduled to play the central figure in a radio adaptation of her former stage vehicle, "The Kingdom of God," for a coast-to-coast audience, it was realized that no suitable leading man was available in Chicago. Those that were around had matinee performances that interfered with her holiday afternoon broadcast. A hurried phone call was made to New York. An hour later a young actor was on a fast train to the Windy City to play opposite La Barrymore. He was John Drew Colt . . . her son.

THINGS I KNOW ABOUT PEOPLE I KNOW

JACK PEARL won't scale the heights of Manhattan's skyscrapers if there are more than five passengers in the elevator . . . **FRED ALLEN** and his assistant writer go into strict seclusion each Friday night and don't emerge until early Monday a.m., when they have the finished script for the Wednesday broadcast . . . No one likes big, black cigars and prize fights more than **ABE LYMAN** . . . Husband Don Ross calls **JANE FROMAN** "Mama" . . . **VAUGHN DE LEATH** is planning to remarry . . . **GUY LOMBARDO** might say "Westward Ho!" and return to the Coconut Grove in Hollywood . . . Four orphans are kept out of the storm by **KATE SMITH'S** provisions for shelter, but she won't tell you about this nice deed . . . **ANNETTE HANSHAW** probably will never make a stage appearance, because she's really

bashful . . . **AL GOODMAN** could conduct a fifty-hour program entirely composed of selections from musical comedies at whose premieres he waved the baton.

A CERTAIN crooning troubadour of the airwaves can learn the truth here why he was zipped off a one-shot appearance on a commercial broadcast last month, costing him \$750 in salary. While doing a vaudeville turn in a Washington theater, he flipped a disparaging remark about one of the same network's most popular stars. The gag died as far as the audience was concerned, for the object of the verbal carving is more than a favorite in the capital, which happens to be the star's home town. But it so happened the latter was visiting the folks, and was in the audience at the time. Of course this coincidence was bad enough, too. The strange twist, though, was the fact that the same star had just arranged to have the crooner do a guest bit on her program two weeks hence. Naturally, the big artist took a burn-up at this slap in the face, and so the other was bounced off the program. But he never knew why.

EMERY DEUTSCH, the gypsy fiddler, who lives in Manhattan, has never been farther west than the Hudson River. But not long ago he received a letter from a feminine admirer of his radio offering who dwelt in Berkeley, California. Thinking that because she heard his broadcasts via KFRC, San Francisco, the violinist performs in that city, she wrote, "I will be in San Francisco tomorrow and would like to see you either about 10 o'clock or early in the afternoon about some matters."

That was one date Deutsch didn't keep.

WITH my own drooping ears I heard the Mills Brothers rendering the song ditty, "The Object of My Affections" on the air recently, sing . . . "The object of my affections is making my complexion change from white to red."

NOT long ago Goodman Ace, who writes and plays a lead in those very funny "Easy Aces" sketches, was discussing the value of publicity. "I don't care," I was told he said, "if I never have my name or picture in the newspapers or magazines. I did a by-line column in a Kansas City paper for years, and I don't get any kick out of seeing my name in print."

I'm now receiving publicity stories about Mr. Ace from their press agent. (Please turn to page 44)

ENJOY TOWER RADIO EVERY MONTH

You won't miss any of the news of the radio world if you have a year's subscription to TOWER RADIO. Use the coupon below. A year's subscription in the United States is \$1.00. In Canada \$1.60. Foreign, \$2.00.

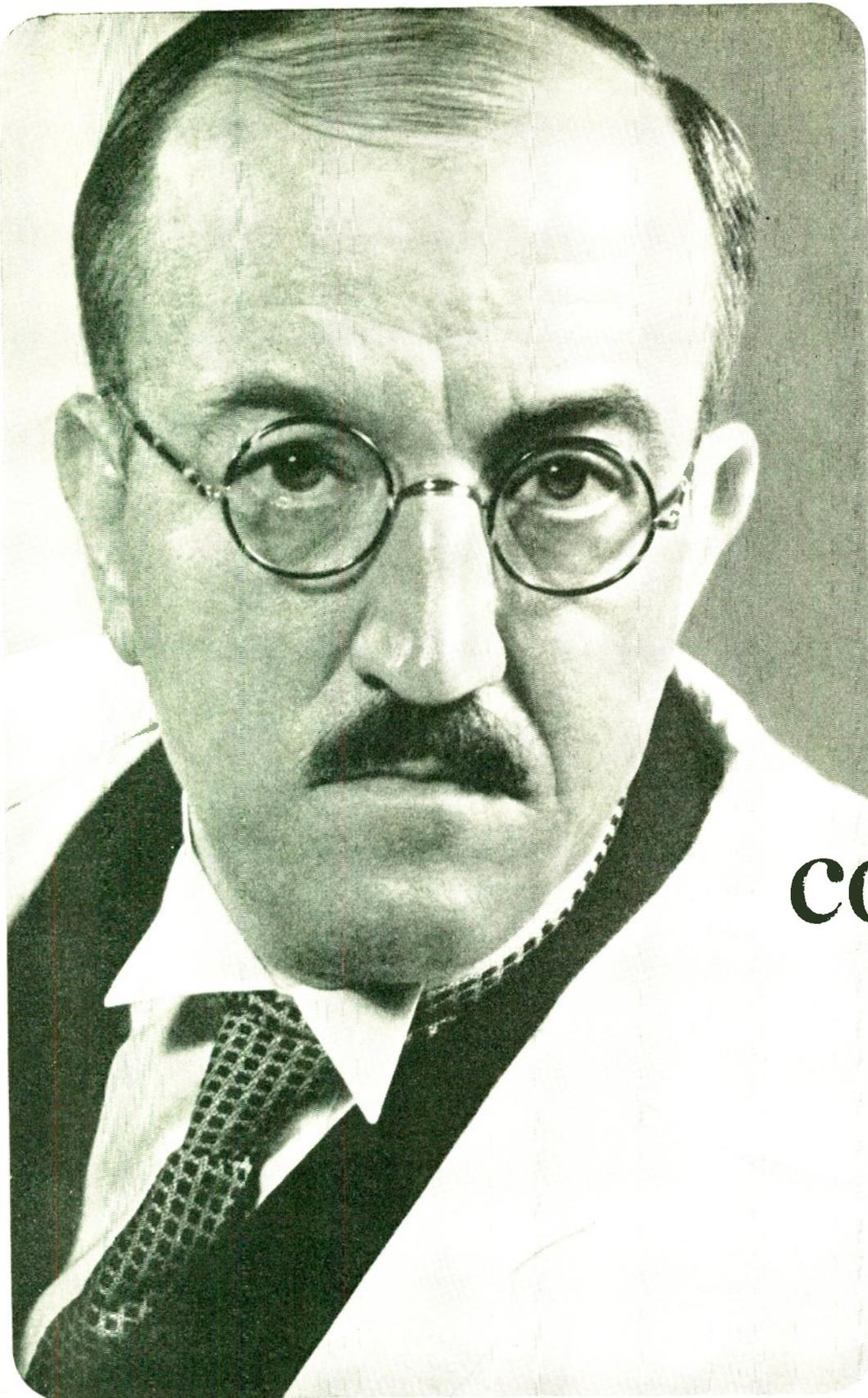
TOWER MAGAZINES, INC.,
55 Fifth Avenue,
New York, N. Y.

Please send me TOWER RADIO for one year. I am enclosing \$.....
(check or money-order).
Begin my subscription with the..... issue.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY..... STATE.....



XR Yeast is “definitely beneficial in most cases of constipation”

*SAY WORLD—
 FAMOUS MEDICAL MEN
 WHO TESTED IT!*

DR. HENRI GAHLINGER (left), specialist in the treatment of constipation, co-author of the important medical volume, “Constipation.” His tests on the new yeast reveal: “It is astonishingly stronger. Best remedy for constipation I have encountered!”

“Also acts far faster than the former yeast on Indigestion, Skin Troubles, Lack of Energy, Headaches,” noted intestinal specialist explains . . .

TODAY the usual treatment of constipation has been revolutionized!

For a new discovery has been made . . . called by doctors “a really great advance against the ills of constipation!”

It is an entirely different *kind* of yeast developed by a great American medical scientist!

As Dr. Gaehtlinger says: “It is astonishingly stronger . . . works with extra speed!”

This new XR Yeast stimulates digestive juices and muscles! Unlike harsh cathartics

Copyright, 1935 Standard Brands, Incorporated

which act only on your bowels, it first acts in your *stomach* where most constipation starts!

Thus your food is digested better . . . kept softer . . . so it moves easily through your body.

Soon you become “regular,” and can stop taking those harmful laxatives. Soon you don’t feel that terrible distress after meals.

As poisons are cleared from your system, you have more energy, more cheerful spirits.

Your skin is quickly freed of those horrid pimples. It takes on new color. Also, you don’t have those headaches day after day!

You have fewer colds, too, because of the new Vitamin A now in Fleischmann’s XR Yeast. It supplies *four* vitamins we all need—A, B, D and G—plus healthful minerals!

Order some Fleischmann’s XR Yeast *now* from a grocer, restaurant or soda fountain.

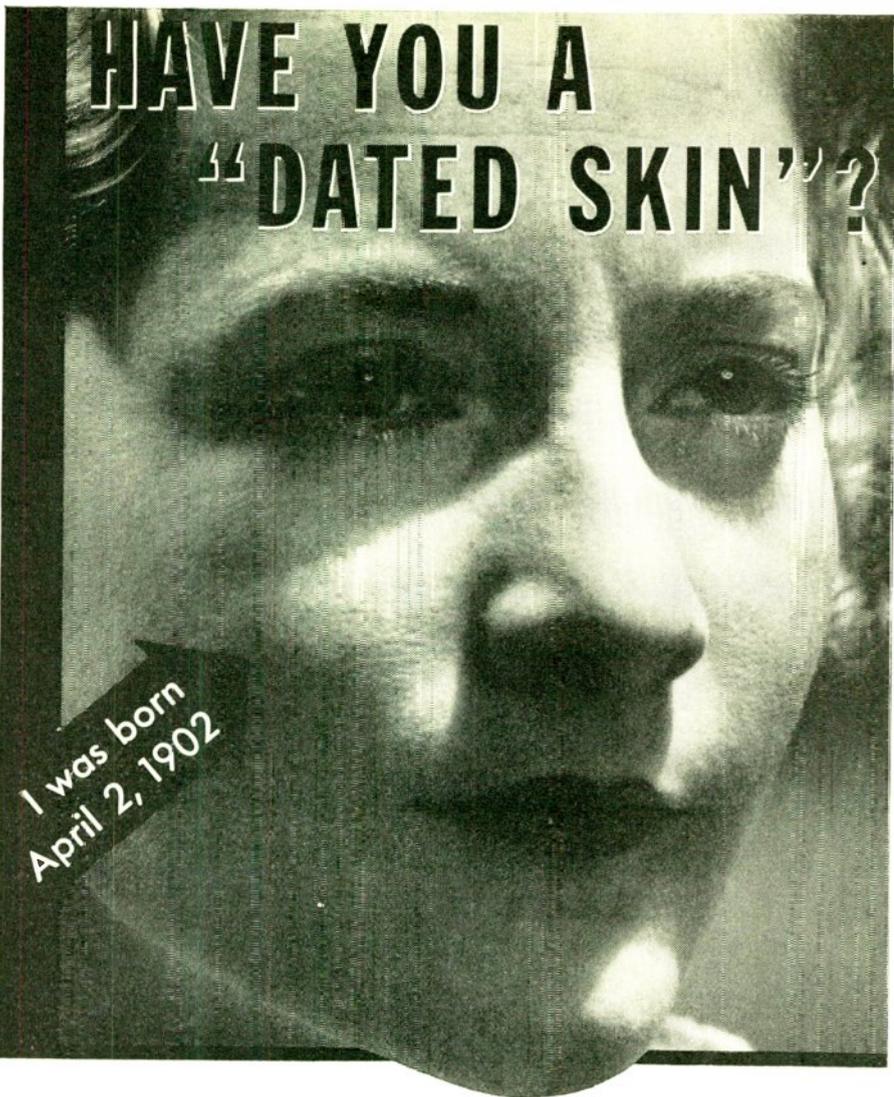
Just eat 3 cakes a day for at least 30 days—plain, or dissolved in $\frac{1}{3}$ glass of water—preferably a half-hour before every meal! But eat it *regularly!*

(As good as ever for baking, too!)

Over 3 millions now eating Fleischmann’s new XR Yeast



NRA
 CODE



THE WRONG SHADE OF FACE POWDER WILL GIVE YOUR AGE AWAY EVERY TIME!

By *Lady Esther*

A woman's age is a woman's secret. Even the election laws acknowledge this when they require only that a woman state that she is over 21.

Every woman is entitled to look young—as young, frankly, as she can make herself look. That is a woman's prerogative and no one can deny it her.

But many a woman betrays her age in the very shade of face powder she uses. The wrong shade of face powder makes her look her age. It "dates" her skin—stamps on it her birth-date. She may feel 21, act 21, dress 21, but she doesn't fool the world a bit. To calculating eyes she is 31 and no foolin'.

Why Advertise Your Age?

Color creates the effect of either age or youth. Any artist, any make-up expert, will tell you this. Even a slight difference in shade will make a big difference in years so far as appearance is concerned.

The wrong shade of face powder will not only make you look your age, but crueller still, years older than you really are!

If you want to find out whether your shade of face powder is playing you fair or false, make this unflinching test: Send

for all 5 shades of Lady Esther Face Powder which I offer free, and try each on your face before you mirror.

Don't try to select your shade in advance, as flesh, natural or rachel, etc. Try each of all the 5 shades. In other words, don't try to match your skin, but, rather, to flatter it. Merely matching your skin won't help. What you want to do is *enhance it in appearance!*

The Shade for You Is One of These 5

The 5 shades of Lady Esther Face Powder will answer all tones of skin. (I could just as well have made 25 shades, but I know from scientific tests that only 5 are necessary for all colorings of skin.) One of these 5 shades, probably the one you least suspect, will instantly assert itself as the one for you. It will prove your most becoming, your most flattering. It will "youthify" rather than age you in appearance.

When you get the supply of Lady Esther Face Powder which I send you free, test it also for smoothness. Make my famous "bite test". Place a pinch between your teeth and bite on it. Note how grit-free it is. Mark also what a delicate beauty it gives your skin and how long it clings and stays fresh. In every way you will find this the most flattering powder you ever tried.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (11) **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.)

Copyright by Lady Esther, 1935

Radio From the Inside

(Continued from page 42)

WHEN CBS staged its "American Scene" hour, depicting typical episodes in this nation's picture, one of the highlights of the broadcast was the pick-up of an authentic "Hot Stove League" discussion from a country store in Kansas. During rehearsals the bewhiskered boys just acted up to the microphone, and the radio men were afraid that the knights of the cracker barrel wouldn't talk naturally when broadcast time came around. So those in charge pulled a fast one. Fifteen minutes before the little general store discussion was to be aired, the radio engineer signalled the country gentlemen that a nation was listening in to them. A few minutes later they were told that the broadcast was concluded. By the time the pickup actually was made, the corn-cobbers were so wrapped up in voicing their opinions on sealing wax, cabbages and things that it resulted in one of the most natural and human features to which I ever stretched an ear.

FEW politicians have a sense of humor . . . which is probably what makes them politicians. But Senator James A. Watson, the Republican war-horse, cracked a fast one recently that I'd like to echo here. When told the "Nit-Wit Hour" had been canceled for his talk, he replied: "I didn't know the Democrats had an hour on the air."

A SPONSOR sat in the control room of a radio cathedral. Having signed the star for his radio series he was auditioning duos, trios and quartets that were paraded before the microphone by a member of the network's artist bureau. Nothing seemed to please him . . . that is, until a pulchritudinous girls' trio was ushered in the studio. The sponsor took one glance at their loveliness, and exclaimed: "Great! They are just what I want for my program. Can they sing?"

AFTER one of the Ford broadcasts at the Radio Playhouse, Rosemary Lane, Fred Waring's pretty soloist, was approached by a dignified looking gentleman.

"Miss Lane," he enthused, "your singing of that song tonight was the best I've ever heard it done. It was really great, and I hope you can do the number again soon. I surely would like to hear it some more."

Naturally, Rosemary was quite delighted with the compliment. When the man had taken his leave, she turned to Fred and asked if he knew who the nice person was.

"Oh, that guy," Fred replied. "He's the music publisher who puts out the song you sang tonight."

AFTER listening to some of these sopranos warble "With My Eyes Wide Open I'm Dreaming," I think the lyrics should be changed to "With My Mouth Wide Open I'm Screaming."

RICHARD HIMBER is an orchestra gent who believes in being kind to the much-maligned song publishers. But he doesn't like to have the pack at his heels around broadcast time, as he finds them quite disturbing. So the Studebaker Champions' batonman devised a means of keeping the music-and-lyrics fellows away. He is accompanied to the studios by his brother, an insurance salesman . . . and it has the same effect as does an apple with the doctors.

SOME time ago I gave the Studebaker folks a pat on the back because they weren't nearsighted old fussies like some other sponsors. This token of esteem was due them, I thought, because they allowed a fellow by the name of JOEY NASH to sing for their product. Now I understand the warbler may be clipped from the program because some sillies didn't think it congruous.

More next month. . . .

Radio Pageant

(Continued from page 8)

compared with the average press reports. And it seemed to the Observer that, of all the trial commentators, Boake Carter came through best. His reports were fair, unbiased, honest. They were vivid and dramatic.

GERALDINE FARRAR has established herself as a gracious figure in her role of Metropolitan Opera interpreter, raconteuse, or whatever you may call her air role.

During the entr'acte periods Miss Farrar talked about the opera plots, told little stories of her own experiences in the same roles, frequently sang an aria or two to her own piano accompaniment. The whole thing lent a pleasant, charming informality to the opera broadcasts, and the Observer, for one at least, hopes that Miss Farrar will continue next season in her observation post just above the diamond horseshoe. The engagement of Miss Farrar was a happy thought, indeed.

THOUGHTS OF THE MONTH:
 Can't something be done about the confliction of Jack Benny and Alexander Woollcott, who broadcast at iden-

tical moments on Sunday evenings? . . . The three-hour dance program of the National Biscuit Company has won the Observer. . . . Particularly Xavier Cugat's music. . . . Fred Waring, who set a new style in music hours, is trying interesting new choral experiments. . . . A grand organization is Waring's. . . . Bee Lillie is amusing, but she does need material. . . . The Observer votes Paul Muni one of Hollywood's best actors on the strength of his virile playing of the self-made lawyer of Elmer Rice's "Counsellor-at-Law." . . . That was a gorgeous bit on a recent Rudy Vallee program. . . . The Observer refers to "Palookas on Parade," Reis and Dunn's neat vocal version of a prize fight as broadcast by a popular priced hat. . . . Fred Allen holds to his high comic average, although the amateurs crowd him too much. . . . Cheers for Arturo Toscanini's rendition of Strauss' "Salome" and Lauritz Melchior's singing of "The Spring Song" from "Die Walkure." . . . Otto Harbach's musical drama got off to a splendid start. . . . The interlude is expertly conceived, neatly interpreted, particularly by Otto Harbach as Otto Harbach.

Tower Radio, April, 1935

For beauty of lips
and neck-line enjoy
Double-Mint gum.
Every day! wherever
and whenever convenient.
It's a natural
beauty exercise.



F. W. WOOLWORTH CO 5^{AND} 10 CENT STORES

Lorraine

Hair Nets • Water Wave Nets • Combs • Switches



Lorraine Hair Nets come in single and double mesh, cap and fringe shapes, regular and bob sizes. Made of fine human hair, strong and long wearing. All shades including, grey and white.



Lorraine Water Wave Sleeping Caps fit snugly and are made of heavy silk thread, with wide band and tie strap. In all natural hair shades; also pastels: pink, orchid, blue, rose, tangerine, green, jade.



SAVE THAT WAVE! Lorraine Water Wave Nets hold your wave firmly in place while you sleep. Strong meshes assure long wear, and the elastic chin strap, illustrated at left, keeps the net from shifting. Also a valuable aid when you set your hair after a shampoo.



Lorraine Triangle Veil Nets serve many purposes in keeping your wave lovely. Easy to put on after a finger wave. Excellent protection in motoring and sports. In all hair shades. Illustrated at right.



LORRAINE COMBS



Strong combs of fine quality hard rubber: Bobby, pocket and dressing combs. Black and mahogany. Also combs of acetate in ivory, coral, green, blue, pink, red, maize, orchid. Solid color or pearl effect.



LORRAINE SWITCHES



Lorraine Switches are made of real hair, in all shades and are extremely smart. Light, medium and dark browns, blonde black, auburn and platinum. 21 inches long. Make attractive braids. Easy to wash.

SOLD EXCLUSIVELY AT F. W. WOOLWORTH CO 5 and 10 CENT STORES



Ray Perkins, master of ceremonies of the National Feen-a-mint Amateur Hour, offers a little encouragement to a "mike" novice.

Radio's 1935 Star— The Amateur

(Continued from page 13)

singer with a meritorious voice was invited to the office of a sponsor producing agency where she was signed for a radio appearance. There was a dramatic interlude when a distraught father telephoned, appealing to Major Bowes to ask if some listener who may have had a streptococic infection of a certain type would volunteer to donate some blood for his young son who was feared to be dying from the malady. Six hundred men and women offered their services. For several weeks afterward the audiences were apprised of the progress of the child.

Not a few auditioners with more ego than talent were silenced by the bell, as well as others whose ambitions were greater than their capabilities. But Major Bowes, setting a fine example for other Amateur Night masters of ceremonies, dismissed the unfortunate candidates with a few kindly words which took the sting out of the defeat. The winners received a contract for several weeks' appearances in the neighborhood Loew's Theaters of the metropolis at a modest professional salary.

It is no longer beer and skittles—if even that—for the unknown; it's now caviar and champagne. The kingdom of the radio classes has become the soviet of the masses. Any one of you TOWER RADIO readers may find that the talent that you have kept concealed, if revealed over the air, may win you a contract. As I am typing this article, an unknown dressmaker has won an Amateur Night contest and been handed a ten weeks' contract for radio appearances.

Chicago should be a mecca for singers with radio ambitions, for station WBBM, affiliate of the Columbia Broadcasting System, is offering a thirteen weeks' contract at \$100 a week for the best singer selected among the unknowns. And a few blocks away in the Windy City at WGN, capable Quin Ryan is acting as master of ceremonies in a series of amateur nights with the suitable rewards that befit a winner.

A gold medal and a contract for radio appearances await the lucky boy or girl who is selected by a committee of impressive names who have the plenary power on the Feen-a-mint "National

Amateur Night," which is captained by Ray Perkins.

The radio-ambitious who haven't, should dial in Wednesday on Town Hall Tonight over NBC where they will hear Fred Allen invite them to compete for a first prize of a \$50 bill plus a week's contract for a stage appearance at the famous Roxy Theatre in New York. And the inimitable Fred—or his sponsors—have stolen a march on the legion of chain or individual station amateur nights because he offers a second prize, namely, \$25. West Coast listeners dial KYA San Francisco on Monday evening to hear the non-professionals speak their pieces or sing their songs.

Are there any success stories of amateurs who have achieved success? There are four that I shall mention by way of illustration. Henry Ginsberg, foreman of a pants factory in New York, won the hearts and votes of the listeners when his rich tenor voice was heard over WHN in New York several months ago. That very evening two agencies and a theatrical producer telephoned the station requesting that Mr. Ginsberg come to their offices to discuss an engagement. This amateur is now featured in a sponsored show—"Stars of Tomorrow." Then there is Anna Anderson of the Bronx, New York, a soprano, who gave up her job in a perfume factory to sing on a sponsored program in New York.

A story that should inspire hope is that of William Groen, an unemployed carpenter, of Mott Haven, New York. Largely to take his mind off his discouraging quest for work, this skilled artisan built a home-made dulcimer. Not only that but without any tutoring he learned to play it so excellently that following his winning first place on an amateur night he immediately was booked for a series of appearances in theaters and homes of wealthy music lovers.

If these vignettes of amateur victory have aroused ambition among TOWER RADIO readers, they have only to reach for pen and paper. Should you like to share the radio spotlight with Fred Allen, write an application setting forth your name, address, particular talent
(Please turn to page 48)

"Careless little bride!"

SAID TATTLE-TALE GRAY

It had been the first big party in her own new home—she had been so thrilled—but suddenly she saw a guest eyeing her tablecloth—and that critical glance ruined her evening.

Why did her clothes have that *tattle-tale gray* look? She always worked hard over her washes—but why must she seem so careless?

Then next day, she found the answer...



The thing that robs your clothes of their nice fresh whiteness, a friend told the bride, is left-over dirt—and there's one sure way to get out ALL the dirt.



That way is to use Fels-Naptha—for it's made of *golden soap* that's richer—and there's *lots of dirt-loosening naphtha* right in it. You can smell the naphtha.



Another nice thing this bride learned about Fels-Naptha—it's *perfectly safe* for daintiest things. And kind to hands—there's soothing glycerine in every bar.



Now Alice is married a year—her linens still look as fresh and snowy as new—and there's never a hint of tattle-tale gray to make people think she's careless!

Just try it! Give Fels-Naptha Soap a chance at your own wash. You'll get the sweetest, sunniest clothes that ever bobbed on a line.

Whitest, too—because they're clean clear through! "Trick" soaps and cheap

soaps skim over dirt—they leave specks behind. But Fels-Naptha gets ALL THE DIRT—even the grimmest, ground-in kind.

Fels-Naptha now sells at the lowest price in almost twenty years. Get a few bars at your grocer's today.

**BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"
WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!**

To me, *Faen*
(FAY-ON)
is the essence of romance



says *Anne C. Parke*

Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. NORMAN H. PARKE
of New York and a descendant of DUNCAN PHYFE.

AMONG the gay young moderns who set the pace for what's correct, Miss Anne Parke plays an important part. What's new in clothes, places to dine, things to see, perfumes to use — she knows what's "being done." It is not surprising therefore, to learn of her preference for FAOEN.

"To me," she says, "perfume must express romance. FAOEN suggests it so subtly and yet so definitely that I really prefer it to more costly scents."

Miss Parke is right — FAOEN's bewitching fragrance makes every occasion rife with romantic possibilities. There's sheer magic in the way it transforms comeliness into irresistible glamour. Let FAOEN show you the way to enchantment!

In a ten cent (10c) tuckaway size as illustrated at all 5 and 10 cent stores.

PARK & TILFORD'S
FAOEN
(FAY-ON)
Beauty Aids

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



No. 3 ORIENTAL..EXOTIC



No. 12 FLORAL..DELICATE



No. 19 FRESH..ELUSIVE



No. 44 WARM..VIBRANT



Fred Allen's Town Hall Tonight has been awarding prizes to its amateur contestants by a Johns-Manville sound meter. This instrument, below with engineer Carl Meyer, records the amount of applause given to each amateur by the studio audience.

Radio's 1935 Star— The Amateur

(Continued from page 47)

and the profession or employment you follow, a procedure you must adopt whenever applying. Send your application to James Harkins, Hotel Flanders, New York. New York Feen-a-mint's amateur interests are handled by Arnold Johnson, who may be reached at 116 East Fifty-third Street, New York. Write to Ben Paley, Station WBBM, Wrigley Building, Chicago, if desirous for competing for the thirteen weeks' contract at \$100 offered to a singer by that station. Auditions for Kate Smith's contests for new talent in behalf of Hudson Terraplane are held in various cities to which she is travelling. One should watch the local papers for details and her local address. WGN, Chicago, has delegated Quin Ryan, who may be addressed there, to answer the applications. West Coast candidates should address the Program Director of KVA

at San Francisco. And the non-professional who elects to try out his talents over WHN, should send his letter to Major Edward Bowes, WHN, Loew's State Theatre Building, 1540 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Yes, amateur night's response among the set owners has started something. It has made the sponsors realize that they must be on their toes to hold their audiences. The whole radio world is now a potential actor or singer or what not. "If you don't step up your programs, we listeners will go on the air ourselves and amuse each other" say they. Multitudes of fans seemingly agree with the words of Herbert Veeder in *The Chicago Tribune*:

"Radio, sadly in need of some new diversion, seems to have found just such a stimulant in 'Amateur Night.'"

The Amateur is 1935's star of radio!

BIRTHDAY GREETINGS

WHY NOT SEND

TO YOUR FAVORITES?



John White..... April 2, —	Sigmund Spaeth..... April 10, 1893
George Jessel..... April 3, 1898	Victor Lombardo.... April 10, 1911
Peter Van Steeden.. April 3, 1904	Gene Carroll..... April 13, 1904
Frances Langford... April 4, —	Evan Evans..... April 13, —
Rosemary Lane..... April 4, 1916	Milton Cross..... April 16, 1897
Mme. Sylvia..... April 6, 1881	Howard Claney.... April 17, 1898
Lowell Thomas..... April 6, 1892	Wilfred Glenn..... April 20, —
Charles Carlile.... April 7, 1904	Edwin C. Hill..... April 23, 1885
Lulu McConnell.... April 8, —	Frank Parker..... April 29, 1906

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



"Women welcome frankness when talking about these Kotex advantages"

CAN'T CHAFE • CAN'T FAIL • CAN'T SHOW!

Mary Pauline Callender

Author of "Marjorie May's 12th Birthday"

Your druggist can't tell you these things without embarrassment. But as one woman to another I want to tell you of these remarkable improvements in sanitary protection.

①
CAN'T CHAFE



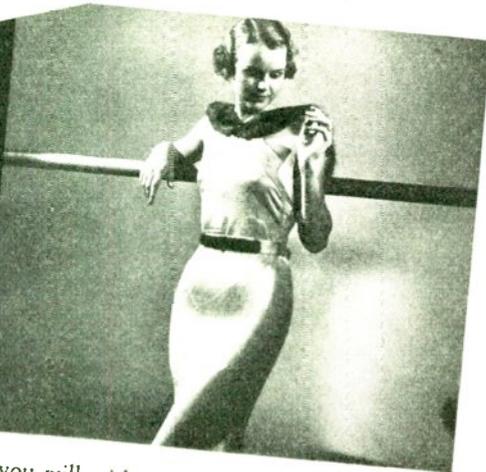
To prevent all chafing and all irritation, the sides of Kotex are cushioned in a special, soft, downy cotton. That means lasting comfort and freedom every minute Kotex is worn. But, mind you, sides only are cushioned . . . the center surface is left free to absorb.

②
CAN'T FAIL



There is a special center layer in the heart of the pad. It has channels that guide moisture evenly the whole length of the pad—thus avoids accidents. And this special center gives "body" but not bulk to the pad in use . . . makes Kotex keep adjusting itself to every natural movement. No twisting. The filler of Kotex is actually 5 times more absorbent than cotton.

③
CAN'T SHOW



Now you can wear what you will without lines ever showing. Why? Kotex ends are not merely rounded as in ordinary pads, but flattened and tapered besides. Absolute invisibility always. No "give away" lines or wrinkles . . . and that makes for added assurance that results in peace of mind and poise.

New Adjustable Belt Requires No Pins!

No wonder thousands are buying this truly remarkable Kotex sanitary belt! It's conveniently narrow . . . easily adjustable to fit the figure. And the patented clasp does away with pins entirely. You'll be pleased with the comfort . . . and the low price.



FRANKLY, I believe that I know what women really want in sanitary protection. For I have talked to thousands of women of all ages, and from all walks of life, about their personal problems. In intimate chats I've heard the faults they find with ordinary pads. And I know you'll be grateful to hear about the remarkable new Kotex.

Here are the facts that will interest you most.

Kotex is much softer because of its downy, cotton sides. 8 women in 10 say it prevents chafing entirely.

Kotex gives a freedom of mind for hours longer because the "equalizer" distributes moisture evenly—avoids accidents.

The tapered ends permit you to wear clinging gowns without the fear of lines that show.

Kotex eliminates pulling and twisting. *The reason for all this is contained in the pad itself and in the new pinless belt.*

These are exclusive Kotex features of which no other napkin can boast.

5 times as absorbent

Did you know this? The Kotex absorbent cellucotton (not cotton) is 5 times as absorbent as cotton. It is the identical absorbent used in the majority of our leading hospitals. In fact, hospitals alone last year used 18 million Kotex pads.

Just let me mention that women who require extra protection find Super Kotex ideal for their needs. It costs no more than the regular. For emergency, Kotex is available in West Cabinets in ladies' rest rooms.

WONDERSOFT KOTEX

Try the New Deodorant Powder Discovery . . . QUEST, for Personal Daintiness. Available wherever Kotex is sold. Sponsored by the makers of Kotex.

Read this
Glorious News

about

Gray Hair!



1 Now, with this new method, it's simplicity itself to bring color to gray streaks. Just empty a little powder into a water glass.

2 Pour a little of Mary T. Goldman's water-white liquid over the powder—mix the two—and behold, you are all ready.

3 Just comb it through the gray and you are through. When the hair is dry, the gray is gone. So simple. So easy.

A Startling New Development now makes coloring gray hair no more trouble than a manicure! No more costly than a jar of good face cream! Yet transforms gray hair with youthful lustre... We invite you to **TEST IT FREE** in 10 short minutes on a single lock from your hair... Read this unusual news. Then mail the coupon and find real freedom from gray.

Now, in an unheard of short space of time, you can transform the gray in your hair into youthful lustre and loveliness. You can start this morning and before evening the gray in your hair will be gone. You can do it easily, quickly, yourself at home. No experience needed. No "skin-test" required. Medical authorities pronounce it **SAFE**—harmless to hair and scalp.

Just the three simple steps above are necessary. No delay or waiting except for the hair to dry.

No matter what the natural color of your hair, (black, brown, auburn, reddish, or blonde) Mary T. Goldman's new method blends with natural shade so evenly that detection need never be feared. It will not wash out, fade, nor rub off on clothing and linens. You can wave or curl your hair just as always.

This new method was developed by a leading scientist after special research. His results place gray hair coloration on an entirely new plane. You are not asked to take our word for it, nor to believe a single statement in this advertisement without a fair, free trial.

Send us the coupon below. We will supply you **FREE** with a sufficient quantity in an unmarked package to test on a small lock snipped from your hair. You can judge the results for yourself.

If you prefer, your druggist or department store can supply you with the full-sized bottle for complete treatment. Money-back guarantee.

Mail the coupon now. The day you receive your **FREE** Single Lock Test Package, you will realize that your gray hair problem is ended for good.

Mary T. Goldman

COLOR FOR GRAY HAIR

FOR FREE TEST PACKAGE

MARY T. GOLDMAN 993 Goldman Bldg. St. Paul, Minn.
Please send me your **FREE** Single Lock Test Package as checked below

Name.....
Street.....
City..... State.....

CHECK COLOR OF HAIR BLACK MEDIUM BROWN AUBURN AND REDDISH
 DARK BROWN LIGHT BROWN BLONDE

Know Your Music

By
**PITTS
SANBORN**

Illustrated by
**BERTRAND
ZADIG**



Nikolai Rimsky-Korsakoff

NIKOLAI ANDREYE-VITCH RIMSKY-KORSAKOFF was a leading nationalist composer of Russia. In his own country his greatest fame was obtained through his operas based on Russian folk lore and Slavic myths. Outside of Russia his symphonic suite "Scheherazade" made him known in western Europe and America and established his reputation as a "magician of the orchestra."

As with certain other outstanding Russian musicians, a musical career in the case of Rimsky-Korsakoff was an afterthought. He was born at Tichvin in the Government of Novgorod on March 18, 1844. His parents, who belonged to the gentry, were both musical and Rimsky-Korsakoff tells us in his memoirs that he showed indications of musical talent at a very early age. "I was not fully two years old," he says, "when I clearly distinguished all the tunes my mother sang to me. Later, when three or four, I beat a toy drum in perfect time while my father played the piano. Often my father would suddenly change the tempo and rhythm on purpose, and I at once followed suit. Soon afterward I began to sing quite correctly whatever my father played."

In spite of such musical precociousness, the parents looked toward one of the traditional aristocratic careers for their son and so entered him at the Naval Academy at St. Petersburg in 1856. However, his musical studies, which had begun with regular piano lessons when he was six, proceeded, study of the cello being added to that of the piano. He also dabbled in composition. The decisive year of his life as it turned out was 1861. Then he met Balakireff, the leader of a group of young composers, including also Moussorgsky, Borodin, and Cui, whose aim was to give Russia a national art of music. So enthusiastic did Rimsky-Korsakoff become that, although he never had thought of music as a profession, he now applied himself to serious theoretical study.

Still, he continued at the Naval Academy and on graduation had to take part in a world cruise which lasted for three years (until 1865) and incidentally brought him to the two Americas. Nevertheless, he found time to compose his first opus, a symphony, which was also the first symphony ever composed by a Russian. As soon as he finished each movement he forwarded it to Balakireff for an opinion. Balakireff successfully conducted this symphony at St. Petersburg immediately after the composer's return.

There followed from his pen songs and orchestral pieces, among the latter

being "Sadko," the first symphonic poem by a Russian composer. This work was the forerunner of one of his most popular operas, bearing the same name, which has been sumptuously

produced at New York's Metropolitan Opera House and which contains the melodious lyric known popularly in this country as "The Song of India."

Music now occupied more and more of Rimsky-Korsakoff's time. In 1871 he accepted the professorship of composition and instrumentation at the St. Petersburg Conservatory, a position which he continued to fill until his death. From 1879 to 1881 he was director and concert-conductor of the Free School of Music; from 1883 to 1894 he assisted Balakireff as conductor at the Imperial Court Chapel; from 1886 to 1890 he conducted the Russian Symphony Concerts at St. Petersburg. He also carried the gospel of Russian music to other countries, conducting Russian programs with notable success at the Paris Exhibition of 1889 and again at Paris in 1907, and at Brussels in 1890 and 1900.

Meanwhile he had resigned from the navy in 1873, but he had consented to serve as inspector of marine bands, a post he held until it was abolished in 1884.

As an opera composer Rimsky-Korsakoff made his debut with "The Maid of Pskof" at St. Petersburg in 1873. Following the example of Wagner, he himself wrote the librettos of his operas as a rule, thus indulging to the full his taste for Russian legend. These librettos are skillfully made and have real literary quality.

At this juncture Rimsky-Korsakoff demonstrated the seriousness of his attitude toward art by taking an almost unprecedented step. Feeling that his technical equipment was insufficient, he retired for a while from composing to devote himself to strenuous technical training (teaching himself, as it happened!) especially in counterpoint and fugue. The fruit of these studies appeared in the opera "The Night in May," produced at St. Petersburg in January, 1880.

From now on Rimsky-Korsakoff became more and more the opera composer, bringing out among other stage works "The Snow Maiden" (1882), which, like "Sadko," has been done at New York's Metropolitan, and "The Tale of the Invisible City of Kitezh and the Maid Fevronia" (1907) usually regarded as his masterpiece for the stage. His satiric opera "Le Coq d'Or," probably the most familiar of his lyric dramas outside of Russia and long a Metropolitan favorite, was produced (Please turn to page 52)

Smooth Hands light the flame of LOVE!



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Accident



2
Discovery



3
Capture

Are your hands a thrill? They should be! It's not the chapped rough little hands of this world that men want to hold!

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4
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SHE LOOKED EIGHTEEN

Ten Feet Away

But close up! . . . what a disappointment

THE easiest way to age the face is to use the wrong powder. What a mistake! How men shy away from the over-powdered, artificial girl. To carelessly add years is a risk to happiness . . . a harsh look is always a handicap.

And it's all so needless. Thanks to a new discovery, there's one face powder that actually subtracts years, giving the complexion a youthful, fresh glow that is adorable—natural. It is superior because of an exclusive process—*it's stratified* (rolled into tiny, clinging wafers). Hence no grit. Its delicate texture blends softly into the skin, lasts infinitely longer—conceals pores, but cannot enlarge them.

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Ivory Flesh Pink Natural Rachel Brunette.

Know Your Music

(Continued from page 50)

posthumously in 1910. The orchestral "Scheherazade" suite dates from 1889. Rimsky-Korsakoff tells us that he was averse to hearers finding a too definite program for this tonal evocation of "The Arabian Nights." Consequently in the new edition of the work he even did away with the programmatic hints in the headings of each movement, such as "The Sea," "Sinbad's Ship," "The Kalender's Narrative," etc. In composing "Scheherazade" he declares, "I meant these hints to direct only slightly the hearer's fancy on the path which my own fancy had traveled, and to leave more minute and particular conceptions of the will and mood of each."

Rimsky-Korsakoff was married in

June, 1872, to Nadyezhda Nikolayevna Purgold, one of a musical family who were on particularly friendly terms with the group of national composers. Seven children were born of this marriage.

Rimsky-Korsakoff died at his estate Lubensk, near St. Petersburg, on June 21, 1908. Of the Russian composers before Stravinsky only Tchaikowsky rivals him in fame, and of the two, Rimsky-Korsakoff made fuller use of the national heritage of folk lore and folk song.

Next month in TOWER RADIO, Pitts Sauborn will bring you a tabloid biography of Felix Mendelssohn.

Short Wave Department

(Continued from page 32)

Many reasons can be given for this. The most important is—the terrific heat in the Far East completely ruins any enjoyment you might experience in the tour.

Listening to shrill voiced Geisha girls or one man bands, radiated through the numerous high-powered short wave stations in Japan amply reward the real fan for his going without sleep or early rising. When the Rabat, Morocco station was being heard every Sunday, one did not have to lose sleep in order to hear the programs of native music coming from the land of the sheiks. When 3:30 P. M. came we would tune to 37.33 meters and from then until 5 P. M. every short wave fan was delighted with the sound of tomtoms and weird African music. This station will not be heard with any degree of reliability during the Summer, but with the coming of Fall we should easily "pull" its signals across the Atlantic.

YDA, 49.02 meters, Bandoeng, Java, has been heard with such fine signal strength that gradually it is being classed as one of the "foreign locals." This station, which comes on the air at 5:30 A. M. E. S. T. signs off very often at 10 A. M., with an organ selection, "The End of a Perfect Day."

I wonder how many listeners here in the eastern part of the United States realize this Javanese program originates in a studio 11,721 miles away.

We went on a tour one week-end. Starting at 5:00 P. M. on Saturday and "returning home" at 8 A. M. Sunday morning we covered 127,000 miles. Not bad for an "old salt." Piloting a short wave receiver is very similar to navigating a ship. You are lost in either case if you do not keep a clear head and a lookout for something ahead. In the capacity of master, you may have your eye on the coast of England and a small vessel crosses your path. So it is with DXing. You may be trying to log a new station in Europe, when a weak carrier may "come on your horizon." Don't blow two blasts for it to pass on the port side, but see what it is doing there. This may be just the small, low powered station you thought you never would hear. Every carrier wave should be thoroughly investigated, before passing it by.

New Stations

THE short wave listeners on the west coast are generally the first to hear any of the new Oriental stations that may come on the air. Reports of their

reception are then sent to their "cousins" on the east coast. From then on it is left entirely in our hands to log these new stations. These signals must cross three thousand miles of land, besides the wide expanse of the Pacific Ocean. Distance is not taken into consideration when our goal is a new catch.

Several "highlights" did appear on the air during the past month. By far the most interesting was "Radio Suva" whose transmitter was constructed by the Amalgamated Wireless Ltd. The frequency used is 13.075 kc. or 22.94 meters and their operating schedule is 12:30 A. M. to 1:30 A. M. E. S. T. The musical programs consist of recordings but announcements are in English. Reports are requested. Even the most dyed-in-the-wool fans have difficulty bringing in this station's signals many, many miles away.

The "J" stations in far off Nippon certainly stepped out and many a listener doubted his own ears when he heard typical Oriental music, coming with excellent volume, out of his loud speaker. Reception of these stations passed from earphones to loud speaker practically over night.

Not a distant catch but a new comer to the air was HP5B, "Estacion Radiodifusora Miramar," Panama. This station made its bow to the short waves on 6,030 kc. but by degrees they have settled down on 6,050 kc. causing considerable damage to the Daventry's transmissions. HP5B announces in Spanish and English and requests all reports be sent to "Apartado 910, Panama City, Republic of Panama."

On the Caspian Sea, a few hundred miles from where Persia and Russia have a boundary line is the city of Baku. In this city of half a million population there is certain to be telephones and many calls placed in their exchanges are for Moscow. Nearly every morning, on 29.5 meters the short wave commercial phone circuit is in use. A woman calls, "Hello, Moskva," until the connection is established. Then the air "hums" with "Mr. Baku" talking to "Mrs. Moskva."

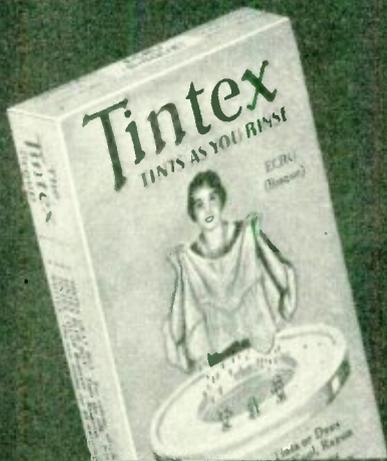
One of the most interesting features of short wave listening is to tune in on a distant phone station calling a more distant country. Without exaggeration, every morning you will hear Germany calling Japan or vice versa. Holland contacts Java in the "wee sma" hours. Australia calls New Zealand at an hour that sleepy heads are in slumberland but DXers are wide awake.



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IS THERE any wonder that millions of smart women insist on Tintex? They know that only Tintex can give them such swift, sure, professional tinting and dyeing results. They know, too, that Tintex never fails . . . that, although it costs only a few pennies, Tintex saves many dollars. And then Tintex is so easy. Simply "tint as you

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World Radio History

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The Years HAVE PROVED THIS TRUTH



*a Laxative for women
must be gentle as
well as thorough*

HER hair is a silver frame for her lovely face. She's happy, she's healthy—and she looks it. Years ago when she was very young she learned a health lesson she's never forgotten.

Part of the lesson was "keep regular". The rest... and equally vital part of the lesson... was *how* to keep regular.

She never would dream of taking a harsh, violent laxative. The delicate feminine system need not be subjected to such a shock.

For 28 years her laxative has been Ex-Lax.

*Why women, especially, find
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Harsh, violent laxatives are bad for anyone. But for women they are particularly undesirable. They upset you, they give you stomach pains, they leave you feeling weak. They are liable to be habit-forming, forcing you to keep on increasing the dose to get results. And they're so nasty to take that your feminine instinct rebels at the very thought of them.

Now Ex-Lax is as thorough as any laxative you could take. But... it's gentle. So gentle! No stomach pains, no upset feeling, no after-weakness. Except for the results, you hardly know you've taken a laxative. Ex-Lax won't form a habit... the same dose accomplishes the purpose each time.

And Ex-Lax is such a pleasure to take... like eating a piece of delicious chocolate.

Ex-Lax comes in 10c and 25c boxes— at any drug store. Or mail the coupon below for a free sample.

COLD WAVE HERE... and we mean *colds*. Sneezing, sniffing, coughing, misery-creating colds. Guard against them this way: Get enough sleep, eat sensibly, dress warmly, keep out of drafts, keep your feet dry, and **KEEP REGULAR**... with Ex-Lax, the delicious chocolate laxative.

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How to Be a Radio Star

(Continued from page 18)

(Effect of washing dishes—egg beater whirring—washing machine buzzing—rug beating—bed making and darning stockings)

JOHN: Yes, I know it, but I can't even stand hearing the telephone ring. (Telephone rings)

MARY: I'll answer it! (Telephone falls to floor—pick it up)

Hello?

ELMER: (Off stage) Is this Begonia 8-4890?

MARY: No, this is Begonia 8-4891.

ELMER: Aw nuts!

(Hang up receiver without a sound in order not to disturb John)

MARY: Wrong number.

JOHN: But my head aches worse!

(Effect of worse headache)

MARY: I have just the thing for you, John.

JOHN: (With raised eyebrows) What?

(Effect of eyebrows raising)

MARY: See!

(Click of metal can)

JOHN: A jar of Hepplethwaite's Happy Day Salts!

MARY: Yes—just put a spoonful into a glass of water.

(Use Niagara Falls recording No. 24.1)

And see—how pleasant it is to taste.

JOHN: I will—and right away.

(Effect of drinking glass of Hepplethwaite's Happy Day Salts)

MARY: There—now, don't you feel better?

JOHN: My headache is gone . . . I am a new man!

MARY: Oh John, I'm so happy . . . and we owe everything to—

JOHN AND MARY: (Together) Hepplethwaite Happy Day Salts!

(Grand Finale—Theme Song—"Happy Days with Hepplethwaite's" rendered by the massed Army, Navy and Marine Corps Bands.)

The above gives you a rough idea of what you have to swallow in radio. Now that you know what a radio script looks like, you are ready to go! Into some other business.

I SHALL now list the various kinds of sound effects according to the usual classifications—animal, vegetable and mineral.

A. *Animal.*

Horses, Cows, Zebras, Whales, Camels, Chesterfields, Lucky Strikes, Humming Birds, Dogs, Gnus, Hogs (Road and Razor-Backed), Elephants, Kangaroos and Tropical Fish, not including guppies which are a little bit too frank about various things to be allowed on the air.

B. *Vegetable.*

Broccoli, potatoes, cheese souffle, henpecked husbands, tomato catsup being poured from bottle, and poached eggs (when included in vegetable plate on the 55c special luncheon).

C. *Mineral.*

Airplanes (West bound only), automobiles (1935 model), Westminster chimes, train going slowly, train going fast (when you're trying to catch it), White Rock (mineral water), door bells, ambulance sirens, night club sirens, bookkeeping ink (red), wind storms, and Times Square on New Year's Eve.

Now it is obvious that even if I could give a description of how to obtain these effects in this lesson, you'd be no better off than when you started, so I shall attempt only a few. The following are,

however, the twenty most important sound effects you will run across and it is necessary that you know them.

1. *Horses.*

See above. The effects of a horse champing at the bit is obtained by chewing a piece of food cooked by any one of the radio stars whose pictures appear in the magazines showing them in the kitchen with an apron on and their favorite recipe on the stove.

The effect of a horse snorting is obtained by having the client in the studio and suddenly showing him the bill for the talent on his program.

2. *Cows.*

Chewing cud—obtain by borrowing cow and letting nature take its course.

Swishing tail—place imitation fly on cow's southern exposure.

Kicking over milk pail—kick over milk pail.

3. *Camels.*

For a one-humped Camel, cup hands to mouth and go "W-H-E-O!" For two-humped camel, ditto, and go "W-H-E-E-O-O!"

4. *Gnus.*

The best way of getting the effect of gnus is not to do anything at all, as no gnus is good gnus.

5. *Dogs.*

Stand three feet from mike, place hat over face and go "bow wow." For small dog do it lightly, for Newfoundland, heavily.

6. *Goldfish.*

Best obtained by sound effects man (Elmer) eating spaghetti—one foot at a time and almost losing out as he reaches the end.

7. *Falling arches.*

It is best to let the arches fall to the ground one at a time like this—"Wham—Wham"—unless the character is a one-legged man, when the effect should be thus—"Wham."

8. *Airplane.*

An airplane in flight is reproduced by placing an electric fan a few inches from the microphone and putting the fingers into it one by one. This can also be used for the effect of a man losing all his fingers in an electric fan.

9. *Man at the end of his rope.*

This is produced by tying Elmer to a six inch hawser, placing him in the

corridor outside the studio and holding the end of the hawser at the mike. It is rarely used.

10. *Applying mustard to hot dog.*

This is easily obtained by taking a small wooden paddle, dipping it into a jar of mustard and carefully covering the left thumb with the mustard.

11. *Fire apparatus responding to fire.*

Turn in a fake alarm at the box on the corner outside the studio, then run upstairs quickly and open the studio windows.

12. *Patrol wagon responding to call.*

Leave same window open, lean out and call to policeman on beat—"Phooey on you, you big flatfoot."

13. *Zebra.*

See above methods concerning "horse" sound effects, only be sure to paint Elmer with large black stripes.

14. *Pneumatic Drill.*

In Winter, leave the studio windows open. Let Elmer strip to his waist, stand near the microphone, throw ice water on him, let the draft blow through window on him and wait five minutes. Elmer's teeth will produce the desired effect.

15. *Glass crash.*

Throw Elmer through studio window—always very effective.

16. *Pocket full of money.*

For obvious reasons this effect can not be obtained.

17. *Person choking.*

Stuff Elmer's mouth so full of dry bread he can't breathe—the choke is on him.

18. *Mild Laughter.*

Read Mark Twain's best story to studio audiences.

19. *Medium laughter.*

Tell joke—"Who was that lady I seen you with last night?"

20. *Hilarious laughter.*

Say through nose—"Do you wanna buy a duck?"

Well, dear students, now that you know how to produce sound effects—there you are! I repeat—where are you?

Next month's lesson (No. 5) will be—"Taboo or not Taboo—that is the question"—"What not to say on the air, by an expert who has said them all."



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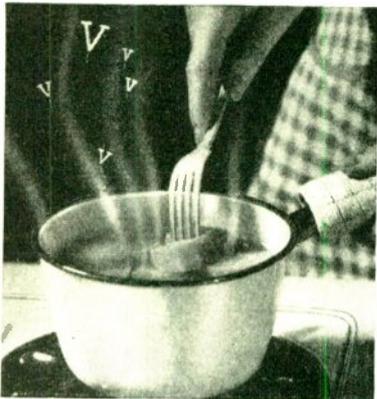
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But infants fed vegetables cooked and strained by ordinary home methods receive a lower vitamin content than do those fed Heinz Strained Foods

SO-CALLED fresh market vegetables, cooked and strained at home for baby's diet, are not always so fully vitamin-laden as you think.

Actually far higher vitamin and mineral retention than those of most home-prepared vegetables is now assured in Heinz Strained Foods.

Heinz cooks them for you, strains them finer, vacuum-packs them into enameled tins—all without exposure to vitamin-destroying air. Prize vegetables, harvested at the minute of perfection, go into the steam cookers a few hours from the garden. Thus, in many ways the precious nutrients are retained.

Try three tins of Heinz Strained Foods. And know that your baby is receiving an abundant, even quota of vitamins and minerals. Ask your grocer.

NEW BOOK—The latest facts of vitamins and minerals in baby's diet are revealed, clearly and simply, in this new 60-page book, "Modern Guardians of your Baby's Health". Merely send labels from 3 tins of Heinz Strained Foods and 10 cents to H. J. Heinz Company, Dept. TG 204, 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

Are Children's Radio Programs Dangerous?

(Continued from page 11)

mows down bandits with his little machine gun is hard to accept but such situations are few and far between. And there are some crime stories that aren't any too wholesome just before bed time.

I think parents are somewhat unfair in fixing the responsibility for these programs on the broadcasters. Certainly in any well disciplined home, there should be little difficulty in selecting the right programs for youngsters. If a program is objectionable, there are always other programs to be heard. Of course, mothers can't always be at home censoring radio entertainment—especially on the days when the club meets to discuss what to do about them.

I also think that the broadcasters have not been given half enough thanks and appreciation for the really fine things that have been done. It was a generous gesture on the part of that advertiser last year to give us Maude Adams in "Peter Pan." And I doubt if any other commercial institution outside of radio has presented such a consistently intelligent and well-balanced period of educational entertainment as Columbia's School of the Air. NBC's musical appreciation concerts, directed by Dr. Walter Damrosch, have been a priceless gift to hundreds of thousands of youngsters.

Radio, however, because of its rivalry with other mediums for the expression of public opinion, is accustomed to having its good deeds ignored and its sins of omission and commission put into headlines. It is sad—but true—that when a woman's club finds something wrong with radio it is news, but when a thousand schoolrooms make the School of the Air broadcast a part of the curricula, it isn't chronicled in print.

BUT let's get back to specific cases and see what is being done or what may be done about juvenile programs. And having praised the broadcasters in general, I feel privileged to criticize some of the individual phases of the situation.

There are a few other programs that annoy parents and educators. Opinions are pretty well divided on the wholesomeness of Buck Rogers. Personally I cannot find that it has done any harm in my own home.

Aside from a half dozen programs that may be classed as undesirable in the average home, there are quite a few programs that are merely stupid. These programs manage to justify their existence because of tremendous mail returns. The mail is not inspired by the worth of the program but by a clever give-away.

The crusaders in all likelihood will manage to have a half dozen or so programs changed radically or else taken off the air. But, even when that is done, the problem of good juvenile radio entertainment remains.

There are a few programs on which both children and parents are in perfect agreement as to entertainment value. The famous Singing Lady is probably the most popular with mothers and youngsters eight years old and younger.

Madge Tucker's "Lady Next Door" from NBC is consistently good entertainment.

"Og, Son of Fire," a radio serial about cave men and based upon a series of stories published in the official magazine of the Boy Scouts, is threatening the

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Also ask for Nestle SuperSet, Nestle Golden Shampoo or Nestle Henna Shampoo.

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supremacy of Buck Rogers and is liked by boys and girls and thoroughly approved by their parents. The Terhune Dog Dramas, selected by the Scarsdale Women's Club as the best juvenile series on the air, are good, but there's no great excitement among the youngsters about this particular series. The Ivory Stamp Club, conducted by Captain Tim Healy, has a large and enthusiastic following. Healy's material is instructive and quite entertaining.

Bedtime stories seem to have gone out of date in everything but college comic magazines and Broadway revues. Both CBS and NBC offer Sunday morning "Children's Hours" which are fair but lacking in originality. The "Uncle" type of program will always have a following, but its audience is a very young one. I doubt very much if the average age of Uncle Don's little listeners exceeds seven. He has a new audience born every year, however, and there is nothing horripilacious about his anecdotes.

COMPARED with the average evening's entertainment for the grown-ups, the youngsters have been pretty shabbily treated. There has been a decided lack of imagination in preparing programs for children and there has been scant recognition of the varied interests and the general high level of intelligence of the American child.

There have been a few notable experiments. The "Wizard of Oz" was adapted for radio, but lasted only one season. It was an interesting production, but went a bit too whimsical. The average child isn't very entertained by whimsy, and the followers of Alice and Winnie-the-Pooh seem to be mainly adults. There have been some good and some bad productions of "Alice in Wonderland," and there have also been some interesting adaptations of the classics, including "Treasure Island."

Musical entertainment for children has been almost completely neglected. NBC has a pleasing sketch called "Alice in Orchestralia," and it's well done. The Damrosch courses in musical appreciation also have a definite and enthusiastic following among children. However, no one has taken time to develop really interesting juvenile concerts.

My own son was highly amused and entertained when he heard "The Sorcerer's Apprentice" one Sunday afternoon, and he has always been greatly interested in music of the type best exemplified by Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Flight of the Bumble-Bee." Libraries of music are full of amusing and pictorial tunes. Yet no one seems to have taken the time and trouble to find out just what music really interests children.

Such programs as the March of Time, the Vallee hour, Showboat and the other elaborate evening presentations have large juvenile followings. While some of them are heard too late in the evening to be available for youngsters in the eastern time zone, they still are on the air before bedtime in the Middle West and on the Pacific Coast. Yet no sponsor has considered offering a variety show for children and obtaining really great talent. The amount of money spent on cheap give-aways on many programs would be more than enough to finance an outstanding juvenile production.

I have often wondered why someone hasn't offered a minstrel show for the juvenile audience. Children like very much that particular type of entertainment. And if Louis Untermeyer was able to produce such a fine book for children as "The Last Pirate," basing it on the Savoy operas, certainly there is a place for special adaptation of the Gil-

(Please turn to page 62)

Life was leaving this girl BEHIND

A TRUE STORY OF A MODERN CINDERELLA

YESTERDAY...

dull and drab



Yes, it's the same girl!

Photographer's Affidavit: I, Frederick Bradley, do hereby affirm that I have taken both these pictures, that they have not been retouched, and that they represent the actual change in the appearance of Miss N. B. before and after her use of Marvelous Beauty Aids, as outlined in the FREE Marvelous Make-up Guide.

Frederick Bradley

TODAY...

glamorous and desirable



Copyright, 1935, by R. H.

SHE was one of the girls that men passed by—unnoticed, unremembered. But that was yesterday.

Today she is alluring, magnetic. And her secret is simple. "Do what I did," she'd tell you.

"First you must discover your type. Pick out a girl you admire, perhaps a movie star, a girl whose hair and coloring are like yours. That's a good way to begin. Study her good points—how she makes the most of them; her weak points—how she subdues them. That's what you have to do."

Perhaps you too, need a new curl to your hair, a new lift to your head? Or new make-up to bring sparkle to your eyes, vivid aliveness to your skin, glowing appeal to your lips?

Then give Marvelous Beauty Aids a chance to transform you—make you over in a day.

Marvelous is more than just another line of cosmetics—it's a scientific skin treatment, prescribed by trained skin specialists in the Richard Hudnut laboratories. That name, Richard Hudnut, is your assurance of purity and high quality, as it has been for more than 50 years.

FREE BOOKLET TELLS HOW: And the Marvelous Make-up Guide tells you just what to do—how to make your skin look years younger with Marvelous Liquefying Cleansing Cream, how to soften its contours with Marvelous Tissue Cream, how to bring it to a youthful, glowing aliveness with Marvelous Freshener.

Tells you other secrets, too—how to keep your complexion *mirror-fresh* with Marvelous Face Powder—soft, lovely, of a gardenia petal smoothness; how to select the rouge, lipstick and powder your coloring deserves, how to accent the magic in your eyes.

The Marvelous Make-up Guide is FREE—free to every girl who wants to hurry up and be the girl she's dreamed of being. Just mail the coupon.

MARVELOUS BEAUTY AIDS

by Richard Hudnut

55¢ each



Mail this!

This coupon brings you FREE Marvelous Make-up Guide to help you find your type. Mail it today.

RICHARD HUDNUT, FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

Yes, you may send me—

FREE Marvelous Make-Up Guide

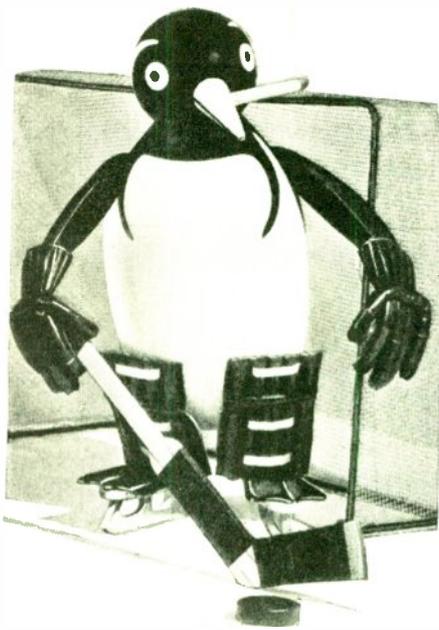
In addition I would like four purse-size boxes of Marvelous Face Powder in the four most popular shades. I enclose 6 cents in stamps for packing.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

THE BEST THROAT GUARD...



KOOL

MILDLY MENTHOLATED

Cigarettes

CORK-TIPPED

A cool smoke is always better for you. A KOOL smoke is still better! Light one; draw deep. Refreshing—eh? They're mildly mentholated so that your tongue enjoys the full Turkish-Domestic blend while your throat stays cool and relaxed. Cork-tipped; each pack carries a coupon good for handsome merchandise. (Offer good in U. S. A. only.) Send for FREE illustrated premium booklet and switch to throat-protecting KOOLS!



Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.

And Not a Kick!

(Continued from page 25)

little girl didn't make good, she'd charge it up to benefit and loss. But if Baby Elsie rang the bell, she was to receive \$125. The bell rang loud and strong. It was no gamble as far as Mama Jennie was concerned—and the same manager who gambled on her ability to entertain lived to see the day when he paid Elsie Janis \$3,500 a week!

When she was eight she made her New York debut. She did imitations to perfection of Eddie Foy, George M. Cohan, Lillian Russell and other current celebrities, and they so delighted audiences that she went right on up from there. She was long-legged, gangly, growing like a weed, all through that period when she was wowing 'em on New York roofs. She pleased everybody but the Gerry Society. They chased around after her a great deal, but when things got too hot Jennie could always get out-of-town bookings.

Finally, when she was sixteen, she made her official debut on the stage in "When We Are Forty-one." She toured the country in various productions, making rabid fans everywhere. There were plenty of pretty girls on the stage in those days, too. But not so many with personality—and only one with the Elsie Janis personality. And only one with that gamin, pixie face.

In 1906 she did a one-girl riot called "The Vanderbilt Cup," written especially for her, followed by "The Hoyden," "The Fair Co-Ed" and "Slim Princess." In "The Passing Show of 1914," she got all London on her side, including the Prince of Wales, Queen Mary and a number of their titled relatives. She became internationally known, not only in the world of entertainment but in the social world. She thought no more of going to luncheon in a palace than she does of grabbing a hot dog between broadcasts now.

ELSIE JANIS escaped the usual grim fate of a child actress solely because of her unparalleled sense of humor. There was no conceit in her, ever, and no snobbishness. She was young enough to have been spoiled by the fact that she was received by Vanderbilts and Belmonts, kings and princesses—but she was just shrewd enough to take it in her stride. Her graciousness and charm were inborn, not acquired.

As an actress she was the top—a turkey dinner, a Derby winner, the Coliseum. Then came the most gallant episode of her full, generous life. More than anything else, this step in Elsie Janis' career showed her up as a great girl. She gave up all engagements, all other interests, to entertain for the boys in the trenches. She got a pass from General Pershing, no less, and waltzed right up to the front.

The war, as some of you may remember, was no picnic—even for an entertainer. But, through it all, Elsie Janis sang and danced and clowned. If there were tears in her eyes—and knowing her big heart, one feels that there must have been, a great deal of the time—nobody ever saw them. Rain or rough roads, mud or shellfire, did not stop her. She went where she felt there was the biggest need for her brand of impudent cheer—and all over this country there are men who still love her for it. Many women have had sentimental titles bestowed on them, but when men called Elsie Janis "The Sweetheart of the A. E. F." it was with their hearts as well as their lips. To many of the boys she seemed much more real and closer than their sweethearts back home, so generously and enthusiastically did she



GERBER
Announces
a new process

SHAKER-COOKING

... its greatest improvement
in Strained Vegetables
FOR BABY



Stirring distributes heat evenly.

All Gerber Strained Vegetables are now vigorously stirred as they steam-cook in their cans... a revolutionary new process that shortens cooking time 40% to 50%... gives fresher, finer flavor and brighter color... cooks every particle more uniformly... and insures thorough sterilization without overcooking.

This costly process, for which Gerber has applied for patents, has never before been attempted in canning. We adopted it, just as we did the glass-lined retorts, the air-excluding equipment, the moisture-reduction in vacuum, the monel screens, because this extra care gives your baby finer, more nourishing foods than you could get in any other way.

Every Product Specially Prepared for Baby

Gerber's Strained Vegetables are especially grown for Baby, from selected seed, in selected gardens. Our own field supervisors name the very day and hour for picking. We rush the vegetables crispy-fresh to the cannery. That preserves vitamins.

To conserve still more vitamins, we put them through every process with air excluded... pre-cooking in glass-lined containers... moisture regulating to save the minerals... straining through monel metal screens, five times as fine as your kitchen sieve, to make them safe for Baby's digestive system... sealing in steam-washed cans... cooking in the cans by steam.

Forgetting the time and work they save you, don't you think Gerber's Strained Vegetables are more scientifically prepared—the minerals and vitamins better conserved—than is possible with home equipment? And better than just ordinary cans of seasoned vegetables which have been opened, strained and resealed in baby-size cans? Ask your doctor. See what he thinks.

Gerber's Strained Products are unseasoned, so that you may serve them as they are, or slightly seasoned as taste or your doctor directs.

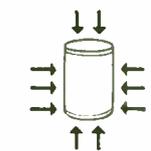
Your Store's Baby Department

When you go shopping look for the Gerber complete line. It means "Baby Headquarters."

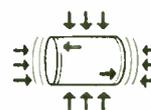
Strained Tomatoes... Green Beans... Beets... Vegetable Soup... Carrots... Prunes... Peas... Spinach... 4½-oz. cans. Strained Cereal... 10¼-oz. cans. Ask Your Doctor.

Gerber's
9 Strained Foods for Baby

Gerber Shaker-Cookers shake the can 140 times a minute, so that every particle comes in close contact with the heat.



In ordinary canning, food nearest the heat is cooked more completely than that in the center of the can.



Gerber Shaker-Cookers shake the can 140 times a minute, so that every particle comes in close contact with the heat.

give of her personality and charm. The day she joined the NBC staff of announcers and made her first appearance (there should be a new radio word for "appearance"), the first person to phone in his appreciation was a former service man. He was on the wire before anybody could say Elsie Janis—but he had recognized her voice the moment she spoke. "Please tell her I'm so happy to hear her again," he said.

Immediately after the war ended, Elsie returned to take a company of doughboys on a road tour all over America. The war, with all its excitement and human interest, had got into her blood; she could not seem to let it go. She wrote a book called "Elsie Janis and Her Gang" which had wide circulation.

To many celebrities—we might go so far as to say most—ghost writers are a necessary adjunct. But to Elsie Janis they are a drug on the market. Her autobiography, "So Far, So Good," published in 1932, occupies a high place among the worth-while books of this century. It is a very human story of struggle and triumph, full of the genuineness and sparkle that is Elsie Janis. Her capable writing has also lent itself to many magazine articles.

SHE retired from the stage after the tour with "Her Gang." But this meant, not that she was at the end of anything, but merely that she had discovered something new in her fascinating bag of tricks. Hollywood scooped her up; she became, almost immediately, one of the highest paid scenario writers in the business. "Paramount on Parade," "Reaching for the Moon" and "The Squaw Man" were some of her screen successes.

When she retires from radio it may be because she has decided to go into politics, or aviation—anything which interests her. You may be sure it will be because something new and fresh has captivated her enthusiasm. She can't quit—she always goes on. Everything she does, she does hard and well, with every bit of energy she has. And that's a plenty. The girl's a dynamo.

She got a lot of this from her mother—the two of them had to keep going, in order to keep up with each other. When they went to Paris, Elsie was a very young girl. There were things her mother thought she should not do or see, but she knew better than to establish any taboos. She knew Elsie was too intent on living to be delayed or distracted by "Keep off the grass" signs.

About Radio Folk

The father of Leo Wiley was an instructor at the State Normal School of Oklahoma... Paul Whiteman's white waistcoats are made by the London tailor who serves the Prince of Wales... The earnings of Baby Rose Marie go into a trust fund against the coming of her twenty-first birthday... Long a newspaper man, Edgar Guest made his first money as a clerk in a Detroit drug store... Michael Tibbett, infant son of the star, and Socks, James Melton's dog, are the best of friends... The Meltons and the Tibbetts live in the same apartment house overlooking the East River... The Pickens Sisters have started a tropical fish aquarium... Irene Beaseley was taught to play the piano by her 85-year-old grandmother... Fred Allen's first Broadway appearance was a flop... It was in Arthur Hammerstein's "Polly," which ran exactly two weeks... Pappy, Zeke, Ezra and Elton, the Westchester Hillbillies, have been a hit recently in London... Tony Wons now makes his home in Evanston, Illinois.



Mothers! Here is help for you, if "Baby won't eat." Scientific information... practical suggestions... telling how to establish wholesome, normal eating habits. FREE booklet. Send for it.

GERBER PRODUCTS COMPANY
FREMONT, MICHIGAN
(In Canada: Grown and Packed by Fine Foods of Canada, Ltd., Windsor, Ont.)

Please send me free copy of "Meal-time Psychology," by Dr. Lillian B. Storms. (Enclose 10c if you would like a picture of the Gerber Baby ready for framing.)

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

Speaking of Ether Idols

Jack Benny says he likes to broadcast on Sundays . . . "It's this way," he declares: "Mondays Mary has the washing to do and that tires me out terribly. Tuesdays I have to rest up from Mary's work. Wednesdays, oh, I don't know. There's some reason I can't make it Thursdays. Saturday nights are out for Parker and Bestor because they have to take baths then. So you see, Sunday is just fine" . . . Richard Himber's complete cognomen is Herbert Richard Himber . . . Nino Martini goes horseback riding in New York every morning on the Central Park bridle paths . . . When George Gershwin went to school in Brooklyn a fellow student, Maxie Rosenweig, told him: "I don't think you have enough talent to justify a career in music" . . . Maxie grew up to be Max Rosen, the celebrated violinist, and George did pretty well by himself, too . . . Because Julia Sanderson and Frank Crumit call their Massachusetts home "Dunrovin," Gracie Allen declares she will call hers "Dunrovin" . . . It will be located at Loon Lake, N. Y., if and when . . . Jessica Dragonette collects bookplates . . . Jack Denny's father was a professor of history at De Paux University . . . Eddie Duchin owns a string of drug stores in Boston.

So Jennie said: "Do what you like. And anything you do, I'll assure you I'll do twice."

And she did. They really did the town. They were a couple of great girls, and inseparable friends. Elsie never married until after her mother died, a few years ago. Life was always so full; the world was a series of little new worlds to discover and conquer. She never had time to get to be a spinster.

"And then," Elsie Janis says, "along came a man—the only man I have ever known who made me forget my sense of humor, for a moment. And in that moment I married him."

But even after her sense of humor returned she was glad. Marriage, like life and work, was fun. And if she weren't a human dynamo, it might be enough for her. But she is, and that's that. So—well, Elsie Janis has a job as staff announcer, and you hear her regularly with the Esso program on Wednesdays and Fridays at 7:45 p.m. Bob Ripley cables her some strange new fact that she can pass along, in her in-

imitable fashion, to the radio audience on each program; she sings, alone and in duet with her accompanist, Jack King. And she dances about the studio. You can't see her, but she does. Because she's got dance rhythm in her heart.

You are apt to tune her in any time—that's the particular delight of the arrangement. You don't know, any more than she does. Sometimes it is B. A. Rolfe's Houseparty, sometimes it's a Cuban orchestra. The other announcers love her. They treat her like "one of the boys." She's a panic and a joy forever.

AFTER her first stab at announcing, she scuttled into the control room to get the reaction of the engineer.

"Did I blast?" she asked, batting her eyes at him.

"Yes—blasted good," he cracked at her, looking slightly bewitched.

We met her the other day in an NBC elevator. "Where's the cashier's office?" she asked.

When we laughed she did, too. "You know," she said seriously, "I waited and waited, expecting my check would be mailed to me. Nothing happened. I wondered a little. . . . Finally I got a very polite note from Mr. John Royal, vice president in charge of production, asking me to call at the cashier's office for my pay. So I have to find out where the cashier's cage is."

And that's Elsie Janis—internationally known stage star, writer and scenarist! If she had to stand in line for her check that day she probably didn't mind a bit. Most likely she visited with the page boy or the ash-tray emptier, or anyone else who happened to be in the line with her.

After she got her check she was going up to the fifth floor to look at the board on which announcers' schedules are posted each day, to find out what time she'd have to come in the following afternoon. Or morning. She never knows. She doesn't mind. She commutes most of the time from her lovely country home, The Manor House, near Tarrytown, New York, although she has a hotel apartment in the city when she wants to stay over.

She is busier and happier than she's ever been since the war. That's because people are liking her not as Elsie Janis the actress, but as E. Janis the radio announcer.

"They say I'm getting away with it," she beams happily.

She doesn't seem to realize what a great girl she really is.

She Wouldn't Stay in School

(Continued from page 19)

leave school and go on with her "career." With that there was a strong parental hand held on her, a conference with the high school principal and Babs was back in school.

But what could she do with all the energy and ambition within her? She and another girl, named Dot, worked out a little radio program and got work on a local station. They were known as Dot and Dash. Babs—or Dash, perhaps—quit school again but was persuaded to return when a plan was evolved whereby she could do the radio work after school hours.

At the radio station she met a woman who told Babs of her wonderful contacts in Chicago and promised the girl that if she went to Chicago with her she would guarantee a job.

This time she waited until her father

had gone to work and her mother was away from home on some errand. The only person to whom she confided was her sister whose unpleasant duty it was to break the news of Babs' flight to her parents, after she had gone.

Babs was on a train bound for Chicago when the storm broke. Her sister, who is with her now in New York, can still remember that family scene.

But Babs was gone—confident that her big chance had come, that the woman with such wonderful contacts would produce a job for her. They arrived in Chicago. No contacts, no jobs. And—what was worse—no money. For two months they looked for work. Babs shared the woman's apartment (although later she paid her). And their shoes were ragged by the time they at last

(Please turn to page 67)

New Powder Makes Blonde Skin *Dazzling* . . . gives Brunette Skin *a Glow*

Hidden tints in new shades bring out real beauty of Every Type



Over 200 Girls' Skin "Color-Analyzed"

When an optical machine which reads the skin "color-analyzed" over 200 girls' skin, it showed that blonde skin has a note of bright blue—brunette skin has a tone of brilliant green! These same tints Pond's blends invisibly in their new powder. It flatters the dull skin to a glowing perfection!



MRS. ALLEN WHITNEY, exquisitely fair
MISS MARY WELD, vivacious brunette

THAT faded, dingy tone which skin so often acquires is really caused by lack of certain color notes in it.

What these lacking color notes are has now been found out, and scientifically recorded! Now these magic tints are blended in entirely new and different powder shades by Pond's.

That is why this new powder brings life to your skin—instantly! Blonde skin is immediately brightened until it appears positively radiant. Brunette skin gains at once a new sparkle—a vibrant glow. Every skin texture looks suave, velvety.

And this scientifically blended powder clings so closely, spreads so evenly, it never shows up, it never cakes, or blotches. Your skin actually looks enchantingly fresh, with

that naturally bright, young look.

We want you to try this new powder, to discover for yourself, at our expense, just how glamorous it really is. Rush this coupon off today. Try the different shades till you find the one that glorifies you! You'll see your own skin become smoother—finer—more thrilling than you ever dared hope it might be.

FREE! 5 Different Shades

SEND FOR YOURS TODAY

(This offer expires June 1, 1935)

POND'S, Dept. D92, Clinton, Conn
Please send me free samples of five different shades of Pond's new Powder, enough of each shade for a full five-day test.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Copyright, 1935, Pond's Extract Company



Lonely Girl...



Now "The Only Girl"

Blue Waltz brought me happiness

Are you as lonely as I used to be? Sitting home alone night after night?

Then try this easy way to become popular, alluring and to find the man who'll call you his "only girl".... let Blue Waltz Perfume bring you 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

Roll Up the Rugs, America

(Continued from page 23)

done. "First of all," says Bonime, "for sheer physical reasons we determined to have two bands, so that one could rest while the other played, and thus make possible five hours of music at a single stretch.

"For contrast, we decided to have one band of the jazzy, peppy type, known to musicians as a 'hot' band; and one band of the softer, more romantic type, known to musicians as a 'sweet' band. Then to complete the picture and make the work a little easier for all concerned, we decided to add a third band of tango specialists giving the novelty tango, rumba and carioca rhythms so much in vogue now.

"With the general set-up decided upon, it was now up to us to find the three finest bands we could get to fill these specifications. We made this our uncompromising rule—we were after dance music, made and played for actual dancing and not for concert hearing, and the bands that delivered the best dance music, regardless of previous name or fame, would get the contract.

"In our search over the whole field of radio programs, theaters, night clubs and private agencies, we considered and listened to something like 200 different bands. We searched everywhere, listened to everything. Finally our search narrowed down to eight groups; three in the 'sweet' division, three in the 'hot', and two tango bands.

"We determined to make the final choice on the basis of merit alone. Some of the bands bore well-known names, some did not. We decided to hear them anonymously, not by names, but by numbers. A group of executives of the company and the agency, together with some office workers, secretaries and clerical workers—young people who actually danced and who knew good dance music when they heard it—met in Radio City and listened to the bands and then voted for their choice in the three divisions.

"The final decision rested with the executives, of course, but the young office workers were taken along as an interesting, practical check on the decision. The striking thing is that when the ballots were counted, the choice of all elements was virtually unanimous—Kel Murray's for the 'sweet' band; Benny Goodman's for the 'hot' band; and Xavier Cugat's for the tango band."

THESE, then, are the bands you hear when you receive the invitation "Let's Dance!" on Saturday nights. Kel Murray's outfit is the largest of the three, with 27 men in the band and an instrumentation almost symphonic in its variety and resourcefulness. Murray is new as a leader, but every man in his organization is hand picked, taking the cream of the individual players in some of the best known bands in radio and rehearsing at extraordinary hours in order that they may play in the Let's Dance program without jeopardizing their regular orchestras. Murray himself is an earnest, energetic young man, with widespread experience in dance band and concert work. He and his violin have been featured with a number of well known orchestras, and he was for several seasons concert master for Harry Horlick's Gypsies. Murray's own violin playing is a feature of the program, and he maintains a beautifully balanced, colorful and well disciplined orchestra at all times. Soloists with the Murray band are the beautiful and glamorous Connie Gates, with her wist-

I felt sick half the time



● I just had to drag myself to work most of the time because I had such trouble with constipation. It made me feel heavy and my stomach got upset all the time. Everything I took for it seemed to exhaust me or give me cramps. Then my sister-in-law suggested I try FEEN-A-MINT. It certainly has made a difference in the way I feel. Nothing ever gave me such a good clearing out, with no bad after-effects. And it's so wonderfully pleasant and easy to take.

Chewing gives greater relief

We have hundreds of letters telling of the relief FEEN-A-MINT has given people. It works more thoroughly and more comfortably because you must chew it and that spreads the laxative more evenly through the system, giving a more complete cleansing. People who object to violent laxatives that cause cramps and binding find FEEN-A-MINT an ideal solution of their problem. Over 15,000,000 men and women can testify to the satisfaction FEEN-A-MINT gives. And it's so easy to take, with its refreshing flavor. Try it yourself. 15¢ and 25¢ at all drug stores.

CHew YOUR LAXATIVE... BY CHEWING, THE LAXATIVE IS SPREAD MORE EVENLY THROUGH THE SYSTEM SO THAT IT WORKS MORE COMPLETELY. THAT IS WHY FEEN-A-MINT GIVES MORE COMPLETE AND PLEASANT RELIEF.



CHEW YOUR LAXATIVE FOR EASIER RELIEF

Feen-a-mint
The Chewing-Gum LAXATIVE

ful torch songs, and three outstanding voices in the Men About Town trio, consisting of Frank Luther, Jack Parker and Phil Duey.

Benny Goodman, dark-haired, debonair young maestro of the "hot" band, won fame as a clarinet player and then organized his own band, which was featured by Billy Rose in that success among New York night clubs, the Casino de Paree. Goodman's clarinet interludes are featured on the Let's Dance program, and when he and his boys really start "going to town" it is simply against nature to keep your feet still. Soloists with the Goodman band are the dark-eyed, dynamic Helen Ward, "blues" singer *de luxe*; and Buddy Clark, a hot chanter of modern melodies.

Both Xavier Cugat and his tango rhythms originated in South America, and both have gained great fame in North America. Cugat got his start in this country in Los Angeles, where he became such a favorite with the movie colony that his fame traveled East, and he and his orchestra were called to the new Waldorf-Astoria hotel in New York, where he plays nightly, as well as on radio programs. Soloists with Cugat are Carmen Castillo, a striking South American beauty who is Mrs. Cugat in private life, and Luis Alvarez, who is many a girl's dream of a Spanish troubadour.

JUST as three bands are necessary to keep Let's Dance going over its five-hour stretch, so are two announcers needed to keep it moving along the route. This assignment goes to Howard Petrie and George Hicks, two of the ablest and best liked announcers on the National Broadcasting Company staff, and they make a spirited, light-hearted job of it.

Obviously, the production details of a program that goes for five hours, includes three bands and nine soloists, as well as dramatized commercial announcements, and has portions of the network coming in or signing off virtually every half hour, according to time zones, are extremely difficult to handle.

Here again Let's Dance is lucky, for it is under the exceptionally competent direction of Frank McMahon, of the McCann-Erickson agency. This smiling young man, who has had extensive experience in directing radio programs, supervises the placement of the orchestras around the microphones to secure the best possible balance for all instruments, keeps a constant check on the running time, and in general is in active charge of the program for the entire period it is on the air.

Facts About Air Headliners

Says Roxy: "Today the stopwatch, rather than the Masques of Comedy and Tragedy, seems to be the god of many radio shows" . . . Probably you've noticed that Rowena Williams, who won the Columbia audition contest for the job of leading woman in "Hollywood Hotel," has changed her name to Jane Williams . . . Little Jack Little was born in London, England, thirty-three years ago but his family migrated to Waterloo, Iowa . . . The Revelers get more requests for "Dinah" than any other song . . . David Ross, the announcer, wears spats . . . So does Ed Hill, the commentator . . . Leigh Lovell is "my dear Watson" . . . Abe Lyman has adopted an old Mexican air, "La Golindrina," as his theme song . . . The title translated means "The Swallow" . . . Ideal theme song for a night club orchestra.

Turning the Dial

Bob Crosby is the fifth and youngest of the Crosby brothers, which number Larry, Everett, Ted, Bing and George Roberts . . . And there are two sisters . . . The father of Robert Simmons, top tenor of the Revelers, was a Methodist Episcopal minister at Fairplay, Mo. . . . Gertrude Nielsen's eyes are gray-green and she weighs 115 . . . You've heard the Town Hall girls . . . Their names are Gloria La Vey, Maria Silveira, Virginia George and Paula Heminghaus . . . Ray Noble dreads being photographed because he thinks he resembles the ex-Crown Prince of Germany . . . Graham McNamee confesses that he was once a chorus boy on Broadway, in a Casino Theater musical show called "The Purple Road" . . . William Lundell helped Gertrude Stein broadcast recently and received an autographed photograph later with this message inscribed: "For Lundell my coadjutor it is a nice long novel in my first broadcasting that I enjoyed immensely Gide Stein" . . . Harry Horlick, of the A. & P. Gypsies, was the first to use a theme song on the air . . . He has played "Two Guitars" since 1922.

Back of this visible—and audible—studio personnel is a whole corps of arrangers, seventeen in all, who make the special arrangements for all of the numbers played on the Let's Dance program. The selection and allocation of the music is under the general supervision of Joseph Bonime. Something of what this task means is indicated by the fact that each band plays an average of twenty numbers per program, making a total of sixty musical numbers that must be selected, heard, arranged and allocated each week.

Let's Dance opened in Radio City in regular Hollywood fashion, with floodlights sweeping the skies, a big dinner party preceding the program, celebrities in attendance and great fanfare

from all quarters. Airplanes flying across the country, and ships at sea picked up the program and telegraphed felicitations.

Let's Dance is founded on the fundamental idea of really providing the music for an entire party—and the idea works! Already country clubs in Louisiana, Oklahoma and New York State have sent to their membership announcements of weekly Saturday night dancing parties, with music furnished by the radio. The national association of dancing masters in America has enthusiastically praised the idea and the quality of the music.

Let's Dance does have this essential difference from fifteen minute and half hour snatches of (usually hotel) dance music picked from the air at random. One dial setting covers the evening, and you get a unified, regular dance tempo which will carry you through the whole party without having to make abrupt, awkward changes in your style of dancing to fit the random orchestral styles which random tuning brings. The blessed thing about this program is that it works.

There is the story of the program and here is an idea. What are you doing next Saturday night? How about it? *Let's Dance!*

"Let's Dance" may be heard each Saturday from 10:30 P.M. to 1:30 A.M., E.S.T., over the following NBC stations:

WEAF, WJAR, WCSH, WFBR, KYW, WRC, WGY, WCAE, WWJ, WLW, WMAQ, KSD, WOW, WTMJ, WIBA, WEBC, WDAY, KFVR, WWNC, WIS, WJAX, WIOD, WFLA, WMC, WSB, WJDX, WSMB, WTAR, WAVE, KVOO, KTHS, WKY, WFAA, WBAP, KTBS, KPRC, WOAI, WHO, WSOC, KSTP, WRVA, WTAM, WTAG, WEEL, WVEN (WDAF on 11:30), WTIC.

Also from 12 midnight to 3 A.M., E.S.T., over KOA, KDYL, and from 12:30 to 3:30 A.M. over:

KPO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, KFSD, KTAR.

Behind the Dial

(Continued from page 6)

BILLY HALOP, at the age of 13, is a seasoned radio actor, his biggest success to date being his swell job as Bobby Benson of the H-Bar-O Ranch on CBS. Recently he took his first vacation in eight years of broadcasting and shipped to Bermuda. In order that Bobby could have his holiday he had to be "written out" of the script. So John Battle, the sketch's author, introduced into the action a telegram calling Bobby to Chicago. The next day as photographers were taking shots of Bobby on the sun deck of the *S. S. Monarch of Bermuda* a bunch of kids on the dock recognized him. One of them hailed him, "Hey, Bobby, where ya goin'?" Remembering the script Bobby replied, "To Chicago!"

MAJOR EDWARD BOWES, credited with producing the one radio novelty of 1934, the amateur show, will have a lot to answer for in the other world, according to some observers. Since he inaugurated amateur night on Station WHN, New York, other independent stations in the metropolitan area seized upon the idea, and then it spread to the national chains, with Ray Perkins leading the novices through their paces for Feen-a-mint and Fred Allen devoting part of his programs to the unknowns. Professionals rising in arms claim the use of free talent (Al-

len's sponsor awards cash prizes) is depriving struggling performers of engagements. The argument for these shows is that they develop new talent and afford newcomers the opportunity to be heard. As usual in such controversies there are two sides—and both are right.

HIS admirers, and they are legion, are rejoicing that Richard Gordon is back on the air lanes. He is playing the part of the old conductor in Otto Harbach's original musical play, the entertainment finally selected to fill the void caused by the retirement of Joe Cook from the Monday Night House Party program on NBC. Gordon could have continued in the Sherlock Holmes adaptations, but declined because of salary differences with the sponsors.

PAT HARRINGTON is the official spokeswoman of Phil Spitalny's girl band. Any suggestions or "squawks" from the ladies must be communicated through Pat and any offending ad libber in the organization gets fined for speaking out of turn. This is done, Pat explains, because most men musicians feel that a girl band must be pretty hard to handle. And they wish to co-operate in as orderly a fashion as possible, thus discouraging the notion that women musicians are flighty creatures!

(Please turn to page 62)

Are married women afraid to face facts?

DISPLAYS of nervousness and nervous irritability may lead the unthinking to believe that women are wanting in courage and stamina. Don't be quick to say that women as a class are not brave. Most of them are realists. They are strong when they meet dangers they see and recognize. Can you blame anyone who falters before the unknown?

To married women, the matter of feminine hygiene is a special problem. They want to know the real facts about this matter. They will not be afraid when they know the facts. And here they will learn these facts—also why their friends are so vague and confused about this subject—and why their mothers talk the way they do.

Confusion due to an old situation

Even not long ago, feminine hygiene was a cause of grave discussions between doctors and their patients. The women insisted upon surgical cleanliness. But their doctors objected to the use of the caustic and poisonous antiseptics which, at the time, were the only germicides powerful enough for the purpose.

That was before the days of Zonite. There was no disagreement after Zonite was available in drug stores. Zonite has never hurt any woman. The old idea of possible harm should have died with the coming of Zonite. For this marvelous antiseptic-germicide is as safe as pure water. It is also far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid, for example, that can be safely applied to the human body.

Zonite combines strength with safety

The pity is that all women do not know this modern antiseptic which combines great strength with safety. Zonite cannot harm delicate tissues. It cannot desensitize them. Or cause areas of scar-tissue. Zonite cannot harm when used for feminine hygiene because, despite its power, it is gentle in its action. Remember these facts about Zonite and tell

I'M REALLY ASHAMED OF THE WAY I'M ACTING

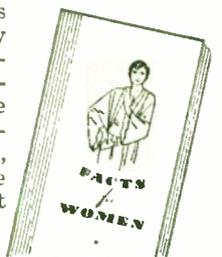


them to other women. Zonite is *not* poisonous. Zonite is *not* caustic. Zonite is the most powerful *safe* antiseptic made. You will find Zonite at your own drug store. In bottles, at 30¢, 60¢ and \$1.00.

You can also get Zonite Suppositories

Zonite also comes in a semi-solid suppository form. Some women prefer the Suppositories; others use both forms. Zonite Suppositories are dainty, white and greaseless. Sealed in glass vials, twelve in a box, at \$1.00.

Any woman who wants further information about feminine hygiene can get it in the pages of a booklet called "Facts for Women," merely by mailing the coupon below. This booklet is well worth the slight trouble in sending for it. At least, many women have found it so. Why not do it now?



ZONITE PRODUCTS CORPORATION TM-54
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

Name (Please print name)

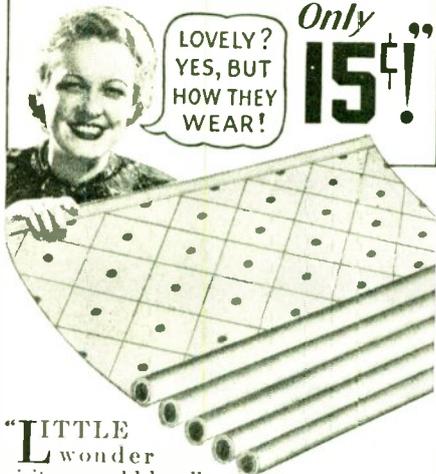
Address

City State

(In Canada: Sainte Therese, P. Q.)

"IMPOSSIBLE!.."

My Friends Exclaimed
"SUCH SMART
WINDOW SHADES
Only 15¢!"



"LITTLE wonder visitors could hardly believe my handsome Clopay Shades cost but 15c each. They're so remarkably good looking—both in plain colors and those distinctive chintz-like patterns." Amazingly durable, too—extra-heavy fibre with patented creped texture will not crack, ravel, or pinhole; actually outwear far costlier shades. Easily attached to old rollers without tacks or tools. See these amazing values at your nearest "5 and 10," or neighborhood store. Send 3c for color samples to CLOPAY CORPORATION, 1368 York St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

.. BESIDES
Look What I Save
Using FABRAY For
All My Oilcloth Needs

AND TO THINK
-- I GET THE
SAME LOOKS
AND WEAR
AT 1/3 TO 1/2
THE COST OF
OILCLOTH!



New
FABRAY
Looks

and WEARS LIKE BEST
OILCLOTH

.. Resists Cracking and Peeling

"YES, I save amazingly on Clopay Shades but I've found another CLOPAY product that saves me even more. Now I'm using FABRAY, the fibre-backed oilcloth, wherever I used oilcloth before—at a saving of 1/3 to 1/2. And that's real economy!" Fabray is the same in looks and wear as oilcloth but has a tough fibre backing instead of flimsy scrim. It can be creased without cracking. Does not peel or chip. Cleans as easily as tile. Comes in 46-inch width for table—9 1/2- and 12-inch widths for shelves—wide variety of delightful new patterns. See FABRAY at 5-and-10c stores or send 10c for 2 1/2-yard roll of 12-inch shelving. State color preference.

CLOPAY CORPORATION
1375 York Street Cincinnati, Ohio

Behind the Dial

(Continued from page 61)

MAESTRO XAVIER CUGAT is a dog fancier. His kennels include a huge Norwegian elkhound, a police dog, a Pekingese, a Mexican chihuahua or hairless dog and a wire-haired terrier. In addition the tango king has a pedigreed Angora cat and another described by him as "pure alley" . . . The Canadian quintuplets attracted more attention but they are less important in the eyes of Walter Tetley, the popular boy actor, than the quintuplets recently born to his pair of pet white rats . . . Lee Patrick, actress appearing on the Hinds' Hall of Fame programs, is the daughter of the late Warren Patrick, once treasurer of the Ringling Brothers' Circus and late owner of The Show World, a theatrical weekly.

When James Melton is going to spend an evening at home he chalks up the radio programs he wants to hear. So when an acquaintance invited him out recently he declined. He explained: "I am going to stay home tonight and listen to a talk on finance, a solo and a good lecture." . . . The other looked at him sympathetically. "I understand," he said, "I'm married, too."

BILL and Ginger started something with their script act. Bill, playing the part of an apartment house superintendent on the air, offered to take the dogs of tenants walking and also install a dog garden on the roof. The service Bill was supposed to perform struck James Daly, a New York apartment house manager, as a good idea and he has introduced to the metropolis the Daly Dog Walking Service, which already has a long list of canine clients.

Are Children's Radio Programs Dangerous?

(Continued from page 56)

bert and Sullivan classics for children. The opportunities for fine radio entertainment for youngsters are numerous. I think that the crusading women's clubs can do a good job in demanding not that certain programs be taken off the air, but that better ones be put on.

THERE is one great danger in the present situation and one that the broadcasters recognize. It is a danger common to any reform movement—the movement of becoming too reactionary. I hope that any campaign against the thriller type of program does not result in an overabundance of sugary, nambypamby "stories with a moral" for children. What some people might consider clean, wholesome entertainment can have its pernicious effects, too. Grown-ups know what a kicking around life gives one from time to time. I think that some warning that life isn't all a matter of sweetness and summer breezes should be incorporated into radio stories for children. Sterner reality is honest drama. And children appreciate honest drama.

I know that some of the club women who are taking the juvenile radio situation seriously have gone so far as to write suggested radio scripts. These scripts are offered as working examples of approved juvenile entertainment. I've seen a few of these scripts. Some of them incorporate excellent ideas, but they don't solve the problem. Radio

Herbert Marshall

PICKS
LOVELIEST LIPS
IN UNUSUAL TEST



HERE ARE THE LIPS HERBERT MARSHALL SAW



Movie Star
tells why
Tangee Lips
are most
appealing

● Herbert Marshall, whose quiet, effective manner has made him one of the screen's most compelling actors, talked frankly about his ideals of feminine beauty. "Only in naturalness is there real beauty—to me, at least," he said. "Especially do I abhor this barbaric custom of painting a woman's lips to a gash of red."

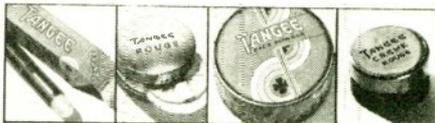
Herbert Marshall isn't alone in that opinion. It's probably shared by 99 per cent of the men the world around. And that's where Tangee comes in. For Tangee isn't paint. It makes your lips soft and rosy and natural looking, merely by intensifying the color already in them.

Tangee looks orange in the stick. But put it on and you will see it change to the one shade of rose which is the natural tint of your own lips . . . because this lipstick alone contains the magic Tangee color-change principle, making it actually change to the color best suited to your type. Your lips look soft, full and lovely. Try Tangee. Two sizes: \$1.10 and 39 cents. Or send 10 cents with the coupon for the 4-piece Miracle Make-Up Set offered below.

World's Most Famous Lipstick

TANGEE

ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK
New FACE POWDER now contains the magic Tangee color principle



★ 4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET

THE GEORGE W. LUFT COMPANY 16-15

417 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Rush Miracle Make-Up Set of miniature Tangee

Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face

Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin), 15¢ in Canada.

Check Shado Flesh Rachel Light Rachel

Name _____ Please Print

Address _____

City _____ State _____

writing is a job for professionals. My own feeling in the matter, as a writer, is that I'd appreciate the help and suggestions of any parent or teacher or club woman if such suggestions told me what children think about and talk about and what they, themselves, really want to hear. I'd like to know how far I can go with an exciting situation without doing injury to a child's mental balance. I'd like to know what situations amuse children and make them laugh.

Quite selfishly, I hope that the current agitation will take the business of writing children's programs out of the hack work classification. While the fees paid writers for most radio work have been substantially increased in the past year, the average sponsor of a child's program doesn't seem to care how good a writer he can get—he wants to use the cheapest. I know of some instances where the funds appropriated for the script are less than half the amount paid for the use of a publicized title. Thus a sponsor will purchase the title of some comic strip for \$400 a week and then expect to get five fifteen-minute scripts written around that title for \$200 or less. And the sponsor usually gets just about what he pays for in workmanship and material.

CHILDREN, if anything, make up a more loyal and intelligent radio listening group than their parents. They don't use radio as a background for a bridge game nor as an accompaniment for casual conversation. They really listen and they are the grown-up audience of tomorrow. They deserve the best that a writer has in him, and the sponsors and the broadcasting companies are not being honest unless they give the best available talent in both creation and interpretation to the job of juvenile entertainment.

You'll probably read a lot about the menace of radio in the American home in the next few months. An account of a crusade always makes good copy and a crusade affecting anything so close to all of us as radio is page one news. However, before you join the ranks of those who would set up a censorship board or who advocate putting the juvenile programs under the control of educational blocs, take the time to do some listening to the programs yourself.

If you don't like certain programs, write your reasons to either the sponsor or the broadcasting company. Intelligent letters are seldom ignored, and even the intelligent expressions of a dozen people will sometimes have an effect on a network's policy.

The broadcasters aren't ogres. They are as anxious as the parents and teachers to present wholesome entertainment for children. They are also anxious to present interesting entertainment and they realize that their present job is to combine wholesomeness with interest-gripping qualities. And that is not the easiest job in the world. But just give them time!

I think that when all the current excitement about juvenile radio programs has come to its natural end, that there will be a greater variety of radio entertainment for youngsters and that there will be fewer hack-written radio dime novels. There will still be programs that are filled with adventure and excitement, just as there have always been books and pictures that cater to the perfectly normal appetite for adventure and excitement.

There will even be very bad programs—but by that time, perhaps, the parents will have realized that the problem of bad radio programs for children can be solved very easily. You just turn a dial!

I Cover the Lindbergh Case

(Continued from page 15)

They seemed to pound up and down stairs all day about them.

The men I had with me, all stout fellows from WCAU, Publicity Chief Stowman, Chief Engineer Leitch, Engineers Cunney, Johnson and others, I detailed to various jobs—one to stick over at the governor's office, one to cover the police switchboard, one somewhere else and so on. All reports they would telephone to me. If it was a release from the governor's office, we went on the air with it. If it was just rumor, we usually ran it down first. Once there was a tip that the kidnapers were to meet Lindbergh under a railroad bridge near Bristol, Pa. Two men tore away in automobiles, only to phone back it was a false alarm. We even contemplated hiring a plane and flying to Boston when it was reported that "Red" Johnson had been detained there. There were thousands of wild rumors—but I can go on record as saying that we never went on the air with anything except authentic information which came from the state police in the Lindbergh home in Hopewell, phoned up to the governor's office and released. Rumormongering then was bad. Too much of it was done by others. Then they had to go on the air an hour later or so and apologize, and it made them look foolish. We did not make that mistake.

One real break we did get. The ladder found against the Lindbergh home was brought up from Hopewell secretly to state police headquarters. One state trooper—for obvious reasons I do not mention his name—tiptoed to me and beckoned me to follow. I did. We went to a room on the second floor.

He pushed open the door and pointed. There stood the ladder. While he stood guard at the door, I scrutinized the ladder. It didn't take long. Less than a minute, perhaps. But long enough, just the same. I believe I was the only one to see the ladder, at that time, outside the authorities and those newspapermen who had seen it outside the Lindbergh home the first night.

We discussed the case with many state policemen. They weren't supposed to—but they found they could trust us and we wouldn't double-cross them. And in that way we learned many things which led us to wonder whether the case wasn't an inside job. Many things were never explained. Even now they have gone unexplained. Probably they'll remain a mystery forever. But at the time I was firmly convinced that the baby had gone out of the house with the help of somebody inside the house.

After two weeks the freshness of the case began to pall. The baby was still missing. No contacts had been made. Rumors were still flying thick and fast. Underworld characters had come into the case. It was all utterly bizarre and fantastic. But we decided to pack our equipment and go home. This we did.

Through the months that followed I plugged along, keeping track of each new development. I made journeys to contact this or that man or official who bobbed up in the case. But try as I would, that belief that there was something about an "inside" job connected with the whole affair, wouldn't go from my mind.

Then in the Fall of 1934 came the dramatic arrest of Hauptmann. So it was that I came to sit across from him and watch him and wonder.

The state presented its case against him. It required time and patience and the spending of much money to find a solution to this strange mystery and tragedy.

For the Lindberghs it must have been hell. This time it was a public parade of their private lives. Nothing will ever quite get me as much as the picture of Anne Lindbergh testifying about her son's last day on earth with her, her fingering his little white sleeping suit, his undershirts—the things that were his. She was lost and forlorn in a chair that was too big for her, and the courage she showed in biting back every tear that threatened to overflow, was magnificent. I think there was hardly a dry-eyed soul in the courtroom—even hard-bitten, callous, cynical, old-time news-hawks, to whom the sob of a woman usually registers something like zero minus.

It was like some fantastic dream—this trial. One saw arrayed before one many of the country's most famous people—people about whom one hears, reads, but never sees. Here they were in the flesh. One could smile with them, talk to them, laugh over them.

FLEMINGTON'S icy streets, piles of snow and the worst blizzard in 20 years failed to daunt thousands of curious thrill-seekers, as they struggled to get into the tiny courtroom to watch Bruno Richard Hauptmann wriggle and struggle to get free from the net of circumstantial evidence the state of New Jersey had woven round him.

In the aisles people stood three and four deep, packed literally like sardines in a can—men and women, blondes and brunettes, just ordinary folk and extraordinary folk, some with mink coats, some with just cloth coats—one and all drawn to see and hear this strange, taciturn man charged with perpetrating one of the most horrifying crimes of all time.

Bruno Richard Hauptmann did not disappoint them. He showed himself, at the commencement of his direct testimony, a good witness. His coolness was surprising, there was no evidence of self-consciousness. He had a sudden, little twinkle in the eyes—even a sudden twist of humor, unlooked for in this type of individual.

His little air of courtesy, such as spelling earnestly some name to the stenographers of the court, a name which they may have missed—his action in facing the jury and talking to it direct—intrigued the jury.

But the test of any witness is cross examination—and for 13 straight hours Attorney General Wilentz hammered at the German carpenter with everything he had in his lawyer's bag of tricks. Hauptmann was led into a maze of contradictions, tripped on his own testimony many times and admitted that he had "lied" often, especially in the New York extradition hearings. But the thing which struck me was the man's abnormal control of himself. No other man could have withstood the tongue lashings he received without shrieking in rage or creating a scene of some kind. Time and time again I could see that Hauptmann was on the verge of "blowing up" but every time he brought his iron control into play and cooled himself off. His stamina and his nerve remained unbroken to the end of his ordeal and even Atty. Gen. Wilentz was chivalrous enough to admit that Hauptmann was "tough." Hauptmann knew it himself and when he left the witness chair he swaggered the swagger of a victorious soldier. His counsel slapped him on the back and he laughed out loud for the first time in the trial.

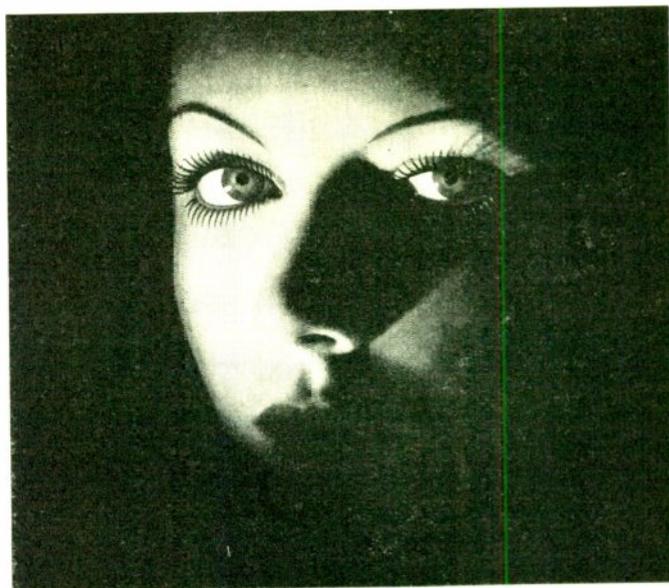
His voice perhaps was the most interesting thing about his appearance in

(Please turn to page 64)

FREE

Just mail coupon for the most complete book ever written on eye make-up. Note also trial offer.

NOW



An Eyelash Make-up that gives the alluring effect of

LONG, LOVELY LASHES

so fascinating to men!



Dull, lifeless eyes are a handicap to happiness. Yet *you* can have lovely eyes in 40 seconds! There's no need to envy girls who always have "dates"—you can beautify your eyes so easily, so inexpensively. See how quickly my Winx Mascara glorifies your lashes, giving your face a new charm. Like magic, little eyes appear big. Skippy lashes look long, lustrous, soft. Remember your eyes are your fortune, beacons on the road to romance.

FOR "COME HITHER EYES"
WINX YOUR LASHES AND BROWS

Millions of women prefer Winx to ordinary mascaras—so will *you*, I'm certain. Winx is refined to the last degree—so it's safe, smudge-proof, non-smarting, tear-proof—scientifically perfect. Try Winx today—learn how easy it is to darken your lashes with Winx.

Winx Mascara and my other Winx Eye Beautifiers are presented in generous purse sizes at 10c. Think how

little it costs to accent your eyes and give yourself added attraction.

To learn all the precious secrets of Eye Beauty, mail the coupon for my book—"Lovely Eyes—How to Have Them." It's free. It tells how to care for the lashes and brows, how to use eye shadow, how to treat "crow's-feet," etc. Also check coupon for a trial box, if a 10c. counter is not handy.

Louise Ross

WINX 10¢

EYE BEAUTIFIERS

Winx Eyebrow Pencil molds brows into charming curves.



Winx Cake Mascara darkens Lashes instantly, perfectly



Winx Liquid Mascara preferred by many—easy to apply. Waterproof.

Winx Eye Shadow gives depth and glamour—a fine cream.



Winx Eyelash Grower promotes luxurious soft lashes.

FREE

Merely send Coupon for "Lovely Eyes—How to Have Them"

Mail to LOUISE ROSS,
243 W. 17th St., New York City

T.M.-4-35-

Name.....
Street.....
City.....State.....

If you also want a generous trial package of Winx Mascara enclose 10c. checking whether you wish Cake or Liquid Black or Brown.

A TRUE STORY



about JOHN ROY REID

Awarded highest score out of 600 babies competing in Oklahoma State Fair's "Health Clinic" . . . Simple health aid he uses regularly described by mother.

Any parent can easily imagine how thrilled a mother is when her child earns the highest score for health in competition with over 600 babies. In the case of John Roy Reid, the winning of a health award at 23 months of age must have been especially gratifying to his mother, Mrs. J. R. Reid, 1441 West 48th Street, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma. Only fourteen months before entering the State Fair "Health Clinic" competition, John Roy was subject to habitual constipation, an ailment certainly not conducive to glowing health then or in the future. Mrs. Reid made a simple decision, one that proved of immediate and lasting benefit to her child.

Now very active and over two years old, John Roy still uses the simple health aid mentioned by his mother in her letter below:

"It gives me great pleasure to recommend Nujol, especially for children.

"My little boy was weaned at nine months and developed an acute aversion for liquids. Due to the small amount that he consumed, he was habitually constipated.

"Daily use of Nujol quickly cleared this up, and at 23 months of age, out of over 600 babies competing in a 'Health Clinic' at the Oklahoma State Fair, John Roy made the highest score.

"Am enclosing a picture of him. He is now 26 months old and although very active, still finds Nujol to be one of his greatest aids to perfect health."

Nujol, "regular as clockwork," now comes in two forms, plain Nujol and Cream of Nujol, the latter flavored and often preferred by children. You can get it at any drug store.

What is your Nujol story? If you have been using Nujol for ten years or more, if you are bringing up your children on it, tell us. Address Stanco Incorporated, Dept. 192, 2 Park Ave., New York City.

Copyright 1935, Stanco Inc.

I Cover the Lindbergh Case

(Continued from page 63)

view of the tremendously important part voices have played throughout this whole trial. Dr. Condon talked of a "voice," Colonel Lindbergh spoke of the "voice" he heard. And Hauptmann's voice sounded thick, guttural. But with the sharpness of a tenor. I have heard hundreds of German voices and Hauptmann's voice is not unique. Yet there is a sharpness in it which makes it easier for the observer to understand Col. Lindbergh's definite feeling that he himself heard this same voice call out "Hey dok-tor," in the middle of a dark night from behind a cemetery wall in the Bronx.

Dr. Condon was right when he said that memory is relative. Most people remember things in relation to other things. Something may have happened one day which, in itself, did not impress the memory of the individual. But a subsequent event the next day, will undoubtedly recall suddenly to mind the first event of the previous day, because of the relation between the two. That night was one of the most important moments, probably of Lindbergh's life. He may or may not have been mistaken in the voice and its ownership but after hearing Hauptmann's voice, it is easier to understand why Lindbergh was so sure.

Hauptmann, at the trial in Flemington, made a better impression than he did at the extradition proceedings in New York. Maybe it was because he had had time to prepare his story—maybe because he had come to know court procedure better—but anyway his nervousness had gone, and in its place was a peculiar earnestness and seeming sincerity which none who watched him testify can deny.

Strangely enough this German carpenter has a reasonably strong profile, but a decidedly weak, full face. It is one of the many contradictions about him. He sat for four weeks, undisturbed, giving no sign of the inward turmoil that had been bubbling inside him, excepting for his own outburst of "You're lying, mister," at a government agent—yet he showed a distinct inclination to be loquacious on the witness stand. He was an utter enigma to those who have followed the case as I have from the very beginning. He doesn't exactly look like the type who would do the thing of which he is accused, yet he has a coldness which repels one. There are many holes in the state's case—loose ends not gathered up—and yet there are enough damning points to make possible Hauptmann's implication in the entire affair. To be honest, one could write a complete novel and prove he didn't do the job. One could write a second novel and prove conclusively he did—and one could write a third novel and show that somebody else did it. It is one of those strange cases where long after the records gather dust in the files no two people will ever be utterly unanimous and satisfied as to the verdict.

At the close of each day's testimony, I ducked out of the courtroom across the main street and into the Union Hotel. The clerk of the hotel offered me his room in which to type my story. Again another instance of Flemington hospitality. There was no room elsewhere in the hotel. Crowded from cellar to garret.

So we had to put our equipment in the corridor—a short corridor, leading from the second floor landing out onto an outside balcony, overlooking the street and the courthouse opposite. In this passageway we set up tables,

3 worst impressions of faulty make-up

corrected by the face-powder that's moisture-proof!



SHINY NOSE
can't happen when a powder won't absorb moisture!

FLOURY BLOTCHES
don't occur with powder that won't cake-up!



CLOGGED PORES
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¼ ounce of \$3 La Richesse Perfume FREE to win new friends for the powder that never clogs . . . always clings!

Do you want to make your skin clear, transparent, lovely? . . . And have it last that way for hours? Then try this *moisture-proof* face powder!

Don't take our word! Put a spoonful of Luxor in a glass and pour water on it! Notice what happens. It does not mix with the water. It rises to the top soft, dry, smooth as velvet.

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

Please send me your generous trial packages of Luxor Moisture-Proof Powder, Rouge and new Special Formula Cream. Here's ten cents to help cover mailing costs. (Offer not good in Canada.)

Check, POWDER: Rose Rachel Rachel Flesh
ROUGE: Radiant Medium Sun glow
TM-4 Pastel Vivid Roseblush

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equipment and microphones.

Several nights as we were broadcasting, the jury, which has rooms in the hotel, tramped up from the dining room, passed our cubby-hole on up the stairs to their quarters. Their footsteps were heavy and the clump-clump-clump was heard through the microphone and around the network. It gave an authentic touch of atmosphere. Behind us as we sat broadcasting each night, stood many people. It became so that the fire marshal warned the hotel authorities that they were running the risk of having the stairs collapse. And so we had to bar the audience from then on.

Next morning, breakfast and then a battle to get over to the courthouse. Huge throngs would gather each day. State police lines held them back. Passes had to be shown by those who were bona fide visitors or members of the working press. Sheriff Curtis and his constables have never had so much work to do in their lives before—but they did it efficiently, well and without a grumble or groan. Moreover, they were always courteous—something one cannot always say of authorities working under such conditions.

But not even from Flemington could one keep away the scalpers and the phoney ticket artists. The third day was hardly started before it became known that fake tickets had been printed and were being sold for \$100 a card. So every ticket holder had to give up his card and get a new one, of different color. Each day, the daily pass holders had to check in their passes, during luncheon recess, get pass-outs, then give up their passes on return. It made extra work for everyone—but all took it good naturedly.

It has been a great case—this Lindbergh kidnaping. Every element known to mankind has played its part in this mystery. In time to come there will be those who believe Hauptmann guilty. There will be those who believe he was assisted by others. Probably the division of opinion will remain down the ages, until the case is forgotten and becomes legend.

But there is one great blessing. It is near the end of the trial. For three out of the four years of the Lindbergh's married life—they have been the football of press, radio and the nation. Not a happy beginning for anybody's married life. Perhaps now they will be allowed to live their own lives like that of any other ordinary couple—in peace. I for one, after watching them on and off for three years, earnestly hope so.

Boake Carter may be heard as the Philco commentator each Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday at 7:45 P.M., E.S.T., over the following CBS stations:

WABC, WCAO, WNAC, WGR, WBBM, WHK, CKLW, KMBC, WHAS, WCAU, WJAS, KMOX, WJSV, WBT, WCO, WDRC, WEAN, KRLD, KOMA, WFBL, WKRC.

Dozens of Bright Features in next month's TOWER RADIO Personality Stories Fiction Beautiful Pictures

Tower Radio, April, 1935

Jack Pearl Returns

(Continued from page 24)

for starting the singing, "One . . . two . . . give" bids fair to achieve a popularity rivaling Jack Pearl's immortal, "Vass you dere, Sharlie?"

Peter Pfeiffer is not only the proprietor of his hotel, but he is the man of all work and general Mr. Fixit as well. When the elevator breaks down, he must get it running again; if the water system leaks, he must try to fix it; if the cook is ill it is Peter who must throw together some ham and eggs. Naturally, all doesn't go smoothly in these attempts, but Peter figures that so long as no lives are lost or the hotel isn't blown up or burned down, he is doing a swell job.

When he can't help laughing at Peter when he wrestles with machinery or with English grammar, but you soon learn that he has a deeper side. He has a very real and very touching desire to help out when trouble comes along. His self-effacing willingness to share his assets with those in need is one big reason why he never makes much money.

WITH all these lovable qualities, the surprise factor is that many people impose upon him. They realize he can't resist an appeal for aid, and so a lot of people set him down for an easy mark, and take advantage of him. Peter remains sweet-tempered, however, and even after he has been fooled and tricked, he is just as eager to answer the next appeal for aid.

The figure that Peter Pfeiffer thus makes of himself—the well-intentioned buffoon who rushes in to help others and gets his own knuckles rapped for his pains—is in line with the classic tradition of comedy in literature and the drama. The Greeks knew that comedy was merely the other side of the mask of tragedy, and throughout the whole of our racial experience there has been a tendency of humans to laugh at the discomfort of fellow-humans.

Thus under the best comedy there is always a strain of pathos. Comedy shows, in grotesque and ludicrous symbols, the experiences of us average humans thrown up against the perplexities and disappointments of life. Because the figures and symbols are grotesque and absurd, we laugh, and feel superior, and gain bright release from pressing cares. This we call Comedy;

but to the poor buffoon involved, the dull-wit whose addled pate is thumped, the proceedings are purest Tragedy.

So through the finest comedy there runs the insistent strain of pathos. Charlie Chaplin in our own time; the classic Fool in Shakespeare's time—throughout all history the great clowns have shown this thread of pathos. In bringing this quality to radio, an ancient tradition is carried forward into the newest of the living arts.

JACK PEARL is a sincere admirer of David Warfield, the great American actor who starred in such well-loved plays as "The Music Master" and "The Auctioneer." Warfield had a superb ability to combine laughter and tears in a single play and to touch the heart in everything he did. The erstwhile Music Master is now living in happy, well-earned retirement, but many people believe that Jack Pearl is the one to carry on the spirit which Warfield brought to the drama. They call Jack Pearl the David Warfield of radio.

It is always interesting to know the people who work with a radio star, and the source of his material. It is characteristic of Jack Pearl that in building his new program he should stick to old friends.

Billy K. Wells is writing the scripts for "The Affairs of Peter Pfeiffer." It was Wells who invented the character of Baron Munchausen (as played on the radio), and Jack Pearl has always been generous in ascribing his success on the air to the quality of material supplied him by Wells. Success is no new thing to Billy Wells, who is one of the best known and highest paid theatrical writers in New York. For years he supplied the book, and many of the lyrics, for those highly successful musical revues, George White's Scandals, and he has written material for outstanding stars of radio, stage and screen, such as Joe Penner, Bert Lahr, Willie and Eugene Howard, and many others. He also wrote the script of the movie, "The Cockeyed World," which still holds records as one of the greatest money-making movies ever produced, and he has written other movies, skits and stage plays.

"Billy Wells has been much more than a script author to me," says Jack Pearl. "He has been a loyal friend and wise adviser. A great part of whatever success I have had is due to Billy, and to me one of the happiest things about the new program is the fact that Billy Wells is writing it."

RADIO fans who listened with glee to the explosive fibs of Baron Munchausen, may not have known much about the author of the program, but they do remember the good-humored "Sharlie" who was on the receiving end of these tall tales. It is welcome news to everyone that "Sharlie" has an important part in the new script. This time, however, he is called by his real name, Cliff Hall. He is represented as an old friend of Peter Pfeiffer, who comes to stay at the hotel for a while. Peter is likely to get into all kinds of mixups, but Cliff is always handy to advise, console and argue with him. It seems like old times for sure when Jack Pearl and Cliff Hall start arguing!

"Cliff Hall and I are so used to working with each other now," says Jack Pearl. "that I just wouldn't feel right working with anyone else. Cliff knows how to touch up and bring out the comedy points we are trying to make, and nobody but a comedian can fully appreciate"

(Please turn to page 66)

Speaking of Radio—

Charles Previn, Silken Strings director, keeps his weight down by jumping rope. . . . Bill Halop, Columbia's Bobby Benson, wants to be a comedian when his voice changes. . . . Annette Hanshaw spends two hours a day answering her fan mail. . . . Sigmund Romberg was born in Hungary on July 29, 1887. . . . He came to America in 1910. . . . George Givot, the Griik Ambassador, protests about criticism of old jokes. . . . Says he: "People complain about old jokes, yet rave about Stradivarius violins. After all, they hear the same old violins". . . . Radio authorities point out that all programs seem hit by the vogue of what they call "the choir influence". . . . Seven foot John Langford, who plays the longest instrument (the bassoon) in Isham Jones' orchestra, is also the longest musician in New York. . . . Curtis Arnall, who, as Buck Rogers, pilots space-ships, rockets and high speed projectiles of the future, in real life doesn't even drive an automobile. . . . Lewis James of the Revelers taught school in Michigan.

Good News FOR EVERY THOUGHTFUL PARENT

Announcing the Publication of A Real Newspaper for Children

AMERICA'S first real newspaper for boys and girls! The Parents' Magazine Affiliated Press, Inc., now makes this important announcement to the fathers and mothers of America. Thousands of parents have not only been waiting eagerly for this boys' and girls' newspaper but they have been demanding it for years. It has been recognized as an urgent need wherever there are growing children. Children want a newspaper, they need one, and they will read one. If the only newspaper available is an adult paper unsuitable for a child, a great and harmful influence is unavoidable. Now a good influence can supplant the harmful influence for at last the boys' and girls' own newspaper is here—a WEEKLY NEWSPAPER in tabloid size edited for children, giving them everything they want in a newspaper.

President Roosevelt Writes:
"I am delighted to hear that a Boys' and Girls' Newspaper is to be launched in America. I have heard of 'The Children's Newspaper' which has been successfully published for years in England. A somewhat similar publication in America should be helpful in the education and development of our boys and girls. I hope 'The Boys' and Girls' Newspaper' will fill a real need and will be welcomed by the young people of this country. I wish you success."



THE BOYS' AND GIRLS' NEWSPAPER

Now for the first time you can satisfy your child's natural curiosity about the news without exposing him to sensational stories and unsuitable features. This newspaper will present all of the worthwhile news of our nation and foreign lands, profusely illustrated and breezily edited for the young folks. Plenty of exciting features, too! Short stories; serials by the world's most famous authors; funnies; puzzles; sports; pages that tell how to make things. Plenty of pictures. And stories about radio and movie stars and other celebrities, with reviews of movies that are appropriate for children and a schedule of the most suitable radio programs. Science, invention, and the wonders of industry; and a host of other features.

Edited by Outstanding Child Authorities CONTRIBUTIONS BY LEADING WRITERS

Many of the leading authorities on child life are active in the planning and making of The Boys' and Girls' Newspaper. Every editor and contributor will be a man or woman of standing, sympathy, and experience. Well-known writers will contribute to the interesting and wholesome contents. This Boys' and Girls' Newspaper will first of all be made so interesting to young folks and so complete that they will not require adult newspapers. Its contents will be so varied that the interest of children of both sexes from 7 to 17 will be held and satisfied.

Let Your Child Be a CHARTER SUBSCRIBER

and Get an Engraved Certificate and a
Charter Subscribers' Bronze Button

We are still enrolling the CHARTER SUBSCRIBERS. Your child will get a big thrill out of being a member of this group. To every child now enrolled we shall present a beautiful engraved Charter Member's Certificate suitable for framing and a handsome Bronze Button. In years to come this Certificate as well as the first issue of America's first children's newspaper will be a treasured possession and may even have a large intrinsic value. We are now offering to Charter Subscribers a Special Introductory Subscription plan. See below.

THE PUBLISHERS. The Boys' and Girls' Newspaper will be published by an organization closely affiliated and sharing the offices of The Parents' Magazine. Their resources, experience, organization, and close association with all leaders in the field of child education, training, and entertainment qualify them preeminently to make The Boys' and Girls' Newspaper everything it should be.

Special Introductory Offer • 15 Weeks for \$1.00

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The Boys' and Girls' Newspaper is now being published. Charter Subscriber's Certificates and Buttons will be mailed promptly to all subscribers. You may enroll your child for a 15 weeks' Subscription for only \$1.00. Send no money now. A bill for \$1.00 will be sent you when the first issue is mailed. Then, if after you have seen the paper, you or the boy or girl for whom it is intended, are not thoroughly satisfied, say so and we shall cheerfully cancel all obligations. The Charter Subscriber's Roll will soon be closed. Don't let your child miss this opportunity

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Please place on the roll of CHARTER SUBSCRIBERS to THE BOYS' AND GIRLS' NEWSPAPER the following name:

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The paper will be delivered weekly for fifteen weeks. Bill for \$1.00 will be sent when the first issue is delivered. If you or the boy or girl are not satisfied you can cancel the subscription and owe nothing. The engraved Charter Member's Certificate will be mailed to arrive promptly.

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20 FEATURES offered in EVERY ISSUE

- The News of the Week in Word and Picture.
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- A Serial Story by a Well-Known Author.
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- Radio Personalities and a Schedule of Broadcasts for Young Folks.
- Movies—Illustrated Reviews of Recommended Pictures.
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Thrilling! To Have The Smooth White SKIN MEN ADORE!



SO EASY NOW! Why mask your features under a film of dull, weather-darkened surface skin—when it's so easy to bring out a whiteness as soft and alluring as the whiteness of your body? An utterly natural way, too, with dainty Golden Peacock Bleach Creme, to speed nature's own action. Just smooth this dainty creme on your skin for five nights. So quickly, it rolls away the dull, beauty-marring film. It brings out that smooth whiteness that gives queenly charm even to women whose features are poor. Almost like growing a new skin, free from disfiguring blemishes and external pimples.

Test Golden Peacock Bleach Creme now. Get a generous-size jar for only 50 cents at any drug or department store. Your money back if you are not delighted! Or, get the handy trial size—only 10 cents at any 5-and-10-cent store.



POWDERING
AGAIN—
IF SHE ONLY
KNEW HOW CHEAP
IT LOOKS!

but

SHE NEEDS THIS NEW and DIFFERENT Face Powder

THAT constant powdering does look shallow and a trifle common! Of course it's usually the result of fear of powder that won't stick. But how is a man to know?

Thousands of women have said good-bye to "nervous powdering" since they discovered Golden Peacock Face Powder! It has two vital new features. First, it is really moisture-proof! Skin moisture cannot take the powder off; and it cannot "cake" it into pore-clogging blackheads.

Four Times Finer!

But more, Golden Peacock powder is four times finer than any powder we know! Blends with skin perfectly. No more "powdered-up" look; instead, skin presents that natural peachbloom look of dewy youth.

Try Golden Peacock Face Powder and see. Fifty-cent size at any drug or department store; the generous purse size is only 10 cents at 5-and-10-cent stores. Or, send 6 cents in stamps to Golden Peacock, Inc., Paris, Tennessee, for 3-weeks' trial box. Please specify shade.

At Drug and
Department Stores, 25c-50c
At All
5-and-10c Stores, 10c

Golden Peacock
Face Powder



Jack Pearl Returns

(Continued from page 65)

ciate how important a 'straight' man is in getting comedy to register. If anything goes wrong in the midst of broadcasting—if a page of manuscript is dropped, or someone delivers a wrong cue line, or a mistake of any kind is made—I always feel safe with Cliff. We have worked together so long now that we know instinctively how to keep going until the mistake is rectified and we are back on the main course again."

On most comedy programs the comedian goes along for a little while, then stops while the orchestra plays, then more comedian, next more orchestra, and so to the end of the program. A much smoother routine has been worked out for "The Affairs of Peter Pfeiffer." Instead of stopping abruptly to give the orchestra a chance to play and the singers a chance to sing, all music is worked directly into the script.

Thus the group singers heard on the program are represented as the singing class directed by Peter. The orchestra is represented as the orchestra of the hotel, or of some theatrical troupe staying there, or some entertainment being given there. Singers are guests at the hotel or entertainers at particular functions.

This is the make-believe of the script, and the actual music is supplied by Freddie Rich, one of the most popular young orchestra leaders on the whole Columbia Broadcasting System network. His special arrangements are among the most intriguing heard on the radio today. He backs up his orchestra with a mixed chorus of twelve voices, and achieves some striking melodic patterns with his combinations of voices and orchestra.

The featured soloist with this music group is Patti Chapin, a beautiful young singer of whom brilliant things are expected in the line of a radio career. She excels in modern ballads and blues laments, and already many experts are predicting ultimate stardom for this girl.

A thread of continuity and plot interest runs through the new Peter Pfeiffer series. The sponsors of the program, the Frigidaire Company, have wisely refrained from interrupting the dramatic action with commercial announcements. The chief character, Peter, the hotel keeper, makes passing reference to the company's products, due to his having used them in his hotel. These are made only when they fit naturally into the action, and these factors, together with the knitting-in of the music, make for a very smooth running program.

Such is the new Peter Pfeiffer program and the elements in it. To faithful fans, however, the real news is this: Jack Pearl is back on the air, and praises be!

Ride the Sky With Safety

(Continued from page 27)

operator reported that he had navigated her over a thousand miles by radio-compass alone.

NEXT year, if present plans are carried out, trans-Atlantic air liners will go into commission. They will undoubtedly carry all the radio that ocean steamers do because, when fully radio-equipped, they will be able to dodge and out-fly storms.

"Better than sticky" Hand Lotions

SAY THESE FAMOUS WOMEN



MRS. ELY CULBERTSON says: "Sticky hand lotions are impossible for bridge players. I use Pacquin's all the time because I don't have to wait for it to dry. And it has an immediate softening and whitening effect."



MRS. FRANK BUCK says: "Tropical countries are dreadfully hard on the hands. Mine would be leathery if I didn't use Pacquin's. It's so quick and sure, the skin absorbs it at once, and I don't have to wait for it to dry."



MRS. JOHN HELD, JR., says: "Naturally, I want my hands attractive—an artist husband notices every detail. It's wonderful how white and smooth Pacquin's keeps busy hands—and doesn't leave any sticky film at all."

WOMEN with lots to do find that Pacquin's saves them time and keeps their hands lovelier. There's no more waiting for a sticky hand lotion to dry—Pacquin's Hand Cream goes right into your skin, without leaving any greasy or sticky film—you can put your gloves on the next minute if you want. And Pacquin's gives you such smooth and soft hands.

Pacquin's
Hand Cream

Quite recently a successful blind landing system using short waves has been perfected which promises to remove the last dread hazard of stormy flying: landing when the field cannot be seen. Blind flying has long been a required part of the pilots' routine on transport-passenger and mail-plane flights. Blind flying with passengers is now permitted by law provided the transport is radio-equipped for course-guidance. For the past four years the Army Air Corps and the Bureau of Air Commerce have worked together in an effort to extend the assistance of radio to the most dangerous part of the blind flight—the blind landing. It was found that pilots skilled in flying by the use of instruments alone were able, after some practice, to land a plane with its cockpit completely hooded over after the plane had been maneuvered into a normal approach position in regard to the field, that is, within normal gliding distance, headed into the wind. From there on they could make a "power stall landing," that is, settle in to a three point landing, the tail being the first of the three points to make contact, with the engine revolving up to a little less than flying speed.

The radio beacon could guide the plane along the airway to a landing field even when the ground was obscured but it would not arrive there in a good position for a blind landing if the wind shifted. A cross-wind or down-wind landing makes for crack-ups. So now, in order to make a blind landing two more radio appliances are used in conjunction with the radio beacon transmitters already installed at most airports. A (Kreusi) radio compass is installed aboard the plane. By manipulating the loop of this special directional receiving system the plane can be ruddered straight toward the radio beacon transmitter or any other transmitter in operation at the obscured field. At the field itself, two transmitters mounted on automobile trucks are maneuvered into such positions that if a plane lands headed from one toward the other it will land into the wind.

WHEN the approaching plane arrives over the outer of these two portable stations a light flashes on the pilot's instrument panel. This is his cue to promptly tune in the other (inner) portable station and so rudder that he keeps its signal in his headphone, thereby flying along the in-to-the-wind course between these two stations. Doing this, the pilot notes his course on the plane's gyro compass, a compass which is not affected by storms. Circling the field he throttles down and drops to about eight hundred feet above the field. As he again gets the "over" flash he settles to a normal landing and applies brakes. This system has been adopted by the Bureau of Air Commerce and is the greatest advance for the safe operation of transport planes in stormy weather yet to be developed. Only radio could make such a system possible.

In its development aviation radio has not had anywhere near the publicity which broadcast radio by its very nature has naturally received. But aviation radio has developed along definite lines, having a definite end in view—not entertainment, not communication, but something infinitely more important: safety. And this end has been attained. Yes! The safeguarding of the lives of those who fly is undoubtedly the chief function of radio in aviation, a function which it ably performs. Thus, by taking an indispensable part in man's conquest of the air, radio has again shown itself to be an invaluable ally of human progress.

She Wouldn't Stay in School

(Continued from page 59)

landed a job of any kind.

It certainly wasn't the most eminent position you could imagine. They worked in theater lobbies. Maybe you have heard of this type of work. I never had. But the idea was to amuse the theater customers waiting in line to see the movies.

A little piano was pushed into the lobby. Babs played and she and her friend with the fine contacts, sang together. Sometimes it was bitterly cold and Babs' fingers were scarcely limber enough to hit the notes, but Babs took it all in stride—she has an amazing ability for coming up smiling—and checked it off to experience.

The people waiting in the lobbies would hang around the piano, talk to the girls and request certain numbers. As a matter of fact, they had real fans who used to follow them from theater to theater. And eventually, they got a job inside a theater on a real stage.

But Babs wanted greener fields. She knew, by now, that she wasn't going back to Kansas City. Her school days were over, no matter what happened.

IN New York were two brothers named Ryan whom she had known in school when she was a youngster. They were singing together whenever they could get a job. Babs took what little money she had been able to save and hopped a train for New York.

The three—Babs Redwine and the two Ryan brothers—worked out a number of songs together. They had been paying an arranger to develop the harmonies when it suddenly occurred to Babs that the songs sounded exactly alike and why in the world couldn't she do the arranging? She tried it—and discovered that she could.

They had been out of work for a long time when they had a call from Bennie Davis. He was supposed to open that night in a theater in Brooklyn, I believe, and a part of his act was a singing trio. Just half an hour before he got in touch with the Ryan Trio the other trio had walked out on him.

"Can you open tonight?" he asked.

"Sure," Babs told him.

It was, actually, her first appearance in a big time theater. She knew less than nothing about showmanship. In fact, Bennie Davis had to teach her how to take a bow—but they opened that night—with Babs so frightened she didn't even hear the applause. And there was applause!

They went through all the ups and downs of theatrical life, punctuated by letters from Babs' parents begging her to come back home and go to school. And each time that it seemed there was nothing left for her to do, something turned up. Sometimes something very startling turned up. They were, as a matter of fact, working in the Club Abbey, when a gangster shooting occurred.

IT was during the early part of their career together that Babs married one of the Ryan brothers. And she did not use the name Redwine again.

When they weren't working Babs was busy with novel arrangements and they learned dozens of songs and it was when they were going over some numbers in the DeSylva, Brown and Henderson office that Fred Waring heard them.

In his charming way, he came in and introduced himself. "You kids are good," he told them and almost before they had caught a good deep breath they found themselves under contract to Waring and touring the South with

Fred and his orchestra.

Babs heaved a sigh of relief. If they could hold this job then the spectre of school in Kansas City would no longer haunt her dreams. They had, really, arrived. And, although her father would rather that she had been a concert pianist, he wrote that he was proud of her and admired her courage for sticking so persistently to a game at which it seemed, a dozen times, that she was beaten.

The Waring tour was more fun than Babs had ever had. It was like being part of a circus for in every town they actually paraded through the Main Street and, if there were a radio station, they always gave a program.

Waring had been told that his orchestra was not the type for big time radio. He didn't believe it and asked for an audition from the Chevrolet people. At that time Ken Murray was a very popular comedian and Waring built the program around Murray's comedy. They were all ready to go on but fifteen minutes before the audition Murray was not there. Desperate telephone calls revealed the fact that he had taken another job. What to do?

Well, for one thing the Ryan trio could be counted upon to leap into any breach. They always had extra numbers. And certainly, by now, they knew about doing last minute work, so they added a couple of numbers. Waring put in some numbers and the audition went. But Chevrolet turned them down and it wasn't until several months later that the Old Gold program, which shot them all to such fame as they had never dreamed possible, was produced.

Now, as you know, they are the Ford program and Babs' biggest thrill was meeting Henry Ford himself. He talked to her and complimented her on her work. I'm sure if he had known her background, if he had realized how much courage it took for her to be in the position she now holds he, who appreciates perseverance, would have been thrilled at meeting her!

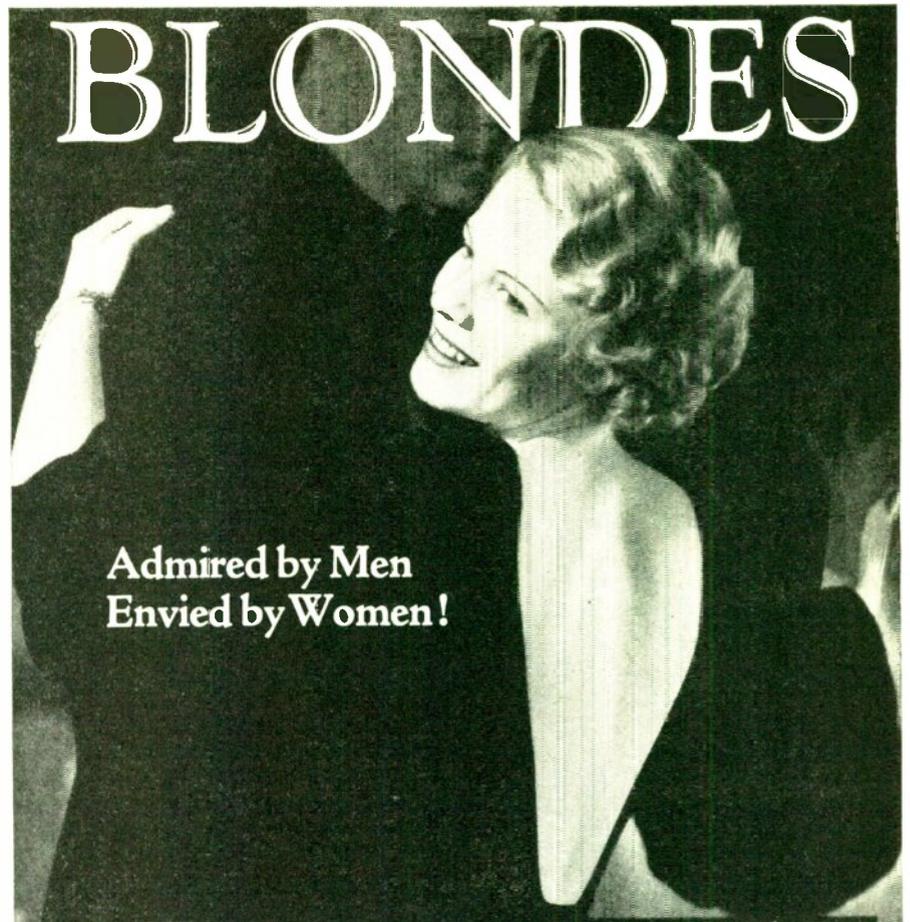
AND Babs herself? She is young, pretty, blonde. She vibrates with energy and is completely miserable when she isn't working like a demon. She works out the trio's songs and Waring gives her complete authority. Sometimes he hears the songs only a few hours before they go on the air.

She tells of her experiences with a laugh. She tries to make you think that it was all nothing but fun and grand experience. She glosses over the heart-break, touches lightly upon the times when she did not know where the next job was coming from.

I like that sort of girl, don't you?

Babs Ryan may be heard each Thursday 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, WLBZ, WBRC, WICC, WBT, WDOD, KVOR, WBNS, KRLD, WOC, WSMK, KLZ, WDNC, WBIG, WHP, KTRH, WNOX, KFAB, KLRA, WFEA, WREC, WISN, WCCO, WALA, WSFA, WLAC, WDSU, KOMA, WMBD, WGOA, KOH, WDBJ, WHEC, KSL, KTSB, WTOG, WNAX, KWKH, KSCJ, WSBT, WMAZ, WIBW, KTUL, WIBX, WACO, WMT, KFH, KGKO, WSJS, WORC, WKBN, CRCM, CKCL, WNBF.



**Admired by Men
Envyed by Women!**

Nature loves blondes. Not everybody wants light hair, but every brunette envies that fresh, bright clean look so natural to blondes. Marchand's Golden Hair Wash is best with soft golden hair. But Marchand's also imparts a fascinating radiance to dark hair as well.

In fact, Marchand's, used quietly, safely, simply—and secretly, if desired—tints your hair any desired shade from a rich auburn brown to a lively golden sheen.

Marchand's Golden Hair Wash belongs in the boudoir of every woman who realizes nature intended *all* the hair on the body be treated as carefully as the hair on the head.

Start, if you prefer, on your arms and legs to make unnoticeable dark "superfluous" hair. And gain that charm that belongs to fair, silky smooth arms and legs.

MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR MARCHAND'S TODAY. OR USE COUPON BELOW

CHARLES MARCHAND CO. 251 West 19th Street NEW YORK CITY

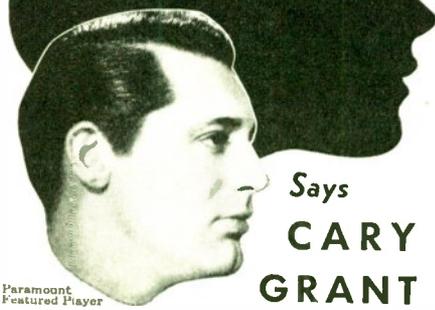
Please let me try for myself the sunny, golden effect of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. Enclosed is 50 cents (use stamps, coins, or money order as convenient) for a full-sized bottle.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....TG435

"It's the perfume
I never can forget"



Paramount
Featured Player

Says
**CARY
GRANT**

There's glorious fragrance—the perfume of youth—in April Showers Talc. There's luxury supreme in its soothing touch. No wonder April Showers is the world's most famous, best-loved talc!

April
Showers
TALC



Exquisite, but
not expensive

CHERAMY
PARIS



Your hands should be as intriguing as your complexion. Split, ragged, uneven nails belie the impression of daintiness which your lovely skin suggests. For perfect grooming, use Wigder Manicure Aids. These well balanced, keen-edged, quality made instruments make manicuring a pleasant duty. Get yourself a complete set today at your local 5 and 10¢ store. Look for the Improved Cleaner Point and Arrow trade mark.



Nail Files Tweezers Nail Clips Scissors

"This Is Woollcott Speaking"

(Continued from page 33)

good standing of "the club."

Woollcott lives for and with his friends. They flock around him day and night until, desperate for time to work, he will elude them by deserting his apartment and hiding in a hotel suite. He gets in his best licks in the early morning, usually starting work by eight-thirty. When he gets going he is a prodigious worker. His correspondence alone would stagger the average captain of industry.

Unless called out, he will loll about his apartment in dressing gown and silk pyjamas, gaudy as a mandarin—he has a weakness for fine raiment—but keeping two secretaries on the jump.

SUCCESS is no accident with him. He has worked hard all his life. He went through Hamilton College largely on his own steam, earning money as a waiter and janitor, winning every scholarship in sight to get his degree. Now he is that institution's most devoted alumnus. It decorated him with the degree of Doctor of Letters in 1924. One of his little games is to mystify credulous strangers by referring to himself as "Dr. Woollcott," and then appraise them with a diagnostic eye as though about to take their soundings with a stethoscope.

Samuel Hopkins Adams, another Hamilton alumnus who had watched his work in college, got him a job as a cub reporter on *The New York Times*. He drilled away there for five years, suddenly concluded he was not getting anywhere and resigned. Dropping in months later he encountered Carl V. Van Anda, whom he reveres as the greatest managing editor of his time. On a sudden inspiration he remarked to Van Anda: "Nobody knows it, but I would undoubtedly be the best dramatic critic in New York."

Van Anda replied, "The idea is not new to me," and two weeks later Woollcott began his career as the critic of *The New York Times*.

As a critic he was brilliant, provocative, ruthless when his ire was roused, and robust. Much too emotional and sentimental to be even-handed in his judgments, he had the gift to inspire others with his fervor, to make them share his passion for those aspects of beauty which he discerned. As a result, he became such a power that the mere sight of him would throw some producers into a cold sweat and others into a hydrophobic frenzy. The Messrs. Shubert barred him from their theaters for two seasons. *The Times* promptly barred their advertising from its columns. After chewing that bitter cud and after prayer and fasting—at least, the fasting was imminent—Mr. Woollcott's two seats on the aisle were dusted off for him and he returned in triumph. That he never showed spite after this episode is evidence of his good sportsmanship.

Stage struck he always will be, though he shuns the theater now unless some favorite of his is appearing in an exceptional play. Stage struck in the sense of recognizing the riches that the theater at its best offers us in such profusion.

At 45, he made his debut as an actor—in S. H. Berman's "Brief Moment"—and ran away with the show. Admittedly the part was tailored to his generous measure.

Last year curiosity enticed him into making a movie short. Horrified at his own image on the screen, he fled from the theater. Since then, Holly-



Cheeks no longer sallow,
skin clears,
thanks to DR. EDWARDS

IT'S wonderful what a difference it makes in the way you feel and look when you keep internally clean. Thousands of women thank Dr. Edwards for his little Olive Tablets... a wonderful substitute for calomel and so much safer. Try them and see if you don't see the difference in fresh, smooth cheeks and lovely skin.

"The Internal Cosmetic"

Used for over 20 years by women who want relief for blemishes and pimples caused by constipation. See and feel how this tested vegetable compound helps you to rid yourself of that tired, dull, lifeless feeling. Try this! For one week take one or two each night. Ask for Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets at any drugstore, know them by their olive color. 15¢, 30¢, 60¢.

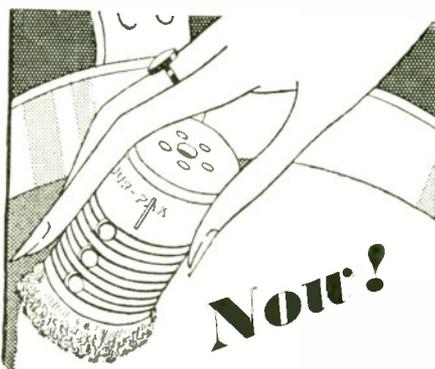
YOUTHFUL BEAUTY

Simple Home Treatment Brings
Amazingly Quick Results

Radiantly lovely skin isn't something to envy in others. It's something to get for yourself as quickly as possible.

You can get this thrill today with
BONCILLA BEAUTIFIER

Your skin quickly becomes fine and blemish free; velvet-smooth; rich in color; youthful; beautiful. Approved by Good Housekeeping. Money Back if Not Satisfied.



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!
- Keeps clean. Skour Pak's steel wool is treated to resist rust.
- The rubber holder peels off as more steel wool is needed. One Skour-Pak outlasts two big boxes of ordinary steel wool.

Sold at 5 and 10 cent stores, Grocery, Hardware and Department stores...

RIDGWAYS, Inc 60 WARREN ST., N. Y. C.

wood has made him some prodigious offers. He might have played Mr. Pickwick or Mr. Micawber if they could transplant Hollywood to New York. But the pictures his actor friends paint of the flim-flam film capital congeal his soul.

His greatest experience was the World War. Wangling his way into the army, in spite of his eyes, he was detailed to *The Stars and Stripes* and became the star reporter of the A. E. F.'s newspaper. "I had a ringside seat at the war," he says, and his vignettes of the doughboy's life at the front are imperishable.

INCORRIGIBLY romantic, in fancy he has sighed in despair at the ineffable charms of so many lovely ladies that to succumb irrevocably to one would be an anticlimax he could never commit. So-o-o he is a bachelor; and intends to remain one.

He seems to relish the most sulphurous insults from his friends; indeed the more intimate the friend, the more diabolic is the crossfire between them. But the most touching tribute paid to him in print makes him writhe, for some obscure reason. The only exception on record is his response to the note which Rebecca West appended to the English edition of his record-breaking best seller, "While Rome Burns."

"Alexander Woollcott," she wrote, "is the greatest journalist in America, the perfect recorder of the present that historians would have exist in every age. He has the memory of an elephant; he has not only dazzling verbal wit, but a definitely literary personality that is often richly comic and always picturesque. He is now the most brilliant of living feuilletonists; there is nobody who can touch his occasional articles in the *New Yorker*. He has an abundance of material, for he is a friend of every interesting personality in America who is—the proviso is definite—on the side of fundamental decency. This book gives his characteristic flavor, the gaiety which might be mere gaiety and would be pretty good at that, but which is backed by a profound knowledge of human nature and history and the soundest of values."

Even his intimates might be surprised at the line in this eulogy which moved him—her acknowledgment of his fundamental decency. His reply was prompt. He cabled: "I want your tribute for my epitaph. Am shooting myself tonight before you can recant.—WOOLLCOTT."

Alexander Woollcott may be heard each Sunday at 7 P. M., E.S.T., over the following CBS stations:

WABC, WOKO, WCAO, WNAC, CKLW, WDRC, KMBC, WJAS, KMOX, WFBL, KHJ, KLZ, WCAU, WCCO, KSL, WIAS, KFAB, WJSV, WGR, WBBM, WKRC, KERN, KMJ, KHJ, KOIN, KFBK, KGB, KFRC, KDB, KOL, KFPY, KWG, KVI.

Send your radio
opinions to

DIAL A DOLLAR

One dollar is paid for
every reader idea published. Turn to Page 71
for details.



Consider back, neck, shoulders and arms as much a part of the complexion as you do your face.



Tower Studios

Beautify Your Neck and Arms

says HARRIET HILLIARD

A good posture has much to do with your grace and charm in an evening gown

GIRLS of today have such lovely backs and shoulders. I know I have said this before, but I believe this beauty is due to the fact that the modern young girl has never held her body in a stiff, affected manner. I see a great many of them, you know, and they all have a freedom of carriage, and fine, straight shoulders and backs, that have never been cramped by the funny postures that used to be fashionable—like the debutante slouch and the kangaroo gait.

You can see that I think posture has much to do with the good-looking necks and backs and arms that make one graceful and charming in evening dress. But there are many other sides to the matter.

For one thing, the back and neck should be considered as much a part of the complexion as the face—and so should the arms. They should be creamed and massaged as regularly and thoroughly. The back, especially, should be looked after, for it contains lots of oil glands. If it is not vigorously scrubbed and rubbed these glands are very apt to become clogged and blotchy.

Lots of soap and water of course, are part of the regular schedule for a good-looking back. A flesh brush that can be used to reach every inch of the back skin should be used, and a firm, even rough, bath towel should be used for rubbing the back dry after the bath.

Now for the effects of posture on the back. You know the correct position, of course: shoulder blades back, chest

up, chin in. If you keep these points in mind, you can correct round shoulders and a stooped carriage without any real difficulty.

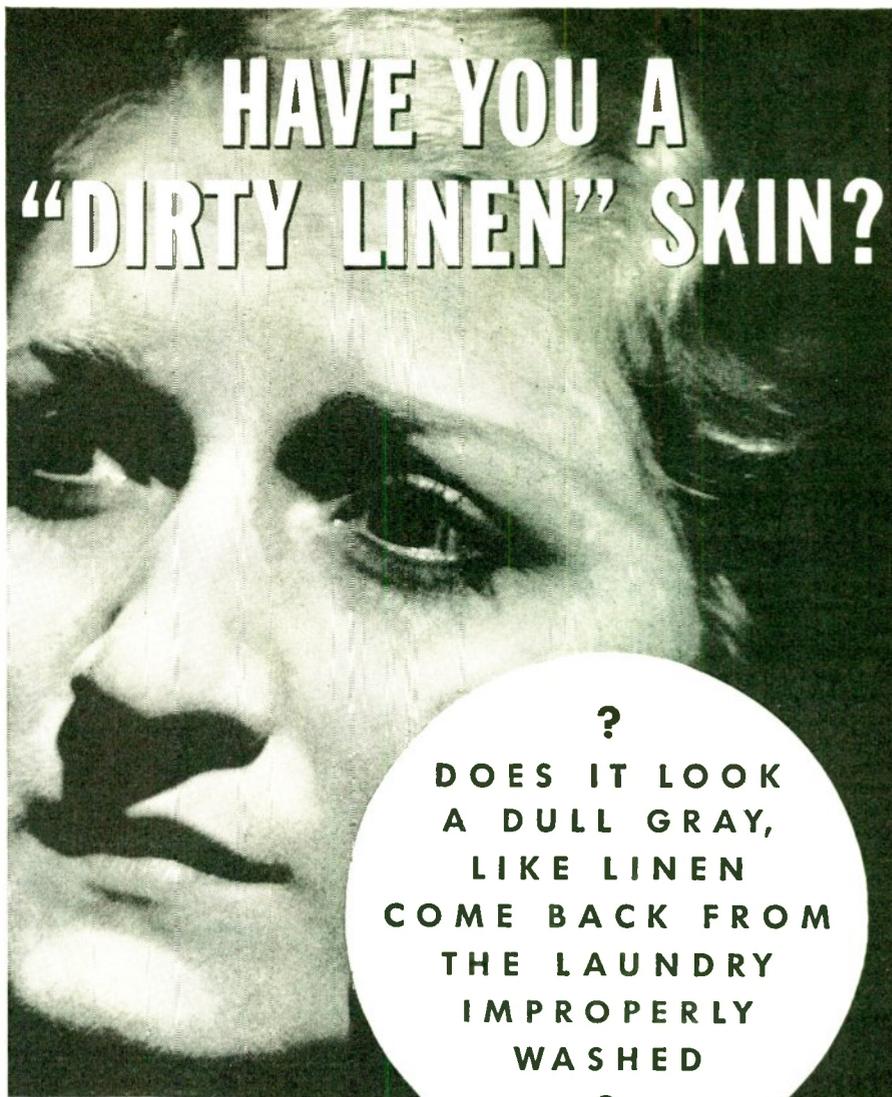
Here is a good exercise that I often use: Stand with the heels and the back of the hips, the shoulders and the head, all touching a wall. Lift the arms, which are hanging at the sides, straight up over the head. Then stand on tiptoes and try to touch the ceiling—at least, stretch toward it as high as you can. Relax, slowly drop the arms—and then do it all over again. Try it ten times a day.

HERE is another of my pet exercises: Draw the chin in to the neck and then arch the back of the neck as much as you can. This brings all the muscles into play in a most helpful and stimulating way.

So does the next one—an old, old exercise for beautifying the neck: Just make yourself look as ugly as possible—make every cord of the neck stand out, which means that you will have to open the mouth and snap the jaws. When you feel all the cords pulling, relax. You should do this ten times every day, too.

An easier exercise is this: Just relax the head and roll it round and round—back, sides and front.

To return to the back for a moment: if the skin is blemished and does not respond to massage and good scrubbing and regular exercise, see a doctor about it, just as you would for any other skin disorder that does not yield to ordinary home treatment.



?
DOES IT LOOK
A DULL GRAY,
LIKE LINEN
COME BACK FROM
THE LAUNDRY
IMPROPERLY
WASHED
?

It's a Sign You're Not Reaching that Hidden Dirt, that Dirt that Lies Buried Beneath the Surface!

By *Lady Esther*

One thing women notice about the use of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream is that it seems to lighten their skins—actually makes them look shades lighter after a few days' use.

This is not due to any bleaching action on the part of Lady Esther Face Cream. It contains no bleaching agent.

The explanation is that Lady Esther Face Cream cleanses the skin so thoroughly it does away with that grayish cast caused by embedded dirt. It is just like half-washing a white handkerchief and thoroughly washing it.

That penetrating dirt and greasy soot that works its way into your skin will not only cause your skin to look much darker than it really is, but it will cause a number of other blemishes.

It will give root to blackheads and whiteheads and cause the skin to become coarse and canvas-like.

It Calls for a PENETRATING Face Cream!

To give your skin a thorough cleansing, to get at the dirt that buries itself deep in the pores, you must use a face cream that gets to the bottom of the pores. In other words, a penetrating face cream!

Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream is penetrating. It is reaching and searching. It does not merely lie on the surface of the skin, but penetrates the pores to their depths.

Almost instantly, it dissolves the waxy grime that lies buried in the pores and floats it to the surface where it is easily wiped off. When you cleanse your skin with Lady Esther Face Cream you imme-

diately know it, for your skin tingles as it never did before.

It Benefits Your Skin Four Ways

Lady Esther Face Cream does four things of definite benefit to 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.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (11) **FREE**
 Lady Esther, 2020 Ridge Ave., Evanston, Ill.
 Please send me by return mail your 7-day supply of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream.
 Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____ State _____
 (If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

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Doctor Finds

BLACKHEADS GO in as little as 3 DAYS

BLACKHEADS are caused by clogged pores. Clear them quickly with Ambrosia, the pore-deep liquid cleanser. You feel Ambrosia tingle; you know it is cleansing as nothing has done before.

Doctor who tested the use of Ambrosia by women with blackheads reported: "In as little as three days blackheads tend to go, complexions are clearer and brighter."

If your skin is oily follow every Ambrosia cleansing with Ambrosia Tightener. Tightener lessens oiliness, clears muddy complexions, refreshes and stimulates.

If your skin is dry, follow every Ambrosia cleansing with Ambrosia Cream. Particles in this cream are 11 times finer than in milk. Thus it penetrates, replenishes oil, ends dryness, smooths lines.

All Ambrosia preparations are 75¢ each at drug and department stores. In smaller sizes at 10¢ stores.

AMBRŌSIA 
THE PORE-DEEP CLEANSER

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.



Relieves Teething Pains
Within 1 Minute

WHEN your baby suffers from teething pains, just rub a few drops of Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion on the sore, tender, little gums and the pain will be relieved within one minute.

Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion is the prescription of a famous baby specialist, contains no narcotics and has been used by mothers for almost fifty years. It is strongly recommended by doctors and nurses instead of the unsanitary teething ring.

JUST RUB IT ON THE GUMS

DR. HAND'S
Teething Lotion

Buy Dr. Hand's from your druggist today

White Jazz

(Continued from page 29)

they piled, dumping their instruments on an old truck which preceded them on their jumps. At the wheel of this truck was a chattering individual, Bobby Maron, better known as "Harpo" for his flaming hair. It was up to him to see that the band remained as comfortable as possible, to keep the changes of uniform in press, to be sure that the trunkfuls of equipment arrived on time.

TODAY when the orchestra travels in a Pullman bus equipped with radio, bridge table, and folding cots, Bobby Maron rides along and serves as the willing butt of the various individual and collective jokes which relieve the tension of a steady stream of broadcasts, recordings and hotel engagements. Traveling in luxury, "Harpo" and his charges can still remember vividly the days when Casa Loma battled the roads.

To return to 1930, New England's natives when they first heard the clipped, racing unison of "White Jazz." "Casa Loma Stomp," and the familiar "Tiger Rag" let their jaws hang limp and stared at each other in amazement. Fascinated by the sheer technical virtuosity of these musicians they refused to dance, preferring instead to watch fingers flick effortlessly over saxophone keys to produce these strange new tunes and old favorites decked out in new colors.

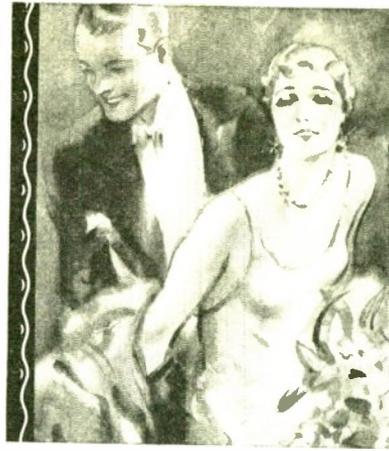
Late at night when the dancers had gone home to bed, at odd periods when they weren't traveling, "Spike" Gray called rehearsals. For tiring hours the men worked over Gifford's tricky arrangements, criticizing, commenting, developing the swing that is so characteristic of all they do today. Gradually, there came a cleanness of tone and a precision of attack that was almost psychic.

But in some of the tougher spots where the good citizens leaned more toward the customary vaudeville antics of road bands, Casa Loma flopped and flopped badly. At times people couldn't seem to absorb what they were trying to do. Then the wise lads laughed again. But calm, smiling "Corky" O'Keefe kept right on smiling when things were at their worst and booked the band back along the same route two weeks later. The effect was miraculous. On the second try, the band "took."

That Fall some of the lads who had bobbed so enthusiastically around these same New England dance floors went back to their colleges and in the nightly bull sessions when conversation swung to dance music, sung the praises of a "different" orchestra that was traveling the countryside. As hot as any colored band, they said, but the music was cleaner and the arrangements startling. Some courageous entertainment chairman took up the challenge and booked the orchestra. They were a hit. Then followed engagements at the University of Pennsylvania, Amherst, Cornell, and other Eastern colleges. In between appearances at the various seats of learning the one-night stands continued until finally an agent for a phonograph company heard them and proffered the customary dotted line.

When an opportunity to play at the Glen Island Casino in Westchester County, N. Y., popped up in the Spring of 1933, Mr. O'Keefe leaped at it with all the rapidity of a commuter hopping a departing train. But whereas the commuter so often missed, the energetic "Corky" did not.

It was at Glen Island that the orchestra went on the air for the first



New York's Smart Set has found
the added CHARM in
Betty Lou
FACE POWDER

IT is not surprising that smart New York women have indicated a definite preference for Betty Lou face powder. Arbiters of fashion and things fashionable, they quickly discovered the added Charm which my exquisite, superfine face powder imparts. In six glamorous tones to glorify any complexion.



One Dress at
the Betty Lou
creation—Miss Allan

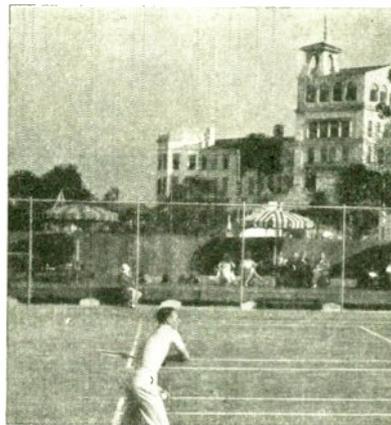
Betty Lou Allan
347 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK

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. 25¢ and 50¢ or 10¢ at 10¢ stores. Dame Nature Co., 215 W. 19th St., New York.



Hotel Charlotte Harbor

Lowest Rates Ever Offered
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.

Compare the rates, the splendid facilities and the sheer hotel quality of Hotel Charlotte Harbor. They represent FLORIDA'S FINEST VACATION VALUE! Wire collect for reservations or write for booklet to Mr. Floyd Alford, Jr., Manager.

HOTEL CHARLOTTE HARBOR
in Punta Gorda in real tropical FLORIDA

time. Suddenly, an audience of thousands grew into millions as radio opened vast unconquered territories. Frightened? Yes, but the corporation felt at last that it was equal to its new test. And the corporation was right, for a cigarette company hearing the broadcasts booked the orchestra for a Winter of commercial programs from the Essex House, a New York hotel.

Having already wooed and won America, Casa Loma's new goal is to play in London. Possibly because they are sure Britishers will appreciate their music, more probably because they would like to try and outdo the success of other American bands that have taken London by storm, they look longingly across the ocean.

But if they dream of London, Casa Loma goes right ahead with its cigarette broadcasts twice a week from the Essex House in New York.

Early evening finds bright-eyed debbies and their partners already jammed in front of the orchestra platform as the band begins to play.

"Isn't it wonderful?" asks Mr. Gifford as he peers through his spectacles at the backs of the assembled crowd. Kenny Sargeant, the dark-complexioned, handsome looking "heart interest" of the group steps up to the microphone of the public address system and takes a chorus. Feelingly as though his heart were bursting with deep emotion he sings the words of a current song hit. Actually, he hates most of the lyrics he must memorize, characterizing them as "sappy."

As the tempo shifts with the next number it becomes "Pee Wee" Hunt's turn to take a bow. The six-foot, heavy-set "Pee Wee," whose fan letters contain all the affection generally showered on any diminutive so named, grins as he faces the crowd. "Pee Wee" to the world at large, he is known as "King Kong" to his fellows for his unerring accuracy in placing his foot on Mel Jensen's fiddle generally parked on the floor.

"How is it that there is no jealousy?" we asked the absorbed Mr. Gifford.

He snorted. "They have too much fun together for anything like that," was the answer. Then, with interesting irrelevance he added, "This crowd of kids here is our favorite audience. It was the kids who first made us famous and it's the kids we love to play for. They seem to understand and appreciate our music more than any other group. Watch."

We did. There was an expectant pause between numbers and the debbies remained stationed in front of the platform. A broadcast was about to begin. At a control board sat a man with headphones. Another individual, watch in hand, stood looking at Mel Jensen, counting seconds.

Then the lights went suddenly dim. The announcer's hand dropped. Slowly, tantalizing with their pregnant softness, the lazy notes of the theme song, Gene Gifford's "Smoke Rings," floated out into the room. Casa Loma on the air!

Glen Gray and his Casa Loma Orchestra may be heard each Tuesday at 10 P.M. and each Thursday at 9 P.M. over the following CBS stations:

WABC, WADC, WOKO, WCAO, WNAC, WKBW, WBBM, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WOWO, WDRC, WFBM, KMBC, WHAS, WSPD, WJSV, WMBR, WOAM, WDBO, WDAE, WGST, WPG, WLBB, WBRC, WICC, WBT, WDOD, WBNS, KRLD, WFEA, YALA, WREC, WISN, WCCO, WSEA, WLAG, WDSU, WOMA, WMBD, WMBG, WDBJ, WHEC, K TSA, WTCC, KSCJ, WMAS, WIBW, KTUL, WACO, WMT, WFH, WISD, WORC, WNAX, WKBW, KWKH, WDNC, WIBX, KGKO, KFAB.

Without Benefit of Rehearsal

(Continued from page 21)

grams seem to improve steadily?"

He thought a minute, rubbing his forehead.

"If our programs seem to be improving that is perhaps an illusion that we try to maintain by keeping our material new and timely. We should have been just as good with our first Canada Dry program. We were fresh then. Radio was new to us. Every program should be more or less on the same level. But I think if you keep your stuff up to the minute you can get that illusion of improving."

"But you do have your off spells, I suppose."

"Yes."

"What do you do then?"

"We fall back on those two old standbys—romance and finance. Like the fellow said. 'There are only two things I like—women and money. But I've never been able to keep the women from getting hold of the money.'

"Remember the 'Rose of Rio Grande Street' sketch? That had romance—just a touch of it. But it never fails to pull up a program."

"How is it that the others in the company have so many laugh lines? Is Jack just big-hearted?"

"He's big-hearted all right. You ought to see the set of matched clubs he gave me for Christmas. But the reason he does it is because he knows it's good business. Everybody expects Jack to be funny. He's the comedian. But a laugh from someone else where you aren't looking for it has twice the value."

"Then there is the matter of sympathy. Sympathy is the basis of humor. Jack has to be picked on all the time. Then when he comes back with a crack the audience loves it."

"How do you always have so much comic talent in your supporting artists, singers, orchestra leader and so on? Is it just luck, or do you pick them?"

Harry flicked a long ash from his cigar.

"IT'S neither. Most of the people we work with have never had any experience before doing that sort of stuff."

"But we don't try to shape them to fit the comedy. We shape the comedy to fit them. We study their characters. We watch how they naturally talk. Then we try to build up lines that fit their characters."

"Take Frank Parker. He's a breezy, flip sort of guy. So we always give him flip lines like, 'I'm fit as a fiddle and thin as a flute.' Mary Livingstone is always kind of preoccupied and unconcerned. Don Bestor is reserved and dignified. He has a natural tendency in speaking to let his line fall off at the end, which kills a gag. But we soon overcame that."

"Don Wilson, of course, is always trying to slip the commercials over on the rest of the cast. So they take the attitude that he is Public Enemy No. 1 and treat him accordingly."

"But all this sounds as though you worked it out pretty carefully in advance."

"We don't, though. These things I have told you are just the rules we keep in mind. They are the

fundamentals we have mastered in the theater that are necessary for good entertainment."

"The actual work we do at the last possible minute. As the time for the broadcast approaches I begin to get worried. Jack is worrying all the time. Then Jack calls me up with an idea or I call him up with one. We pick out a few catch lines that seem to be going strong."

"Then I rough out a script and we go over it and point it up. We always leave it loose and flexible because things often come up when we all run over the show that always improve it. If you rule those things out, you rule out your freshness."

"Maybe Frank Parker makes a crack. Or he says something that gives Jack an idea. Somebody in the orchestra makes a funny noise with an instrument. There's an extra laugh. It's hard on everybody working under pressure, but it does wonders for the show."

"DO you think that you and Jack can go on with this formula of yours indefinitely?"

"Not indefinitely, no. It's just as Frisco said to me—you know Frisco, the guy who dances with the derby and the cigar? Frisco said: 'Radio is like having a brother who plays the harmonica. Maybe he's swell, but after a while he becomes so familiar to you that you don't think he's so good any more. In fact you don't pay any attention to him.'

"But radio won't stand still long. It's too big, too fast-moving. There will be changes, plenty of them."

"I remember during the war I was with a signal corps attached to a gunners' battery. We had a map marked off in sections and then we would flash back signals by wireless whether shells were falling too far to the right or the left. We just sent code messages and got code messages in return. A fellow who was with me said:

"'Harry, do you know they've got these things so they can talk now?'"

"I said, 'Don't give me that. Why, it's ridiculous.'

"Well, they did talk, and after that I've come to believe that anything can happen. Television wouldn't be any surprise to me now."

"But, whatever the change, the fundamental rules of building good entertainment are always the same. It's just a matter of applying them to the situation in hand—in radio, television, movies or the stage—and keeping your stuff always fresh and in tune with the times."

Jack Benny may be heard each Sunday at 7 P.M., E.S.T., over the following NBC stations:

WJZ, WBAL, WMAL, WBZ, WBZA, WSYR, WHAM, KDKA, WJR, WKBF, WENR, KWCR, KSO, KWK, WREN, KOIL, WTMJ, WIBA, WIBC, KFYP, WRVA, WAVE, WSM, WSB, WKY, WSMB, KVOO, WFAA, KTBS, KPRC, WOAI, WGAR, WSOC, WDAY, WMC, CFCF, WLIT, KSTP, WCKY.

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.

Secrets Of Success For All Women

How to Get and Hold Jobs, Friends, Beaux, Husbands

Success or failure in the most important events of a woman's life often depends on her appearance. The French Woman's Art of Chic, Charm and Seductiveness—their alluring art of perfect "Make-up"—revealed by one of them.

Get this priceless knowledge from the unique and only

Paris Personal Fashion Correspondence

(La Marquise de C _____)

\$1.00 so invested can save you MANY

Ask yourself these questions:

1. Do you make the most of your good points?
2. Do you know how to apply Fashions to your OWN personality?
3. Can you go anywhere with poise and confidence, *knowing* you are correctly dressed?
4. Are you a help to your husband's position by your Smartness and Charm?
5. Are you a pretty girl neglected while a plain girl has success?
6. Do you realize first impressions are as important as references when you apply for a job?
7. Have you Buying Mistakes hanging in your closet?
8. Are you in front line or side line of your social circle?
9. Are you expert in "MAKE-UP" to accentuate your beauty?

Mistakes in buying are expensive

French Women are the most Economical in the World, yet the Best Dressed. They know little tricks that change old clothes to Smart Clothes. For centuries they have regarded "CHIC" as an ART worth studying. They hold youth and defy age. French history records many such women.

Learn the French Woman's secrets from one of them

Charm and Chic with Economy!

Send this coupon today for Expert advice for you —individually

Send details of your face and figure, income and environment—snapshot if you wish.

(All letters held in confidence)

ANSWERS will be Practical; the latest fashions from the fountain head, Paris; what YOU should buy from your OWN shops for Supreme Smartness and ECONOMY.

*Write today. State your need—be it One correct costume or a Wardrobe for a Season—Business—School—A Cruise—Week-end—Travel—Wedding—Vacation. OR The French Woman's Technique of Make-up. Enclose \$1.00 and this coupon for either answer—\$2.00 for both. (Send 20c additional to cover loss on dollar in foreign exchange). Put 5c (foreign postage) on your letter. If checks, etc. are used, make out as below. Address:

PARIS PERSONAL FASHION CORRESPONDENCE

No. 1 Rue Royale, Paris, France

*Expect answer in three weeks or less. Longer if you live far from European mail steamers.



Vi-Jon

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.

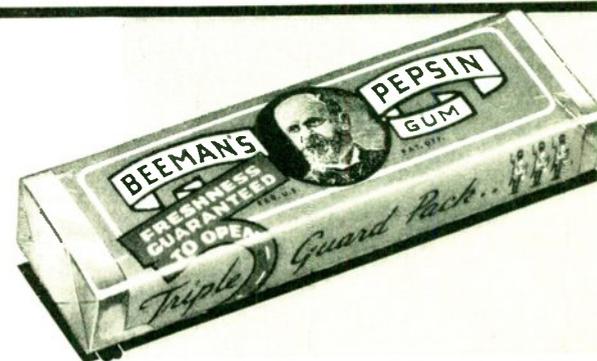
Sold at the better 10c stores

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.

VI-JON LABORATORIES, 6300 Etzel Av., St. Louis

SEE THE TOWER STAR FASHIONS, an important new feature in this magazine which offers smart Spring styles designed for individual types represented by famous stars of the screen.

Every day



Enjoy Beeman's Gum
... AIDS DIGESTION



Awake the SLEEPING BEAUTY in Your Hair

BRING out the lovely natural lustre that slumbers in YOUR hair—the soft natural beauty that waits to be awakened by THE SHAMPOO that Cleanses Perfectly, then Rinses Completely—Marchand's Castile Shampoo!

This wonderful beauty-awakening shampoo leaves the hair shining clean, aglow with little natural highlights. The texture of the hair is made soft, caressable—because THIS shampoo CLEANSSES PERFECTLY, RINSES COMPLETELY.

Easy to Re-Arrange your Hair

After shampooing with the New Marchand's Castile Shampoo—hair is left exceptionally manageable. A pat here and there—and your hair is nicely arranged again!

Use Marchand's Castile Shampoo to cleanse all shades of hair. It has no lightening effect, it does not change the color of the hair.

Marchand's Castile Shampoo is made with selected high-grade olive oils. Remember, olive oil is good for scalp and hair—particularly for those who suffer from dryness and dandruff. Men should avoid using ordinary soaps on their hair—and change to this fine product—made to benefit hair as well as to cleanse it.

MARCHAND'S CASTILE SHAMPOO

To Cleanse All Shades of Hair
Does Not Lighten Hair

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST—OR GET BY MAIL

Fill out this coupon, send with 35c in coins or stamps to G. Marchand Co., 251 W. 19th St., New York.

35c enclosed—Please send SHAMPOO to

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Ask the Voice of Experience

(Continued from page 34)

ANSWER: Averill, I had the experience of meeting a man of a very jealous nature, as you are, who felt that he did not want his girl to look at anybody else, and he threw acid in her eyes and blinded her in one of his fits of jealous rage. No, she could not look at any other fellows thereafter, but not only could he not see her, but for a long time he could not see any woman because the authorities decided to give him several years in the solitary confinement of a prison to think over what jealousy had done for him.

There are lots of fellows that do not want any other man to look at their girls; but answer me this, Averill: Would you want for a sweetheart a girl that no other man would find pleasing to look at? If so, I can find you plenty of them with a feature referred to as "A face that only a mother could love." Instead, then, of counting yourself fortunate in having won the love of a beautiful girl in the face of competition, you cannot take it, and you come to the conclusion that your jealousy is caused through the magnitude of your love. That is not true.

I can take you out into the jungles and I can show you among the wild beasts the males fighting in jealous rage over their females. These animals do not love—they express one of the oldest instincts—possession—which is very different from love. And that is exactly what you are doing—expressing desire to solely and wholly possess, unwillingness to share with anyone else, making yourself and the one you think you love, miserable because of this selfishness. Even if you were to marry this girl you could not give her a home. You would create for her a prison and before long, instead of appearing in her eyes as her husband, her lover and protector, you would develop into a Frankenstein, a jailer.

I have sent you, my lad, my pamphlet on jealousy and how to conquer it, and you are just one of the hundreds of thousands who need to make practical application of the advice given in that pamphlet. I wish it lay in my power not only to place that pamphlet in every jealous man's hands (and every jealous woman's hands, too), but to go a step further and to make them put the advice to use. It would do more to eliminate unhappiness before and after marriage than anything else that I could possibly contribute to society. I earnestly hope, Averill, that you will make use of the material I sent you.

DEAR VOICE OF EXPERIENCE: I am a young lady, 21 years old. I got married in January, and in the Fall of the same year I learned that my husband had been married before, but had not procured a divorce. We parted and I have not seen or heard from him since. Now I am in love with another man, and because I felt I could not marry him, I have accepted the substitute position of common-law wife with him. He is anxious to marry me, but would it be good advice to marry him without obtaining an annulment of my first marriage, or of getting a divorce.

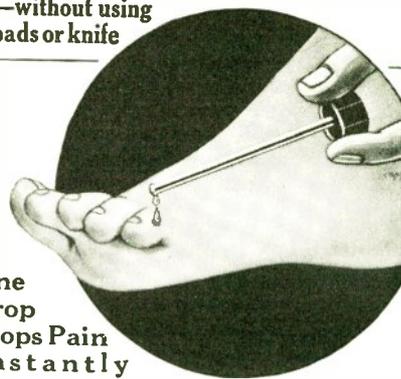
Please direct me as to what to do.

BERTHA.

ANSWER: My advice, Bertha, would be for you to go and see an attorney, and I feel sure that he will tell you that the laws in your state are such that you could not get an annulment or divorce if you wanted to, for the simple reason that you were never married. I grant you

HOW TO GET RID OF CORNS

—without using
pads or knife



Just one little drop of FREEZONE on that aching corn will stop all pain instantly and for good. Then a few more drops of this safe liquid and corn gets so loose you can lift it right off with your fingers, core and all! It's the quickest way known to get rid of hard and soft corns and calluses. Get a bottle from your druggist and try it.

FREEZONE



Use this COUPON for FREE SAMPLES

"RADIO GIRL", Saint Paul, Minn. Send me FREE Regular Size Radio Girl Perfume and Trial Size Radio Girl Face Powder. I am enclosing 10c (coin or stamps) for cost of mailing. (Offer Good in U. S. only.) T-4

Name.....
Address.....

that you went through the ceremony with this man, but since he had not taken the precaution of getting a divorce, he was already married and therefore could not marry you. Hence in the eyes of the law you are a single woman.

I think also that your attorney will advise you that if this man loves you and wants to marry you, you are far better off to legalize your relationship than to go on as you are under your common-law agreement.

All I expect to make clear to you is that you do not have to wait to get an annulment or divorce. Your attorney can tell you exactly how to go about straightening out this whole mess. I sincerely hope you consult him.

DEAR VOICE OF EXPERIENCE: I have just gone through the terrible grief of burying the best lover in the world—my husband—having nursed him through five long years of illness, and now that he is gone this house is so utterly desolate and I am so alone. But it was his home. Would it be dishonorable to his memory to sell his place and go where I can find company, or should I in honor of his memory retain the home and be satisfied to live here in my disconsolate condition? Please tell me what to do.

HARRIETT.

ANSWER: My sympathy to you, Harriett, in the loss of one so dear to you as the man who had been a veritable part of your life for these many years. But, after all, every one of us must expect the sorrows along with the joys, as we go through this school of earthly experiences, and what you are facing now, hundreds of thousands of other widows have had to face before you.

I think, if your husband were able to speak to you, that he would assure you he did not expect you to remain there in isolation; that he would much prefer you sell the place and seek happiness in new friends and new places, not that you might forget him—there is no danger of that—but in order that you might not have your life completely ruined by his untimely demise.

No, there would be nothing dishonorable in selling your home and certainly nothing dishonorable in your interesting yourself in new activities and new friends, and that is exactly what I would do if I were you.

DEAR VOICE OF EXPERIENCE: Knowing your aptness in diagnosing a case, here is one—a tough one. I am 60 years old, strong and well—tired of the usual things—free as the wind—no income worth mentioning—have a leaning toward South America—too lazy to put it into execution.

Now don't just say that I am not as well as I think I am, and that I need surcease from my present surroundings. Give me a real reply.

Mrs. V. H. B.

ANSWER: Your letter, my friend, indicates a considerable number of polarities between your mental and your physical natures. You say you are 60, but very youthful for your age—that you are strong as the wind, yet lack the income to express that freedom—that you want to travel, but are too lazy to move.

It is a known fact that for an individual to harmonize co-operatively in society, he or she must be a unit within himself or herself—not a mental or physical menagerie. When two individuals attempt to live together there is only one way for them to find happiness and that is by capitulation and compromise. If this plan is followed out, they can work in double harness excellently, even though each is a strong individual within himself or herself.

Now here you are with rank antipathy within yourself. No wonder you want

to go to South America, or somewhere else—not to get away from your environment—what you are trying to do is to run away from the other part of yourself, but even though you went to South America, you would find your worst enemy still with you. All right then, suppose you stay. That side of you that hankers for wandering will be chained to the part of you that likes to stay put.

You speak of your problem as a tough one, but even though you are 60 years old and there is an old saying, "You can't teach old dogs new tricks or old people new ideas," psychiatry has proven that statement fallacious. They have said oil and water will not mix, but a good chemist can bring about an excellent mixture. By the same token, a good psychiatrist, if you were to put yourself in his hands, would rid your existence of these adverse conditions within yourself, and by bringing about harmony in you, would make it an easy matter for you to harmonize with society. You say you are strong and well, even despite your 60 years. This would naturally indicate that you can expect a long life. I would certainly make the rest of that life more livable by effecting the corrections that I have suggested.

DEAR VOICE OF EXPERIENCE: I am a widow and have one child—a boy 16. My only ambition all his life has been to give him a higher education, but he simply does not want to go any further in school. In fact, he refused to do so and has gone to work. What steps should I take?

HIS MOTHER.

ANSWER: I, too, believe in a higher education for boys, friend Mother, but if that were my son, and he refused deliberately to voluntarily assume the responsibility of acquiring a higher education and no ambition to enter into the task of study, I would not throw good money away in trying to cram an education down his throat.

I regret your boy lacks the ambition for literary pursuits, but this does not mean his life will be a total failure. It may be that he realizes his inability to absorb a liberal arts education and, unwilling to be a parasite, has launched out in a business career in order to be self-sustaining. If this is true the boy's attitude is commendable, rather than reprehensible.



Pirie MacDonald

Long a distinguished figure in theatrical circles, Otto Harbach turns to radio. He is author of the new Colgate program, in which he plays a leading role.

Tower Radio, April, 1935

About the only thing you can do is to help him succeed in business and to encourage him to express ambition to raise the standard of his work. I would stop fretting over his refusal to accept a higher education.

DEAR VOICE OF EXPERIENCE: In two or three of TOWER RADIO Magazines I have seen you mention several pamphlets of yours which you said would be valuable in the solution of problems submitted by the one to whom you were writing at the time. One of these persons signed herself "Weary." Now what must I do to get these pamphlets?

EVELYN.

ANSWER: Evidently, Evelyn, I have not made myself clear on that point. These pamphlets are available to any of you (that is the ones that will be of benefit in the solution of your problems), and if you will write me and give me your name and address, and tell me what your problem is, I will send you with my compliments the pamphlets that I believe will be of help to you in the solution of your problem.

DEAR VOICE OF EXPERIENCE: I have the awful habit of blushing. Wherever I go I blush. In church I play the organ and even there I blush.

Can you please tell me what makes people blush and how I can overcome this habit?

REUBEN.

ANSWER: You blush, Reuben, because you are self-conscious, and with that self-consciousness you have a very active pair of suprarenal glands. The activity of these glands causes some to redden in embarrassment or to go pale with fright. Now if you were to go to your doctor and tell him that you dislike your blushing, and ask him to remove these two glands that cause your blushing, which are no larger than two tiny capsules, your doctor will tell you that if you would remove either one of these two glands it would mean instant death. That is how important they are to you. I cannot go into a long discussion on the wonderful effect the secretions of these two glands have on your body. Suffice it to say that since you are a boy and play the organ, which is supposed to be effeminate to a boy—particularly out in the big he-man state of Minnesota—you seem to have just cause for your embarrassment when you sit down to play the organ in church. The looks that people cast in your direction, however, if you play the organ well (as I presume you do) should not cause you to blush with embarrassment, for in all probability those glances cast in your direction are either glances of envy or praise, both of which are complimentary to you.

What you need to do, then, is to develop poise and self-assuredness. I have sent you some pamphlets. If you will study them and do as they say, they will bring that about. But I do not care how old you get, be thankful over your ability to blush. I assure you it is nothing to be ashamed of.

Be sure to watch for the Voice of Experience's department in TOWER RADIO next month. This exclusive feature will present a number of problems, together with the Voice's solutions and suggestions.

Voice of Experience may be heard each Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday at 12 noon, E.S.T., over the following CBS stations:

WABC, WADC, WCAO, WNAC, WGR, WBBM, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WOWO, WDRC, WFBM, KMBC, WHAS, WCAU, WJAS, WEAN, KMOX, WFBL, WSPD, WJSV, KERN, KMJ, KHJ, KOIN, KFBK, KGB, KFRC, KDB, KOL, KFPY, KWG, KVI, WBT, KLZ, WCCO, WHEC, KSL, WWVA.



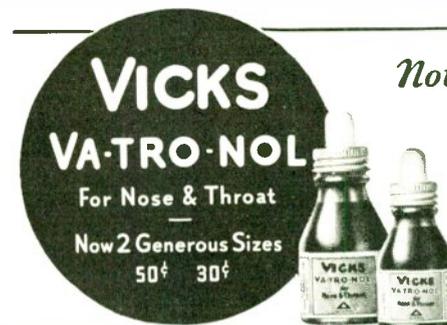
Clear up sniffly little noses—help to prevent many colds, too—with VICKS VA-TRO-NOL

THE next time you hear a sniffle in your home, mother, don't wait until it grows into a bad cold. Promptly, apply Vicks Va-tro-nol—just a few drops up each nostril.

Va-tro-nol reduces swollen membranes and clears away clogging mucus. That annoying stuffiness vanishes—normal breathing through the nose again becomes easy.

Especially designed for the nose and upper throat—where most colds start—Va-tro-nol aids the functions provided by Nature to prevent colds, and to throw off colds in their early stages. Used at the very first sign of irritation, Va-tro-nol aids in avoiding many colds altogether.

Vicks Va-tro-nol is real medication—yet is absolutely safe—for children and adults alike. And so easy to use—any time or place. Keep a bottle handy.



Note! For Your Protection

The remarkable success of Vicks drops—for nose and throat—has brought scores of imitations. The trade-mark "Va-tro-nol" is your protection in getting this exclusive Vicks formula.

Always ask for VICKS VA-TRO-NOL

Get the Utmost out of every-day living

NO one influence, perhaps, has contributed more to the comfort and happiness of the vast majority of people than has advertising. It has made living more pleasant, aided in personal attractiveness, shown the way to more leisure time, assured quality and satisfaction in the purchases you make.

ARE you getting the most out of the advertisements in Tower Magazines? Read them. Keep abreast of new ways of doing things, new developments, new ideas. Often booklets and samples are offered by manufacturers which will be interesting and helpful to you. Send for them.

CHECK through the advertisements in this issue for ways to make every-day living more pleasant and easier.

Tower Magazines, Inc.

55 FIFTH AVENUE . . . NEW YORK, N. Y.

PAIN STOPPED AT ONCE!
CORNS
 CALLOUSES, BUNIONS, SORE TOES

New De Luxe Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads!

EASE YOUR FEET!
 You get relief *one minute* after you apply the *New De Luxe Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads* to aching corns, throbbing bunions, painful callouses, or sore toes! They stop shoe friction and pressure; prevent corns, sore toes or blisters caused by new or tight shoes. Separate Medicated Disks are included in every box, to quickly loosen and remove corns or callouses.

NEW FEATURES
De Luxe Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads have the new *flesh color, waterproof Skintex* covering, soft and flexible. Invisible under sheer hose, can't stick to the stocking or come off in the bath. Try this wonderful treatment. Get a box today. Sold everywhere.



New De Luxe FLESH COLOR WATERPROOF
Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads
 Put one on—the pain is gone!

Don't let an UNSIGHTLY SKIN



rob you of ROMANCE, HAPPINESS

DO MEN LOOK your way—or do they look away? An attractive complexion, naturally fresh, unmarred by sallowness and ugly blotches unlocks the door to the romance every woman wants. Thousands of happy women have regained the fresh skin of their childhood with Stuart's Calcium Wafers. Magic, they call it. But there's nothing magic about it. Stuart's Calcium Wafers simply rid the system of bodily wastes and supply the system with the little calcium nature needs to create a healthy, glowing skin! Even stubborn cases often show marked improvement in a few days. Isn't it worth a trial?

STUART'S CALCIUM WAFERS
 AT ALL DRUG STORES, 10c AND 60c

MENDS LOOSE FURNITURE JOINTS

IRON GLUE
 Holds tight. Mends most anything.

At Ten Cent Stores, Drug and Hardware Stores

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—under direction of Harry Horlick; Frank Parker, tenor (Great Atlantic and Pacific Tea Co.) 9:00 P.M., Monday, NBC-WEAF.

Adventures of Gracie—George Burns and Gracie Allen; Phil Regan, tenor; 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—Fifty-piece orchestra under 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; Gabrielle Delys, blues singer; Leon Belasco's Orchestra (Armour Co.) 9:30 P.M., Friday, NBC-WJZ.

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

Carefree Carnival—Senator Frankenstein Fishface, comedian; Charles Marshall and his boys; Rita Lane, soprano; Ben Klassen, tenor; Helen Troy, comedienne; Ned Tolliver, master of ceremonies; Meredith Willson's Orchestra (Crazy Water Crystals Co.) 8:30 P.M., Monday, NBC-WJZ.

Coca Cola Program—Frank Black and a 90-piece instrumental and vocal ensemble (Coca Cola Co.) 10:30 P.M., Friday, NBC-WEAF.

Beatrice Lillie—singing comedienne; Cavaliers quartet; Lee Perrin's Orchestra (Borden Sales Co.) 9:00 P.M., Friday, NBC-WJZ.

Big Show—Block and Sully, comedians; Gertrude Niessen, blues singer; Lud Gluskin's 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.

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

Chesterfield Program—Lucrezia Bori, Lily Pons, Joseph Bentonelli and Andre Kostelanetz Orchestra; mixed chorus (Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.) 9:00 P.M., Monday, Wednesday and Saturday, CBS.

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

Bleaches!



The gentle bleaching action eliminates muddy skins, dull complexions, freckles, tan and discolorations, as your appearance instantly assumes an irresistible beauty.

ORIENTAL CREAM
Gouraud

Purse Size of 10c Stores

White - Flesh - Rachel and Oriental - Tan

DEAFNESS IS MISERY

Many people with defective hearing and Head Noises enjoy Conversation, Movies, Church and Radio, because they use Leonard Invisible Ear Drums which resemble Tiny Megaphones fitting in the Ear entirely out of sight. No wires, batteries or head piece. They are inexpensive. Write for booklet and sworn statement of the inventor who was himself deaf.

A. O. LEONARD, Inc., Suite 70 5th Ave., New York

FREE VALUABLE NUMEROLOGY CHART

COMPLETE SCIENTIFIC NUMEROLOGY CHART sent FREE to you by the makers of the two famous lipsticks—REJUVIA at 10c and FLAME-GLU 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 7-14-4? 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. 040, New York City

REJUVIA LIPSTICK 10c. FLAME-GLU LIPSTICK 20c. The only really automatic lipstick as fine as the most expensive. America's Famous Lipstick Sensation. Three times as indelible as most other lipsticks. Why pay 51c or more? Get the finest for only 10c and 20c at F. W. Woolworth 5 and 10c stores.

I SUFFERED WITH asthma FOR 22 YEARS
 Suddenly I found Amazing Relief



After suffering from Asthma for 22 years and getting relief through Naor, I am glad to add my testimonial about this fine medicine. I had been extremely weak, but my strength came back. The Asthma has now left me entirely.—Mrs. John Seudera, 3155 E. 130th Street, Cleveland, Ohio, September 28, 1934.

Naor is so effective and safe that druggists of highest standing recommend it to their customers. Write for helpful booklet—also letters from happy users and name of druggist in your locality who can supply you. Address Naor Medicine Co., 965 State Life Bldg., Indianapolis, Indiana.

APPROVED WAY TO TINT GRAY HAIR



Now, without any risk, you can tint those streaks or patches of gray or faded hair to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. A small brush and Brownatone does it. Prove it—by applying a little of this famous tint to a lock of your own hair.

Used and approved—for over twenty-three years by thousands of women. Brownatone is safe. Guaranteed harmless for tinting gray hair. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Is economical and lasting—will not wash out. Simply retouch as the new gray appears. Imparts rich, beautiful color with amazing speed. Just brush or comb it in. Shades: "Blonde to Medium Brown" and "Dark Brown to Black" cover every need.

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Address _____

City _____ State _____

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Club Romance—Lois Bennett, soprano; Conrad Thibault, baritone; Lee Patrick and Ned Weber; Don Voorhees' Orchestra (Lehn & Fink Products Co.) 8:30 P.M., Sunday, CBS.

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

Diane and her Life Saver—Rhoda Arnold, soprano; Lucille Wall; Arthur Drake, tenor; John Driggs; Meyer Davis' Orchestra (Life Savers, Inc.) 8:00 P.M., Monday and Wednesday, CBS.

Dick Liebert's Musical Review—Mary Courtland, songs; Robert Armbruster's quartet; Dick Liebert's Orchestra (Ludens, Inc.) 8:15 P.M., Friday, NBC-WJZ.

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

Gems of Melody—Eva Gingras' melodic Tone Chorus quartet; Dwight Meade, narrator; orchestra (Father John's Medicine Co.) 7:15 P.M., Thursday, NBC-WJZ.

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

Gulf Headliners—Helen Gleason, soprano; Frank Parker, tenor; E. Hall Downes, bridge expert; Frank Tours' Orchestra (Gulf Refining Co.) 7:30 P.M., Sunday, CBS.

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

Harry Reser and his Spearmint Crew—Ray Heatherton and Peg La Centra, vocalists; Harry Reser's Orchestra (William Wrigley, Jr., Co.) 4:30 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

Hollywood Hotel—Dick Powell; Jane Williams, soprano; Ted Fiorito; Louella Parsons, screen writer; Three Debutantes; Muzzy Marcellino (Campbell Soup Co.) 9:30 P.M., Friday, CBS.

Hour of Charm—Phil Spitalny and his 32 Melody Ladies; Maxine, vocalist; Rosaline Greene; female trio (Corn Products Refining Co.) 8:00 P.M., Thursday, CBS.

House by the Side of the Road—Musical and dramatic program; 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 his orchestra; guest artists (Emerson Drug Co.) 8:30 P.M., Friday, NBC-WJZ.

Jack Benny—Mary Livingstone; Don Wilson; Frank Parker, tenor; Don Bestor's Orchestra (General Foods Corp.) 7:00 P.M., Sunday, 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., Monday, CBS.

Kellogg College Prom—Ruth Etting; Red Nichol's Orchestra (Kellogg Company) 7:45 P.M., Thursday, NBC-WJZ.

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

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

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

Lombardo Land—featuring Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians; Pat

Barnes, master of ceremonies (Plough, Inc.) 10:00 p.m., Wednesday, NBC-WEAF.

Lux Radio Theater — guest artists; orchestra (Lever Brothers) 2:30 p.m., Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

Ludens Musical Review—Mary Cortland, vocalist; quartet; Robert Armbruster's Orchestra (Ludens, Inc.) 8:45 p.m., Saturday, CBS.

Manhattan Merry Go Round—Raquel Carlez, blues singer; Pierre Le Kreeun, tenor; Jerome Mann, impersonator; Men About Town Trio; guest artists; Andy Sarella 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.

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

Mollé Minstrel Show—Al Bernard and Emil Caspar; 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; Victor Arden's Orchestra (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, comedienne; Travelers Quartet; Emil Coleman's Orchestra (Harold S. Ritchie & Co.) 8:00 p.m., Wednesday, NBC-WJZ.

Penthouse Serenade—Don Mario, tenor; Dorothy Hamilton, beauty adviser; Charles Gaylord's Orchestra (Maybelline Co.) 3:30 p.m., Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

Pick and Pat in One Night Stands—guest stars; Joseph Bonime Orchestra (U. S. Tobacco Co.) 9:30 p.m., Friday, NBC-WEAF.

Plantation Echoes—Willard Robison and His Deep River Orchestra; South-ernaires quartet (Vicks Chemical Co.) 7:15 p.m., Monday, Wednesday and Friday, NBC-WJZ.

Pontiac Program—Jane Froman, soprano; Modern Choir; Frank Black's Orchestra (Pontiac Motor Co.) 10:00 p.m., Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

Radio City Party—John B. Kennedy, master of ceremonies, interviewing radio's outstanding 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.

Silken Strips—Countess Olga Albani, soprano; Charles Preven Orchestra; 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, band master (Sinclair Refining Co.) 9:00 p.m., Monday, NBC-WJZ.

Songs You Love—Rose Bampton; Nathaniel Shilkret Orchestra; Scrappy Lambert and Billy Hillpot, vocalists



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LOOK! It's a NEW DRESS

New indeed—and the color is actually in advance of the season—thanks to a new RIT service.

Write today for PARIS COLORS with silk samples of the newest shades for Spring and Summer—and RIT "Color Recipes" for matching them. Simply by combining 2 Rit colors according to the recipe—you get fashionable shades never possible before in home dyeing!

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Please send me your FREE folder C-73 of Rit Color Recipes with actual silk samples of leading Paris shades for Spring and Summer.
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(Smith Bros.) 9:00 p.m., Saturday, NBC-WEAF.

Studebaker Program—Richard Himber and his Studebaker Champions; Joey Nash, tenor (Studebaker Sales Corp.) 9:30 p.m., Saturday, CBS.

Swift Program—Sigmund Romberg, composer; William Lyon Phelps master of ceremonies; orchestra (Swift & Co.) 8:00 p.m., Saturday, NBC-WEAF.

Texaco Program—Ed Wynn, the Fire Chief; Graham McNamee; Eddie Duchin and his orchestra (Texas Co.) 9:30 p.m., Tuesday, NBC-WEAF.

The O'Flynn—original 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 Woolcott; Robert Armbruster's Orchestra; guest artists (Cream of Wheat Co.) 7:00 p.m., Sunday, CBS.

Town Hall Tonight—Fred Allen, comedian; 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 Feldkamp, baritone; Terry Shand, specialty songs; Freddy Martin's Orchestra (Vick's Chemical Co.) 5:00 p.m., Sunday, CBS.

Waring's Pennsylvanians—Fred Waring's Orchestra; guest stars in a full hour program (Ford Motor Company Dealers) 9:30 p.m., Thursday, CBS.

Whiteman and his Orchestra—Paul Whiteman conducting; guest stars (Kraft-Phenix Cheese Corp.) 10:00 p.m., Thursday, NBC-WEAF.

Dance Bands

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

Cab Calloway—12:00 Midnight, Sunday, Friday and Saturday, CBS.

Glen Gray—11:00 p.m., Monday and Saturday, CBS.

Gus Arnheim and his Casino de Paris Orchestra—11:30 p.m., Sunday, CBS.

Johnny Green—11:30 p.m., Tuesday and Saturday, CBS.

Leo Reisman and his Orchestra—Phil Duesy and Johnny (Philip Morris & Co.) 8:00 p.m., Tuesday, NBC-WEAF.

Let's Dance—3 hour dance program with orchestras under direction of Xavier Cugat, Benny Goodman and Kel Murray (National Biscuit Co.) 10:30 p.m. to 1:30 a.m., Saturday, NBC-WEAF.

Ozzie Nelson—11:30 p.m., Wednesday; 11:00 p.m., Friday, CBS.

Waltz Time—Abe Lyman's Orchestra; musical interludes by 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

American Radiator Musical Interlude—Sigurd Nilssen, basso; Hardesty Graham, tenor; Graham McNamee, commentator (American Radiator Co.) 7:30 p.m., Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

Chase & Sanborn Opera Guild—opera in English. Deems Taylor, narrator; Wilfred Pelletier, conducting; chorus of 40 voices (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's Orchestra (Cities Service Co.) 8:00 p.m., Friday, NBC-WEAF.

Colgate House Party—original music (Please turn to page 76)

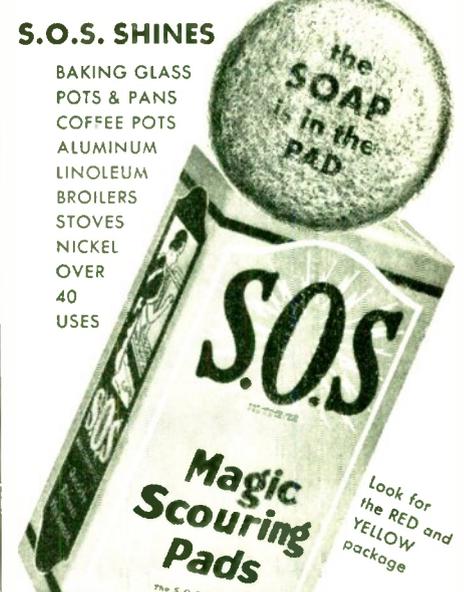


Look!
SHE USED
HER BEST
tea towel

Why not?
S.O.S made her
blackened, greasy pan
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Try the tea towel test yourself! Take a stove-blackened pan. Scour it with S.O.S.—rinse—then wipe it dry on a clean towel. There'll be no more spots on the pan. None on the towel, either.

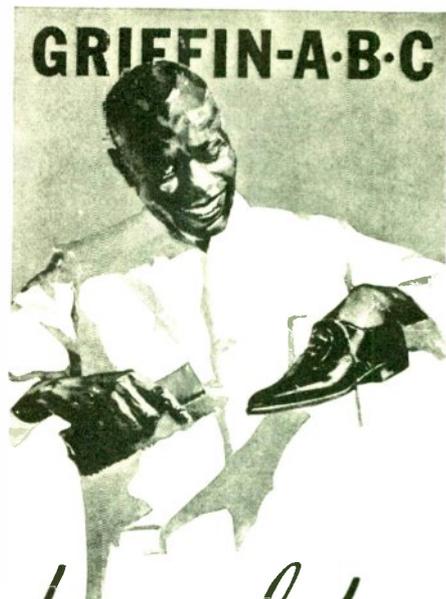
We'll even supply the towel for the test. (See coupon below.) The S.O.S. you'll find at your grocer's, or at any department, hardware or five and ten cent store.



Free tea towel
FOR TWO PACKAGE TOPS

Genuine Cannon tea towel for two regular S.O.S. package tops mailed to The S.O.S. Company, 6204 West 65th Street, Chicago, Illinois. Make the "tea towel test" and see for yourself how truly clean S.O.S. cleans all pots and pans. This tea towel offer expires June 1, 1935. Only one towel to a family. © 1935—S.O.S. Co.

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For other white shoes, I use the Special ColorShine White Cloth and Buckskin Cleaner (10c). Get both at Woolworth's and many other stores. For valuable information write Irene Marchant, c/o The Chieftain Mfg. Co., Baltimore, Md.

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BIG CAN
10¢

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Programs You'll Want to Hear

(Continued from page 75)

cal show written by Otto Harbach; cast to be announced later. Al Goodman's Orchestra (Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co.) 9:30 P.M., Monday, NBC-WEAF.

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

Esther Velas and her Ensemble—1:30 P.M., Tuesday and Saturday, CBS.

Ford Symphony Orchestra—under direction of Victor Kolar; mixed chorus of 24 voices; 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.

NBC Musical Appreciation Hour—Dr. Walter Damrosch, conducting, 11:00 A.M., Friday, NBC-WJZ and NBC-WEAF.

New York Philharmonic Orchestra—guest conductors, 3:00 P.M., Sunday, CBS.

Palmolive Beauty Box Theater—musical comedies and light opera; John Barclay and other well known stars; Nathaniel Shilkret's orchestra (Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co.) 10:00 P.M., Tuesday, NBC-WEAF.

Rhythm Symphony—86 artists of Kansas City Philharmonic Orchestra; DeWolf Hopper, narrator; guest artists (United Drug Co.) 4:00 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

Sentinels Serenade—Madame Ernestine Schumann-Heink, contralto; Edward Davies, baritone; Josef Koestner's Orchestra (The Hoover Co.) 5:00 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

Understanding Music—Howard Barlow Orchestra, 6:30 P.M., Tuesday, CBS.

Voice of Firestone—Richard Crooks, Nelson Eddy, Gladys Swarthout, alternating; William Daly's Symphonic String Orchestra (Firestone Tire & 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 & 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—nursery jingles (The Kellogg Co.) 5:30 P.M., daily except Saturday and Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

Skippy—(Sterling Products, 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

Dangerous Paradise—Elsie Hitz and Nick Dawson (John H. Woodbury Co.) 7:45 P.M., Monday, Wednesday and

WHY YOU HAVE acid INDIGESTION



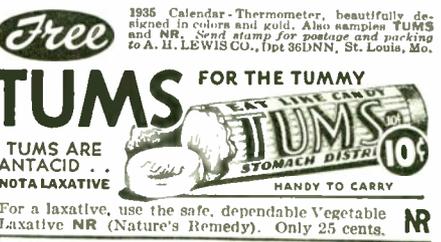
New Facts About Gassy Fullness, Heartburn, etc.

A New, Faster, Safer Relief

You have heartburn, gassiness, indigestion because hasty eating, wrong food combinations or other conditions cause over-acidity of the stomach. To relieve your distress, reduce the excess acid—but don't alkalinize the stomach entirely, or you'll stop your digestion entirely. That is one of the dangers in drenching down half a tumbler of harsh, raw, alkalis. Also excess alkalis may seep into the system, affecting the blood and kidneys.

The new, advanced method is to take an antacid that acts only in the presence of acid. Such a remedy is contained in TUMS, the candy mint digestion tablet. After the acid is corrected, TUMS' action stops! If part is left unused, it passes out inert and unabsorbed. Try 3 or 4 TUMS the next time you are distressed. You'll be astonished at the quick relief—happy to have discovered a remedy that really "works," and is so easy to take. 10c a roll, everywhere. (TUMS contain no soda.)

1935 Calendar-Thermometer, beautifully designed in color and gold. Also samples TUMS and NR. Send stamp for postage and packing to A. H. LEWIS CO., 104 36th St., St. Louis, Mo.



For a laxative, use the safe, dependable Vegetable Laxative NR (Nature's Remedy). Only 25 cents.

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A hotel to be enjoyed in a sense of supreme satisfaction

Excellent Cuisine
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American and European Plans.

SPECIAL ENTERTAINMENT
FEATURES EASTER WEEK



It takes more than "just a salve" to draw it out. It takes a "counter-irritant"! And that's what good old Musterole is—soothing, warming, penetrating and helpful in drawing out the pain and congestion when rubbed on the sore, aching spots.

Muscular lumbago, soreness and stiffness generally yield promptly to this treatment, and with continued application, blessed relief usually follows.

Even better results than the old-fashioned mustard plaster. Used by millions for 25 years. Recommended by many doctors and nurses. All druggists. In three strengths: Regular Strength, Children's (mild), and Extra Strong, 40¢ each.



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.

Immortal Dramas—Stories from the Old Testament adapted by Lloyd Lewis; dramatic cast of 15; chorus; orchestra (Montgomery, Ward & Co.) 2:00 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

Irene Rich—supporting cast (Welch Grape Juice Co.) 8:00 P.M., Friday, NBC-WJZ.

Just Plain Bill—Arthur Hughes (Kolyos Sales Co.) 7:15 P.M., daily except Saturday and Sunday, CBS.

Myrt & Marge—(William Wrigley, Jr., Co.) 7:00 P.M., daily except Saturday and Sunday, CBS.

One Man's Family—Anthony Smythe; 10:30 P.M., Sunday. After April 3rd (Chase & Sanborn Tender Leaf Tea) 8:00 P.M., Wednesday, NBC-WEAF.

Red Davis—(Beechnut Packing Co.) Monday, Wednesday and Friday, 7:30 P.M., NBC-WJZ.

Romance of Helen Trent—(Affiliated Products, Inc.) 2:15 P.M., daily except Saturday and Sunday, CBS.

Roses & Drums—(Union Central Life Ins. Co.) 5:00 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

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

Soconyland Sketches—Arthur Allen and Parker Fennelly (Socony-Vacuum Oil Co.) 7:00 P.M., Saturday, CBS.

Stories of the Black Chamber—dramatic sketches (The Forhan Co.) 7:15 P.M., Wednesday, NBC-WEAF.

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—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—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.

Easy Aces—Jane and Goodman Ace (American Home Products) 7:30 P.M., Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, NBC-WEAF.

Gigantic Pictures, Inc.—Sam Hearn, comedian; George Beuler and Betty Jane, soloists; Alice Frost, Johnny Blue's Orchestra (Tastyeast, Inc.) 12:00 Noon, Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

Honeymooners—Grace and Eddie Albert, 11:00 A.M., Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Saturday, NBC-WJZ.

Oxydol's Own Ma Perkins—(Procter & Gamble Co.) 3:15 P.M., Monday to Friday, inclusive, NBC-WEAF.

Featured Singers

Bill and Ginger—(C. F. Mueller Co.) 10:15 A.M., Monday to Friday, inclusive, CBS.

Bing Crosby and Mills Bros.—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.

Tower Radio, April, 1935

Grace Moore—Harry Jackson's Orchestra (Vick's Chemical Co.) 9:00 P. M., Tuesday, NBC-WJZ.

John McCormack—(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.

Little Heller—Harry Kogen's Orchestra (Chappel Bros.) 10:00 P. M., Monday, NBC-WJZ.

Pat Kennedy—Art Kassel and his Orchestra (Grove Laboratories, Inc.) 1:45 P. M., Sunday, Monday, Tuesday and Thursday, CBS.

Smiling Ed McConnell—(Acme White Lead and Color Works) 6:30 P. M., Sunday, CBS.

Wendell Hall—(F. W. Fitch Co.) 7:45 P. M., Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

Whispering Jack Yeast—his orchestra (Ironized Yeast Co.) 7:15 P. M., Thursday, NBC-WEAF.

Mystery Sketches

Adventures of Sherlock Holmes—Louis Hector in leading role (G. Washington Coffee Co.) 9:45 P. M., Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

Crime Clues—Edward Rees and John MacBryde (Harold Ritchie Co.) 8:00 P. M., Tuesday, NBC-WJZ.

The Shadow—(Delaware, Lackawanna & Western Coal Co.) 6:30 P. M., Monday and Wednesday, CBS.

Household Hints

Betty Crocker—(General Mills Co.) 10:45 A. M., Wednesday and Friday, NBC-WEAF.

Betty Moore—Interior decorator; Lew White, organist (Benjamin Moore & Co.) 11:30 A. M., Wednesday, CBS.

Cooking Closeups—Mary Ellis, home economist (Pillsbury Flour Mills) 11:00 A. M., Wednesday and Friday, CBS.

Frances Lee Barton—(General Foods Corp.) 2:30 P. M., Friday, NBC-WEAF.

Ida Bailey Allen—10:45 A. M., Thursday, CBS.

Josephine Gibson—Hostess Counsel (H. J. Heinz Co.) 10:00 A. M., Monday, Wednesday and Friday, NBC-WJZ.

Madame Sylvia—Health and beauty expert (Ralston Purina Co.) 10:15 A. M., Wednesday, NBC-WJZ.

Margaret Brainerd—Beauty expert (William Wrigley, Jr., Co.) 6:45 P. M., Thursday, Friday and Saturday, CBS.

Mary Lee Taylor—Domestic science authority (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 and 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—The Human Side of the News (Wasey Products, Inc.) 8:15 P. M., Monday, Wednesday and Friday, CBS.

H. V. Kaltenborn—Edits the News, 6:30 P. M., Friday, CBS.

John B. Kennedy—Looking Over the Week, 7:15 P. M., Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

Lowell Thomas—(Sun Oil Co.) 6:45 P. M., daily except Saturday and Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

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First floor: Living and dining rooms, kitchen and a charming terrace. Second floor: Two bedrooms, bath and a balcony the full length of the house.

Normandy House

First floor: Big living room, dining room and porch, with well-designed kitchen. Second floor: Master bedroom, 13 x 13 bedroom, bath, lots of closet space.

Italian Villa

First floor: High-ceilinged living room, dining room, kitchen and terrace. Maid's room and bath. Second floor: Two bedrooms, bath, balcony.

English House

First floor: Hall, big living room, dining room, kitchen, lavatory. Second floor: Three bedrooms and bath.

Summer Cottage

This plan gives two interesting variations with what can be done with the same amount of space and layout.

Send your request for plans, with 3c for each one desired, to

TOWER HOUSE EDITOR

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Enjoy Your Work! Good positions in hotels for women as Hostess, House-keeper, Manager, etc. Train at home, in leisure time. One Lewis student writes: "Hostess-Manager of Country Club, open all year. Salary \$135 monthly and full maintenance for my two children and self." Write for Free Book. LEWIS HOTEL TRAINING SCHOOLS, Sta. LD-2101 Washington D.C.

Miscellaneous

Gossip Behind the Microphone—Wallace Butterworth and guest stars (Norsec Co.) 11:45 A. M., Monday, Wednesday and Friday, CBS.

March of Time—Re-enactment of the News (Remington-Rand) 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.

William A. Brady—Behind the Scenes, 10:00 P. M., Saturday, CBS.

Woman's Radio Review—Conducted by Claudine MacDonald, guest speakers, Joseph Littau's Orchestra; 4:00 P. M., Monday to Thursday, inclusive, NBC-WEAF.

The Princess Looks at Radio

(Continued from page 17)

entertainment which could not be bought in the theater for ten dollars a seat.

This is only possible because of the sponsors, and to them we all owe a debt of gratitude.

It is the sponsors who bring us entertainment beyond the reach of a king's ransom, and a liberal education for the asking. All this merely to call our attention to the fact that certain products we all no doubt need and should be glad to use are available in our own neighborhood!

Of course I have my grievances, too, but I assure you that I merely dial them out and tune in on my favorites. I cannot understand the people who harangue over a thing that doesn't cost them a cent and that they need not even accept as a gift if they don't want it.

Mothers tear their hair over the children's programs.

Personally, I agree that some of them are pretty bad, but the average child soon learns to choose for himself with discrimination if given a little explanation and encouragement.

Uncle Don stopped thumb-sucking at my house, and, although he hasn't been very popular since as a result, there is always Buck Rogers.

For my part, I am glad that my son is growing up with an ability to pick and choose for himself—yes, and to take things up with the sponsors and copy-right owners if necessary!

For this reason, when the moon comes over the mountain, twenty years from now, my son will at least have a well developed sense of discrimination—thanks largely to radio—and if that isn't a liberal education in itself, I may be wrong, but I doubt it.

Many mothers will be shocked at my attitude of *laissez-faire*, but I have already seen the budding fruits of wisdom sprout.

Not long ago I was forced to punish my one and only, after which he tearfully asked me why I couldn't be like Eddy Cantor, and "show a little tenderness!"

And so, through his eyes as well as my own, I look at radio and am awed by this world of reality none of us really understand. Then, too, I see the little-explored world of microphonic magic where kings and queens hold a glamorous court to keep your favor. Their fate rests in your hands. You can either lift them to the heights or crush them to the earth at your slightest whim—merely by a twist of your wrist at the dial on your radio—perhaps more than a thousand miles away!



Do You have Trouble Making Your MAKE-UP STAY ON ?



NO DOUBT about it... it's a perfect nuisance having to apply fresh make-up a half-dozen times a day. And yet, what are you going to do when your powder *won't* stay on and your rouge and lipstick fade away?

You'll never have to put up with that sort of thing when you use **OUTDOOR GIRL Beauty Aids**. For each of these lovely preparations is made with a base of *pure olive oil*... an ingredient which not only enables your make-up to go on more smoothly, but to *stay on* longer.



OUTDOOR GIRL Olive Oil Beauty Aids do more than merely *beautify* your complexion. They *protect* it, too! **OUTDOOR GIRL Face Powder** guards the skin from the drying effects of wind and weather—keeps it soft, smooth and supple. Yet this powder is as light and airy as thistle-down. It never "cakes" or clogs the pores. And it is absolutely grit-free!

OUTDOOR GIRL Rouge and Lipstick protect cheeks and lips from cracking and chapping. They flatter the living tints of the skin. Make your complexion come *alive* with youthful coloring and beauty.



Whether you are a blonde, brunette or titian-haired, you can be sure that regardless of the shade of **OUTDOOR GIRL Face Powder** you choose, you will find an **OUTDOOR GIRL Rouge and Lipstick** of the *same tonal quality*... to blend naturally with your individual skin-coloring and to provide a perfect Make-up Color Ensemble.

At leading drug and department stores for only 50c. Also in handy trial sizes at your favorite ten-cent store. Mail the coupon for liberal samples.

TUNE IN—SATURDAYS, 7:30 P. M., E. S. T.
"The Outdoor Girl Beauty Parade"
Over the Columbia Broadcasting System

OUTDOOR GIRL OLIVE OIL BEAUTY AIDS

CRYSTAL CORPORATION, DEPT. 87-D
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 _____



These stores carry Tower STAR Fashions

ALABAMA

Dothan, Van Ritch Co., Inc.
Jasper, Chas. E. Tweedy & Co.

ARIZONA

Phoenix, Korrick's

ARKANSAS

Arkadelphia, B. W. McCormick Co.
Little Rock, M. M. Cohn Co.

CALIFORNIA

Los Angeles, The May Co.
San Francisco, The Emporium, Inc.

CONNECTICUT

Hartford, Brown-Thompson, Inc.
Bridgeport,
The Howland Dry Goods Co.
New Haven,
The Gamble-Desmond Co.

COLORADO

Denver, Denver Dry Goods Co.

DELAWARE

Wilmington, Kennard Pyle Co.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Washington,
Woodward & Lothrop

FLORIDA

Miami, Burdine's, Inc.
Orlando, Yowell Drew Co.
St. Petersburg, Rutland Bros.
Tampa, Maas Bros.

GEORGIA

Athens, Michael Bros., Inc.
Atlanta, Davison Paxon Co.
Dublin, R. L. Stephens
Savannah, Leopold Adler

ILLINOIS

Bloomington, A. Livingston & Sons
Champaign, G. C. Willis
Chicago,
W. A. Wiebolt & Co.
Moline, Banks Co.
Rockford, Block & Kuhl Co.
Peoria, The D. W. Klein Co.
Springfield, Myers Bros.

INDIANA

Logansport, Schmitt-Kloepfer Co.
South Bend, Ellsworth's

IOWA

Davenport, Abrahams
Des Moines, Younker Bros.
Sioux City, The Pelletier Co.

Consult This List When You Go Shopping

Tower Star Fashions . . . selected by Tower Magazines' Fashion Department and sold in the retail stores listed below will help you to buy clothes which are really becoming. Ask to see Tower Star Fashions and also the other nationally advertised products in this issue the very next time you are in one of these stores. Address any further questions to Tower's Star Fashion Editor, Tower Magazines, Inc., 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Pictures of Tower Star Fashions appear on page 38 of this issue.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

KANSAS

Kansas City, D. K. Woodruff
Salina, Kaufman's
Wichita, Geo. Innes Co.

KENTUCKY

Ashland, The Smart Shop
Louisville, Kaufman Straus Co.

LOUISIANA

Baton Rouge, The Dalton Co.
New Orleans, D. H. Holmes Co., Ltd.

MAINE

Augusta, Chernowsky's
Bangor, Cortell-Segal Co.
Calais, Unobskey's New York Store
Lewiston, B. Peck Co.

MARYLAND

Baltimore, Hochschild Kohn & Co.
Cumberland, Lazarus
Hagerstown, Fashionland

MASSACHUSETTS

Boston, Wm. Filene's Sons Co.
Lowell, Cherry & Webb Co.
New Bedford, C. F. Wing Co.
Revere, Rose Cornell
Springfield,
Meekins, Packard & Wheat Inc.

MICHIGAN

Bay City, L. E. Oppenheim & Co.
Detroit, The J. L. Hudson Co.
Grand Rapids, Herpolsheimer Co.
Kalamazoo, Fred Mahoney's

MINNESOTA

Duluth, Geo. A. Gray Co.
Minneapolis,
E. E. Atkinson & Co., Inc.
St. Paul, The Golden Rule

MISSISSIPPI

Jackson, Field's Inc.
Greenville, F. B. Tonkel Co.

MISSOURI

Kansas City, Harzfeld's Inc.
St. Joseph, The Paris
St. Louis, Thos. W. Garland, Inc.

MONTANA

Helena, Fligelman's

NEBRASKA

Omaha, Goldstein-Chapman Co.

NEW JERSEY

Asbury, Dainty Apparel Shop
Jersey City, State Gown Shop
Newark, L. Bamberger & Co.
Passaic, Charlotte Shop

NEW YORK

Albany, W. M. Whitney & Co.
Binghamton,
Sisson Bros.-Weldon Co.
Buffalo,
Adam, Meldrum & Anderson Co.
New York City, R. H. Macy & Co.
Rochester, Kroll's
Staten Island, Irene Dress Shoppe
Syracuse, C. E. Chappell & Sons, Inc.
Utica, Doye-Knowler Co., Inc.

NORTH CAROLINA

Asheville, Bon Marche, Inc.
Durham, R. L. Baldwin Co.
Forest City, Davis Shoppe
Gastonia, Sport Shoppe
Shelby, Nash, Inc.

NORTH DAKOTA

Fargo, G. M. Black
Grand Forks, Heller's

OHIO

Akron, The A. Polsky Co.
Cincinnati, Mabley & Carew Co.
Cleveland, Halle Bros. Co.
Columbus, The Dunn Taft Co.
Dayton, The Elder & Johnston Co.
Portsmouth, Atlas Fashion
Toledo, LaSalle & Koch Co.
Youngstown, Strouss-Hirshberg Co.

OKLAHOMA

Shawnee, Blain's Fashion Shop
Tulsa, The Froug Co.

OREGON

Portland, Meier & Frank Co.

PENNSYLVANIA

Allentown, Hess Bros., Inc.
Erie, Keefe & Johnson
Harrisburg, Bowman & Co.
Lock Haven, Grossman's
Philadelphia, Gimbel Eros.
Pittsburgh, Joseph Horne Co.
Reading, Pomeroy's, Inc.
Scranton, The Band Box
Wilkes-Barre, Fowler, Dick & Walker
York, P. Weist's Sons, Inc.

RHODE ISLAND

Providence, Scott Furriers Inc.

SOUTH CAROLINA

Anderson, George H. Bailes
Columbia, J. W. Haltiwanger

SOUTH DAKOTA

Aberdeen, Olwin-Angell
Watertown, Schaller's

TENNESSEE

Chattanooga, Miller Bros.
Kingsport,
J. Fred Johnson & Co. Inc.
Knoxville, Anderson-Dulin-Varnell
Memphis, J. Goldsmith & Sons Co.

TEXAS

Brownwood, Garner-Alvis Co.
Dallas, W. A. Green
El Paso, Felix Brunschwig & Co., Inc.
Galveston, Robert I. Cohen

UTAH

Salt Lake City,
Zion Co-operative Merc. Institution

VIRGINIA

Richmond, Thalhimer Bros., Inc.
Roanoke, Natalie Shop

WASHINGTON

Seattle, The Bon Marche
Spokane, Spokane Dry Goods Co.

WEST VIRGINIA

Beckley, The Woman's Shop, Inc.
Bluefield, The Vogue
Grafton, Joliffe's

WISCONSIN

Milwaukee, Ed. Schuster & Co.



Maddening Hues

FOR LIPS AND CHEEKS



TANGERINE · FLAME
NATURAL · BLUSH



Savage Cream
Rouge . . . for
lips and cheeks



NATURAL
(Flesh)
BEIGE
RACHEL
RACHEL
(Extra Dark)

NEW KIND OF LIPSTICK . . . NEW KIND OF ROUGE, WORK MIRACLES IN RED

Maddening hues, yes! Colors that thrill, taunt and tempt! Truly enough (*and you'll know it the instant you try them*) such rapturous, wicked reds have never been used in lipstick or rouge before. But there's more reason than that for the soul-stirring madness so generously imparted by SAVAGE Lipstick and the new SAVAGE Rouge.

SAVAGE Lipstick works differently from ordinary lipstick. Its gorgeous color separates from the cosmetic a moment or two after application to become an actual part of the skin. Wipe the cosmetic away and see your lips . . . teasingly, savagely red . . . but without the usual discouraging pastiness. Imagine a lipstick like that! Better yet, experience its magic on your own lips. One or more of the four luscious SAVAGE shades is sure to be exactly yours.

SAVAGE Rouge . . . an utterly new kind of dry rouge . . . so much finer in texture than any other that it blends right into the skin itself . . . to stay, with full color intensity, throughout the exciting hours it invites . . . instead of quickly fading away as ordinary rouge does. You'll love it, and the shades are identical to those of SAVAGE Lipstick so that your cheeks and lips will be a thrilling, perfect symphony of maddening, meaningful red.

Then . . . SAVAGE Face Powder

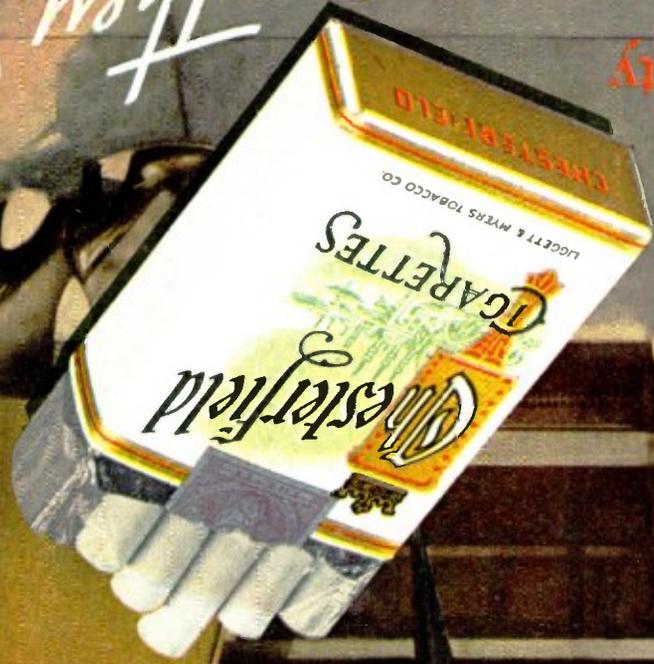
And what a different face powder *this* is; so fine, so soft, so smooth . . . and so surprisingly different in the results it gives. Apply it, and it seems to vanish . . . but the skin-shine, too, has gone. Imagine it! Everything you want from powder, but no "powdered" look; just caressing, soft smoothness that is a feast for eyes and a tingle for finger tips it makes so eager. Four lovely shades.

20¢ AT ALL TEN CENT STORES

SAVAGE

They Satisfy

Life begins at sixty



It always has stopped raining

